THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1883.

"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.

London:

PASSMORE & ALABASTER, 4, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Index of Texts of Sermons, etc., by C. H. Spurgeon, in "The Sword and the Trowel," Vols. I.—XIX.

	Year.	Page.
Genesis i. 7	1871	399
„ viii. 11	1879	153
„ xlii. 22	1877	541
Leviticus xxvi.	1882	282
Deuteronomy xxii. 8 ...	1869	349
„ xxxii. 11, 12	1870	49
Joshua ii. 21	1875	148
Judges iii. 20	1874	545
Ruth ii. 14	1882	337
I. Sam. i. 27	1868	108
„ ix. 3, 20	1872	109
II. Sam. xvii. 23	1870	537
„ xxi. 10	1868	294
„ xxiii. 9-10 ...	1876	439
„ xxiv. 12... ...	1878	517
I. Kings v. 14	1883	569
II. Kings iv. 29-37 ...	1867	99
„ iv. 38, 41, 42 ...	1876	337
„ vi. 1-7	1868	99
„ xiii. 20	1866	5
Nehem. viii. 10	1867	16
Esther vi. 6	1865	2
Job xxxii. 7	1878	1
„ xxxvii. 7	1883	3
„ xxxviii. 23	1878	212
Psalm xl. 17	1871	5
„ lxi. 2	1878	97
„ lxxx. 14	1878	382
„ xci. 1	1880	108
„ civ. 28	1874	297
„ cvii. 17-22 ...	1871	462
„ cxi. 5	1880	445
„ cxix. 89-96 ...	1882	117
„ cxxi.	1882	528
„ cxxviii.	1883	171
Proverbs v. 16	1878	286
Eccl. ix. 4...	1868	108
Canticles ii. 3	1879	201
„ ii. 12	1870	97
„ ii. 16, 17 ...	1883	289
„ iv. 7	1865	229
„ „	1865	277
Isaiah v. 17	1876	485
„ vi. 1—8	1880	493
„ xxix. 5	1878	193
„ xxxviii. 1	1870	107
„ xliii. 10	1875	520
„ liii. 12	1882	49
Isaiah lviii. 8	1869	460
„ lxi. 1	1877	493
Jer. ii. 36	1870	393
„ vi. 16...	1879	105
Lamen. iii. 56	1872	202
Joel ii. 8	1869	241
Amos v. 8...	1870	312
„ v. 24	1878	286
„ vii. 1	1872	364
Jonah i. 4...	1878	193
„ ii. 7	1872	545
Zech. x. 3...	1866	195
„ xiv. 20	1865	97
Malachi iii. 17	1866	481
Matthew v. 1-12	1874	8
„ v. 3	1874	129
„ xiii. 12... ...	1878	346
„ xiv. 16	1871	49
„ xxiii. 37 ...	1870	49
„ xxiv. 12 ...	1883	521
„ xxvi. 30 ...	1867	481
Luke viii. 46	1873	407
„ xxii. 14	1873	61
John i. 16...	1865	471
„ iv. 34	1873	508
„ xii. 3	1876	49
„ xiii. 10	1870	25
„ xiv. 18	1870	450
„ xvi. 31, 32	1871	145
„ xviii. 18	1876	97
„ xxi. 16	1877	289
Acts ix. 18	1877	97
„ xii. 18	1873	362
„ xxiii. 10-13 ...	1881	201
I. Cor. x. 16, 17	1883	53
Eph. vi. 15	1874	497
Phil. iii. 2...	1876	257
„ iv. 19	1877	1
I. Tim. i. 15	1872	293
Heb. iii. 18-19	1877	371
„ xiii. 7	1875	405
James v. 11	1880	49
I. Peter ii. 7	1869	481
„ „	1873	120
I. John v. 18-20	1875	59
III. John v. 92	1868	462
Rev. i. 17, 18	1882	505
„ v. 9	1876	447

PREFACE.

OUR aim in these pages has always been a practical one. The name of the magazine brings before the reader two of the most practical of tools, essential to war and peace, needful to fighting with evil, and upbuilding for good. Both have been used when needed; not always wisely, perhaps; but ever with a hearty intent to do service unto the Lord and his church. Nineteen years have run their course since our *Sword and Trowel* were plied in this particular manner, and all along we have received a loving appreciation at the hands of friends, for which may God be praised, and by which may the generous helpers themselves be blessed. We do not like repeating the story of those nineteen years; but we dare not pass it over without saying that enough has been done to make our heart ring merry peals; enough to keep both *The Sword and the Trowel* bright as steel; and enough to nerve the arm that has wielded them for attempting still more. It may seem paradoxical, but, truth to tell, that arm sometimes grows weary, and yet never wearies of its work. Refreshed by ten thousand mercies, the heart is happy under its burdens, and though the brain grows a little tired, yet as the inner man is renewed day by day, the hands which hang down are lifted up, the Sword clashes against the armour of the foe without losing its edge, and the Trowel rings on the wall with a cheery sound.

There is sad need to keep the Sword out of its scabbard, for the enemy is gathering strength, and mustering his bold forces for fiercer attacks. What doctrine is now left unassailed? What holy thing is regarded as sacred? Truths once regarded as fundamental, are either denied, or else turned inside out till nothing of their essence remains. Holy Scripture is no longer admitted to be the infallible record of revelation; but is made to be a door-mat for "*thought*" to wipe its shoes upon. Every sign of the times warns us of a desperate conflict for all that is precious and vital in our religion. It behoves all lovers of the old faith to be valiant for the truth, decided in their convictions, and instant in prayer. There is not the slightest reason for fear, for the Lord of Hosts will cover the head of truth in the day of battle, and she is clad in armour of proof; but there is no excuse for lukewarmness or hesitation; for while we hesitate, the adversary is carrying all before him. God's own elect will not be deceived; but unless a clear testimony is borne, tens of thousands for whom we hoped better things will be deluded. With much pretence of learning, and loud boast of culture, infidels professing to be Christians are mocking at the old doctrine, and pushing forward their novel inventions. We know what the end will be; but meanwhile the Captain of our salvation cries to all the warriors of the cross, "Quit you like men, Be strong." Huge as the present Goliath is, let no man's heart fail because of him: the Lord that delivered his church from the jaw of the lion and the paw of the bear, will again manifest his power, "and so all Israel shall be saved."

The Trowel is associated with far more pleasant labour, and for it also there is as much work as ever. It is by building up the walls of truth that error is to be shut out. We must one and all work with a will, drawing all our strength from him who has made us workers together with himself. Wonderful position to occupy! If the Holy Spirit had not himself used the phrase we should not have dared to coin it. May all Christian men be up and doing; charmed by the sweet music of those in heaven, saved by grace; moved by the bitter cry of outcasts here on earth; and stirred to agony by the terrible remembrance of those who have passed beyond all evangelic agencies. We have each one a niche to fill, and a service to perform. At the roll-call let none of us be away. The drum beats in our ears—NOW OR NEVER! NOW OR NEVER! The work of the hour can only be done in the hour. The waste of a single day is an irremediable calamity. Redeemed by the blood of our Lord Jesus, and quickened into his life, it is not for us to loiter. Infinite obligations and immense responsibilities call upon us to spend and to be spent.

The readers' loving servant, the Editor, is now in the middle of his fiftieth year, and he has deep down in his heart the desire that ere it is closed all the various works of which he is the director may be put into the best possible condition. The *College* ought to share in this Jubilee, and assuredly the *Orphanage* will do so. The *Colportage*, the *Evangelist Societies*, the *Book Fund*, and all the smaller agencies deserve a rich replenishment. Thousands to whom the printed sermon of the Tabernacle Pulpit is as weekly food, together with the many who listen to our voice will, we trust, be moved to cheer with extra aid a heart that is sometimes heavy laden. Whether our works for God are kept going in this way or not, the Lord will be true to his word, and we shall not lack any good thing. All will go well as all has gone well. Our trust is in the All-sufficient God. We shall not plead *in formâ pauperis* for works carried on for our Lord Jesus; but yet we are sufficiently immodest to say—if our friends have derived comfort and strength from our labours, we trust they will permit the works of the Lord in our hands to reap of their continuous kindness. Those who owe all to the Master must excuse the servant if he presses the claims of that portion of the service which is intrusted to him. If our fiftieth year can be a Jubilee to our companies of orphans, students, colporteurs, evangelists, and other workers, we shall be more happy than if we had been personally enriched. We suggest the idea, and leave it with the generous in heart.

Far more earnestly do we entreat the prayers of all our friends in Christ Jesus. Old friends depart, many have done so this year: pray that new helpers may come forward. On all our enterprises we need the blessing of the Lord in growing plenitude. When it is well with the reader it will be esteemed a great favour if he will breathe a prayer for his much needing friend and fellow-servant,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

INDEX.

PAGE

Andrew Fuller in the Parlour 139
Answers to Prayer 515

Benmore 589
Bermondsey Mission-hall Bazaar 160
Book Fund, Mrs. Spurgeon's 127
Books, Notices of—Abide in Christ, 512; Abroad, 143; Advanced Thought, 561; Adventures in Namaqualand, 198; After Twenty Years, 90; After Work, 88; Aldersyde, 648; Alexander the Great, 42; Alleluia Songs, 390; "All of Blue," 603; Among the Mongols, 392; Amsterdam and its Environs, 594; Anchor and Haven, 460; Anchor Series, 41; Ancient Astronomy, 512; Ancient Mariner, 642; Anecdotes of Luther and the Reformation, 649; Anecdotes on Bible Texts, 91; Antidote to Fear, 245; Antitheism, 459; Ants and their Ways, 197; Arabian Nights, 606; Are Miracles Credible, 647; Auriel, and other stories, 201.
Babies: How to Rear Them, 645; Baggage and Boots, 605; Ballads of the Reformation, 38; Baptist Principle, The, 93; Baptist Worthies, 645; Beckie and Rubie, 90; Bennie, 328; Bible-Class Primers, 245; Bible Helps, 215; Bible Light, 329; Bible Private Soldiers, 246; Bible, The, etc., 601; Bible Partings, 649; Bird Angel, The, 391; Birdie and her Dog, 328; Birdie's Mission, 90; Bird's-eye View of English Literature, 602; Bit of Holly, 325; Bluebell Talks, 510; Blue Ribbon Gems, 649; Bone et Fidelis, 142; Book of Boyhoods, 90; Book of Psalms, 245; Book of Revelation, 200; Boons and Blessings, 556; Booth and the Blue Ribbon Movement, 508; Boy Life, 560; Bravely Borne, 38; Breaker Boy of Lansford, 41; Bright and Fair, 89; Broken Cactus, 511; Brooklet Reciter, 391; Burton Brothers, 648; Butler's Analogy, 91.
Canal Boy, The, 40; Cassell's Saturday Journal, 605; Central Africa, etc., 143; Charity in the Ancient Church, 647; Cheerful Homes, 244; Child of Jesus, A, 247; Children's Birthday Book, 142; Children's Bouquet, 38; Children's Picnics, 390; Children's Record, 453; Child's Own Magazine, 641; Choice of Wisdom, 329; Choice Sayings, 509; Christ and Criticism, 644; Christian Holiness, 329; Christian Treasury, 88; Christian Visitor's Handbook, 456; Christian Work, 327; Christ in the Tabernacle, 647; Christmas and New Year's Cards, 42, 641, 649; Christopher Crayon in Scotland, 605; Christ our Life, 513; Christ the Way, 604; Church Life among the Baptists, 393; City Mottoes and Wise Saws, 42; Clarke's Commentary, 603; "Clean Money," 510; Clear Shining Light, 327; Comfort, 456; Comfort Cottage, 325; Coming Kingdom, The, 144; Coming of the Bridegroom, 93; Coming of the Lord, 147; Commentary on Matthew, 644; Companion for a Quiet Hour, 603; Cora, 142; Counsels to Candidates for Confirmation, 89; Covenant Names and Privileges, 603; Critical History of Philosophy, 646; Crown of Flowers, 198; Cruden's Concordance, 555; Crumbs from the Master's Table, 644.
Daily Round, The, 146; Daisy Snowflake's Secret, 328; Daniel's Life and Times, 394; Dairyman's Daughter, 39; David Livingstone, etc., 325; Dayspring, 201; Devotional Manuals, 603; Diary of Mary Smith, 145; Doctrine of the Holy Spirit, 200; Does Science Aid Faith, 647; Drierstock, 392; Drops and Rocks, 559;
Books, Notices of (*continued*)—
"Drug in the Market, A," 555; Dusty Diamonds, 648.
Early Graves, 389; Eastern Cathedrals, Our, 394; Easter Cards, 191; Echoes from Welsh Hills, 558; Egypt, Palestine, and Phœnicia, 197; Egypt to Canaan, From, 454; Elisha the Prophet, 513; Elinor Vincent's Discipline, 510; Elsie's Adventures, 142; Elsie's Footprints, 38; Emblems of the Holy Ghost, 649; Employers' Liability Act, 394; Engine-driving Life, 327; English Revisers' Greek, 94; Enquire Within, 142; Ephesians, Lectures on, 643; Epoch of the Mammoth, 196; Evangel Echoes, 509; Evangelical Classics, 513; Evening and the Morning, 210.
Fables for "You," 143; Facts and Fancies in Modern Science, 199; Facts and Phases of Animal Life, 38, 197; Fair-Weather Dick, 325; Faithful Words, 88; Faith the Life-root of Science, 196; Faiths of the World, 145; Faith Victorious, 451; Ferndale, 602; Fighting an Omen, 648; Fighting to Victory, 451; Filled with the Spirit, 458; First Steps in Temperance, 607; Floral Cards, 142; Floral Tracts, 39; Footprints and Living Songs, 240; Footprints of Truth, 557; Foster Sisters, 244; Foundations of Morality, 147; Four Cardinal Virtues, 456; Frances Wetherall, 606; Franklins, The, 201; Friendship with God, 93; Friar Hildebrand's Cross, 325; From Cana to Bethany, 603; From Darkness to Light, 147; "From India's Coral Strand," 390; Fulfilled Prophecy, 242; Fulness of Time, The, 213.
Garden of Gethsemane, 215; Garnered Sheaves, 510; Genesis the Third, History not Fable, 557; George Fox, 560; George Whitefield, 559; God's Arithmetic, 327; God's Light on Dark Clouds, 456; Golden Hours, 88; Golden Thoughts, 239; Good Shepherd, The, 324; Gould's Sermons, 512; Government of God, 146; Govett on St. John, 512; Grace and Truth, 458; Grandmother's Child, 143; Granny's Chapters, 143; Great Army of London Poor, 391; Great Memorial Name, 241; Guy Sylvester's Golden Year, 511; Guide to the Isle of Wight, 38.
Handbook for Bible-Classes, 326; Handbook of Evidences, 140; Handbook of Revealed Theology, 455; Handbook of Temperance History, 42; Handbooks for Bible-Classes, 458; Hastie's Comforters, Mrs., 325; Heavenly Inheritance, 329; Heaven on Earth, 89; Henry Ward Beecher, 198; Herbert D'Arcy, 323; "Herein is Love," 245; Hints and Topics, etc., 556; His Handiwork, 606; History of Christian Doctrine, 561; History of the Reformation, 557; Holy Footprints, 512; Holy Spirit in Man, The, 246; Holy Thoughts, 92; Home-made Stories, 41; Homiletical Library, 141; Horæ Petrinæ, 393; Hour of Death, etc, 89; Hours with the Bible, 393; Household Angel, 510; Household Management, 645; How the Battle was Won, 648; Hut in the Bush, 511.
Illustrated Missionary News, 459; Illustrated Sabbath Facts, 459; Illustrations and Meditations, 194; In Christ, 144; Incidents in my Bible Class, 89; In Defence, 324; Infant's Magazine, 641; Influence of Mind on Mind, 555; Introduction to Philosophy, 559; Introduction to the New Testament, 513; Isms, Old and New, 460; Italy's Liberator, 42.
Jack in the Water, 90; Jack's Heroism, 602; Jews, The, 389; Jim's Treasure, 90; John Ploughman's Almanack, 601; John Wesley, 606;

Books, Notices of (*continued*)—
John Winsome's Home, 607; Jonah and His Mission, 455; Jose and Benjamin, 246; Joyful Service, 246; Juan de Valdes on Romans, 239; Jubilee Lectures, 146; Julius Cæsar, 240; Justification by Faith, 40.
Key to *In Memoriam*, 611; Kingdom of Grace Triumphant, 243; Kingdom of the Heavens, 144; King's Son, The, 327.
La Bagatelle, 390; Lamb of God, 324; Land and the Book, 195; Landmarks of English Literature, 240; Larger Hope, The, 147; Lays for Leisure Hours, 602; Leaflets for the Sick, 604; Learned in the Law, 327; Lectures on Health, 88; Legion, 606; Leisure Hour, 88; Lepers in India, 329; Letters of Cicero, 39; Letters on the Divinity and Humanity of Christ, 199; Life and Words of Christ, 644; Life in Mysore, 327; Life: is it Worth Living, 647; Life of Dr. A. Thomson, 454; Life of Elizabeth Prentiss, 454; Life of Faith, 326; Life of Hannah More, 246; Life of Savonarola, 246; Light of the Morning, 329; Lights and Shadows, 390; Little Bugler, 90; Little Folks, 88, 194, 394; Little Freddie, 325; Little Rubie's Curl, 41; Little Wild Flower, A, 325; Living Water for Little Pitchers, 324; Lonely Jack, 510; Longest Way Round, 325; Lord's Prayer, 393; Lord's Supper, 91; Lost her Shoe, 392; Lucy Miller's Good Work, 244; Luther Anecdotes, 602; Luther's Table-talk, 649; Luther the Reformer, 649.
Mahala, 510; Mahan's Autobiography, 39; Malcolm's Enemy, 328; Man of the Woods, 460; Manual of Bible History, 198; Margie's Gifts, 38; Martin Luther, 649; Mary Barton, 511; Master's Service, 460; Mediatorial Throne, 147; Melodies of the Fatherland, 458; Memorials of a Consecrated Life, 140; Memorials of Dr. Main, 559; Memorials of J. H. Anderson, 246; Memories of the Past, 645; Messages of Peace, 243; Messiah King, 242; Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, 140; Midnight Cry, 457; Ministry to the Young, 389; Modern Atheism, 330; Modern Hebrew, 39; Modern Missions, 392; Modern Missions and Culture, 392; Morning Thoughts, 458; Morte Stone, 511; Mother's Blessing, 38; Mother's Treasury, 88; Musical Tracts, 145; My Battle Field, 648; My Neighbour's Windows, 41.
Natal, 605; National Temperance Mirror, 90, 641; National Temperance Reader, 42; Nearly Lost, 328, 641; Nellie, 41; New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes, 38; New Earth, 91; New Testament, American Edition, 326; New Testament Scriptures, 94; Neville Hatherleigh, 511; Noble Vine, A., 146; Nobody Loves Me, 510; Not for Him, 511; Number "Seven," 644.
Ocean Wave, The, 642; Old Faith in New Light, 247; Old Fashioned Book, 140; Old Friends, 455; Old Testament Revision, 239; Oliphant's Shilling Series, 389; Oliver Cromwell, 37; Only a Cousin, 201; Only a Little Fault, 328; "Onward," 88, 641; Onward Reciter, 460, 641; Orations on Temperance, 195; Origin and History of the New Testament, 147; "Our Darlings," 88; Our Eastern Sisters, 605; Our Lord's Life on Earth, 92; Our Lord's Messages to the Churches, 40; Our Mother, 645; Our Sea-Girt Isle, 42; Our Social Errors, 198; Out in the Storm, 392; Outline of Fulfilled Prophecy, 92; Oxford Bible, 40.
Parent's Enquiry, 91; Pastor of Ettrick, 197; Patsy, 201; Personal and Family Names, 642; Phases of Christian Truth, 453; Physical Geography, 198; Pictures from the Bible, 561; Picture Gallery of Bacchus, 195; Poems and Hymns, 390; Portrait from God's Picture Gallery, 245; Popular Commentary, 649; Popular Dialogues, 642; Postman, The, 88; Power of an Endless Life, 89; Practical Manual, 642; Preparatory History, &c., 91; Presbyterianism, 458; Present Day Tracts, 200; Present Truth, 608; Price of Sins, 601; Principles of Baptists, 93; Prophecy, 94; Public Schoolboys' Quiet Hour, 89; Pulpit Commentary, 141, 555.
Queen's Colours, The, 510; Quiet Corners, 511; Quiver, The, 88, 641.
Recollections of H. Moorhouse, 246; Reconciliation, 195; Red and White, 244; Red Flag, 391; Religions of the Ancient World, 240; Religious Encyclopædia, 141, 458; Religious Feeling, 242; Remote Antiquity of Man, 196; Rescue, The, 38; Rest from Sorrow, 247; Rhine and its Beauties, 394; Rise of the Dutch Republic, 642; River of Life, 602; Rob and Ralph, 509; Robinson Crusoe, 642; Romanism, 242; Romanism in the Light of the Gospel, 242; Roman, The, 95; Rosebud Annual, 641; Roving Robin, 510; Ruth's Rescue, 392; Ruth Stuyvesant, 41.
Sale of Food Act, 394; Salvation, 326; Sandy's Faith, 38; Satisfied, 325; Science Primers, 198, 642; Scottish Characteristics, 391; Scottish Church History, 458; Scottish Divines, 456; Scrap Packet, 93; Scripture Catechism, 603; Scripture Half-hour, 324; Scripture Painting Book, 324; Sermons by Dr. Dykes, 91; Sermons by T. Davies, 324; Sermons for Boys and Girls, 455; Services of Song, 146; Sevenfold Gifts, 641; Shadows of Good Things, 245; Sharpened Saws, 147; Short History of Methodists, 92; Show your colours, 145; Silver Bells, 511; Simplicity in Preaching, 604; Soldier's Experience, 560; Songs of Humanity, 196; Songs of Praise, 39; Sower, 88; Spiritual Gleanings, 649; Spoilt Guy, 648; Spurgeon's Almanack, 601; Spurgeon's Sermons, 239; Squire Buntley's Treat, 38; Stanley's Summer Visit, 244; State of the Blessed Dead, 93; Stepping-stones, 329; Steven, M.D., 648; Stories for Little Folks, 244; Street Children, 510; Student's Encyclopædia, 239, 393, 558; Studies in the Old Testament, 94; Summer Dreams, 602; Sunday at Home, 88; Sunshine, 197; Sword and Trowel, 140, 649; Symbolic French and English Vocabulary, 459.
Tact, Push, and Principle, 37; Tale of Two Fair Women, 244; Tales from Life, 201; Tales of the Covenanters, 456; Talks with the Bairns, 89; Talks with the People, 89; Temperance Annuals, 195; Temperance Pilgrim's Progress, 391; Temperance Reader, 556; Temperance Text Book, 240; Theory of Creation, 459; Those Watchful Eyes, 607; Thoughts in Rhyme, 602; Three Chums, 330; Through the Khyber Pass, 323; Till the Goal be Reached, 90; Tina and Beth, 648; Tom the Boater, 328; Tours of George Müller, 560; Towards the Sunset, 141; Tracts for the Times, 200; Treasures of the Snow, 142; Treasury, The, 509; Trial, The, 144; Tripartite Nature of Man, 243; Trip to the Channel Islands, 394; Trophies of Grace, 246; True Theory of the Atonement, 147; Twilight Tales, 244; Twilight Talks, 89.
Universal Instructor, 606; Universe, The, 509; Unspoken Addresses, 392; Upper and Nether Springs, 513.
Vanguard of the Christian Army, 43; Vedic Religion, 243; Versions in Verse, 42; Voices from Patmos, 241.
Walker's Sermons, 455; Water-cress Boy, 325 Watering Places of the East Coast, 394; Waterwaifs, 328; Wayside Talks, 326; Way to Fortune, 240; Week-day Sermons, 455; Wells of Water, 141; Wesley's Designated Successor, 198; Westminster Assembly, 558; Westons of Riversdale, 90; Westport Church, 327; "We Would see Jesus," 89; Whitaker's Almanack, 143; Who is He? 93; Widow Wisclad's Son, 648; William Longe, 239; Willow Pattern, 605; Woodruff's Refuge, Mrs., 244; Words of Life and Love, 615; Work well Done, 451; World Tour of Missions, 40; Women's Property Act, 354.

Books, Notices of (*continued*)— PAGE
Young Bankrupt, 325; Young England, 88, 641; Young Man of God, 142.
Bridge, Samuel Fosdike, Memoir of 61
Brown, H. Rylands—
Evangelistic Work in Assam 378

Chances for Young Men 304
Charlesworth, Vernon J.—
"Isn't it nice to get home?" 528
John Curwen 116
Little Bob 639
Colportage Association, Annual Report of the 311
Colportage Association, Subscriptions to the 48, 157, 208, 256, 340, 400, 472, 520, 568, 616, 656
Commonplace 545
Corrected Text 592
Cottage Work in a Provincial Town 167

Davis, C. A.—
Emile Cook 175
Judson, the Apostle of Burmah ... 582, 632
Martin Luther 531
Missionaries in India and Ceylon ... 78
Oberlin 381
Primitive Methodism 213
Difficulties in getting the Bairn Baptized ... 439
Dividing the House 361
Duncan, George—
The Baptist Denomination 133

Economic Sermon Lending Society 139
Elias, Nason—
How to Pack a Bag 507
Epitaph on the Ancient Romans 484
Evangelization in Brittany 374

Fearful Condition of London 597

Ghostly Noises, The 627
Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, Subscriptions to the 47, 103, 156, 207, 255, 340, 399, 471, 520, 567, 615, 656
"Give it to the Jews" 380
God's Mercies 66
Good turned to Evil 490

Halliday, S. B.—
The Old Sexton 312
Harrald, Joseph W.—
Lost Children at the Crystal Palace ... 425
"Rescue the Perishing" 548
Haynes, W. B.—
Bethel Musings 500
Fragments for the New Year 15
Separate Thoughts on "The Altogether Lovely" 593
Holiness 187
How Poor Women Cleared the Debt 637
Humble Expositor, The 631

Illuminated Texts... 575
Illustrations: Benmore, 589; Bermondsey Mission-hall, 49; Bunyan's Cottage, 553; Coffee-house Scene, 113; Colportage in the Fatherland, 341; Girls' Orphanage, 416; Great Wall of China by Night, 448; Luther, 531; Madame Feller's Mission Stations, 381-82; Pastors' College, 257; Poplar Tabernacle, 87; Port Moresby, 188; Silent Highway, 76; Vegetable Caterpillar, 481; Under the Seal of Winter, 2; Wandsworth Gaol and Mission-room, 537; W. H. Havergal, M.A., 299.
Important Letter, An 452
In Days Gone By 588
Inscription for a Pocket-book 377

Kirtland, Charles—
Church-Life at Bothwell Two Centuries Ago... ... ... 578, 623

La Trobe, Benjamin—
The Moravian Missions 29
Leaves from a Pastor's Note-Book 628
Lost Locomotive, A 639

Madagascar 430
Metropolitan Tabernacle Flower Mission ... 395
Müller, George—
How to read the Bible 577

Neglected Part of Education, A 581
New Mission Hall at Bermondsey 49
Not afraid to be brought Low 433
Notes—
Allison's Bible Class, Mrs., 461; Annual Church Meeting, 148; Annual Conference, 150, 203, 248; Ashton-on-Ribble, 652; Atherton, 609; Auckland, Mr. T. Spurgeon at, 44, 96, 149, 514.
Balfern, W. Poole, 651; Baptisms at the Tabernacle, 205, 331, 397, 463, 612, 654; Baptist Union at Leicester, 562, 607; Batley, 203; Battersea, 563, 653; Belfast, 396; Belle Isle Mission, 333; Bermondsey, 609; Bermondsey Mission, 43, 96, 332; Bible-class, Mrs. Stiff's, 652; Birmingham, 44, 396; Birthday Fête, 334; Bloomsburg, 96; Bluntisham, 515; Book Fund, 96; Booth, R. T., 562, 652; Bournemouth, 218; Bow, 515; Bristol (Countership), 652; British and Foreign Sailors' Society, 331; Brixham, 150; Brixton, 653; Bugbrooke and Heyford, 463; Butchers' Festival, 202.
Camberwell, 609; Cape Colony, 396; Cape Town, 44; Carbondale, 96; Caution to Donors, 396; Centenary of Surrey Chapel, 463; Charles Spurgeon on America, Mr., 148; Cheltenham, 149, 248; Chester, 149, 463; China Mission, 247, 609; *Christian, The*, 650; *Christian World, The*, 650; Clinch, Mr., 333; Cleaning the Tabernacle, 331, 394, 461, 514; Colportage, 45, 97, 151, 201, 252, 331, 397, 463, 516, 561, 611; Colporteurs' Clothing Society, 651; Congo, 150, 515, 562; Cooper, Mr. T., 610; Country Missions, 395; Crawley, 332; Cullingworth, 396.
Day of Prayer, 333, 395; Day-school Examination, 515; Deacons' Prayer-Meeting, 96; Dereham, 463; Dorchester, 333; Dover, 463; Dulwich, 96.
Eastbourne, 610; Enfield Highway, 609; Evangelists' Association, 608; Evangelists—Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, 44, 96, 150, 203, 251, 333, 396, 463, 515, 563, 610, 653; Evangelists—Messrs. Mateer and Parker, 516, 611, 653; Evangelists—Mr. Burnham, 45, 150, 204, 251, 334, 396, 515, 563, 611, 653; Evangelists, Mr. F. Russell, 150, 204, 251, 334, 396, 463, 516, 611, 653; Exeter Hall, Mr. Spurgeon at, 514.
Falmouth, 396; Fishermen at the Tabernacle, 394; Flower Mission, 395; Frazerburgh, 44; Frome, 333.
Golden Wedding, Rev. J. Spurgeon's, 332; Gospel Temperance Meeting, 332; Grantham, 463; Great Missenden, 96; Green Walk Mission, 651.
Harrald, Death of Mrs., 95; Harvey, Death of Mr. J., 201; Haslingden, 333; Hay and Bronith, 563; Haydock, 333; Helston, 203; Hemel Hempstead, 515; Higgs and Mills, Death of Messrs., 95; Hornchurch, 609; Houghton, Mr. J., 608; Hulme Cliff, 44.
Ipswich (Queensland), 563; Jamaica, 396; Kings-Kerswell, 203; Kirton-in-Lindsay, 248.
Ladies' Benevolent Society, 202; Lawrence's Family, Mr., 149; Lechlade, 463; Liberation Society, 202, 331; Liverpool, 652; Loan Tract Society, 652; London Baptist Association, 148, 331, 462, 608; Longford (Tasmania), 609; Luther Sermons, 652; Lydbrook, 515.
Maternal Society, 609; Medical Prayer Union, 652; Men's Bible-Class, 395; Mertsham, 44; Milnsbridge, 653; Ministers' Clothing Society, 651; Mission to Maoris, 96; Moffat, Dr., 514; Monday Prayer Meeting, 609.
National Temperance League, 331; Natlshead, 333; New Church Members, 612; New Mill, 203; Nonconformist Colleges, 333; Nottingham, 248, 563.

Books, Notices of (*continued*)—
John Winsome's Home, 607; Jonah and His Mission, 455; Jose and Benjamin, 246; Joyful Service, 246; Juan de Valdes on Romans, 239; Jubilee Lectures, 146; Julius Cæsar, 246; Justification by Faith, 40.
Key to *In Memoriam*, 641; Kingdom of Grace Triumphant, 243; Kingdom of the Heavens, 144; King's Son, The, 327.
La Bagatelle, 390; Lamb of God, 324; Land and the Book, 195; Landmarks of English Literature, 240; Larger Hope, The, 147; Lays for Leisure Hours, 602; Leaflets for the Sick, 604; Learned in the Law, 327; Lectures on Health, 88; Legion, 606; Leisure Hour, 88; Lepers in India, 329; Letters of Cicero, 39; Letters on the Divinity and Humanity of Christ, 199; Life and Words of Christ, 644; Life in Mysore, 327; Life: is it Worth Living, 647; Life of Dr. A. Thomson, 454; Life of Elizabeth Prentiss, 454; Life of Faith, 326; Life of Hannah More, 246; Life of Savonarola, 246; Light of the Morning, 329; Lights and Shadows, 390; Little Bugler, 90; Little Folks, 88, 191, 394; Little Freddie, 325; Little Rubie's Curl, 41; Little Wild Flower, A, 325; Living Water for Little Pitchers, 324; Lonely Jack, 510; Longest Way Round, 325; Lord's Prayer, 393; Lord's Supper, 91; Lost her Shoe, 392; Lucy Miller's Good Work, 244; Luther Anecdotes, 602; Luther's Table-talk, 649; Luther the Reformer, 649.
Mahala, 510; Mahan's Autobiography, 39; Malcolm's Enemy, 328; Man of the Woods, 460; Manual of Bible History, 198; Margie's Gifts, 38; Martin Luther, 649; Mary Barton, 511; Master's Service, 460; Mediatorial Throne, 147; Melodies of the Fatherland, 458; Memorials of a Consecrated Life, 140; Memorials of Dr. Muir, 559; Memorials of J. H. Anderson, 246; Memories of the Past, 645; Messages of Peace, 213; Messiah King, 242; Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, 140; Midnight Cry, 457; Ministry to the Young, 389; Modern Atheism, 330; Modern Hebrew, 39; Modern Missions, 392; Modern Missions and Culture, 392; Morning Thoughts, 458; Morte Stone, 511; Mother's Blessing, 38; Mother's Treasury, 88; Musical Tracts, 145; My Battle Field, 648; My Neighbour's Windows, 41.
Natal, 605; National Temperance Mirror, 90, 641; National Temperance Reader, 42; Nearly Lost, 328, 641; Nellie, 41; New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes, 38; New Earth, 91; New Testament, American Edition, 326; New Testament Scriptures, 94; Neville Hatherleigh, 511; Noble Vine, A., 146; Nobody Loves Me, 510; Not for Him, 511; Number "Seven," 644.
Ocean Wave, The, 642; Old Faith in New Light, 247; Old Fashioned Book, 140; Old Friends, 455; Old Testament Revision, 239; Oliphant's Shilling Series, 389; Oliver Cromwell, 37; Only a Cousin, 201; Only a Little Fault, 328; "Onward," 88, 641; Onward Reciter, 460, 641; Orations on Temperance, 195; Origin and History of the New Testament, 147; "Our Darlings," 88; Our Eastern Sisters, 605; Our Lord's Life on Earth, 92; Our Lord's Messages to the Churches, 40; Our Mother, 645; Our Sea-Girt Isle, 42; Our Social Errors, 198; Out in the Storm, 392; Outline of Fulfilled Prophecy, 92; Oxford Bible, 40.
Parent's Enquiry, 91; Pastor of Ettrick, 197; Patsy, 201; Personal and Family Names, 642; Phases of Christian Truth, 453; Physical Geography, 198; Pictures from the Bible, 561; Picture Gallery of Bacchus, 195; Poems and Hymns, 390; Portrait from God's Picture Gallery, 245; Popular Commentary, 649; Popular Dialogues, 642; Postman, The, 88; Power of an Endless Life, 89; Practical Manual, 642; Preparatory History, &c., 91; Presbyterianism, 458; Present Day Tracts, 200; Present Truth, 608; Price of Sins, 601; Principles of Baptists, 93; Prophecy, 94; Public Schoolboys' Quiet Hour, 89; Pulpit Commentary, 141, 555.
Queen's Colours, The, 510; Quiet Corners, 511; Quiver, The, 88, 641.
Recollections of H. Moorhouse, 246; Reconciliation, 195; Red and White, 244; Red Flag, 391; Religions of the Ancient World, 240; Religious Encyclopædia, 141, 458; Religious Feeling, 242; Remote Antiquity of Man, 196; Rescue, The, 38; Rest from Sorrow, 247; Rhine and its Beauties, 394; Rise of the Dutch Republic, 642; River of Life, 602; Rob and Ralph, 509; Robinson Crusoe, 642; Romanism, 242; Romanism in the Light of the Gospel, 242; Roman, The, 95; Rosebud Annual, 641; Roving Robin, 510; Ruth's Rescue, 392; Ruth Stuyvesant, 41.
Sale of Food Act, 391; Salvation, 326; Sandy's Faith, 38; Satisfied, 325; Science Primers, 198, 642; Scottish Characteristics, 391; Scottish Church History, 458; Scottish Divines, 456; Scrap Packet, 93; Scripture Catechism, 603; Scripture Half-hour, 324; Scripture Painting Book, 324; Sermons by Dr. Dykes, 91; Sermons by T. Davies, 324; Sermons for Boys and Girls, 455; Services of Song, 146; Sevenfold Gifts, 641; Shadows of Good Things, 245; Sharpened Saws, 147; Short History of Methodists, 92; Show your colours, 145; Silver Bells, 511; Simplicity in Preaching, 604; Soldier's Experience, 560; Songs of Humanity, 196; Songs of Praise, 39; Sower, 88; Spiritual Gleanings, 649; Spoilt Guy, 648; Spurgeon's Almanack, 601; Spurgeon's Sermons, 239; Squire Buntley's Treat, 38; Stanley's Summer Visit, 244; State of the Blessed Dead, 93; Stepping-stones, 329; Steven, M.D., 648; Stories for Little Folks, 244; Street Children, 510; Student's Encyclopædia, 239, 393, 558; Studies in the Old Testament, 94; Summer Dreams, 602; Sunday at Home, 88; Sunshine, 197; Sword and Trowel, 140, 649; Symbolic French and English Vocabulary, 459.
Tact, Push, and Principle, 37; Tale of Two Fair Women, 244; Tales from Life, 201; Tales of the Covenanters, 456; Talks with the Bairns, 89; Talks with the People, 89; Temperance Annuals, 195; Temperance Pilgrim's Progress, 391; Temperance Reader, 556; Temperance Text Book, 240; Theory of Creation, 459; Those Watchful Eyes, 607; Thoughts in Rhyme, 602; Three Chums, 330; Through the Khyber Pass, 323; Till the Goal be Reached, 90; Tina and Beth, 648; Tom the Boater, 328; Tours of George Müller, 560; Towards the Sunset, 141; Tracts for the Times, 200; Treasures of the Snow, 142; Treasury, The, 509; Trial, The, 144; Tripartite Nature of Man, 213; Trip to the Channel Islands, 394; Trophies of Grace, 246; True Theory of the Atonement, 147; Twilight Tales, 244; Twilight Talks, 89.
Universal Instructor, 606; Universe, The, 509; Unspoken Addresses, 392; Upper and Nether Springs, 513.
Vanguard of the Christian Army, 43; Vedic Religion, 243; Versions in Verse, 42; Voices from Patmos, 241.
Walker's Sermons, 455; Water-cress Boy, 325 Watering Places of the East Coast, 394; Waterwaifs, 328; Wayside Talks, 326; Way to Fortune, 240; Week-day Sermons, 455; Wells of Water, 141; Wesley's Designated Successor, 198; Westminster Assembly, 558; Westons of Riversdale, 90; Westport Church, 327; "We Would see Jesus," 89; Whitaker's Almanack, 143; Who is He? 93; Widow Wiselad's Son, 648; William Longe, 239; Willow Pattern, 605; Woodruff's Refuge, Mrs., 244; Words of Life and Love, 645; Work well Done, 454; World Tour of Missions, 40; Women's Property Act, 394.

Books, Notices of (*continued*)— PAGE
Young Bankrupt, 325; Young England, 88, 611; Young Man of God, 142.
Bridge, Samuel Fosdike, Memoir of 61
Brown, H. Rylands—
Evangelistic Work in Assam 378

Chances for Young Men 304
Charlesworth, Vernon J.—
"Isn't it nice to get home?" 528
John Curwen 116
Little Bob 639
Colportage Association, Annual Report of the 311
Colportage Association, Subscriptions to the 48, 157, 208, 256, 340, 400, 472, 520, 568, 616, 656
Commonplace 545
Corrected Text 592
Cottage Work in a Provincial Town 167

Davis, C. A.—
Emile Cook 175
Judson, the Apostle of Burmah ... 582, 632
Martin Luther 531
Missionaries in India and Ceylon ... 78
Oberlin 384
Primitive Methodism 213
Difficulties in getting the Bairn Baptized ... 439
Dividing the House 361
Duncan, George—
The Baptist Denomination... 133

Economic Sermon Lending Society 139
Elias, Nason—
How to Pack a Bag 507
Epitaph on the Ancient Romans 484
Evangelization in Brittany 374

Fearful Condition of London 597

Ghostly Noises, The 627
Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, Subscriptions to the 47, 103, 156, 207, 255, 340, 299, 471, 520, 567, 615, 656
"Give it to the Jews" 380
God's Mercies 66
Good turned to Evil 490

Halliday, S. B.—
The Old Sexton 312
Harrald, Joseph W.—
Lost Children at the Crystal Palace ... 425
"Rescue the Perishing" 548
Haynes, W. B.—
Bethel Musings 500
Fragments for the New Year 15
Separate Thoughts on "The Altogether Lovely" 593
Holiness 187
How Poor Women Cleared the Debt 637
Humble Expositor, The 631

Illuminated Texts... 575
Illustrations: Benmore, 589; Bermondsey Mission-hall, 49; Bunyan's Cottage, 553; Coffee-house Scene, 113; Colportage in the Fatherland, 341; Girls' Orphanage, 416; Great Wall of China by Night, 448; Luther, 531; Madame Feller's Mission Stations, 381-82; Pastors' College, 257; Poplar Tabernacle, 87; Port Moresby, 188; Silent Highway, 76; Vegetable Caterpillar, 481; Under the Seal of Winter, 2; Wandsworth Gaol and Mission-room, 537; W. H. Havergal, M.A., 299.
Important Letter, An 452
In Days Gone By 588
Inscription for a Pocket-book 377

Kirtland, Charles—
Church-Life at Bothwell Two Centuries Ago... ... ... 578, 623

La Trobe, Benjamin—
The Moravian Missions 29
Leaves from a Pastor's Note-Book 628
Lost Locomotive, A 539

Madagascar 430
Metropolitan Tabernacle Flower Mission ... 305
Müller, George—
How to read the Bible 577

Neglected Part of Education, A 581
New Mission Hall at Bermondsey 49
Not afraid to be brought Low 433
Notes—
Allison's Bible Class, Mrs., 461; Annual Church Meeting, 148; Annual Conference, 150, 203, 248; Ashton-on-Ribble, 652; Atherton, 609; Auckland, Mr. T. Spurgeon at, 44, 96, 149, 514.
Balfern, W. Poole, 651; Baptisms at the Tabernacle, 205, 331, 397, 463, 612, 654; Baptist Union at Leicester, 562, 607; Batley, 203; Battersea, 563, 653; Belfast, 396; Belle Isle Mission, 333; Bermondsey, 609; Bermondsey Mission, 43, 96, 332; Bible-class, Mrs. Stiff's, 652; Birmingham, 44, 396; Birthday Fête, 334; Bloomsbury, 96; Bluntisham, 515; Book Fund, 96; Booth, R. T., 562, 652; Bournemouth, 248; Bow, 515; Bristol (Countership), 652; British and Foreign Sailors' Society, 331; Brixham, 150; Brixton, 653; Bugbrooke and Heyford, 463; Butchers' Festival, 202.
Camberwell, 609; Cape Colony, 396; Cape Town, 44; Carbondale, 96; Caution to Donors, 396; Centenary of Surrey Chapel, 463; Charles Spurgeon on America, Mr., 148; Cheltenham, 149, 248; Chester, 149, 463; China Mission, 247, 609; *Christian, The*, 650; *Christian World, The*, 650; Clinch, Mr., 333; Cleaning the Tabernacle, 331, 394, 461, 514; Colportage, 45, 97, 151, 204, 252, 334, 397, 463, 516, 564, 611; Colporteurs' Clothing Society, 651; Congo, 150, 515, 562; Cooper, Mr. T., 610; Country Missions, 395; Crawley, 332; Cullingworth, 396.
Day of Prayer, 333, 395; Day-school Examination, 515; Deacons' Prayer-Meeting, 96; Dereham, 463; Dorchester, 333; Dover, 463; Dulwich, 96.
Eastbourne, 610; Enfield Highway, 609; Evangelists' Association, 608; Evangelists—Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, 44, 96, 150, 203, 251, 333, 396, 463, 515, 563, 610, 653; Evangelists—Messrs. Mateer and Parker, 516, 611, 653; Evangelists—Mr. Burnham, 45, 159, 204, 251, 334, 396, 515, 563, 611, 653; Evangelists, Mr. F. Russell, 150, 204, 251, 334, 396, 463, 516, 611, 653; Exeter Hall, Mr. Spurgeon at, 514.
Falmouth, 396; Fishermen at the Tabernacle, 394; Flower Mission, 395; Frazerburgh, 44; Frome, 333.
Golden Wedding, Rev. J. Spurgeon's, 332; Gospel Temperance Meeting, 332; Grantham, 463; Great Missenden, 96; Green Walk Mission, 651.
Harrald, Death of Mrs., 95; Harvey, Death of Mr. J., 204; Haslingden, 333; Hay and Bronith, 563; Haydock, 333; Helston, 203; Hemel Hempstead, 515; Higgs and Mills, Death of Messrs., 95; Hornchurch, 609; Houghton, Mr. J., 608; Hulme Cliff, 44.
Ipswich (Queensland), 563; Jamaica, 396; Kings-Kerswell, 203; Kirton-in-Lindsay, 248.
Ladies' Benevolent Society, 202; Lawrence's Family, Mr., 149; Lechlade, 463; Liberation Society, 202, 331; Liverpool, 652; Loan Tract Society, 652; London Baptist Association, 148, 331, 462, 608; Longford (Tasmania), 609; Luther Sermons, 652; Lydbrook, 515.
Maternal Society, 609; Medical Prayer Union, 652; Men's Bible-Class, 395; Mertsham, 44; Milnsbridge, 653; Ministers' Clothing Society, 651; Mission to Maoris, 96; Moffat, Dr., 514; Monday Prayer Meeting, 609.
National Temperance League, 331; Matlishead, 333; New Church Members, 612; New Mill, 203; Nonconformist Colleges, 333; Nottingham, 248, 563.

Notes (*continued*)—
Oakingates, 463; Orphanage Fête, 252, 396; Orphanage, Christmas at the, 650; Orphanage, the Stockwell, 45, 97, 150, 204, 516, 564, 653; Orphanage, Friends of, 97, 252, 654; Orpington, 639.
Papineauville, 333; Peckham-park-road, 652; Personal Notes, 45, 98, 151, 205, 252, 517, 564; Petition for Closing Public-houses, 202; Pinchbeck, 203; Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, 462; Preaching, Applications for, 331; Primitive Methodist Missions, 331.
Quorndon, 96; Redditch, 149; Reformation Pictures, 461, 609; Reopening of the Tabernacle, 562; Richmond-street Mission, 205; Ryde, 150.
Sandown, 333, 653; Saturday Prayer-Meeting, 395; Saturday Training-class, 609; Scotch Notes, 205; Sermons for Missionaries, 650; Sermon Tract Society, 43; Shoreham, 563, 653; Smithies, Mr. T. B., 563; Smethwick, 333; Soham, 463; Southport, 563; Spennymoor, 203; Spurgeon at the City Temple, Mr., 149; Spurgeon's Health, Mr., 461, 514; Spurgeon's Rest, Mr., 43, 95, 650; Spurgeon, Work of Mr. J. A., 95; Stalybridge, 653; Stoke Newington, 653; Strangers at the Tabernacle, 202, 395; Strawberry-tea, 463; Stromo Ferry Offenders, 513; Students at Enfield, 515; Students' Missionary Association, 150, 653; Summer Vacation, 396; Sunday-school Meetings, 247, 332, 651, 652; Swaffham, 248; Swansea, 463.
Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society, 202, 331; Tasmania, 653; Thaxted, 96; Telegraphed Sermons, 394, 461; Thetford, 463, Thursday Services, 331; Treasury of David, 395; Tring, 563.
Ulverston, 149; United Communion Service, 652; Victorian Churches, 610; Worthing, 563, 610; Work in East London, 149; Windsor, 44; William Higgs's Bequests, Mr., 201; Widnes, 515; West Melbourne, 563; Waterbeach, 248; Wandsworth Common, 563; Whitechurch and Llandogo, 653; Winslow, 653; Worthing, 652; York Town, 463.

Opium Trade, The 322
"Our Bairn that's Deein'" 357
"Out of Season" 194

Palmer, Levi—
Plain Talk on Anger... 638
Pastors' College, Annual Report of The ... 257
Pastors' College, Account for 1882 158
Pastors' College, Subscriptions to the, 46, 98, 152 205, 253, 333, 397, 461, 518, 565, 612, 654
Pike, G. Holden—
Andrew Fuller at Home and Abroad ... 72
Fletcher of Madeley 495
Gospel in St. Giles's, The 435
London in the Days of Queen Anne ... 111
London Thieves 536
Madame Feller in Canada 381
Miss Macpherson in East London ... 363
New Guinea 169, 317
Ragged School Union, Still Alive ... 232
Rural City Missionary 491
Sacred Sites and Scenes in England ... 551
Signs of Old London 599
Sunday Morning in Bermondsey 122
Sunday Morning in St. Giles's 354
"The One Tun," Westminster 10
Tides and Waves 77
Way to Get Married, The 81
William H. Havergal, M.A. 299
William Penn, the Quaker Patriot ... 367
Price, W.—
Catherine Rondol 296
Primroses and Violets 386
Poetry: Epitaph on the Ancient Romans, 484; Old Flowers and Old Faiths, 527; Right up to the Top, 362; Stitch it on, 601; The Deacon's Prayer, 238; The Rejected Sunshine, 193; The Voyage, 126; "The Wild Flowers," 121.

PAGE
Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle 86
Prescott's Perseverance 170

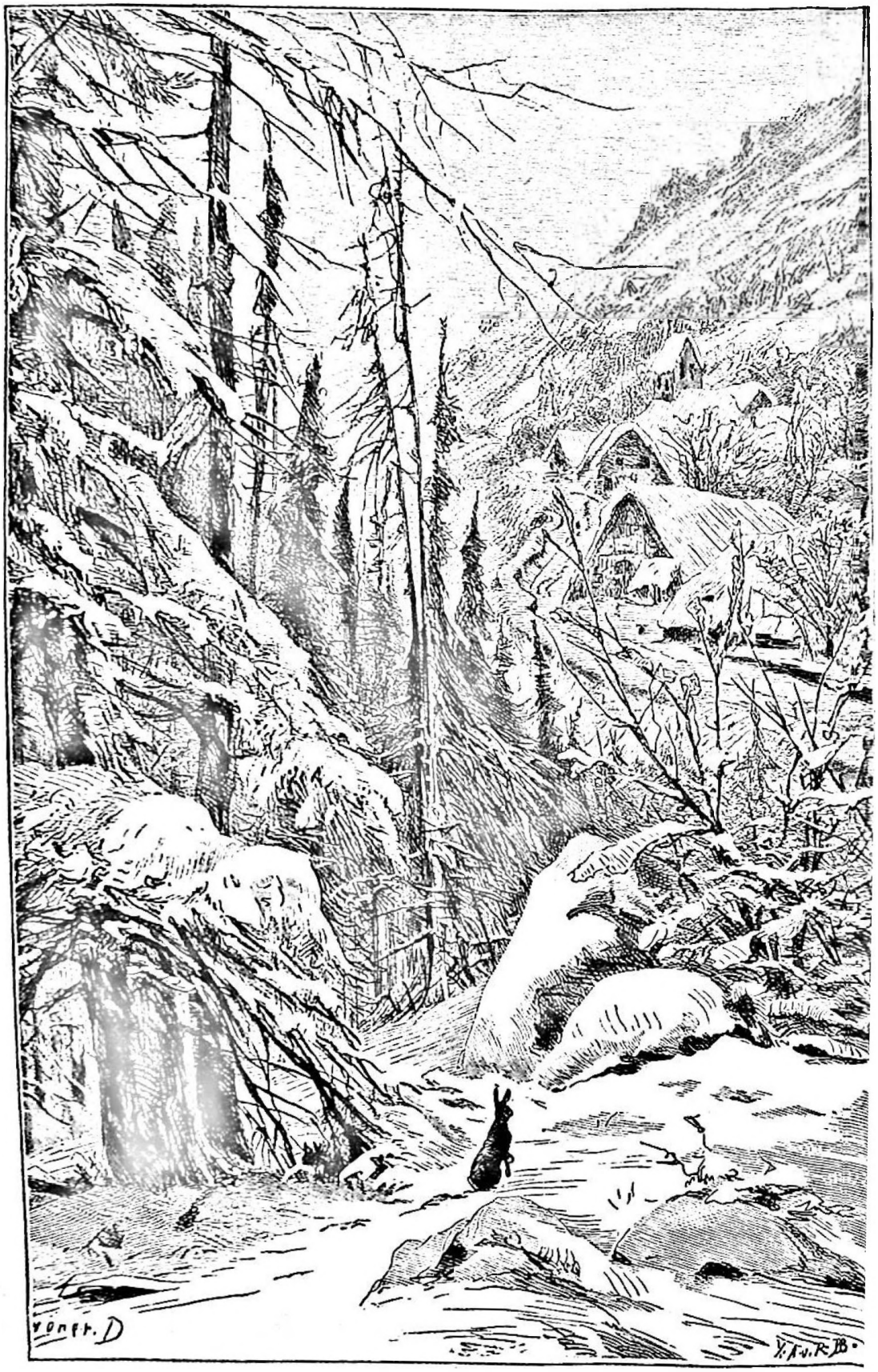
Redoubtable Evangelist, A 540
Richards, W. C.—
Old Flowers and Old Faiths 527
Right Use of Learning 429

Seeing in a Fog 596
Shall I Print It! 120
"She died an Hour Ago" 377
Shindler, R.—
Among the Hop-pickers Thirty Years Ago 441
Smoking Flax 506
Society of Evangelists, Subscriptions to the 48 104, 157, 208, 256, 340, 400, 472, 520, 568, 616, 656
Spurgeon, C. H.—
"A Languid and Limpid Young Man" 25
"A Lively Newspaper called 'The Sword and Trowel'" 504
Anecdotes from the Pulpit... ... 183, 217
Barking at Thunder... 440
Call to the Ministry 75
Communion with Christ, etc. 53
Discerning Power of Faith 24
Enoch and Abraham 18
Exposition of Psalm cxxviii. 171
How to Attract a Congregation 417
Joiners' Motto 115
Keeping a Cow 303
Leaving Secular Business 105
Letter to Bible-Classes 83
Live Above Feelings... 231
Make All Sure 67
Middle Wall of Partition 449
No Play, No Pay 231
Over the Mountains 289
Practical Discourse 570
Preaching to Sinners 546
Preparing the Sermon 372
Prophetic Warning 521
Prevalence of Evil an Argument in Prayer 358
Professors of the Higher Life 212
Sealed Hand—A Winter Sermon... ... 3
Sickening of Sin 60
Startling Calls... 14
Well-beloved's Vineyard, The 617
Use of Wool in the Ears 209
We shall Get Home 473
Word to Soul Winners 314
Your Best Always 161
Spurgeon, Robert—
Brahmin and Brahma 180
Spurgeon, Thomas—
Jonah's Wail 450
Left-Handed Men 225
"Oh, He's Far Too Personal" 19
Rejected Sunshine, The 193
"Right Up to the Top" 362
Six Hours with Joseph Cook 68
Stitch it On 601
"The Wild Flowers" 121
Vegetable Caterpillar, The... 478
Startled out of Paralysis 433
Stockwell Orphanage, Annual Report of, The 401
Stockwell Orphanage, Subscriptions to the 46, 99, 152, 206, 253, 338, 398, 461, 519, 566, 612, 654
Stoddart, W. O.—
The Deacon's Prayer 238
Storm of Grasshoppers 600
Story of a Convalescent Home 488
"Suffer the Children" 591
Sunday in the City 163

Viaduct of Salvation 438
Voyage, The 126

Unworthy Communicants 302

Walters, William—
Sarah Foster 485
What's in thine Hand? 477



UNDER THE SEAL OF WINTER.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1883.

The Sealed Hand—a Winter Sermon.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work."—Job xxxvii. 7.

WHEN the Lord seals up a man's hand he is unable to perform his labour. The Lord has an object in this, namely, "that all men may know *his* work." When they cannot do their own work they are invited to observe the works of God. This is a fact which I fear many of us have never noticed. When the ground is hardened into iron by the frost, when the land lies deep beneath the snow, when the ox rests in the stall, and the servants warm their hands at the fire, then the husbandman's hand is sealed up; but I fear the divine purpose is not often heeded. As you look through the frosted pane upon the driving snow do you say to yourself, God has taken me off from my own work and given me a holiday, which he would have me turn into a holy day? Let me now turn my thoughts to the Lord's great works in nature, providence, and grace. Shut out from my calling, I am also shut in to think of my God and of his work.

To the most of us it happens at sundry times that we are set aside from our ordinary service, and it is well if we improve the hour. One is never absent from his desk, another is regularly behind the counter, a third is always diligent in his travelling; but sooner or later there comes a day of pain and weakness, when the usual course of life is interrupted, and the busiest man lies still. In the sick-chamber for

weeks and months God seals up the active hand, and thus he presents to the busy a quiet season for reflection. In France they call the hospital "the house of God," and it is well when it becomes so. The man who will not think of God if he can help it, while he is busy in the world, is by sickness blessed with time for consideration, and being set aside from turmoil he is invited to rise above his engrossing cares. The great Father seems to say, "Lie there alone: lie awake through the night-watches, and think of your past ways, and what they lead to. Listen to the tick of the clock and mark the flight of time, till you number your days, and apply your heart unto wisdom. Your own work you cannot touch; now, therefore, think of the work of your God and Saviour till you obtain the blessing which comes of it." This is the design of sickness and inability to follow our calling: thus is our hand sealed from its occupation that our heart may be unsealed towards God, and heaven, and eternal things.

It is clear that God can easily seal up the hand of man if he uses his strength in rebellion or folly, for he has other seals besides sickness. When the wicked are determined to carry out a plan which is not according to his mind, he can baffle them. See the people gathering on the plain of Shinar, bringing together brick and slime that they may build a tower whose lofty height shall mark the centre of a universal monarchy! What does God do? Simply by confounding their language he seals every man's hand. No storm, or flood, or earthquake could have more effectually caused the workmen to desist. Look through the loopholes of retreat to-night upon this wicked world, and see men urgent with schemes which to them appear admirable. If they are not for God's glory, he that sits in heaven doth laugh, the Lord doth have them in derision. With a word he seals up their hand, so that it loses all its cunning, and their purpose falls to the ground. Sometimes he closes up the hands of his inveterate enemies with the cold seal of death. Walk over the place where Sennacherib's hosts had pitched their tents. They spread themselves upon the face of the earth and threatened to devour Judah and Jerusalem, yea, to swallow them up quick; but "the angel of death spread his wings on the blast," and the sleepers never again rose to blaspheme Jehovah. They lie with their weapons under their heads, but they cannot grasp them: bows, and spears, and chariots remain as a spoil to the armies of the Lord. Let us never, therefore, be disturbed by the vauntings of the adversaries of Jehovah. He can seal up their hands, and then the men of might are captives. "The Lord reigneth."

We will leave that part of the subject, and handle the text in another way. Here is a word to *Christian workers;* and when we have so expounded it we shall turn to *struggling believers*, panting for victory; for with both these classes there are seasons when their hands are sealed. Thirdly, we shall speak to *such as are toiling after self-salvation;* for it is a happy thing when such an hour comes to them also, and they cease from their own work, and know the work of the Lord.

I. First, then, I speak to YOU WHO ARE GOD'S PEOPLE, and have grown into strong men in Christ Jesus.

Do not be surprised if sometimes your Master seals up your hand *by a consciousness of unfitness.* You may have preached for years, and yet

just now you feel as if you could never preach again. Your cry is, "I am shut up, and cannot come forth." The brain is weary and the heart is faint, and you are on the brink of saying, "I will speak no more in the name of the Lord." Your seed-basket is empty, and your ploughshare is rusty; when you get to the granary it seems to be locked against you. What are you to do? No message from God drops sweetly into your soul, and how can your speech among the people distil as the dew? Perhaps some of you who have lately begun to serve the Lord wonder that it should ever be so with us older workers. You will not wonder long, for it will happen to you also. When a farmer sows his field with a drill, the drill has no aches and pains, for it has no nerves, and nothing to prevent the seed shaking out of it with precise regularity; but our great Lord never sows his fields with iron drills. He uses men and women like ourselves, who are liable to headaches and heartaches, and all sorts of miseries, and therefore cannot sow as they could wish. Comrades in the Lord's work, it is essential that we learn our own inability; it is profitable to feel that without our Lord we can do nothing, but that the Lord can do very well without us. If we cannot break the clods, his frost is doing it; if we cannot water the soil, his snow is saturating it. When man is paralyzed, God is not even hindered. When we feel our own weakness it is that we may know the Lord's work, and comprehend that whatever understanding we have he gave us, whatever thought or utterance we have he wrought it in us, and if we have any power among men to deliver the precious gospel of Christ, he has anointed us to that end. Therefore, if we have received, we may not boast as if we had not received. It is a great blessing for us to be emptied of self that God may be all in all, for then our infirmities cease to be drawbacks, and rise into qualifications through divine grace. This has a world of comfort in it.

Sometimes the Christian worker's hand is sealed, not by his own incompetence, but *by the hardness of the hearts he has to deal with.* Do we not often cry, "I cannot make any impression upon that man. I have tried him several ways, but I cannot find a vulnerable place in him. I cannot get the sword of truth to strike at him"? Have you never mourned that you could not touch those children, they were so volatile and frivolous? Have you not been ready to weep because so many men are so coarse, so drunken, and so reckless? Have you not groaned, "Lord, I cannot get at those wealthy people: they are educated, and sneer at my mistakes, and they are so eaten up with the conceit of their own position that they will not come to thee as the poor do, and receive thy salvation. Truly my hand is sealed"? This is all meant to drive you to your God in prayer, crying, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work." Oh, for that word which is like a hammer, breaking the rock in pieces! Oh that the fire would melt and save the sinner!

Another thing which often seals the hand of the worker, and leaves it maimed and bleeding, is *the apostasy of any who were thought to be converts.* Oh, how we rejoiced over them! Perhaps just a little, behind the door, we thought how wonderfully well we laboured to have such converts. As we saw them at worship, and remembered that they were once drunkards and swearers, we almost whispered that a notable miracle had been wrought by us. Ah me, how light-fingered we are!

How ready to rob God of his glory to clothe self with it! What did the Lord do? He let our precious convert go reeling home, and he that prayed at the prayer-meeting was heard cursing: thus all our weaving was unravelled. Then we wept and cried, "We have accomplished nothing at all! We have only bred a generation of hypocrites! They only need to be tempted and they go back again! Alas for us!" We shall return to our work with more tenderness and humility, with more prayer and faith, and looking alone to God we shall see his hand outstretched to save. We shall wonder that we have not gone back ourselves, and shall be prepared to sing Jude's doxology: "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen." When the Lord seals up your hand in any way, then, dear Christian worker, consider God's work, and call him into the field.

Some think the text teaches that when God seals up a man's hand it is that he may know his own work—that is, that he may perceive what poor imperfect work it is; that he may form a correct estimate of it, and not glory in it; that he may observe the scantiness of the sphere of human action, and mourn how ineffective, how despicable, how feeble man's efforts are apart from God's power. It is a great blessing to know our own work and to be humble, but still it is a higher blessing to know the Lord's work and to be confident in him.

Oh, brothers and sisters, we must be nothing, or the Lord will not use us. If the axe vaunteth itself against him that felleth therewith he will fling that axe away. If we sacrifice to our own net, the great Fisherman will never drag the sea with us again till he has made us more fit for use. Oh to be nothing! To lie at his feet! And then, full of his power, because emptied of our own, to move forward to victory. May the Lord work in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, then shall we work out a glorious destiny to his praise.

II. This Scripture equally applies to THE CASE OF THE STRUGGLING BELIEVER. The man is earnestly striving. See him! *He is seeking to pray.* I sometimes ask young people, "Do you pray?" They answer, "I could not live without prayer." "Can you always pray alike?" I thank God that I usually receive the answer, "No, sir. I wish I could always be earnest." Just so. A steam-engine can always do its work with equal force, but a living man cannot always pray. A mere actor can perform the externals of devotion at any time, but the real suppliant has his variations. We have all read of the preacher who while preaching used to cry most unaccountably when others were untouched. The reason was that he had put in the margin of his manuscript, "Cry here," and this he had done in the quiet of his study, without considering whether the passage would really produce tears. A man of genuine emotion cannot make himself cry at, say, half-past seven in the morning and ten at night. Mighty prevailing prayer is an effect of the inward impulses of the Spirit of God, and the Spirit bloweth where he listeth. We cannot command his influence. We ought always to pray most when we think we cannot pray at all. Mark that paradox. When you feel disinclined to pray let it be a sign unto you that prayer is doubly needful. Pray for prayer. Yet there are times with me, and

I suppose with you, when at the throne of grace I mourn because I cannot mourn, and feel wretched because all feeling has fled. The Lord has sealed up my hand; that is that I may learn anew how his Spirit helpeth my infirmities, and that I am powerless in supplication till he quickens me. We could as easily create a world as present a fervent prayer without the Spirit of God. We need to have this written upon our hearts, for only so shall we offer those inwrought supplications which the Lord hears with delight.

See the struggling believer, next, when *he tries to learn the truth of God.* For instance, in reading the Scriptures he pants to know the meaning of them. Did you never try to dig into a passage and find yourself unable to make headway? Fetch a commentary! Do you find that it leaves your difficulty untouched? Have you not begun at the wrong end? Would it not be better to pray your way into the text, and when you have got somewhat through the rind of it, will it not be well to imitate a mouse when he meets with a cheese and eats his way to the centre? Work away at the passage by prayer and experience, and you will tunnel into the secret. Yet you will at times find yourself lost among grand truths, and quite unable to cut your way through the forest of doctrines, because your understanding seems to have lost its edge. God has sealed up your hand that now you may go to him for instruction, and clearly see that not in books nor in teachers, but in his Holy Spirit, is the light by which the word of truth is to be understood by the soul. He seals up our hand that we may sit at his feet.

The struggling believer may have *set himself to watch against a certain sin.* Possibly he has enjoyed his morning's devotion, and he goes downstairs resolved to be patient, whatever provocation may occur, for he wept last night over the evil done by a quick temper. He converses cheerfully, and yet before the breakfast is over the lion is roused, and he is in the wars again. The poor man murmurs to himself, "What will become of me? This hot temper runs away with me." Do not excuse yourself, but still learn from your own folly. Would not the Lord thus let you see your own weakness more and more till you gird on his strength and overcome it. Remember, it must be conquered. You must not dare to be the slave of a fierce temper, or indeed of any sin. If the Son make you free you shall be free indeed, and it is his emancipating hand that you need within. Sanctification is the work of the Spirit of God, and only he can accomplish it; and it is yours to cry unto the strong for strength.

Perhaps the struggle is of yet another kind. *You long to grow in grace.* This is a matter worthy of the utmost desire and labour, and yet as a matter of fact neither plants nor souls do actually grow through conscious effort. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." Children of God, when they grow, grow up into Christ, not by agonies and excitements, but by the quiet force of the inward life renewed from day to day by the Holy Ghost. We have heard some true saints complain that they felt as if they were rather growing downward than upward, for they feel worse instead of better. Thus do many of the plants of our garden grow, and we are joyful that it is so, for we want not the useless top growth, but we prize the root. To grow downward in humility may be the best

possible growth: the hand sealed may be bringing us more spiritual profit than the hand at work.

III. I might thus enlarge, but it would come to the same thing; and therefore I leave the struggling Christians, just to lend a hand to THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS, whom I would gladly help into a ditch, and leave there till the Mighty One shall come to pull them out.

If we believe their own statements, there are a great many very good people in this world. True, the Bible says, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one"; but that is an old-fashioned sort of book. Good men are plentiful as blackberries. I hear certain of them bearing witness that they are quite as good as those who make a profession of religion, and, in fact, rather better. They are so good that they do not even profess to trust the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, you excessively good people, I am right glad when the Lord seals up your hands so that you cannot persevere in your fine doings, and are compelled to try the true way of getting to heaven. *Sometimes that sealing up comes by a discovery that the law of God is spiritual,* and that the service of God is a matter of the heart. Here is a good woman! She says, "I never stole a penny. I always pay my debts. I am sober, kind, and industrious. I thank God I am not a gossip, or proud, or idle, as so many are." Is she not a superior person? But observe a change! She hears a sermon, or reads the Bible, and finds that external goodness is nothing unless there is goodness in the heart, unless there is love to God and love to men, unless there is the new birth, and a consequent total and radical change of nature, manifested by a simple reliance upon Christ. Is this the same woman? How different her manner! How changed the tone of her talk! Hear her exclaim, "I am utterly lost! I had no idea that God required the heart, and judged our thoughts and desires. What searching truths! A look can make me guilty of adultery. Anger without a cause is murder." If this fact comes with power to the heart, the hand is sealed, and all hope of salvation by works is gone. Oh, that this would happen to all self-justifiers! Oh, that the Lord would wean them from self, that they might know *his* work—the work of Christ, who satisfied the law for all his people, that they might be made the righteousness of God in him!

Sometimes an actual sin has let in light upon the sinfulness of the heart! I knew a young man who, in his own esteem, was as fine a fellow as ever worked in a shop. He prided himself that he had never told a lie, nor been dishonest, nor a drunkard, nor loose in his life; and if the Saviour had said to him that he must keep the commandments, he would have replied, "All these have I kept from my youth up." In pushing a fellow-workman he upset an oil-can. It happened to have been upset before, and the master had spoken strongly about the careless waste. The master, coming along on this occasion, called out, "Who upset that can?" The young man said that he did not know, though he himself was the offender. That passed away. No farther question was asked, but in a moment he said to himself, "I have told a lie. I never would have believed myself capable of such meanness." His beautiful card-house tumbled down; the bubble of his reputation burst, and he said to himself, "Now I understand what Mr.

Spurgeon means by the depravity of the heart. I am a good-for-nothing creature: what must I do to be saved?" No doubt outward sin has often revealed the secret power of evil in the heart. The leprosy has come out upon the skin, and so it has been seen to be in the system. Thus is pride hidden from man, and his hand is sealed up that he may look for mercy from God and live.

Yes, I have known God seal up some men's hands *by a sense of spiritual inability;* so that they have said, "I cannot pray. I thought I prayed every morning and night, but I now see that it is not prayer at all. I cannot now praise God: I used to sit in the choir, and sing as sweetly as any of them, but I was singing to my own glory, and not unto the Lord. I fear I have been deceiving myself and setting up my righteousness instead of Christ's; and that is the worst form of idolatry. I have dishonoured God, and I have crucified Christ, by arrogating to myself the power of self-salvation. I have un-Christed Christ, and counted his blood to be a superfluous thing." When a man has come to that, then he—

> "Casts his deadly doing down,
> Down at Jesu's feet,
> To stand in him, in him alone,
> Gloriously complete!"

"What," cries yonder friend, "would you not have us do good works?" Yes, a host of them, but not to save yourselves thereby. You must do them because you are saved. You know what children do when they are little and silly: they go into their father's garden, and pick handfuls of flowers, and make a garden: "A pretty, pretty garden," so they say. Wait till to-morrow morning, and every flower will be withered, and there will be no pretty garden at all, for their flowers have no roots. That is what you do when you cultivate good works before faith; it is a foolish, fruitless business. Repent of sin, and believe in Jesus, for these are the roots of good works; and, though at first they look like black bulbs, with no beauty in them, yet out of them shall come the rarest flowers in the garden of holiness. Get away with your good works. Get away with your salvation of yourself. This is all proud fancy and falsehood. Why did God send a Saviour if you need no saving? What need of the cross, if you can be saved by your own works? Why did Jesus bleed and die if your own merits are sufficient? Come, ye guilty; come, ye weary; come, ye whose hands are sealed, so that ye can do nothing more; take the work of Christ, and be saved by it at once. A young sister, whom I saw just now, told me how a friend helped her to see the way of salvation. She could not believe in Jesus Christ because she did not feel herself to be all that she wanted to be; but the friend said to her, "Suppose I were to give you this Bible for a present." "Yes." "Would it not be yours as soon as you took it? It would not depend upon whether you were good or not: would it?" "No." "Well, then," the friend replied, "the Lord God has given Jesus Christ to you as a free gift, and if you take him by faith, he is yours immediately, whoever you may be." The case stands just so. Accept Jesus as the free gift of God to you, and you are saved; and being saved you will work with all your might to show your gratitude to God your Saviour.

"The One Tun," Westminster.

FORTY years ago the network of courts and alleys immediately behind Westminster Abbey went by the name of the Devil's Acre; and the district was then what it had remained for generations, one of the most depraved neighbourhoods in the wide area of London. Duck-lane, Old Pye-street, and a number of other retreats whose names came down from times when persons of mark resided there, at last became synonymous with all that is disreputable in human nature. Thus Old and New Pye-streets derive their name from Sir Robert Pye, cousin by marriage of Oliver Cromwell, and the Protector himself had a house in Orchard-street. Speaking of the general rookery on the south-west of the Abbey, which was much more extensive a generation ago than it is at present, Mr. E. Walford says: "These rookeries or vagabond colonies, which meet us in various parts of modern Babylon, were originally the sites of sanctuaries and refuges for debtors and felons, or else of some 'spital' or 'loke' for the reception of the poor, the maimed, and the lepers; the districts in which these asylums were located proving each the nucleus or nest of a dense pauper and criminal population. For just as the felon of our days is too often found among the inmates of our casual wards, so it is probable that of old the sanctuary men mixed with the diseased crowds and hordes of beggars that swarmed around the 'spital,' associating, of course, with women of the lowest class, and so perpetuating the race of outcasts and thieves, and turning the once 'religious houses' into nests of poverty, misery, disease, and vice." Yet a member of the Grotius family has lived in Pye-street; and Orchard-street, as its name implies, was of old a portion of the planted ground attached to the Abbey.

It is more than forty years since the original Westminster Ragged-school was commenced, and since its early success necessitated an early removal to that "Old Stable" which became renowned as one of the first of a glorious succession. When the start was made, a short time after the accession of Queen Victoria, there were but two teachers; one of these undertook the work on his own responsibility, and he had for his assistant an ordinary tinker. Some of the streets and alleys were of such a character that policemen were expected only to go there in pairs, and consequently any philanthropists who invaded the sin-stricken precincts for higher purposes showed extraordinary courage. On all sides crime and vice brought forth their fruits in their own prolific way; and the children, with their foul speech, their filthy rags, their matted hair and begrimed skins, were a generation doomed to even deeper degradation than their parents. When first gathered into the school their wild behaviour resembled that of untamed animals who had been captured they knew not why. The *tout ensemble* of the group was indescribably grotesque, but their surpassing need rendered the assembly interesting. "What is your name?" was asked of one on the first bench whose intelligence was quite of average quality. "They calls me Billy," he replied, and then went on to explain that he lodged at a rag-shop, and had a brother older than himself. All that the next boy knew about his descent was that his name was Dick. "They calls me Dick," he said; "I sells matches in the streets, and lives in that tother street,

next room to Jimmy that sells oranges." Such answers correctly indicated the characters and needs of the children.

The work thus commenced required no little courage to carry it on perseveringly in all weathers. Difficult as the operations were among such fever-dens during the heats of summer, trials of another sort, but not less heartrending, confronted the pioneer teachers amid the snows and frosts of winter. The funds necessary for carrying on the school were collected with difficulty, and nothing was forthcoming for such relief as the teachers would have gladly administered. "Nipping frosts told powerfully on the half-naked bodies and unshod feet of the children," wrote the pioneer teacher in 1848. "Their ancles and feet were very often chapped and bleeding; yet, suffering as they did, nothing could keep them from the school, because the teacher was kind, and the hand of kindness was held out by all who met them there." Some children succumbed to the inclemency of the weather; and one boy who died in the corner of a cheerless room on a pallet of dirty straw, with his latest breath besought his abandoned mother to give up drink, to pray for a new heart, and so to meet him in heaven.

That was the beginning of the reformation which Ragged-schools were destined to effect, but the teachers laboured long before Westminster began to show signs of their influence. The Old Stable had its day, and did its work; and the reader who looks patiently into the surviving records of those days will discover that later on the work was continued at the Westminster Juvenile Refuge, which had day-schools attached to it for boys and girls. The transformation of "The One Tun" tavern into a seminary for the poorest children was the work of 1858, and there the work went on for twenty-one years, until the lease expired in 1879. For no less than two long centuries this "One Tun" stood in the most crowded part of Westminster as the citadel of Satan in the Devil's Acre, a rendezvous of burglars, footpads, beggars, and the worst of characters. Through the reigns of successive kings and queens this notorious grog-shop dealt out its poison, neither divines nor moralists supposing it to be incumbent upon them to interfere with the landlord's monopoly of custom. This pest-house held its own, as a matter of course, and no one ventured to dispute its right to ruin the neighbourhood until a few determined souls, with Miss Adeline M. Cooper for a secretary, astonished the world by obtaining possession of "The One Tun," and inviting subscriptions for its transformation into a Ragged School. Our old friend *Punch* was interested at seeing a thieves' retreat suddenly transformed into an institution for nipping thieves in the bud by means of education. "The settlement which Miss Cooper and her benevolent friends have thus effected on the Devil's Acre," he remarked, "will, it may be hoped, lead to the ultimate and perhaps the speedy reconquest of the whole territory, and its speedy appropriation from the devil, who has occupied it for so long a time, in spite, if not with the concurrence, of the neighbouring dean and chapter. To dispossess the place of the devil, however, money is required for building and other expenses incidental to the necessary operations. The cost will be £400. Of this all has been raised but £35. Who will give £35 to exorcise the devil from the vicinity of Westminster Abbey?" Of course, the call was not ignored. The necessary

funds were forthcoming, and "The One Tun" flourished through many a long year. As Joseph Payne wrote, it was—

> "The change from the drunkard's song,
> Where jolly companions meet,
> To the hymns of the ragged ones, loud and long,
> But touching, and clear, and sweet."

The school at "The One Tun," Parkins' Rents, was carried on for twenty-two years; but since the demolition of that site by the Board of Works the operations have been continued in convenient rooms at Westminster Buildings, St. Anne's-lane, Old Pye-street. In addition to day, night, and Sunday-schools, and a Working Lads' Institute, suitable dwellings for sixty-one poor families have been provided.

The history of the rise of this sightly building is satisfactory in itself, and it is abundantly suggestive of what may be done in the way of providing the poorest section of the working-classes with suitable dwellings. When land represented the most fashionable investment, buyers were content with the moderate return of three per cent., and it is encouraging to know that, while land is so fast falling in value as to disappoint its possessors, the three per cent. dividend can still be secured by those who feel disposed to erect dwellings for the poor. The lodgings at Westminster Buildings were originally intended for a poorer class than the people who are benefited by the Peabody Gift, that princely offering having been really given to the industrial population, and not to those indigent masses who are hemmed in by vice and squalor. "The rents of Westminster Buildings are arranged on a very moderate scale," we are told, "ranging from 1s. 9d. a week for a single room, and 3s. for two rooms, to 4s. 3d. for three rooms; but these rents are sufficient to pay three per cent. on the £7,500 so kindly advanced on mortgage by the late Marquess of Westminster, the salary of the superintendent, all taxes and rates, gas and water, leaving a very small balance to accumulate for repairs, etc." There are altogether one hundred and ten rooms, and these are occupied by sixty-one families. The experiment has proved that the poorer sort of people can pay their rent honestly, and behave with decorum under favourable conditions.

The dwellings above-mentioned so far constitute a part of "The One Tun" Mission, that the whole may be regarded as a great Ragged-school Institute for the benefit of persons of all ages among the very poor. The master of the school for boys and the mistress of that for girls both hold Government certificates. "In addition to the regular secular education," remarks Mrs. J. Barker Harrison, "the girls are carefully instructed in plain needlework, making their own frocks, etc., and also shirts and blouses for the more needy of the boys. These garments are as carefully made, as regards stitching, etc., as first-class articles. The children's work is always commended for its cleanliness and neatness, it having been sometimes thought that it must be machine-work, from its evenness." The girls are also taught cookery.

The night-school is for those older subjects of both sexes who cannot come during the day. At the annual meeting held in June, 1881, twenty-four old scholars received prizes for keeping their situations longer than a year; and prizes were also given to a number of juvenile

exhibitors of plants which had been reared in the poor and straitened homes of Westminster.

The Sunday-schools are "filled to their utmost limits with girls, boys, and infants, under an excellent staff of teachers, six of whom were formerly scholars." Then there is a Band of Hope, also a working-lads' institute, while the week-night prayer-meeting, the Bible-class, and the mothers' meeting all go on prosperously. The Bible-woman also goes her rounds, and in addition, a blind Bible-reader is supported by "The One Tun" Mission.

This blind reader is in himself a most interesting character. Having for years read the Scriptures aloud in the courts and alleys of Westminster, he has been greatly valued by the poor. He is also interesting on account of the opposition he has encountered and successfully resisted. Thus, in Mrs. J. Barker Harrison's last report, reference is made to "the death of a man whose name is unknown to the general community, but whose life was devoted to the one aim of circulating demoralizing, blasphemous tracts and books." Then a quotation is given from *The National Reformer* of February 8th, 1881: "For thirty years he had worked hard as a freethinker to disseminate these views, and in the earlier period, before atheism was so well organized, he worked without any compensation, and thus came in contact with some of the greatest people in the land." Of the intellectual and educational calibre of this champion of Secularism some notion may be inferred from the fact that he boldly denied that either the ancient Jews ever existed as a people or Christ as a person. Of the moral nature of the man whom *The National Reformer* delighted to honour we may learn something from the blind reader:—"I believe there never lived a man whose mind was more corrupted, or whose expressions were more filthy than this infidel's. Seeing me reading, he would then press his way into the crowd, stoop, put his mouth to my ear, and whisper the most awful blasphemy, clothed in the most disgusting language; the bystanders were curious, thinking he was telling some secret—my face would burn with shame, my nerves would shake and a trembling seize me, but through God's grace and the help of the Holy Spirit, and the power of God's faithful and incorruptible word, I was always enabled to lift up, against this man, the shield of faith, and with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, to parry many of the deadly blows which he aimed against that Book, which is the glory of England and the heritage of every believer; and thus have saved both young and old from giving up the Book which their forefathers loved, and saved them from joining the infidel ranks."

In the fine summer weather this reader does not confine his labours to Westminster, but goes afield even as far as Clapham, Norwood, and regions round about. On one or two occasions, when his health required the change, he has gone as far as the sea to read to the visitors on the shore.

Thus has "The One Tun" gone through one stage after another, and from first to last the institution has proved a blessing to the city of Westminster for twenty-five years. Throughout that period one lady has acted as superintendent; for in Mrs. J. Barker Harrison the reader will recognise that Miss Adeline M. Cooper whom *Punch* so deservedly

complimented on account of her successful endeavour to exorcise the devil from the vicinity of Westminster Abbey. In common with those who were more intimately acquainted with his work, we sympathize with Mrs. Harrison on her recent irreparable loss in the death of her accomplished husband. The hearts of two persons were never more closely knit together in the unflagging prosecution of a great philanthropic work.

The reports which Mrs. Harrison issues annually are quite interesting manuals abounding with particulars of the work, as well as with evidences of its success, which ought to be widely known. Want of space precludes our making extracts; but these closing words of the latest issue are worthy of everyone's earnest attention:—

"To save our country we must save the children, and for this funds are needed. We gratefully thank all our friends who have so kindly helped us in the past, and ask a continuance of their generous aid.

"In 1848, when every throne on the Continent was either seriously shaken or overturned, whilst the Queen of England could walk and drive about as usual, *M. Guizot*, the French statesman of that era, *said to Lord Shaftesbury, 'I will tell you what saved your empire. It was not your police, it was not your army, it was not your statesmen; it was the deep, solemn, religious atmosphere that still is breathed over the whole people of England.'*"

"We believe that the great regenerator and emancipator of the world is the Bible. The Sword of the Spirit has overcome superstition and infidelity, and, unimpaired by the conflict, it is ready to overcome them again. Oh, that in this day of sad departure from the Word of God, we may rally round the Bible! Firm in the belief of its divinity, may we go forth in the great conflict of truth and error, wielding no weapon but the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

"Ere the bright orbs their morning accents sung,
Or heaven's high arches with the echoes rung;
Ere time began, or nature rose to birth,
Through skies and seas, 'mid air or lesser earth;
Christ's kingdom formed, ere sin its course began,
With hosts angelic, or the breast of man.
His kingdom shall endure, his reign extend,
When time in an eternity shall end;
Immanuel God—our Sovereign King alone—
In heaven his kingdom, and each heart his throne."

Startling Calls.

WHILE we were in the buffet at Calais the guard came in to call the passengers to other trains which started before ours. We knew that we had several minutes to spare, but yet the sharply-repeated summons to others to depart made us eat quickly, and watch anxiously, lest we should not be ready when our time should come. So, when death comes to one man, how many others are made to think of the moment when they also must be up and away! Happy are those travellers who are quite ready, let the time of their departure come when it may.—C. H. S.

Fragments for the New Year.

BY W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

TO the welcoming chime of many bells comes in the year. Over hill and dale, and above the heads of mighty populations, break and swell the sweet sounds. Long after the belfries are still the melodies are lingering, lingering on, in the dreams of sleepers, and in a strange commingling with the toils of after-days. Yes, ring in the years—each with a richer music than the last; and with a gladder welcome: for the bells, as they sway, tell off the time that lies between us and him we love. He comes! He comes! The passing seasons make him room. And so it shall come to pass that the bells, one time, as they shake their silvery burden afar into the year, shall meet the melody of his incoming chariot-wheels! Who would not grasp the ropes with might and main to ring in such a time?

"Oh, that I could begin this year with God, and spend the whole of it to his glory"; wrote the saintly Brainerd in his diary nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. Brainerd's years were years indeed. With perhaps too much painful introspection, what consecration there was! His ideal of true manhood was sublime. Never mother gave herself up day and night for a beloved child with completer self-sacrifice than Brainerd gave himself for "his Indians." His life seems to have been a prolonged anguish for souls, and for the honour of God. "Begun" with God, and "the whole" spent for his glory, may each period of our lives be, and so may the old-time prayer drop present-day mercies.

The pious Israelite, as on some coronation-day he looked into the face of the monarch, felt his bosom swell with hope and patriotic yearning. The New Year has stepped forth like a child-king. Let us greet the royal comer with enthusiasm. Our fates are bound up with his. We have hopes, duties, responsibilities, highest interests, inseparable from the coming time. God speed thee, fair young year! God grant us all to render thee nought but wise and loyal duty!

Into the undiscovered land of new time the wise send an advance-guard of prayer. It is a beautiful thing to garland this opening month with supplications. To take time by the forelock; to get the start of Satan by fetching God with strong crying into the untrodden realm, ere Satan can darken it with his presence; to be beforehand with sin and self, populating the approaching year with guardian angels from the seats of bliss that may greet us on the threshold: this is true philosophy. They travel safely and by prosperous roads who tread the months in the hallowed train of prayer's pioneerage.

These "compliments of the season," as we call them; these kindly greetings printed and spoken; scattering in myriads, bright with the beautiful work of the artist, or the richer beauty of tender hearts: are they not charming? Hark! can you not hear? In town and hamlet, in cottage and palace, and by the wayside; in homes holy and unholy; even where disfigured faces and hoarse tones betray the wretched dissipations with which the season has been marked: everywhere good wishes are breathing, despatching, arriving. And, oh, what a lovely

world might this be, were these love-breathing voices prolonged in men's after-living! But when all the multitude of wishes are faded and gone, like last summer's flowers, the time *has yet to be lived;* and it will be, not what was wished, but to each man as he himself shall be.

The fate of the year, that comes so fresh from God, is unutterably sad. In robes of radiance it descends to earth; laden with human infamies it returns. The centuries gone by, weighted with sin and sorrow, stand in silent ranks awaiting the Judgment. The sad transformation suggests Campbell's Hohenlinden:—

"On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

So spreads before our feet the unsullied future. But as

"Linden showed another sight,"

when man, filled with war's passions, rushed upon the scene, and all that purity was fouled; the white earth stained and heaped with death, and "Iser, rolling rapidly," encrimsoned and swollen with human blood: so polluted, fallen from their virgin whiteness, and cumbered with corruption, are the years, as God, treading in the track of departing humanity, visits them. Nevertheless, from the hand of a longsuffering Creator still come the sweet new years, and God (wonder of patience!) yet hesitates to summon the angel that shall bid time be no more.

Bright golden days do not come to men as the angels came to Abraham, sitting in the door of his tent. We must go out and seek them. The future is not a clouded or azure sky, leagues above us, whose various shifting scences may dazzle or dismay, but are beyond our influence. The days come like molten silver that we may run into any mould. God gives men the sea of time, and the Bible-chart, but *they* are responsible for the steering.

Upon the pillars of the Olympian race-course, placed conspicuously that the competitors might see them, were such inscriptions as these: "Hasten!" "Excel!" "Finish the course." As the runners passed, they were stimulated by these mottoes to renewed exertion. Such are the calls to us. We now pass another pillar in our progress. Earnest spirits catch the rousing message to look away with flashing eyes to the goal. "Hasten!" The time of service will soon be past. "Excel!" Life for God was never lived too well. "Finish the course": he that continueth *to the end* shall be saved. Such are the inscriptions upon the pillars of the passing years.

The year is gold: how wilt thou spend it? Buying therewith the trinkets of an hour, or treasures of immortality? It is a harp of three hundred strings: the music, good or evil, which thy fingers fetch forth, will sound on for ever and for ever. It is a field with furrows open to the sower: that thou sowest—the wild grass of a careless existence, or the precious grain of life unto God—that wilt thou reap. In wailing or in joyousness shall be thy harvest-home. It is a precious goblet, and thou must fill it to the brim. Beware how; for whether it be wine of God's love, or a black draught of shame, thou must drink at the ever-brimming vessel to eternity. It is a steed of fire harnessed to the chariot of thy soul's immortality: dashing up the steeps of glory, or

down to the gulf of perdition, as thou the driver dost determine. It comes to thee a being of brightness: abuse it, and it shall be transformed into a torturing demon that will stab and rack thy conscience in the endless hereafter. Ah, solemn year! How could we forgive the almost cruelty of its high requirements, or the stupendous conflicting issues in which its coming involves us, had we no "Mighty to save"?

As Nehemiah and his brave comrades arose to build a city for God, let us build up the year with deeds of kindness, of Christliness, of sacred service. Our lives should brighten and greaten as they advance. As out of the charred ruins of old London a prouder city sprang, be our past but the dark and cellared foundation of a life where the meanest deed shall be a palace in its nobility, and upon all shall rest the glorifying approval of God.

There are lives, sweet with a paradisaic loveliness, that are among earth's hidden treasures. Their years, marked off as with a silver streak, or line of blossoming hedgerow, succeed one another unobtrusively and unnoticed. So "shores on which man has never landed lie covered with shells; fields which his foot has never trod are carpeted with flowers; seas where he has never dived are inlaid with pearls; and caverns which he has never explored are radiant with gems of the finest forms and the fairest colours." The God to whose eye all such secrets of nature are familiar things, sees also these hidden lives. Let not such pine for change, or think that the years as they arrive bring them little good. Where the eye of the Lord rests with pleasure, it is a small matter who else may come to see. Dost thou ask a loftier honour for thy new year than that it provide delight for God?

"Let my Lord Jesus," says Rutherford, "since he willeth to do so, weave my bit-and-span length of time with white and black, weal and woe, with the Bridegroom's coming and his sad departure, as warp and woof in one web; and let the rose be neighboured with the thorn; yet hope that maketh not ashamed hath written a letter to the mourners in Zion, that it shall not be long so. When we are over the water, Christ shall cry, 'Down crosses and up heaven for evermore.'"

A new-year's wish of Romaine for his people and for himself was: "*God grant that this may be a year famous for believing.*" That is a wish that the most advanced century will never outgrow. Such a year will be famous indeed. Mighty works and mighty men are found where there is famous faith. The measure of the possibility of a year great in believing is the measure of the Infinite God himself.

In the wars of our fathers' times, commanders renewed their campaigns from year to year. The snow and ice saw them retire to winter-quarters. The returning spring beheld fresh operations. Thus, often the disastrous campaign of one season was recompensed by victories gained with desperate valour in the next. Immanuel's friends cannot at this hour survey the future without yearning. Over what new fields shall the flag of Jesus float victorious? There is no pause in this strife. The church has no winter-quarters into which she may retire and rest. New conflicts await her; fresh combinations of the enemy must be met. May the God of battles, ere the circle of the seasons shall be run, give to the lion-standard of Judah great and unusual renown.

Faith, listening at the gate of the future, hears a hundred tongues asking, "What wilt thou?" Legions of angels cry, "We are Faith's servants. What wilt thou?" All the forces of nature—the leagues of brooding cloud, winds, lightning currents, and the sand-belted sea—crouch at Faith's feet, crying, "We are thy servants. What wilt thou?" The armies of hell crowd out at the gates to catch an intimation of their fate from Faith's sovereign lip. It is not for Faith to knock with a craven solicitude at the portal of the year. She rules it all, and the months are twelve apostles at her feet to do her victorious will. Say, then, O Faith, what new laurels Jesus shall wear this year. Thy will is law; for "all things are possible to him that believeth."

"Your malady is incurable. If you give up preaching and all other work you may live six years longer. If not, you will die in three." These were the physician's words to a successful minister of Christ. Memorable was the reply. "I prefer to live two or three years in doing some good, to living six in idleness." Here was true wisdom as well as high heroism. Life is not to be measured by respirations, but by consecration. He lives long who lives well. *So* let us "number our days." For "he that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it." Christ as the sinner's Substitute lived millions of ages in the cross-moments. His death was worth an immortality. Those "crowded hours of glorious life," which men of devoted spirit live, surpass in value ages of mere existence.

Be tied to time as the master to his apprentice, making it serve thee, not as the wife to her husband, who is her all. Last year's graves should temper next year-dreams. Build nothing on earth; is there not foundation-room enough in God? A heart prone to stake itself upon mortal ventures, will soon be a broken heart. Wait till the seasons shall all have melted into the Everlasting Spring.

"We that are heere in banishment
Continuallie doe moane:
We sigh and sobbe, we weepe and waile,
Perpetuallie we groane.

Our sweete is mixed with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine;
Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrowes still remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seeme as yesterday."

Enoch and Abraham.

I HAVE lately conversed with two gentlemen whose names are Mr. Enoch and Mr. Abraham, and when I saw them shake hands it made me smile to see Enoch thus saluting Abraham. But they were only Enoch and Abraham in name, and though both of them are excellent men they are not the veritable patriarchs. Have we never known persons bearing the name of Christians who were so only in name? The more's the pity.—C. H. S.

"Oh, he is far too Personal!"

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT is truly wonderful how soon solemn impressions and subdued feelings wear off, especially if these have been induced by a superstitious reverence for times and places. Not more quickly vanishes the morning mist or the early dew before the sun than does a fancied piety at the door of the place of worship. Conversation with friends, and the jostling of the crowd help to strangle the holy thoughts which had just been born, and the good seed seems likely to be trampled on and destroyed immediately after leaving the sower's basket. Sometimes, thank God, it springs up again; indeed, the very trampling can be used by the great Husbandman as one means towards the glorious end he has in view; but, as far as human judgment can decide, much of the seed is destroyed by the too rough harrowing that it undergoes at the very first.

Then, on the road from church to home, the converse is not always all it should be. Acquaintances are met, family or business matters are discussed, and after a brief remark about the preacher, the more serious matters are quite forgotten, and levity, in some cases, rules the hour. Christian people thus frequently lose the opportunity of experiencing that blessed heartburn which those who talk of Jesus know when Jesus himself joins their party and turns even its sadness into gladness. Alas, how often an unconverted friend, who has, perhaps, been impressed by the sermon, finds the impression more than counteracted by the irrelevant converse of his professed friends.

I do not know a better opportunity for the disciple who is a little timid in speaking to others about their souls than when homeward-bound from a religious service. It surely is not hard to speak a word for Jesus then. The friend cannot deem such converse out of place, nor be offended at it. The sermon is fresh in his memory and in yours. You have a text to hand, and something to start with, and if the service has been a blessing to you, you should be just in the right trim to tell of Christ's love. Try it, dear friend,—try it as soon as you can. Clinch the nail that the preacher has tried to drive. Stamp the wax which he may have been the means of melting. Your success will surprise you. If we only knew what others think of our ordinary and inappropriate conversation, we should, if only for our own sakes, engage in more solemn and profitable converse "en route" for home. But we have higher motives: the urgent need of the unconverted, and the glory of our Saviour, should prompt us to use this most fitting opportunity of spreading the truth.

I would far rather that the audience should speak of sermon and preacher, and criticize them both, however unfavourably, than that they should be placed together on the shelf of forgetfulness. The sermon and its solemn truths ought to occupy the mind and thought of those who have just heard it. Mrs. So-and-so's new bonnet is a usurper if it gets all the attention. Yet how often the crying of a baby, or the fainting of a woman, or the number of the audience, or the singing, takes the place of the rightful theme of conversation. Possibly this is sometimes due to the fact that there was nothing particularly

striking about the sermon to attract attention and deserve comment. Certainly, the pulpit could share the blame with the pew in such a case; but even then, as I said before, it were better to speak of defects and faults than to fly off at a tangent to some altogether unworthy subject. Better man the pumps of the leaking ship, or try to patch her up, than leap overboard into the surging tide. Better make the best of a bad job than go from bad to worse. An investigation of an ill sermon may produce some good; it will at least keep greater evils out. Try to arrange its confusion, correct its errors, bear your witness against its lack of earnestness, and uplift your prayer on his behalf who preached it.

Even when the doctrine of the discourse cannot be called in question, it is not to be wondered at if there are faults in matter and manner. Let these be overhauled rather than any other topic discussed. Although this is by no means the main matter, better this, I say, than worse. Such a calling-over-the-coals proves, at least, that the address was attended to, and perhaps when the critic has done with the scalpel, he also may open his own heart to the truths that were in the discourse despite its blunders.

I am very slow to expect everybody to be delighted with one minister, and slower still to hope to find all enraptured with a single sermon. It is altogether too much to look for: "so many men so many minds." "Spectacles to suit all sights" may be advertised over the opticians' doors, and can be had within provided the stock is sufficiently large and varied; but no one ever yet took the notice to mean that Professor Pebbles had invented a certain eyeglass which would suit the varied foci of a million eyes. Find me a parson who, in this sense, would "suit all sights," and I pronounce him "a spectacle" indeed to men and angels. It stands to reason that the whims and wishes, and fancies and foibles, of a thousand cannot all find satisfaction in one, that one perhaps as full of "character" as any of his hearers. No, "the cloth must expect to have holes picked in it." The pulpit is not surprised if it is sometimes turned into a pillory. The preacher would be fearing a "Woe," if all men spake well of him. It will be an ill day when the audience worships *en masse* the presiding genius of the rostrum.

Let it not be supposed from this that all the wisdom is with the critics, that they have all turned Solomons, and can bisect the sermon as the wise man would have divided the living child. After all, the pew is not the best judge of the pulpit, and certainly the ungodly are not at all able to call the preacher to account. They do not understand his mission or his message; nay, more, they do not know their own condition. It ill becomes those who sit in the seat of the scornful to sit in judgment on the men of God who preach to them the truth as it is in Jesus. Critiques from such as these have furnished us with mottoes for several previous papers, and another one heads this. A stranger to the vital power of true godliness utters this loud complaint, the language of many more, after a plain, practical sermon from a soul-seeking preacher,

"OH, HE'S FAR TOO PERSONAL!"

Those who readily join this growl are more to be pitied than blamed. Poor souls, they little know the danger they are in, or they would not

chide the speaker for being pointed and personal! Many of these grumblers look upon the parson as an individual who is paid to do a certain work, as any other professional man may be—*i. e.*, to do it as conveniently to himself as may be, but certainly to no one else's inconvenience. They *put out* their religion, to be *done* by him, as they give their washing to the laundry-woman; and are willing enough to pay the account involved, along with the baker's and the butcher's bills. But since they pay for spiritual pabulum just as for their animal food, so they must have *it* also to their choice and order. They have certain humours and crotchets about groceries and bakeries, and they must needs have likes and dislikes as to the loaves and fishes of the gospel; and why shouldn't their taste be met by the preacher as well as by the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker? They have a right, they think, to do as they like with their own, and since they support the minister, he should be guided by their wishes. He is *their minister* in a twofold sense, for they are his masters. A young man who read an "original tale" at a Mutual Improvement Society, found his story rather roughly handled, and some found fault with him for certain items in the narrative which they thought he should not have introduced. In his defence, he rather aptly asked the question, "Can't a fellow do what he likes with his own tale?" (Much laughter.) So, many a congregation looks upon the preacher as its own peculiar property—an appendage, in fact, which ought to be wagged and waggled according to the body's will. Thank God, some of us have yet to learn that this is our position. Content, as we trust we are, to be the servants of all for Jesus' sake, yet are we determined to call no man master, for one is our Master, even Christ. We are not yet convinced that it is our business to cater for the fastidious fancies and depraved appetites of these queer customers. The stage may be dependent on the caprice of the people, but not so the pulpit. A lecturer may be beholden to the society which employs him; a candidate for parliamentary honours to the voice of the people; but the pulpit gets (or should obtain) its advices and instructions from a heavenly source, and tells God's truth without fear or favour. Alas, for that day when the preacher's lips move at the dictation of the people's wills, and his words sound in harmony with the world's wishes.

Yet it is so to-day to some extent. Sermons are made to order, and might well be ticketed, "Fashionable!" "Latest novelty!" "Favorite!" and the like. "As you like it," might be sculptured over the stone porch of the church; "Take thine ease," inscribed on the softly-cushioned pew, and "Peace, peace" (without the rest of the sentence) on the pulpit front. Many a pulpit is nothing better than a treacle-pot; a canister of golden syrup would be an appropriate crest for the preacher, his own superfine silken gown will do for his coat-of-arms, and "Live, and let live!" for his motto. God save us from being the twenty-thousandth cousins of any who boast of such a heraldry!

There is no charge more frequent or more bitter against a faithful minister than that of being "*far too personal.*" This is an unpardonable sin in the eyes of those who really stand most in need of such dealing. But they do not like it. A sham fight at a distance is

well enough; but close quarters and real conflict are not in their line. They are not enamoured of war and warlike matters in any shape, unless they be in Zululand or Afghanistan. If a Christian minister (especially *theirs*) takes up the cudgels and attacks certain practices (especially *theirs*), "Oh then," say they, "he's apt to do more harm than good, and raise prejudices" (especially *theirs!*). They may put up with General Skirmish, and even court his company, but Private Sharpshooter is far too precise for them, and has too much of the rank and file about him. He who draws a bow at a venture is preferable to a "Thou-art-the-man" archer; but they would rather have one who has no bow at all, or at least no arrow. They prefer a bow (courtesy) to a bow, and a flattery to a battery. They would not mind a salute of twenty-one guns, or of twenty thousand for the matter of that; but then, of course, they must not be loaded. The ordinances of the church are well enough, but they will not stand its ordnance. However fond they may be of animals, they do not like battering-rams; and grape-shot is not a favourite fruit. If they had their way, every arrow would moult and become featherless, every gun would shut its mouth and be silent as the grave, every soldier would wear an edgeless sword and as many fineries as possible, and every preacher would content himself with preaching a ten minutes' sermon with nothing particular in it.

It is scarcely matter for surprise that personal dealing is not palatable. Even eels find some difficulty in getting used to skinning, nor do I think they ever come to enjoy it. To have one's inmost self laid bare, its motives examined, its interests exposed, is an operation from which the flesh naturally shrinks. Mr. Haughty does not care to be arraigned and condemned, and Mrs. All-Serene does not appreciate being undeceived and aroused. Who would choose to be turned inside out, if he had a choice in that matter? Who likes to be led to the bar, and adjudged "guilty" by God and conscience? Men have decided objections to such objectionable decisions. They will hear a little smoothly-given counsel, and even remark on the faithfulness of the preacher. A little summer-lightning is as a display of fireworks to them; but give them a forked flash, and they hide their faces even before the thunder follows. A certain amount of medicine it is right to take, they think, and they are prepared to have an occasional dose, provided the pill is sugar-coated or the draught highly flavoured. But, however it may be with physic, certain it is that the word is spoiled if mixed with anything but faith in those that hear it. It is useless to whisper to a deaf man, and a nod is as good (or as bad) as a wink to a blind horse; and an essay on morality is much the same to a soul dead in trespasses and sins.

The incumbent preached on St. Barnabas' Day from the words, "For he was a good man,"—and a very *good* sermon it was. And such good advice to the good folk, in the good place, from that good man! And such a good collection! Goody two shoes! what a mercy the church was large, or the preacher would have had no room where to bestow all his *goods*. "Do good deeds, live good lives, think good thoughts, have good desires, and you will earn this glorious epitaph, 'He was a *good* man.'" Goodness gracious, what *soft goods* to dispense to unsaved sinners. *Thank God, the church was not half full.*

Now, this is a sample of the sweetstuff that men rejoice in. They leave the church, exclaiming, "It was *good* for us to be there!" Instead of "wholesome words" they ask sickening sweets, and prefer smooth and flattering vanities to solemn and earnest verities. They would rather be pampered than healed, and cosseted than profited. "Give us sweet sounds," say they, "rather than 'sound speech which cannot be condemned.'" But, oh, what awful consequences may result from such a style of preaching. There is death in such a highly-flavoured pot, and unless the good Spirit supplies the antidote, hundreds of precious souls will be poisoned. There is reason to believe that many of our fellow-creatures reach premature graves through errors in diet, but many more lose eternal life by reason of the unwholesome fare on which they try to feed their souls. If parsons kept cookshops in which the most fastidious tastes were advertised to be met, some of them could not be more precise and particular with their joints, nor more lavish with their sauces and zests and relishes. Oh, what misery to have to read a sermon through on Saturday evening to see if it is proper and pleasing for the morrow! I do not envy the cook who has epicures and gourmands to satisfy; but I'd rather take his difficult post a thousand times than that of the people-pleasing preacher. What if there is too much salt for Mr. So-and-so, or not enough sage or mint for somebody else! Some there are who get out of the difficulty by putting no spice in the soup, no sauce in the gravy, and no flavouring in the pudding; but instead thereof they arrange an assortment of sauces and condiments and relishes on the table along with the usual cruet-stand and sugar-basin. The preacher makes the hash, and the hearers flavour it to taste. Others adopt the method of spicing and flavouring in all sorts of ways, but they so manage (or mismanage) the business that one condiment destroys the pungency of the other. That sentence is a little bit acid and sharp, so in goes a dash of sugar to take off the edge. A certain remark *by itself* is a trifle too peppery or salt, so next comes a modifying phrase. Possibly the pudding does taste too plainly of lemon, and may be just a wee bit acid, so they pour some melted butter over it to help it down.

Now, it is too sure that if *we* do not put wholesome items in the viands, our hearers will not help themselves to them. The natural heart will never choose the wholesome before the toothsome. Most folk prefer sugar with their porridge to salt—I have caught some Scotchmen at it. A vivid recollection remains with me of a Christmas pudding whose head was sprinkled with salt instead of sugar, but, I need hardly add, it was a mistake; nor did this accident prevent the juveniles, at all events, from investing largely in that most risky of the season's compliments, nor hinder them from *trying* a mince-pie or two afterwards. Youngsters are not the only ones, nor is Christmas the only time, to whom and when the sugar-pot is in the ascendant. A sweet-tooth is by no means uncommon even with those who by reason of years have lost all their own. Oh, to have a wise appetite to choose the things which make for our peace.

It would appear from this that it does imperatively devolve on the minister to be personal, and not to shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God. "Too personal," indeed! Our hearers do not thus complain about their medical man. They are quite prepared to furnish

him with symptoms, to undergo examinations and to follow advices. Why is he never blamed for being too personal? Because health is a personal matter. Would that the people recognised the soul's health as a personal matter too, as it most assuredly is! *Sin* is personal. We suffer for our first parents' disobedience, it is true; but have not we ourselves sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression?

Punishment, too, is a personal matter. "What mean ye that ye use this proverb, saying, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge'? . . . The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son." And will not judgment and eternity be personal? "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that *everyone* may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." If these things be so, we cannot apologize for having been personal, nor promise to be less so in the future. Why do you object, good friends? We mean you well. You support us, it is true; but we would rather dig or beg than preach merely for the sake of *pleasing* you. We must be personal, though you should close your purses. We can give you no cloak for your sins, though you should give us the sack for our pains. We must sometimes supply cutting speech, though you may respond by cutting off our supplies. We must thunder at you, though you flash back your indignation like lightning; you tell us we must mind what we speak, we answer, "We *must* speak our honest mind." We will proclaim, "The wages of sin is death," even if you stop our wages in consequence. We must urge you to enter the strait gate, even though you should set before us an open door. We really cannot cut our coat according to your cloth, or tune our instrument to the pitch of your piano.

Say not then, "Oh, he is far too personal." Reckon those your best friends who speak plainest, and cut deepest; for these are they who pray oftenest that you may yet have a personal faith in a personal Saviour.

The Discerning Power of Faith.

ON our crossing the channel, in November last, we passed the vessel which carried the Duke of Connaught to our shores. We saw the boat very distinctly, and had no doubt that he was there; but one at our side, with a strong opera-glass, *saw the prince himself.* Feeble, uninstructed saints perceive the way of salvation, and the grand economy of grace of which the Lord Jesus is the Head and Lord; but believers, whose spiritual sight is aided by a good knowledge of the Word, behold the person of the Redeemer, and rejoice mainly because they discern his glory therein. Under the old law the division of the victims in the sacrifice of the turtle-doves of the poor man is not described in detail as is the offering of the bullock of the rich, and this omission hints at the way in which weaker believers discern only the outline of truth, and have no eyes for the innermost glories thereof. "Lord, we would see Jesus."—C. H. S.

"A Languid and Limp Young Man."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE think it was *Mr. Punch* who gave us the phrase, "a languid and limp young man." The immediate application of it is no concern of ours at this moment; we borrow the label to affix it to another article. We greatly fear that *limpness* is the vice of the present day. We see it most mischievously in ordinary morals, where so many are easily crumpled up by the hand of any dissolute example which may grasp them. Many a gentleman of the period may be described as "bound in cloth,—limp." The young man would be good enough if left alone, or retained in the society of his Christian friends; but when he gets out into the world he falls in the way of the vicious, and at once yields himself to their evil influence. He is afraid of being thought a Molly-coddle, or a Puritan; and he feels a jest as if it were a hot iron on his cheek, or a dagger at his breast. Rather than be laughed at by strangers he acts so as to be wept over by his friends. It is not possible to put him under a glass-case, or keep him for ever in a nursery tied to his mother's apron-strings; he must go abroad where temptation will surround him, for this is the inheritance of us all. Not even from Paradise was the tempter absent, much less from any part of this present evil world. If the young man could be kept for ever out of the way of those trials of life which are common to men he would only grow up to be a sickly conservatory-plant, and no robust manhood would be developed in him. It is according to the order of Providence that he should be subjected to the same experience as other men, and be tempted to the same sins; and hence it is that his "limpness" becomes the bane of his being, the quality which prevents the foundation and upbuilding of a noble character. Oh, that the young man had the backbone of conscientiousness, and the grit of honourable principle in him, then could he defy the fascinations of vicious pleasure, and live for honour, and glory, and immortality!

We have no wish to be over-critical, but it does strike us that, in religious circles, the most glaring evil of the time is "*limpness*." There were days in which bigotry was the evident transgression of the age—bigotry, keen of eye and fierce of heart. A man could not think without feeling it to be his duty to make others think with him: he ran on a tram, and insisted that every other wheel should keep to his track. If he believed, he believed intensely,—which was right; but he also abhorred and detested everybody who did not believe in the selfsame fashion,—which was wrong. To seek their conversion to the truth would have been praiseworthy, if the only legitimate means of conversion had been constantly used, and nothing beyond; but the passion of the mind, blended with a supposed infallibility of intellect, led to persecution, or at the least to bitter words or silent hate. Then men were granite blocks, and dashed their angles against each other with an eager delight in collision. Even the best of Christian men isolated themselves from one another because of differences which were little better than microscopic; new communions were set up with huge walls between them, solely to guard a point which only the quick-eyed were

able to perceive. Combative faculties were to the front, and the gentler graces were sorely vexed. Men earnestly contended for the faith; but love was too often forgotten amid the din of theological conflict. There was much about such a state of things to deplore, and we by no means desire its return. Yet, on looking back upon the period, we see as much to commend as to condemn. We cannot but believe that the intense love of truth, which perversely led up to bigotry, was in itself a precious thing, a virtue which ought to have been conserved when the excrescence which grew out of it was cut away. We fear that when bigotry was swept overboard, much went with it that never ought to have been given up. The storm which wrecked the pirate *Bigotry* beat furiously also upon the good ship *Principle*. Perhaps, to root up a weed, a field of wheat has been sacrificed; possibly, to remove a wart from the face, a noble countenance has been effaced. There lived in the past men who believed with all their heart, and soul, and strength; held truth against all comers, as the Spartans held Thermopylæ; sacrificed comfort, honour, everything, out of loyal obedience to their God; and therefore were men of power. Such men, with all their faults, deserve rather to be regarded as examples than as beacons. Would God we had ten thousand such among us in this time-serving hour! Above all things, the church needs a regiment of Ironsides—men of mettle, men of truth.

To-day the many have swung round to an evil, which, if it be the reverse of bigotry, is at least equally vicious, and, as we believe, far more terribly mischievous. The bulk of the people around us believe nothing in order that they may never be dogmatical. Falsehood and error are alike to them, in order that they may be "hail-fellows" with professors of every creed. That they may be regarded as liberal, they give up everything that is worth possessing. They are disloyal to God in order to be charitable to men. We meet every day with persons who are altogether molluscous as to spiritual matters: there is not a bone in the whole body of their religion. If they were worth the trouble, one might fashion them into any possible shape; but as they are constantly on the change, and are ready to be fashioned a second, or a third, or a hundredth time into another form, they do not repay the effort to influence them. The material itself is so bad that the best work would be thrown away on them. A sculptor desires a block of marble, but these creatures have scarcely the consistency of wax. He who works for eternity shuns them, for he cares not to write on water.

We have *limp* preachers. It is not known by any of their hearers to what order of thought they belong, for nothing is definite in their teaching: their discourses are a brilliant haze. They would incline to the right, only they have some leanings to the left also; they are this, that, and the other, and yet none of them, as the dog barks. It is difficult to believe that they regard any doctrine or ordinance as of such importance as to deserve a martyr's life or death for its defence. Had not the preachers lacked decision, things would not have reached the state of doubt which now so sadly rules the hour. We have, also, thousands of *limp* hearers, who admire every "clever" man: yes, "clever," that is the word; they never speak of the preacher as devout, or earnest, or instructive, much less as orthodox: their one word is

"clever." He can speak fluently, his action is striking, his style is imposing; indeed, the whole thing is an imposition. Principle, doctrine, consistency—these are words which many utterly despise, and think that all who use them are cants, hypocrites, or at best old-fashioned fanatics. Custom is their law, taste is their righteousness, and "culture" is their gospel. The widest divergence from Scripture is regarded by these "thinkers" as a very trivial difference. If one who has preached the gospel admirably in former years has at length denied the essential doctrines of it, the only remark that is made by these *limp* Christians is that he still holds the essence of the faith, though he has abjured the antique expressions which are retained by the unprogressive. When the life, soul, and essence of a doctrine are renounced, these blind men can distinctly see it still there. There is no knowing to what lengths this fooling may go. We may live to see men calling themselves Christians, and differing in no single item from Mahometans; in fact, even now, there are religionists among us who are not so near the truth as the followers of the false prophet. At the present rate of progress we may have temples for devil-worship erected in our cities, and the votaries thereof may be regarded as a somewhat eclectic branch of the Christian community. They may even get elected to office in the various denominations, for it will be easy for them to twist our creeds, and override our trust-deeds.

There is no end to this *limpness*. It slobbers Judas Iscariot with its affectionate kisses; and adds to its prayers a petition for the restoration of the devil. We are getting a considerable distance in the race towards perdition when the indiscriminate intercourse of the sexes is recommended as a more philosophic practice than that of marriage; and a Christianity, from which the Fall and the Atonement have both been eliminated, is regarded as the typical faith of "this enlightened nineteenth century"!

Believers of the olden type would have been in no doubt as to what to do with the deadly errors of the period. The old deacons of the past would soon have purged the pulpits of the present infection, or else the members of the churches would have left the pews to be occupied by rats and spiders. Even the matrons of a period not quite forgotten would have sufficed to protect the churches from the deadly errors which are now thrust upon them. Imagine our sturdy Nonconforming fathers enduring the varnished infidelity which seeks to palm itself off as enlightened Christianity.

Alas! the faithful fail from among men: "Was there a shield or a spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?" Oak has given place to willow: everybody has grown *limp*. Out of the prevalence of limpness has come an admiration of it. A man cannot speak a plain word without being accused of bitterness, and if he denounces error he is narrow-minded; for all must join the Universal Admiration Company, or be placed under ban, and be howled down. This is of small consequence; the mischief is, that the fear of being charged with bitterness and narrowness has terrors for so many, who ought rather to rejoice in being thus falsely accused. Brave spirits can afford to bear the present phase of the world's madness, confident that, when the Lord gives sanity, men will return to the primitive truth, and cast their idols away. Most limp-

articles ere long are put into the dirty-linen basket to abide in soiled company till the general wash. We earnestly pray that the day may soon come round.

By what process is this deplorable *limpness* to be taken away from the present age? Some would accomplish it by the use of a starchy propriety. They would be stiffly orthodox about unimportant things; they would revive rigid rules and crabbed crotchets, and hold fast to matters of mere church-custom, about which Scripture is entirely silent. This is a plan for rapidly removing limpness, but it does not answer in the long run, for with the first shower of rain the limpness returns with equal force. The starch loses its power, and the material which it stiffened is as *limp* as ever.

Others propose to dip the limp material in a potent acid. According to their ideas, truth can only be conserved in vinegar. The gospel is to be plunged into a decoction of Peruvian bark, and thus to be preserved from decay. We do not believe in the wisdom of the suggestion. There is such a thing as reaction, and a savage orthodoxy usually begets a frivolous unbelief.

The fact is that the material itself must be changed. The grace of God must take away the limp soul, and give a firm and steadfast spirit. A deep and intense sense of the evil of sin, a thorough experience of the work of the law upon the conscience, and an insight into the folly and weakness of human nature: these are grand preparations for a solid character. If repentance were deeper and faith more simple men's beliefs would be more clear and firm. Follow up a humble sense of sin with a perception of the sovereignty of divine grace, a participation in the renewing work of the Holy Ghost, and an abundant entrance into that life which deals with spiritual and eternal verities; and then you have a man capable of being a believer—a believer indeed. Let him sit at the feet of Jesus, to learn of him, and he will know what he knows; and when he speaks men will perceive his boldness, and take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus, and has learnt of him. He will care too much for his Lord to fish for the approval of men. He will hold truth with too firm a grip to play at battledoor and shuttlecock with revelation. He will be neither limp nor languid; but steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. All this he will be, and yet he will feel no bitterness towards those who err. Why should he? His own light is the gift of sovereign grace; why should he be wroth with the blind who sit in darkness? Adherence to truth does not necessitate anger and bitterness; the reverse is really the case: truth is congruous with love, and consorts with charity. To hate error with perfect hatred, and yet to love the errorist, may seem a hard task; but the Holy Spirit can help us to perform it. Instead of the loathsome combination of "limp and languid," may we exhibit the far finer characteristics of *firm, but generous.*

The Moravian Missions.

A GLANCE AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF UNBROKEN MISSIONARY LABOURS, BY REV. BENJAMIN LA TROBE.

"They perceived that this work was wrought of our God."

IT is three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, August 21st, 1732. The streets of the new colony of Herrnhut are quiet, but Count Zinzendorf's carriage stands at the door of his mansion. The nobleman enters it, and with him two men, who belong, we believe, to heaven's nobility, though not to that of earth. The one is *Leonhard Dober*, twenty-six years old, unmarried, by trade a potter, by nation a German, or, to be more exact, a Swabian, and he is starting for the island of St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies. In the early days of her renewed existence the Church of the United Brethren (Unitas Fratrum) sends him forth as her first missionary to the heathen.

The other is *David Nitschmann*, a carpenter, ten years older than Dober, and a native of Moravia. As such, he is one of the most direct links between the renewed unity of the Brethren, which had but ten years before found a refuge on the estate of the young Count Zinzendorf, and the Ancient Church founded in Bohemia in 1457, but stamped out of that land and the neighbouring country of Moravia by Jesuit persecutions. An experienced traveller is this Moravian exile, for he has undertaken many a long journey for the kingdom of God and in commission from the congregation at Herrnhut. And now he suffers neither the unknown difficulties nor the hardships and dangers of an ocean voyage in the small sailing vessels of the day to hinder him from again complying with the wishes of his brethren. He is willing to accompany Dober all the way to St. Thomas, and to see his work well begun, ere he returns to bring the church news of its first missionary enterprise.

The carriage rolls along the road to Bautzen; outside that town it stops; the three alight, and kneel down for a last prayer. The count's voice ascends to heaven in earnest supplications; then he lays his hand on Leonhard Dober's head, and blesses him. So he parts from the two and returns to Herrnhut, whilst they pursue their way on foot to Copenhagen.

Look well at those two men of faith, as they march onward so bravely. It will take them twenty-five days ere they complete their foot journey of 600 miles, and then what of the voyage of some 4,000 more? Yet onward they step in the name of the Lord—*the Moravian* and *the German*, representatives of the two elements out of which the congregation at Herrnhut had been growing together now for ten years—the *carpenter* and the *potter*, learned only in the Scriptures—the *poor* of this world, but rich in faith, and chosen of God to begin a great work, whose third Jubilee is being celebrated this year.

They are the advance-guard of a noble army; for since that day the so-called "Moravian Church" has sent out 2,200 messengers to the heathen; and other Protestant churches, stirred up by her zeal, have entered the field, and, richer both in men and means, have greatly swelled the ranks of heroic pioneers and patient, plodding missionaries.

But we must confine ourselves to the progress with which God has blessed the efforts of the little Missionary Church, which among modern societies bears the palm of being the first in the field. The first Jubilee of her work saw 27 stations as centres of gospel light and labours under the charge of 165 missionaries, male and female. The Centenary Jubilee rejoiced in an extended field, including stations, where 209 missionaries had charge of 45,000 converts.

Another Jubilee has come, and shows that the work has nearly doubled in the last half century. On the map of America its stations may be found along the ice-bound coasts of Greenland and Labrador, amongst the Indian reserves of Canada and the United States, and in the tropical climes of Central America, the West Indian Islands, and British and Dutch Guiana in South America. On our own hemisphere they are dotted over South Africa, Australia, and

Central Asia. Nor may we forget that house of mercy, the Leper Home outside the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem. The latest statistics of the various fields show that at present they comprise 99 stations and 16 out-stations, together 115 centres of evangelistic agencies; 312 missionaries, male and female, are aided by 1,535 native assistants; the total number under their direct supervision is 76,646, of whom 26,000 are communicant members of the church.

Such are the results with which God has crowned and still crowns the efforts and endurance of successive generations of missionary workers connected with this cause. From the first day, when the Lord so early and so evidently called this little church to this special service, *the work has been of God and not of men.* Throughout its whole history it has been a work of faith, and humanly speaking the Moravian church, with its three provinces and 19,000 members in Germany, England, and America, could not now supply an income commensurate with the growing needs of her growing mission-field. Already she has close upon 77,000 souls under her direct charge. How shall the 19,000 members of the Home churches find men and means to feed a multitude four times their own number? Let those, who question thus, look back and see how the founders of the work carried it on under relations far more disproportionate; or rather, what the Lord did by men whose faith and ardour could rise to "mighty works." When the refugees on Count Zinzendorf's estate were scarcely 600 in number —when they had only just found rest from persecution, and were still despised and maligned—when, most of them having left all for the sake of liberty of conscience and of worship, the community was exceedingly poor—THEN it was that the missionary spirit came upon them with such constraining influence that in the short space of eight years they sent gospel heralds to St. Thomas, to Greenland, to Indian tribes in North and South America, to Lapland, to the Samoyedes in Northern Siberia, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Guinea in West Africa, to Algiers, and to Ceylon. Nor did many more years pass before they extended their work to other West Indian islands, and their messengers of peace also went to Persia, China, Egypt, Abyssinia, Labrador, Tartary, India, and the Nicobar Islands.

It is true some of these were transitory efforts amounting to little more than itinerary evangelistic work; and others which seemed to promise permanence have proved so-called "unsuccessful missions." But even if, in spite of their noble and almost martyr efforts, these pioneers were sometimes unable to maintain their ground in places, where one after another fell victims to the baneful climate, who shall call their self-sacrificing labours "unsuccessful," when we look forward to the time when they that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together? Experience had to be gained in this untried path of Christian work, for few had gone before to teach the church the lessons she had to learn, alas! at the cost of many precious lives willingly laid down in the Master's service, and which she has been able to hand on to those who followed her into the field. This experience once gained, failure became the exception, manifest success by God's blessing the rule. In five out of the six fields first occupied the present workers are still building upon the foundations effectually laid by their forefathers, and to these have been added five other mission provinces.

We will now take a brief survey of these ten fields of labour, or rather a few glances at their past and present, that with regard to each we may "perceive that this work is wrought of our God."

One summer evening in the year 1731 Count Zinzendorf was standing at the door of his mansion in Herrnhut, when a company of young men passed by, singing hymns. "Sir," said the count to a clergyman with him, "among these there are missionaries to St. Thomas, Greenland, Lapland, and many other countries." These words proved prophetic, and their fulfilment was nearer than even his sanguine disposition or bold faith would have ventured to hope. In that very group there were at least four young men who were being prepared by the Holy Spirit for this very service. *Leonhard Dober* and *Tobias Leupold*

had already, though unknown to the count, and even to each other, conceived an ardent desire to preach the gospel to the negroes of St. Thomas, whilst two others, *Matthew Stach* and *Frederick Boehnisch*, were destined for a very different clime.

The deplorable condition of the slaves in the WEST INDIES, as reported by a negro brought over to Europe, had made so deep an impression upon Dober, that he felt impelled to forsake parents and brothers, home and fatherland, to go and tell the negroes that they had souls, and that they had a Saviour. "Was the thing of the Lord?" That was his heart's question. After a night spent in earnest thought, dawn found him still undecided. Then in his morning devotions these words from Deut. xxxii. 47 came powerfully to him: "For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life." It was a word to him from God. Strengthened in his resolve, he determined to mention the matter to his friend Leupold, whom he had thought of as a companion in the work. To his surprise and joy he learnt that the other had a similar secret to confide to him, and had fixed upon no other than himself as an associate in this service. That very evening they overheard those remarkable words of the count, and so were emboldened to make known their desires to him by letter. Greatly that earnest nobleman rejoiced over their plain, sober, and straightforward communication. Next day he sent for them, and conversed long with them.

And now the question of the Church was: Is this a mere transient enthusiasm of well-meant but youthful zeal, or are these men really called of God? The matter must be tested. "If this counsel be of men, it will come to naught." The subject was weighed in all its bearings as far as possible in their inexperience; but no consideration daunted the would-be missionaries. Not even the general impression (incorrect as it afterwards proved) that they would be obliged to sell themselves as slaves, in order to reach the negroes, deterred them. They were ready to go into bondage, or to sacrifice their lives, if they could gain a single soul for Jesus.

At length it was deemed expedient to refer an enterprise so important, yet so untried, to the decision of the Lord through the lot. The answer with reference to Leupold was that he should *not* go. But Dober none the less persisted in his resolution, and when asked if he would submit the matter to the same decision, replied that as to the conviction of his own mind there was no necessity, but for the satisfaction of his brethren they might do as they wished. Out of a number of slips of paper this was drawn: "Let the youth go, for the Lord is with him." This put an end to all hesitation. The elders of the church were convinced that they must recognise in all this the voice of the Holy Ghost saying, "Separate me Leonhard Dober, for the work whereunto I have called him."

He desired David Nitschmann as a companion, and Nitschmann consented to leave wife and three children in Europe, and go with him. We have already seen them starting from Herrnhut in the early morning of August 21st, 1732. Little more than one sovereign could have been found in all their pockets as equipment for such a journey, but they were rich in faith, and bold in their God, and he brought them unto their desired haven. We cannot now tell of the innumerable hardships overcome by indomitable zeal and courage. Nor can we follow out the story of the noble men who followed in their track, and extended the work from St. Thomas to the neighbouring islands, braving deadly tropical climates, experiencing perils by shipwrecks, hurricanes and earthquakes, and gladly bearing poverty, persecutions, and imprisonments, if only they might win souls.

Where these sowed in tears others have reaped with joy. Thousands on thousands in the days of slavery received the truth which made them free, and are now numbered with the multitude of the redeemed; and still a well-organized work is being carried on harmoniously upon eight of the West Indian Islands, and at 41 stations where nearly 80 missionaries have under their charge more than 37,000 negroes. We can only say: "What hath God wrought!"

Not a whit behind the missionaries to St. Thomas in ardour and self-sacrifice were those who went to GREENLAND. Nor was their call to the work in those frozen regions less strikingly marked. The same Spirit, who moved Dober to offer himself for service among the slaves, stirred the desire in the heart of *Matthew Stach* to go as a missionary to the far north; and that very letter from the former, which was read to the congregation at Herrnhut without mention of the names of the writers, emboldened the latter to make known his secret wish in like manner. The same test was applied in his case as in the former. The difficulties he would have to encounter in so inhospitable a climate were laid before him, and a whole year elapsed ere the Church, convinced that this also was of the Lord, determined to send him. Then not only was Matthew Stach ready to start at two days' notice, but two others were found willing to accompany him. "There was no need," says one of them, "of much time or expense for our equipment. The congregation consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs."

The touching story has often been related—how the most unfavourable representations of those who dissuaded them at Copenhagen failed to dishearten them—how, when told that Greenland afforded no timber fit for building a house, they exclaimed, "Then we will dig a hole in the earth, and lodge there"—how, arrived in the country, they endured extreme cold, the most terrible distress for want of the bare means of life, the contempt, mockery, and enmity of the heathen themselves, and, worst of all, the long disappointment of five years' apparently fruitless labour amid all these hardships, until at length the well known exclamation of their first convert, *Kayarnak*, rewarded them for all their toil and patience. "How was that? Tell me that once more: for I, too, desire to be saved." Those were the words which sent a thrill of joy through their hearts, a thrill that communicated itself to the whole church in quickened impulses for the conversion of the heathen. For what was it that Kayarnak desired to hear once more? The story of the Saviour's suffering and dying for us. That had touched the heart of a Greenlander, when years of other preaching had proved ineffectual. And when any sinner desires to hear *that* again that he may be saved, a thrill of holy joy passes through heaven itself.

Since that day this gospel of Jesus Christ and him crucified has proved the message of life to many an Eskimo, and now the west coast of Greenland is as Christian as England, if not more so. The Danish missionaries are still following in the footsteps of their noble Hans Egede, and their Moravian brethren have charge of about 1,600 persons at six stations.

Equally irresistible was the impulse which at a later period fired *Jens Haven*, among others, to seek the conversion of the Eskimos dwelling on the opposite and still more inclement coast of LABRADOR; and, strange to say, it dated from the time when he heard that these savages had murdered Christian Erhardt, a brave and pious sailor who endeavoured to commence a mission among them. In 1758 Haven was sent to Greenland, but his conviction that that was not his destination was confirmed by a remarkable dream, three times repeated, in which these words were spoken to him: "This is not the place where you are to stay, for you shall preach the gospel to a nation that has heard nothing of their Saviour." At length in 1764 he paid his first visit to Labrador. Very different was the welcome accorded to him from the treachery by which Erhardt had fallen. "Our friend is come," shouted the Eskimos, when he spoke their language. In 1770 the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel among the Heathen, an auxiliary association in aid of the Moravian Missions still existing in London, purchased a vessel in which Haven and other earnest men sailed to that ice-bound coast. There they preached the gospel, settled upon a site for a station, and promised to return the next year, and make their home among these savages who had killed their predecessors. In May,

1771, this devoted man finally set sail for Labrador, this time accompanied by a brave English wife, who shared his hardships and toils until old age obliged them to retire from their distant outpost. And this was the text for the day,* when the first settlement was founded, and called *Nain*: "Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established." The mission was the Lord's planting, and its fruit remained and increased. Now the missionaries have more than thirteen hundred converts among the sparse population of that dreary coast.

Perhaps the most striking proof that the Lord's blessing rests upon this mission is the wonderful preservation of the ten ships successively owned by the above-named association for its special service. The fact that the Society's vessel has now for 113 years safely returned from her voyage, as the main and for a long time the only communication with those dangerous shores, is without a parallel in the history of any other ship-owning firm.

What shall we say of the NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN MISSION, dwindled down to four little scattered congregations? We say of its *present:* "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it" for the few survivors of tribes once numerous and powerful. And what of its *past*, reaching back to 1734? Whoever would read an intensely interesting narrative of extraordinary labours, extraordinary trials, extraordinary sufferings, yes, and extraordinary successes, let him turn to the records of this Mission. Here it was that *David Zeisberger* lived and laboured among the Indians for sixty years. Here the Moravian missionaries confirmed that experience learnt in Greenland, and since so invaluable to all Christian missionaries, that nothing but the gospel of the love and atoning death of Christ can reach the heart of a heathen savage. Turning over the pages of the records of this Mission, we find many of them written, as it were, in blood. On one we read of ninety-six converts betrayed, scalped, and tomahawked. It was white men, too, that did the deed, and the murderers themselves bore testimony afterwards that, with their latest breath, men, women, and children gave affecting evidence of their faith. Further back you come upon the account of the massacre of Gnadenhütten, when that station was attacked by a troop of Indians in French service, and eleven members of the missionaries' families were burnt alive in their house, or thrown back upon the flames in attempting to escape. "'Tis all well, dear Saviour," one lady was heard to exclaim, "'tis all well, dear Saviour; I expected nothing else." No, the blood of the Lord's martyrs flows not for naught; and his day shall declare that this work also has been wrought of our God.

Time forbids us to enter at any length into the history of the mission commenced in 1849 among the Indians on THE MOSKITO COAST, in Central America. But keep in mind that this little independent state has for a neighbour the powerful Jesuit-ruled republic of Nicaragua,—remember that the emissaries of that Roman Catholic country are always plotting to gain possession of the Moskito territory, in which case there would be a summary end put to all Protestant work,—remember, too, that all their intrigues have hitherto been in vain, and you will perceive that an unseen but almighty hand frustrates their evil designs, and that the favour and protection of the Lord rest on the seven stations along the coast, with their fourteen missionary agents, and 1700 converts.

Or, think of the remarkable religious awakening, which within the last few

* Since 1731 it has been the custom in the Moravian church to issue a "Text Book" every year. It consists of two brief texts for each day, one from the Old Testament and one from the New, and under each a suitable verse or lines of a hymn. This little book is annually issued to the extent of about fifty thousand copies in German, eight thousand in French, four thousand in English, besides a number in Spanish, Bohemian, Dutch, Negro-English, and the Eskimo language.

months has spread over the whole of that little land; read the glorious news lately to hand of an ardent thirst for the word of God everywhere, of hundreds seeking the salvation of their souls, of daily services in crowded churches, and of numerous additions to the congregations, and we cannot help echoing the adoring exclamation of the missionaries there: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

We turn now to the large and important field of SURINAM, or Dutch Guiana, in South America, where the Moravian missionaries have more than 22,500 souls under their direct charge, and the circle of their influence extends beyond the negroes to Chinese and Hindoo coolies employed in the cultivation of the plantations.

Out of the many phases of this work, we scarcely know what salient points to bring before our readers. We might tell of the heroic perseverance and manifold blessing amid many trials of the seventy years' mission among the *Arawack Indians* in the primeval forests of Berbice (1738—1808). There laboured the gifted and cultured *Solomon Schumann*, whose wisdom and firmness triumphed over the bitter opposition of the Europeans, and whose great talents enabled him to master that difficult Indian language in a few months, so as to preach in it with a soul-winning power. There that indefatigable man, *Daehne*, held solitary possession of the land selected for a station, dwelling for nearly two years in his lonesome hut in the forest, surrounded by wild beasts, and wilder men. When the Indians would listen to his gospel, he preached to them. When they came with intent to kill him, he prayed to God, and he protected him. One day, when he was lying unwell in his hammock, a large serpent attacked him, and twined itself round his head and neck. Taking up the chalk, he wrote upon the table: "A serpent has killed me." But he lived to rub the words out again, for the promise in Mark xvi. 18 flashed into his mind at that moment: "They shall take up serpents, and they shall not hurt them." Clutching the huge reptile with all his might, he tore it from his neck, flung it out of the hut, and then, as he says, "laid down to rest in the peace of God." Thus the Lord preserved his servant, and presently gave him the joy of seeing a settlement of Christian Indians on that land of which he had so hopefully taken and held possession in the name of his God.

We might dwell on the equally devoted and self-denying labours among the so-called *bush-negroes*, whose fathers escaped from the colony into the dense forests of the interior in the days of slavery. Here we could mention more than one European lady who accompanied her husband to a lonely post in the fever districts on the upper reaches of the river Surinam, saw him fall a victim to the deadly climate, read the burial-service over his grave, and remained for months ministering alone to the little negro flock. Nor has the noble self-sacrifice of such men and women been in vain in the Lord, and of late a renewed thirst for the Word of Life has sprung up among these bush-negroes.

We might refer to the work in the neighbouring colony of DEMERARA, given up in despair forty years ago, but now renewed and carried on with remarkable success by two coloured missionaries.

Or we could enter on the history of the abundant work carried on among the now liberated negroes on the plantations near the coast of this Dutch colony. But we will enter the large Moravian church in *Paramaribo*, the capital of Surinam. See its tasteful decorations for the celebration of the jubilee, waving palm-leaves and garlands of tropical flowers. Look around upon the vast mass of upturned faces, mostly black, for the town congregation itself numbers upwards of 8,000. And now listen, while the superintendent gratefully enumerates what streams of divine blessing have been poured out on this spot. 12,000 persons have been baptized in this sanctuary, 7,300 have been admitted to the Lord's supper, and the remains of 9,500 have been borne hence to be laid in hope in the "God's Acre." Certainly the work, which since 1735 has been continued in one or another part of this colony, has not been of men, but of God.

Foremost in the fight with ignorance and evil in SOUTH AFRICA stands the figure of *George Schmidt*, prepared for the hardships of his missionary life by six years of imprisonment for conscience' sake in Bohemia, during which his brother in tribulation, Melchior Nitschmann, died in his arms. Whence came the zeal which moved Schmidt to dwell among his little colony of Hottentots in *Bavianskloof* until the persecutions of the Dutch settlers and clergy drove him from the country, and their intrigues prevented his return? Whence came the ardent heart's desire, which then led him day by day to a quiet spot near his German home, and there poured itself out in prayers for his orphaned flock far away, until, like Livingstone, he died on his knees pleading for Africa? Such burning love and such persistent prayer are not of man; they are of God. And though the answer tarried long, yes, fifty years, it came before this century commenced. George Schmidt was no longer on earth to hear the reports of the three men upon whom his mantle fell,—how they found the spot which he had cultivated, the ruins of his hut yet visible, the whole valley a haunt of wild beasts, and, better, how they found one surviving member of that little congregation of forty-seven, who had long waited and hoped for the return of their beloved teacher. This was an aged, blind Hottentot woman, who welcomed them as Schmidt's brothers with "Thanks be to God," and unrolled from two sheepskins her greatest treasure, a Dutch New Testament, which he had given her. Soon this so-called Bavianskloof (*i.e.* Baboon's Glen) was changed into "The Vale of Grace," in Dutch *Genāden-dal*, and where Schmidt's poor hut stood there is now a large settlement, with a congregation of more than 3,000 members.

From this centre the work has spread over the Cape Colony, and beyond its borders into Independent Kaffraria. Now its two provinces include fourteen stations with their filials, where sixty-six missionary agents have charge of 11,700 converts. The *Western province*, consisting of the older congregations, has long been self-supporting. The *Eastern group* has ever claimed special sympathy by its progress in spite of its exposure to the alarms, dangers, and devastations of repeated Kaffir wars. Smouldering heaps and blackened ruins have on several former occasions, as recently again, marked the sites of one or another of its peaceful, flourishing settlements. But as soon as the clouds of war have passed, the wonderful faith and patience given to the missionaries have brought them back to their plundered and burnt homes, rebuilt the waste places, and made them centres of renewed spiritual and temporal blessing to the districts around.

From South Africa we pass to Central Asia, and visit in thought THE TIBETAN MISSION among the eternal snows of the *Himalayas*. There we find missionaries dwelling in remote valleys ten thousand feet above the sea, and closed in from all the rest of the world by the snowed-up mountain passes during the winter half of the year. For fifty-eight years (1764—1822) the Moravian Church used every expedient in its power to establish a mission among *the Calmucks* in Russian Asia, till an edict of the Russian Government commanded her to desist. Yet her members ceased not to long and pray for the reversal of the edict. In 1853, finding the door through Russia to the *Mongol tribes* still bolted, the Missionary Board resolved to try and reach the *Tartars* of Chinese Tibet through northern British India; but they found the western gates of the great Chinese Empire still as resolutely closed against Europeans and the gospel as was the entrance from the east, when the noble Xavier cried in the bitterness of his soul:—"O rock! rock! when wilt thou open?"

Was this counsel of men or of God? Such was the question to be answered by the last general Synod of the Moravian Church. Those two little isolated stations close to the northern boundary of British India, where the pioneers are meanwhile translating and lithographing the Word of God into Tibetan—those advanced posts of the Christian attack upon Buddhism, whence they are disseminating gospel truth far and wide by summer tours into Ladak or Little

Tibet, and by sending portions of the Bible and tracts into Chinese Tibet—*should these be given up now? No!* answered the faithful men, who are labouring on amid unusual difficulties and discouragements. *No!* said the news just then received of the application of a sincere young man for baptism, the firstfruits of Lahoul. *No!* responded the hearts of all members of the Synod, and the resolution was passed "to continue, and as soon as possible to *extend*, missionary labours in the Western Himalayas." That extension is being commenced this jubilee year, for in spite of the opposition of Buddhist lamas, and of the unwillingness on the part of the native government, a station is to be founded at *Leh*, the capital of Ladak, as a new and better centre of evangelistic tours.

And, lastly, those two stations in AUSTRALIA, where about 120 of the few surviving aborigines are gathered in comfortable homes, and living a happy, active life, instead of wandering about the "bush" in wretched want and wicked idleness,—are they the counsel of men or of God?

We will answer by drawing in rapid outlines two pictures from the history of this mission.

More than thirty years ago the *Rev. Mr. Chase* entered St. James' School in Melbourne to give religious instruction, when his eye fell upon a little native boy in the corner, half sobbing in sorrow and fright, half amazed with the novelty of the scene. The white children had found him in the streets; they had taken pity on the little waif, shared their bread with him, and brought him to the school. That was the beginning of good days for the child, for Pastor Chase took him home, gave him general and religious instruction, and hoped that some day this ward of his might go back to his benighted countrymen as a missionary. Not long after, the clergyman had to return to England, and as the Australian lad was unwilling to be parted from his beloved benefactor, he took him with him. On the voyage it seemed as if Mr. Chase's most sanguine hopes would be realized, for it was reported of the boy, "Behold, he prayeth." Arrived in England, he was baptized, receiving the name of Willy Wimmera. And now it became his own earnest desire to make known to his heathen relations the truths which had become so precious to his own heart. "I will tell them about God and Jesus," he used to say, "for God is not known in the bush."

The Lord's ways are not ours. The climate of England proved too cold for Willy. He sickened, and died on March 10th, 1852. With his death, hope of reaching his relations or tribe seemed to vanish, as but little had been learnt from him with regard to them. When questioned on the subject, he would say:—"My country is the Wimmera, my master was a Mr. Ellerman, my mother was shot by a white man. Afterwards I was very ill, and the blacks carried me about. When I got better I went with a wool-dray to Melbourne, and there I got lost among the people."

Ten years passed, and meanwhile the Moravian Church undertook a mission to the debased blacks of Victoria. Two young men, named *Hagenauer* and *Spiesecke*, went out to the work, and at parting from them in London the secretary of the missions gave them a little book entitled: "The History of Willy Wimmera." And now, on May 2nd, 1860, we find Mr. Hagenauer at Ebenezer, the first station commenced just a year ago. He is sitting in his block hut in the midst of a group of black youths, who have begun to love good things, and have come to listen to the Bible. Finding them still inclined to stay when he has finished, he remembers the book, and proposes to read to them the story of a little black boy, who had been found in Melbourne, and taken to England by a kind gentleman. If they have been attentive before, they listen now with an intense and growing excitement. As the missionary comes to the words: "My country is the Wimmera, my mother was shot by a white man," they can contain themselves no longer. Amid sobs of excitement they spring up, and one of them exclaims: "Why, we all knew him; I was there

when the ball passed through his mother's heart. This is his young brother, in the camp yonder sits his old father, Dowler. We are his cousins, and not twenty paces from here is the pine-tree under which we were sitting when the white man killed his mother. And there in the corner of the garden is the place where she was buried." Then in the silence of the evening they go forth to kneel and weep and pray at that grave. And the missionary's heart is full of praise to God for the mysterious providence, which has directed them to found the first station at the very spot where Willy's mother had breathed her last, and unwittingly to preach the gospel first of all to Willy's own tribe and relations. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." So thought the Christian friends assembled in the chapel at Ebenezer on the succeeding August 12th to witness the baptism of Nathanael, the first-fruits of the Australian Mission. The preacher on that occasion was Pastor Chase.

We have taken a glance, and only a glance, at every one of the fields which this little missionary church is at present permitted to occupy. And with regard to each, our purpose has been to show just such links in the chain of its providential history as should clearly prove that in every instance the work has been of God, and not of men. To him, therefore, be all the glory!

Notices of Books.

Oliver Cromwell. His life, times, battle-fields, and contemporaries. By Paxton Hood. Hodder and Stoughton. Our worthy friend, Mr. Paxton Hood, is at his best in this book. We have felt our soul stirred as by the blast of a trumpet while reading it, and have cried, "Bravo, bravissimo!" We cannot tell our readers how good it is, they must get the goodly volume for themselves, and they will never regret the seven-and-sixpence invested in the purchase. Mr. Hood is no mere apologist for Cromwell, begging men to judge him gently. This would be beneath the measure of that saintly king of men, and hence our author rises to higher regions, and speaks of him the very truth with unstinted praise. What a Puritan, and what a warrior! It is ill that Christian men should fight; but when they do, it is well to see them do it like heroes, confident in their God. It is time that Cromwell's religion were in vogue again, that we might see its power under more genial circumstances than those of civil war. Many of those who boast of belonging to the same sect are now deriding his Calvinistic faith: they will never produce such men as he with their modern notions. God and his sovereignty, the covenant and its certainty, grace and its glory, predestination and its infallibility, the word of God and its authority—these must come back again if England is to see Cromwellians among her sons.

Tact, Push, and Principle. By William M. Thayer. Hodder and Stoughton.

An admirable book. With the utmost heartiness we commend it to young men, and to all who wish well to youth. It is a wise and stirring book, full of quotations from the lives and sayings of men who have pushed themselves to the front. A series of lectures might be digged from it by any speaker who would interest and edify young men's societies. Our readers will see our appreciation of it when we tell them that we had it read aloud to us under the olive-groves of Mentone, and we stopped the reader often to mark pieces for extracts for our pages. If we must be critical, we feel bound to say that the book needs revision for the English market; that it has too much *Budgett* in it; that it is in places inaccurate; and that it does not reserve the best wine till the last. When all this is frankly said, the volume still has our hearty praise. Let it be bought by all clubs and libraries which cater for our younger men of business; it will do them good to read it. It is nothing like so good as "The Culture of Pleasure," by our old friend, W. Haig Miller; but it is somewhat in his vein.

HERE we give another batch of the Religious Tract Society's stories. We cannot profess to read them through, but we take good means to see that they are such as we can recommend. We are rather curious to know why the heroines are so often daughters of clergymen. We suppose, according to fiction, the daughters of ministers of other denominations are inferior beings, but Episcopalian maidens are angelic. The Religious Tract Society is too catholic in spirit to be knowingly guilty of this ridiculous fault; but as it crops up in many a tale sent forth by other publishers we may as well note it, though it is a mere trifle. Straws show which way the wind blows: it might hurt the sale of light literature if it mentioned Nonconformists with honour.

Elsie's Foot-prints. By Mrs. LUCAS SHADWELL. 2s. 6d. A GOSPEL story well told. A handsome book.

Bravely Borne; or, Archie's Cross. By the author of "Dick's Strength," &c. 1s. How patience softened the heart of a brutal father, and won him to love and grace.

Mother's Blessing, and other stories. 1s. A NEST full of healthy little stories.

Sandy's Faith: a Story of Scottish Life. By LYDIA L. ROUSE. 1s. FULL of sound, holy teaching. It ought to be popular.

Margie's Gifts, and How She Used Them. 1s. INSTANCES of what a young girl may do. The victory of faith over scepticism.

The Rescue: a Story of the Huguenots. A THRILLING story of faith in God and holy courage in consequence.

Squire Bentley's Treat, and the Card on the Nosegay. A PRETTY sixpennyworth for the little ones; there is a flower-mission story in it.

Ballads of the English Reformation. By HORACE NOEL, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

WHEN many are beginning to see charms in the painted face of the Roman harlot we like to meet with a true Protestant. Mr. Horace Noel has caught the ballad ring, and he hurls out his verses in fine rough force with unmistakable aim. We earnestly pray that he, and such as he, may help to stay the backsliding of our nation. Hirelings of the national church have already done us more harm than tongue can tell. God help the true-hearted to speak out!

The Children's Bouquet of Verse and Hymn, gathered by Aunt Sarah and Cousins Grace and Margie. T. Fisher Unwin.

A BIJOU. Bound in a veneer, or in the most cunning imitation thereof, it is a little beauty, such as a little lady will put away in lavender and keep for many a day.

Facts and Phases of Animal Life, and the Claims of Animals to Humane Treatment, interspersed with amusing and original anecdotes. By VERNON S. MORWOOD. John Hogg.

OF such juvenile books as this there cannot be too many. They are to tale-books what wheat is to chaff. This kind of reading brings instruction, and helps to build up the mind with knowledge; whereas stories puff up the soul at best and teach it nothing. We have read parts of this work with great pleasure, and intend to go through it page by page for our own personal delectation. Two-and-sixpence will be well spent upon a book which teaches humanity to animals while it amuses the youthful reader.

The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote, Religious and Moral, Original and Selected. With an Introduction. By Rev. DONALD MACLEOD, D.D. Elliot Stock.

THIS is an old friend. It must have proved itself a useful helper, or we should not have been favoured with another edition. Good, cheap, but rather antique. Generations of preachers have used these stories, and coming generations will do the same.

Wayland's Guide to the Isle of Wight. Ryde: H. Wayland.

MADE to sell, like the hawker's razors. The Ordnance-map is the best thing in it: the rest is the usual tall talk and twaddle of guide-books. For instance, the background of Ryde is described thus—"Hills peep o'er hills; and alps on alps arise!!!"

The Modern Hebrew, and the Hebrew Christian. By Rev. Eliezer Basset, C.M. and Ph.B. Nisbet and Co.

This is an autobiography, written in a peculiar, gossiping style. The author was by birth a Russian Jew. He is now a missionary in Roumania. His story is naturally divided into two parts. In the one he gives a narrative of his early life among his kindred and countrymen. This includes some interesting descriptions of the traditions, customs, and ceremonies that prevail among modern Israelites. In the other part he relates the circumstances of his conversion and his persecutions. After a course of theological studies he obtained appointments as a minister. His first engagement was with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. Subsequently he became an agent for the Free Church of Scotland, to which he lovingly turned as his *alma mater*. Dr. Blaikie and Dr. Moody Stuart severally endorse his tale with an imprimatur in which they commend it to the Christian public.

Autobiography, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. By Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., LL.D. T. Woolmer.

It is not for us to give an opinion upon this autobiography, for Asa Mahan is not a divine of our order. If we were to stand on our head, and think everything in a topsy-turvy manner, we should fully agree with this remarkable man. He differs as much from our theology as if he were a Pelagian, and meanwhile he is a strong perfectionist. At the age of eighty-two he recounts his battles, shoulders his crutch and shows how wars were done, and it is natural he should. As we do not accept much of his testimony we are glad to admire the good man's frankness, courage, and directness, and we think none the less of him because his mind and ours would never run in harness together.

Select letters of Cicero. Edited by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A., *Virgil's Æneid. I. Xenophon's Anabasis I.* Edited by A. S. Walpole, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

In admirable form for school-books. The notes will be of great service to young scholars. The price is only 1s. 6d.

Songs of Praise for Sunday-schools. Edited by E. H. Johnson. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Nearly the whole of the one hundred and nineteen compositions contained in this book are from Standard English works. This is a hopeful sign of progress in the appreciation of music for Sunday-schools on the part of our American friends. Such a collection of tunes as this will form a valuable supplement to others which contain a large proportion of lively but ephemeral airs with weak harmonics, and it cannot fail to become a great favourite. Many of the tunes are valuable copyrights on this side the Atlantic, and cannot be brought within the covers of a single book, or we should like to see such a collection used in our own Sunday-schools.

The Dairyman's Daughter: a Service of Song. Compiled by T. Mitchell. Elliot Stock.

Few clergymen have rendered a more important service to the cause of evangelical truth than Legh Richmond. His "Annals of the Poor," of which "The Dairyman's Daughter" is one of the most popular, have quickened the faith of many in the simple verities of the gospel of Jesus.

Though the music of this Song Service is for the most part well known, it is made to serve a useful purpose in the illustration and enforcement of the lessons of this charming story of youthful piety, which is as fresh to-day as when it was first written.

This narrative of fact is far more likely to be useful than certain sentimental stories which have also been done to music.

Thirty-two Floral Tracts. Court Leaflets. By C. H. Spurgeon. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling, N.B.

The idea is to make the tracts so attractive that people will preserve them for their beauty. Here are humming-birds and flowers. Thirty-two for sixpence is reasonable. The matter is taken by consent from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. The same may be said of the Court Leaflets, which are very elegant, and are issued from the same depôt.

The Oxford Bible for teachers; containing Authorised and Revised Versions of the New Testament arranged side by side. Containing also valuable helps to Bible study. From 6s. and upwards. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press.

In these exquisite volumes we have the Old Testament in the Oxford Bible form bound up with the Parallel New Testament. We have already expressed our deep sense of the value of the Parallel Testaments, which enable the reader to see both the Authorized and the Revised versions at a glance. This seems to us to be the true position of the Revision, namely, to be consulted with our grand old version: in that way it will render valuable service to the reader.

Around the World Tour of Christian Missions: a Universal Survey. By William F. Bainbridge. With Maps of Prevailing Religions and Leading Mission Stations. Boston (U.S.): D. Lothrop and Company.

As we hope to devote an article to this pastor's two years' journey through the chief mission-fields of the world, we need at present do little more than mention his book as a work of sustained interest on a subject in itself abundantly attractive when the facts are competently appreciated. The book is also valuable because there are false witnesses abroad—people who wilfully misrepresent, or who deceive by giving opinions on what they have never inspected. "I met a man who had nearly completed the circuit of the globe," our author remarks, "who was a graduate of one of our leading colleges, and very fair in his general judgment of men and things. Yet questioning him upon foreign missions the reply was that beyond all controversy they were a failure, and an imposition upon the Christian public at home. But though he had been in all lands in the Orient, he had never called upon a missionary, had never been inside a mission chapel or school, and acknowledged also that his religious interest at home was limited to a very occasional attendance at church, generally when he heard that there was to be some extra singing."

Our Lord's Messages to the Seven Churches of Asia. Lectures, chiefly expository, with notes and illustrations. By John Hutchison, D.D., Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

There is much to admire in this volume. The author is well skilled in exegetical criticism, and intent on bringing out the true sense of every word and every phrase in the sacred text. He is evidently a man of cultivated taste, who almost too plentifully embellishes his discourses with morsels of literature. But we presume his work is intended to circulate exclusively among an élite class of scholars. "These lectures (fifteen in number), delivered in the ordinary course of his ministry, substantially in the form that they are now published," contain many Latin quotations which are not translated for the benefit of the throng; and the notes appended, relating to each sermon, will for the same reason be darkness rather than light to those who are not versed in the Hebrew, Greek, and German, as well as the Latin tongues.

The Principle of Justification by Faith. Longley.

This looks to us like the re-issue, with a fresh title-page, of an essay written long since. But whenever, and by whomsoever written, it is no ordinary production. It shows a broad, philosophical grasp of general principles, allied to a profound loyalty to evangelical truth, such as we seldom meet with. As an argument we reckon it invulnerable; as an exposition lucid and interpreting: as a piece of Christian evidence most valuable. The author should develop the principles here employed in the interpretation of other doctrines besides that of justification, and with such ability his work could not fail to have a great and beneficial influence. He writes after a fashion which we almost feared had died out: it is logic sanctified to the highest ends, and the result is a book, and a book that will live.

The Canal Boy who became President. By Frederic T. Gammon. Tenth Thousand. Partridge and Co.

It was natural that President Garfield's life should be utilized for youths as well as adults. It makes an inspiriting story.

Nellie; or, Seeking goodly Pearls. By Mrs. Meredith. Nisbet and Co.

Nellie is one of the waifs saved from a London street-arab's existence, and cared for in the "Princess Mary's Village Homes," at Addlestone. The story of her rescue from evil associates, her conversion, and subsequent happy death is told in tender, pathetic fashion, and is full of interest. We wish the heartiest success to all such holy attempts to "rescue the perishing."

Ruth Stuyvesant; or, the Golden Harvest. By Estelle Thomson. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

The Breaker-Boy of Lansford. By Rev. Edwin McMinn. Same Publishers.

The first is an interesting story of a young girl, into whose heart the good seed of the kingdom has been dropped, and who, by a gentle ministry of love, sows the good seed broadcast on the home farm, and is blessed in seeing fruit unto eternal life as the result of her service for the great Husbandman. English maidens would be pleased and profited by this touching story.

The Breaker-Boy is a story of a different order, and more suitable for our boys, being full of stirring incident. The title, though perfectly comprehensible to an American, would be a riddle to us here if the author had not told us that a "breaker" is an enormous apparatus for the screening of coal, and sorting it into sizes at the pit's mouth. Great numbers of men and boys work upon these "breakers," or immense revolving sieves. One of these boys, the hero of the story, becomes a Christian, and a preacher of the gospel; so that the book might have been entitled, not "From Log Cabin to White House," but "From Coalpit to Pulpit." The author is, we presume, a Baptist pastor, for the vein of religious teaching that runs through the book is thoroughly Scriptural and clear as to the doctrines and ordinances of the gospel. Of how many so-called religious stories published in this country could this be said? For the sake of the author and the Publication Society we must add that it is a pity a good book should be marred by a frontispiece in the worst of bad taste.

The Anchor Series. Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. *The Basket of Flowers; or, Piety and Truth Triumphant.* By Dr. Bedell. And *The History of Susan Gray.* By Mrs. Sherwood. *Lucy Clare; and The Babes in the Basket.* Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

Cheapness itself. Eighteenpence for such a mass of type and such strong binding is, beyond all precedent, low in price. We need not review Uncle Tom's Cabin; it has had a vast popularity, but it deserves as much more. It would do our friends good to read it again. Two others of the Anchor Series are before us; they are not equal to Uncle Tom, but as tales they will please the young folks, and in some measure improve their minds.

Our Home-made Stories. By Ascott R. Hope. With Illustrations. John Hogg.

Twelve yarns of the kind that boys are always eager to hear. Mr. Hope tells many a flattering tale, and cajoles youth into listening; but as far as we can see he spins the story for its own sake, and this is hardly the use to which fiction should be put. We tolerate the story for the sake of a godly moral, but when that moral is not present, it places the story out of our line.

Little Ruby's Curl; or Tom Foster, the Railway Porter.

One of the Tract Society's "Books for Working People" which it is a pleasure to read, for the type is large and clear, and the story itself is of almost romantic interest. Tom Foster is sure to be a favourite. We cannot give you his portrait, but the next time you are waiting for your train, ask the bookstall attendant to introduce you to him; you will enjoy a chat with him.

My Neighbour's Windows. By Emilie Searchfield. F. E. Longley.

Stories told with a purpose, and revealing considerable power of description. With judicious restraint and careful revision her pen may be very useful, but our authoress is at present in the amateur stage. She must guard against a fashionable melancholy and an orthodox sadness, which is the order of the day for stories.

Prize Exhibition Christmas and New Year Cards. S. Hildesheimer and Co. *Christmas and New Year Cards.* Marcus Ward and Co.

THESE cards are works of art. They are very numerous, and vary greatly in price and workmanship, but we can say a good word for them all. The publishers spent £2,000 in prizes for the best original sketches, and another £2,500 upon other designs, and the result is a worthy one. We know of no better cards; we can conceive of no better. Surely, the most exquisite taste will here be satisfied. The works are so splendidly printed, that the artist has fair play, and is not misrepresented by smeared copies. Henceforth the name of *Hildesheimer* will be second to none in the card market.

For æsthetic and classical Christmas and New Year's Cards *Marcus Ward and Co.* must be rated very highly. Thoroughly good work and high art render this firm most eminent. Their peculiar mannerism is well known, and all tastes are not satisfied by it; but for our own part we are lost in wondering admiration. Surely, this time the course of card-designing can no further go.

Italy's Liberator; or, the Story of Garibaldi's Life. By FREDERICK T. GAMMON. Partridge and Co.

LET all generations know the deeds of the bravest of the brave. In him the early Romans lived again. God raised him up to set a nation free, and at the sound of his name tyrants tremble.

Our Sea-girt Isle. English Scenes and Scenery delineated. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. T. Woolmer.

SUCH a book makes one long for leisure to see his own country. Mr. Marrat just gives a bit about this town, and a bit about that, and does not pretend to set out formal descriptions; but he says quite enough to excite and maintain interest from the first page to the last. Whenever godly remarks can come in fitly, there they are: this is as it should ever be.

History of Alexander the Great. By JACOB ABBOTT. T. Woolmer. Price 1s. 4d.

ABBOTT'S Histories are all charming. We have learned more history from them than from huge volumes. They are so well written that it is a recreation to read them. Try this specimen, and see for yourself.

Versions in Verse. Scriptural, Classical, Oriental, with miscellaneous effusions. By GEORGE SMALL, M.A. Yates, Alexander, and Shepheard.

IT is natural that a man should wish to preserve the verses which have fallen from his pen throughout life; otherwise we should have thought that this little volume might have been spared. We fear its publication will not prove to be remunerative. The rhyme is not always good, and the thought is not striking; still, the spirit is excellent, and the tone is musical, and we doubt not that Mr. Small's friends will think well of it.

A Handbook of Temperance History. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

THIS volume contains the chief contents of the Temperance League annuals for 1880 and 1881. The publication committee deemed it advisable to reissue them in this form as a memorial of the Jubilee of the Temperance Reformation. As we have commended the annuals as they appeared, we need only recommend all temperance speakers to furnish themselves with a copy.

The National Temperance Reader. Recitations, dialogues, etc. 337, Strand.

STRIKING, amusing, persuasive. The selection is well made, and just the thing for the children of a Band of Hope.

The City Mottoes, and other Wise Saws. By the Rev. J. DE KEWER WILLIAMS. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

SIXPENCE is rather a long price for so small a quantity of matter, but he who pays it will not think it matters much. It is a clever talk by a witty man, who is withal as wise as he is facetious. We spent a very pleasant hour in listening to a reading of this telling lecture: it was under the palm-trees at Cannes, but we forgot our surroundings, and thought we were in the dear old City of Gog, and Magog, and Fog, with Mr. De Kewer Williams for our pedagogue.

The Vanguard of the Christian Army; or, Sketches of Missionary Life. By the author of "Great Voyagers." Religious Tract Society.

If the work of Christian Missions be not much aided by this work it will not be the writer's fault. We wish it could be placed at once in all Christian loan libraries. Here we have pleasing sketches of the lives of Ziegenbalg, Schwartz, Carey, Martyn, Judson, Robert Morrison, Milne, W. C. Burns, Carl Gutzlaff, Ho Tsun-Sheen, John Williams, J. C. Patteson, Vanderkemp, Barnaby Shaw, Moffat, Livingstone, Elliot, Brainerd, Dober, Hans Egede, and Matthew, and Christian Stach, What a noble band to lead the van! Who will follow their heroic lead? Here is a grand book which will act as a recruiting-sergeant! God speed it!

Notes.

Before these lines can come under the notice of our readers we hope to be at home and hard at work in our happy service for the Lord. Our time of rest has passed most pleasantly and profitably; nothing has occurred to mar our full enjoyment of repose of body, mind, and heart; and we trust that, by the favour of God, we may be permitted now to have a good long spell of work. Will all our friends do us a great kindness? Last year, when we returned from Mentone, in full health, we were almost immediately inundated with requests that we would preach special sermons, deliver addresses, open bazaars, receive deputations, and so forth; and the result was that all this, added to our ordinary labours, and a mass of unnecessary correspondence, soon placed us *hors de combat*, and the strength we had gathered during our season of rest was spent in enduring pain instead of in our public ministry. This we would avoid if possible. Our own work taxes our strength to the utmost, and we beg to be pardoned if we cannot accede even to urgent requests.

Note the smallness of all contributions during our absence. We must coal the ship again.

The first work which demands our attention, and the prompt aid of all our friends, is the New Mission Hall, in Bermondsey, for the earnest band which has been gathered by Mr. W. Olney, jun. Believing this enterprise to be of the Lord, we press it upon his people. Thousands upon thousands of the working-classes are living in Bermondsey and the adjoining region without God. In whole streets there will scarcely be found a dozen persons attending a place of worship. Churches and chapels are not numerous, and with all they can do they scarcely touch the hem of the evil: what is to be done? We have no mind to try brass bands and tambourines; but even these might be better than letting things remain as they are. Can we not use the means which the Lord himself puts before us? Here is a consecrated brother, of genial spirit and attractive manners. He has been tried and proved, and has gathered about him a band of men and women of the choicer sort, who are trained in all manner of holy work, and eager to be doing more. Do we not see in them the vessels of the Lord wherewith he will bless these perishing multitudes? What they need is space and accommodation. They do not need architecture and elegance, but they do want room and shelter. We who cannot go into the streets to preach, or journey from door to door among the poor, ought, at least, to help the ardent spirits who are consecrated to these and other kinds of labour. God has raised up the workers for Bermondsey, and now we ask our Master's stewards to build the Hall for them. We shall not beg; for the building is for our Saviour Jesus. Those who love him will, we hope, prove their love by substantially aiding in a work which is for his honour, and for the good of souls whom he loves. A good beginning has been made: our desire and prayer are that the enterprise may proceed to a speedy close without delay. So much is daily expected of our friends in maintaining College, Orphanage, Colportage, etc., that it is most desirable that this should be done out of hand, and never be allowed to encumber the march of the army.

On *Monday evening, November* 20, the annual meeting of the Spurgeon's Sermons Tract Society was held at the Tabernacle, in conjunction with the regular prayer-meeting. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided; prayers were offered by several brethren; Mr. Cornell, the Secretary of the Society, gave an account of the work during the past year, and related some interesting instances of usefulness of the Pastor's sermons in the country districts, where they are distributed as loan tracts; Mr. J. T. Dunn spoke of the blessings that had resulted from the reading of the sermons in various towns and villages he had visited; Mr. C. F. Allison told of their influence for good in Pimlico; Mr. W. Olney and Mr. B. W. Carr bore their testimony to the value of the printed discourses; and Mr. W. C. Murrell, in his usual practical style, stated that the deacons had doubled their subscriptions, and he hoped everybody else would do the same. His appeal appears

to have met with a liberal response, as it deserved to do, for the Society is doing an exceedingly useful work in many places where there is a lack of gospel teaching; while in other parts, where the truth is preached, it is welcomed as a valuable auxiliary, carrying the message of life and comfort into the homes of the people. This Society makes grants of sermons, stitched in covers, to societies which undertake their weekly circulation; it does the same for individuals. A nominal charge is made according to the ability of applicants, and the condition of the Society's funds.

COLLEGE.—Since our last notice Mr. C. Cole has settled at Windsor; Mr. W. J. Harris, at Spring Hill, Birmingham; Mr. J. C. Leigh, at Merstham, Surrey; Mr. W. Richards, at Fraserburgh, N.B.; and Mr. J. E. Walton, at Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham. Mr. J. E. Oates, who came to us from the Moravian church, has accepted the post of tutor at Mr. Guinness' College at Hulme Cliff, Curbar, Derbyshire.

Mr. Hamilton, of *Cape Town*, writes:—"This poor city is in a sad, sad state. Two thousand persons, five per cent. of the population, have died from small-pox within three months. We have lost two members, and many others have been stricken. The epidemic seems to be passing away. Thank God that we have not suffered more! Everything is dull, business *nil*, church collections!! . . . The Lord send better times, or I know not what will happen." We have forwarded all that we had in hand for the Cape Town Chapel, but much more is needed. Our brother Hamilton deserves and enjoys our heartiest sympathy, and we shall be glad if generous friends will enable us to give him a practical proof of it. He has had a hard battle to fight, and reinforcements just now would be especially welcome.

Mr. H. Driver, who came to the College from *Auckland*, New Zealand, sends us some particulars of the anniversary services of the church of which our beloved son, Thomas, is the pastor. The last sentence refers to Mr. Driver. He says:—"The pastor preached on the Sunday to full houses, and the Lord blessed the word. A good spirit prevailed at the tea-meeting held on the following Tuesday. Mr. S. H. Matthews read the report, from which we glean the following items:—Members on the roll, 400; admitted by dismissal, 7; by baptism, 94 (44 being from the Sunday-school); dismissed to other churches, 9; died, 6; at present on roll, 488, being a net increase of 87. During the year Mr. Spurgeon had established a branch church at Cambridge, under Mr. Whytock; Mr. Downing had taken charge of Mount Eden; and progress had been made at Otahuhu. Grateful reference was made to Mr. Harrison's evangelistic services. Mr. Fairbrother, of the Pastors' College, had sailed for Auckland in order to become a missionary to the Maoris in the Lake district. A splendid site for the new chapel had been purchased, and to assist the funds a bazaar was to be held at Christmas. Excellent addresses were delivered by leading ministers in the city. The pastor compared the church to a ship anchored for a while in port, but only waiting to go out on another long voyage, and gave an account of the behaviour of the passengers on the last trip, remarking that one of the crew had left the vessel, and been picked up by a training-ship."

Mr. Harry Brown, writing from *Darjeeling*, reports the baptism of a convert from Popery, and sends us other cheering items of intelligence concerning his work. He hopes soon to start off on another tour, in Upper Assam, in connection with the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society.

EVANGELISTS.—All the news received from Messrs. Smith and Fullerton during our absence has been most cheering. The accounts of their services at *Bath* have been closed, and after all the expenses of the mission had been defrayed, the sum of £80 was forwarded to us for the Evangelists' Fund. We are exceedingly grateful to all who helped to raise such a large amount. From November 5 to 26 the Evangelists were at Gloucester, where they were heartily welcomed by the whole of the Nonconformist ministers, and where their services were exceedingly successful. The following is extracted from the Gloucester *Citizen* of November 27:—

"MR. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—The services of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith came to a close here last evening. A correspondent writes us:—After three weeks of incessant speaking to crowded audiences it might well be thought possible that the novelty and interest of their meetings would decline. But these visitors are men of no ordinary talent, and no simulated sincerity. Following almost instantly on the zealous and successful mission of Mr. Watson among the Wesleyans, they have sustained and supplemented the work so well inaugurated by him. In neither case has there been any sign of a desire to promote a sectarian object. Theological differences and ecclesiastical preferences have been absorbed and lost in the earnestness of zealous endeavour to bring personal, practical religion home to the hearts of our ever-increasing population. The meetings of yesterday, from seven o'clock in the morning till ten at night, were increasingly attended. At the earliest hour several hundreds were present, and, at the last, which was divided between the Corn Exchange and the Brunswick-road Chapel, there must have been present nearly 3,000 persons. The final meeting was of a most devout and solemn character. It is not too much to say that these services have, throughout, given an example and a model of what such gatherings should be, and suggested the methods best calculated to attract numbers, and excite the interest of

all classes in the 'common salvation.' The mission extends to Ross to-day, and next week to Hereford."

This year Messrs. Smith and Fullerton hope to visit Hitchin, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Hull, Huddersfield, Chesterfield, and Leicester.

During the past month Mr. Burnham has conducted services at Fairford, Gloucestershire, and Burnham, Somersetshire: and has paid a second visit to Peterchurch, Herefordshire, where his labours were very richly blessed during his mission in November last. This month he is to be at Finchley, Thorpe-le-Soken, and Highgate. He asks us to state that he is fully engaged until the meeting of the Conference, so that brethren who desire his aid must choose some later date.

ORPHANAGE. — In *John Ploughman's Almanack* for 1883, under the heading "Holding the Hat," we said that the Almanack was made up by "John Ploughman" on purpose to help the orphan children at Stockwell, and added: "If all the readers of this Almanack were to send a pound each in the year it would put the Orphanage into easy circumstances." The first friend who, to our knowledge, read these words, sent us a sovereign. Reader, go and do thou likewise.

COLPORTAGE.—The work of Colportage is still being vigorously pushed on by our Association with most beneficial results in all the districts occupied. It is increasingly valued by those who have tested its worth as a means of carrying God's word and good literature to the homes of the people. The Committee are able to start a few more districts, where £40 a year can be provided, and to those who think of employing Colporteurs, they would take this opportunity of again reminding them that the work is *quite undenominational*, seeking to help any who will use it for the spread of the truth. A new district has been started near Hythe, in Kent, where it is hoped much good will be accomplished. The Secretary reports that no response has yet been made to the appeal, which appeared in these columns a few months back, for special subscriptions to aid poor but needy districts to support their Colporteurs. If £15 additional is not promised speedily, one district, which already provides £25 annually with much difficulty, must be relinquished, as the General Fund is already fully taxed in helping other districts. Reports, Collecting Books, and Boxes, and any information will be gladly forwarded on application to the Secretary.

PERSONAL NOTE.—During our stay at Mentone we have had much to cheer us, but few things have given us greater delight than the perusal of the following letter:—

"My dear President,—To trouble you with a letter whilst in the midst of your work I have shunned, and must apologise for intruding upon your retirement; but allow an obscure Pastors' College man to send his hearty wishes, and the promise of his earnest prayers that your sojourn at Mentone may be abundantly enjoyed, and that in body, soul, and spirit you may return stronger and more vigorous than ever.

"My one purpose in thus taking up your time is to thank you with all my heart for your weekly sermon. I always look forward for Monday (when it arrives) with more eagerness, I fear, than my people look for Sunday; and when the discourse arrives, I consume it with a relish. Thank God, I do get one meal a week from the grand, glorious, old, yet ever new gospel, as it is delivered in the Tabernacle.

"Whilst reading your sermon I generally exclaim a time or two, 'Thank God, for answered prayer!' for every Sunday morning, between half-past nine and ten o'clock, I am praying for you, and perhaps I relish the truth more as the Lord gives it to you to proclaim, because (although to a very small extent) I have done a little towards it.

"I have just read, 'The General Convocation around Mount Zion' (No. 1689), and it has thrilled me through and through. I do so hope and pray that my people may get the benefit, and be thrilled too,—they need it badly enough. Again and again did I thank God, whilst reading, that he has permitted me to take part in '*the grand holiday*.' Oh, my dear President, it has put a new phase on life! Who will not now fight, and wrestle, and run, and labour with a holy enthusiasm? It has started me on again, for I was well-nigh 'run down.' The first year I was here we had many converts, but this last twelve months there have been comparatively few. There is a manifest *spirit of hearing*, and we seldom have a vacant seat on Sunday evening; but why have we not the *spirit of believing?* This has made me pray with much weeping, for I am convinced we have not because we ask not, and the Lord cannot do many mighty works because of our unbelief. Although I have been here nearly two years, the church is in a low, lukewarm state, and although I am surrounded with kind friends, who apparently enjoy the services of God's house, I feel alone, for none seem to be burdened with precious souls save myself, although I have again and again brought the matter before them; but now I feel, after your sermon, that, by God's help, I will start afresh, and not cease to cry, and weep, and work until the church of God here is all aglow with the fire of divine love. Oh, that the fire of the Holy Ghost may descend, first consuming the pastor, and then the whole church, until it shall be manifest that we have been indeed baptized with 'the Holy Ghost and with fire!'"

Pastors' College; Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Williamson	1	0	0
Mrs. Philip Hurrell	2	0	0
"A debtor to grace"	1	0	0
Mrs. Stanton	5	0	0
Miss Sarah Cartwright	0	10	0
Collection at Gorsley, per Pastor E. Ashton	3	1	0
Mrs. A. M. Ardill	1	8	0
Mr. Andrew F. Coles	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mrs. Dalgliesh	5	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	0
Mr. John Coventry	1	1	0
Mr. Edwin Reynolds	0	2	6
Mrs. Sarah Arnold	1	1	0
From a Friend in Edinburgh	0	5	6
"Northman"	4	0	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Harry, "for Jesu's sake"	0	5	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	10	0	0
Mr. William Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. Cowan	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
"From two sisters"	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Wheatley	0	18	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
W. M.	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0
Cape of Good Hope	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Nov. 19th	39	0	0
,, 26th	39	0	0
Dec. 3rd	20	7	10
,, 10th	25	0	0
	123	7	10
	£171	14	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

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

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robinson Hindle	2	10	0
"A lover of Jesus"	0	10	0
From two friends, part of money received for prizes, J. A. N.	2	0	0
F. C.	0	1	0
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0
Mr. John How	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Broughton	3	3	0
Mr. John Williamson	1	0	0
Mr. Neuendorff	0	10	0
"Maggie"	0	2	6
The Baptist Church, Craven Arms, per Rev. M. Matthews	1	3	0
Mrs. Philip Hurrell	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. John McDonald	0	5	0
"Wilts"	0	5	0
Miss E. S. Lincolne	0	2	6
W. D.	1	0	0
L. K. D.	1	17	6
Mrs. W. Martin	1	0	0
Miss Roberts	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Jesson:—			
Mr. J. E. Pickard 0 10 0			
Mr. H. Stanyon 0 10 0			
Mr. R. Carryer 0 10 0			
Miss Jesson 0 10 0			
Misses Bennett 0 5 0			
Mrs. Eames 0 5 0			
Miss Eames 0 5 0			
Miss Raynes 0 2 6			
	2	17	6
Friends at Lewes, per Mrs. Ferguson and Mr. A. Morris	11	10	0
"From a Friend"	0	10	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	16	4	4
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
A friend	1	0	0
A sermon-reader in Lochee	0	1	0
Mr. A. Falconer	2	0	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon	5	0	0
Mr. R. Lees	0	5	0
A Reader of the "Christian Herald" ...	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
A widow's offering, per Mrs. Ward and J. T. D.	5	0	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. Gothard, per Mr. Murrell, 2nd don.	1	1	0
Mrs. Rutter	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Egleton	0	5	7
Messrs. Dicks and Seaton	0	10	6
Z. M. A. Parson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
C. M. and H. N., Edinburgh	0	10	0
A thankoffering from a Free Church Manse	1	10	0
Westbourne-grove Chapel, Young Men's Bible-class	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. Anders	0	17	0
Mr. Adolph Jungling	1	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Cooke	2	0	0
Collected by Sergeant-Major W. Smith	0	15	0
Mrs. M. Virtue	1	0	0
F. G. B. and children, Tring	0	2	6
Mr. Mark Edwards	0	1	0
Mr. L. Byerley	1	1	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
In memory of Mrs. Hooley	2	2	0
Mrs. Sarah Arnold	2	2	0
United Presbyterian Congregation, Stromness	1	0	0
A friend in Edinburgh	0	2	0
A. F. K.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Davies	0	2	6
Mrs. C. E. Webb	0	3	0
Thankoffering	1	0	0
"Northman"	4	0	0
E. B. Thorne	0	10	0
From a sister in Christ	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Colthrup	0	10	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Miss M. McDonald	0	2	0
Mr. Wm. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Barrat	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	2	0	0
Mr. Howe	0	5	0
The Misses Heap	2	10	0
Thankoffering from Young Women's Bible-class, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	18	6
Collected by Mrs Hardwick	0	2	1

	£	s.	d.
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir and Handbells, at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton	30	14	0
Mr. Whiffen (donation) ...	1	0	0
	31	14	0
Proceeds Service of Song, "John Ploughman," by Choir of Baptist Chapel, Wingrave; Conductor, Mr. G. Griffen, per student T. A. Judd...	3	6	1
Mrs. Wicksted (Boxes)	0	1	3
Collected by Master W. Oakley ...	0	2	6
H. H., Derby	0	5	0
Mrs. Runnacus	1	0	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Per Pastor W. V. Young, Tring:—			
Collected by Marsworth friends	0	16	0
Collected by Miss L. J. Smith	1	7	0
Collected by Mrs. W. V. Young	5	7	0
Collected by Miss J. Mead	0	10	0
	8	0	0
G. H. B., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	1	0	0
"Sixpence per week," registered letter, Lewes	1	6	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	0	0
A well wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Mrs. T. P. L., per Rev. J. Hollinshead	0	5	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Andrew Rogers	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Mc'Kenzie	0	1	0
Mrs. T. Fleming	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
Mrs. Cunnington	1	0	0
From a farmer and his wife	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Rose	0	5	0
S. A. Rose	0	2	0
J. Rose	0	1	0
Mr. Geo. Moore and friend	0	12	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mrs. F. Bentall	0	5	0
Mrs. James Smith...	1	1	0
Mr. John Mee	0	2	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Chas. Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Chas. Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Miss Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Miss Winckworth ...	0	5	0
Mr. Gibson	0	5	0
Mr. H. Keen	0	5	0
	1	15	0
Mrs. M. Weston	1	0	0
The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
A cabman's threepenny pieces ...	0	16	0
Mrs. Cunnington	1	0	0
Christmas Festivities:—			
Mr. Robinson Hindle ...	0	10	0
Mr. William McNorton ...	0	6	0
H. I., Malta...	0	10	0
E. Clover	0	5	0
Jane Matthews	0	2	6
Mr. William Smith ...	0	2	6
Retired Shepherd in Scotland	0	10	0
Three Arniston Miners ...	1	0	0
Louisa Wiliams	0	6	0
A. Hall	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Mary Best:—			
Miss Collins... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Heynes 0 10 0			
Miss Mary Best ... 0 5 0			
Miss Best 0 4 0			
Mrs. P. Richards ... 0 1 0			
	1	10	0
Mrs. Strannan	1	10	0
Mrs. Warmington	1	0	0
A working man and friend, Dumfries	2	0	0
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mrs. Sewell	1	0	0
Mrs. Appleton	1	0	0
	14	9	0
	£215	3	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 15th to December 14th.—PROVISIONS: 24lbs. of Raisins and 20lbs. of Currants, Mrs. Reynolds; 2 Sacks of Turnips, M. H. A.; 1 Turkey, Mrs. Sewell; 1 Sack of Potatoes, Mr. R. Newton; 3 Barrels of Apples, Mr. J. Hill; 2 Sacks of Flour, Mr. W. B. Pigg; 28lbs. Baking Powder and 28lbs. Almond Pudding Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 720 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

GENERAL.—100 Copies of Music, "Little Bow of Blue," Mr. A. Scard; 1 Parcel of Books, Mr. J. Chadwick; 1 Load of Firewood, Mr. J. Smith; 12 months' supply of "British Workman" and "Band of Hope Review," Mr. J. B. Mead; 54 Articles for Christmas Tree, Miss Descroix.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—12 Articles, Mrs. Moss; 12 Articles, Mrs. J. Harden; 59 Articles, Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 26 Articles, Miss A. Martin; 11 Articles, Miss E. Leeder; 23 Articles, Miss Poole; 1 dozen Pairs of Stockings, Miss Morris; 30 Articles, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Miss Pearce; 54 Articles, Miss Ward; 117 Articles, Miss Chandler's Bible Class, Croydon.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Davis; 1 dozen Pairs of Socks, Mrs. Kine; 4 Shirts, Miss E. Leeder; 8 Shirts, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Miss Pearce; 13 Vests, Mr. H. Ellis.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

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

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Potts	1	0	0
X. S:	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sprague	1	0	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	0	0
A New Year's Offering, F. K. K. ...	0	2	6
A servant girl, near Forres	0	2	0
M. B....	1	1	0
Miss Smith	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£15	10	6

Colportage Association.

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

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
G. E.	5	0	0
Mr. R. Everett	1	1	0
Mr. F. Pool	2	2	0
Mr. J. Williamson	1	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Jamieson	0	10	0
V. — Dresden	50	0	0
Northman	4	0	0
"Firstfruit"	30	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. S. R. Pearce, for 1882	1	1	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. W. Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	2	2	0
Mr. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Mr. G. Goldston	1	1	0
	£111	14	0

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Kettering District, from Mrs. Emery ...	5	0	0
For Bethnal-green District—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Collection at Great Marlow Baptist Chapel for High Wycombe District ..	1	0	2
Miss Evans, for Dorchester	0	5	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District.	7	10	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown	10	0	0
Collected in Halesowen District, per Mr. R. Marshall	20	0	0
North Wilts District	1	2	7
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
E. S. for Church Gresley and Repton Districts	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, jun., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Horley ...	20	0	0
Thornbury District:—			
Mr. J. Y. Sturge 0 5 0			
Mr. E. S. Howard, M.P. ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Handel Cossham ... 0 10 0			
Mr. T. Workman 0 10 0			
Morton and Rockampton ... 8 5 0			
	10	10	0
Arnold District:—			
Collected by Miss Dabell—			
Rev. M. I. Truman ... 2 2 0			
Miss Cheetham 2 0 0			
Mrs. Armitage 1 0 0			
Mr. Dabell 0 10 0			
Mr. Kirk 0 5 0			
Mrs. Thackery 0 2 6			
Mrs. Fuikes 0 2 6			
Mrs. Clarke 0 3 0			
Mrs. Fish 0 0 6			
Mrs. Settles 0 2 0			
Mr. Lacey 0 10 0			
	6	17	6
Collected by Miss Wells:—			
Mr. Mellow 2 2 0			
Mr. Goodliffe 1 0 0			
Mr. H. Ashwell 1 0 0			
Mr. J. S. Wells 1 0 0			
Mr. F. Burton 0 10 0			
Mr. Gripper 0 5 0			
Mr. Wheatley 0 2 6			
	5	19	6
Dorking District:—			
Collection 0 15 2			
Mr. Thomas Steele ... 1 0 0			
	1	15	2
M. A. H., for Orpington (quarterly)	5	0	0
	£172	9	11

Society of Evangelists.

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

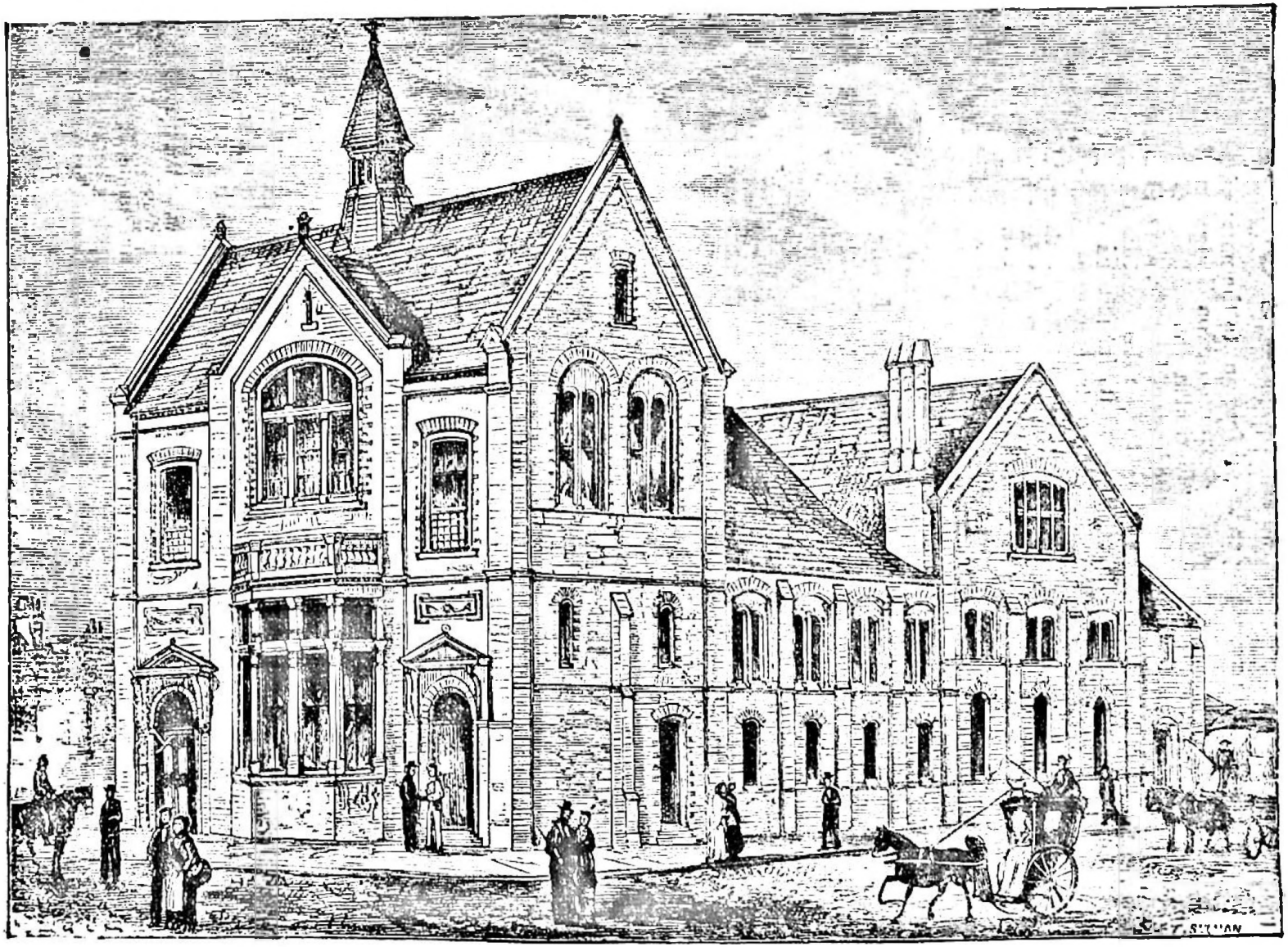
	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Williamson	1	0	0
Thankoffering from Bath, after services by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton	80	0	0
From a friend	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Virtue	2	0	0
"Northman"	4	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. E. Williams	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
	£90	1	0

Additional Contributions for Auckland Tabernacle.—Mr. Robinson Hindle, £1; R. Dresden, £10; Mr. Keevil, £2; O. K., £1; Mr. Rust, £3; Mr. Haydon, £1 1s.

Contributions presented to Mr. Spurgeon, at Mentone, for the Orphanage:—R. A., on reading "John Ploughman's Almanack," £1; Mrs. Swan, £1 1s.; Mr. W. Swan, £1; E. B. B., £2, and 6 Shirts for the boys; Miss Mina Lazarefsky, 20 francs; Madame Joubert, £1; Friends at Communion Services (including £2 2s. from Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorn, for Girls' Orphanage), £9.

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.



PROPOSED NEW MISSION-HALL, BERMONDSEY.

New Mission-Hall, Bermondsey New Road.

BERMONDSEY is a name by no means fragrant to the possessor of a nose, who has passed over it soon after leaving London Bridge, on his way to the sea-breezes of Brighton. But, gentle reader, the smells of tanneries and leather-works, although they are not the odours of sanctity, are said to be those of sanity, and it is currently reported that when the Great Pest devoured the citizens of London, Bermondsey escaped, and its inhabitants were allowed to travel freely where residents of the infected districts were zealously excluded. It is a region where now the philanthropist finds much to attract his notice, for it swarms with working-people, quietly toiling for their daily bread. Innumerable factories carry on a multiform business, employing countless hands, every pair of which is linked with an immortal soul. Walk through its thronged thoroughfares, its dingy streets, its close courts, and try to get some idea of the multitude of bees in this busy hive. You will see something to cheer you, but more to make your heart heavy if you enter the closely-packed abodes, where almost every house lodges two or three families, or even more. It is by no means a place for your man of fashion, or your comfortable, retired tradesman: it is the abode of the strong-sinewed and hard-handed, by whose industry our nation flourishes.

Our principal concern with the region is a religious one. There may be "nothing like leather," but we have not called your attention to Bermondsey because we have hides to sell or skins to buy, nor even that we may indulge you with one of Messrs. Peek and Frean's biscuits and a morsel of cheese. As those who called at Joppa, at the house of one Simon, a tanner, took little note of his savoury pits, but had spiritual business with Peter, so our mission in Bermondsey is not with skin and wool, but with men and their destinies. The church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle has a warm place in its heart for Bermondsey, and we want you to hear the reason of it, and get you to sympathize therein—sympathize practically too, with that kind of sympathy which means business.

In the old Puritan times our Tabernacle church abode in the then rural region of Horselydown:—what a name! One sees the horses lying down on the common: do horses in London ever lie down now? The very sound of the word raises visions of an old meeting-house surrounded by happy grazing grounds, undefiled by the dust of trams, and omnibuses, and waggons. The church had once been in Goat-yard, and it had a sister-church in Unicorn-yard, and a daughter down in Maze Pond; all the names have a countrified smell about them: it is evident that Tanner's Town was then a rustic region, and happily also a place where godly people were by no means few. Our Keach and Gill were there, and Rippon was on the borders of that region, holding well together the assembly which in these modern days has migrated to where the Butts once stood at Newington. God has blessed that church, and now, in remembering all the way whereby the Lord hath led it, it remembers Bermondsey as Jacob remembered Bethel, and it would fain build a memorial there of which it shall be said by thousands of converted souls, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

This might have been mere sentiment; but Providence has made it into practical necessity. We care for Bermondsey at this time especially because *it contains more than 50,000 persons for whom no religious accommodation is provided either in churches or chapels.* We put that passage in italics, we should like to print it in letters of fire, that it might burn into every Christian's heart. The printer does not keep such type in stock, and so we beg the reader, if he be a child of God, to turn it over in his mind, and say, "Fifty thousand! Fifty thousand!! No provision for fifty thousand souls!!!" If we were in a right state of heart we should need no other argument, but we should hasten to be among the first to relieve the present distress.

From London Bridge to the Old Kent Road, and from the Borough to Dockhead, is a smart walk, but let us take it. Plenty of gin-palaces here, good comrade! More than enough of publics and beerhouses! Surely, it must be what the publicans call "a good drinking neighbourhood"! Work for your blue-ribbon men here, good sir! But where are your places of worship? There does not seem to be much religious rivalry here, at any rate. Salt ran rather short when this region was savoured with religious means. But do these people crowd the few places provided for them? Let us visit the religious edifices. We cannot call on all the ministers, or it might be much to our profit; but we may stand at the door, and watch the multitudes rush in. No, they do not come! How is this? So few places,—will they not be crammed? We see no throngs about the gates; on the average they are no better and no worse attended than in other busy haunts of London. It looks as if the fewer the places the thinner the congregations. What becomes of those many thousands who do not come where there is room, and of the other thousands who could not get in if they did come? Ah, good sir, our somewhat dreary walk is over, and if you will sit down I will tell you a little more about the matter.

We blame nobody for what we are about to state, and certainly mean no reflection upon any of the Clergy or ministers of the neighbourhood, who are all a friendly band: but we know on good authority that in many of these streets there will be found not more than two or three persons who habitually attend any place of worship. The bulk of the population do not care for either churches or chapels; they are neither High Church, nor Low Church, nor Broad Church; but as a rule they may be described as No Church. Therefore we want to build them a Mission-Hall where they may come when they please, dressed how they like, and feel at home. This seems to be their fancy, and it is not altogether an unaccountable one, for they naturally do not care to go in where everybody is in his go to-meeting clothes. If such is their pleasure let us drop into their way, and build them a Hall—a rose by any other name will smell as sweet—and the place will be just as much a place of worship as if we called it Temple or Tabernacle. Let us try any legitimate means to draw these good folks to hear of Jesus.

But will they come into "the Hall" when it is built? That is just the point. We have a gallant band ready to lead the way, and a tried and proved leader, who has in the Green Walk Club-room already raised the standard, and gathered all the makings of a large congregation.

About thirteen years ago a firm of London bankers, who were desirous of benefiting the working-classes in some way, fitted up a building in Green-walk as a Club and Institute, the large upper room being made available for concerts and other entertainments. At that time Mr. W. Olney, jun., was a teacher in the Sunday-school at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He and about half a dozen members of our church, several of them from Mr. Bowker's Bible-class, thought they would try the experiment of holding a short series of Sabbath services at the Green-walk Institute, and although at first there was no thought of these services becoming permanent, they really became so on account of the success which attended them. After a time a week-night service was added; then followed the establishment of a Sunday-school, and a Loan Tract Society, which now actively carries on operations week by week. Other agencies, such as a Benevolent Fund, a Dorcas Society, and Mothers'-meetings, were added in due course. In addition to all these, however, open-air services on Sunday mornings, and on three nights of the week, became a principal feature of the Mission. The meeting-place is at a corner of Bermondsey New-road; and, with a small harmonium and a choir, the singing invariably attracts a good congregation, to which several addresses are given. Year by year the work has grown, as hundreds of converts can testify, many of whom are now engaged as voluntary assistants in the Mission. Of course the congregation grew also, and the meeting-place at Green-walk having become too straitened for the numbers who attended, the large room of

Bermondsey Town-hall was hired nearly a year ago, and there, on every Sunday evening, about seven hundred persons assemble to benefit by young Mr. William Olney's ministry. Among these are some of the most fervent Christians of our acquaintance, who form a splendid little band, well qualified to lead the van.

Is not this a grand start? We think so. The aforesaid Mr. William Olney is the son and grandson of deacons of the Tabernacle. The name is a worthy one, and he is worthy who now bears it. Without fee or reward he consecrates his life to this work, and the least that the rest of us can do is to assist to build a suitable place for him and his helpers. The work is now fully entered upon, and it ought to be carried on and carried out with enthusiasm. Never was there a more deserving or more hopeful cause.

Thus far has been settled. A site, close to Green-walk, measuring forty-five feet by one hundred and twenty-nine feet, has been secured on a long lease from the Corporation of the City of London. On this it is intended at once to commence the erection of the building as represented in the annexed engraving. The hall will be constructed to accommodate seven hundred persons; and in addition to school and class-rooms there will be a reading-room supplied with newspapers and magazines for working-men. Since these people are unable to provide for themselves any such place of worship as it is now proposed to build, it must be done for them by the Christian public, or it will not be done at all. We are hoping that the present scheme will be carried out with spirit, and that the premises will be opened free of debt. It is estimated that the buildings will cost between £4000 and £5000. Several large sums, already promised, bring the contributions up to £2,000, and other subscriptions are now invited. During the first week of the New Year it is intended to hold a grand bazaar at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where gifts addressed to Mr. W. C. Murrell will be thankfully received. When completed, the new building will be held in trust by several gentlemen, among whom is the Pastor of the Tabernacle: a guarantee being thus afforded that the building will be dedicated to its avowed purpose, and kept for it in perpetuity.

Gentle reader, do not be uneasy; the work is not done: there is room for you yet. A good beginning is made, but we would say to you what David said to Solomon, "Thou mayest add thereto."

Here are people perishing for lack of knowledge, not in the Cannibal Islands, but in the south of London; here is a church loaded up to the last ounce with burdens, yet willing to undertake another enterprise; here is an earnest brother crippled in his holy service for want of room; here is a fine field, and a prospect of a glorious harvest: will you lend a hand? As God's stewards, we ask you whether something of your Lord's goods may not wisely come this way. As our brethren in Christ, we ask you—will you not aid us in a design which is purely and only for the glory of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us? The Treasurer of the Fund is Mr. T. H. Olney, Fountain Court, Aldermanbury, London; or, if you prefer it, you may forward your help to the writer of this appeal, who is

Your humble servant,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Metropolitan Tabernacle,
Newington Butts.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Communion with Christ and his People.

AN ADDRESS AT THE LORD'S SUPPER, DELIVERED AT MENTONE,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread."—1 Corinthians x. 16, 17.

I WILL read you the text as it is given in the Revised Version: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ?" That is to say—Is it not one form of expressing the communion of the blood of Christ. "The bread," or as it is in the margin, "the loaf which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ? seeing that we, who are many, are one loaf, one body: for we all partake of the one loaf." The word "loaf" helps to bring out more clearly the idea of unity intended to be set forth by the apostle.

It is a lamentable fact that some have fancied that this simple ordinance of the Lord's Supper has a certain magical, or at least physical power about it, so that by the mere act of eating and drinking this bread and wine men can be made partakers of the body and blood of Christ. It is marvellous that so plain a symbol should have been so complicated by genuflexions, adornments, and technical phrases. Can any one see the slightest resemblance between the Master's sitting down with the twelve, and the mass of the Roman community? The original rite is lost in the super-imposed ritual. Superstition has produced a sacrament where Jesus intended a fellowship. Too many, who

would not go the length of Rome, yet speak of this simple feast as if it were a mystery dark and obscure. They employ all manner of hard words to turn the children's bread into a stone. It is not the Lord's Supper, but the Eucharist; we see before us no plate, but a "paten"; the cup is a "chalice," and the table is an "altar." These are incrustations of superstition, whereby the blessed ordinance of Christ is likely to be again overgrown and perverted.

What does this supper mean? It means communion: communion with Christ, communion with one another.

What is communion? The word breaks up easily into union, and its prefix *com*, which means *with*, union with. We must, therefore, first enjoy union with Christ, and with his church, or else we cannot enjoy communion. Union lies at the basis of communion. We must be one with Christ in heart, and soul, and life; baptized into his death; quickened by his life, and so brought to be members of his body, one with the whole church of which he is the head. We cannot have communion with Christ till we are in union with *him*; and we cannot have communion with the church till we are in vital union with *it*.

I. The teaching of the Lord's Supper is just this—that while we have many ways of COMMUNION WITH CHRIST, yet the receiving of Christ into our souls as our Saviour is the best way of communion with him.

I said, dear friends, that we have many ways of communion with Christ; let me show you that it is so.

Communion is ours *by personal intercourse* with the Lord Jesus. We speak with him in prayer, and he speaks with us through the Word. Some of us speak oftener with Christ than we do with wife or child, and our communion with Jesus is deeper and more thorough than our fellowship with our nearest friend. In meditation and its attendant thanksgiving we speak with our risen Lord, and by his Holy Spirit he answers us by creating fresh thought and emotion in our minds. I like sometimes in prayer, when I do not feel that I can say anything, just to sit still, and look up; then faith spiritually descries the Well-beloved, and hears his voice in the solemn silence of the mind. Thus we have intercourse with Jesus of a closer sort than any words could possibly express. Our soul melts beneath the warmth of Jesus' love, and darts upward her own love in return. Think not that I am dreaming, or am carried off by the memory of some unusual rhapsody: no, I assert that the devout soul can converse with the Lord Jesus all the day, and can have as true fellowship with him as if he still dwelt bodily among men. This thing comes to me, not by the hearing of the ear, but by my own personal experience: I know of a surety that Jesus manifests himself unto his people as he doth not unto the world.

Ah! what sweet communion often exists between the saint and the Well-beloved, when there is no bread and wine upon the table, for the Spirit himself draws the heart of the renewed one, and it runs after Jesus, while the Lord himself appears unto the longing spirit! Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Do *you* enjoy this charming converse?

Next, we have communion with Christ *in his thoughts, views, and purposes;* for his thoughts are our thoughts according to our capacity

and sanctity. Believers take the same view of matters as Jesus does; that which pleases him pleases them, and that which grieves him grieves them also. Consider, for instance, the greatest theme of our thought, and see whether our thoughts are not like those of Christ. He delights in the Father, he loves to glorify the Father: do not we? Is not the Father the centre of our soul's delight? Do we not rejoice at the very sound of his name? Does not our spirit cry, "Abba, Father"? Thus it is clear we feel as Jesus feels towards the Father, and so we have the truest communion with him. This is but one instance; your contemplations will bring before you a wide variety of topics wherein we think with Jesus. Now, identity of judgment, opinion, and purpose forms the highway of communion; yea, it is communion.

We have also communion with Christ *in our emotions*. Have you never felt a holy horror when you have heard a word of blasphemy in the street? Thus Jesus felt when he saw sin, and bore it in his own person: only he felt it infinitely more than you do. Have you never felt as you looked upon sinners that you must weep over them? Those are holy tears, and contain the same ingredients as those which Jesus shed when he lamented over Jerusalem. Yes, in our zeal for God, our hatred of sin, our detestation of falsehood, our pity for men, we have true communion with Jesus.

Further, we have had fellowship with Christ *in many of our actions*. Have you ever tried to teach the ignorant? This Jesus did. Have you found it difficult? So Jesus found it. Have you striven to reclaim the backslider? Then you were in communion with the Good Shepherd who hastens into the wilderness to find the one lost sheep; finds it, lays it upon his shoulders, and brings it home rejoicing. Have you ever watched over a soul night and day with tears? Then you have had communion with him who has borne all our names upon his broken heart, and carries the memorial of them upon his pierced hands. Yes, in acts of self-denial, liberality, benevolence, and piety, we enter into communion with him who went about doing good. Whenever we try to disentangle the snarls of strife, and to make peace between men who are at enmity, then are we doing what the great Peacemaker did, and we have communion with the Lord and Giver of peace. Wherever, indeed, we co-operate with the Lord Jesus in his designs of love to men, we are in true and active communion with him.

So it is *with our sorrows*. Certain of us have had large fellowship with the Lord Jesus in affliction. "Jesus wept": he lost a friend, and so have we. Jesus grieved over the hardness of men's hearts: we know that grief. Jesus was exceedingly sorry that the hopeful young man turned away, and went back to the world: we know that sorrow. Those who have sympathetic hearts, and live for others, readily enter into the experience of "the Man of sorrows." The wounds of calumny, the reproaches of the proud, the venom of the bigoted, the treachery of the false, and the weakness of the true, we have known in our measure; and therein have had communion with Jesus.

Nor this alone: we have been with our divine Master *in his joys*. I suppose there never lived a happier man than the Lord Jesus. He was rightly called "the Man of sorrows"; but he might with unimpeachable truth have been called "the Man of joys." He must have rejoiced as

he called his disciples, and they came unto him; as he bestowed healing and relief; as he gave pardon to penitents, and breathed peace on believers. His was the joy of finding the sheep, and taking the piece of money out of the dust. His work was his joy: such joy that for its sake he endured the cross, despising the shame. The exercise of benevolence is joy to loving hearts: the more pain it costs the more joy it is. Kind actions make us happy, and in such joy we find communion with the great heart of Jesus.

Thus have I given you a list of windows of agate and gates of carbuncle through which you may come at the Lord; but the ordinance of the Lord's Supper sets forth a way which surpasses them all. It is the most accessible and the most effectual method of fellowship. Here it is that we have fellowship with the Lord Jesus by receiving him as our Saviour. We, being guilty, accept of his atonement as our sacrificial cleansing, and in token thereof we eat this bread and drink this cup. "Oh!" says one, "I do not feel that I can get near to Christ. He is so high and holy, and I am only a poor sinner." Just so. For that very reason you can have fellowship with Christ in that which lies nearest to his heart: he is a Saviour, and to be a Saviour there must be a sinner to be saved. Be you that one, and Christ and you shall at once be in union and communion: he shall save, and you shall be saved; he shall sanctify, and you shall be sanctified; and twain shall thus be one. This table sets before you his great sacrifice. Jesus has offered it; will you accept it? He does not ask you to bring anything—no drop of blood, no pang of flesh: all is here, and your part is to come and partake of it, even as of old the offerer partook of the peace-offering which he had brought, and so feasted with God and with the priest. If you work for Christ, that will certainly be some kind of fellowship with him; but I tell you that the communion of receiving him into your inmost soul is the nearest and closest fellowship possible to mortal man. The fellowship of service is exceedingly honourable, when we and Christ work together for the same objects; the fellowship of suffering is exceedingly instructive, when our heart has graven upon it the same characters as were graven upon the heart of Christ: but still, the fellowship of the soul which receives Christ, and is received by Christ, is closer, more vital, more essential than any other. Such fellowship is eternal. No power upon earth can henceforth take from me the piece of bread which I have just now eaten, it has gone where it will be made up into blood, and nerve, and muscle, and bone. It is within me, and of me. That drop of wine has coursed through my veins, and is part and parcel of my being. So he that takes Jesus by faith to be his Saviour has chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from him. He has received the Christ into his inward parts, and all the men on earth, and all the devils in hell, cannot extract Christ from him. Jesus saith, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me." By our sincere reception of Jesus into our hearts an indissoluble union is established between us and the Lord, and this manifests itself in mutual communion. To as many as received him, to them has he given this communion, even to them that believe on his name.

II. I have now to look at another side of communion,—namely, the

FELLOWSHIP OF TRUE BELIEVERS WITH EACH OTHER. We have many ways of communing the one with the other, but there is no way of mutual communing like the common reception of the same Christ in the same way. I have said that there are many ways in which Christians commune with one another, and these doors of fellowship I would mention at some length.

Let me go over much the same ground as before. We commune by *holy converse.* I wish we had more of this. Time was when they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; I am afraid that now they more often speak one against another. It is a grievous thing that full often love lies bleeding by a brother's hand. Where we are not quite so bad as that, yet we are often backward and silent, and so miss profitable converse. Our insular reserve has often made one Christian sit by another in utter isolation, when each would have been charmed with the other's company. Children of one family need not wait to be introduced to each other: having eaten of this one bread we have given and received the token of brotherhood; let us therefore act consistently with our relationship, and fall into holy conversation next time we meet. I am afraid that Christian brotherhood in many cases begins and ends inside the place of worship. Let it not be so among us. Let it be our delight to find our society in the circle of which Jesus is the centre, and let us make those our friends who are the friends of Jesus. By frequent united prayer and praise, and by ministering the one to the other the things which we have learned by the Spirit, we shall have fellowship with each other in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I am sure that all Christians have fellowship together in their *thoughts.* In the essentials of the gospel we think alike: in our thoughts of God, of Christ, of sin, of holiness, we keep step; in our intense desire to promote the kingdom of our Lord we are as one. All spiritual life is one. The thoughts raised by the Spirit of God in the souls of men are never contrary to each other. I say not that the thoughts of all professors agree, but I do assert that the minds of the truly regenerate in all sects, and in all ages, are in harmony with each other,—a harmony which often excites delighted surprise in those who perceive it. The marks that divide one set of nominal Christians from another set are very deep and wide to those who have nothing of religion but the name; yet living believers scarcely notice them. Boundaries which separate the cattle of the field are no division to the birds of the air. Our minds, thoughts, desires, and hopes are one in Christ Jesus, and herein we have communion.

Beloved friends, our *emotions* are another royal road of fellowship. You sit down and tell your experience, and I smile to think that you are telling mine. Sometimes a young believer enlarges upon the sad story of his trials and temptations, imagining that nobody ever had to endure so great a fight, when all the while he is only describing the common adventures of those who go on pilgrimage; and we are all communing with him. When we talk together about our Lord, are we not agreed? When we speak of our Father, and all his dealings with us, are we not one? And when we weep, and when we sigh, and when we sing, and when we rejoice, are we not all akin? Heavenly fingers touching like strings within our hearts bring forth the selfsame notes, for

we are the products of the same Maker, and tuned to the same praise. Real harmony exists among all the true people of God: Christians are one in Christ.

We have communion with one another, too, in our *actions*. We unite in trying to save men: I hope we do. We join in instructing, warning, inviting, and persuading sinners to come to Jesus. Our life-ministry is the same: we are workers together with God. We live out the one desire—"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

Certainly we have much communion one with the other in our *sufferings*. There is not a poor sick or despondent saint upon the earth with whom we do not sympathize at this moment, for we are fellow-members, and partakers of the sufferings of Christ. I hope we can say—

> "Is there a lamb in all thy flock,
> I would disdain to feed?
> Is there a foe, before whose face,
> I fear thy cause to plead?"

No, we suffer with each other, and bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. If we do not, we have reason for questioning our own faith; but if we do so, we have communion with each other.

I hope we have fellowship in our *joys*. Is one happy? We would not envy him, but rejoice with him. Perhaps this is not so universal as it should be among professors. Are we at once glad because another prospers? If another star outshines ours, do we delight in its radiance? When we meet a brother with ten talents, do we congratulate ourselves on having such a man given to help us, or do we depreciate him as much as we can? Such is the depravity of our nature that we do not readily rejoice in the progress of others if they leave us behind; but we must school ourselves to this. A man will readily sit down and sympathize with a friend's griefs, but if he sees him honoured and esteemed he is apt to regard him as a rival, and does not readily rejoice with him. This ought not to be; without effort we ought to be happy in our brother's happiness. If we are ill, be this our comfort, that many are in robust health; if we are faint, let us be glad that others are strong in the Lord. Thus shall we enjoy a happy fellowship like that of the perfected above.

When I have put all these modes of Christian communion together, no one of them is so sure, so strong, so deep, as communion in receiving the same Christ as our Saviour, and trusting in the same blood for cleansing unto eternal life. Here on the table you have the tokens of the broadest and fullest communion. This is a kind of communion which you and I cannot choose or reject: if we are in Christ, it is and must be ours. Certain brethren restrict their communion in the outward ordinance, and they think they have good reasons for doing so; but I am unable to see the force of their reasoning, because I joyfully observe that these brethren commune with other believers in prayer, and praise, and hearing of the word, and other ways: the fact being that the matter of real communion is very largely beyond human control, and is to the spiritual body what the circulation of the blood is

to the natural body,—a necessary process not dependent upon volition. In perusing a deeply spiritual book of devotion you have been charmed and benefited, and yet upon looking at the title-page it may be you have found that the author belonged to the church of Rome. What then? Why, then it has happened that the inner life has broken all barriers, and your spirits have communed. For my own part, in reading certain precious works, I have loathed their Romanism, and yet I have had close fellowship with their writers in weeping over sin, in adoring at the foot of the cross, and in rejoicing in the glorious enthronement of our Lord. Blood is thicker than water, and no fellowship is more inevitable and sincere than fellowship in the precious blood, and in the risen life of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here in the common reception of the one loaf we bear witness that we are one: and in the actual participation of all the chosen in the one redemption that unity is in very deed displayed and matured in the most substantial manner. Washed in the one blood, fed on the same loaf, cheered by the same cup, all differences pass away, and "we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

Now then, dear friends, if this kind of fellowship be the best, LET US TAKE CARE TO ENJOY IT. Let us at this hour avail ourselves of it.

Let us take care *to see Christ* in the mirror of this ordinance. Have any of you eaten the bread, and yet have you not seen Christ? Then you have gained no benefit. Have you drunk the wine, but have you not remembered the Lord? Alas, I fear you have eaten and drunk condemnation to yourselves, not discerning the Lord's body. But if you did see through the emblems, as aged persons see through their spectacles, then you have been thankful for such aids to vision. But what is the use of glasses if there is nothing to look at? and what is the use of the communion if Christ be not in our thoughts and hearts?

If you did discern the Lord then be sure, again, to *accept him*. Say to yourself, "All that Christ is to any he shall be to me. Does he save sinners? He shall save me. Does he change men's hearts? He shall change mine. Is he all in all to those that trust him? He shall be all in all to me." I have heard persons say that they do not know how to take Christ. What says the apostle? "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart." If you have something in your mouth that you desire to eat, what is the best thing to do? Will you not swallow it? That is exactly what faith does. Christ's word of grace is very near you, it is on your tongue: let it go down into your inmost soul. Say to your Saviour, "I know I am not fit to receive thee, O Jesus, but since thou dost graciously come to me as bread comes to the hungry, I joyfully receive thee, rejoicing to feed upon thee. Since thou dost come to me as the fruit of the vine to a thirsty man, Lord, I take thee, willingly, and I thank thee that this reception is all that thou dost require of me. Has not thy Spirit so put it—'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name'?"

Beloved friends, when you have thus received Jesus, fail not to *rejoice in him* as having received him. How many there are who have received Christ, who talk and act as if they never had received him. It is a poor

dinner of which a man says, after he has eaten it, that he feels as if he had not dined; and it is a poor Christ of whom anyone can say, "I have received him, but I am none the happier, none the more at peace." If you have received Jesus into your heart, you *are* saved; you *are* justified. Do you whisper, "I hope so"? Is that all? Do you not know? The hopings and hoppings of so many are a poor way of going; put both feet down, and say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." You are either saved or lost; there is no state between the two. You are either pardoned or condemned; and you have good reason for the highest happiness or else you have grave causes for the direst anxiety. If you have received the atonement, be as glad as you can be; and if you are still an unbeliever, rest not till Christ is yours.

Oh, the joy of continually entering into fellowship with Christ, in such a way that you never lose his company! Be this yours, beloved, every day, and all the day! May his shadow fall upon you as you rest in the sun, or stray in the gardens. May his voice cheer you as you lie down upon the sea-shore, and listen to the murmuring of the waves; may his presence glorify the mountain solitude as you climb the hills. May Jesus be to you an all-surrounding presence, lighting up the night, perfuming the day, gladdening all places, and sanctifying all pursuits. Our Beloved is not a friend for Lord's-days only, but for week-days too: he is the inseparable companion of his loving disciples. Those who have had fellowship with his body and his blood at this table may have the Lord as an habitual guest at their own tables: those who have met their Master in this upper room may expect him to make their own chamber bright with his royal presence. Let fellowship with Jesus and with the elect brotherhood be henceforth the atmosphere of our life, the joy of our existence. This will give us a heaven below, and prepare us for heaven above.

Sickening of Sin.

A MAN mad with brandy leaped into the harbour at Boulogne. A fisherman plunged in, and lifted him out. In a few minutes the poor lunatic repeated the act, and was again rescued. This did not suffice, for he was over the boat's side again, and more than ever likely to be drowned. He who undertook to save him this third time was a wise man, and therefore saved him on a better system than before. He ducked him beneath the waves again and again, sousing, saturating, and filling him with the brine, so as to give him a sickening of it. Thus have we seen your easy converts return to the danger from which we hoped they had escaped: but by deep convictions, and a sense of divine wrath, the Holy Spirit makes surer work of those upon whom he operates; for thus he sickens men of venturing again into the deep from which they have been drawn with difficulty. Any true conversion is good, but we confess our liking to the old-fashioned Bunyan-like experience. A little drenching and half-drowning in terror nauseates men of iniquity, and this is a great point gained.—C. H. S.

Memoir of Samuel Fosdike Bridge,*

LATE PASTOR OF THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH, RIDGWELL, ESSEX.

THIS humble servant of Christ was born at Halstead, Essex, January 31st, 1803. He was one of a large family, his father being a small tradesman, and a godly member of the Church of England. Samuel was sent to the Grammar School, where he received what little education time and means afforded. Having a taste for learning, he by dint of hard study acquired considerable knowledge: in particular he carefully and prayerfully read the Word of God, from beginning to end. Doubtless this earnest research trained a mind which became singularly well balanced in things both human and divine.

Prosecuting his studies, he made himself acquainted with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, which helped him to attain that sound scriptural theology so lacking in many of our teachers, who attempt to supply the void with much twaddle, tradition, and sentiment. The means of his early conversion we know not, only that he was inwardly led to seek the way of life. He then left the Church of England, and was baptized in the River Colne; but he entertained no bitterness towards the episcopal body, nor was he ever heard to detract its ministers or speak evil of its members. At the same time he was much esteemed, and employed on private and parish business by the good old Vicar of Halstead, who did not set his back against Mr. Bridge because he commenced preaching in neighbouring chapels and cottages.

When quite young he resolutely adopted habits of temperance and abstemiousness; and whilst pursuing his studies managed to support himself. He was so considerate of his father's circumstances that he scorned to be any burden to him. For a time he was employed at a bank, and then in a solicitor's office, where he obtained an insight into law, which proved valuable in later years, especially in certain responsible trusts to which he was appointed when he had scarcely emerged from youth; thus also he became qualified to give wise counsel to many to whom a lawyer's fee would have been of consequence.

But his natural turn was scholastic, and ere the age of nineteen he was tutor, writing-master, etc., in schools and private families, his best friends being still among the Church folk, who, while they looked down upon Dissenters as a body, could not help looking up to him as a man. In January, 1825, he married. His excellent wife was an educated lady and an enlightened Christian. Thus allied they opened a boarding school, which was so successful that during the first twelve months they *saved* more money than he ever *received* for a year's pastorate. But to preach the gospel and serve the Lord he desired more than silver or gold; so after a few years he gave up the school, feeling called, in 1833, to accept the charge of the old Dissenting church at Ridgwell. Though, as we have already seen, he was a Baptist by conviction, and

* Mr. James Bridge has kindly allowed us to condense the little memoir of his father which he has compiled. It can be had in full for twopence from himself, at 99, Amherst Road, Hackney. His honoured father was pastor of the church in the next village to that in which our grandfather preached so long. The name of Mr. Bridge was and is fragrant all around.—C. H. S.

in his own actual example, yet we never heard of any objection to his pastorate being raised on that account.

With pastoral service his trials commenced. Not that he was persecuted, for "when a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him;" bnt his family became large, and his circumstances were straitened; besides which, although the church increased, progress was slow, and the spiritual state low. More than once, after deep exercise of mind and severe inward conflict, he would have resigned, but the Lord hindered; so he held on patiently, preached the gospel, and avoided getting into debt as one would shun a plague.

Stern economy and self-denial became imperative, and were pressed upon the family practically. Nor was it by precept without example, for I recollect the poor dear man, who was very spare and delicate, nobly standing up one morning and taking a hunch of dry bread for his breakfast, which touched the hearts of us boys more than it tempted our appetites. His integrity was unbending. One circumstance in connection with domestic life demonstrated this sterling feature. A kind friend used sometimes to send a parcel of clothing, and on this occasion, in a coat pocket, a five-pound note was discovered. Many even of the Lord's people might have appropriated the money, and thought it "quite a providence." But father did not so. There are timely provisions and there are baits which test God's family. He knew the donor's habits, and would not take for granted that the note was intentionally submitted in a delicate manner, so he promptly sent it back with an explanation. I well remember how dear mother—her name was *Martha*—urged with tears that he should write *first*, and ascertain whether it *had* not been enclosed as a gift; but, although the value of five pounds was multiplied by the many mouths to be fed, she soon endorsed father's way as the right one. I believe this matter was never known save to the Lord, the family, and the gentleman himself. That five pounds did not reach us again.

My father fixed his confidence in God; and as faith increased he "ceased from man," and would "go and tell Jesus" rather than complain abroad or ask of those who could easily have helped. On more than one occasion, when funds have been utterly exhausted, while on his knees asking the Lord to send him help there has been a knock at the front door and gold has been handed in. Those pinching circumstances tried him severely, but I have heard him say that he could write a book recording interpositions of divine providence. What a pity he did not! His excellent wife was truly a "mother in Israel," ministering oft to the saints even beyond her strength, and bold to speak kind but faithful words to violent, ungodly men, whom others dared not thus approach. Her refined character increased her influence in the village, but she was taken to her rest and reward in 1851, having shortly before her death declared to a near relative that "the Lord had loosened all her bonds" (which had special reference to very strong maternal ties), and a few days afterwards she told her son Oliver that she was the happiest woman in the world. A few hours later, at family worship, as they sang those heavenly lines—

"And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast,"

she exclaimed, "Ah, no! not one single wave; the waves are *all* going one way, *I* am going *another*." She had much of the spirit of Jesus: and in Ridgwell there has not since been seen one like unto her.

A remarkable manifestation signalised her departure. She had lain several days in a state of apparent torpor, and at times it had been difficult to decide whether she breathed or not; but one day, while some of the family were watching at the bedside, suddenly she opened her eyes, and looking round with evident surprise exclaimed, "What! are *you* all here; and am *I here?*" Then, having uttered words which indicated that she had just temporarily returned from some heavenward visit or holy vision, she addressed herself more particularly to father, who stood amazed; and, referring to his ministry and pastoral position, in almost prophetic tones and with sublime emphasis, declared how it was "sown in weakness," but should be "raised in power"—in *astonishing* power, etc., etc., speaking thus for nearly an hour, and then she fell asleep in Jesus.

But verily, following that death came a resurrection; for during the gracious and memorable "revival" in Ireland and elsewhere Ridgwell was visited with a wave of the divine blessing. The waiting pastor quickly manifested more energy in the Holy Ghost; the saints were revived; prayer-meetings in the vestry and cottages were frequent and fervent; the people flocked in; sinners felt the power of the gospel; and many souls were saved and gathered to the fold of Christ. A new chapel was built—1858—(it had been *talked* of for years, but nothing had been *done*) in 1860 it was enlarged; while the watchful shepherd's heart was made glad in the Lord and in his work, "For the thing was done suddenly."—2 Chronicles xxix. 36.

Of course, when the Lord thus visited his heritage afresh the devil was awake, and not far off. But Mr. Bridge was singularly "harmless and separate from sinners." He used to say, "The servant of the Lord must not strive," and his quick apprehension of threatening storms caused him to retire in spirit, so that conflict was many times thus averted. It takes *two* to make a fight, and his rule was "If you cannot speak well of a person, say nothing."

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's grandfather used to tell a somewhat facetious tale of a quaint old divine who, when asked what he did with various evil reports that reached his ears concerning members of his flock, replied, "Well, I've got a coat with a pocket that has no bottom, and I drop all such scandal into that." I think my father adopted a like practice, and it prevented a thousand squabbles. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon once said of him in public, "He is the holiest man I ever knew"; and another minister spake similarly, adding, "Though he is rather peculiar." Must we not regret that too often there is so little "peculiarity" about Christians that they are hardly distinguishable from the world?

After the family had left home, the house being somewhat desolate, and father too lonely, he married a widow lady, a member of the church, who had been the most intimate companion and loving friend of my dear mother, and who proved to be a devoted partner during the remainder of his life. His strictly ministerial work, with its results, we do not propose to record. Cases of conversion, marked instances of divine intervention, or happy death-bed scenes glowing with blessed experience

and evidence, might all seem to be unduly magnified; therefore we follow his own modest example with regard to his own service, and leave it in silence. But that he was a "faithful minister of Jesus Christ" those who received and those who rejected his testimony would alike witness. Observers could but mark how he avoided setting forth *himself* in the pulpit or elsewhere. Even if he related instances of blessing ministered to others he did not mention his own instrumentality, and at all times he sought to remain in the background, unseen and unrecognised.

No one was ever pained by hearing him misrepresent and denounce those whose views and ways differed from his own; nor did he need to "run down" his fellows in order to sustain the excellence of what he taught, knowing well that sooner or later counterfeit is exposed and despised, while genuine metal carries its own weight. Probably few ever carried in their head and heart so much that is precious with so little display. Recently my dear daughter said playfully, "I wish grandpa could leave me his *head*," and my good wife quickly responded, "I wish he could leave me his *heart*."

In him gentleness and firmness were happily combined. His main desire was to be *right*, cost what it might; and in order to *know* the right he sought heavenly light. So no position was taken without previous careful survey; but when he discerned a "principle" bearing upon anything, public or private, he became immovable, and never abandoned it for expediency. Hence his verdict carried forcible conviction to the minds of others. Yet he was constantly confessing "faults, failures, and follies;" hence he continually sought the mind of God. He used to say, "'Tis well to have a good standard, although you can't live up to it:" and though he deplored repeated shortcomings, we, on our part, know none who exhibited so few.

To a singular extent he walked alone; perhaps so bright a light was inconvenient to others. His personal happiness was realized chiefly in quiet fellowship with the Lord, his inmost aspiration being thus expressed—

> "In secret silence of the mind
> My heaven, and there my God, I find."

Nothing was more offensive to him than small talk: quiet himself, he quickly took the measure of others; and, without dilating upon their inconsistencies, would simply observe that Christ was "Christ *everywhere* and *always*."

When self is left out Christ can come in. I recollect an anniversary service at Ridgwell where the good ministers and speakers were very lively; humorous compliments, with kindly "hits," being freely indulged in. Many thought it a capital meeting, and at home it was much approved until father was appealed to. He only said gravely, "There wasn't much room for Christ!" Then our countenances changed.

"Sovereign grace," which is the keystone of eternal plans and procedure, and *without* which infinite foreknowledge of what *shall be* would appear impossible and absurd, he rested in; but he was careful to hold and present the doctrine as it stands in God's word, without addition or alteration. He knew that the same secret power which is manifest

in the glorious result is behind the means which effectually call a soul to seek salvation. This did not lead him to denounce or ridicule the fact of man's solemn responsibility, which had its first appalling exemplification in the garden of Eden. To him it was shocking if anyone proclaimed amidst intelligent minds who have an instinctive consciousness of immortality that they are but as so many "blocks of stone." Could such a declaration be true it would, according to his view, render the last great judgment a solemn farce: though we adopt the expression with awe.

His sermons were marked by "great plainness of speech;" simplicity even to homeliness; fidelity in declaring "the whole counsel of God," ever labouring to bring forth treasure saving and excellent *out* of the text rather than pile a heap of diverse things *on* to it, whereby a passage is smothered and weakened more than opened. Thus his teaching manifested great gravity and a bearing upon waiting souls; whilst he was ever anxious that the Saviour should be set forth *before* the ungodly and *to* the believer. He veiled his own mental stores in order that the unadulterated truth might be the more potently presented; and his hearers were almost sure to take away the text, if nothing else, as he was most concerned that whatever came of his sermon the truth of God's word should be well impressed upon the heart.

In October, 1872, age and infirmities made it necessary for him to resign the pastorate at Ridgwell. The character and results of his life-work were left entirely unappraised by him when he used this significant text as the ground of a memorable farewell sermon—

"The day shall declare it."

That was a solemn season, both to saints and sinners; many tears were shed, some of holy gratitude and personal affection, some of conviction and penitence. But the good man sought not to vindicate his life or his ministry; he boasted not of long, self-denying devotion to the Lord's estate—others were allowed to estimate that: neither did he lay a single charge at anyone's door. The word was left to be its own witness, to justify or condemn, whether now or hereafter.

Having been invited to a "tea" at the vestry he went, and inside a purse found further proof of the kind regard of his people. On the morning of departure from the scene of his thirty-nine years' labour there was quite a stir in the quiet little village. Many dear souls came out into the road to bid him a last farewell and receive his hearty benediction, "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." At Ridgwell he closed a long and faithful stewardship without one blot upon his reputation: while both in his private and public capacity uprightness had been so transparent throughout long years of comparative poverty that no tongue was moved against the man of God.

Withal, as he gratefully acknowledged, he bore away much of what he esteemed more than earthly treasure, since millions of money could not buy it—viz., "the love of the saints." In this he found sweet solace to the end. His name is still fragrant over that district, and doubtless will be while any of his "dearly beloved in the Lord," his "joy and crown," remain behind; for "the memory of the just is blessed."

So he retired to London and dwelt among his sons: yet preached

the word again for about two years at a chapel in Hackney, on Sunday mornings and Tuesday evenings, not able to undertake more. Since then, getting more feeble, he yet "received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God," which he waited for. Lately a distressing bodily disease developed, and it soon became evident that it would break up the frail, worn tabernacle.

When the miseries of mortality had very much increased he said many times, "Let patience have her perfect work." Also, "The night is far spent; the day is at hand." Again, "Who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Besides these, at intervals he repeated very many other Scriptures, far more than we can recount; nor could we reproduce the spirit which inspired the sufferer. But with fond interest we record the following. A loving sister, who had highly valued his brief ministry in London, visited him, when he referred to that precious hymn "Rock of Ages! cleft for me," and said, "When you get home read that hymn; read it *all* through; mark *each line* of it; my *outer* man is a wreck, but of my *inner* man that is a photograph."

Anticipating a speedy termination of pain and prostration he said, "The end of the Lord is very pitiful," and he oft repeated, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," which with him was not merely something poetically pretty or a pleasing dream, but a present, actual experience, and earnest of his future everlasting rest.

He was not troubled with the fear of death; indeed, he did not look at death at all, nor regard him as some dark, hideous monster to be dreaded; he *was looking the other way*, and had "a desire to depart and to be with Christ," where he now *is*; for on Saturday afternoon, July 22nd, 1882, without pain, groan, or sigh, he gently breathed his last, and realised that happy state to which he fain would have attained long before, had such been his Lord's will. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

God's mercies to the worst of repenting sinners.

A STORY is told concerning a bold rebel that had made a great party against one of the Roman emperors. A proclamation was therefore sent abroad, that whosoever could bring in the rebel, dead or alive, he should have a great sum of money for his reward. The outlaw, hearing of it, comes, and presenting himself before the emperor, demands the sum of money proposed. The emperor bethinks himself that if he should put him to death the world would be ready to say that he did it to save his money; and so he freely pardons the rebel, and gives him the money. Here, now, was light in a dark lantern, mercy in a very heathen. And shall such an one do thus that had but a drop of mercy and compassion in him, and will not Christ do much more that hath all fulness of grace and mercy in himself? Surely his bowels yearn to the worst of sinners repenting; let them but come in, and they shall find him ready to pardon—yea, One that is altogether made up of pardoning mercies.—*From Spencer's "Things New and Old."*

Make all Sure.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A HOUSE had been rapidly run up. It was six stories high, and built of stone, with thick walls. All had proceeded without hindrance, and the roof was being placed upon the structure. It was, however, wretchedly put together, and the foundation was bad. What mattered? It looked substantial. Plastered over it would make an attractive hotel, for it was admirably situated; and if it did not stand for ages yet it would serve for immediate use, and bring in a good return, and then it could be sold, and the new comer would have to look to repairs. So thought the builder, and he was no more of a rogue than others are who think only of themselves and the immediate present. Had all gone smoothly so might it have been; but things did not go smoothly, for there came a waterspout upon the hills above the town, and the rain fell in tropical abundance upon the town itself. A flood rushed into the streets, and swept by the wall of this new fabric with tremendous force. It lasted scarce half-an-hour, but it was a torrent, four feet deep, of mud and water, driven with great velocity, and it did a vast amount of mischief in that space, even to the drowning of six or more human beings. When we saw the fine new hotel that was to have been, it was shored up with immense timbers, for the foundations were giving way, and the walls were ready to come down in a heap. Everybody said, "It must be taken down."

This is after the fashion of many a man's religion. It is a fine pile, and promises great usefulness to the man himself, and possibly to others. True, it is somewhat of the kind known as "a contract job," yet it is fairly well put together. Not much cement of grace, no solid foundation upon eternal verities—such things are rather old-fashioned; but in lieu of these substantial matters a good deal of stucco and plaster of Paris has been used, composed of charity to all denominations, and broad views on spiritual subjects. The lofty edifice might have stood a lifetime at least if the weather had been propitious, but alas! an unusual temptation happened, and in a few minutes the structure would have gone to the ground if it had not been propped up with extra hypocrisy and cunning deceit. As it is, it will have to be taken down sooner or later, and it will be better sooner than later.

The hotel is a wretched object now, and hardly safe for those who pass by; it must come down. But what a waste of labour! What ruinous expense in putting up, taking down, and putting up again. The like is the case of the badly-built professor; his condition after his late temptation by no means commands respect. To what purpose has been his waste of professional zeal! What cost yet awaits him! Getting up the name of a Christian man, repenting of the deceit, and clearing one's self of the falsehood, and then going to God in sincerity so as to get upon the true foundation: all these make up a lengthened process. How much better for the professing man to have taken heed to his building at the first! Solidity turns out to be economy. Truth pays best. Wood, hay, and stubble may be cheap at the moment, but before long they prove to be more costly than gold, silver, and precious stones.

When the fire comes, see how they are whirled away in clouds of smoke, while the poor builder loses his all. Mark how in another case the flood saps and mines the lower tiers of stone, and makes the wall heave, and shift, and bulge till great is the fall thereof. Let us learn from the follies of others. Fires and floods will come to us also, and we shall be doubly blamed if they find us unprepared; for as we are forewarned we ought to be forearmed. God grant we may be.

Take heed to thyself, good master, and do thy work for eternity, for anything less lasting will bring thee misery, Dig deep; build firmly, and be prepared for the unexpected. The motto of the Armourers' Company in the olden time is a wise counsel for every man among us. Leave nothing uncertain in thy soul's affairs, but—MAKE ALL SURE.

Six Hours with Joseph Cook.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

AT about seven o'clock on the morning of October 10th, 1882, I had the joy of grasping the hand of the renowned Boston lecturer, and tendering him, on behalf of hundreds who would have been on the spot if they could, a hearty welcome to New Zealand.

Mr. Cook and myself were strangers to each other except that he knew my parents, and I knew his children—in the shape of the celebrated Boston lectures.

And yet, though we had never looked in each others' faces before, we were not strangers, and the saloon of the s.s. "Zealandia" witnessed such a greeting between us as might have led some onlookers to suppose that we were long-parted friends rejoicing in reunion. What was the secret of such full fellowship in so short a time? Someone discovers the reason in the writer's antecedents and relationships.

I may be pardonably proud that such might be the case. Nevertheless, I myself would climb higher and find the cause like a mountain spring, pure as crystal, gushing from the great fact of our mutual relationship to our Lord and our common service (though of such different degrees) for the honour of his name. Why should we be "strangers yet" though our acquaintanceship was only of a minute's duration? We had served beneath the same banner after placing our faith in the one Saviour; we had knelt at the self-same mercy-seat and were bound for the same Kingdom. So, albeit our ranks in the army were very different, our faith and prayer and service by no means equal, we recognised our brotherhood and clasped hands in Jesu's name. Though quite prepared, for my part, to regard my new-found friend as one of the great lights hung by God in the firmament of this age, he, on his side, was just as glad to know a twinkling star, remembering that "HE made the stars also"! Christian people ought not to need all the formal introductions of the world, and, after them, the slow march of friendship which is so usual.

Some Christians hold out a long time before they hold out the right hand of fellowship. Literally, as well as spiritually, Mr. Cook and I were in the same boat; but are not all believers in the barque which

carries Jesus and all his fortunes? If, then, we are fellow-shipmates let us ever seek to have fellowship one with another. Just as in secret societies a bond of union encircles all the members, their signs and hopes and aims being one—

> "So is it with true Christian hearts:
> Their mutual share in Jesu's blood
> An everlasting bond imparts
> Of holiest brotherhood."

But enough of this digression.

Having secured my prize, it was my honour to conduct him *home*,—if "Bachelor's Hall" be worthy of such a sacred name—to break his fast and share our "family prayers." Thrice happy were the roofs beneath which our Master ate and slept and talked; and, nowadays, since we have not him, we count it next best to entertain the Lord's ambassadors.

Many a dwelling-house has become the abode of the Spirit through the admission of "a man of God." While he tarried God blessed our family as he did the house of Obed-Edom, and when he left the savour of his words remained, and God is still answering the prayers he offered. Amongst our number we reckoned a Sunday-school teacher and two preachers, and our brother's prayer that God would "make his servants like pillars of fire through which he could look and trouble the hosts of the Egyptians, and take off their chariot wheels," will, I hope, be answered, not only in our cases, but for all who name the name of Jesus. Mr. Cook wields a mighty influence over his fellow-men, but he has power with God as well; so we believe that his fervent prayer is not forgotten, and that New Zealand will be the better for his pleadings on her behalf. Let the echo from my readers' hearts be a loud Amen!

The spiritual and physical meals over, we determined to see as much as possible in a short while, and to this end climbed to the summit of Mount Eden which overlooks Auckland city. I don't know any place where so great a return is given for so small an expenditure. The ascent need not occupy more than a quarter of an hour, and then a large city, and two or three townships, ever so many extinct volcanoes, two oceans with their harbours and capes and bays and rivers stretch in delightful panorama on every hand.

Our friend, at starting, avowed his intention to "take it easy," for it must be known that Mr. Cook is a *great* lecturer in more than one sense. But he had other reasons than the corporeal for desiring a slow ascent. He wanted to "grasp the situation," as it were, and to get the scenes photographed on his mind's eye. A mere casual glance would not suffice. We had not travelled far when something arrested our companion's attention, and demanded a halt, though I neither saw nor heard anything unusual. A lark singing o'er our heads had gained one ardent admirer, and America soon listened entranced to New Zealand's song. Our young colonial thrilled the heart of Boston's noble citizen. "You fellow, you" said he "why, you're worth timing," and out came the watch. Then we were told that, during a visit to England, Mr. Cook was so anxious to hear a lark that he would not leave till in one of the southern counties he had listened to the sweet music. There he timed a lark's song for seven consecutive minutes. "I wonder,"

continued this lover of nature, "if it's true that they rise from their nest and soar just above it all the while they sing. I like to think of them getting as near to heaven as they can and pouring out their praises at the feet of the great Creator!" In some such words as these the truly illustrious man avowed his belief that

> "By contemplation of created things
> We may ascend to God."

The cattle on the hills, the birds in the air, the islands in the distance, the city at our feet—all had a charm for him, and served to remind him of sights and scenes elsewhere.

The lark recalled a memory of Waterloo, where he had heard one singing o'er the quondam battle-field.

Mount Eden's silent crater reminded him of Vesuvius where he had eaten an egg boiled in a steam jet. The golden gorse was compared with the Australian wattle, and the whole scene to a landscape in Japan.

At the highest altitude Mr. Cook addressed himself to New Zealand. Taking off his hat and saluting the land we live in, "I make my bow," said he, "to the Pilgrim Fathers of New Zealand—the rudder of coming generations. May God put his hand upon the helm and guide to peace and prosperity!"

After descending the mount there was little time for aught but the lecture. With great kindness, prompted, I believe, by what he himself calls "veneration" for my honoured father, Mr. Cook had consented to deliver a lecture during his short sojourn in port, and this without any charge whatever so that he that had ears could hear even if he had not a shilling to spare—admission being free. By the kindness of the company then occupying the Opera House we secured that spacious and convenient building. But it proved, as I feared it would, too small. Our visitor protested that with such short notice, and *on mail morning*, there would not be more than 200 people there, but I assured him there would be 200 *Baptists*. The whole congregation must have numbered over 1300. I had sent special invites to the "clergy," who responded almost to a man, "supporting" the speaker on the platform. How the crowd did press in, till not a vacant spot remained! The theatrical parties must have envied us, I think. I remember an old caretaker at the Queen's Theatre, in Sydney, remarking, after a crowded Sunday service there, "Splendid house to-day, sir—£100 house at least!" (I won't be quite certain as to the figure, but I believe it was about six times as much as the voluntary offerings amounted to!) So in this case, doubtless "the profession" wondered why "the cloth" didn't go in for money making, and only wished they could draw such a *house* at such an hour. I must, alas, admit that they are too successful in this direction.

The lecture lasted two hours and a half, yet scores of people stood the whole time and said it did not seem half as long. It is saying more for the lecture than for the audience to record that, throughout, the attention was of the deepest sort. Silence reigned supreme over the people, and Mr. Cook over their silence. This was broken only when a murmur of approval oozed out as though half afraid of drowning the next utterance, or when a unanimous burst of applause accepted

all such risks, and triumphed over the lecturer himself, and put him to silence for the moment. All classes and conditions were represented in that throng, and doubtless the pastors on the platform rejoiced, as I did, to single out their sheep and watch their faces and notice their nods and nudges.

It is not to be wondered at that there were a few malcontents in the crowd. And oh, how soon their faces told the tale! It would be altogether too much to expect the advocates of "conditional immortality" to look pleasant while Mr. Cook stigmatized their "glorious (?) doctrine" as "philosophical and exegetical lunacy." What wonder that the monkeys of the materialists were up when such sentences as the following fell upon their ears:—"The power which produces life is the cause; life produces mechanism, but the mechanism is not the cause of life. Every cause must go before its own effect. I asked the greatest physiologist in his own study what it is that 'weaves' us, and the answer was 'Life.' Life goes before, as the weaver goes before the web. And, if it goes before, it exists independently of the organization. If I strike this table, the blow must be before the noise. So life is before the organization, and must exist independently."

The title of the lecture—"The Religious Signs of our Times"—was wide enough to embrace a great variety of topics, and the discourse has been published in pamphlet form, so that our sister cities may read, though they could not hear the words of wisdom. The effects of the spoken word were highly beneficial. Christians have been greatly cheered. Mr. Cook is no pessimist, and he made us hope for good times coming. He believed that these are "the good old times"—that as they were certainly never older so they were never better. "Christianity, I thank God," he remarked, "stands on a surer basis than it did at the time of the French Revolution, or in the days of Voltaire and Bolingbroke. There are now four hundred and ten millions of Christians in the world, and of these two hundred and ten millions are the fruit of this century. There is now a Bible in circulation for every ten men on this planet, and I have heard that before the end of this century there will be a Bible in circulation for every man living!" Are not such items encouraging? But we were made to see the need of aggressive Christianity. "I would have you," said the lecturer, "make preparation for the millions that are to come. I would have you act as people having to give an account of the discharge of your responsibilities. You are turning the streams into their future channels. I am not satisfied in the exclusion of devotional exercises from your schools. There is no necessity for denominational teaching, but something, such as Bible reading and prayer, is, I think, desirable. A great number of children go to the Sabbath-school, but while it is efficient it is not sufficient." Not less plain and powerful were Mr. Cook's remarks anent personal interest in the Atonement, the responsibilities of life, and the certainty of death. The "intellectual treat" was interspersed with quotations from the poets, local allusions, and veins of humour which held the audience spell-bound; and when Mr. Carrick, one of our Presbyterian ministers, proposed thanks to the lecturer the acclamation with which the vote was carried was of no ordinary sort.

The acknowledgment of this vote was novel in style but worthy of

imitation. Mr. Cook asked for a season of silent prayer, and after a minute's breathless stillness he spoke for the people as to a re-surrender and a fuller consecration to the "good Master." Then followed the benediction, and soon the throng was in the street with plenty to think over and to talk of for many a day to come.

As for the speaker, he had but little time to spare, so we hurried to the wharf, and deeply grateful for his self-denying labours, terminated our six hours' acquaintance, wishing him *bon voyage* to 'Frisco and God speed to glory.

Andrew Fuller at Home and Abroad.*

THE aged and respected author of the new life of Andrew Fuller remarks in his preface that "there is no division of a man's life so marked and characteristic as that which is made by the door of his own house, on the two sides of which are witnessed sometimes two distinct men, and always two distinct phases of character, which act and react on each other." There have been many men of eminent station in the church who figured very respectably in the pulpit, on the platform, and upon the committee, who, nevertheless, could not bear close scrutiny as to their home life. Andrew Fuller was so far from being one of these that we quite agree with the remark that "a more special reference to his home life and its influences upon the various aspects of his public engagements was desirable;" and, if desirable, who so competent to portray the Kettering veteran at home as one who "knew him as a father, lived in the same house with him, and witnessed scenes of his life which were witnessed by no other person now living"?

Andrew Fuller was a child of the Fens, having been born at Wicken, Cambridgeshire, in February, 1754. His parents were in straitened circumstances, but "his mother was a woman of excellent Christian character, to whose influence the fact is most largely due that all her children became consistent members of Baptist churches."

Speaking of his father's youth our author says—"His youngest days were spent in that district which produced the Cromwells. Some years ago, when at Wicken, I paid a visit to the old parish church, and saw in the register the names of many of the Cromwell family. The vicar also pointed out to me, beneath the communion-table, the burial-place of Henry, the second son of the uncrowned king, and informed me that his skull was sold by an old sexton for the sum of five shillings. It is, perhaps, not impossible that some of those influences to which is attributable the Cromwellian sturdiness may have served in some small measure at least to mould the character of Andrew Fuller." Sturdy assuredly he was: a man of rock, or heart of oak.

In those days the future pastor passed his time in the fields among his father's labourers, and to one of these, a man of strong religious convictions, he was considerably indebted. "Talking to him one day while threshing, the youth came almost within reach of the flail while

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* "Men Worth Remembering—Andrew Fuller." By his Son, A. G. Fuller. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 2s. 6d.

in full swing. 'Ain't I in your way?' he asked. 'No, not at all,' was the reply. Still the flail advanced, till it swept his coat. 'I told you I was in your way.' 'No, you're not, but I shall soon be in yours, if you don't take care.' Often after hindering the man by his conversation he would do an hour or two's threshing for him. Of another of these labourers, less shrewd than this man, I have heard him relate that when mowing grass in a field, to save himself the trouble of carrying his scythe away, he laid it in the growing crop, carefully observing that it was *just opposite Ely Minster* and great was his astonishment when the implement could not be found until the crop was nearly cleared." Surely he would take his bearings better next time.

We are reminded that, as in the case of Bunyan, the sins of Andrew Fuller's youth have been greatly exaggerated, one writer even going so far as to represent the pastor as a quondam fighting-man. The fact is that for a time he sometimes swore, "to appear manly;" but, says Mr. Fuller himself, "when I was about ten years old I entirely left it off, except that I sometimes dealt in a sort of minced oaths and imprecations when my passions were inflamed." He continued to tell lies for some time longer, especially when under a strong temptation to do so. We are afraid that many continue the practice, even when the provocation is not great. Liars are to be found in the hill countries as well as in the fens. To an impartial observer at this time, however, he would have appeared a very promising youth, for in the main he was well-behaved, and both he and his brothers had a strong taste for reading works of an elevating character. Oh that our young people were drawn in the same direction, instead of doting on silly novels! The following relates to those early days.

"They were one day snugly ensconced in the warm shelter of a rick, so absorbed in the perusal of this book—Guthrie's 'Grammar of Geography'—that the shrill voice of their mother calling them to dinner was not heard. Turning the corner of the rick she suddenly came upon the delinquents. 'What are yew all dewing, yew sorry boys? Here have I been shouting till I'm hoarse; yew think o' nothin' but your beuks.' Andrew being the youngest, and, therefore, probably the most presuming, smiling in deprecation of the good mother's anger said, 'Mother, we were just reading about the women of England; shall I read a line or two?' Having gained her attention, he read to the effect that they were soon angry, but very kind of heart, and their anger soon over; a conclusion promptly illustrated in the present case."

Andrew Fuller was early the subject of religious impressions, but our author thinks that the preaching to which his father listened as a boy "proved a hindrance rather than a help to him in his searchings for the truth." Mr. Eve, the Baptist pastor, "preached almost exclusively to the 'elect.' He said nothing to arouse the unconverted; and consistently with his principles entirely neglected to point sinners to the Lamb of God." This style of preaching is dying out, and it is well it should; at the same time it gave people a backbone of doctrine which we should be very sorry to miss. It was one-sided preaching, but the one side was solid. Andrew was baptized at sixteen, having as an enquirer been more indebted to one of his father's pious labourers than to his own pastor.

He began to preach at nineteen—a very promising age so far as the Baptist denomination is concerned—and he commenced at Soham, where he had passed the greater portion of his life. It was hard by this spot that Mr. Spurgeon was baptized in the river. A division in the church had led to the resignation of the excellent pastor, and Mr. Fuller ultimately accepted the charge. The stipend was £15 a year, and being unable, with all his economy, to keep house on that modest income, he removed to Kettering in 1782. The town was then about half of its present size, but the church was better off than that in Soham.

He at once inaugurated a most interesting work in the district; and further on became one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society. That tale has been often told. While he laboured with all his might to advance the missionary cause, some of the most interesting passages in the letters sent to Serampore related to the secretary's home operations, or rather to the blessing he was permitted to reap among his own people. Thus, in writing to William Ward in December, 1803, Mr. Fuller says—"Three persons whom I baptized this summer had something peculiar in their cases. One was a man of sixty, a son of one of our old members, who had lived all his life a drunkard and a thief. His wife, old likewise, was reached by grace, and *her* baptism proved *his* conversion. The poor man seemed contented to go to hell while his wife was going with him, but could not bear to go alone. Another was our servant-maid, which is a second instance that the Lord has given us of late, in consequence of their living in our family. The third is the wife of Captain Tomlin, who is brother to Mrs. James Hobson. His wife lived at Walgrave Lodge, with her husband's relations. She heard Brother Hobson pray in the family, and pray for her and her husband, whose life and soul were in danger. The poor woman was cut to the heart that another should pray for her and her husband, and that she could not pray for either herself. She would go alone under the hedges and weep on this account. The result is she herself prays, and has laid hold on eternal life."

In a letter to Dr. Carey, about 1810, he says—"We rejoice to hear of your prosperity, and hope the cause of God is going on with us. I think I have seen more of it in my own charge within the last year than I have seen for many years."

When at Edinburgh, in 1813, on a missionary tour, the pastor saw "four Kettering lads," and to more than one of these presented a Bible. In 1873 Mr. A. G. Fuller was preaching for the late James Mursell, at Kettering, and he remarks, "I received an earnest request to visit a very old man, a soldier, at the point of death. The poor man seemed much moved when I accosted him, and producing an old pocket Bible from under his pillow, said as audibly as his failing breath and energies would allow, 'That book was given to me sixty years ago by your father, at Edinburgh Castle. It has been a blessing to me, and I shall die with all the more comfort that his son has come to see me in my last moments.'"

He was ingenious in devising new methods of doing good. Those were not the days of board schools nor of cheap literature, but the good pastor's heart yearned for the welfare of the young people. "I have been thinking of a plan for disseminating truth among our little lace-

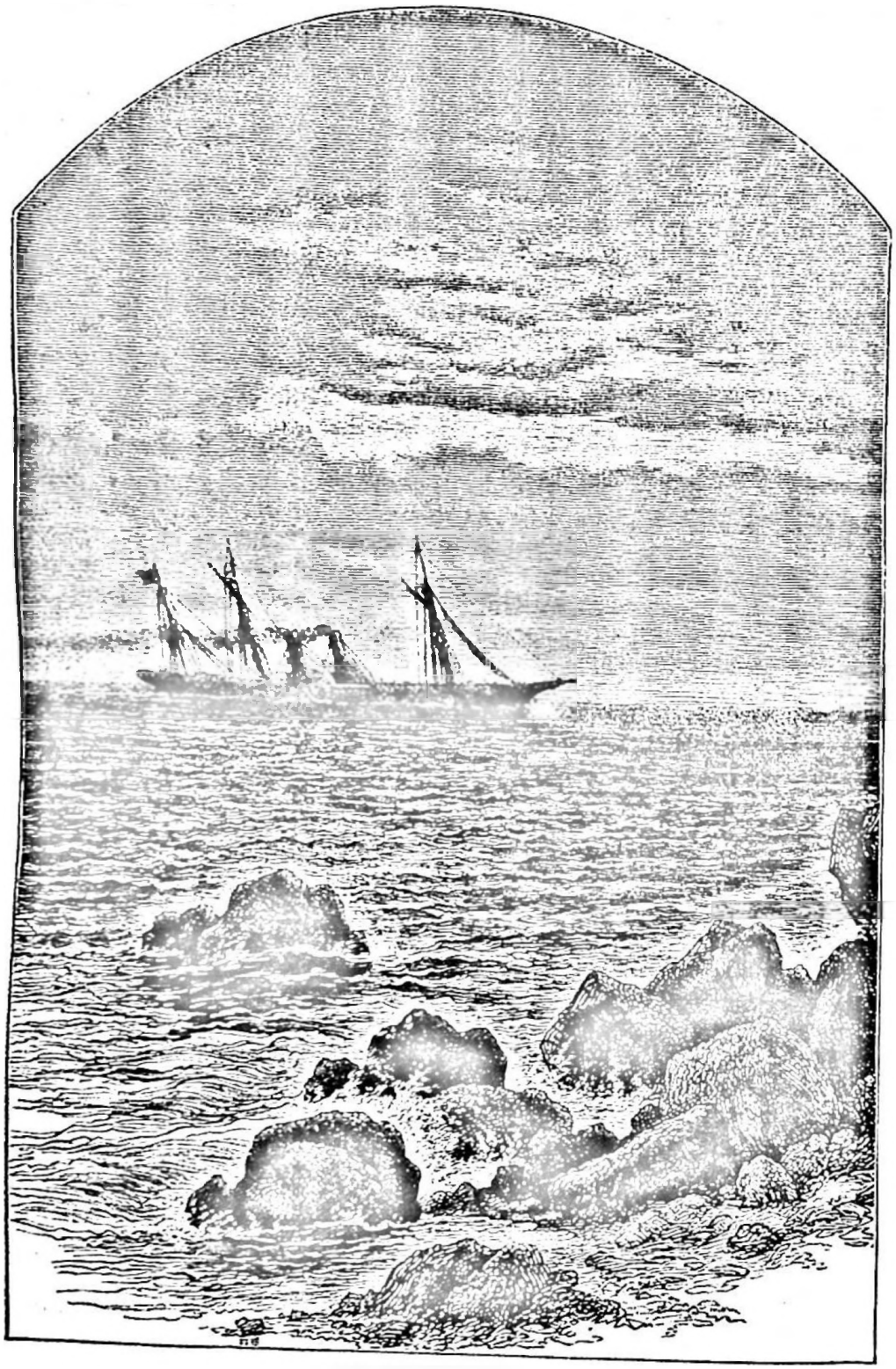
makers," he once wrote. "A quantity of white wrapping paper is used in the sale of small parcels of lace-thread, so I will draw up a number of little hymns, the most impressive that I can either find or make, and get them printed on one side of the paper. Then every child that comes for a small quantity of thread will find it wrapped up in a paper containing a short impressive hymn addressed to its heart."

Passages, such as those we have quoted, which reveal a man like Andrew Fuller in the home and in the pastorate, are extremely valuable; and probably this latest biography of the veteran will become the standard favourite with the public. We recommend every one of our readers to get the book, and read it carefully. What the pastor was as a pioneer of the great missionary cause is pretty generally known. There were giants in the earth in those days, and Andrew Fuller was one of them. By his writings he overcame Antinomian prejudice, and taught Calvinists to be truly Calvinistic,—that is to say, to imitate John Calvin in honestly giving the sense of the Scriptures, and in never leaving out half the truth in order to be self-consistent. When at home he worked twelve hours a day at his desk; and when away from home he traversed the three kingdoms as collecting secretary in a way that no other secretary had ever done before, or had ever thought possible before the era of railways. He was a man raised up to be a leader in his own times and to remain an exemplar for our own. A popular biography was wanted, and the want is well supplied by the venerable son of this venerated divine.

Call to the Ministry.

"JAMES," said a motherly woman to a young man whose first sermon she had just heard, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "I had a call from the Lord," said the young man. And then came the reply, "But are you sure it wasn't some other noise that you heard?"

We wish this "motherly woman" had been near when certain good men, whom we will not further indicate, first went up the pulpit stairs. But as providence did not so arrange it, we beg to state that we know of a fatherly man who longs to see the aforesaid brethren receive a divine call to go back to the plough, the needle, the awl, the yard-measure, or the scales. Is it not better to attempt something you can do, than weary people with what you can't do? Is it not better to be a genuine penny than a sovereign that everybody refuses to take? It must be more glorifying to God for a man to build the walls of a barn than to pull down those of a church. Better sew cloth than rend a congregation. Better feed sheep than starve souls. Nobody likes to say this to any one individual, but it were a consummation devoutly to be wished if the right persons would be so good as to think it for themselves. Kindness, benevolence, admiration, can in some cases do no better thing than gently say, "Dear good brother, do give yourself a fair chance of serving God. Leave off being a poor tongue, and be a dexterous hand, or a watchful eye." Is there not something in the observation?—C. H. S.



THE SILENT HIGHWAY.

Tides and Waves.*

THE volume from which our engraving is borrowed is the twelfth of that elegant drawing-room series, which having been projected by the late lamented Dr. Manning, have been issued year after year by the Religious Tract Society. The present subject is as happily chosen as it is ably treated; and such a book will be sure to find acceptance during the present season, because there are many who, while intensely interested in the ocean, prefer the study of its ever-varying phenomena at the safe distance of the fireside to actual experience on the waves themselves. To such, Dr. Macaulay will prove a competent entertainer; and what that veteran has prepared will have its absorbing interest enhanced by the magnificent gallery of engravings by which it is accompanied. The various sections of the work include the Sea in Poetry; its Physical Geography; its Harvest; and its History.

Speaking of waves, tides, and currents, Dr. Macaulay says:—

"After the storm, calm is pleasant; and there are few who do not prefer smooth to rough waters. Yet a sea ever waveless, tideless, and motionless, would be not only doleful but dangerous. Just as the atmosphere if always at rest would become charged with disease and death, so the ocean would lose its salubrity, if never disturbed by the winds and the waves. The storm and the tempest may bring danger and disaster; but greater would be the destruction and death if either the air or the sea were never cleared and purified by change and motion. But for this, the very deep would rot, and death would brood over a putrid and slimy sea. 'Water, water, everywhere,' but it would be like that in which the 'ancient mariner' found himself:—

'Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!
Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

"Happily for man, and for the greatest good of the greatest number of living creatures, whether on the land or in the water, the ocean is not in perpetual rest; and, while even the hurricane is better than the pestilence, storms are comparatively rare on land or sea, both of which are, nevertheless, kept in constant and wholesome motion. This movement is produced and maintained principally by the action of waves, tides, and currents."

Is there not spiritual instruction here? What would become of us if life were all pleasure, and the salutary stir of trial no longer tossed us to and fro. Could some of us reach heaven if there were no healthy storms for us to brave? If we did get safe to port, would not the voyage be a dull and unprofitable affair?

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* "Sea Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil." By James Macaulay, M.D., editor of *The Leisure Hour*. The Religious Tract Society. Price 8s.

The sea is full of interest, because of the multitudes to whom it is a home. We say "multitudes," and the word is thoughtfully chosen.

It is estimated that three millions of men and boys, apart from the women and children dependent upon them, are engaged upon the sea; and no less than a tenth part of this total are on board of vessels belonging to the United Kingdom. What a host are they that go down to the sea in ships! *Never let us forget sailors in our prayers.* Let us pray for them *now.*

"In our hopes for the future, there is no brighter feature than the improvement of the sea-faring people of these islands," adds Dr. Macaulay. "The typical sailor of our day is utterly unlike the Jack Tar of a century ago; not in strength or pluck, not in skill or will, but in social condition and moral character. Much has been done by our Government, much has been done by the Admiralty, and by the better class of our naval commanders; but most of all by the many and various kind and wise operations of Christian societies, having at heart the welfare of sailors. Hence not only the Life-Boat services, the aids to shipwrecked mariners, the Orphanages, the Hospitals, the Homes, the Savings' Banks, and other beneficent agencies, but the directly Christian work among sea-faring people has become a large and effective influence for good." Let no one forget the Sailor's Society, for it furnishes the means of grace to many who need and prize it. There is salt in our blood; let seafaring men have a place in our hearts. "God speed the ship."

Missions in India and Ceylon.*

CAPTAIN PASSINGHAM, who is now well known as an ardent and able advocate of Christian Missions, has recently published a small volume narrating his missionary tours in India and Ceylon, which to some extent affords a view, from an independent standpoint, of the work done by missionaries in that region. He went out to India in 1861, as he himself tells us, a worldly young officer; but while commanding the funeral parties of men who had died of cholera, serious thoughts settled upon his mind, and after a year of mental struggle he found rest in Christ. After his conversion he began to speak of Christ to the soldiers, and perfected himself in Hindustani, that he might be able to make known the gospel to the natives. In 1867 he resigned his commission, made a long evangelizing tour in India, and returned to England.

In 1878 he sailed again to India under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society, for a winter's evangelistic work, in which he visited many of our mission stations in Ceylon and India, and preached both to native congregations and to gatherings of the English, with much usefulness.

Landing first at Colombo, in Ceylon, he held a special service in the Cinnamon Gardens Chapel, and examined and addressed Mrs. Waldock's

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* "Missionary Tours in India and Ceylon." By Captain Passingham (late 91st Highlanders). London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

school. Thence he sailed to Madras, where our missionary, Mr. Chowryappah, is doing admirable work in evangelistic labour and in philanthropic efforts amongst the famine orphans. The captain preached in the Vepery Chapel, where a self-supporting native church meets for worship, and addressed a large assembly of poor children gathered together for a free breakfast. In Calcutta he spent three weeks, held thirty services, and witnessed Mrs. Rouse's untiring Christian activity. Thence he travelled to Monghyr, where he laboured for a fortnight with Mr. Evans, whose Theological Institution he pronounces a valuable aid to missionary work. The mission church at Monghyr commands the respect of the neighbourhood, which has been well evangelized, and supplied with the Word of God. At Dinapore and Patna he preached in the market-places; and then, stricken with fever, retreated to Benares, where, under the hospitable roof of Dr. and Mrs. Lazarus, he recovered sufficiently to be able to address the 92nd Highlanders on the eve of their departure for Afghanistan, and to do other mission work.

At Allahabad, where he did a considerable amount of Bazaar preaching, he notes an excellent plan adopted by Mr. Anderson, the missionary there. He has engaged a house in the heart of the native quarter of the town, from the verandah of which he can address the people, and in the room within confer with enquirers. Captain Passingham is of opinion that the practice might be generally adopted in India with good effect, as many of the people shrink from visiting the missionaries in the European quarter, where, for sanitary reasons, they are obliged to reside.

Agra, the most beautiful city in India, was the next stopping place. The captain saw, of course, the Taj, the Fort, the Secundra, and the other magnificent buildings of white marble which are the glory of the place; but his greatest enjoyment was found in the delightful meetings he held in the Havelock Chapel, in conjunction with Mr. Gregson, "whose power of engaging a native audience is equal to the influence he exerts over a European congregation."

Jeypore, where the United Presbyterians have a flourishing mission, was the next place visited; thence to Ulwur, where he found a spirit of real enquiry awakened amongst the influential native inhabitants by the zealous efforts of our missionary, Mr. St. Dalmas.

At Delhi the captain spent ten days. The mission here, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, is, he says, "unquestionably one of the most successful in Northern India." "Though the converts are chiefly derived from the lower orders, many of them can read their Bibles intelligibly, and value a Christian education for their children; they number about four thousand souls, and instead of living like exotic plants in a mission compound, they dwell in the midst of their Mahometan and Hindu fellow-countrymen, following the ordinary avocations of life, and giving what they can afford from their daily earnings for the support of Christian work in their midst, with the hope of ultimately attaining that entire independence of extraneous pecuniary assistance which is so greatly to be desired."

Rest for a few days was now taken at Missouri, in the Himalayas, and then rapidly returning through Rajpore and Benares to Calcutta Captain Passingham set sail for Ceylon, whence, after three weeks'

preaching at Colombo with Mr. Waldock, at Kandy with Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and at Ratnapore he finally took ship for England.

Our readers will be interested in the following bird's-eye view of the missions in India. "Since the Mutiny," the captain tells us, "mission work has wonderfully developed in India, and every province is now occupied in greater or smaller force by the missionaries of the various English and American Societies, who have hitherto arranged to interfere with each other's spheres of labour as little as possible. The CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETIES have been very successful in Madras, Tinnevelly, the Punjaub, and the north-west of India; the PRESBYTERIANS are doing their accustomed good and steady work in Calcutta, Central India, and Rajputana, where some striking conversions have taken place; the LONDON or CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY'S chief work lies in Benares, Travancore and the south-west, where the labours of its missionaries have been much blessed; and in the same neighbourhood the AMERICAN BAPTISTS have a mission which has lately been favoured with an addition of some ten thousand converts to its fold. The work of the AMERICAN EPISCOPAL METHODISTS in Oudh, and that of the AMERICAN BOARD OF MISSIONS in Bombay and the west of India also meets with much blessing; and throughout the country the labours of the Episcopal Methodists amongst the Eurasians have been productive of great good to that somewhat neglected portion of the population. Apart from the North-western provinces, Bengal, the original home of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, is still the chief seat of its labours, and there are many churches connected with the Society in the villages and provincial towns, under the pastorate of native ministers of proved ability and high character,—such as the honoured Goolzar Shah, who for many years has laboured gratuitously in the Master's service, and the Rev. Gogun Chunder Dutt, concerning whom a friend of mine, the Assistant Judge of the District, once said to me, that it was a great pleasure to spend an hour in Mr. Dutt's company, and that he believed him to be a good and able man, capable of filling the most responsible positions in life, and most faithful in his work as a missionary."

The captain makes some suggestions which will, doubtless, receive the consideration of our Society. He thinks we might relinquish our comparatively unsuccessful mission in Benares, because the Church and London Missionary Societies have strong missions there. On the other hand, our feeble mission in Patna should not be abandoned, but strengthened, it being the only Christian mission in that vast city. He considers, also, that in the district of Allahabad, and in the native States of Bundelcund, there are favourable openings for Christian work where as yet none is being done. This is a cheering review of missions. But here are spots where the boundary line of the KINGDOM needs extension. Where are the men who will volunteer for the work?

C. A. DAVIS.

The Way to get Married.*

IN those good old times which, in spite of their goodness, we are glad that we never knew by experience—when the population of the country remained stationary generation after generation, people were accustomed to wait until they were middle-aged before they thought of taking a wife. They had little idea of hurrying over anything, much less over so important a business as that of courting, marrying, and setting up a home. They excelled in that quality which, for want of a better name, we call prudence; and, accordingly, they seldom assumed responsibilities before they were able to bear them with ease. It is at once our privilege and our pain to live in a faster age, when youths and maidens, as well as their elders, try to keep pace with the telegraph and the steam-engine, very often to their own discomfiture. They too often build upon the sand, and find that a fragile fabric will topple over when exposed to unlooked-for storms. In a word, marriage frequently brings disappointment instead of happiness, and does so because at a critical juncture a mistake was committed and a false step taken which no years of repentance can rectify. Some of our English proverbs are ingeniously worded lies; but "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," is, at least, fraught with saddest truth, affecting a large class.

It may be that, in the past, swains and maidens have walked into Cupid's snares, instead of into connubial bliss, for want of a competent guide; but that excuse will no longer avail; for Job Flower, whose very patronymic is suggestive of patience and beauty, volunteers assistance which none can refuse except at their peril. "Ye who desire a wedded life, who seek a husband or a wife; within this book a guide you'll find, to gain the object of your mind." If you ask, "What could have induced the author to undertake the task?" his answer is, that "In the course of a lengthened experience and close observation of human nature, in this and other lands, he has seen so much confusion in matrimonial affairs, so many unhappy marriages, and so vast an amount of misery resulting therefrom, that he has felt it to be a conscientious duty to raise a warning voice." We welcome Mr. Flower's well-meant endeavour to substitute harmony for domestic discord; and although his sentiment is better than his style, we do not suppose that purchasers of the volume will ever look regretfully after their two-and-ninepence. The author has collected his materials with considerable industry; he has also received valuable assistance from a friend; and the many choice extracts from approved authors scattered through the work, alone contain a mass of good advice which must benefit both the married and the single. We compliment Mr. Job Flower on the issue of his singular production, and hope it will be true that

> "Each bridegroom and each lovely bride
> Rejoice to read thy Marriage Guide."

Having opened with an appropriate preface, which severe critics alone will discover to have been written by a countryman, our author discourses on the flower of *friendship* "the foundation of all true love . . . the rock upon which the building must be reared." Some of the remarks he makes on this subject are so appropriate, and the blossoms culled from the garden of ancient and modern literature are so chastely elegant, that we regret our inability to make extended quotations. Young persons are warned against contracting hasty friendships; while girls are especially cautioned to "steer clear" of those "who are fond of the public-house and the glass, who are slaves to the pipe or cigar, also those who gamble or bet, and those who frequent the theatre or the racecourse." The formation of improper friendships is undoubtedly one of the

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* A Golden Guide to Matrimony; or, Three Steps to the Altar, etc. Illustrated by seven Engravings. By Job Flower. Published by the Author. City, Melksham, Wiltshire. Price 2s. 9d. post free.

chief stumbling-blocks of youth; and as a chief safeguard Mr. Flower recommends his audience to "cultivate the friendship of the Most High. Hold communion with the Saviour. Open wide your heart to the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit."

We come next to *courting*, which is defined as "a preliminary interchange of sentiments, by which young people are enabled to obtain a good understanding of each other, to learn each other's dispositions, to see whether they can sail down the stream of life harmoniously together." Human beings manifestly require much careful sorting before happy marriages can be assured; some being sufficiently "all square" to become readily fitted with suitable mates, while the angularities of others render them very difficult to match with anybody. What the dictionaries call "the quality of being angular," if it be a quality at all, is a very undesirable characteristic; and any girl or youth who does not show less of angulosity at the close of courtship than at the opening does not deserve to be married at all. As nature's misfits they would confer considerable benefit on society by living alone, and allowing their special species to die out. Mr. Flower's advice on the subject is; "Never spend powder and shot upon a bird or hare that will not pay for cooking. . . Parental advice is a good thing, and no engagement should be entered upon in opposition to a parent's consent. Above all, a heavenly Father's direction and guidance should be sought." According to this sage of Melksham the "six qualifications necessary for an honest matrimony," are "equality of age; adequate income; chastity; health; love; and religion."

How shall an unsophisticated girl discover whether she is really fairly sought by the one who woos her? Mr. Flower replies: "If you would know whether a young man who offers you his attentions really loves you, and with a virtuous regard, you must note whether he always treats you with the nicest degree of modesty and respect; whether he consults your feelings; whether he is willing to make sacrifices for your sake; whether he is ever ready to defend you against the unjust attacks of others; whether he is careful not to pay to others those attentions which belong only to you; whether he sympathises with you in your troubles, and rejoices heartily with you in your pleasures; whether he is anxious to gain your esteem: if you note all this in him you may be certain of his love." Of course something follows about being "not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Without sympathy in this direction there is sure to be contention and strife. Then he reminds us of what Coleridge says: "A woman in a single state may be happy and may be miserable; but most happy, most miserable—these are epithets which belong to a wife."

The other chapters in the book relate to Love on one side and its results; Love on neither side; Marrying with Relations, and its consequences; Youth wedding with old age; Breaches of Promise; The cause of Divorcements; Drink's doings in the Home; and the Influence of impure Literature on the Young. On these important themes Mr. Flower discourses both pleasantly and profitably, meanwhile illustrating his own remarks with some of the most pungent sayings of our best writers. Love on one side he compares with putting "a dead graft upon a living tree"; while love on neither side is "like a dead graft to a dead tree." Many appropriate poetical quotations are made; and there are besides some original verses which carry with them a home-cured Wiltshire flavour which will not be distasteful to connoisseurs in other counties. If not specimens of high art, the "seven engravings" will at least divert those who have artistic eyes; and if they bear evident traces of rural origin, they may even on that account prove all the more acceptable to those who have a taste for novelties. In a word, Mr. Flower has done his work so well, that the book deserves to go on to a second edition for the sake of being revised. It might be greatly improved; and this improvement is promised if the public show a due appreciation of the author's first endeavours.

To the Bible-classes at Mansfield-street, Southwark.

A LETTER FROM PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The wheels of my mind have been revolving without grinding anything, because I could not find the grist for the mill in the form of a subject. At last I have found one very near home in the name of the classes to which you belong. You are members of BIBLE-CLASSES, and therein lies much that is worth considering. The Bible is the best of studies; may you be the best of students. It deserves at your hands reverence, attention, meditation, obedience, and imitation: if these be rendered to it, the Bible will render back to you a choice return. The warning of our Lord concerning hearing the word is equally true of the reading of it; he said, "Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given."

Certain insects assume the colour of the leaves they feed upon; and they are but emblems of a great law of our being: our minds take the hue of the subjects whereon they think. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Readers of trash become trashy; lovers of sceptical books become sceptical; and students of the Bible, who are in real earnest, become biblical, and display the qualities of the Bible. If you read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the word of God, the qualities of that word will be displayed in you. A man fed on Bibline is a man indeed. In the history of heroes, there are none who show so much moral muscle and spiritual sinew as those who make the word of God their necessary food.

At this time I would remind you of one of the most striking characteristics of the Bible, namely, its *holiness*. On the back of nearly every copy of the Sacred Scriptures we read the words HOLY BIBLE. It is not the only holy thing or holy book in the world; but yet the Bible is pre-eminently holy, because of its holy Author, its holy subjects, its holy spirit, and its holy tendency. It is a book for holy men, and a book to make men holy. You are, then, members of Holy Bible-classes; may the classes be holy as well as the Bible, and may you all be holy members of Bible-classes.

Hard-by this word Holy Bible lies my subject; indeed, it grows out of it. I want you to exhibit *holy happiness*. The devil has cunningly persuaded many young people that holiness means mopishness and misery. No falsehood is more entirely baseless than this; and yet it is commonly accepted, and works a world of mischief. For youthful minds are fascinated by the idea of happiness, and frightened with the notion of melancholy; and therefore the evil one tries to blacken the fair face of holiness with the smoke of this slanderous suggestion —that godly people are gloomy people. The fact is that true holiness is the only source of real happiness. No man can be thoroughly and lastingly happy unless he is holy; and if he be holy, no man can be utterly or lastingly miserable. Holiness and happiness are so joined together by the hand of God that they never can be long apart. Through various causes they may for awhile be sundered; but they are so wedded that they are sure to meet again. I desire greatly that all of you who are believers in the Lord Jesus may prove by your happy and holy lives that this is the case. I would have the warmth of your zeal for God attended by the light of your joy in God. I would have the sharp sword of your convictions adorned with the golden hilt of your delight in the Lord. This will cause you to honour God, and make you useful to others. I have heard that of old they would smear the wings of a dove with delicious perfume, and thus attract flocks of others to the dove-cote. Joyful Christians are attractive Christians, and my prayer is that all of you may be such.

You will see clearly that holiness and happiness must walk hand in hand if you

will remember that the most holy being in existence, namely, the Lord our God himself, is also the happiest of beings. He is the blessed God because his name is "Holy, holy, holy!" We may be sure, then, that those who become like God in holiness will become like him in happiness. Holiness draws them near to God, makes them enjoy more of the love of God, and makes them more full of God, and hence it gives them fellowship with the bliss of God, in whose presence there is fulness of joy. The next happiest beings are holy angels: and these are supremely happy because they are wholly sanctified unto God: they have harps in their hands and hallelujahs on their lips because they have holiness in their hearts. My observation proves to me that the happiest of men are those whose lives are "holiness unto the Lord." They have sorrows and trials which the wicked do not share; but they have also an exceeding store of happiness with which the ungodly cannot meddle. Certainly there are no people in this world that I have ever envied except those whom I have known to be remarkable for their holy lives. I have never longed to be a king, nor wished to be an emperor, but I have sighed, and cried, and prayed to be like the excellent of the earth, in whom is all my delight.

Next, it must seem highly probable to you that God would have created us so that obedience to himself would yield us satisfaction, and disobedience would bring with it disquietude and sorrow. And, indeed, he has constituted us upon that principle, so that righteousness is peace to a man, and sin is misery. This order has been greatly disturbed by the Fall, and by the existence of wicked men; and hence it occurs that apparently the wicked have the best of it, and the gracious are sorely tried: still it remains true that when we are in accord with the Lord our mind enjoys peace, and when we quarrel with him we quarrel with ourselves. In this lies the essence of happiness or misery, for if there be peace within the bosom, no outward trouble can disturb our joy; and if there be no rest within, no external comforts can cheer the heart. Conscience is a deadly foe to happiness when men indulge in sin. Folly full often bears with it a temporary pleasure like the crackling of thorns under a pot; it yields a passing gratification as the meteor flashes for a moment; but, after all, the utmost enjoyments that come of sin are so short-lived and so mean that they are not worthy of immortal man. Pleasures which we share with swine are but of small account. The deep content which springs from being right and doing right is a jewel worth more than all the mirth which ever stirred the soul of the gayest of the gay at the height of their hilarity. The human mind cannot find a quiet anchorage except in the roadstead of full fellowship with God: it is so formed and fashioned that as long as it is sinful it is like the troubled sea which cannot rest. If you have ever come home at night from a place of questionable amusement, I am sure you have felt much disquiet when left alone; you have forgotten all your merriment when your companions have departed, and in the pain of reflection you have made a resolve never to go again. How different your thoughts upon returning home from a Bible-class, or a prayer-meeting, where you have enjoyed the presence of God! You have felt a deep repose of heart, and a true joy, which needed no noisy company or boisterous shouting to keep it up. This is the happiness which I wish you always to feel—a joy which can be weighed in the scales of judgment, tried by the tests of reason, enjoyed in solitude, ay, and enjoyed on a dying bed. God, I say, has so made you that happiness comes to you through holiness. Believe me, except you are holy, you shall never know what real happiness means.

Again, it would appear to be according to the universal rule of nature that a man who obeys the laws of God should be happy, and that he who rebels against them should find it hard to kick against the pricks. Outward nature teaches us that harmony is produced by obedience to law. Sun, moon, and stars, and all the elements are invariably obedient to their Maker's will. Since the hour when he established the heavens and the earth they have kept his ordinances without a single breach, and consequently they have continued to stand fast and abide in their places. If there could be a planet uncontrolled by gravitation,

what would become of it? Now, if a man sets himself in opposition to the course of creation and the custom of the universe, must he not in many ways come into collision with God, and with the forces under his control, and so meet with damage and injury? For my part, I find my rest in being at one with the one God, and in being a loyal subject of the blessed and only Potentate. I like to look up to the silent stars and feel that the God who made them all is my Friend, and that I desire to order my life in accordance with his will. This gives me great happiness; but if I were compelled to confess myself the enemy of that All-wise and Almighty One, who rides upon the wings of the wind, and makes the clouds the dust of his feet, I should feel that I had entered upon a contest for which I am altogether unequal, and that it would surely involve me in pains and penalties which I am not able to bear.

Those who talk of holiness as being necessarily mopishness have no reason by which they can justify their statement. What is there in a gracious life that should involve misery? A holy man is pardoned: is there anything in the forgiveness of sins to produce distress of mind? A holy man is changed in heart: is there anything to be deplored in a new heart and a right spirit? A holy man is a child of God, beloved of his heavenly Father, guarded by holy angels, comforted by the Holy Spirit, made [an heir of God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ: is there anything in all this to excite sorrow? A holy man knows that all his present affairs are in the hands of God, that even his trials and afflictions are sanctified to his good, and that God will never leave him, nor forsake him, world without end: what is there in this state of things to make him feel unhappy? The Christian is on his way to a peaceful death, a glorious resurrection, and an eternal life of immeasurable felicity,—will such an outlook make him wretched? To my mind there are ten thousand times ten thousand reasons why every genuine Christian should be happy as the days are long; and there is not one single reason in holiness why a man should ever exhibit a doleful countenance. Alas! it is our unholiness which troubles us: it is because we cannot be as holy as we wish that we are not as happy as we wish. When we shall be perfectly holy we shall be perfectly happy.

But it is not a matter of mere argument and supposition. I have seen for myself, ay, and enjoyed for myself, the happiness which comes of holiness. I have seen very poor Christian persons far more happy than rich worldlings, because they have walked with God. I have visited bed-ridden persons, full of pain and near to death, who have been almost as happy as the angels in heaven, and have sent me out of their bed-chambers refreshed with their psalms of delight. Yes, and I have seen, dying with consumption and other diseases, young people like yourselves, who have displayed in the hour of their departure far more exquisite joy than I have witnessed at wedding-feasts. When I have myself been able to plead successfully with God in prayer, when I have overcome a temptation to evil in my own heart, when I have been able to do the work of the Lord Jesus Christ faithfully and truly,—then have I felt that holiness is happiness; and therefore I speak positively upon this point.

If any of you still entertain a doubt, I would say, "O taste and see that the Lord is good!" As Samson brought the honey in his hands to his father and mother, so would I tell you of my happiness, that you may enjoy the like. No knowledge is so sure as that which comes of personal experience: why should we not obtain such knowledge, each one for himself? Hasten by humble prayer to the Lord Jesus, and put your trust in him: his atonement is the life-blood of holiness. His Spirit will create in you that clean heart which is the well-spring of a holy life. Thus washed and renewed you shall go forth with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

I am rejoiced to hear that some of your number have been converted to God, and have lately put on Christ. To you I would more especially say—let your holiness be always clothed in the silken garments of happiness. Be pictures of Christ in your lives, and let the pictures be hung in the golden frames of cheer-

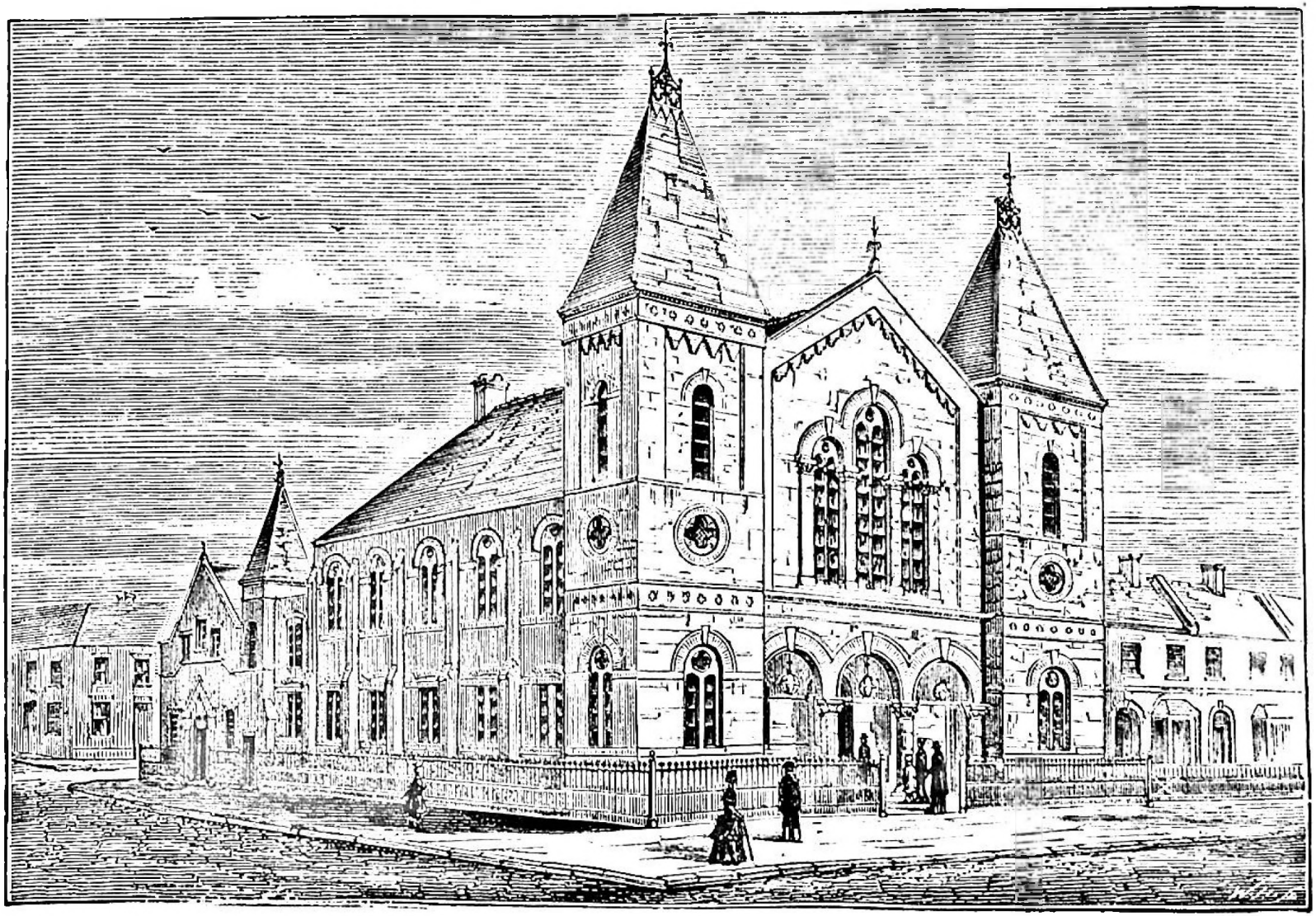
fulness. Be not frivolous, but be joyful; gravely, heartily, deeply joyful. Is it not written, "Let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God; yea, let them exceedingly rejoice"? Happiness is the light which flashes from the glittering armour of righteousness. If holiness be the priest, let happiness be the ephod of blue, and scarlet, and fine-twined linen, hung with bells and pomegranates, which he wears for glory and for beauty. Spend your days, not in sighing over the present, but in singing about the future; not in finding fault with others, but in finding help for them; not in moaning and groaning over your hard work or your ill-health, but in praising and blessing God for the comforts of your station, and for the possibilities of glorifying his name. Be most happy when you are most engaged in holy service: then is the time for the high-sounding cymbals. Have happy Sundays, happy Bible-classes, happy prayer-meetings, and happy school-addresses. May all these be preludes of that happiest of days when you shall see the face of the happy God, and be with him for ever and ever.

Yours very heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

The Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle, Brunswick Road, Poplar.

THE accompanying engraving is a representation of the Tabernacle which was opened, on the 13th of September last, for the ministry of Pastor W. T. Lambourne, who entered the College in 1872. It has been the lot of Mr. Lambourne to serve the Master in one of the most needy quarters of the metropolis, and the completion of this new building shows in what degree his persevering labours have been successful. He began with scarcely any congregation at all; but there is a fair prospect of the new building—which will seat over eleven hundred persons—being fairly filled from Sabbath to Sabbath. The cost will be £3,700, and about a fourth part of that sum will have to be raised before the debt is finally extinguished. The energy which the pastor has thrown into the work deserves to be cordially recognised; and much is it needed in his vast and religiously destitute district. There are miles upon miles of streets, and a teeming population, in Poplar, and churches and chapels appear to be almost as scarce as trees in a sandy desert. The chapel is so constructed that an additional gallery can be put in when required, and we trust that this will speedily be the case. The present schoolroom is not half large enough to accommodate the children who attend, and a sum of £600 is required to double the space, by raising the roof and putting in another floor. This work will not be begun until the main building is out of debt. Mr. Lambourne has gathered his own congregation; and there is room for other brethren who have the ability to build upon their own foundation. The harvest is vast indeed in the East End; where are the labourers? London grows at an amazing rate, and there are few that lay its needs to heart. It threatens to become the citadel of heathenism, for attendance at places of worship grows less and less from year to year; and houses of prayer do not multiply as the people do. The struggle to build a new chapel is something terrible: men fail under it. Yet this need not be, and should not be. If men of wealth gave as they should there would remain no great difficulty; but, alas, few think of their stewardship, and many care only to increase their hoardings. A curse is on the gold which is withheld at the price of blood,—reserved to the ruin of souls.



TABERNACLE, BRUNSWICK ROAD, POPLAR.

Notices of Books.

The Postman. A Monthly Penny Paper. A House-to-house Evangel. Passmore and Alabaster.

Our earnest evangelist, Mr. Fullerton, conducts this penny paper, which is in every way suitable for wide gratis distribution. There is a touch of humour about it which will secure its being read, and this is a thing all too rare in our evangelistic literature. The publishers will localise this paper for any congregation by leaving the first page blank. Write for particulars.

"*Our Darlings.*" Being the new and enlarged series of "The Children's Treasury." Edited by T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.E. J. F. Shaw.

Given away for three shillings. A gallery of first-class illustrations. The two chromos are fine specimens of the style of art. Dr. Barnardo is an editor who has no superior.

Lectures on Health. For Women's and Girls' Classes. By Caroline M. Hallett. Hatchards.

Practical to the highest degree. We should like to make every man and woman in Queen Victoria's dominions read this shilling's-worth of sound sense. Still we meet with disease engendered by dirt, and deaths produced by foul air. Still women almost cut their bodies in halves with tight lacing, and secretly indulge in drops which end in drunkenness. So long as it is so, let such instructive lectures as these be placed in the way of the younger mothers of the age; perhaps among them there may be found a remnant who will rise superior to the destructive prejudices of popular ignorance.

"*Onward*" *Volume for* 1882. Peter-street, Manchester.

Admirable. Worthy of the patronage of all abstainers.

Faithful Words. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster-row.

A well-meant serial, moderately successful.

The Christian Treasury. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

Good. Intense effort is made to improve it, and it can bear more in the same direction. It deserves the patronage of lovers of sound doctrine.

The Sower. Houlston and Sons.

Though this magazine is far too Calvinistic and spiritual for the multitudes of nineteenth-century professors, we are glad that there are a few who can relish it.

After Work. Elliot Stock.

This volume is labelled "New Series": we wonder in what respect it is new, and what the old series must have been as to engravings. On looking through the somewhat homely volume, we see a good many fresh bits and amusing fragments, and so we wish it well. We can also speak well of *The Teacher's Storehouse, Vol. III.*, by the same publisher. It is not the best thing of the kind; but yet it is too good to be dispensed with by those who have been accustomed to its excellent help. *The Church* (Elliot Stock) holds on its way most usefully.

The Quiver (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) has taken a high place among periodicals, and held it long. It was never better than during the past year.

The Leisure Hour and *Sunday at Home* make really gorgeous volumes of the most varied and attractive high-class literature.

Young England. 56, Old Bailey.

This is well sustained. It often puzzles us how so much new matter is found for boys. It must tax the editor's brain pretty heavily.

The Mother's Treasury. Book Society.

At one shilling, in a pretty paper cover, this is a cheap affair. It is nicely printed and well compiled. We should like our readers to order a copy. If given to a mother of any rank in society it would be a very acceptable present. We have seldom seen a shilling book so well worth the shilling.

Golden Hours. Passmore and Alabaster.

A tasteful volume. Mr. Jackson Wray cannot be dull, and in this serial he puts forth all his strength.

Little Folks. Cassell and Co.

At the head of all children's magazines. It advances by leaps, and leaves all competitors leagues behind.

Talks with the People by Men of Mark. Vol. III. H. R. H. Prince Leopold, K.G. "Home Words" Office.

It is something to be grateful for, that we have a prince whose words are worth preserving. This little book is an excellent volume in an excellent series.

Counsels to Candidates for Confirmation. By J. W. Bardsley, M.A. Elliot Stock.

Earnest, evangelical exhortations to endeavour to make the rite of confirmation have some answering reality in the life. Quite out of our line, but as free from error, we believe, as any such book on any such subject can be.

Heaven on Earth; or, the high privilege of every Christian to be sanctified wholly. To which is appended rules for holy living. By J. B. Horberry. R. Fenwick.

The usual confusion between justification, which is immediate and complete, and sanctification, which is continuous and progressive. A collection of other writers' views mingled with scraps of hymns, and most gloriously hodge-podged together with the aid of italics in abundance, and glaring capital letters.

The Hour of Death and the Invisible World: a collection of opinions and facts. By H. O. F. Nisbet.

Just what it professes to be: an easy-to-read, sweet collection of references to the death-chamber. Printed in large clear type, and calculated to be eminently useful and comforting to the sick and dying. Considerable skill is shown in the arrangement and connection of the quotations, and throughout it is full of robust piety.

"*We would see Jesus.*" Sacred Poems. By John Burbidge, Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Liverpool. G. Philip.

Though not assuming to be of the highest form of sacred poetry, there is true music both of heart and song here. The author loves Christ, and strives to set him forth; and, though uneven in his strains, is worth listening to.

Talks with the Bairns about Bairns. By Ruth Elliott. T. Woolmer.

Varied in its contents, but in every way fitted to do good to boys and girls by its high moral tone.

Bright and Fair. A Book for Young Ladies. By Rev. George Everard, Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton. Nisbet.

Good counsel for our girls. Perhaps the title is rather treacherous. If any young misses imagine that "*Bright and fair*" means "*light and laughable*," they will soon find themselves mistaken, for the book is solemn and serious. This should be rather a recommendation to our little readers.

Twilight Talks; or, easy lessons on things around us. By Agnes Giberne. Religious Tract Society.

The elements of physics simply and pleasingly put: it may be called a dose of physics with the physic taken out of it.

Incidents in my Bible-class; or, records of successful toil in senior Bible-class teaching. By C. R. Parsons. Methodist Book-room. *Plain advice for Working-men.* Same author. Bristol: Bingham and Co.

Two worthy little tractates in their own special field. The latter especially is thoroughly to our mind: it is full of transparent, manly thought and appeal, and speaks many home-truths as to industry, frugality, and godliness in a powerful manner.

The Power of an Endless Life, and other Sermons. By the late Rev. J. Moir, M.A., Maybole. With a brief memoir. Hodder and Stoughton.

We judge this volume to be a fair specimen of the preacher's powers: and if so, he was a notable minister of Jesus Christ. Here we have thought and suggestion, reason and appeal, zeal and eloquence, in happy balance and blending: whilst the homiletic treatment is of a kind very acceptable to us, though unfortunately too rare in these days. As expositions of the sound theology which has made Scotland the Scripture-loving country it is, these sermons are most excellent.

The Public Schoolboy's Quiet Hour. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A short daily reading for every day in the month, as a subject of thought before private prayer. The portions are brief, pointed, clear, full of earnest evangelical godliness, and suitable for the purpose they have in view.

Jim's Treasure: or, Saved from the Wreck. By A. K. H. Forbes. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

A story told with a good deal of pathetic power, and intended to show the growing influence of selfishness and neglect of religion. There is no lack of incident, and the interest is sustained to the end. A religious feeling pervades it throughout.

Beckie and Reubie, the Little Street Singers. By Mina E. Goulding. T. Woolmer.

A touching story of two poor motherless children left to the brutal treatment of a drunken father, who drove them out to sing in the streets in order to procure money for him to squander in drink. Their sufferings led to their succour, for while singing in the rain they were discovered by a kind uncle, who took them to his home, and cared for them as if they had been his own children.

After Twenty Years. A story of Patient Hope. Religious Tract Society.

"After twenty years" the prayers of poor old Cobbler Jonas are answered, and his prodigal sailor-boy Jack, who, through the accursed drink, was within a few steps of the gallows in a far country, has "come to himself," his father, and his father's God. The story of Jack and his shipmate will further the good cause of Gospel Temperance, and should be in every colporteur's pack.

The Little Bugler. A tale of the American Civil War. By George Munroe Royce. Partridge.

We do not see much in it. Perhaps it may teach the young folks to hate war, but tales of adventures generally make boys anxious to run the like risks.

The Book of Boyhoods. By Ascott R. Hope. John Hogg.

A book which Ben is sure to read. We do not know that it will do him very much good; but it will thoroughly well amuse him.

Till the Goal be Reached. By J. McL. Partridge and Co.

A very sensational love-story, or rather a bookful of highly-seasoned romance. Were it not that the writer evidently aims to show the terrible thraldom of the drink-demon, and how thoughtless friends and medical men may unwittingly do the devil's work by placing temptation in the way of those who are struggling to free themselves from their besetting sin, we should judge the time spent in reading this book to be wasted.

The National Temperance Mirror. Vol. for 1882. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

The tinted design on the cover of this annual is exceedingly chaste and beautiful, and we hope that in future numbers the publishers will try to bring everything inside the book up to the same high standard of excellence. The contents strike us as being just a little dull: this ought not to be. A magazine that pleads the cause of water should be brilliant and sparkling as the crystal spring or flashing dewdrops. Wake up, good people at 337, Strand, make your work as perfect as possible, for so will you win all the more to the side of sobriety and virtue.

Birdie's Mission, and *Jack in the Water* are two of the sixpenny series of temperance tales issued by the same publishers. They must do good wherever they are circulated.

The Westons of Riverdale; or, the Trials and Triumphs of Temperance Principles. By E. C. A. Allen. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a new edition of a temperance story which has already benefited many readers. In the judgment of the Rev. Charles Garret "it is an earnest, well-written plea for temperance." This verdict we heartily endorse. The authoress claims that her book is not, properly speaking, a work of fiction, as many of the incidents mentioned have come under her own observation. If there is a fault in Mrs. Allen's narrative it is to be found in the excessive introduction of lovers, courting, marrying, and giving in marriage; but this is easily excused when we remember how important a part drink plays in such transactions, and how necessary it is for people to be resolutely right at this most critical moment of life.

Analysis of Butler's Analogy and three Sermons. By JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D., Religious Tract Society.

As a contribution to moral philosophy in general, and more particularly to Christian evidences, Butler's Analogy has never been surpassed. We suppose it is used as a class-book in a large proportion of our academies and colleges. It has been pronounced, by men competent to express an opinion, absolutely essential to the education of an Englishman. This analysis is an invaluable help to students in mastering its subtle arguments. The publication in its present form is new. Not so the contents. The whole of the matter and much more are contained in the Religious Tract Society's copy of "the Analogy," edited some years ago by Dr. Angus. If we mistake not, that can be purchased for two shillings. What facilities young men have nowadays for self-culture!

A Parent's Enquiry, a New Year's Address to Parents. By the Rev. H. O. MACKEY, of Southampton. Sunday-school Union.

A THOROUGHLY lively, useful, spiritual address for the new year. Our friend Mr. Mackey takes care to perform all his work at his best; he has taken as much pains over this tract as many would spend upon a volume;—hence it will, by God's blessing, effect its purpose.

The Lord's Supper: Uninspired Teaching. The first volume, from Clement of Rome to Photius, and the Fathers of Toledo. The second volume, from Alfric to Canon Liddon, St. Paul's, London. By CHARLES HEBERT, D.D., Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

IN these two copious volumes we have all that has been said, good, bad, or indifferent, upon the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. What a work of learning and labour this must have been. Once accomplished it is done for all time. The result is worthy of preservation in all complete libraries, where it can remain for permanent reference. Nothing but love of learning could have moved a writer to a work so huge, and so unremunerative. What an illustration is here furnished of man's folly! He could not accept the simple ordinance of the Lord as the Master gave it, but must needs overlay it with his own superstition, and see what a mass of corruption has come of it. The garden of communion has become a den of dragons.

Sermons. By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A VOLUME of highly finished, thoughtful discourses, admirably representative of Dr. Dykes. There is quite as much polish as power, as much finish as force. The sermon on "Consider the Lilies" is a prose poem—a mosaic, every piece of which is painted under a microscope and then polished. As studies for students they will be worth buying; but few could ever hope to attain to such an elaborated style.

The New Earth; a Spiritual Essay. London: Allen, Ave Maria-lane.

SIXTY-TWO pages of weird sentences, without preface or programme. To us the purport is a perplexing enigma. The title suggests that a physical subject is treated as a spiritual problem. Whether it is intended as a soliloquy or a satire we cannot guess.

The Preparatory History and Final Destiny of Nations of Men. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1881.

A PROFESSEDLY intelligible, but to us a positively unintelligible, tale of "*the times and the seasons*" evolved in the form of "*wheels and rings*," or cycles and parallels, demonstrating that "*the time of the end* transpired between the years 1848 and 1881," and much else that is *equally edifying*.

Anecdotes on Bible Texts. Acts of the Apostles. By J. L. NYE. Sunday-school Union.

A LITTLE treasure for a preacher when his text is taken out of the Acts of the Apostles. We hope Mr. Nye will continue his most useful collection; for it will save work for ministers, and help them to illustrate their sermons, which will be a great gain to their hearers. A shilling will be well spent over this little basketful of well-selected anecdotes.

Holy Thoughts on Holy Things: being a Treasury of Reference on the Higher Life of Christian Believers and Kindred Subjects. By the Rev. E. Davies. D.D. Ward and Lock.

This is a wonderfully cheap book, and we wonder how even Messrs. Ward and Lock can possibly produce it at the price. Only seven shillings and sixpence for such a splendid volume: why not give it away? We are not much elated by the contents of the book, for the extracts are neither so well nor so ill chosen as to call for remark. We should not for an instant put the work on a level with those of a similar order by Mr. Southgate. It is a fine book for the money, and will be helpful to many; but those who look for things most rare and precious wherewith to adorn their discourses must go elsewhere.

Our Lord's Life on Earth. By the Rev. William Hanna, D.D., LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

At Mentone we spent many days with Dr. Hanna, much to our delight. One of his last works was to prepare this volume for the press. It consists of all his books upon our Lord made into one, and it is, therefore, a great treasure. Do we need to praise the beauty, depth, freshness, or savour of Dr. Hanna's writing? No; those who have ever read a page of him will be charmed, and those who read on will be greatly edified. Here is a "Life of our Lord" which we can praise without a reservation. The Tract Society has done well to produce the work in this cheap form, though the compression needed to get it all in has necessitated crowded pages, and the price has cut down the binding.

A short History of "the people called Methodists." By W. H. Daniels, A.M. Hodder and Stoughton.

An attractive sketch for Methodist reading. Calvinists are not likely to enjoy the references to their doctrines and champions; but, passing over these, they will read the story of the Wesleyan brethren with admiration of their zeal. This condensation of History is pleasant reading. It gladdens one's heart to see how a people who were once esteemed to be little better than mad dogs have become a great power in all lands. Taking the same views of truth as Mr. Whitefield, we differ considerably from the printed opinions of the followers of Mr. Wesley; but when we commune with them, we usually find that they are more nearly agreed with us than we could have supposed. Wesleyans receive the great fundamental truths taught in the Scriptures, even as Baptists do, and they are not poisoned to any observable degree by the modern thought which is eating out the life of many churches. We are glad to see that their literature has made striking advances during the last few years. This is an American work, and is written in a lively style.

Historical Outline of Fulfilled Prophecy. By T. Alford. Elliot Stock.

In a tract of about one hundred and twenty pages, lazy people, and such as have little leisure, can obtain a tolerably fair view of the entire domain traversed by those explorers who have sought among the chronicles of the past eighteen centuries for corroboration of things foreshadowed in the vision of Patmos. So much the better for idle readers that it is not encumbered with map, chart, or index. Surely they can read it straight through in three or four sittings. If their interest is awakened, they may want to see the larger works of Elliot or Cumming, Henderson or Guinness. We, for our own part, were puzzled on the first page in the middle of Mr. Alford's *twenty lines* of preface. If he is convinced that the Book of Revelation "unfolds the progress of the Church of Christ," we are entitled to ask him what visible church he intends thus to designate? Can it be the Papal system, the Anglican Establishment, or any of the Dissenting communities? Failing an explanation, the phrase is equivocal. There were the seven churches of Asia: there are churches more or less pure in most of the cities of Christendom; and there is many a church in many a house where the faithful abide. But the Church of Christ, which is his bride, is one; and will only then be manifest when the Bridegroom shall himself appear.

Distinctive Principles of Baptists. By J. M. Pendleton. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420, Chestnut-street.

The doctor calls our attention to four of our leading principles—1. That believers and believers alone ought to be baptized. 2. That immersion and immersion alone is Scriptural baptism. 3. That persons ought to come to Christ first; and afterwards, but not before, join the church and partake of the ordinances. 4. That the Christian Church is a local congregation of baptized believers, independent, under Christ, of the State and of every other church, having in itself authority to do whatever a church can of right do.

These principles form the chapters of the book, and each chapter is elaborated in several sections. There are no fresh arguments, nor even a fresh way of stating old arguments. The doctor's treatment of the subject is not suggestive nor impressive, yet the book is well worth perusal. In plain, clear, simple language he states our case, and so the book is well worth reading, especially by our young men and young women. The work ought to find its way, not only into our private libraries, but also into those of our Sunday Schools. We rejoice to see that Dr. Pendleton utters no uncertain sound on the grand old truths of the gospel. May he long live to dedicate such truths to "The Baptist Brotherhood."

The Baptist Principle in its Application to Baptism and the Lord's Supper. By William Cleanor Wilkinson, D.D. Philadelphia; American Baptist Publication Society.

Dr. Wilkinson is evidently a man of great mental resources and of high culture, and so he has produced a work every line of which shows careful, exact, conscientious thinking. He expresses his arguments in language clear, subtle, philosophical. It is quite a mental treat and a healthy exercise to peruse this book. The doctor is most happy in his expositions of all the passages cited in the Baptismal controversy. He handles a text remarkably like Dr. Morison. We find the same clear definitions, discriminations, and explanations, the same spiritual instincts, the same suggestiveness.

The twenty-nine chapters into which the book is divided appeared, we should imagine, as magazine articles, and they must have awakened great interest as they were inserted from time to time. Such chapters ought to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. The doctor sticks to his text, which is not "Baptist principles," but "The Baptist principle," which he defines as "obedience to Christ;" and then he proceeds to apply this principle first to baptism, and then to the Lord's Supper.

The ordinance of baptism takes up the first 198 pages. This is by far the abler and more interesting part of the book. Here we have the author at his very best, and we are made to see that great minds can always add something fresh to this most ancient controversy. The second part of the book advocates calmly and courteously the custom of close communion, and though he has not convinced us on the subject, we cannot but admit that he has said the best that can be said, and in the best way, on his side of the question.

The book is a substantial addition to our denominational literature, and future works by the same able pen will always be welcomed. We wish the work every success.

Friendship with God. By Charles Stanford, D.D.

Who is he? By Sarah F. Smiley.

The State of the Blessed Dead. By Dean Alford.

The Coming of the Bridegroom. By Dean Alford. Four of "The New Pocket Series." 9d. each. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dainty little books for ninepence. They fit into the waistcoat-pocket, and are capital for a single railway journey: we call them little sandwiches for the mind.

Scrap Packet containing 200 choice Pictures. Mack, 4 Paternoster-square.

This is a shilling's-worth of little cuts of the highest style of art. During the long evenings this packet would afford a pleasant pastime in the making of an album, and it would help to educate the taste of the little ones.

The English Revisers' Greek Text shown to be unauthorized, except by Egyptian Copies discarded by Greeks. By Rev. GEORGE W. SAMSON, D.D., President of the Bible Workers' College, New York. Cambridge, Mass. Moses King. 1882.

THE aim of our American friend is to prove that the Greek text relied upon by the translators of our authorized version was better authenticated than that used by our modern Revisers. He thinks that the Egyptian *Uncials* have misled Tregelles and Tischendorff; and by consequence that our modern critics have too hastily adopted their conclusions, and have rejected passages from the new version which ought to have been retained. If the Doctors differ over the text they translate, the Revision of 1881 may have a short life and a troubled one. We are glad to observe the devout interest our Transatlantic brethren take in this matter. Without endorsing any particular opinion they have expressed, we may admit that there are films of prejudice upon our ancient universities from which their promising young colleges are entirely free.

The New Testament Scriptures: in the order in which they were written. A very close translation from the text of 1611, with brief explanations. The first portion: the six primary epistles to Thessalonica, Corinth, Galatia, and Rome, A.D. 52 and 58. By the Rev. CHARLES HERBERT, D.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Henry Frowde, 7, Paternoster-row.

WE give the lengthy title-page of a book which has not yet reached large dimensions, because we wish to draw special attention to its intrinsic value. In attempting a chronological arrangement, our author adopts as his motto a sentence of Jerome: "The Holy Scriptures, in which even the order of the words is a mystery." As for the "notes," he regards them as "essential to interpret the terms used in the translation." After more than sixty years' study of the Greek New Testament, "the one thing to which he clings more and more tenaciously is the letter of the Scripture, with its divine plenary superintendence and with all its historic human peculiarities." There is a pleasant *naïveté* in his observation that "the ten years toil of the Revisers has prepared the way for another revision whenever we have obtained a true Greek text to translate."

Prophecy: its nature and evidence. By Rev. R. A. REDFORD. Religious Tract Society.

IN this treatise we have a review of the general scope of prophecy as an important element of the sacred volume, and a conspicuous evidence of its divine inspiration. It is not controversial, though it is written with an eye to the modern critics of the Old Testament. With unfulfilled prophecy it refrains from meddling. The author and the publisher, either or both, might suffice to offer the public a fair guarantee that everything is sterling, though nothing is startling. Our mark upon it is, "highly commended."

Studies in the Old Testament. By F. GODET, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neuchatel. Edited by Canon LYTTELTON. Second Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume contains six essays. Five out of the six were originally published ten years ago in a foreign "Christian Review." We are indebted to the wife of the editor for the translation, and the good lady seems to have acquitted herself of the task well. As for the work itself, no adjectives we could cull would fitly characterize its quality; although we might say it is fresh and forcible, stirring and suggestive. But the fact is that, while the author is decidedly evangelical, he distinctly borrows the germs of his criticism from a chief exponent of French rationalism. In his treatment of "the Book of Job," and "the Song of Songs," this feature is conspicuous. He lauds Monsieur Renan "for his fidelity to the original text, the clearness of his thought, the charm of his composition, and the solidity of his learning." And yet with the eminent Freethinker's neology he holds no fellowship. These tracts, it appears, have only just reached a second edition; but their sequel, entitled "Studies in the New Testament," has passed through five editions.

The Roman; or, On the Wings of the Morning. A Tale of the Renaissance. By D. Alcock. T. Fisher Unwin.

Well intended, but heavy. When we had, as a matter of duty, read this volume we felt utterly wearied, and came to the conclusion that the game did not pay for the candle. Five minutes of history or three minutes of theology would have conveyed to us far more instruction than an hour of such elaborate story-telling.

Notes.

Our personal record for the past month may be summed up in the words of the Psalmist, "I will sing of mercy and judgment." Never did we enjoy better health and more sweet repose than at Mentone up to December 18th. All the time of our sojourn in the south the mind had been clear and vigorous, and much good work was done. Such happiness was enjoyed that we considered it to be the forecast of coming trial, and the preparation for it. The remark was made to our dear friend and secretary, Joseph W. Harrald, that such enjoyment must surely be followed by tribulation. So has it proved. We reached home on December 19th, and on Sunday, Dec. 24th, Mr. Harrald's wife suddenly sickened and died, leaving him with four little ones. On that day an attack of rheumatism was upon us, and though the preaching was carried on, we could not rise from the couch on Christmas-day, the 25th. It was no small sorrow to find our companion so sorely bereaved, and to be unable to unite with our dear orphan family in their joys. This was the dawn of the dark day. While we were still ill, and unable to visit him, our dear and valued friend and deacon, William Higgs, was called to his rest, January 3rd. In him his family have lost the best of fathers, we have lost a loving helper, the church a valued counsellor, and the Orphanage its treasurer and a wise trustee. He was buried at Norwood, amid a great representative assembly, who all lamented him. At that very hour the hand of the Lord was stretched out again, and a second greatly-esteemed deacon fell down in paralysis, never to recover consciousness again. William Mills, our faithful helper, fell asleep January 12th, leaving us all to mourn his loss. In him the poor of the church have lost a kind and careful guardian, and all of us a hearty friend. Other friends, less known but much esteemed, also had passed away a little before. These blows at the first staggered, not only the pastor, but all the circle of workers. Blessed be God, he has helped us, he has sustained the bereaved, and enabled us all to say—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

May we not beg for a special share in the prayers of the Lord's people in this hour of our need? Surely these clouds mean rain. A great blessing is on its way, and these trials are the shadow of its wings. God grant it may be so. Ministers die, deacons die, but Christ lives; and his church must live also. The Lord will provide men for his work; for are they not his ascension gifts for the perfecting of his church?

We beg to record with unutterable thankfulness the great kindness of many friends, who have offered us their sympathy and their aid; and especially we would note the goodness of the Lord in leading so many to send in liberal help to the Institutions at a time when any care in that direction would have added to our burden. The addition of girls to the Orphanage has much increased the need, but we joyfully believe that the Lord is in proportion multiplying the number of our helping friends. Thank you, dear helpers, one and all. You are true yoke-fellows. If the day of sorrow should come to you also, may cups of cold water be handed out to you when your souls are athirst for sympathy.

Here, too, we must make public record of our boundless debt of gratitude to our brother, J. A. Spurgeon, who has borne far more than his share of burdens, with that unwearied love and endurance which he has ever shown to his weaker brother. His spirit dwells in all our beloved church-officers, and is found in the whole circle of our helpers. The Lord reward him and them.

We gird up our loins for work to come. The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our Refuge. "The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him."

On *Monday evening, January* 8, special interest was given to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting by the attendance of several clergymen and ministers and their friends, who had assembled for united prayer, in response to the invitation of the South London Branch of the Evangelical Alliance. Three incumbents, and three times as many ministers, took tea together, and spent a happy season in prayer and communion before the public gathering. It was good to be there. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and the Revs. Burman Cassin, of St. George's, and J. McKenny, of Lambeth, addressed the meeting. Many prayers were presented at the throne of grace, and it would have been hard to tell who was the Wesleyan and who the Calvinist, who the Churchman and who the Dissenter.

"The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find."

On *Monday evening, January* 15, the Pastors, and Deacons, and Elders of the Tabernacle church met for tea, prayer, and communion before the regular prayer-meeting, in order to unitedly recognise the hand of God in the removal of the two deacons who had been called to their reward, and also to seek divine guidance in the season of sorrow. Old men were there past fourscore years, and the younger brethren who have more lately been ordained to office: none were absent of the whole number save four whose sorrow it was to be unable to come, and these were there in spirit. It was a solemn, holy, hopeful gathering of men chastened in spirit, and the Holy Spirit made it full of spiritual benefit to all present. The Lord was known among us in the breaking of bread. The Pastor's heart was comforted. At the public assembly in the Tabernacle a very large congregation met together, and the spirit which had pervaded the officers' meeting manifestly rested upon the greater company. There was much solemn heartsearching, deep submission to our heavenly Father's will, and an earnest desire that his glory might be increased by the dark experience through which we were passing; and we believe it will be so. Joyous hope is visible, like clear shining after rain.

The Bazaar in aid of the fund for the erection of the New Mission Hall for Bermondsey was a great success. The first four days' sales realized £1,800, and so many articles remained unsold that it was decided to re-open the bazaar, after the necessary interval, during which we attended to the mournful duty of burying our beloved deacons, W. Higgs and W. Mills. The stall-keepers were again at their posts on the 17th ult., and a considerable amount was added to the fund. The Pastor heartily thanks those indefatigable friends who have worked so cheerfully under Mr. Murrell's lead, and accomplished this grand result; and also those devoted followers who came from far to help in this effort. A good deal remains to be done to complete the Bermondsey Hall; but the worst of the work is over. This great enterprise will be inaugurated most hopefully; by the help of a few more givers the matter will be put out of hand. Another well opened in the wilderness! The Lord be praised!

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.—The seventh annual diary of the Book Fund and its Work is now ready, and can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, post-free for seven stamps, or through any bookseller for sixpence. Next month we hope to give extracts from this fragrant annual. Meanwhile, in our impartial, critical judgment, we declare this Report to be equal to any of its predecessors; what more could be said?

Auckland Tabernacle.—From son Tom comes the following letter:—

Auckland, New Zealand,
Monday, Dec. 4, 1882.

My very dear Father,—I know not how to thank you for the great interest you have taken in our cause and work. We shall have a vast deal to thank you for before you have done, I can see. Up to the present I have received only the October *Sword and Trowel*, and were this letter penned a week hence I should, doubtless, have to acknowledge a far larger amount than that records. Sight demands much gratitude, and Faith says, "Make it more." I beg, therefore, to thank you, and through you the kind donors, for the material assistance rendered to us. Many of the names in the Magazine list I recognise as belonging to dear friends to whom I would gladly write, but that too much time would so be occupied. Please thank them on my behalf. This is my opportunity, also, for acknowledging the loving gifts of those who have been working for our bazaar. The goods will be here in time, though they are not yet to hand.

Such friends, as well as yourself, will rejoice to learn that we have lately had many encouragements. A gentleman who is not a member with us has given us £100, and from several of my colonial friends we have had some substantial aid. By March next we hope to have paid for the site (£3200), and to possess the value of old property as a nucleus for actual building operations. This, I think, is good work in a short time, and the best of it is that nothing has been stinted—rather have we had extraordinary expenses connected with church work. We want ("if possible," some add) to pay our way, and avoid debt. *It is possible—we must make it possible*—so I say, and cry, "It shall be done."

We have no doubt that when we receive a picture of the proposed chapel, and the work has commenced, friends will give ample help to our son.

College.—During the past month Mr. T. Perry has settled at Lordship Lane, Dulwich, and Mr. F. Potter at Thaxted, Essex. Mr. A. Greer has removed from Quorndon to Little King's Hill, Great Missenden, Bucks; and Mr. C. Wilson Smith from Carbondale to Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pennsylvania.

Mr. A. Fairbrother has arrived safely in Auckland, and has commenced his mission work among the Maoris. Our son, Thomas Spurgeon, has firm confidence that we have sent the right man. Oh for the seal of the Holy Spirit upon his labours!

Evangelists. — Messrs. Fullerton and Smith commenced, under very hopeful auspices, a series of services at *Hitchin*, on the 14th. ult., at the close of which they are to visit *Luton*. The reports sent to us concerning their meetings at *Ross* and

Hereford, at the end of last year, are exceedingly encouraging. We cannot find space for all that we should like to publish, but we must insert the following letter, with grateful thanks to the venerable writer for his valuable testimony:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon, — Although the correspondence that every day claims a share of your attention must be enormous, yet, as the oldest nonconformist minister, in age and service, holding a charge in this city, I cannot refrain from very warmly thanking you for the services of the two honoured brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Their visit to this city has been truly a blessing. Not only have many come forward to declare themselves on the Lord's side, but I have good reason to hope, from what I have already seen, that the members of our churches have received a quickening which will issue in permanent results. Our dear brother, Mr. Fullerton, preaches the gospel with a clearness and power I have never heard surpassed; and Mr. Smith has the happy gift of throwing over the audience such a mellowing influence that minds unconsciously open, like the flower to the sun, to receive without prejudice the solemn things they listen to. Night after night we have had overflowing congregations and enquiring souls.

I wish to say that during thirty-six years of ministerial life I have never attended a series of Evangelistic services which have commended themselves so entirely to my intelligence and heart as those we have just been privileged with. With many thanks to you and the dear brethren, and with all my heart wishing them 'God speed' everywhere,

"I am,
"Faithfully yours,
"J. O. Hill."

"Minister of Eignbrook
Chapel, Hereford."

Similar testimony is borne to the usefulness of Mr. Burnham's services at *Peterchurch*, Hereford, where quite a revival of religion has been experienced.

Mr. Frank Russell has begun his work in connection with the Surrey and Middlesex Association by holding services at *Richmond*, which appear to have been productive of much spiritual benefit. Just as we are making up the "Notes" he is conducting meetings at *St. Margaret's*, near Twickenham. We beg for much prayer for this our fourth evangelist.

Orphanage.—The Christmas festivities passed off as happily as usual, although the President was, almost at the last moment, prevented from being present through an attack of rheumatism. The long lists of contributions of money and materials for the children's merry-making testify to the unfailing kindness of many generous helpers, to all of whom we desire to express our heartfelt thanks, and the boys and girls unite with us with "three times three."

Some friends continue their liberality all through the year, and even year after year, and to these our gratitude is proportionately great. For instance, Messrs. Freeman and Hillyard have for years supplied all the baking-powder required for the institution, and they still send us sufficient for all our wants. May all such liberal souls be abundantly rewarded by the Father of the fatherless!

Notice to Collectors.—The next collectors' meeting will be held at the Orphanage on Friday evening, February 9th. Will all collectors try then to bring in their boxes or books, or send in the amounts they have collected? Friends willing to help the Institution by collecting funds can obtain books or boxes on application to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham-road, London.

Colportage.—The present number of colporteurs employed (67) is rather under the average, and the Association is ready and anxious to occupy more districts if the friends in desirable localities will only try to raise the very moderate sum of £10 a-year to enable the committee to send them one of these valuable workers.

The colporteur is the bearer of light amid the darkness of ignorance, of truth where the errors of sacerdotalism and scepticism prevail, of medicine to counteract the unhealthy productions of the press, and of the tidings of salvation to a lost and guilty world. His work is *thorough*, aiming at the visitation of every home; *undenominational*, seeking only to make known Jesus, and the way of salvation; *varied*, speaking by books, conversations, and public addresses; *economical*, the profits on the sales helping to pay his wages; and *approved* by long experience.

Surely, there are many districts where friends can be found, who will either support a man, or aid others to do so! A few ladies would easily collect the amount in most districts, and collecting-books or boxes will be gladly sent.

We gratefully note that a friend sends a donation of £100 for the General Fund, and another sends £5 towards the £15 required to continue the poor district for which an appeal has been made in these columns. Another £10 will keep the district open during this year.

One of the colporteurs thus writes in his last quarterly report:—

"If the people in the villages, at least *many* of them, do not have the gospel brought to them, either by personal contact with them, or else by their perusal of books brought to them, I do not know how they are going to get much of it. In so many villages, at the one place where the Bread should be dealt out to the hungry, there it is not dealt out to them; and many of them either dare not go elsewhere to seek for the Bread of life unless they are prepared to give up the bread that perisheth, or else

they are prejudiced through erroneous teaching, and they will not go anywhere else. The 'woe' that Christ pronounced upon the lawyers of his day for entering not into the kingdom of God themselves, and preventing them that were entering, is surely hanging over the heads of scores and hundreds in our own land and day in many villages. But, thank God, we are taking them back the key of knowledge, and some are using it and entering the kingdom, and many, we trust, yet will enter. One occasionally gets dispirited, but I often think and feel that I would not give up the work of colportage for any occupation in the land; and if I were a rich man I would still be a colporteur, because of the blessed privileges and opportunities one has of dealing personally with people about their souls and salvation."

PERSONAL NOTES.—*John Ploughman's Almanack* for 1883 has brought in many contributions for the Orphanage, but, better far even than that, it has been the means of leading a soul into light and liberty. A poor widow, in delicate health, left with six young children, had been for some time past anxiously seeking the salvation of her soul, when, taking up the new Almanack, her eye rested on the motto for June 24, *Salvation comes by faith, not by feeling*, and the message brought peace to her troubled spirit. The Lord's name be praised.

The Free Church Monthly for December contains an account of a visit paid to the lighthouse-keepers on the Skerries rock. On the little island there are four families, comprising sixteen individuals. Being almost entirely isolated, they have few religious privileges, but "every Lord's-day," so says the *Monthly*, "they conduct a service among themselves, reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. Thus the words, to which thousands in London listen every week, and which are read in every corner of the world, are feeding and comforting the sixteen inhabitants of a lonely rock beaten by the fierce waters that surge in the Pentland Firth."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Robertson	0	10	0
Miss Margaret M. Fergusson	1	0	0
A. and E. Kirtley	2	0	0
M. A. Lines	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Pastor G. Duncan	1	0	0
A Sermon-reader at Carlton	0	10	0
Dividend on Share in "Freeman"	0	5	0
Friends at Buffalo and Cleveland, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	33	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Profit on sale of books 5 7 5			
Mr. A. Richardson 1 0 0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. 1 1 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Miss John Leach 0 10 0			
Mr. James Withers 0 10 0			
	9	19	5
Mr. J. W. Pewtress, for Midhurst	9	0	0
Mr. Wm. Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Rad W.	0	7	6
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	2	2	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
Part Collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	3	3	0
W. Balne	0	10	0
Collected at Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. W. Boud	5	10	0
Miss Hadland, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Part collection at Baptist Chapel, Boutport-street, Barnstaple, per Pastor J. N. Rootham	2	6	9
Mrs. Joseph Williams	0	10	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	1	6	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Miss Ann Barrett	0	5	0
E. A. V., A. V., E. R. V., and E. J. V.	1	0	0
Miss Splicdt	1	0	0
Miss Fanny McNicol	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Fletcher	0	10	0
A sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
Miss M. Mulligan	0	10	0
G. C., Tain	0	6	0
From Wroughton	0	5	0
Miss M. Mayse	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Armstrong	5	0	0
Mr. Thos. Scoular	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. C. Child	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. H. Ormond	3	0	0
Mr. Robt. Meikle	1	1	0
Mr. John Currie	1	0	0
Mr. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mr. Bowker's Bible-class	14	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	3	0	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	5	10	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	5	0
Pastor A. A. Saville's Bible-class, Carlisle	2	10	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0
S. B. T.	1	0	0
Miss Gush	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Dec. 17th 40 0 3			
,, 24th 40 11 8			
,, 31st 69 14 5			
Jan. 7th, 1883 26 7 9			
,, 14th 33 0 3			
	209	14	4
	£368	1	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Robertson	1	0	0
Miss Hudson	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0
Sergt.-Major W. Ball	0	10	0
Lynturk U. P. Church Sabbath School	1	16	6
Dora, Isabel, and Grace Walker	0	6	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
"Eglinton St."	2	0	0
Stamps from Ealing	0	5	0
Miss Margaret M. Fergusson	0	8	0
"Endymion"	0	10	0
M. E. R.	0	5	0
A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
W. W., Carluke	1	0	0
W. P.	1	11	7
Collected by Mr. Wm. Yeatman, Magill, South Australia:—			
Mr. Waddy	0	2	0
Mr. Horton	0	10	0
Miss Horton	0	10	0
Mrs. Nation	0	10	0
Mr. W. Barnes	0	5	0
Miss Mercer	0	2	0
Mr. Strawbridge	0	10	0
Mr. Emery	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas	0	2	6
Mr. J. Allmond	0	1	0
Mr. Dunstan	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunstan	0	5	0
Miss Wren	0	5	0
Mrs. Wylie	0	3	0
Mrs. Watkins	0	5	0
Mrs. Greenham	0	5	0
Mr. Hogben	0	2	0
Y family	1	17	6
	6	10	0
Janet Wood	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	0	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Summers	3	3	0
Miss Sarah Heath	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. van Ryn	1	19	8
A reader of the "Christian Herald," Maria, (also 52 threepenny pieces for friendless orphans)	0	2	0
One month's offering from Mrs. Mitchell's Bible-class	0	10	0
A friend	0	1	0
	0	11	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Two sisters in Jesus	0	2	6
Mrs. E. A. Wale	1	0	0
Miss E. I. Anderson	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Sharp	5	0	0
Teachers and children at Zion Baptist Sunday-school, Midhurst	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Tutcher	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Downing	1	0	0
Mrs. Cowley	0	0	6
A widow's mite, Romford	0	2	0
F. L., Hereford	0	10	0
A. F.	1	0	0
"Trust," Sydney	40	0	0
G. and A. Woodcock	0	5	0
E. S. W.	0	5	0
Cairngorm	0	10	0
A reader of the "Christian World"	0	2	6
Muriel and Clifford	0	10	0
Mrs. Arnold's box	2	15	2
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier's box	0	10	10

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Stockwell	1	1	0
In memory of dear Caroline	0	10	0
Caroline's brothers and sisters	0	7	6
Miss Hannah Fells	0	10	0
Mr. A. Hobbs	1	0	0
"Eusebia"	10	0	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	0
A working-man, H. D.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Trotman	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Smith	4	0	0
Mrs. Smith and her Sunday-school class	1	10	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	15	0	0
Miss E. Collin	0	6	0
Part collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Mr. M. H. Sutton	2	2	0
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. James Boorne	0	10	0
Edith, Louie, John, and Isaac Broad's box	0	9	0
A widow's mite	0	6	0
James Withers	0	5	0
H. Cooper	0	1	1
	5	15	1
Mrs. Ferrett	0	1	0
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	9	0
R.A., on reading "John Ploughman's Almanack"	1	0	0
Mrs. Swan	1	1	0
Mr. William Swan	4	0	0
E. B. B.	2	0	0
Miss Mima Lazarefsky	0	16	0
Madame Joubert	1	0	0
Mr. Lings	0	16	0
Friends at Communion Services held at Mentone	6	18	0
Postal Order from Leslie	0	10	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Mr. William Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. George Virgo	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	10	0
"In memoriam" T. B.	5	0	0
Margaret, Jessie, and Harry Gardner	0	6	0
Mr. William Dunn	1	5	0
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
A. H.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	0	0
M. M., contents of Collecting-box	0	7	6
Mr. James Sinclair	1	0	0
Mr. William Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. King	0	10	0
Donations and Collecting-boxes, Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	87	8	0
Proceeds of Orphan Boys' Concert	30	11	0
	117	19	0
Less cost of printing	1	17	0
	116	2	0
C. Bartlett	0	5	0
Miss Colvin's Bible Class	0	6	0
Mrs. Nicol	0	2	6
Mr. J. E. Colvin	0	11	6
	1	0	0
A Friend, Cary Chapel, Moulton	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
"Burnley"	0	5	0
Miss Helen Millar...	0	2	6
Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Isaac	0	6	6
A Sermon-reader	0	3	0
Mrs. Bevan	0	2	6
Executors of the late Mrs. Esther Herschell	100	0	0
Mrs. Macgregor	1	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at Bromley Congregational Chapel (Rev. R. H. Lovell's)...	8	8	0
Collected by Miss Caine	1	8	4
Entertainment by Orphanage Handbell Ringers at Mr. Orsman's Mission ...	3	3	0
The Fountain, Loanhead, Edinburgh...	1	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at Gosport	13	16	8
Mr. S. Wallis	10	0	0
Mr. J. O'Gram	0	10	0
Miss White...	0	5	0
Mr. Stevenson	0	10	6
Freewill Offering at Mr. Ross' Mission-room 10 0 0			
Mr. W. Ross 1 1 0			
Mr. Bartholomew 1 1 0			
	12	2	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown, per Pastor T. Greenwood	1	1	0
Stamps, Barrow-in-Furness	0	2	0
Georgina Rynit, Thurso...	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Sewell, an "old boy," 6d. per week	1	6	0
A Mite for the Boys, Challow	1	0	0
Blairgowrie Sabbath-school, per Mr. J. Malcolm	0	10	0
Mr. R. Smith, visiting the Orphanage	0	10	0
Proceeds of Entertainment of Victoria-street Band of Hope, Gosport, per Pastor C. Philp	0	10	6
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
"Your Heavenly Father feedeth them," W. G.	3	3	0
Part collection at Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. W. Boud	5	10	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	2	0	0
Collected by George King	0	1	7
Collected by Miss Goodeve	0	8	7
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	19	8
Collected by Mrs. Walker, Thame ...	4	5	4
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	0
Mr. S. Newton, per Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	3	0	0
Miss Hadland, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
J. R. F., Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thompson, pence from readers of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	14	2
J. F., Leicester	1	0	0
A reader of the Sermons and "S & T."	0	2	6
Anon, "with every good wish" ...	0	10	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Collected in pence by John, Philip, May, and Flora	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Spurgeon, Maldon	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Walker in pence from friends at New Cross	1	2	9
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Mr. G. Cooper	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	3	17	3
Mr. A. T. Rogers.	1	1	0
Miss Hall, per Pastor W. Turner ...	1	0	0
Harriett Marsden...	0	3	0
Miss Jane Redmond, per H. S.... ...	0	10	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Reed, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. B. Meal	10	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Contents of a Sunday-school Box ...	0	12	0
Ebury Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. Northcroft	0	16	0
The late Mrs. Smith, Whittinghome ...	0	10	0
Sale of Necklet	1	16	0
Selby, stamps	0	0	6
Miss Simpson and Miss Macara ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. White	1	1	0
Scotch note from Dumbartonshire ...	1	0	0
M. Deen	1	0	0
E. L.	0	1	6
Philos...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Leask	0	10	0
A servant's presents from visitors 0 5 0			
Dorcas 0 1 0			
	0	6	0
Collected at the dinner-table at Enfield Lock on Christmas-day	0	8	0
Mr. Jas. Williams...	0	2	6
Mr. A. McCay	2	2	0
A loving mother	0	1	0
F. H., a thankoffering, per Pastor C. A. Davis...	1	0	0
Emmanuel Church Young Men's Bible-class, Brighton	1	10	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	0	0
Freddie and Walter Newton	0	2	6
Mrs. Ann White	0	10	0
Mrs. Wm. Ross, per Mr. Geo. Gallie ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Joseph Williams	0	10	0
Collected by M. H. Harding	0	5	6
Mrs. Hargreaves	0	5	0
Friends, per Miss Bowley	0	4	0
Mr. Thos. Davies	1	0	0
H. Nailstone	0	2	6
Annette	0	5	0
Mr. J. Brown	1	0	0
Two friends, per Miss Wilmot	0	7	0
Miss E. E. Raitt	0	10	0
A servant, Thickthorn	0	2	2
Stamps	0	1	0
Mr. C. E. Fox, for maintenance of one child for a year	25	0	0
Mr. Chas. Carnegie	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hilton	0	4	0
Mrs. McLachlan	2	0	0
Miss Nellie Gray	0	10	0
Mr. A. McRae and friends	0	6	6
Master B. C. Forder	0	10	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0	2	6
Mr. Ballard	1	0	0
"Jesus only"	0	10	0
Lizzie	1	0	0
A sermon-reader, Aldwinckle	0	2	0
H. E.	0	2	6
R. C.	0	10	0
E. J. T. J. S.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Collin	0	10	0
Part of weekly-offerings at Marlyns Chapel, per Mrs. Alchin	5	5	0
Mrs. I. Annan	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Matthew	3	0	0
Mr. R. Jones, thankoffering	1	0	0
Mr. John K. Clarkson	0	5	0
E. A. V.. A. V., E. R. V., and E. J. V.	0	12	0
Mr. Wm. Moir	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mrs. Ganoway	1	0	0
Miss S. A. Harrision	1	10	0
Harry and Nan	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Blott	20	0	0
M., Aberdeen	0	5	0
Widow Smith	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Maynard	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Charles Barker	1	0	0
The children of William and Sophia Hawley	1	10	0
Mr. E. Martell	2	0	0
L. K. J.	4	4	0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. Guy Nowell	5	0	0
Mr. P. Adams, per Mr. J. Best, J.P. ...	0	5	0
Mr. William Biggs	2	0	0
M. Romdonne	0	14	0
Miss Katie Harvey	0	4	0
Mr. H. Denby	1	0	0
Mr. David Ribbons	0	2	6
Mr. Mungo Lander	20	0	0
Mr. Beaumont Morice	1	0	0
"My own Executor"	25	0	0
Miss Alice Haworth	4	0	0
A sister, Bankhead	0	2	6
A brother, Bankhead	0	2	6
"In memoriam," Bath	3	0	0
Mrs. B. Joyce	1	15	0
Miss M. E. White	0	15	0
Mr. William Hawker	0	5	0
E. R. Close	0	5	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Branderburgh.	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Sittingbourne (a Christmas offering) ...	1	17	6
A friend	1	0	0
	2	17	6
Postal order from Wroughton	0	5	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Miss L. C. Fidkin	0	5	0
Mr. Charles E. French	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Susan Green	0	10	0
Mrs. Woollard	0	5	0
Stamps from Charnwood...	0	4	0
Mr. Robert Cook	1	0	0
Collection by children attending U. P. Church, Stonehaven	0	5	0
Rev. A. Bellamy	1	1	0
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0
Part proceeds of Christmas Tree, per Mr. John Field	5	0	0
A reader of John Ploughman's Almanack	0	10	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood	1	0	0
Otley Sunday-school Boys	0	7	0
Mr. A. Armstrong	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Meikle...	1	1	0
Proceeds of Bazaar held by Miss Mary Jane Ashton	2	2	9
An Arirshaig Sunday-class, per Miss G. Leitch	0	7	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Stamps	0	1	0
S. H., a widow	0	5	0
Collected by a few readers of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	3	3
Faith	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	6	0
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0
Mrs. Goosey	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, a thankoffering	5	0	0
Helen, Sybil, and Margie's box, opened New Year's-day...	0	7	0
Part Collection at Baptist Chapel, Bouport-street, Barnstaple, per Pastor J. N. Rootham	2	6	9
Postal Order from Dalbeattie	0	5	0
Mr. James Trickett	0	10	0
Miss Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. Joseph Gwyer ...	1	1	0
A sinner saved by grace...	1	0	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
Mr. M. Deen	5	0	0
A trifle for the hat	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A widow's mite, E. G.	0	2	0
Robert Salvism	0	2	6
Mr. W. B. Robertson	0	5	0
G. G. C. McK.	0	2	6
Dr. H. Schou	8	15	3
Mr. D. Peck	0	2	6
Mr. M. D. King	2	2	0
Mr. Geo. Cotterill	0	1	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Smither	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	10	0
Miss Gush	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Scott	2	0	0
A poor widow, M. H.	0	0	6
A well-wisher, E. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Griffin	0	2	0
Mr. W. Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Struthers...	8	0	0
Mrs. Risdon's class	0	14	6
Mr. C. W. Roberts	14	19	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew ...	5	1	6
Windmill-street Sunday-school, Gravesend ... 1 7 0			
Pastor N. Heath's four children 0 8 0			
	1	15	6
S. H.	0	2	6
A friend, Mamoch, N.B....	0	5	0
Christmas-boxes	0	10	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Milward (quarterly subscription)	6	10	0
Mrs. Wheatley	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell...	1	0	0
Selkirk Baptist Church Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association	1	0	0
Mr. William Graham	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Tingle	0	10	0
Miss Offord and friend	0	10	0
Robert Murray Hawkes	0	2	0
Grove-road Chapel Carol-singers, Hardway, per Mr. H. H. Dove ...	1	8	0
Mr. W. M. McTann	0	10	0
"Every little helps"	0	5	0
Mrs. Godfrey's Class, Stowmarket ...	6	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson...	3	0	0
Miss Gush	0	10	6
Collection at Christ Church, Westminster, after sermon by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., on Christmas-day ...	20	2	8
Postal Order from Dartmouth	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Dodwell, per Mr. A. Guess	0	8	10
S. G.	5	6	6
A friend, A. Z., per V. J. C.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. T. Mumford ...	0	4	4
B. H., with parcel...	0	2	0
Eld Lane Baptist Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. H. Leteh	1	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Dec. 30, 1882...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Crofts Mote	1	1	0
A friend	1	0	0
Messrs. Head, per Mr. Friston	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Green	2	0	0
Mr. W. J. Davidson	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
Miss Burls, per Mrs. Bagster	1	0	0
Mr. Ephraun Hall	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Keddie	0	12	0
Mr. James Plumbridge	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Dix 0 10 0			
A. A. T. 0 10 0			
Mr. Probin 0 5 0			
Mrs. Probin 0 5 0			
"In memoriam" 0 5 0			
Mrs. Taylor 0 5 0			

	£ s. d.
F. R. T.	0 5 0
"In remembrance" ...	0 5 0
Mr. T. Higgins	0 5 0
Mrs. Adrian...	0 5 0
Mrs. Nelson...	0 5 0
Mr. Airey	0 5 0
Amica	0 5 0
	8 15 0
Christmas Festivities:—	
Mr. Alfred Tyrrell... ...	0 10 6
Mr. Edwin Davis	0 10 0
Mrs. J. K.	1 0 0
Mrs. Joseph Toller ...	0 10 0
A.P.W.S.	0 3 0
D. C. Poulter and daughters...	1 0 0
Mr. Robert Burgess ...	0 10 0
Mr. James Lang	0 5 0
Mr. R. Crofts Mote ...	0 10 0
Mr. Eli Bass	0 5 0
Mr. G. Russell	1 0 0
Mr. James Fear	0 5 0
Collected by Master Percy Monk	1 10 6
"Ernie's pennies," Toxteth Tabernacle	0 5 0
Mrs. Elizabeth Marrow ...	0 1 0
S. W....	0 5 0
R. S.	0 5 0
B. W. S.	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Jackson	0 5 0
Collected by M. E. Thorpe	1 11 0
Harriet Munday	1 0 0
Mr. J. Wilson	0 5 0
Mrs. B. Tice ... 0 5 0	
Mattie Tice ... 0 2 0	
Lottie Tice ... 0 2 0	
Bennie Tice ... 0 1 0	
	0 10 0
A. B. W., Derbyshire ...	1 1 0
A sermon-reader, Carlton	0 5 0
Mrs. S. Belsey	2 0 0
Mrs. Ashe	2 8 6
Mrs. Kellie and friends ...	1 1 3
Mr. W. E. Wainright ...	1 1 0
S. H. D.	0 7 0
Rev. J. Aldis, Jun. ...	0 5 0
Mr. A. Doggett	2 0 0
Miss Dora Sutherland ...	0 2 0

	£ s. d.
Mr. James Rae	0 6 0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	1 0 0
Collected by scholars at Brockhurst Baptist S. S.	2 6 6
Mr. J. R. Philip, per Mr. B. W. Carr	1 1 0
Miss Ingle 2 2 0	
Mr. Smith Jeeps ... 0 2 6	
Pastor and Mrs. Latimer 0 10 6	
	2 15 0
Pastor E. Lister	0 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Diaper ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Susan Barlow ...	1 0 0
Poor Ned	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Ballard	1 10 8
Mr. John Storey	1 0 0
Mr. C. Rowland's two little girls	0 5 0
A friend in Lockerbie ...	0 5 0
Miss E. Sydenham ...	0 10 0
Mrs. E. J. Milligan ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Fox	0 5 0
Postal order from Brewer-street	0 10 0
Mrs. Bowes	0 10 0
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	12 12 0
Mr. J. Nickinson	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Nellie Caffyn	1 7 6
A. C.	0 1 3
Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. J. Withers... ...	0 10 6
Mr. J. Irwin	0 5 0
Thankoffering from Trowbridge	0 5 0
Messrs. Hine Brothers ...	1 1 0
A Welsh well-wisher ...	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Serpell and friends	0 13 8
Grove-road Carol-singers	0 10 6
W. H. C.	0 5 6
Mr. and Mrs. Bew... ...	1 0 0
	58 10 10
	£926 8 0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 15th, 1882, to January 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: 2 boxes Valencias, 2 boxes Currants, 2 boxes Peel, Mr. Llewellyn; 3½ boxes Valencias, ½ box of Currants, 42 lbs. of Sugar, 14 lbs. of Peel, 1 lb. of Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; a case of Oranges, Mrs. Wainwright; 4 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Chesterman; 1 box of Groceries, Mrs. Arnold; 1 case of Oranges, Mr. J. D. Doulton; Round of Beef (56 lbs.), Mr. R. Ryman; 1 Iced Cake, 4 boxes of Chocolate, etc., Miss Morris; 3 barrels of Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 5 pots of Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 1 barrel of Grapes, 2½ cases of Oranges, Teddington Baptist Sunday School; 240 boxes of Figs, Mr. W. Harrison; 110 boxes of Figs, the Misses Wallis, per W. H.; 1 Cake, Mr. Reid; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. T. Collins; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; 1 sack of Turnips and 1 sack of Greens, Mr. Bartholomew; 20 Turkeys, Mr. Thomson; 1 Turkey, Mr. Tubbey; 28 lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 box of Provisions, Mr. H. Thompson; 1 sack of Potatoes, and 1 sack of Cabbages, Mr. H. Ruterford; 1 box containing Pastry, etc., Mrs. E. Dodwell.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—46 Articles, Mrs. Lott: 12 Articles, Mrs. S. Barlow; 47 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 39 Articles, The Misses Dransfield; 12 Neckerchiefs, 14 Cuffs, and 2 pairs Bed Socks, Miss L. Grove; 58 Articles of Clothing, 43 yards of Dress Material and 8 yards Ribbon, Mrs. G. Thompson; 6 Flannel Petticoats, 12 Wool Ties, "Two Friends," per Mrs. Penstone; 21 Articles, per Miss Higgs, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle; 9 Articles, Miss Raitt; 10 Ulsters and Jackets, Miss Harrison and J. S. Smith; 6 Articles, Miss Harris; 31 Articles, "The Girls of the Metropolitan Tabernacle School"; 64 Articles, 33 yards Calico, Young Women's Bible Class, per Mrs. Stiff; 18 Articles of Clothing, 7 pairs of Cuffs, Mrs. I. Fletcher; 6 pairs of Stockings, Mr. Alexander McKay; 12 pairs of Boots, Mr. G. H. Kerridge; 4 pairs of Cuffs, E. B., per Miss Buxton; 4 pairs of Stockings, per Miss Buxton; 145 Articles, per Mrs. S. Brown and Friends, Cambridge; 20 Articles of Girls' Clothing, Mrs. Risdon's Sunday School Class, Plymouth; 202 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. Withers; 1 Ulster, M. C.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—4 boxes of Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 30 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 12 Scarves and 14 pairs of Cuffs, Miss L. Groves; 20 Shirts and 4 Night Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 10 Shirts, 27 Waistcoats and 2 Jackets, Miss Harrison; 6 Night Shirts, the Misses Barratt; 3 Shirts, Young Women's Bible-class, per Mrs. Stiff; 3 Shirts, Mrs. J. Fletcher; ½ doz. Winter Mufflers, Miss A. E. Wood; 1 Boy's Suit, Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class.

GENERAL.—1 box of Drapery, Mr. Berringham; 4 Balls, and 6 Dressed Dolls, Miss L. Grove; 7 lbs. Sweets and 6 Quilts, Mrs. G. Thompson; Articles for Christmas Tree, Mr. J. L. Bennett; 346

shillings, per Mr. W. Harrison, "J. D"; 1 box of Toys and Fancy Goods, Mr. E. Newman; 1 parcel of Cards, etc., The Religious Tract Society; 1 large Scrap Album, "Two Sisters," per Mrs. Stiff; 1 parcel of Books, Rev. C. Bullock; 300 Copies of "The Youth's Instructor," Mr. J. Taphouse; 1 Scrap Book, Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 3 doz. Christmas Cards, a servant; 620 Christmas Cards, Mr. J. Falkner; 24 Copies, "Band of Hope Review," and 24 "British Workman," Mr. J. B. Mead; 1 Doll's Tea Set, H. Sharman, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
S. Wright	3	0	0
"Mater"	0	6	0
Mr. T. Swift	2	15	0
"J," Middlesbrough	0	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Miss Sarah Heath	0	10	0
Miss Kate Johnston	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Downing	1	0	0
Friends from the country	0	6	0
Mrs. Hutchison	1	0	0
Friends at Stenton Lodge	0	11	0
E. L. S.	0	10	0
Collected for "the Reading House," by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. William Moore 2 2 0			
Mr. Philip Davies 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Harvey 0 10 6			
Mrs. G. W. Palmer 0 10 0			
Mr. James Boorne 0 10 0			
Mr. Robert Oakshott 0 10 0			
Mrs. W. Paulton 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hammond 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hampton 0 10 0			
Mrs. Warrick 0 10 0			
Mrs. Ravenscroft 0 10 0			
Mr. Thomas Wells 0 5 0			
Mr. R. P. King 0 5 0			
Mrs. Ward 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
	8	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne	2	2	0
Mr. William Ewing	1	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Miss E. Camps	0	5	0
W. S., and an aged widow	0	6	0
Mr. Thos. Weir	0	10	0
F. L. N.	2	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Salters' Hall Chapel Young Women's Bible-class	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	0	10	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Mr. F. A. Fawkes, F.R.H.S.	1	1	0
Miss E. Eno	0	3	6
Mrs. A. Buckingham	1	0	0
For "the Reading House," per G. E.:—			
Profits of bookstall 2 0 0			
Small sums 0 5 0			
	2	5	0
Mr. Hugh Paris, per Messrs. P. and A.	0	5	0
D. A., Jubilee-offering of my Baptism	2	2	0
Miss E. Copp	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Carnegie	0	10	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	7	6
Mrs. M. Ferguson	5	0	0
R. C.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Aldridge	1	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
M. T.	0	4	0
Mr. Wm. Badden	3	0	0
Mr. H. Denby	1	0	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Miss M. E. White	0	15	0
Annie Stephenson Arnott and her brother and sisters	3	3	0
Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	10	0	0
S. Beall	0	5	0
A Widow's Mite, Lytham	0	10	0
R. L.	0	10	0
Otley Sunday-school Girls	0	6	6
	£75	15	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 13th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Mr. Chizlett, Sydney, per Mr. J. S. Hockey, for Bower Chalk	0	10	0
Mr. W. Drane, for Dorking	1	1	0
Sunderland District	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association	40	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pilsea District	10	0	0
Halesowen, per Mr. R. Marshall, collected	2	11	0
Friends at Maldon	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association for Arnold District	10	0	0
Cambridge Association	30	0	0
Sevenoaks District, per Rev. J. Field	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Cowes, Ryde, and Ventnor	30	0	0
Eythorne District	7	10	0
Ludlow District, per Mr. J. Evans:—			
Rock-lane Mission (quarterly) 1 1 0			
Brimfield - cross Mission (quarterly) 1 7 6			
Subscriptions 8 2 6			
10 11 0			
Less expenses 0 0 6			
	10	10	6
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	9	2	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class, for Orpington District	7	13	2
Worcester Colportage Association	40	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings District	7	10	0
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
	£326	7	8

	£	s.	d.
Particulars of subscriptions from Halesowen District acknowledged in Jan. ... 20 0 0			
Acknowledged this month. 2 11 0			
	22	11	0
Halesowen Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. H. Clewes	10	0	0
Mr. C. Willetts	4	0	0
Cradley, Mrs. T. Adams...	1	0	0
Hagley-road, Birmingham, Mr. F. Keep	1	0	0
Westbourne-road, Edgbaston, Mr. Darkes	1	0	0
Quinton, Mrs. W. Avery...	1	0	0
Norfolk-road, Edgbaston, Mr. W. Wright	0	10	0
Lappal Quinton, Mr. Hawkes	0	10	0
Mr. F. Rayner, Edgbaston	0	10	0
Miss Whitehouse, Edgbaston	0	10	6
Mr. Shaw, Netherton	0	7	6
Mr. Phillips, Netherton	0	5	0
Mr. Mass, Harborne	0	5	0
Mr. C. Darley, Harborne...	0	5	0
Mr. Caley, Cradley Heath	0	5	0
Mr. Marshall, Edgbaston	0	5	0
Mr. G. Green, Old Hill	0	10	0
Mr. S. A. Daniels, Birmingham... ...	1	0	0
	£23	3	0
Less expenses per Mr. Marshall ...	0	12	0
	£22	11	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. G. Sadd	100	0	0
Friends in Swadlincote District ...	1	1	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. S. Shaw, collected	0	7	2
Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
W. P.	1	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
In memoriam, T. B.	5	0	0
Mrs. L. Hill...	0	2	6
Stockwell Orphanage Young Christians' Band	0	10	6
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Mr. C. Neville Johnson	1	0	0
Stamps	0	1	0
Mr. George White...	0	10	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	15	2	6
P. O. Order from Turriff...	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jos. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. Beaumont Morice	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	5	0	0
"My own Executor"	25	0	0
Mr. John Carrington	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Casson	0	10	0
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0
Mr. A. Armstrong...	5	0	0
A Friend from Newhaven, per Mr. S. Sargeant	10	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	1	0	0
A widow's mite, J. H.	0	2	6
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. W. Kent and Co., 1882... ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 1882...	2	2	0
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Co., 1882...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Brayne, 1882	0	10	6
Mr. J. F. McHaffie	1	1	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn, 1882	1	1	0
	£231	11	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
A. and E. Kirtley	2	0	0
From a deaf girl	0	7	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering after services by Mr. Burnham, at Fairford	0	10	0
A sermon-reader, Carlton	0	10	0
Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Casson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. A. Armstrong	4	17	0
Wadham-st. and Bristol-rd. Churches, Weston-super-Mare, Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's Services	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services at Hereford ...	17	12	11
A Friend, for Mr. Burnham's support (1883)	50	0	0
	£83	16	11

"C. F. R.'s" thankoffering, £5, has been safely and gratefully received, and placed to the funds of our home evangelists. "P. O. O. No. 13,883," £1, for Bermondsey Mission-Hall, has been received with thanks. £5 has been added to the Auckland Tabernacle Fund by the sale of plaque at the Bazaar. In last month's magazine the names of Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. Keevil, and Mrs. Rust were in each case printed in error as "Mr."

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, 1883.

Leaving secular Business.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN these days our churches cannot afford to maintain a single unserviceable minister. The hive needs more working-bees; but it has room for none who are inefficient. The commissariat is straitened, so that no man is welcome at the mess who is not worthily forward in the battle. The times are hard with most of our churches: there may be plenty of worldly goods in the hands of the Lord's stewards, but they are not excessively eager to lay them out. Economy is therefore incumbent upon us, and we are bound to husband our resources for the Lord's sake, and the work's sake. Many struggling churches, especially in the rural districts, are unable to support a man whose time is wholly given to the ministry. They recognise the value of such a worker, and acknowledge the duty of maintaining him; but they have not the means to do so. There are also many districts in our large cities which are left almost to absolute heathendom, because there are no funds forthcoming for the support of missionary pastors.

The most practicable remedy is to find *volunteer labourers* who will not need maintenance from the people. This admirable remedy is already largely used, but not so largely as it might be. We have among us numbers of brethren engaged in handicrafts and professions who are endowed with gifts at least sufficient for the gathering of moderate congregations; and some of them display ability equal if not superior to the average of stipendiary pastors. It is an exceedingly great gain to the community when these brethren addict themselves to the ministry of the saints. Attending to a store, or an office; driving a plane, or forging a bar; visiting patients, or building houses;—they

are also intent upon soul-winning, and abundantly successful in it. Some of these gather around them a band of earnest workers, whom they lead on to holy enterprises, while they themselves, so far from being weak, and needing to be supported, are strong enough to support the weak. Theirs is an exceedingly high style and order of Christian ministry: we know of none superior to it. Paul the apostle accounted it his glory that he earned his own bread, and was chargeable to no man. He would by no means come down from his elevation to the lower level of being supported by the gifts of his fellow-Christians. He did not teach that all preachers should belong to this honourable order; on the contrary, he claimed for the giver of spirituals that he should be a receiver of temporals; but he himself personally resolved to belong to the Great Unpaid. He rejoiced that he could say, "Mine own hands have ministered unto my necessities."

With devout thankfulness we remember many brethren who have taken and still hold high rank among the free lances of Christ's army: all honour to them; may their shadows never grow less! Instead of being in the least looked down upon because they do not belong to "the regular clergy," but are miscalled "laymen," they are deserving of double honour, for to them the church is under special obligation.

We have too frequently noticed a great unrest among this class of brethren; it is evident that many of them think that they are not "wholly in the ministry," and they are not easy in what they conceive to be their amphibious condition. This unrest is not so noticeable among the better sort of them as among the feebler. Those whom we would invite to the paid ministry are usually shy of it, and those whom we would dissuade are the most eager for it. The man has been a tower of strength in the village where he lives; he has preached the word, administered gospel ordinances, managed a church, and been looked upon as a father by all around him; but he cannot let well alone, nothing will do but he must undermine his own standing, and ruin his own usefulness, by quitting his secular calling, leaving those who esteem him, and casting himself on some church which knows nothing about him, for he is well aware that he could not find a support sufficient among his present people. He comes to ask our advice as to whether he had not better give up his grocery, and become what is called a "regular minister;" as if he had been irregular before. We devoutly wish that the craze had never touched the good man's brain.

A man is earning a living for his wife and family in a town, and having his evenings to spare, he zealously devotes them to the service of the Lord. His pastor looks upon him as invaluable, and his brethren esteem him highly; he has taken up a neglected district, and worked it well, nobody could do it better: he is a godsend to the region. Suddenly he, too, is bitten with the clerical disease, he looks upon shopkeeping as degradation, he loathes the white apron and longs for the white cravat,—which said white cravat he has already donned, but the apron detracts from its starchiness. With or without the advice of others, this brother persists in casting himself upon the churches; and now, instead of a boon he is a burden, and the godsend is a hindrance. When it turns out that the brother has not sufficient ability or grace to be the leader of a people who have to support him, the support itself

scarcely reaches starvation point, and the man becomes disheartened, and useless. It is wonderful what a difference it makes in the estimate of service whether it is remunerated or not; but another thing is by no means astonishing, namely, the different feeling of a man who is giving his work, and to another who is dependent upon the people. It is fine walking when you have a horse at hand, and it is splendid to be a pastor, and yet to feel that you can fall back upon your own resources. Many a man who has parted with his horse has found it rough walking all the rest of his days.

We have just received a letter from a pious but weak person, asking us to give careful attention to a very important and importunate case. A *dear* man (they are always *dear* men), engaged in business, is the object of solicitude; he is such a *dear* man that he is bringing up his *dear* family in a most extraordinary and exemplary manner; but the *dear* man feels that his calling injures his spirituality, and he wants to get out of it. He is not sure that he has gifts for the ministry, but he had a liking for it when he was a boy in petticoats, and he is quite sure that he would like to have a living in one church or another, he is not particular as to which. If we could give him support for his *dear* wife and family for a couple of years, the probability is that the *dear* man would become a burning and a shining light; but it is necessary, first of all, that we should guarantee that a stipend should be found for the *dear* man sufficient for the future education of his *dear*, amiable, and numerous children. He would then feel that he was called in providence to take the important step of "selling off at a great reduction." We had no difficulty in pronouncing upon the case. So far as we are concerned, this *dear* man, as valuable as he is unknown, will remain at his unspiritual counter. We have no doubt that the same application will be made to a dozen other ministers, and it is barely possible that some simple brother will consider the *dear* man's case, but *we* shall not, for it needs no considering.

If this worthy person thinks that God has called him to preach, let him do so; if the church wants him to give it all his time, let him consider the request; but he had better wait till that request comes. When God's call and the request of a church unitedly press upon a man to renounce his means of livelihood, let him do so in full faith that the Lord will provide. This is a very different case from seeking guarantees, and proposing "to enter the church," and all that nonsense.

Upon this subject it is our fate to be frequently consulted, and upon no point are we less eager to give advice. As a general rule, the brother has made up his mind long beforehand, and only wants our opinion to back up his own. We have gone down to zero in the judgment of those whose foregone conclusion we have questioned, and we have learned the truth of that little verse—

> "Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
> To seek the advice and the thoughts of a friend.
> Should he differ from us upon any pretence,
> We blush for his want both of judgment and sense.
> But should he fall in with and flatter our plan,
> Why, really, we think him a sensible man."

It is said that a certain village *curé* was waited upon by a young

gentleman upon the matter of marriage. The priest, knowing the uselessness of all advice on this tender subject, bade him go and listen to the bells, and to do whatever they said. When the youth came out into the open air, the bells were ringing out as distinctly as possible the words, "Make haste and get married! Make haste and get married!" Capital counsel! Admirable *curé!* The wedding was not long delayed. After a brief season of married bliss, the young man repented at his leisure, and at length called upon the good *curé* a second time to tell him of the ill result of obeying his paternal directions. Alas! Marguerite was not the pearl she once seemed to be. The *curé* replied, "I gave you good advice. I told you to listen to the bells, and you must have mistaken what they said. If you had listened more carefully, this would not have happened. Go out of doors now, and lend your ear to them, and learn their true teaching." To the great astonishment of the distressed husband, the bells were, with manifest emphasis, declaring the following warning:—"Never get married! Never get married!" In nine cases out of ten it would be wise for us also to transfer our responsibility to the bells, or to any other oracle.

A good man once wrote to us that he felt bound to preach, but that his pastor and the deacons of the church, and all the friends around him were cold, unspiritual persons, who had not the least sympathy with him; what did *we* think? for our judgment would be sure to be weighty and powerful. We sent a laconic reply upon a post-card to this effect,—"Dear brother, if God has opened your mouth, the devil cannot shut it; but if the devil has opened your mouth, may God shut it at once." We chanced to meet that brother soon after, when he shook our hand with much enthusiasm, and declared that he had never derived more encouragement from anything than from our post-card: he had gone on preaching, and, despite his minister and the devil, his mouth was not shut. We asked him if he had read the second of our two sentences, but he seemed to have forgotten what it was. The honours of the Delphic oracle were ours, but we did not put the wreath upon our brow, for we knew the tendency of sanguine natures to accept every word of encouragement and to overlook every form of warning.

In the faint hope of deterring here and there one from what is often an act of mental suicide we have jotted down a few thoughts, leaving it to each wise man to use them or reject them as he sees fit.

As a rule it is bad for a man to change his calling—at least, in England; we do not know what it may be in America. By frequent changes a man becomes Jack-of-all-trades and master of none. Transplanted trees never make much growth. Before their roots have well searched the soil of one spot they have to begin upon another, and when they are getting pretty nearly at home in the second garden they have to migrate again. The tree is usually stunted, and the fruit is scanty. A man may be everything and yet be nothing. If among his changes he includes the ministry it is most likely that this is the feeblest part he has played, and the church may be felicitated when he quits the stage and appears in another character.

Next, it is evidently unwise to leave a work which we do understand for one which is totally new to us. What becomes of all those years of apprenticeship to any one profession? A thoroughly good tailor may

make a very moderate carpenter; and a first-rate carpenter may be hardly at home in setting bones and administering boluses. What becomes of the adaptation to the sphere which it takes so many years to acquire? New yokes are not so fitted to the shoulder as the old ones.

A man may glorify God in his calling, and have money to give and time to spare for the cause of truth; but if he enters the paid ministry he may not glorify God, he may have no money to give, and his time may not be worth a brass farthing to anybody. There is a fancy among men to be other than themselves,—a fancy also to be what they were never meant to be. Several ancient rulers did not find the management of their dominions sufficiently burdensome, and so one of them became a fiddler, another a poet, and another an orator. The world never had a worse fiddler than Nero, nor a more wearisome poet than Dionysius, nor a more blundering orator than Caligula; and we might fearlessly assert also that the world never had worse princes than these three. Such instances are exceedingly instructive, and remind us of the sculptor's advice to the cobbler to stick to his last. Each tub had better stand on its own bottom; for when tubs take to rolling about they spill all that they contain, be it either wine or water. Would that all men had such a holy dread of the sacred office of pastor as to cry from their inmost hearts, *Nolo episcopari*:—I am unwilling to assume the bishopric.

Do all our eager brethren really know the pressure of mind, and the strain of soul which are involved in preaching to one set of people year after year? Have they any notion of the heart-pangs, and the soul-travail, and the bitterness of disappointment involved in the care of souls? Do they judge it to be so mean an employment that slender gifts and graces will suffice for it? Or do they think that a minister means simply a black coat and a white choker? No doubt many raw country lads think that soldiering means a red coat, a stripe down the legs, and evenings with nothing to do; but when they get enlisted, and war time comes on, they find that powder does not smell half so well as *Eau de Cologne*, and that an ugly hole in one's breast is hardly repaid by the medal which may afterwards be hung over the orifice. We recommend to many an aspirant for pulpit honours the example of the young recruit who was thus addressed: "You need not have run away during the first five minutes of the battle." "Well," said he, "I had rather be a coward for five minutes than *be a corpse all the rest of my life*." We think we know some brethren who have been not very unlike corpses ever since their ordination.

The ministry is a high and honourable calling when a man is really fitted for it; but without the necessary qualifications it must be little better than sheer slavery with a fine name to it. We are overdone with mediocrity, and the grades below that poor level. We feel sure that many have mistaken their calling: we should not have so many preachers and so little good preaching if the divine call had been waited for. Oh that men could foresee the misery of non-success, and could recognise the possibility that it will be their portion.

A man who is established in life, with a family about him, usually has many duties incumbent upon him. There are aged relatives to support, and, at any rate, the wife of his bosom and the olive-branches round about his table need looking after. May he make any remove

which would unfit him for the fulfilment of these evident claims? We think not. It is always an evil thing to offer to God one duty stained with the blood of another. It is always a pity to leave a certain obligation for an uncertain one. It is always suspicious when the pursuit to which we aspire appears to be more honourable than that which we would relinquish. There is such a thing as giving one's self up to the service of God and our own benefit; and when the two things rather evidently come together a few questions may always be suggested to the thoughtful man by the singular fact. We feel a little jealous of a man's proposal to glorify God by that which falls in with his own inclination and conduces to his own comfort. We all too readily insinuate self into our desire for the divine honour, and yet we may not be conscious of it. Our prayers are not quite so honest as the grace which is used by the Grocers' Company before their feasts,—"God preserve the Church, the Queen, *and the Worshipful Company of Grocers.*" Yes—that's the point: the worshipful Company of Grocers must come in somehow, and so must our worshipful selves.

We have frequently said to a young man making application for admission to the College: "Do not be a minister *if you can help it.*" That "if you can help it" is the hinge of the matter. He who gives himself up, heart and soul, unreservedly, to the work of the ministry, because woe is unto him if he preach not the gospel, will enter upon his labours from a heavenly compulsion, which it is altogether beyond his power to resist. Then, with confidence in God, he may face poverty, shame, discomfort, anything and everything; but without the call, where can be the faith? Without the impulse, where is the warrant? That preaching which is inspired by vain glory must necessarily be in vain. If a man gets where God did not place him he may take care of himself. Many a boy has clambered up a rock and has wished himself down again a thousand times; ere long broken bones have proven the wisdom of his wish. We do not doubt that there are hundreds of men, half-starved in the Christian ministry, who would act wisely if they could add a secular business to their sacred calling. If this would relieve them from want it would not encumber them, but set them free. They would serve the Master better rather than worse if they ploughed the fields or opened shop. We know men with large families and small churches who are greatly pinched. Why do they not take up their old trades? If it would be disreputable to do a little tailoring, is it not more so to be in debt? The apostolic spectacle of a man of God using the needle may be seen of men and angels, and yet it need never cause him a blush. We know a very useful minister who at a pinch peddled maps, another to this day serves as clerk, a third helps in the harvest-field, and a fourth sells books and does colporteur's work. Why not?

While we would thus for the present distress urge our pastors to shake off all notion of being degraded by secular work, we still look for much aid from what are called our "lay brethren."

Instead of fewer of these, we need ten times as many of them: the more the merrier. Success to the guild! May its worthy members become more and more efficient, and supply for our poorer churches that lack of service from which they are greatly suffering. So we say for England; we dare say the same truth applies to the United States.

London in the days of Queen Anne.*

MR. ASHTON is a very diligent student of the various aspects of life in the eighteenth century, and his portrayal of our forefathers' manners and customs in the days of Queen Anne is undoubtedly the most interesting book he has produced. The plan adopted—a very successful one—is to make contemporary authors describe their own times; and for the purpose of finding suitable extracts he has gone through the not altogether undiverting drudgery of reading the literature and the numerous diminutive newspapers of the time. The task involved a vast amount of labour, but the result is a very vivid picture of daily life as it really was in what some still call the Augustan age of English letters. Mr. Ashton assures us that his work "has proved a very pleasant task"; and the best proof of this is the production of a highly instructive and entertaining book. In portraying an age so much coarser than our own the compiler has had to exercise some discrimination in using available material, many contemporary examples of calling a spade a spade being too outspoken to admit of reproduction in these more decent times. He has not erred on the side of over-fastidiousness, however; and the reader has consequently abundance of evidence supplied to show that the old world of which Anne was the central figure was more repulsive than attractive. It was an age of great authors and of great victories; but so it was also of universal ignorance and great abuses. At the same time, the years of Anne's reign represented one of the most interesting periods in our history; for though dead in one sense, the times were times of awakening in another. There were many giants to be met with; and the foundations were laid of some of our most cherished modern institutions. The facsimile illustrations in Mr. Ashton's book, two of which we are happy to reproduce, enable the reader to realize more thoroughly the character of the age portrayed.

The London of Queen Anne's time was quite a compact town compared with our present far-reaching capital. Green fields were to be reached in a few minutes after crossing London-bridge in the south, while the houses ceased at Shoreditch Church in the north; and both east and west were equally circumscribed. It was possible for a farmer to live in Shoreditch; and for persons who lived in the city to walk out into the pure, quiet country before breakfast on a spring or summer morning, of course taking care not to linger after nightfall, because footpads, or the Mohocks, who abused passengers for mere pastime, rendered the thoroughfares exceedingly dangerous.

When Anne succeeded to the throne in 1702, the Puritan era had closed, although here and there it would have been possible to find a veteran who represented that saintly and heroic race. Though religion generally was at a low ebb, and the outlook of Nonconformity was anything but reassuring, there still remained men of mark in the Dissenting ministry. Until 1704, Benjamin Keach laboured in South-

* Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne. Taken from Original Sources. By John Ashton, author of "Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century." With eighty-four illustrations by the Author, from contemporary prints. In two volumes. Chatto and Windus, 1882. Price 28s.

wark, and he was succeeded by the not less devoted Benjamin Stinton. At Devonshire-square Richard Adams preached all through the queen's reign; and there also Joseph Stennett, who with his people observed a seventh-day Sabbath at Cripplegate, preached a Sunday-evening lecture. Isaac Watts was found at Bury-street, and good old Daniel Burgess was the evangelical light of the west of London; so that country visitors whose taste was for good preaching might easily have been gratified.

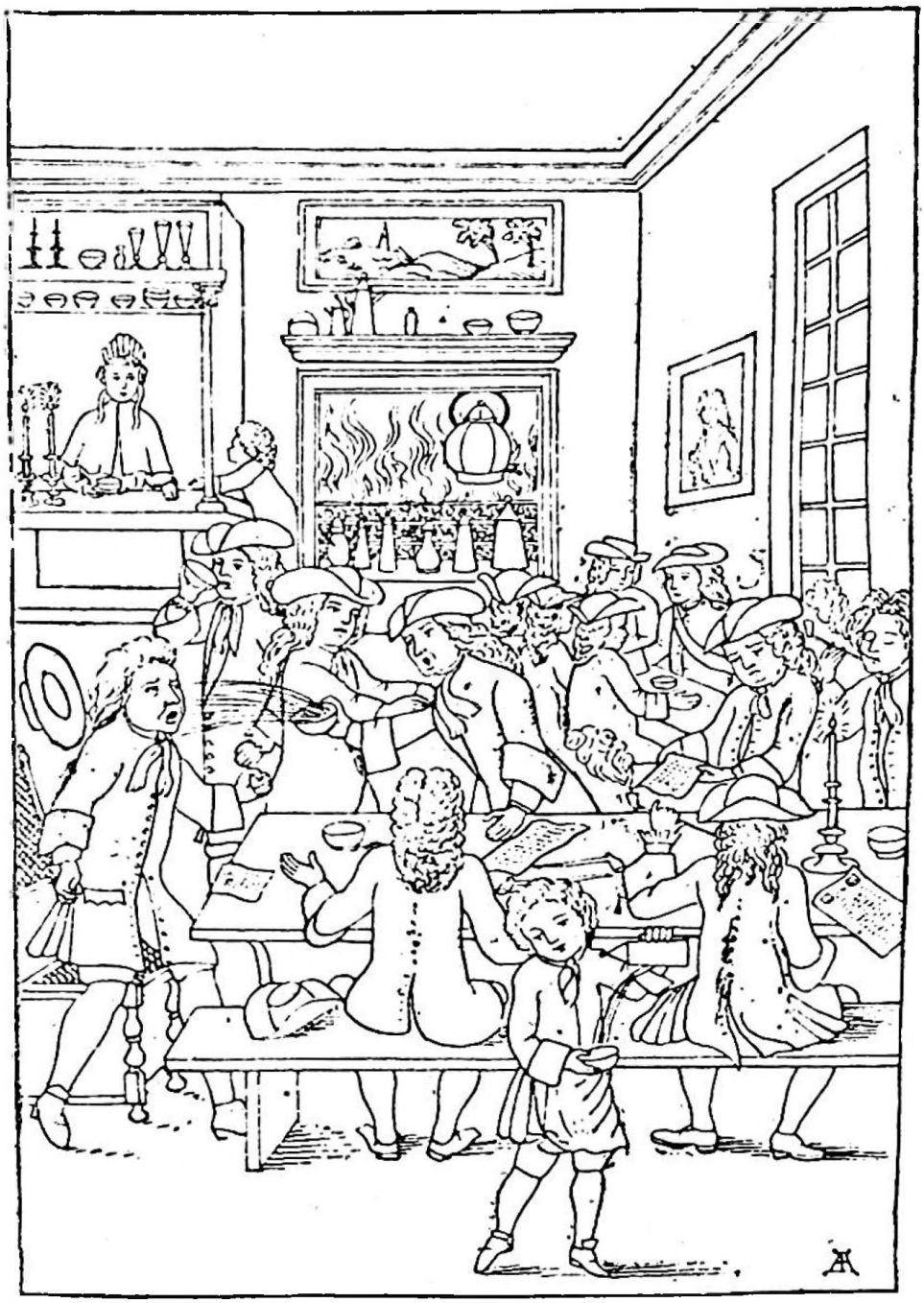
Still, the general characteristics of the age were retrogressive, and its tendencies must have been sadly disappointing to those Christian people who were old enough to remember the splendid noontide of the seventeenth century. The founding of charity-schools was so much in fashion that it was possible to muster four thousand children in uniform, mounted on "a machine," to witness such a royal pageant as her majesty's going to St. Paul's to return thanks for the peace; but the education given was somewhat less elaborate than that now imparted at our modern geometry-teaching Board-schools. On the average, the daily life of the people was less luxurious than our own; the food was coarser, and the houses were more plainly furnished.

Both by the extent of their retinues, and by the brilliance of their equipages, the upper classes sought to excite the awe of the vulgar. Good citizens were expected to set their faces against French innovations and to hate the pope, beyond which nothing extraordinary was required of them on the score of religion and morality. It was a notoriously drunken and gambling age; gross superstition was an almost universal failing; and, of course, in proportion as people lacked heart religion they were savagely intolerant. The sights of London were, for the most part, as contemptible as they were demoralizing. Bull-baiting was one of the most popular of pastimes; the other approved sports were of a kind which would have delighted the brutal audience of a Roman amphitheatre. The custom of wearing swords led to many a catastrophe; for men quarrelled, fought, and killed each other on the slightest provocation. Medical and sanitary science were both in their infancy, and, while disease was generated without the cause being suspected, quackery was rampant. The age is interesting to look back upon, but no one would change those old times for our own.

As all are aware who are acquainted with the literature of the period, the reign of Anne was the golden age of coffee-houses, every clique—even that of the Nonconformist ministers—having its recognised house of meeting. "The coffee-house," says Mr. Ashton, "was the centre of news, the lounge of the idler, the rendezvous for appointments, the mart for business men." Even Addison speaks of "laying down my penny on the bar," so that, in exchange for that humble coin, a person might have a cup of coffee, meet his friends, and rest as long as he chose. Speaking of the facsimile picture we have borrowed from his book, Mr. Ashton says: "The illustration gives us an excellent idea of the interior of a coffee-house and its domestic economy. The *dame de comptoir*, the roaring fire with its perpetual supply of hot water, and its coffee and teapots close by, so as to be kept warm, and the very plain tables and stools, show the accommodation that was required and accepted by the very plain-living people of that day."

This is all sufficiently interesting; but when we come to look a little

further below the surface in the everyday life of the reign of Queen Anne we find that religion and morality were making no progress. With regard to the Establishment, we are told that "there were priests in the livings then as now, and they duly baptized, married, preached to, and



A COFFEE-HOUSE SCENE.

buried their flock; but there was little vitality in their ministrations, little or no earnestness as to the spiritual state of those committed to their charge, and very little of practical teaching in the way of setting before them a higher social standard for them to imitate." The clergy

neglected their cures until they forfeited their influence, and came to be regarded with contempt. Each great house had its domestic chaplain; but the poor man, whose pay was "Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a year," enjoyed none of that social status which the acquirements of a gentleman command in a more civilized age. The chief things done for the furtherance of religion in Anne's time were the foundation of the Queen's Bounty, and the building of the fifty new churches in London.



A NONCONFORMIST MINISTER.

The Nonconformists were divided into a good many sects; but all official business was enacted in the name of the Three Denominations. If the Established Church was asleep, we are sorry to say that our Dissenting forefathers were also affected by the prevailing somnolence, meanwhile letting in such enemies as Arianism and indifference, to destroy their influence. At the same time many were faithful; and we should not forget that the *magnum opus* of Matthew Henry, and the lesser commentary of William Burkitt, have both come down to us from that age. Though the Presbyterians took the lead in point of numbers and influence, "the seventh-day men," as the Sabbatarian Baptists were called, must have been tolerably numerous, to judge by the references made to them. "These Sabbatarians are so called because they will not remove the day of rest from Saturday to Sunday," remarks Misson. "They leave off work betimes on Friday evening, and are very rigid observers of their Sabbath. . . . England hath also Anabaptists of several sorts." One of the pastimes of Church-and-Queen mobs was the pulling down of meeting-houses, the damage having to be repaired by the Government.

We have additional testimony as to the low state of morality in Anne's reign by that "insane dislike to Quakers" of which Mr. Ashton speaks. "I have not met with one kindly or sympathetic remark about them in all my varied reading of these times," he says. "On the contrary, they are represented as thorough-paced hypocrites, cheats, liars, immoral livers." The generality of people judged of Friends by their own mean standard, of course supposing that anything higher must necessarily be mere pretence.

Crime was shockingly prevalent, and neither the prisons, which were pest-houses of the most awful description, nor the gallows, which occasionally had twenty victims at a batch, was able to repress the evil.

We value Mr. Ashton's book, not only because he has enlightened us in regard to the good old times, but because he has made us more than ever thankful for the Victorian era. With all its evils, we accept our own era as a great advance upon the epoch of Queen Anne. What would have become of England if the Lord, in his sovereign mercy, had not raised up Wesley and Whitefield to inaugurate the Methodist revival!

The Joiners' Motto.

THAT is an instructive motto of the Joiners' Company, "*Join truth with truth.*"

Does it mean join one truth with another, and do not make up a creed of half Bible and half tradition; partly the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and partly the invention of carnal reason? If so, we commend it to those whose creed is not all of a piece, but a mingle-mangle of truth and error. The error is sure in due time to elbow out the truth, and even now it neutralizes its influence.

Does it mean, join the truth of a holy life with the truth of an orthodox belief? If so, we commend it to those who fight for the doctrine but trifle with the precept. Practical righteousness is as precious as doctrinal correctness: the two should never be divorced, for he who is "the truth" is also "the life" and "the way." To hear men talk about "the truth" while their lives give the lie to holiness is as lamentable as to see a jewel of gold in a swine's snout.

Or does the motto bid us join truths together in a loving and truthful spirit, the "with truth" being an adverbial expression? It may be so, and the precept is significant. When the portions of our faith are glued together by mere theory or logic, instead of being welded by the fires of conviction, our creed is apt to fall to pieces, and the fabric drops into fragments. Our joinery should be well and truly done: the marriage of good things should be legal, and not a sort of runaway match, wherein the name of unity stands for a sham. Heartily and sincerely let us love the truth which reveals to us the heart of God.

We are all joiners in some way or other, and so, good liverymen of the City Company, we thank you for your pithy advice, and we would join one holy truth to another, till all truth dwells in us. We would add truth of faith to truth of courage, and to true courage the truth of knowledge, and to true knowledge the grand truth of temperance, and to true temperance the truth of brotherly kindness, and to true brotherly kindness the noblest of all truths, which is charity. What marvellous cabinet-work shall we make if we carefully gather together the virtues, omitting none of them, and then arrange them in fair harmony, and join them together so that they may never be rent asunder. Good things are all the better for being placed in good company: each grace lends a charm to every other. It is a pity when men cultivate one excellence at the cost of all the rest. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder. We cannot afford to omit a truth from our creed or a virtue from our lives. A body deprived of a single member is maimed, and such is a life from which any one point of obedience is absent. At the same time, as a dead bone in the body causes pain and breeds mischief, so will falsehood in faith or hypocrisy in life create sin and sorrow in the heart that tolerates it. *Join truth with truth, and truth only*, is the advice of wisdom.—C. H. S.

John Curwen.*

THE name of John Curwen is so widely known that these "memorials" will awaken a general interest. Whether it is wise for a son to undertake the task of compiling his father's biography may admit of some doubt, as there is danger of his failing to do ample justice to his theme through a desire to guard against the possible charge of filial exaggeration. Those who knew John Curwen will heartily endorse his son's testimony to his beautiful character and devoted labours; but we fear other readers will be somewhat disappointed if they resort to the common practice of discounting a biographer's tribute to his hero's worth.

Having known and loved Mr. Curwen for many years, we were prepared to welcome his life-story in the heartiest manner. Taking into account the disadvantage under which he laboured, Mr. Spencer Curwen has performed his task with singular taste and ability, and the thoughtful reader will be able to form a just estimate of one who "served his generation by the will of God," and whose life-work will long remain to us as a precious inheritance.

It does not surprise us to be told that John Curwen came of a pious stock. Although his grandfather, a Cumberland merchant, and his grandmother were Episcopalians, they preferred the living ministry of a Methodist meeting-house to the dry formalities of the Established Church.

His father, Spedding Curwen, was a man of no ordinary type, whose fidelity to the dictates of conscience made him decline the offer of a course at Oxford, and a living in the Church. He entered the Independent College at Rotherham, resolved to find in the freedom of Nonconformity a sphere of Christian usefulness. Completing his career as a student, he was chosen pastor of the Independent church at Heckmondwike, where his two sons were born, and, subsequently, of the churches at Cottingham (Yorkshire), Barbican (London), Frome, Newbury, and Reading. A forcible testimony to the character of his preaching is thus given by a Somersetshire labourer:—

"Ha didd zeem ta I, az iv ha didd stand under the dree a life, a pluckin' the vroots and vlinggin them out into the buzzums o' the peeple."

Translation:—"He did seem to me as if he did stand under the tree of life, a plucking the fruits, and flinging them into the bosoms of the people."

Mrs. Spedding Curwen seems to have been a woman of remarkable piety, but her influence was too early lost to her children, as she died before John was six years of age. Young as he was when he experienced her loss, he says, "I dearly love her fragrant memory"; and his father, writing to Charles Reed, says, "You are quite correct in regarding John's devotedness as the result of the prayers of his glorified mother. He inherits her natural temper, which was that of an active tranquillity very seldom ruffled. He was much with her in her last affliction. If you

* Memorials of John Curwen. Compiled by his son, J. Spencer Curwen. London: J. Curwen and Sons, 8, Warwick Lane.

had entered the room suddenly, her hand would have been seen resting on his head, and her lips uttering prayer. He was too young to receive any mental impression then; but the Lord answered her supplications by his early conversion." Mothers may take encouragement from the early conversion of John Curwen if they will only justify their faith by the exercise of the twin-ministry of prayer and Christian counsel.

Before he was sixteen years of age John Curwen became a member of his father's church at Frome, and a year later he entered, as a student for the ministry, the Independent College at Wymondley. Not long after his admission, the college was removed to town, and its name changed to that of Coward College, the students attending the classes at the London University for classics and mathematics.

Though he was devoted to his studies, he lost no opportunity of acquiring the experience which his future office would require. He began by talking to children in the Sunday-schools, and became at length a true apostle to the young. A fellow student says of him at this juncture, "I well remember being very solemnly impressed with the purity of his character, the warmth of his heart, and the enviable reposefulness of his spirit. He had early learned to trust. Like Luther's 'Innocent Robin,' he could tuck his head under his wing, go to sleep, and let God take care that the sky did not fall!" And another adds—"A cheerful piety was the charm of his being; the secret of a fine and tender sympathy that was prompt for enterprise or for comfort." Such a youth as this carried with it the promise of a blessed future; the promise did not fail. We should like to see all our students for the ministry adopt John Curwen's course during their college career; for if they succeed in interesting and instructing children they need not despair of commanding the attention of an adult congregation.

When he became assistant minister at Basingstoke, he gathered a number of little boys to his lodgings, and taught them to read by "the look-and-say method." Had he chosen education as his vocation in life he would have made one of the most successful teachers of his day. But though his call to the ministry was too evident to justify such a course, and his educational efforts had to be made secondary to preaching, he lost no opportunity of stimulating and directing others in the work. In 1841 he made a tour in Yorkshire, in company with his friend Charles Reed, to lecture upon Sunday-school methods. It was during his residence at Basingstoke that he wrote the story of Nelly Vanner, which has never been surpassed as a children's book.

Leaving Basingstoke he became assistant minister of the Congregational church at Stowmarket, where he remained eighteen months, and a year later he was called to the pastorate of the church at Plaistow, in Essex, a position which he held for twenty-three years. With Plaistow John Curwen's name is inseparably associated.

It is said of him that "as a preacher he was powerfully simple." Strange as this conjunction of terms may appear to some, it conveys an important truth which ministers cannot afford to despise. The affectation of profundity is one of the vices to which there is a strong temptation; this is a blunder as well as a sin; for men are more moved by warm affections than by learned observations. Before sanctity of character, and an earnest purpose, men of culture not only relax their

claim for profound thought, but they welcome, as a grateful relief to the severer studies of the week, a devout and simple service on the Lord's day. We have not to travel far to find intellectual preachers bewailing their failure, in close neighbourhood with others who are proving, by crowded congregations and great spiritual success, the power of "the simplicity of the gospel." The refined subtleties of philosophical thought and the ornate diction of cultured rhetoric signally fail to furnish the solace and the stay demanded by the craving of a quickened soul. That ministry which is pervaded by the spirit of Jesus, and which draws men into closer sympathy with him, will ever remain at a premium so long as human hearts feel the pressure of the burdens of life. A recent writer has well said, "To rely on intellectual methods for the direct advance of devout thought is to mistake philosophy for religion, and to introduce into the gospel that fatal canker which, in the ancient world, enfeebled and dissolved system after system, and left the most splendid remains of speculative genius and ethical wisdom on a social soil dark with unpitied miseries and festering with moral corruptions." To develop and mould Christian character rather than to satisfy the demand for "advanced thought," was one of the most prominent features of Mr. Curwen's ministry. His saintly life and his pastoral labours are not merely a memory to be cherished, but an inheritance to be enjoyed by those who knew him in his prime.

A thorough musician himself, it does not surprise us that Mr. Spencer Curwen devotes considerable space in his book to demonstrate his father's connection with the tonic sol-fa method. The story was worth telling, and its lessons will not be lost upon the reader.

When Mr. Curwen first became interested in the work of Sunday-school teaching, he felt the need of making the singing more effective, and having experienced the drudgery of teaching tunes by ear, he sighed for a simple method by which a correct knowledge of music might be imparted, and its practice rendered easy and pleasant. He felt that the *thing*, music, was something independent of the names and signs with which he had been bewildered in its study, and that a more rational system of teaching was possible. In this he was correct, for he soon fell in with a small manual descriptive of a new method of writing and teaching music invented by Miss Glover, the daughter of a clergyman at Norwich. When he heard the children sing who had been taught in a school under this lady's supervision he saw that his idea was in part realized. He discovered possibilities in the system of which Miss Glover never dreamed; from a simple alphabet he soon proceeded to construct a language and a literature. With that strict regard for justice which always characterized him, he conceded to Miss Glover the merit of originating the tonic sol-fa system; and with an equal sense of justice this lady never withheld from him the honour of its development. The letters which passed between them are admirable for the mutual concessions they make to each other. Regarding music as the handmaid of religion and benevolence, and as an important instrument of education, they could well afford to merge their distinctive claims, and rejoice together in the success of the enterprise they had set on foot.

Scientifically true, the tonic sol-fa system would have justified the

labour of a life for its own sake, but Mr. Curwen was not the man to be satisfied with merely being its apostle. The thought that he was giving wings to gospel hymns and moral songs, which would carry them into the homes of the people, and that he would enable worshippers to take a more intelligent part in "the Service of Song in the house of the Lord," fired his zeal for this new avocation, and enabled him to bear himself bravely under the storm of opposition stirred by professional prejudice and jealousy.

Sparing neither pains nor money in realising his idea of the power and place of music, his joy in his work deepened as he saw the results of his labours in "the school, the home, and the congregation."

It must not be thought that he allowed his devotion to this new propaganda to interfere with the discharge of his ministerial labours. He denied himself the pleasure of learning to play the piano, and limited the time for the study of music to a couple of hours before breakfast. It was not until he relinquished the pastorate that he devoted himself exclusively to the work which had grown so rapidly in his hands. Perfecting the notation, he wrote the necessary handbooks to commend it to all classes of society, and published a variety of music to satisfy the demand he had created. The Tonic Sol-fa College he lived to complete is doing a noble work in the training of teachers under the able direction of his son and successor, and every year the influence of the system is extending. So impressed are we with its value and importance, that we not only commend it as the most rational method of teaching music, but as worthy to rank as a concurrent system with the old notation. Every Sunday-school and every Band of Hope, and, we would add, every congregation, should have its tonic sol-fa class, and with the facilities thus afforded everyone ought to learn to sing. Psalmody is the soul of true worship, but alas! in many congregations it seems to be a lost art. The organist has superseded the precentor, and the choir, instead of leading the people, enjoys a monopoly of the service of praise. "Let *the people* praise thee, O God, yea, let ALL the people praise thee!" is a devout aspiration of the Psalmist, not yet realized because so many seem to have no *conscience* at all as to their duty in "making a joyful noise unto the Lord!" That John Curwen yearned and laboured to promote congregational singing must endear his memory to all who love "the gates of praise" through which the redeemed enter the Temple of Worship.

It is impossible to read these memorials without being charmed by the sweet virtues of the Christian character of John Curwen. Mr. Macfadyen does not exaggerate when he says—"If he was beloved and venerated as a patriarch in my house, he made me feel as a son in his house. For years I have gone in and out at will, revering his pure and holy character, his saintly life, his unselfish affection, his frank, childlike, and sympathetic manner, the blending of love and intellect (by which he seemed to think with the heart and feel with the mind), his steady attachment to principle, an attachment that made him in all matters pertaining to conscience as much of the oak as in all things that seemed to him non-essential he was of the willow, one of the noblest and most chivalrous natures I have known."

By the death of his brother Tom, for whom he cherished and

expressed the most ardent love, and that of his beloved wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, the light of his life seemed to die out. His natural powers began to fail, and he longed to go home. Weak as he was, he felt compelled to journey to Manchester that he might render some kindly service to a relative who was dangerously ill. Here he took cold, and contracted an illness which proved fatal. Waking from a short doze, he exclaimed, "Oh! how sweet it would be to sleep away like this!" His daughter writes of his last moments: "The breathing grew feebler; he gazed upward as one who already was conscious only of heaven; then his eyes gradually closed, and a few short gasping breaths ended on this Wednesday evening, the 26th of May, 1880, at half-past ten o'clock, the most lovely, perfect life I ever knew!"

His body was brought home to be laid in his family grave in the City of London Cemetery, at Ilford, beneath the shadow of a clump of trees. Such a "quiet resting-place" was most appropriate to one whose life had been so gentle and so sweet. As the last line of the hymn which concluded the funeral service died away, a lark rose from the earth, filling the air with its sweet minstrelsy, singing as it soared towards the gate of heaven. Thus the winged songster paid an unconscious tribute to the labours of a good man's life, and pointed out the road he had gone to join the white-robed choir, and swell "the Song of Moses and the Lamb!"

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Shall I print it?

AN editor remarks, "A man who has never written a book can hardly comprehend the awful joy which fills the soul of the author, as he discovers the offspring of his brain sandwiched in among a number of other discarded volumes, and marked '*This lot twopence each.*'" But those good souls to whom this fate will surely come are the very brethren who must print. To them we would kindly say,—Do not worry others to write you a preface; for if your book is worth anything it will sell itself, and if it is worthless no preface can make it better. Do not risk your money upon printing. If a publisher will not take your MS. at a gift it is never worth your while to pay him to bring it out. Get a publisher's opinion first, and, as a rule, it will be correct. If, however, you are wealthy and are able to pay for spreading your views and attempting to do good, there is no need of this caution, though even then you will probably be near the truth if you conclude that books which will not sell are not very likely to be read. The number of persons who find themselves encumbered with pamphlets and books which do not pay is by no means small; and if we should save one person from the trial we shall not have written this paragraph in vain. Nor shall we be hurting the publishers; for we have heard some shrewd ones say that it damages their firms to bring out unsaleable books even when the authors bear all the loss.

"The Wild Flowers."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

LITTLE E. came running into the house holding some flowers in her hand which she had gathered in the fields. "O, grand'ma," she said, "I do so love the wild flowers!" "And why, my dear, are you so fond of them?" enquired her grandmother.

Was not the following a sweet reply?

"Well, you know, they're not like those that grow in the garden and *everybody cares for!*"

"I do so love the wild flowers,
They're not like those that grow
In carefully tended gardens
With all they want, you know!

They have no one to care for them,
And few their beauty see,
They hide among the undergrowth
In sweet humility.

If I could be a drop of dew
I'd like to fall on *such:*
Poor things, they get so little love,
The others have so much!

* * * *

Is this not like our Saviour?
For he himself confessed
He came to seek and save the lost;
He loved the wild flowers best.

The poor, the sick, the sorrowful,
Despised and counted nought,
These are the ones he welcomed,
And with his blood-price bought.

Or, if *thou art* a wild flower,
Despair not at thy lot;
Perchance thou art *to Jesus*
A wild forget-me-not.

A *wild one* on account of sin;
If thou that sin confess
He says he will forget *the sin*,
And love *thee* none the less."

Sunday Morning in Bermondsey.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

BERMONDSEY, which appears to derive its name from Bearmund, its Saxon lord, is now called by some the land of leather. It is a very low-lying, marshy area, and is next neighbour to Rotherhithe, where timber-dealing and boat-building are extensively carried on. When formerly under cultivation the land was exceedingly rich, being thus well adapted for market gardens. Some parts of the parish have only been built upon during the present generation. Gradually, but surely, the gardeners have been driven from their fields and enclosures, until at present the region in general may be said to be occupied by manufacturers and a dense industrial population. Though by no means a cheery nor an elegant region, it is outwardly interesting quite apart from the trades carried on with so much enterprise in its midst. Many of its sites are hallowed by religious associations, and dotted about here and there are houses as comfortable within as they are picturesque without, which must once have stood in suburban green lanes. A district having peculiar characteristics and separate organizations, Bermondsey is itself equivalent to a large town, a town strangely destitute as regards religious privileges and accommodation; but, at the same time, now favoured with the presence of a devoted band of evangelists under Mr. W. Olney, jun., who originated the successful mission at Green Walk.

On a cold but fine Sabbath morning, towards the end of last November, we determined to make a somewhat complete exploration of Bermondsey during the hour of divine service, for the purpose of seeing how the resident working classes conduct themselves while the minority are employed in the worship of their Maker. For a companion we had an intelligent working man, by trade a gas-main layer, and a member of the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. While belonging to this large church, however, he was not often privileged to hear his pastor preach, his volunteer labours as an assistant to Mr. Olney at the Green Walk Mission engaging the greater part of his Sabbath and week-day leisure.

Turning down St. Thomas's-street, we are soon in the very midst of Bermondsey, which at some time after nine seems hardly to have thrown off that Sabbath drowsiness which apparently settles on working-class neighbourhoods during the early hours of the day of rest. A large proportion of the men are not yet out of bed, and although breakfast here and there may still be in progress, a good many chimneys make as much smoke as though the women had only just commenced to light the fires. The pavements are wet, the air is keen; partially kept down by the mist, even the smoke appears to be too lazy to rise. The Sabbath has dawned, and the sun seems to be striving to dissipate all depressing vapours; but here, in this region of great tanneries, factories, and concert-rooms, where the very ground is as though it were too commercially valuable to afford sites for places of worship, the day of rest is in the main only a day of cessation from week-day labour.

But, much as they may love their beds, those who have household

duties to attend to cannot afford to indulge their somnolent predilections long after nine, for the preparation of a good Sunday dinner represents more or less of a morning's work. For generation after generation the Sunday dinner has held on its way as one of the best-loved of English institutions. A writer who lived in the time of William III. declares that "the English of all sects, but particularly the Presbyterians, make profession of being very strict observers of the Sabbath-day;" and then, after admitting that felons who were hanged frequently traced their ruin to Sabbath-breaking, he shows that the popular manner of keeping the day is "to feast as nobly as possible, and especially not to forget the pudding." The predilections of the people at large are very similar now to what they were at the opening of the last century; and, as regards its Sunday dinner, Bermondsey is by no means behindhand in preparation. On one occasion the poverty of Bethnal-green was shown by the paucity of butchers' shops, and also by the fact that when a butcher's house was closed it never opened again in the same trade. If this holds good one might infer that Bermondsey was well to do, on account of butchers and greengrocers so far outnumbering the bakers that nearly a dozen of the former in one thoroughfare might be met with in the course of a few hundred yards. We have ocular evidence that the people at least dine on Sunday, and that somewhat sumptuously for their status. The shops are well stocked with joints such as working people would select; and as ten o'clock approaches the vendors grow noisy in proportion as the traffic increases. A large number of women and girls are now abroad, the men who have a liking for the excitement of the Sunday market in many instances being better able to gratify their taste among the birds of Sclater-street, Spitalfields, or the ribald crowd of Rag Fair. The women and girls have evidently less liberty than their husbands and brothers; but as they go from shop to shop in their morning *deshabille* it is easy to see that Sunday trading affords some relief to the monotony of their life. Indeed, we reluctantly come to the conclusion that many people prefer Sunday morning to Saturday night as a time for laying out their money. At all events, our guide declared that the majority of those whose presence contributed so largely to the liveliness of the scene were people who received their wages early on Saturday. To err and to do things by the rule of contrary is human, but what a reflection is such an admission on the utility of the Saturday half-holiday!

Now we have watched the scene for an hour, the church bells far and near have done ringing, and those who usually frequent the house of God are in their places. In the meantime, while the churches have grown more quiet as far as their many-tongued steeples are concerned, the scene without has reached the acme of liveliness. We look into the parish church, where there is a fair, but not a full congregation; and on stepping back into the street the demeanour of the excellent rector in reading desk is the widest possible contrast to the animated behaviour of dealers who are shouting, chaffing, and bargaining within a stone's throw of the church porch. What are called canonical hours make up to these people a valuable harvest time, and they have no liking for a gospel which would restrict the license either of themselves or their customers. It is now "buy, buy, buy" with a vengeance, as though it

were "now or never" as regarded the dinner; and that some of the earnest talk does not penetrate into the sanctuary to mar the prayer and praise, as used actually to be the case at old Devonshire-square Chapel, must be owing to the extra thickness of the walls. At 11.15, just outside the parish church, there were twenty people waiting to be attended to at one butcher's shop, and four persons were serving. At a second-hand clothes' shop there were nearly thirty people waiting, and the barrows, and stalls, and other shops of a miscellaneous character were equally busy. The scene was not even without its comical side; for although the thermometer must have been down to thirty-five degrees, and a north-east wind was blowing, a summer-drink barrow was on the scene, and doubtless attracted its share of the spoil.

Leaving the main thoroughfare, we examine the large area of closely-packed streets at the rear of the Green-walk Mission, a desolate district in which no meeting is maintained apart from those of the City missionaries. Going on our way we come to other quarters which appear to have been so long neglected that the people look askance at us as unseasonable visitors, while the houses seem to frown as we look at their darkened fronts and grimed windows. Here is a street taken possession of by the worst of characters of both sexes; and, without understanding the inhabitants, it would not be advisable to darken the threshold of any one of the houses. Here is another street where squalor and misery keep company with something better; for though there are dirty passages, broken shutters, and rag-stuffed windows, there are also fowls and ducks in the middle of the road, which are an evidence of somebody's thriftiness. Their uncanny surroundings make these living creatures unnaturally tame. There, too, are the poor costers, loading up their barrows for an afternoon round, when with their stentorian vocal powers they will render the coveted after-dinner nap an impossibility in many an otherwise quiet and retired corner of the town. In other places the barrows are at rest, and will remain so until the dawn of Monday. It is not all gain that looks like gain in a shifting world like this. There are costers even here who act as though they had the sense to know that no pence, or even shillings, taken during the Sabbath hours can make amends for the loss of that golden rest which both soul and body demand. Not far from where we are walking a Jew kept a certain greengrocer's shop, and of course took down the shutters on Sunday; but when a Christian took this business, and closed on the Sabbath, the sudden increase in the trade of Saturday night more than compensated for the apparent sacrifice.

In Bermondsey there is a working-class population of about 50,000 persons, and those who are pretty well acquainted with the habits of the people declare that not one in a hundred ever think of attending any place of worship. We blame these people for so sadly neglecting their best interests; but religion, and even common morality, are sure to go to the wall when persons of both sexes, and of all ages, are huddled together as they are in some quarters of this otherwise favoured parish. Our companion thinks the parish ought to be well off; and as the sum of about £15,000 a week is distributed in wages in the tanning and kindred industries alone, this certainly ought to be the case were there no counteracting influences at work. These adverse influences are over-

crowding, drinking, improvidence, and all the other evils to which these things give rise. As an example of the overcrowding, it may be mentioned that the now cleared site for Mr. Olney's new Mission premises lately contained two rows of cottages standing back to back—twelve four-roomed houses altogether on a piece of land forty-five feet wide and one hundred and twenty-nine feet deep! In one of these cottages there were five families, and none of the others contained less than four. Under such conditions human life is brought down to the level of animal existence, without any present comfort or future hope.

We have described the outward aspect of Bermondsey while the bells are ringing, and while the more privileged, or more respectable, classes are in the churches and chapels; but we have not seen all. We have seen the ordinary week-day traffic of the district encroaching on the Sabbath hours; but in the environs, or in East-street, Walworth, we come upon one of those immense Sunday markets which have become a marked characteristic of modern London. The New-cut, Lambeth; Leather-lane, Holborn; Whitecross-street, St. Luke's; Brick-lane, Spitalfields, are all extensive markets, not to mention Bird-fair and Petticoat-lane, which have special features of their own different from any others. About noon we walked into East-street, and asked our observant companion how many persons he thought there were present, "Well, I should say there are ten thousand," he remarked; "but there are not half as many as there were an hour ago."

Much may be learned by thus perambulating the streets, courts, and alleys of a neighbourhood in company with an intelligent local authority; but those who are always on the ground see far lower depths than such a cursory inspection can be expected to reveal. Ten years ago, a missionary stationed in Long-walk remarked: "This district is composed chiefly of the poorer classes. There are some respectable mechanics, but there are very many more of a lower and more degraded class. This is the case in Long-walk especially, where there are a great number of Roman Catholics; and sometimes on Sunday, when they have been drinking and fighting, it is almost like a little hell upon earth. One policeman dares not venture among them alone. I have sometimes felt my own life in danger. But it is in this place that my meeting is held, so that often when I ask the people to come to it I am told they dare not come to it there." What a confession is this to make concerning the British capital in the nineteenth century.

What shall be done for these people whose rough exteriors are, after all, caskets which contain immortal souls? What are the employers doing for this vast miscellaneous multitude which includes Romanists, Infidels, and a greater number still whose chief characteristics are indifference and ignorance? One master subscribes the stipend of a visiting missionary; others are glad for their men to be visited; but one unhesitatingly remarked, that it would be a boon to society if all missionaries, both at home and abroad, were put into his tan-pits. Such masters as this last are happily scarce, or England would soon forfeit her commercial supremacy.

What requires to be done is to take possession of the enemy's guns, and to turn them on himself. By this we mean, that opponents must not only be turned into friends, but into active workers who find a

solace in tilling their Lord's vineyard. For a dozen years or more this has been done by Mr. W. Olney, Jun., of the Green-walk Mission, a volunteer evangelist who by steady perseverance has surrounded himself with a working staff of about a hundred strong. In his new mission premises Mr. Olney will go on to yet greater achievements; and in the end he will leave Bermondsey better than he found it. He has befriended working men by teaching them to become the friends of themselves. As a preacher of the gospel he has won many trophies, hundreds having, by his instrumentality, been won from the grovelling ways of the world to build their hopes on Christ. His Sunday-morning service in the open-air never fails to attract a good assembly; but at the quieter worship of the evening in the Town Hall, some six or seven hundred persons are found. Who will not support a work like this, which is the silver-lining to an otherwise threatening cloud? The need is imperative: may the needed help be forthcoming. A few more hundreds will complete the hall, of which a woodcut was given in the January number of *The Sword and the Trowel.*

The Voyage.

THE mariner has launched his bark, the sails are swelling wide,
The yards are squared, and, bold and free, she dances on the tide.
The water foams before her bows, to weather and to lee—
Huzza! the gallant mariner! his bark is on the sea.

Young Fancy's hand is on the helm, and Hope sits on the prow,
And many an island of delight that bark is passing now;
The zephyrs scarce can bear from one its rich and rare perfume
Before another charms the eye with yet a brighter bloom.

But Fancy tells of lovelier lands, that rise on deeper seas,
And Hope and Fancy answer, Yes, far lovelier lands than these.
On, on, thou gallant mariner, nor heed the ocean's roar,
And thou shalt tread on brighter strands than feet e'er trod before.

He holds his course, although the storm is rising fierce and fast,
And high the salt and angry spray is canted o'er the mast;
And many a surge is tossing there, with cap as white as snow,
Which tells that sharp and pointed rocks are lying just below.

Who now may warn that mariner? whose voice may he now hear
When Fancy, Hope, and Folly, too, are whispering in his ear?
He will not see, he will not heed the dangers all around,
Still less believe, he seeks a spot that never *can* be found.

There *is* a land, but 'tis not found in Folly's chart of bliss,
And Hope itself ne'er looked for it in such a world as this.
'Tis lovelier than the loveliest that Fancy ever drew,
And holier than the holiest that mortal ever knew.

Then haul your wind and shift your course, that land may yet be won;
But Hope and Fancy shouted still, "Bold mariner, hold on."
And on he rushed upon the rocks; gave one shriek of despair;
And then was nothing to be seen but wild waves rolling there.

Report of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, 1882.

MRS. SPURGEON'S Book Fund pursues its useful course, placing sound and useful theology upon ministers' shelves, and thus blessing their hearers. If anyone wants to know how much this work is needed, and how greatly it is appreciated, let him read this Report. He need not fear that he will be wearied by dull pages of dry recital; on the contrary, he will be charmed with graceful writing and pleasant imagery. Although we may be supposed to be partial, we do not hesitate to say that a more delicious piece of composition was never given to the press. No one who peruses the sweetly-flowing sentences would ever dream that they cost their authoress an amount of anxiety and labour which so exhaust her that we fear she will not be able to prepare a Report for next year. The cross of the Book Fund work lies mainly in the necessity laid upon the worker to write an account of what she has done; yet no one else could write it half so well as herself, nor throw such touching interest into it. We counsel our readers at once to invest sixpence in this little book, and we believe that in every case we shall be thanked for the advice. Apart from its subject, the Report is in itself most interesting reading; its glimpses of home-life, and its choice pictures from nature, must gratify every reader whose tastes and desires are of the right sort.

The sore famine of books yet continues and threatens to do so, for our ministerial brethren in the villages can hardly expect any improvement in their position while the agricultural depression continues, and another bad season is threatened. Our rural churches are being crushed by the poverty of the farming members who were once their strength: many of their pastors have barely bread to eat; how can they purchase books? and without books how are they to maintain the freshness and attractiveness of their preaching?

It is a sad, sad thing that so many ministers should be poor, but it is a glorious fact that so many should be willing to be preachers of the gospel even though poverty should be the condition of their office. So long as there are ministers in need, so long will it be a holy work to supply them, not only with food for their households, but with books for themselves. The Report is a plea for the servants of the Lord of the most touching kind. Here is a specimen of its pleadings:—

"That there are good men in the ministry who would do God better service by coming out of it I have no manner of doubt; they would make far better shoes than sermons, and more consistently occupy a pew than a pulpit; they are fitted to work with their hands rather than with their heads, and everybody but themselves can see that they have intruded into the sacred office, and lack the credentials with which a true ambassador of the King of kings is always furnished. Dwindling churches, empty baptisteries, lifeless prayer-meetings, fruitless services—these all mark the course of such a man, and methinks he had better go and sweep a crossing, 'doing it heartily, as unto the Lord,' than seek to remain in a position for which his Master never designed him, and where, consequently, the dew of his blessing does not fall.

"So much I must sorrowfully confess as regards some who have

evidently mistaken their vocation, and there I leave them, for to their own Master they stand or fall.

"But my reflections and my somewhat extensive experience in the matter both assure me that by far the majority of poor pastors are true shepherds of the sheep, feeding the flock of God with loving care, bearing the burden and heat of the day with patient fortitude, enduring hardness for Christ's sake and the gospel's, doing good and faithful work which will have its reward in heaven. I do not believe that their poverty is the result of their unfitness for service, or is owing to repletion in their ranks, but that it is *partly* an outcome of the universal depression brooding over our land, partly a dishonour on the churches to whom they minister, and wholly a state of things to be ashamed of and remedied as soon as possible. I can with perfect truthfulness say that I know scores of men who toil on from year to year in the face of bitter privation, seeking not their own, but their people's good, and in many cases hiding their sufferings lest the work should be hindered. They are 'heroes,' some of them; and, though the world never hears their name in song or story, it shall be proclaimed in that day when the Lord shall say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' I know one brother with a wife and seven children, and barely £100 per annum to keep them on; yet he says, 'Our need is very real, but the Lord knows it, and I would not for the world take the matter out of his hand!' And another who writes, 'With £80 a-year, a wife and three children, I have but very little to spend in books; but it is God's work, and he will provide.'

"Are not these bright stars shining out of a dark night? Does not such sweet submission and cheerfulness under trial bring glory to God? This radiance of faith and trust would not have been visible in the daylight of prosperity, and so the very darkness is made the means of revealing the grace of God shining in the heart. 'A few years ago,' writes a very poor but successful preacher, 'I was an untaught collier boy, yet from the depths God called me to labour in his vineyard, and by his grace I have been upheld till now. *My whole soul is in the work, and I would not exchange my pulpit for a throne.*' This is the manner of spirit God's ministers are of, and surely such men claim our hearty love and sympathy—men who, like Paul, are ready, not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus!

"Those who are 'called, chosen, and faithful' have necessity laid upon them, yea, woe is unto them if they preach not the gospel, and then it naturally follows that 'even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.'

"I have said that some sensitive natures try to hide the fact of their poverty from the people, and it is often thus; but why do not their congregations open their eyes, their ears, their hearts, their purses? Is not the labourer worthy of his hire? If he has sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if he shall reap your carnal things? Why, the rough men in yonder brickfield are far better paid than many a village pastor, and the wages of a head gardener, coachman, or valet would be comparative riches to some of our straitened brethren. There are people who act as if they thought

their ministers were fashioned in a different mould to other mortals, not needing so much to eat or so many garments to put on; they deem them, in fact, so nearly celestial, that a little judicious starvation will transform them altogether into angels! (The experiment will succeed one day if they are allowed to persevere.) Ah! if they would but know it, this way of dealing with his servants is displeasing and dishonouring to the Great Master, and is likely to provoke his correction and rebuke. They do not, perhaps, go to quite such extremes as did the husbandmen in our Lord's parable, who, when the messenger came to them, 'caught him, and beat him, and sent him away empty;' and yet—and yet I fear there have been cases in which it came to pretty much the same thing, and then is it any wonder that straightway that vineyard brought forth nothing but wild grapes? The minister's comfort should be the church's care, and then his care for them will be their constant comfort. An old writer says—'A minister's calling is not easy, but painful and laborious; as it is an honour, so it is a burden, and such an one, too, as requireth the strength of angels to bear it.'

"People of God, let your love for your pastors flourish again; hold up the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees: help them with sympathy, prayer, and temporal blessings. 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now *herewith*, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'"

We abstain from quoting the beauties of this tempting book, because our confidence is that our readers will sooner purchase the whole mosaic than desire to see a few of the marbles of which it is composed. We heard of a preacher saying, "I read it for the illustrations," and he was no mean master of the art of metaphor. Private Christians may read it to see what one person may accomplish even when weighted with weakness and pain. Wealthy persons should study it that they may see where their Master's substance can be well laid out. All may peruse the humble page that they may join in praising the Lord for hearing prayer, and remembering his servants in time of need. Our beloved wife has dipped her pen in her very heart while writing these pages; and therefore we feel persuaded that her tearful labours will not be in vain. Christian people, while reading her appeals, will become impressed with the needs of ministers, and will not only replenish funds already in operation, but will carry out personal plans of their own by which at least a part of the dire distress may be alleviated. If our readers could see the load of books which goes forth from Westwood each fortnight they might fancy that ministers would soon be stocked; but when they saw the daily pile of letters their minds would change. No better work was ever dreamed of than to feed the fountain-head of church life with streams of holy thought. Let our friends one and all see what has been done and what is doing, that they may be moved to make it sure that more will be done.

Andrew Fuller in the Parlour.

IT will be readily supposed that the missionaries who had been sent to the respective scenes of their labours under Mr. Fuller's direction would place entire confidence in the wisdom of his conduct, and we may rest fully assured that whatever undertaking he was engaged in would be pursued to its completion with all prudence and gravity. Let us endeavour to narrate a series of facts which, while they show the man, will afford, we hope, somewhat more than amusement to the reader.

About the period of Mr. Fuller's fifty-fifth year might have been seen, in the neat little parlour of a Baptist minister at Dunstable, two somewhat venerable-looking men enjoying their pipes. Both of them are tall, robust, and of commanding appearance. One of them, the master of the house, is John Webster Morris, who is lively, energetic, and distinguished for cheerfulness; the other is Andrew Fuller, grave, solemn, and majestic. He is now on a journey towards London to transact missionary business, and has consented to stay a night with his friend and future biographer, and "to give his people a sermon." As they are engaged in conversation, the worthy secretary takes out of his side pocket a letter, which he begins to read to Morris. It is in the handwriting of Chamberlain, a model missionary in the East. He has lately lost by death his second wife, who has left him surrounded by several young children. He describes in piteous language his solitary condition, his entire deprivation of domestic joys, his anxious desire that some Christian lady would go out to him from England, and his promise that he would marry any such lady whom his "brother Fuller would recommend." The letter solemnly read, and returned to its place, in grave accents Fuller goes on to say :—

"Well, brother Morris, brother Chamberlain is an excellent missionary, and his circumstances call for our sympathy ; so that whatever we can do to promote his comfort ought to be done. Your church is remarkable for having in it a very large number of young women—could you not persuade one of them to go to India ? I think Chamberlain would make a good husband."

"Why," replied Morris, "it is rather an awkward thing to persuade a lady to go thousands of miles to marry a man whom she never saw. However, you are going to London, the depository of all good things; see what you can do there. If you fail, I will try to serve the good brother." Thus the matter was arranged.

On Mr. Fuller's arrival in London, at a meeting of some six or eight of his ministering brethren, with his usual gravity he again introduced the subject. One of the ministers immediately said :—

"I have in my church the very person you want. She is a lady of very suitable age, of eminent piety, of good talents, and anxious to serve our mission in India, in any department where she can be useful."

Everything appearing favourable, it was arranged that the venerated secretary should have an interview with her. The scene occurred in the family circle of her pastor.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Fuller, "and so you have no objection to go to India ?"

"No, sir; if I can render any service to the cause, I shall be willing to go."

"You would find many difficulties, and be exposed to many privations."

"I have thought of all that, sir; I hope that love to Christ would enable me to surmount them all. I desire his glory, and the salvation of souls."

"I do not at all doubt it, Mary. Did you ever happen to see Mr. Chamberlain before he left this country?"

After the hesitation of a moment or two she replied, "Yes, sir."

"And have you heard that he last year lost his second wife?"

"Yes, sir," answered she, "but my pastor knows that I wished to go to India long before that event took place."

"Well," replied the solemn and grave divine, "I did not mean to hint at anything wrong, or to wound your feelings; but if the society should send you out, as perhaps they may, and Mr. Chamberlain should offer you his friendship, and you should be disposed to join hand and heart in his missionary labour, we should be much pleased and gratified."

In September, 1807, this lady, Miss Underwood, arrived in company with a party of pious friends, in the *City of Philadelphia*, on her way to Serampore, the then principal seat of the Baptist Mission in India, and not long after embarked for that station. Soon after her arrival, as the reader has already anticipated, the marriage took place.

But we have not yet done with this interesting affair, for a development was soon after made which no one in England expected. On the introduction of Miss Underwood to Mr. Chamberlain, what must have been his feelings when he saw before him the lady who first encouraged him to engage in missionary labours, and to whom he made the first offer of his heart and hand! Before he had seen his first wife he proposed marriage to this lady, but she declined his offer, or rather, perhaps to try his earnestness, said, "No," when she meant "Yes." But as Fuller once said, in a season of more than his usual pleasantry, "Chamberlain, I suppose, expected her, in answer to his proposal, to make a low courtesy, and say, 'Yes, I thank you, sir,' and took her 'No,' as final, so they parted." It may be added here that never did a missionary obtain a better wife than Chamberlain found in her, and perhaps the providence of God was never more remarkably manifested than in the events which led to this marriage.

There were seasons, though they were somewhat rare, when Mr. Fuller could, in a very peculiar manner, blend his accustomed gravity with sallies of humour, forming something, if such a thing can be imagined, of good-tempered sarcasm. I have lately received an illustration of this from an English Baptist minister, who was pastor of the second Baptist church in Kettering, organised after Mr. Fuller's death; the gentleman to whom it was uttered related it to his second pastor with grateful remembrance of the comfort he received.

In the early part of his Christian career this gentleman was exercised with great mental distress, occasioned by reading Bellamy's works, which masterly productions Mr. Fuller always very strongly recommended, very frequently insisting on the correctness of his views of

what in that day was called *disinterested love*. In an anxious state of mind, the young man waited on his pastor, and told him the fears he had been led to entertain, that, though he had a humble hope he loved Christ, yet he thought it was rather for what he had done for him than "*for what he is in himself;*" and hence, according to Bellamy and his pastor, as he understood them, he was fearful as to his possession of true religion.

"What!" asked Fuller, "do you mean to say that you should love Christ so well as you do now, if you knew him to be a *rogue?*"

"Oh, no, no, sir," was the reply.

"Why, then, you see you do love him for what he is in *himself*," said Mr. Fuller. The perplexed inquirer went away entirely relieved of his doubts.

I may in this connection relate another illustration of his combined gravity and humour. I received it from the late Mr. Joseph J. Stevenson, for many years a highly estimable deacon of the Baptist Church at Thrapstone, some nine miles from Kettering, who was himself the second party in the conference. In the earlier period of his sustaining office as a deacon, Mr. Stevenson did not feel quite comfortable, and was strongly disposed to resign his diaconate. He was, however, prevailed on first to consult Mr. Fuller upon the subject, and rode over to Kettering for that purpose. Mr. Fuller listened to the whole details with great patience; the substance of which was, that he did not think he was treated by the church with all the respect due to his office. Mr. Fuller looked at his friend with great earnestness, accompanied by a smile, and very emphatically said:—

"A man, my brother, who wishes to be loved, must show himself lovely."

"This," said Mr. Stevenson, when he related the facts to me, "was quite enough for me. I returned home, and never since have had to complain of any lack of respect on the part of the church."

One fact more may be here stated, which will, at least, show his moral courage, and his concern that others, as well as himself, should act from pure motives. He once, in one of his collecting tours for the mission, called on a pious and benevolent nobleman, who, though a Churchman, was friendly to Dissenters, and was usually generous in his religious contributions. Having laid before him the claims of the mission, his lordship handed him a guinea. Fuller observed that it was given with an air of indifference, and asked:—

"My lord, does this come from the heart?"

"What matters that?" inquired the nobleman. "Suppose it does not come from the heart, it may answer your purpose as well. If you get the money, why should you care whether it comes from the heart or not?"

"Take it back," said the man of God, "I cannot take it. My Lord and Master requires the heart."

The nobleman took the guinea, and stepping to his desk he drew a cheque on his banker for £20, and handing it to Mr. Fuller, said, "This comes from the heart. I know the principles by which you are governed. I trust that I love the Lord Jesus Christ and his cause, and know that no offering is acceptable to him unless it comes from the heart."

There were times also when Mr. Fuller could be exceedingly *severe*. He was once spending a few days in a family where the husband and wife were not very happy together, chiefly, I believe, owing to her tyrannical spirit, fostered by perverted views of Divine truth, making her by no means remarkable for kindness to her husband. One evening, having heard Mr. Fuller preach, according to the fashion of the school to which she belonged she remarked:—

"Ah, sir, we are poor creatures, and can do nothing."

"You are quite mistaken, madam," replied Mr. Fuller, "you can do a great deal."

"Why, what can I do?" asked the lady, somewhat excited.

"Why, madam," replied he, with a tone and manner which can only be imagined by those who knew him, "you can quarrel with your husband." The lady said no more.—*From "The Baptist Messenger" for* 1859.

The Baptist Denomination.

BY PASTOR GEORGE DUNCAN, OAKES BAPTIST CHURCH, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD.

I PURPOSE taking a bird's eye view of our denomination, for I cannot but think that it is well for us now and again to define our position and make known our strength. The temper of these days is against all denominationalism. It would merge all our differences, and form us all into one united body. It regards this as "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" and so say we if the one denomination thus formulated truly represented the Church of the New Testament, but if not then such a resolution of all our religious bodies into one were an evil much to be deprecated.

We Baptists maintain that we are the Church of the New Testament, and though during the past ages churches have been stronger than we, and have had more influence in high places, and some are stronger to-day, yet we assert the same claim and repeat the same profession, and we consider that every year vindicates and strengthens our position. Let us now examine our strength, divisions, unity, and witness.

I.—THE STRENGTH OF OUR DENOMINATION.

1. *We are strong numerically.* In great Britain and Ireland we have 2,565 Christian Churches. Churches, that is, consisting of persons who have made a credible profession of faith in Christ, and have been immersed in his name. These persons are not communicants merely, or persons against whose moral character there is no charge, but bodies of men and women banded together in Christian fellowship. We have 3,537 chapels—that is, buildings erected at our own expense, wherein we publicly worship God. It will be seen that we have nearly a thousand more chapels than churches, because where we are weak we group the churches—one church having several places of worship, under the superintendence of the same pastor.

We provide sittings for 952,279 persons; a small number certainly, but not small when we consider that for many years we could possess no chapel property at all, and were forbidden to meet in our own houses for religious purposes if there were five visitors present. We have 281,061 members, but this represents but a small per centage of the Baptists—for one-fourth only of our congregations are members of our churches, and many in the congregations and churches of other bodies are Baptists, though they are not numbered among us. We may well claim them as adhering to our principles though they find no place in our statistics.

We have 1,902 settled pastors and 3,039 Evangelists; 44,120 Sunday School teachers, and 430,608 Sunday-school scholars.

Here we have a powerful witness for primitive Christianity in our own land, and if we were inspired with a greater zeal for the cause of God and truth, God would work mighty things for us and by us. Throughout the world we have 28,505 churches, 17,683 pastors and missionaries, and 2,473,088 church members. These represent the converted among us who have joined our churches. Those who are identified with us in principle and attend our meetings amount to over *eight millions.*

Let me try to give you some idea of this great number. It is one tenth of the whole English speaking communities throughout the world. *Every tenth person that speaks English is a Baptist.*

As a denomination we are as large as all the Congregationalists and Unitarians put together. What are we to think then of the boastings of the latter, and the overtures of the former for us to join them? It would be much more reasonable for them to speak of joining us.

We hear a great deal about the hundreds of sects of dissent. What are we to think of this cry when we remember that the Baptists are just about six times larger than all these lesser sects put together. We hear much also concerning the multiplied forms of infidelity, and yet all these put together, combined with those who decline to call themselves by any religious name, are numerically less than the Baptists by half a million. If we compare ourselves with the larger bodies we find that we are only two millions less than all the Presbyterians—English, Scotch, Free Church, and United Presbyterian Church put together wherever the English language is spoken. Whitaker's Almanack gives us these interesting particulars.

We have no desire to boast of our strength numerically, but it is as well for our friends to know that we are not the least of the many thousands of Israel.

2. *We are strong in institutions.* In America, for instance, we have 31 colleges and universities, and nearly 5,000 students in them, besides 10 theological institutions, with 454 students preparing for our ministry. In Great Britain we have 10 colleges, supported for the most part by the voluntary contributions of our churches. We have few day-schools, for the most of us loyally accept the Board School system. Education has all along been prized by the Baptists. We have almshouses; societies for aiding poor ministers and poor churches; an Irish mission; and Home and Foreign missions. Our Missionary Society spends £50,000 a year on foreign missionary labour, and the Baptists everywhere spend £130,000 a year on this good work. We have excellent institutions well supported for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, though it is well to add that all our institutions ought to be better patronized by our people, and no doubt they will be as they are better known.

3. *We are strong in organization.* The most of the counties have their "County Association of Baptist Churches," and these associations do a great and increasing home mission work. Each is divided into districts, with its own president, secretary, and committee, who meet quarterly for the transaction of business and to hold public meetings for the exposition of our principles. The secretaries see that all the village stations are supplied by the local preachers who kindly place their services at his disposal. All these associations unite in one great union, "The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland." Twice a year this Union meets, when all the churches send up delegates and pastors. This Union has no legislative power over our churches nor over our ministers. The Union is purely voluntary in its principle, and any church or pastor can withdraw from it when they please. But we all find it beneficial, helpful, and refreshing to be members of the Union, and to attend its spring and autumnal meetings.

The Baptists as a denomination are thus well organized, and if we were a little more tenacious of our principles, and more resolved to enforce them on the people, a greater harvest would be ours. We are strong and we ought to

be stronger still, and no doubt will be, as our people increasingly see the importance of our main contention.

II.—THE DIVISIONS OF OUR DENOMINATION.

1. *We are told that we are so many contending sects. The Registrar General practically says so.* If we are to believe his report there are no less than fifteen Baptist sects—that is, fifteen denominations call themselves by our name, not to speak of others who agree with us in our two main contentions, but who yet do not call themselves Baptists.

Here is a national, authoritative document representing us as hopelessly subdivided, and unless we are at pains to explain this matter, outsiders must get a false impression when they read of "Baptists," "Baptized believers," "Old Baptists," "Strict Baptists," "General Baptists," "Calvinistic Baptists," "Open Baptists," "Scotch Baptists," "Particular Baptists," "Union Baptists," "Unitarian Baptists," "Presbyterian Baptists," "Seventh day Baptists," "New Connection General Baptists," and "General Baptists' New Connection." Besides these there are the several sects, or segments, or fractions, or factions of the Plymouth Brethren and the Christadelphians—for these hold practically to our two distinctive contentions, though they differ so widely from us on other points. We must remove this blot. We must not allow the enemy to describe us as fifteen sects. We ought to have our places of worship registered as simply "Baptist" chapels, and then we can specify what distinctions we think proper in the schedule of doctrines appended to our trust deeds, and in our Baptist Handbook. We as a denomination, notwithstanding these fifteen names given us, are substantially one in every sense; no religious body can be more united than we are, and yet we have permitted ourselves to misrepresent ourselves to our own hurt. Cannot the Secretary of the Baptist Union set this matter right? I hope he will be induced to try.

Eminent church historians represent us as actually divided into contending sects. John Henry Blunt is an arch-offender in this respect. He hates dissent bitterly, but he hates the Baptists most of all; and in at least one of his "Church History Manuals" he misrepresents us as antagonistically divided among ourselves, "contending sects," as he calls us; and this manual is used by thousands of church people. Mr. Blunt is an able man, and his works are deservedly popular among Episcopalians, and hence the greatness of the injury done us by his writings. Dean Stanley, who powerfully argues that our contention is right, yet speaks of us as the narrowest sect of Christendom, and Baptists so often allow these statements to pass unchallenged that many, both Baptists and others, think that we are narrow, bigoted, and sectarian. We are to blame for this, for no such statement ought to pass uncontradicted and emphatically repudiated. Even the Rev. R. H. Haddon, in "Church and Chapel," represents us as the most divided of all the sects. He then specifies fourteen names by which we are known. This work finds its way into cultured episcopal homes, and our Church-friends who know no better really think that we are divided into fourteen different religious sects. If they tried to ascertain who were the fourteen presidents, secretaries, and treasurers of these sects, they would surely have their eyes opened. I do not blame Church people for not knowing our denomination better, but I do blame the Baptists for their own carelessness in the matter. The fourteen names forthwith ought to give place to two—"The Particular Baptist," and "The General Baptist."

The Rev. John Henry Blunt and others contend that we have no right to the name "Baptist." Now, we will not quarrel about a name, for during the past eighteen centuries we have called ourselves, and been called by others, many names. The name to us is a matter of very little consequence, for we have covered all the names by which we have been known in history with glory; and, as the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so we by any other name would still be the church of the New Testament. We do object, however, to be called "Anti-Pædobaptists," as some still persist in calling us. The

Pædobaptists are anti-Baptists, for we existed before the oldest of them were known. We existed in the person of the Lord Jesus, who was a Baptist. We existed in the apostolate, for all the apostles were Baptists. We existed for the first few centuries with few rivals, for the early church was a Baptist church. All the sects of popery, the Eastern Church, the Anglican Church, and all the Protestant bodies are simply Anti-Baptists,—bodies, that is, that appeared and opposed us, for we did not appear in the course of the ages to oppose them. We were founded by the Lord Jesus, and the Pædobaptists appeared during the course of ages.

The church founded by the Lord Jesus Christ was a Baptist church, and, therefore, however appropriate the term "anti" may be to others, it is altogether inaccurate when applied to us. If we draw our information from the Registrar-General and our ecclesiastical opponents, we appear self-ruinously divided; but we who know ourselves best know that we are all substantially one; and live, and move, and have our being as one.

2. *We are said to differ seriously in points of doctrine.* The names which appear in the Registrar's return are supposed to show the extent of our differences, and these suggest that—

(1) *We have General versus Particular Baptists.* The former believe that the atonement of Christ had a general reference to all men, and a particular reference to none—that in fact he died equally and in the same sense for all men. The latter believe that the Lord Jesus died in a general way for all men, but more particularly did he die for his own people. He laid his "life down for his sheep;" "he loved the church and gave himself for her," and in this way secured the certain salvation of a numberless number. The General Baptists have a denomination and a college, and a home and foreign mission of their own. They are, roughly speaking, about *one-tenth* the strength of the Particular Baptists, and it is greatly to their credit that they spend £10,000 a-year on foreign missions. These two bodies are on the most amicable terms. General Baptist churches accept Particular Baptist pastors, and *vice versa*. We accept each other into our several county associations and our Baptist unions. We are one substantially, and ought not to subsist as two denominations, which we do more technically than truly. We may and we ought to unite formally.

(2) *We have Trinitarian versus Unitarian Baptists.* This difference sounds serious at first, and if it represented a reality it would be mournful in the extreme. The fact is, a number of General Baptist chapels and endowments fell into the hands of the Unitarians, or else the people themselves became Unitarian, and stuck to the property, and we had an Act of Parliament passed which enabled us to reclaim some of the property—the rest of it remained with the Unitarians, where it is to this very day. These Unitarians call themselves "General Baptists," but they are Unitarians, and not Baptists. They are not recognised by us, nor are they members of any of our associations or unions, nor do they subscribe to our institutions. They are identified with and by the Unitarians. The only point wherein they agree with us is the immersion of believers. In all other points they are as the poles asunder from us. We recognise all whose names appear in our handbook, and that document reveals no serious doctrinal divisions among us. We are most united.

3. *We are represented as being divided on most important points of church discipline.* What are they?

(1) *We have Presbyterian versus Congregational Baptists.* There is nothing very serious in this fact. Both these systems of church government have their strong and their weak points; each is endeavouring to secure the strong features of the other, and thus they are drawing nearer and nearer to one another, and the end may be a mode of government which will combine what is best and strongest in both systems. The Book gives us no hard and fast rule on this subject, but it does insist on Congregationalism as being at least the basis of all church discipline, and we as a body strictly adhere to this, and will adhere to it to the end.

(2) *We have open versus strict communion.* This difference does not constitute us two denominations. In all our churches we have members who are strict communionists and members who are open communionists; and, though the controversy is keenly conducted by many, yet we all sit down at the same table. Both sides can quote powerful names and urge strong reasons for their respective positions, yet we are one, and belong to the same churches, associations, and union, and all our colleges, with one exception, take in students of either way of thinking.

(3) *We have "Baptist" versus "Union" Churches.* That is, we have churches consisting solely of immersed disciples, and churches where some of the members have been immersed, the others having been sprinkled by some Pædobaptist. The pastor in every case is a Baptist, and when he baptizes he immerses, but the church will receive Pædobaptists into its membership. We have not two sects here, but one. While some conscientiously approve of this discipline others as conscientiously disapprove of it, but we have substantially the one aim in view. The Union churches are increasing in number, but they are all our churches, and are numbered among us.

(4) *We have "Scotch" versus "English" Baptists.* The former allow the church to edify herself by the members who have the gift of utterance, and the pastor is more the evangelist of the church than anything else, but the Scotch Baptists can, if they so please, allow the minister alone to edify the church in public. The latter course is for the most part followed by the English Baptists—that is, by the Baptists of the Baptist Union. But we can vary our service, and if we think proper we can allow the church to edify herself. In fact, this is simply a question of arrangement and convenience, and not one of principle, and it is simply outrageous to label the Scotch and the English Baptists two sects when they are thus essentially one.

(5) *We have "seventh-day" versus "first-day" Baptists.* In this country we have a handful of Baptists who worship on Saturday like the Jews, because they believe that the Sabbath of the Old Testament is still in force. In Rhode Island, and some other parts of America, the brethren are stronger than they are in England; still, they are everywhere but few in number. All the other Baptists worship on the Lord's day. We have no serious difference here. It is only a question of—Shall we rest on the seventh day of the week or on the first? Surely a difference of opinion on a matter of this kind, when we agree in all others, is not such as justifies anyone in calling us two sects. Thus the whole fifteen sects mentioned by the Registrar-General are one, and for the most part members of the one Baptist union, and they extensively co-operate in the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom. The Baptists throughout the earth are substantially one, and are at least as united as any other denomination.

III.—THE UNITY OF OUR DENOMINATION.

There is no barrier to our being one as a denomination as well as one in name. We are one—parts of a whole, though we have a few free lances among us, and the surprise is that where the church government is democratic, and the members allowed such freedom of thought, utterance, operation, we have such unity of creed and conduct. We are all drawing nearer to each other. The hyper on the one hand and the general Baptist on the other, with the particular Baptist between. We have faith on the one hand, and hope on the other, with charity laying her hand upon both, and the other denominational variations group around this central figure,—the Particular Baptist.

We agree in the great fundamentals of religious truth, and we agree in the great fundamentals of church government, order, discipline, and Christian life, and so we can and do co-operate—open and strict communist, general Baptist and particular, Scotch and English, Baptist church and Union church, all work together, shoulder to shoulder, and we have no desire to speak unkindly of our differences in comparatively lesser matters, because each difference has been conscientiously made by hyper Calvinist, general Baptist, etc.

Earnest men have thus laid emphasis on what they conceive to be important, and we respect each other on this very account. The very freedom we have enjoyed has kept us close together.

There are no fetters to bind us Baptists together as captives; no ice-bound principles of thought and action; no iron belt welded on to hinder the natural growth of this tree of life; no stagnation here; no graveyard uniformity. We are living, thinking, independent men, and as in nature we have variety of form and work expressive of the one all-pervading life; so here all these different forms are inspired by the one life. If it were our desire to become one "Union" there is no insuperable barrier in the way, and if we prefer to remain as we are, let no one magnify our variations, for we are one—our unity is real as our practical uniformity is evident. To all intents and purposes, the Baptists everywhere are one.

IV.—THE WITNESS OF OUR DENOMINATION.

1. *We witness on behalf of the immersion of all believers.* It is sometimes said that we make too much of Baptism, we make it everything, and seem to be Baptists first and Christians afterwards. But this is far from the truth, for we protest against the importance attached to baptism by all the great historical churches. The Church of Rome teaches that baptism saves the soul, and without it we can never enter into heaven. The Greek Church teaches the same awful dogma, and the Anglican Church teaches Baptismal regeneration in her prayer book and in her catechism. These three churches form by far the greater number of the Pædobaptists, and see the importance which they attach to this rite. Now, we protest against this delusive and destructive dogma. The Protestant dissenting Pædobaptists make too much of the tradition which takes the place of baptism in their churches. They would baptize every infant, and mothers are generally very solicitous to have the child baptized at once when there is danger of death. Why is this? Do Pædobaptists not think that baptism does something for the child? If not, why do they baptize it? If yes, what good does it do the child? These two questions ought to be seriously considered by all Pædobaptists. We make the least of baptism of all religious bodies. We make so little of it that we baptize none but those who express a desire for it, and as for infants we believe that the unsprinkled are as dear to God as any that are sprinkled. All the great bodies declare that we are right in our main contention; the Church of Rome admits that scriptural baptism is immersion, and the Milan Cathedral knows no other baptism to-day. The Greek Church practises immersion and calls the Papists "Sprinkled Christians," and declines to enter into negociations for re-union on the very ground that the Romish church is not baptized. The Anglican Church teaches immersion, though for the most part it practises sprinkling.

John Wesley immersed candidates for baptism, not only before he went to Georgia, but during his stay there, and he allowed no one to partake of the communion who had not been previously immersed. Besides the great churches, such bodies as Plymouth Brethren, Christadelphians, and even Mormons, immerse their candidates. They reject pædobaptism.

Scholars of all schools of thought agree that we are right, though they are unable to admit that themselves are wrong. We maintain that we have no right to alter any institution of our Lord, and in the case of baptism we have a gospel in symbols, a rite full of spiritual teaching, and it becomes us earnestly to contend for the immersion of the believer, which is his "burial with Christ in baptism," his publicly "putting on the Lord Jesus."

2. *We witness for a personal profession of religion.* This is our main contention, our chief witness for Christ, and our most important testimony. The great religious bodies bear eloquent testimony to the truth of our witness by insisting on sponsors repenting, believing, renouncing, promising for the infant candidate. They thus admit that the candidate ought to repent and believe, and that these are necessary conditions of baptism. The Episcopal Pædobaptists

have no authority from God nor from the infant to go through the service, but their doing so shows the truth of our contention that faith must precede baptism. The other Pædobaptists have departed from this semblance of the truth, and therefore they find it difficult to characterise their ceremony. They know not whether to call it baptism or dedication to God, and hence baptism is gradually dying out among them. They say that they will allow their families to make their own choice and confession when they have grown up, and can understand what they are doing. This is a growing feeling among the Congregationalists. The neglect of the ordinance in the one case, and the vain ceremonies connected with it on the other, arise from a departure from the scriptural principle which we hold and teach, that religion is personal, conscious, voluntary. It is a soul embracing Christ as its Saviour and supreme good, and declaring the fact in his own appointed way.

3. *We witness for the freedom of all the branches of the Church of God.* From the first we have rejected the *principle* of a State Church, and for many years we were *alone* in this contention. The others have gradually grown up to this central principle. We began with it and have been consistent with it throughout our long career. We protest against State-made creeds, we protest against huge, ambitious, worldly hierarchies lording it over God's heritage. We protest against all State interference in religious matters. The Church is a divine institution, and to be governed by the laws ordained by our king. The body of believers form themselves into families here and there for mutual edification and the conversion of the world. This is Christ's will concerning them. All sections of the Baptists witness on behalf of these important truths, and there is more need for our witness now than ever, hence the folly of all attempts to unite Baptists and Congregationalists, save on the condition of the latter becoming Baptists. With all our faults, and they are not few, we can look upon our present with complacency, and our future with hope; for as Dr. Neander says, "there is a future for the Baptists," and we must struggle to make it even more bright than our past. We can do this, however, only by a strict adherence to principle.

Patent Economic Sermon-Lending Society.

I VENTURE to send you a plan of my society for the above work, which has the advantages of great simplicity and economy, and presents itself as being very acceptable to all who object to the interference of red-tapeism, seeing that all the business is transacted under my own roof, and that in myself are embodied president, patron, the whole list of subscribers, secretary, and treasurer, my children being the distributors. The plan of operations is as follows:—I purchase one copy of the sermon every week, which, as I cannot get out myself, forms my Sunday morning service. I then send it on to a neighbour, and the following week move it on to another neighbour, supplying its place with the last published copy, and so on week by week. I thus keep four neighbours always supplied with your sermons. One Churchman, one Pædobaptist, and two Independents. When I have collected a few returned copies, I send them by post to a farm-labourer for distribution in the Midland Counties, and all the members of my society are grateful for the privilege, and a kindly interchange of friendship is kept up by this means.

Thus the whole machinery of my society is kept up for a penny a week, and I have no quarrels with my committee, no dictation from the subscribers, and the expenses of annual meeting, printing, and officers is *nil*. I commend this plan to every purchaser of your sermons, and my society having been in active work for the last eight or ten years, I can answer for the ease and smoothness with which it works.—R. H. T.

Notices of Books.

Sword and Trowel Volume for 1882. Passmore and Alabaster.

Our magazine for last year can be bought in good binding for 5s. The articles are of lasting interest, and will always entertain a leisure hour. We are gratified by seeing the large price which *The Sword and the Trowel* fetches at second-hand. We suppose it would be difficult to make up the set of eighteen volumes: friends had better procure them as the years run round.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Passmore and Alabaster.

The volume of Sermons for 1882 is now ready: it makes vol. xxviii. What a mercy to have been helped so long! The price is seven shillings.

The Old Fashioned Book on the Old Fashioned Religion. By an Old Fashioned Man. Passmore and Alabaster.

There was need of a popular reply to Unitarians, and here is the very thing. Well argued, plain as a pikestaff, sharp as a razor. The theme is a very solemn one, and the error attacked is a deadly one, but our old-fashioned friend cannot resist a grim humour, which the absurd teaching of his adversaries rouses into sarcasm. He reminds us of Elijah sneering at the prophets of Baal; but, like the prophet, he treats the gentlemen to something more cutting than irony. We believe that this treatise will deliver many out of a most destructive net, and will probably be all the more useful because it is unpolished, and is not in the language of the schools. We suppose the price is one shilling. We have great pleasure in thanking the old-fashioned man for doing his best to keep Christian people from ever denying the Lord that bought them.

A Popular Handbook of "Christian Evidences." Part II. Christ and Christianity. By John Kennedy, M.A., D.D. Sunday-school Union.

Amidst the scoffs and sneers of *savans* and simpletons, it is well for our young men to know how compact the historical proofs of the gospel really are. Our playful fancy has sometimes compared them to the scales of Leviathan. "They are shut up together as with a close seal. One is so near to another that no air can come between them. They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered." In this admirable manual the author has given us a fresh example of his aptness to teach. He is the master of the art of condensing valuable information.

Memorials of a Consecrated Life. London: T. Woolmer, 1882.

This massive volume contains a memoir of Miss Anne Leitton, who was born at Moira, county of Down, Ireland, in 1791; and died at Cotham, Bristol, in 1881, within four months of completing her ninetieth year. She was a lady of gentle family, good education, natural talents, varied accomplishments, and studious habits. Her long life she dedicated to our Divine Lord, with apparently undeviating fidelity. It was her great delight to do good. As a devout Christian, and a devoted worker, she became, in her sphere of class-leader and local-preacher to females, a distinguished ornament of Methodism: albeit, like many of the old-fashioned Wesleyans, she preserved a strong attachment to the parish church. In her later years she completely lost her sight. Then she became the darling of a company of gracious people. Fondest of all her friends and most constant of all her companions, Miss Westcott stands sponsor for this biography. Therein are raked together all things that could be remembered by a multitude of contributors from the traditions of her childhood, when as a fine baby of remarkable size, she weighed ten pounds avoirdupois, down to the records, privately kept, of the smiles and groans of the dear old lady's advanced age. The tediousness of over 520 pages of commonplace detracts from the charm of a life-story, which, if condensed by "The Religious Tract Society" into a tenth of its present dimensions, might convey pleasure and profit to ten thousand readers.

A Religious Encyclopædia; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Vol. 1. T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a great work, and the publishers must have been very bold to venture on its issue. It is great in the line of biography, and we suppose it is as full upon each person as space would afford. We cannot see what rule of selection has been adopted, for many authors whose names are missing are quite as worthy of insertion as certain of those which appear. On many subjects the information is ample and trustworthy. As to doctrine, the work is as nearly colourless as it can be, with a slight tinge of doubt: impartiality is all that we can expect, and we have it here as nearly as possible. Altogether it contains a combination of topics never before attempted in one English cyclopædia, so far as we know. Those who can afford to purchase the three volumes as they appear will be supplied with the essentials of information on the history and modifications of theology: we advisedly use the word *essentials* because it will be found by the reader that he will need much more if he wishes to master any one theme, but he will find himself directed as to where to look for that further instruction. This encyclopædia will be valued by scholarly persons and by those who wish to know the faiths of the world. To do without it one would need to possess quite a library. It occupies a field which in its exact dimensions is covered by nothing else, and hence it will find a grateful constituency. Our spiritually-minded readers will not care for it; and, truth to tell, it is too Germanic and undecided for *our* taste; but those who by reason of use have had their senses exercised will know how to turn it to good account.

The Homiletical Library. Edited by Canon SPENCE and JOSEPH EXELL. Vol. I. Advent, Christmas; Close and commencement of the year. Nisbet.

AN exceedingly practical idea, well carried out. We are getting a little overdone with homiletical works just now, and it is important that nothing should be commended but that which is really good. We say emphatically—*this will do.* The outlines are nearly all good, and some of them are first-rate. We shall hope that many a hard-pressed preacher will get an idea out of this volume which will set his machinery going, and enable him to grind out his full measure of fine flour for his people.

Towards the Sunset: Teachings after Thirty Years. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Isbister (Limited).

WE would sooner be with the "country parson" in his recreations than in his sermonizings. When he writes pleasantly he is a master, but when he pens a discourse he produces nothing at all remarkable. "Towards the Sunset" we expect a man's preaching to be full of deep spiritual teaching, gracious, mellowed, rich in experience: we wish that these sermons were of that character.

Wells of Water. By MARGARET STEWART SIMPSON. James Nisbet and Co.

MRS. SIMPSON has prepared refreshment for all who would drink of the wells of Scripture. In her collection of twenty-two brief meditations there are many illustrations which display the poetic gift of the authoress; and in still greater abundance we meet with holy thoughts which prove that her gift is consecrated. Nothing very deep or original will be found here, but much that is holy and devout.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by Canon SPENCE and JOSEPH EXELL. St. Mark. Vols. I. and II. Price 21s. By Rev. E. BICKERSTETH, and others. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

THIS first New Testament volume of "The Pulpit Commentary" prophesies well for those which will follow. The work is well done. Any minister purchasing these volumes will be furnished with texts and sermons for many a day. No contemporary comments please us so much as these. We are surprised that Dr. Bickersteth does not mention PETTER among the writers upon Mark. Prosy as he is, there is a world of matter in old Petter, and he must not be passed over in silence. These two shapely tomes will cause the evangelist Mark to be thoroughly furnished with expository literature.

Cora: or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. "The Girl's Own Paper" Office.

If this is a fair specimen of the series of books for "The Girl's Own Bookshelf" they will soon form a choice library. The style and get-up of this little volume is dainty and artistic enough for a princess, whilst the story is of intense interest and of thoroughly healthful tone. It would make an excellent present for girls growing up into womanhood, and teach them how every power may be used in the service of Christ.

Enquire Within upon Everything. Sixty-fifth Edition. Houlston and Sons.

This must have proved a fortune to the publishers. Its value is proved by its continual sale. In the verdict of innumerable purchasers we quite agree.

The Illustrated Children's Birthday-Book. Edited and in part written by F. E. Weatherley. W. Mack.

A sweet little thing. Sure to be a great favourite with our sensible little sons and daughters. Oh, the merry rhymes of the dear little singers! Here they are, written out to help their pleasant play from day to day.

The Young Man of God. Memories of Stanley Pumphrey. By Henry Stanley Newman. Partridge.

There is a tone about a Quaker life which we greatly appreciate; a kind of out-of-the-world spirit breathes over all, and adds a charm to all else that is admirable. Stanley Pumphrey had no special abilities, but he had principle and grace, spirituality and zeal. Hence he bore a faithful testimony in America as well as at home, and was known among Friends as a young man of God. It must do readers good to peruse this gracious life.

Elsie's Adventures in Insect-Land. By Gertrude P. Dyer. Marcus Ward.

If children read such books as these they will outstrip their fathers. We shall have little Bob talking natural history most naturally before he is six years old. Quite right, too. The habits of bees and ants are far more amusing than any fairy tale, and acquaintance therewith tends to promote kindness of heart to all animal and insect life. There still remains on the earth a terrible degree of cruelty, especially to insects. It is usual with many to destroy every little life as soon as they see it. But why? May not this killing of insects support the habit of cruelty to animals, which in its turn makes men hard to their fellow men? We think so; and, therefore, we welcome this fascinating volume, not merely because of the amusement which it will create, but because of its truly humanizing power. Let us each learn never to cause a needless pang to the least creature that breathes, and never wantonly to crush a life which owes its being to the one wise and tender Creator.

Bone et Fidelis: a Poem. Elliot Stock.

"How briskly the fire burns in the grate! Yes, the editor has received a fresh lot of poetry." This would be too severe a fate for the present poem. Our boy will persist in calling it "Bones and Fiddles." It is a well-intentioned affair, nicely printed, and neatly bound: but it is a failure. Some of the lines are good, and a flash of ability flames up here and there; but, as a whole, it is dull and dead. We wish the author had let verse alone, for we do not believe that he would have been half so prosy in prose as he is in rhyme.

Treasures of the Snow. Eight Flowers from the Arctic Regions, collected during Swedish Polar Expeditions. Painted by Ebba de Ramsay. Partridge and Co.

Some enthusiast in botany may perhaps value these eight cards at five shillings, but we fear he will be one by himself. We regret this because all profits are to go to a mission in Sweden. The Arctic flowers, which are here so admirably copied, and preserved as "treasures of the snow," must have peculiar charms when found amid the eternal frost. How good is our God, who will not leave even the dreariest rock without its living gems.

Packet of Eight New Floral Birthday Cards. With Original Verses. By Mrs. Daniel Tomkins. Leamington and London: E. Bollans and Co.

Good, both pictorially and poetically. We place them among the best issues of the year, which has been most fruitful in these works of art.

Fables for "You." By ELEANOR B. PROSSER. With illustrations. "Home Words" Office.

THE man who invents a new metaphor is a benefactor to his race; and he who gives us a fresh parable deserves to be elevated to the peerage of literature. We feel deeply grateful to Mrs. Prosser for these fables. She has not occupied time in giving the moral of each story; but has made every one so plain that it tells its own lesson. Here are two —

THE VALUE OF A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

"How is it, that after such a storm as we have just had, your waters are so clear that I can count the pebbles in your rocky bed?" cried a traveller, as he bent over the margin of a mountain lake. "I have passed several smaller pools, but their waters had not the transparency of yours."

"Shall I tell you?" whispered the lake: "it is because I have no mud at the bottom to be stirred up."

PRUDENCE BETTER THAN CUNNING.

"What a delicious smell!" cried a young mouse to an old one, as they came out of a hole in the granary floor. "I'm sure it's toasted cheese; there's nothing like it!"

"Very likely," said the old mouse calmly.

"Do you know," said the young mouse, "I've found a way of getting it out of the trap without being caught. If you tread very lightly, and don't give it time to tip up, you're all safe. Won't you come and try?"

"No, thank you," said the old mouse, "and if you take my advice, you won't either. I've seen plenty of traps in my time, but I never met with one that I cared to trust myself inside; and clever as you may think yourself, I fancy you are more likely to live to grey hairs as I have done if you keep outside them too!"

Abroad. By THOS. CRANE and ELLEN E. HOUGHTON. Marcus Ward.

GOT up in Marcus Ward's best style, and in all ways a gem. The foreign scenes are simply life-like. As a children's book it is fit for the nursery of princes, and therefore adapted for any English family. We are sorry we did not have it before Christmas, for it is *the* children's Christmas-box; but for the matter of that, it is as good at one time of the year as another. It is exquisitely designed and coloured, and the rhymes are capitally descriptive, and full of life. The price is five shillings, and it is uniform in size and price with "At Home," which made such a hit last year.

Grandmother's Child. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Partridge and Co.

A PRETTY tale, nicely told. We cried over Dottie and her kitten. Who would not?

Whitaker's Almanack for 1883. Whitaker, Warwick Lane.

YOU may enquire within upon everything and never enquire in vain. It is *the* almanack of the age, and defies all competition.

"Granny's Chapters (on Scriptural Subjects)." By Lady MARY ROSS. Creation to death of Moses. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

YES, we suppose there are children who would understand the Scriptural narratives best in this baby language. The chapters are certainly very amusing to those who are not babies; but this is inevitable, and is, probably, a proof of good Granny's success. We wish she had not talked such nonsense as this:— "When babies are baptized, and made the children of God, their sponsors, or godfathers and godmothers, promise for them that they will have nothing to do with the devil and his bad spirits, who are always trying to make us sin." No doubt the promise is made, and what a farcical falsehood it is! Dear Granny, it is time that even you abandoned this old wives' fable.

Central Africa, Japan, and Fiji. By E. R. PITMAN. 5s. Hodder and Stoughton.

A GREAT missionary volume. As full of amusement as a mere traveller's tale, but infinitely better, because it tells of heroic labour and suffering for Christ's sake. This is a capital book for the Sunday-school library. The boys will revel in it; but how came the writer to forget Mr. Saker and the Baptists at Cameroons?

In Christ; or, The Believer's Union with his Lord. By A. J. Gordon, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Gordon is a master in Israel, because one "to whom it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," and who is withal "apt to teach." In this treatise of ten short chapters he sets out the mystery of Godliness as expressed in the New Testament formula—"in Christ"—in a very lucid and deeply experimental manner, showing the beauty and blessedness of the reciprocal union of the believer with his Divine Lord—"Ye in me, and I in you." We heartily commend this book to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, feeling confident that the good doctor's prayer, in the preface, will be answered, —"that its perusal may help some to rest in Christ with a deeper assurance, to abide in him in greater spiritual fruitfulness, and to wait for his appearing with a more devout watchfulness."

The Kingdom of the Heavens. By F. J. Bodfield Hooper, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

The Coming Kingdom. By T. K. London: Elliot Stock.

John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. After John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee and began to preach and to say "repent," for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Of this "kingdom" each of the above works attempts an exposition; and they both follow much the same track. In the former we have a large and learned disquisition, full of such critical analysis as cometh only of close study. The author has taken the range of the entire New Testament, having previously prepared himself for his arduous labour by a careful reseach of the wide field of prophecy. In the first sentence of his preface he opens his pleadings with a clearness and conciseness worthy of Edmund Burke. "The primary object of the following work is to show that the phrase of such frequent occurrence in the New Testament, ἡ βασιλεια των ουρανων, denotes, not (as it is commonly said to do) the church or the Christain dispensation, but the Davidic kingdom foretold by the prophets—the millennial Messianic reign on earth of Christ and confessors after his second advent, conditionally appointed to take place in the Apostolic age." The closing sentence of his preface would probably perplex the uninitiated. "The reader will do well to get in the first instance a general idea of the scheme of ages by perusing the exegetical outline of the seven-seal book, given in pp. 412 to 417." Now, in a volume of four hundred and thirty-eight pages we do not generally start on page 412. Some of our shrewd friends might suspect that Mr. Hooper has a pet theory of interpretation for the Apocalypse.

"*The Coming Kingdom*," by T. K., is a pleasantly-written little book which requires no remarkable scholarship to appreciate. Of T. K. we have no particular knowledge. The publisher's name precludes our supposing that he has any Plymouth Brother proclivities. We admire the well-arranged Scriptural quotations; we observe the literal interpretations; and yet we rather demur to the definite expectations. The saints of old, by faith, saw afar off. We doubt not that Abraham saw Messiah's day. It does not follow as a sequence that they had any one of them a vision of anything in between. However distinctly the climax is drawn on the canvas, the course of events that leads up to that climax is invariably concealed. The element of surprise must enter into the events when they come to pass. Those that see the day of their accomplishment shall surely say—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"

The Trial: Did Christ rise from the dead? London: Houlston and Sons.

We have looked at the beginning and the end of this book. It supposes a lawsuit in the Court of Common Reason. The names on the panel indicate the partialities of the jurymen. Here the story begins. For want of agreement the jurymen are discharged without finding a verdict. There the story ends. We have not time to wade through the two hundred and sixty-pages in the middle. The type is so small it would try our eyes; and the wit is so shallow, it would try our temper.

Illustrated Musical Tracts. Prepared by Philip Phillips. Partridge and Co.

Four of these leaflets have been published, and we suppose it is designed to extend the series. There are two pages of music and an illustrated tract in each number. The title-page is pretty, and the general get-up is pleasing. But will not psalmody-classes want something better for practice, and Sunday-school teachers something more taking for their anniversaries?

The Faiths of the World. A Concise History of the great religious systems of the world. Blackwood and Sons.

It is well to know what the outside world believes; and in this collection of lectures we have Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Mahommedanism, and the other great cults of men sketched by masterly hands. We may not always like the way in which the case is put, nor even care for the men who state it; but we feel that the various lecturers have done their best, and have collected a mass of information for us. To us there is but one religion; we do not accept the term "comparative theology," but think it misleading. We do not believe in the theory that fallen men are seeking after God and truth: the very reverse is the case. Hence the tone of the speakers is not sweet to our ear; and our commendation only extends to the information given: this is invaluable.

The Diary and Letters of Mary Smith. W. Willman, 34, Bouverie-street, E.C.

We have here the experience of a very intelligent young lady, the child of godly parents, who attended the ministry of that portion of our denomination which, for want of a better or more explicit description, we sometimes term the "Standard" party. The little book, though not likely to find many readers outside the circle in which this young Christian lived, may be useful as indicating the excellences and defects of the style of preaching which gave a distinct colouring to her experience. Extracts from the "Diary" begin when Miss Smith was in her seventeenth year, with records of her soul's deep concern "to know that her sins were all forgiven," and her "longing to enjoy the happiness of God's dear people," "whom," she says, "I trust I love, even if I do not love *him*." She tells of the comfort and encouragement she received from particular discourses, in which the preachers described the inward conflict of their own souls, or the evidences of godly fear given in the word of God. If it were fair to judge of the ministry as a whole by the texts and subjects recorded by this very attentive hearer we should conclude that the most prominent texts and teachings of the New Testament were conspicuous by their absence; and that in the gospel she heard there was no "good news" for sinners, as such; but that this peculiar gospel was for "sensible sinners"—that it was sight for the seeing, life for the living, salvation for the saved. We know perfectly well what the reply of Miss Smith and her instructors in Christ would have been to this description of the preaching, for volumes have been written on the subject of creature helplessness and the divine mandate to sinners dead in sins to believe; but the fact remains that the Lord's prophets now must, like Ezekiel, bid the "dry bones hear the word of the Lord," and "live"; and if the messengers know not how to reconcile their message with man's lost condition they must be content with, "Thou knowest, O Lord." What Miss Smith failed to learn from the preached word, the Holy Spirit, by the written word, and such works as "Owen on the Glory of Christ," and "Hawker's Portions" taught her, and she obtained light and assurance as she looked, not at her own frames and feelings, but at the finished work of the Redeemer. With much fear and trembling she witnessed a good confession, and was baptized into Christ's death, although in a very delicate state of health, and soon after fell asleep in Jesus, before completing her twenty-first year.

Show your Colours. By Justin D. Fulton, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A story of the revival in Boston forty years ago. It is written for the purpose of recording the process by which several families were rescued from Unitarianism and Universalism, and brought into full gospel liberty. It may be usefully circulated amongst those who now hold similar errors.

A Noble Vine. By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. London: James Nisbet.

Practical reflections on our Lord's last parable, devoutly conceived, skilfully arranged, and copiously embellished with poetry. The author is widely known, and his works are always cordially welcomed in evangelical circles, where simple piety is held in more esteem than profound criticism.

Jubilee Lectures: A Historical Series delivered on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Two vols. Hodder and Stoughton.

These lectures are a fit memorial of a great event, namely, the fiftieth year of the existence of the Congregational Union. The selection of lecturers was admirably made, and each man did honour to the history and principles of Independency. In their present form the lectures will abide in our libraries and be standard works of reference for generations yet to come. We only wish that the Baptist body would produce a similar series of lectures. Our principles, practices, and history would furnish a fine set of subjects. Who will provide funds, select lecturers, and arrange for publication?

The Government of God: embracing Agnosticism, Evolution, and Christianity. By William Woods Smyth. Elliot Stock.

This volume is about as tough a book for a reviewer as it is possible to conceive. So strange a mixture is it that at one time it sounds like the utterances of an Agnostic, and then at another as the speech of the devoutest Quaker. We are inclined neither wholly to condemn nor sweepingly to commend. Our author hates Calvinism, and yet is a good Calvinist: he abhors the doctrine of original sin, and yet insists on the necessity of being born again. His weakest point is his admission of the theories of evolution as though they constituted a science. His strongest point is his high moral sense of ethics and his sturdy defence of moral law. A book for students exclusively: and even for them as much to combat as to accept.

The Daily Round: Meditation, Prayer, and Praise adapted to the course of the Christian Year. Whitaker, 12, Warwick Lane.

Good in the opinion of many churchmen, but in our judgment tinged with sacramentarianism and other errors of the Prayer-book. It contains many high and noble aspirations. Doctrinally it is at best only milk for babes; but devotionally it may be helpful to those who would draw near their Lord if they are not misled into reliance upon their baptism.

Services of Song. Compiled by John Burnham, Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelist: "The Waldensian Exiles." "The Brave Covenanters," "The Oiled Feather," "John Ploughman," "The Fight of Faith," "Frankey Vivian," "The Story of Billy Bray." 4d. each.

Song Services are the order of the day, and Sunday-school anniversaries and festivals may by their aid be made equally useful and enjoyable. The above is a capital list. "John Ploughman" and "The Oiled Feather" are suitable for week evenings, tho rest are sacred, and suitable at any time. "The Waldensian Exiles," and "The Covenanters," are records of the struggles of men of whom the world was not worthy. "The Fight of Faith," takes up the idea of life as a warfare, the songs and readings being all in the martial strain. "Frankey Vivian" is selected from Mark Guy Pearse's "Daniel Quorm," and "Billy Bray" is drawn from the same admirable writer. If any strangers to Mark Guy Pearse should procure these two services of song as a taste of his quality, they will find themselves "asking for more." All the song services above enumerated are well compiled by our good brother, Mr. Burnham, and may be obtained from him at 24, Keston-road, East Dulwich-road, London.

Sharpened Saws: Every-day Illustrations of Homely Sayings. By Rev. J. Thomas. F. E. Longley.

To our mind the saws here said to be sharpened are not much better than in their old form. Mr. Thomas may be able to appreciate the proverbial, but he has none of it in himself.

The Larger Hope; or, Salvation for All. Examined in a Review of Rev. S. Cox's "Salvator Mundi." By Rev. T. Powell, F.L.S. Kerby and Endean.

Yet another contribution to the endless controversy about "future punishment." The writer shows how philosophically absurd and philologically fallacious is the "restoration" theory, and delivers some trenchant blows at the inflated and much-vaunted "Salvator Mundi." Surely it is time to leave it alone now, and it will die out of its own weakness.

The Foundations of Morality. By Rev. Stanley Leathes, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1882.

These discourses on the Decalogue are deserving of attentive study. The problem is this. Ten commandments promulgated on Mount Sinai contain enactments and prohibitions which are accepted by common consent of civilized mankind. A question then arises as to their origin and authority. Are these ten commandments the self-originated utterance of society in view of its own requirements? Or were they revealed by God and delivered to us with the sanction and authority of the supreme Creator? Our author reasons without wrangling, as one brought up in the school of Christ. The sophistries of modern sceptics, not excepting the sneers cast on the fourth commandment, look small when the whole argument is prospected by so clear an expositor.

Origin and History of the New Testament. By James Martin, B.A. Preface and notes by Rev. David Brown, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a book to be carefully studied first and to be frequently referred to afterwards; for it has good indexes. The author after exploring a multitude of volumes, not easily accessible to most of our Sunday-school teachers and Christian workers, condensed the simple facts into a charming treatise, which has been so well received that it is now stereotyped.

The True Theory of the Atonement. By J. Kirkman. Elliot Stock. Price 4d.

A small pamphlet by a layman, who is shocked at a "clerical symposium" discussing the doctrine without duly considering the Levitical ordinance to which the very word "atonement" owes its origin.

From Darkness to Light: a Story of the Telugu Awakening. By Rev. J. E. Clough, Ongole, India. Boston: W. G. Corthell, Mission Rooms.

We have read this book with deep interest. Our readers know something of the marvels of grace which have recently made the Telugu Mission a luminous spot in Christian enterprise. The mission had long been carried on without success, and was all but relinquished, when an appeal for its support as the "love star" in the midst of surrounding gloom saved it. The "love star" has ever since waxed brighter, and its beneficent light now illumines an extensive district of the east coast of India. This volume describes the life and conversion of a young native teacher, Lukshmiah, and of Papulama his wife. Our Brother Maplesden, of Ongole, says of it—"Mr. Clough has given in it a picture of *real* life among the Telugus, such as we who are in the field see every day. He is anxious that the book should be circulated in England, chiefly with a view to its promoting a missionary spirit. Mr. Clough came in this morning from a month's tour in the villages around Ongole, during which he has baptized 530 persons. He is just starting out on another tour, in which he will, probably, baptize as many more. God is blessing the work." We will only add that if anyone desires a faithful and vivid picture of Hindu life, and of the nature of the missionary's work in India, he cannot do better than procure this book.

The Mediatorial Throne. London: Robert Banks. Price 1s.

The Coming of the Lord. London: James E. Hawkins. Price 6d.

These publications ought to be popular among the particular friends of their respective authors. One consists of ten short poems; the other contains three little lectures. Both the poet and the preacher conceal their names while they reveal their convictions. The former asserts that he is a "Presentist": the latter admits that he is a "Futurist." So they wrap it up.

Notes.

On *Tuesday, Jan.* 23, according to long-established custom, the pastors and deacons of the Tabernacle entertained the ministers of the London Baptist Association to dinner, and the delegates to tea. The Association has a warm place in our heart as the centre of brotherly fellowship, and the means of mutual help, and the instrument for extending the Redeemer's kingdom in London. One object of it is to build at least one chapel a year in London. At this time we are in need of sites and local committees. Are there not many districts in the metropolis where new populations are gathering, and there is no Nonconformist place of worship for them? If in such localities friends would get together and form a committee, they could hopefully apply to the Association for aid. In laying out estates, friends should reserve a site for a chapel, and give it to the Association. Our friend, Mr. Higgs, did this some time ago, and others did the same before him. We hope the suggestion now sown in these pages will prove to be a fruitful one.

On *Wednesday evening, Jan.* 31, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle church was held, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. It was a great gathering, a holy and happy festival. The heavy losses suffered by the church during the year in the deaths of two deacons and four elders, and many members, added unusual solemnity to the proceedings of the meeting; but a spirit of devout thankfulness and cheerful hopefulness pervaded the whole assembly. This is not the place to record in detail the business transacted, but we may just mention that our venerable friend, James Stiff, Esq., was unanimously elected to the office of deacon; and that the statistics for the year were as follow:—*Increase:* by baptism, 267; letter, 116; profession (those who have been previously baptized), 57; restoration, 4. *Decrease:* by dismissions, 140; persons who joined other churches without letters, 45; names removed for non-attendance, 57; for other causes, 5; emigration, 15; deaths, 65; making a net increase of 117, and bringing up the number of members on the roll to 5,427. On the reading of the balance-sheets of the church, the poor, and the almshouses, it appeared that there was about £150 due to the treasurer, but the Pastor was able to announce that the whole amount had been paid by himself and the deacons and a few friends, so that the church should start upon the new year without any incumbrance of debt. The number of the poor of the church is very great, and quite out of proportion to the usual condition of churches; hence the poor fund needs strengthening. The work carried on is great, and those who can afford to give largely are few in comparison with the needy who are in fellowship with us. It is our joy and honour to be a church in which the working-class and the poor abound; but this fact tries our finances sternly. The annual meeting was of the most cheering character. Pastors, officers, and people work for the Lord with a warm heartiness which makes fellowship real and delightful. How grateful we ought to be that, on entering upon the thirtieth year of the same pastorate, the same affection is displayed all round as at the first; and, what is better still, the same blessing rests upon the labours of the church! Our second Pastor, J. A. Spurgeon, deserves special mention for the manner in which he conducts the internal work of this large church, and leads on our honoured elders in their laborious care of so great a flock. At this meeting the accounts of the College were presented and passed, the College being always regarded as a peculiar institution of the church.

On *Monday evening, Feb.* 5, the monthly missionary prayer meeting at the Tabernacle was made an occasion for pressing the claims of the Zenana Auxiliary formed last year in connection with our church. Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon took part in the meeting; addresses were delivered by Mrs. Rouse, of Calcutta, and the veteran missionary, Mr. T. Morgan, of Howrah; and Mr. Allison reported that £185 had been received by the Treasurer, and that the committee desired to make up the amount to £200. Prayer was offered by several brethren. This work by Christian ladies in the shut-up rooms of the women of India is full of hope. If the wives and mothers of Hindostan can be elevated, it will be in itself a God-like blessing; but the benefit will not stay there,—the whole population will be the better for the upraising of the women. Everything in society depends upon the mothers. If Christian mothers are found in the Zenanas, India will be won to Christ. We, therefore, rejoice greatly that our Tabernacle sisters have united with others in this hopeful work.

On *Tuesday evening, February* 6, our son, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, delivered his singularly interesting lecture on his trip to America to a large audience at the Tabernacle. The eighty dissolving-views, which illustrate the rapid, condensed descriptions, are as fine as any we have ever seen; and the whole lecture made everybody wish to hear it again. At the close a well-deserved vote of thanks was heartily accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Mr. W. Olney, seconded by Mr. Allison. Thanks to kind friends in the United States for generous hospitality to our son. We wish they could have heard his hearty expressions of appreciation of their large-heartedness. Though it may never be our privilege to visit the States in person, our heart abides in hearty fellow-

ship with dear and faithful friends in the great Republic.

Thursday, Feb. 15.—Our sermon at the City Temple was well attended by a host of kind friends of all denominations. Never was a reception more hearty than that accorded to us by Dr. Parker, who has on many other occasions displayed a kindness towards us for which we are at a loss to account, except by the largeness of his own heart. A Colportage Society was inaugurated by that service, to which we wish abounding prosperity. The more we see of Colportage, the more we regret that it is not more extensively employed in England, and the more glad we are to see the public mind directed to it. Led by so vigorous a man as Dr. Parker, we may hope to see the City Temple sending out scores of colporteurs. So be it.

We beg to intimate that the case of Mr. R. A. Lawrence's wife and family, which is fully described in our advertisement columns, is one which deserves aid. Think of a mother left with eight children, and no provision! We trust that the design of her friends will be fully accomplished.

Our well-beloved brother, Mr. Archibald Brown, has issued his Report of a year's work in the East-end of London. It makes us pray for this most useful worker, but far more it makes our flesh creep, and our heart bleed, to hear of what he sees with his own eyes. Can this be England? Can this be London? People so crowded together that decency is gone! So poor that their nakedness is not covered, and they cannot come out even to beg! How much we wish that Mr. Brown's utterances could be heard, repeated, and thundered out by the daily press till something is done for overcrowded regions where vice becomes well-nigh inevitable to both sexes from the condition of their lodging—say of their pigging in together.

Modern sensationalism in religion is alluded to by Mr. Brown in very sensible terms. He sees and feels the mischief of it. It is time that somebody spoke now that the attempt is made to make men religious by turning all religion into a game of soldiers. Because they would not hinder anything that promised well, Christian men have borne with much that grieved them, but there is a point beyond which longsuffering charity cannot go. That point is nearly reached: even the most ultra-tolerant must feel that hope has been disappointed, and fear now takes its place. Our readers can get Mr. Brown's Report by writing and enclosing a subscription to East London Tabernacle, Burdett-road, Bow.

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE.—The following letter has come from our son Thomas:—

"My dear Father,—At a late deacons' and church-meeting it was unanimously resolved to forward to you, and through you to all our home-helpers, the hearty thanks of the Auckland Baptists for the practical sympathy which has poured on to our shores like a warm gulf-stream. *The Sword and the Trowel* list for each month tells the names of kind contributors; and the large cases lately received for bazaar, and now turned into cash, spoke loudly of the loving interest of Tabernacle workers. Please convey our gratitude to the good ladies whose busy fingers plied the needle and thread on our behalf and the Master's. I was especially gratified, amongst numerous notes accompanying the present (which I fear I cannot answer) to find some from the good folk in the almshouses, with half-crowns for our Building Fund. The blind and the lame and the old have come to our help as well as the young and able. You and they will rejoice to hear that our sale proved an unqualified success. £1,155 was the total intake, which will leave us about £1,000 clear. This is wonderful for a comparatively small place like Auckland, and for the despised Baptists—for they have been so in days gone by. We altogether discarded raffles, lotteries, lucky-bags, and auctions. Our own people worked magnificently, and spent freely, and the whole affair has done us good—eliciting enthusiasm and interest and kindly feeling from all.

"John Ploughman's Stall proved (as I knew it would) a great attraction.

"So fully were the various stalls furnished that £500 worth of goods remains unto this present. These must be disposed of at some future date—possibly at the stone-laying. I know whom I should like to perform that ceremony, or to open the New Tabernacle, *or both!* But I fear it cannot be. Regard this as an ample invitation, will you? and don't say you weren't asked. The Auckland church desires hereby to greet its friends across the seas, and to wish them and their beloved Pastor the choicest blessings possible. He who writes for the church heads the list, and adds hereto the warmest love of

"SON TOM."

"Auckland, N.Z.,
"December 29, 1882."

We wish we had much more to send out to our worthy son, for he has a heavy task before him. He will need at least £6,000 more than he has at present, and we earnestly pray that he may not break down under the pressure which this must bring upon him. We have received comparatively little as yet, but we must give a drawing of the proposed building, and make an appeal further on. Auckland is not like London, and all the towns and cities in Australia lie wide apart; hence the toil and weariness of a collecting-tour to a young man who is not strong. May a bountiful Providence supply the need of his servant in this thing.

COLLEGE. — Mr. J. Hope has become pastor of the church at Ipsley-street, Redditch; Mr. T. J. Longhurst at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham; and Mr. R. Scott at Ulverston, Lancashire.

Mr. W. Durban, B.A., of Chester, has been elected Secretary to the Monthly Tract

Society. He will be glad to hear of preaching engagements in and around London on Sundays. Mr. J. T. Almy has removed from Ryde to Brixham, Devon. Mr. A. Billington, whose health has been re-established during his stay in England, has returned to mission-work on the Congo.

So many students have settled recently that we shall be able to receive in August rather more men than we anticipated. Those who have good reason to believe that they are called to the ministry, but need more education, should apply at once.

The *Annual Conference* of the Pastors' College Association will (D.V.) be held in the week commencing April 16, *i.e.*, the week preceding the Baptist Union meetings.

The half-yearly meeting of the *Students' Missionary Association* was held on *Friday, Feb.* 9. In the afternoon Professor Gracey occupied the chair. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, delivered an eloquent and instructive address. For an hour and three quarters the students listened to him with the closest attention. After combating the hostility to missions which is manifested in some quarters, he described a visit he made to Japan. In the capital, Tokio, he found a flourishing university, with English and German professors, where English was thoroughly taught. Such questions as these were put to the students in their examinations:—"Why is Shakespeare a more popular poet than Spenser?" "Contrast the style of Johnson and Addison." Leaving Japan, Mr. Jenkins related how he found all China on the move. Many secret disciples were there, who but for fear of persecution would openly become Christians. In India, Christianity had made rapid strides since he laboured there, thirty years ago. When he visited that empire in 1876 he found that the Bible had penetrated almost everywhere. It was studied by the cultured Brahmin as well as by the peasant and tradesman.

In the evening James Stiff, Esq., took the chair. Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, delivered a stirring address, and was followed by the Rev. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., who spoke of the difficulties of foreign mission work; and the Rev. J. Davy, of the Bahamas, who related the story of missions in that group of Islands. All felt the meetings to be both pleasant and profitable.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received several very cheering accounts of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at *Hitchin*. We can only give brief extracts from the various communications. Our esteemed friend, Professor Marchant, thus describes one service:—"My chapel was crowded to the doors. Mr. Smith's singing and exposition were excellent. One solo made me feel more than I ever realized before that this new weapon of our warfare is not only not carnal, but rightly used is one of great power. But how shall I describe the holy and marvellous address of Mr. Fullerton? I could only think of it in the light of the phrase, 'the Lord working with them.' The people were spell-bound, and the spell was the healthy gospel of the grace of God. Mr. Fullerton's close pleading, his tender and earnest spirit, his racy manner, his grip of his subject, and his hold of men, all these were good; but, better than all these, I felt the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. Some twelve or fifteen persons came into the vestry at the close of the service, where they were met by an earnest band of workers, who felt that most of these dear seeking friends had really found the Saviour."

Pastor A. McIntosh, the Independent minister, writing at a later date, says:—"My chapel seats 750, but last night there were about 1,000 crammed in, and about 200 in our upper school-room. Power from on high was there. At the prayer-meeting after the service, the chapel was full of people. Very many went into the lecture-room to seek and find Jesus. It was a glorious sight. I am greatly pleased and delighted at the blessing which has come through dear Fullerton and Smith. There has been on their part an earnest, constant endeavour simply to win souls and glorify the Master."

Another correspondent writes:—"I have seen many religious gatherings in Hitchin, in the course of over fifty years, but have never witnessed such large companies brought together, night after night for a whole fortnight, to hear the truth as it is in Jesus, without any sensational attraction or improper excitement."

On Sunday evening, Feb. 4, the Evangelists conducted a most interesting service in the study at "*Westwood*"; after which they spent five days at *Benson*, Oxon, with the most encouraging results; and for the past fortnight they have been at *Liverpool*, where their mission gives promise of great success.

Encouraging reports have reached us concerning Mr. Burnham's visits to *East Finchley*, *Thorpe-le-Soken*, and *Highgate*. In all these places pastors and people appear to have been pleased and profited by our brother's preaching and singing. This month Mr. Burnham is to be at Walton-on-the-Naze; Melbourne, Cambs.; and Great Torrington, Devon.

Mr. Frank Russell has conducted services in *St. Margaret's* and *Harefield* during the past month. He continues to receive very cheering news of the results of his work at Richmond, and he believes that at St. Margaret's also many have been brought into the liberty of the gospel.

ORPHANAGE.—On Friday, Feb. 2, the trustees elected James Stiff, Esq., and William Higgs, Esq., jun., to fill up the two vacancies caused by the lamented decease of Messrs. Higgs and Mills. May they prove towers of strength to the Institution.

It will be remembered that about this time last year Mr. R. Cory, of Cardiff,

sent us £250 towards the amount needed for the completion of the Girl's Orphanage buildings, and offered to double his donation if nine other friends would during the year give an equal sum. He has now forwarded £250 more, without insisting upon the condition of his offer, although he hopes that his challenge will prompt others to give liberally to the same object. A few more such generous helpers would enable us speedily to finish the whole scheme.

Just as the lists were being printed we received £200 as a thankoffering from two sisters, to be divided between the General Fund and the Girls' Orphanage Building Fund. We are very grateful to the kind donors.

The second annual report of the *Reading Young Ladies' Working Party for the Orphanage* has just come to hand. It contains fresh evidence of the love of our Reading friends for the orphans, and of their desire to help us in caring for them. The meetings are held monthly at the house of our valued helper, Mrs. James Withers, and, as the result of the gifts and work of the ladies, the Orphanage has received during the year 231 garments for the children, 42 sheets, and 7 pillow-cases. How heartily we thank these young ladies! May the best of blessings rest on each one of them! Could not other towns follow the example of Reading?

Within the last few weeks Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir have visited Brighton, Eastbourne, Lewes, Hastings, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, the Lambeth Baths, and New Southgate; and as we are making up the "Notes," arrangements are being completed for meetings in Norwich, Swaffham, Dereham, and Bury St. Edmund's. Everywhere that the boys go they meet with a most enthusiastic reception, and by their singing, reciting, bell-ringing, etc., and Mr. Charlesworth's description of the institution, they bring in substantial help to the funds, as our contribution-lists continually prove. We are deeply grateful to all who have helped in the various places to bring about such satisfactory results. Mr. Charlesworth will always be glad to hear from friends, in London or in the provinces, who are willing to devote an evening to this object. It injures no one, and helps the cause of the fatherless.

On *Friday afternoon, February* 9, a large number of the collectors brought in their boxes and books, and after tea spent a pleasant evening listening to the children's singing, bell-ringing, and reciting; to addresses from the President and Mr. Charlesworth; and to some humorous sketches by Mr. Leslie Main. The receipts of the day amounted to a little over £100, in addition to which a considerable sum was received by post from collectors unable to be present at the meeting. Thanks are hereby rendered to all subscribers and collectors, great and small. What a grand work is performed by the many littles which come into the treasury.

COLPORTAGE. — During the past month two new applications have been received for the appointment of colporteurs in districts where £40 a-year has been guaranteed, and the men will soon be at work. The association would gladly start others at once upon the same terms. We are most anxious to extend the benefits of colportage, but are powerless unless friends or churches in the districts to be worked will first arrange to provide a part of the necessary funds. Constant testimony is received, both from the colporteurs and from observers of their work, as to the value and efficiency of the agency. The following letter was received quite recently from Swadlincote, signed by the Pastor and Secretary of the Baptist church. It was unsolicited, and contained a donation to the General Funds. "We forward herewith a small sum subscribed by a few friends in this locality towards helping on the good work in which your agents are engaged. We are directed by the Baptist church in this place to express the deep sense of obligation they have for the earnest self-denying efforts of our friend Mr. Beard, who for some years has been your agent in this district. "His labours, more especially among those who are rarely, if ever, found in our places of worship, and among the sick and dying, have won for him a good name; and he is held in the highest esteem by all classes of the community. We trust the day is far distant when his efforts on behalf of Christ's kingdom and precious souls in this neighbourhood will cease, and that the divine blessing will still more richly descend upon him and on his important work."

Will no good friend find the £10 needed to keep on for this year the poor district for which an appeal was made last month? The colporteur calls upon hundreds who are far from any means of grace, and have no other visitor. Surely so many precious souls are not to have the gospel withheld for lack of these few pounds!

The Association earnestly solicits the prayers and increased sympathy of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* for an enlarged blessing upon its useful work.

PERSONAL NOTE.—An Australian minister writes to us:—"The first Lord's-day evening in last month was a red-letter day in my life since I left my happy home and kind church; for my soul and intellect had been on starving allowance, so far as sermon-hearing is concerned. . . . I hope God will spare you yet for many years to England, and not only to England, but to the uttermost ends of the earth. My eldest daughter, who is married to a minister in Tasmania, says in a recent letter—'If Mr. Spurgeon knew how his sermons are appreciated in our Southern forests, where no preachers have been for years until my dear husband went to them, and how many cases of conversion he met with through the reading of them, he would be amazed, and rejoice with unspeakable joy.'"

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. B. Greenwood	2	10	0
W. and E. H., Exeter	0	7	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Souter	0	2	0
Mrs. J. S.	0	4	0
Mrs. H. S.	0	6	0
A sister in Jesus, Tring, per Pastor Chas. Pearce	1	0	0
J. W.	1	0	0
Romans xii. 5	0	10	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. A. R. Simpson	5	0	0
Mr. Jas. Kerr	0	2	6
Miss Hilditch	100	0	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	1	6
Miss Allan	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Stephens	1	0	0
From dear Granny	0	10	0
"Scotland"	25	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	1	0	0
Rev. George Wright	1	0	0
C. B.	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths, from friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge	5	0	0
A friend from Berkhampstead	0	2	6
Pastor Jesse Gibson	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	3	0
Harrow purse	1	1	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 21st	28	3	6
„ 28th	30	0	0
Feb. 4th	25	0	3
„ 11th	30	0	0
	113	3	9
	£283	9	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Two friends at Mount Zion Chapel, per Mr. Court	1	0	0
From Newton Stewart	10	0	0
A. L.	5	0	0
Mrs. Hunt	0	2	6
J. H. W. S.	5	0	0
Collected at Gospel Meetings, per Mr. William Clark	0	10	0
Emma Gertrude Paul	0	2	6
Mrs. Fry, and daughter, and sister	0	16	0
Miss Jessie R. Moore	1	0	0
Cowl-street Baptist Sunday-school, Evesham	2	16	5
Stamps from Chippenham	0	1	10
Baptist Church, Long Preston, per Pastor W. Giddings	0	10	0
Miss Kidd	0	2	6
	0	12	6
Mr. E. J. Upward	5	0	0
The late Mrs. I. Haynes, per Mr. E. E. Hinkley	20	0	0
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10	0	0
A sister in Jesus, Tring, per Pastor Charles Pearce	1	0	0
Bonnington Hall Sabbath-scholars, Leith	0	6	6
Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mr. William Ronald	1	10	0
Annie Green	0	5	0
A friend, per Mrs. John Lord	0	10	0
Mr. Frank Jackson	1	0	0
H. E.	0	3	0
A sister	1	0	0
A poor almswoman, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	5	0
Baby's penny a week	0	4	6
Mrs. Pollen	0	0	10
J. E. H.	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Readers of John Ploughman's Almanack, York	0	2	0
Armitage	0	3	0
Mr. J. W. Potter	0	5	0
Mr. John Harris	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	15	10
Lizzie Barker's collecting-box	0	8	0
For Ada, in John Ploughman's Almanack	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Townsend	0	10	0
Mr. J. Crocker	2	10	0
J. A. M., Nairn	0	15	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards	1	17	0
Mr. Ridgeon	2	0	0
Mr. Middleditch	0	5	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche	0	12	0
Mr. William Mathewson	60	0	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
J. C. R., and a few friends	0	10	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	10	0
Eliza	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Barnes	0	10	0
Mrs. Hugh Ramsay	0	10	0
Widow's mite	1	0	0
Mr. George Morrish, per Miss Carr	5	0	0
A. L. A.	0	1	1
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Mr. G. Jackson	2	2	0
C. S.	0	2	6
Romans xii. 5	0	12	6
M. G. H.	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Watts	5	0	0
C. D. E.	0	2	6
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Psalm lxvi. 19	0	2	6
A Thankoffering	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Turner	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss S. Dawson	1	0	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne	2	0	0
Stamps from Aberdare	0	1	0
Eliza, Bella, and Eddie Gray	0	3	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Edwin Thos. Woodeson 1 10 0			
William Woodeson 0 13 0			
	2	3	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. Adam Brown	0	5	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
Thankoffering from a Cornish girl for a very happy home	1	0	0
W. D.	0	5	0
Richmond-street Mission, and Flint-street afternoon School:—			
Children's boxes 16 10 11			
Young men's class 7 14 1			
	24	5	0
Miss Mary E. Bedwell	0	8	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arras	1	0	0
Mr. C. L. Jones	0	5	0
J. C. M.	5	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
E. M. T.	1	0	0
A Thankoffering	2	0	0
M. Gray	0	2	6
Stamps	0	1	0
A reader of the "Christian Herald"	0	2	0
Mr. James Lundie	0	5	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	1	0
Children attending Wellwood Sunday Morning Meeting, Dunfermline	0	10	0
Mrs. Pringle	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Thomas, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	2	6
Miss A. Schaller	1	0	0
A friend, per Miss Nichols	0	10	0
A few sermon-readers, Dumfries, per Mrs. Kerr	0	10	0
From dear Granny	0	5	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
Lizzie and Arthur Bruce	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Gillingham	0	2	6
Dr. Brougham	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	1	0
Collected at Stockwell Baptist Chapel, after Address by Mr. Charlesworth	2	0	0
Collected at Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, Brighton, after sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	10	0	0
Collected at Queen-square Baptist Chapel, after sermon by Mr. Charlesworth	6	0	0
Collected at Queen-square Congregational Chapel, after Service of Song by Orphanage Choir	31	1	0
Proceeds Services of Song by Orphanage Choir:—			
Lewes	27	6	6
Eastbourne 21 7 11			
Donations:—			
Mr. Mannington 10 0 0			
Mr. Owen Edwards 2 2 0			
	33	9	11
Hastings	41	17	7
Trustees of the late Mr. W. Riches, per Mr. J. Manchester	25	0	0
John-street, Bedford-row	20	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths, from friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge	14	13	0
J. T. F.	20	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. James Hamilton	5	0	0
Mr. W. A. Weightman	5	0	0
Mrs. Spice	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mrs. Shearer	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Forties	0	10	0
A poor widow	0	4	0
A working-man	0	2	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	5	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	1	0	0
Mrs. P. E. Larlham	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Meachin	0	5	0
Two sisters	1	0	0
Postal Order from Gray's Inn Road	0	10	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Per Pastor John Brown:—			
Mr. Job Flower 0 10 0			
Mrs. Wilshire's legacy 5 0 0			
	5	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Allison's Bible Class:—			
Mrs. Podmore 0 1 6			
Miss Loftus 0 4 0			
Mrs. Perkins 0 2 0			
Mrs. Harvey 0 12 6			
Miss Clarke 0 4 3			
Mrs. Poole 0 7 0			
Miss Allen 1 11 0			
Nurse Davies 0 16 0			
Mrs. Webb 0 4 0			
Mrs. Wilson 0 11 6			
Miss Clarkson 0 13 10			
Miss Walker 2 10 10			
	7	18	5
Collected by Miss J. C. Bennett	2	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Per Mr. John Best, J.P.:—			
Miss H. Best 1 0 0			
Miss L. Best 1 0 0			
Collected by Miss Mary Best 0 6 0			
Mrs. P. Richards 1 10 7			
	3	16	7
Mrs. Hallett's children's box	0	5	0
Mrs. Collins	0	1	4
Mr. James G. Godwin	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. John Robinson	0	14	0
Mr. W. Strickland	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
One-fourth of first £1 taken in business in 1883	0	5	0
Mr. R. P. Froste	2	0	0
Miss A. Rouston	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	4	0
A friend, per Mr. W. Michael	1	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	3	0	0
Mr. T. E. Turk	3	0	0
Mr. C. Sweetman	0	3	0
Mrs. Mitchell's "Band of Mercy" Boys, Rye	0	3	6
Mrs. West, per Mr. W. Rooksby	0	5	0
Miss A. E. Thompson	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Lovell	0	2	0
Miss E. Clark	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	7	0
A Selkirk biscuit for the bairns	1	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Perrett	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. Fryer	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0
Mr. A. Burleton	0	5	0
Mrs. Jee	1	0	0
M. I. I., a birthday offering	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	9	6
A Sermon-reader, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. W. Coates, per Mrs. Brees	2	2	0
George Herbert Laurie	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Pearce	0	7	6
Mrs. Lundie	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Annie Paul	0	15	0
Rev. John Barton 0 10 0			
Haydock Colliery Sunday School, per Rev. J. Barton 0 8 0			
	0	18	0

	£	s.	d.
A.B.	0	3	0
Stamps from Bell Busk	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Toovey	0	5	0
S. Carter	0	5	0
Mr. Philip Martin	1	0	0
A working-man	0	5	0
Isabella, Haggatt	0	2	6
Postal order from Richmond	0	5	0
Collected by Master W. Oakley	0	7	6
Sale of Stockwell Orphanage Tracts	0	11	6
Free Christian Sabbath-school, Fort William, per Mr. James Miller	0	10	0
Miss Jane Vowles	0	10	0
Pastor G. D. Cox, Melton Mowbray	1	2	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	3	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Tewkesbury, and friends, per Mr. W. J. Gardner	0	10	0
Mr. A. Robinson	1	0	0
Half proceeds New Year's Festival, Battersea-park Sunday-school, per Mr. Collins	1	6	0
Collected by Mr. S. Hubbard	2	0	0
Miss Stark, per Mrs. Dorin	0	2	6
Mr. W. Kelley	0	5	0
Mrs. Morton	0	2	6
A. M.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	5	0
J. Murdoch	0	10	6
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	7	6
Mr. S. Hobbs	2	2	0
Mr. J. Goodchild	2	0	0
Per Mr. William Burnett:—			
Mrs. Burnett's box	0	11	0
Mr. Burnett's office box	0	11	0
Mrs. Burton's box	0	5	0
Brasted Mission Church, given at Communion	0	10	0
	1	17	0
Collected by Miss Mary Holmes	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Farrall	0	19	4
Collected by Mrs. Copping	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Burridge	0	3	4
Collected by Mrs. Bradford	1	0	0
A loaf for the Orphans	0	0	3
Mr. Bass, per J. T. D. (1 dollar)	0	4	2
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	13	3
Collected by Master W. M. Jones	0	2	2
Collected by Master Martin	0	0	10
Collected by Mrs. Watts	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	17	0
Collected by W. A. Bragg	2	5	0
Collected by the late Mrs. Garratt, per Mr. J. Garratt	0	5	0
Miss Jefferies	0	5	0
Per Mr. E. Bowtell:—			
Mrs. Hurnard	3	0	0
A friend	0	2	0
	3	2	0
Collected by Miss C. Bidewell	0	8	0
Mrs. Ward, per Mr. Moss	0	10	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Chandler	3	0	0
Dorton	3	0	0
G. A., sermon-reader, Thame	0	10	0
A Thankoffering from two sisters	100	0	0
Mr. W. Withey	20	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Harding (1881 and 1882)	2	2	0
Per Mr. C. Adlem:—			
P. L. E.	1	0	0
G. H.	0	12	0
P. M.	0	10	0
P. L.	0	10	0
Church of England	0	5	0
G. W.	0	2	6
C. Adlem and friends	0	10	6
	3	10	0
The Misses Murray	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.			
Per F. R. T.:—						
Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0			
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0			
Mrs. Bakewill	0	5	0			
In memory of T. L.	0	5	0			
				1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Dennis				1	1	0
Mrs. J. W. Fidge				1	1	0
Mr. J. T. Penny (two years)				2	2	0
Mr. James Grose				2	2	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—						
Collected by the Misses Crumpton—						
Mr. John Jones	0	5	0			
Mr. J. B. K.	0	2	6			
Mr. W. F. Masters	0	10	0			
Miss Arkill	0	5	0			
				1	2	6
Collecting Books, brought in Feb. 9:—						
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	0	0			
Bonser, Miss	0	6	0			
Baverstock, Miss	0	11	6			
Bartram, Miss (donation)	1	0	0			
Brewer, Mrs.	0	12	0			
Bowles, Mrs.	0	12	6			
Brown, Miss	0	13	6			
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	8	8			
Cockle, Mrs.	5	5	6			
Doggett, Master H.	2	0	0			
Day, Miss	0	10	0			
Evans, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Fryer, Miss S.	0	17	0			
Greenaway, Miss	1	3	0			
Horner, Mrs.	0	4	0			
Jephs, Miss	1	10	0			
Lawson, Mr.	1	5	0			
Lewis, Mrs.	0	10	6			
Lewis, Master W.	0	4	3			
Livett, Mrs.	0	15	0			
Leoworthy, Miss	0	16	0			
London, Master	0	10	6			
McDonald, Mrs.	0	12	0			
Mountain, Mr. W.	0	12	6			
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	0	15	0			
Porter, Miss	0	10	0			
Parry, Mr. W.	0	12	6			
Tyrrell, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Unwin, Mrs.	0	19	0			
Whitehead, Mrs.	1	16	0			
Wilson, Miss	2	0	0			
Wilkes, Mrs.	0	3	8			
Wells, Miss	0	5	0			
Willis, Mrs.	1	3	0			
Sale of Tea-tickets	1	8	0			
				32	16	7
Collecting Boxes:—						
Ansell, Mrs.	0	3	11			
Antill, Master	0	0	6			
Abrahams, Master	0	0	10			
Abrahams, Master G.	0	0	10			
Butler, Miss E.	0	8	5			
Brook, Miss	0	3	4			
Brewer, Misses Alice and Lily	0	8	0			
Bowden, Miss A. M.	0	4	6			
Bartlett, Miss Miriam	0	7	8			
Brice, Miss F.	0	1	2			
Bull, Miss	0	1	6			
Beale, Miss	0	4	2			
Baker, Mrs.	0	13	1			
Bartlett, Miss	0	8	10			
Baskett, Master C.	0	3	4			
Boggis, Master C. E.	0	2	7			
Boyles, Miss	0	7	11			
Boswell, Mrs. S.	0	3	4			
Barnes, Mr. T.	0	5	9			
Bates, Miss	0	6	8			
Buswell, Mrs.	1	6	2			
Briggs, Miss	0	4	9			
Bould, Mr.	1	0	6			

	£	s.	d.
Barton, Mrs. W.	2	7	5
Boulter, Miss C.	0	1	9
Call, Mrs.	0	9	6
Crew, Miss	0	12	11
Charles, Miss Rose... ...	0	4	2
Chapman, Mrs.	0	7	9
Chard, Mr. T. P.	1	17	9
Callingham, Mr.	1	0	9
Culver, Mrs.	1	5	10
Cobham, Master E. ...	0	4	6
Chamberlain, Master Wm.	0	7	5
Chamberlain, Miss L. ...	0	7	6
Cook, Miss	0	11	11
Capel, Miss F.	0	1	8
Charles, Master Robert ...	0	4	10
Descroix, Miss	1	0	0
Drew, Miss C.	0	11	7
Drake, Miss...	0	4	0
Dickson, Miss A.	0	4	7
Dale, Miss C.	0	0	4
Dury, Miss	0	6	11
Day, Miss H.	0	1	11
Davis, Mrs.	0	6	10
Davis, Master E.	0	3	2
Earl, Miss E.	0	4	4
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	3	4
Evans, Miss...	0	0	6
Ford, Miss A.	0	3	10
Frazer, Miss E.	1	5	0
Field, Misses G. and K. ...	0	13	10
Franklin, Master W. K....	0	1	2
Fairhead, Master H. ...	0	4	11
Fairman, Mrs.	1	0	0
Franklin, Mr.	0	2	5
Frisby, Miss...	0	9	2
Frisby, Master Thomas ...	0	4	6
Field, Miss L.	0	1	2
Goodeve, Miss	0	3	11
Gray, Mr. A.	0	5	7
Goodwin, Miss A.	0	6	5
Griggs, Miss A.	0	2	7
Hudson, Miss	0	19	0
Hawgood, Miss A.... ...	3	1	6
Hockey, Mrs.	0	8	2
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	5	8
Hardy, Master G.	0	10	0
Hunt, Miss G.	0	17	0
Horn, Miss E.	0	3	7
Horner, Master F.... ...	0	6	6
Hubbard, Miss L.... ...	0	9	7
Howlett, Miss A.	0	5	5
Horn, Mr. E.	0	3	1
Hall, Miss, ...	0	2	10
Higgs, Miss...	2	6	9
Hamblin, Miss	0	3	0
Hutchison, Miss B. ...	0	0	4
Hutchison, Master R. ...	0	0	2
Howe, Miss E.	0	2	0
Hancock, Miss	0	7	9
Harris, Miss A.	0	3	11
Harbison, Miss C.	0	4	0
Harris, Master	0	2	1
Higham, Miss	0	5	6
Jarvis, Mr....	0	3	1
Kerridge, Miss K.	0	10	6
King, Miss A. G.	0	5	5
King, Master J. C. ...	0	6	0
Lambourne, Miss... ...	0	2	8
Lardner, Master T. ...	0	5	0
Longley, Mrs.	0	8	5
Lewis, E. and M.	0	4	7
Luxford, Miss	0	2	10
Laker, Mrs....	0	15	10
Lewis, Master S. & Miss R.	0	6	4
Lange, Miss...	0	0	6
Langton, Mrs.	0	2	4
Lucas, Florence	0	1	7
Larkman, Miss	0	7	10
Monk, Mrs. S.	0	12	0
Mills, Master F. C.... ...	0	2	3
Mills, Master W. R. ...	0	3	4
Martin, Miss G.	0	2	1
Manning, Miss J.	0	8	6
Moore, Miss A.	0	8	0
Mann, Miss	0	15	8
Miles, Master W.	0	2	10
Mallison, Mrs.	0	5	5
Minter, Mr C.	0	4	1
Medwin, Mrs.	0	7	3
Messent, Master H. & E.	0	5	5
Messent, Master W. & A.	0	5	2
Messent, Master D. & B.	0	5	9
Matthews, Maggie ...	0	1	9
Mitchell, Master A. ...	0	4	4
Matthews, William ...	0	1	5
Murrell, Miss M.	1	8	7
Murrell, Miss E.	1	8	3
McNeal, George	0	0	7
Merritt, Mrs.	0	9	7
Morgan, Mr., per employés of Messrs. Marshall and Sons	1	16	10
Nash, Miss A.	0	6	9
Newman, Mrs.	0	11	4
Northcroft, Mrs.	0	6	11
Nicholls, Miss C.	0	1	9
Offer, Miss E.	0	4	3
Owers, Lilian	0	0	2
Owers, Florence	0	0	3
Poole, Amy	0	6	7
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	12	7
Patten, Mrs.	0	16	9
Powell, Rose	0	1	2
Powell, Miss E.	0	7	2
Powell, Master G.	0	6	2
Perryman, Henry	0	14	6
Price, Miss F.	0	2	5
Ranford, Mrs.	0	3	10
Rawlinson, Master J. ...	0	0	4
Ranford, Julia	0	3	7
Robert Street Ragged-school	0	11	0
Smith, Miss	1	4	3
Spanswick, Miss J. ...	0	7	11
Spencer, Master	0	5	8
Southerland, Miss Dora ...	0	5	9
Smith, Master J. M. ...	0	14	11
Soper, Mrs.	0	12	0
Sargent, Miss A.	0	5	7
Smith, Gertrude	0	0	10
Skipper, L. and W. ...	0	4	4
Smith, Ida	0	10	0
Short, Henry	0	0	9
Stubbs, Miss Olive ...	0	3	10
Sullivan, Miss	0	6	2
Scudder	0	6	11
Thomas, Master G. E. ...	0	1	4
Thomas, Mrs.	0	3	5
Tolhurst, Fred	0	0	11
Tyrrell, Miss	1	7	9
Vero, Miss M.	2	15	0
Wheeler, Miss E. M. ...	0	9	7
Wilkinson, Mr.	0	5	4
Watkins, Agnes	0	5	9
Watkins, Mrs.	0	12	0
Waite, Julia	0	0	8
Woodington, Miss M. ...	0	1	3
Webster, Miss S.	0	3	8
Ward, Master B.	0	5	5
Young, Mrs.	0	3	8
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	1	0
Miss Gamble Calmor's box, No. 119, and cash received by treasurer in addition to above list ...	1	6	3
			71 4 8
Total of Boys' Cards, as per list ...			54 17 0
Total of Girls' Cards, as per list ...			38 7 0
			£927 17 5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 15th to February 13th, 1883.—GENERAL: 1 Scrap Book, Miss M. J. Ashton; 3 dozen New Year Cards, A servant.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—6 pairs of Knitted Stockings, Miss Edwards; 17 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 8 Frocks, Lady Hawkhurst, per Mrs. Welford; 18 Remnants and 452 yards Dress Material, Miss E. Haggas; 24 pairs of Girls' Button Boots, Mr. J. Leeson.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—41 Articles, Mr. H. A. Woollard; 3 pairs of Stockings, Miss M.; 12 Night Shirts, Mrs. E. Wilkinson.

Error in February *Sword and Trowel*:—PROVISIONS—Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons, 5 Pots Jam, should have been 5 *cwt.* of Jam.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Angell, A., 14s 6d; Arnold, G., 8s; Allen, F., 1s 6d; Banyard, S. W., and H. T., 15s; Brooker, E. G., £1 1s 0d; Barnes, O., 5s; Bivand, C., 2s; Britton, G. C., 14s 6d; Bromwich, A., 6s; Bush, R., 7s; Brown, H., £1; Barratt, F., 2s 6d; Barratt, G., 7s 3d; Baker, F. T., 6s 4d; Bowles, J. N., 5s; Bishop, H., 10s; Bridges, C., 15s 0d; Cockell, H., £2 10s 9d; Cleaverley, J., 2s; Coman, J., 5s 8d; Cornford, R., 9s; Chamberlain, W., 9s; Cozens, B., 9s 3d; Creasy, E., 7s; Crabb, A., 4s; Clinker, H., 13s 6d; Clayton, H., 5s 6d; Cartland, F. J. S., 2s; Charter, J., 8s 7d; Childs, D. W., 1s 6d; Croucher, W. H., £1 2s; Callam, F., 5s; Deacon, G., 12s; Dancey, C., 1s 4d; Dean, W., 3s 11d; Dimond, J. B., 10s; Duff, E., 10s 10d; Dance, H., 3s 2d; Dorr, H., 16s 6d; Ellis, H., 7s 6d; Edgley, W. J., 5s; French, H., 2s.; Ford, W., 10s; Fitch, E., 4s; Flower, H., 5s 3d; Fairchild, A., 4s; Fieldwick, S., 3s; Frost, A. J., 12s; Fulcher, W., 12s 9d; Foster, A., 3s; Game, J., 13s; Golding, H., 16s 1d; Gosling, H., 2s 6d; Garvan, W., 2s; Hill, C., 5s; Hewitt, 3s 1d; Hitch, T., 15s 6d; Hammond, G., 2s 2d; Hawes, F., 5s; Hunt, C., 2s 6d; Hatcher, J., 10s; Hobbs, H., 5s 9d; Hart, L., 12s; Hole, C., 12s; Hall, G. S. P., 4s; Imeson, C. J., 8s 9d; Jones, C., 4s 2d; Jennings, A., 10s 6d; Lister, V., 2s 6d; Lloyd, A., 14s; Lamb, E., 10s; Moppett, 16s 2d; Miller, R. L. 10s 6d; Marendaz, F., 7s 1d; Moore, A., 5s 7d; Mead, B., 7s 6d; Martin, A., 9d; Manktelow, 10s; Nearn, J., 5s; Oakley, A. W., £1 1s; Pascall, £1; Pearce, J., 11s; Poole, T., 10s; Price, F., 3s 2d; Phillips, R., 2s 6d; Pritchard, G. C., 9s; Ramell, J., 4s 1d; Ratcliff, 3s 2d; Roff, P., 3s 6d; Rouse, F., 11s; Reid, F., 3s; Ruffhead, F., 11s 5d; Rees, B., 12s; Smith, H., 10s; Smith, J., 6s 6d; Smith, E. H., 10s; Smith, Henry, 7s 6d; Simmonds, Y., 11s 2d; Stickland, 5s; Small, A., £1; Sulley, H. A., 4s 6d; Scott, F., 4s 9d; Steed, S., 5s; Snell, G., 10s; Snow, W. J., 9s; Switzer, E., 6s; Sarel, J., 2s 5d; Sunderland, A., 14s; Stroud, W., 9s; Thomas, C., 3s 6d; Tilly, T., 18s 6d; Talbot, E., 2s; Underwood, E. W., 7s 3d; Usher C., 11s; Unwin, E., £1; Valler, A., £1 1s 3d; Vardill, W. H., 3s 9d; White, A., 3s 6d; Walker, R. and D., 2s 5d; Westbrook, H. J., 14s 3d; Weller, W., 7s; Whiter, H., 6s; Wakerell, H., 9s 1d; Williams, H., £1 0s 5d; Wiggins, H., 15s; Wilkes, A., 2s 3d; Willard, 3s; Stamps without name, 2s 6d.—Total Boys' Cards, £54 17s.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Adams, N., 10s 6d; Andrews, E., 3s 8d; Ayling, E., 2s 6d; Ainger, K., 2s 9d; Blackwell, K. G., 15s; Beith, A., 10s; Beattie, E. J., 12s 6d; Buckland, 10s 1d; Brice, L., 10s; Birkett, L., 13s; Buck, B., 2s 10d; Burn, R., 6s 6d; Bartlett, C., 10s 6d; Brewster, A., 3d; Cooper, F. E., £1 0s 7d; Cox, E., 14s 9d; Chapman, N., 8s; Cowlin, A., £1 6s 7d; Chamberlain, M., 11s 10d; Clink, M., £3 11s 6d; De Laiche, B., 3s 2d; Donnelly, G., 15s; Davis, E., £1; Eagle, S. E., 7s 6d; Epps, F., 4s; Eagleton, H., 12s; Foreman, L., 13s; Fenn, Amy, 13s 9d; Forrest, S., 11s. 6d; Fairbank, 9d; Green, G., £1 1s; Griffiths, L., 10s; Gilmour, C., 3s 6d; Hill, A., 5s; Hale, G., 5s; Hart, N., £1 1s; Hart, Elizabeth, 5s 2d; Howell, L., 11s 6d; Haydon, E., 8s; Jones, E. E., £1 1s; Kingaby, A., 12s; Lee, E., 4s 9d; Lamb, A., proceeds of knitting by poor friends, 5s 6d; Ladbrook, J., 4s; Lugsden, W., 6s; Males, S., 6s 2d; Moore, E., 4s 6d; Marshall, M., 6s 6d; Newton, A., 4s 3d; Nihell, A., 4s; Orridge, A. B., 11s 7d; Olden, M., 12s 6d; Pope, F., 9s 1d; Pentecost, E., 14s; Smith, L. K., £1 1s; Salt, E., 11s; Shipway, G., 11s; Stevens, M., 4s 6d; Trill, E., 8s 1d; Thompson, H. L., 14s 4d; Thomas, N., £1; Thomas, M., 17s; Tollworthy, E., 14s 7d.; Tilly, G., 18s 6d; Veryard, 5s; Willison, A., 7s; Williams, E. G., 16s 4d; Willis, A., 5s; White, H., 5s 8d; Wood, J., 8s;—Total Girls' Cards, £38 7s 0d.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
E. Porter's five per cent. per annum ...	1	18	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mrs. H. P. Waters	5	0	0
Miss Mary Bowen	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Mercer	5	0	0
A few friends in Irvine	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Mary McEwan ...	3	0	0
C. D. E.	0	2	6
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Miss S. Dawson	1	0	0
Mrs. Janet Tait	0	2	6
Mr. R. Cory, Junr.	250	0	0
Mrs. James Wyllie	1	0	0
Miss E. Bickerton Evans	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. James Hamilton	5	0	0
Friends in Eildon, N. B.	0	13	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Hannah	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Edith Paul	0	10	0
A baptized believer in Christ	0	2	6
A truly thankful sermon-reader ...	0	10	0
From little L. M. F.	0	5	0
A Thankoffering from two sisters ...	100	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
	£392	15	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Elder's Bible-class for Aston District, 1882	5	0	0
Ringwood District	12	10	0
High Wycombe District for 1882	10	0	0
Grosvenor-square District	16	5	0
Per Pastor F. A. Jones, for Islington District	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Kettering District, per Mr. Jones	5	0	0
Kettering District, per Mrs. Emery	5	0	0
Arnold District for 1882, collected by Miss Langley:—			
Mrs. A. Bexan	0	10	0
Mrs. John Birch	0	10	0
Mrs. James Birch	0	10	0
Mrs. Lindley	0	5	6
Mrs. J. Bexan	0	2	6
Mrs. N. Bexan	0	1	0
Mrs. George Briggs	0	2	0
Mrs. John Crampton	0	2	0
Mrs. N. Hopewell	0	2	0
Mrs. S. Cox	0	1	0
Miss Langley	0	2	6
	2	8	6
Newbury District	10	0	0
Rev. J. Thomas, Manorbier	5	0	0
Mr. J. S. Hockey, for Bower Chalk, 1882	2	0	0
	£113	3	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
First earnings this year	0	3	3
Rev. — Jenkins	0	1	0
Mrs. Adams	0	0	3
Mr. Geo. Emery	5	0	0
Two friends, per Mr. A. Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. H. D. Marshall	0	10	0
Miss Allan	0	10	0
Miss A. Schaller	0	5	0
J. T. F.	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	1	0	0
B. H.	100	0	0
Mr. T. E. Turk	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. F. W. Whiting	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Wollard, for 1882	1	1	0
Rev. P. Tanner	2	0	0
	£123	5	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
P. M., for Mr. Burnham's support, 1883	50	0	0
From X. Y. Z.	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Selvwright	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson, per Mrs. James Withers	5	0	0
Psalm lxvi. 19	0	2	6
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	1	0	0
East Finchley Baptist Church, thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services	1	3	0
Miss Allan	0	10	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Mrs. Glenn, per Miss Hunt	0	10	0
Balance of collection at Peterchurch, per Mr. Burnham	0	13	6
A friend, Peterchurch, thankoffering, per Mr. Burnham	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Davisson	4	18	1
Balance of collection, Thorpe-le-Soken, per Mr. Burnham	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
An old pilgrim's thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services	0	10	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services at Benson	12	0	0
Per Pastor C. B. S.	0	2	6
Thankoffering from Highgate Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Burnham	1	0	0
	£83	5	7

Auckland Tabernacle Fund.—Collected by E. D., £1 10s.; from dear Granny, 5s.; Mrs. M. Townsend, 5s.; Mrs. Walker, £1.

A £1 Scotch note has been safely received from a servant in Aberdeen for the Bermondsey Mission Hall.

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 1882.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,882	0	0
„ Donations	3,911	0	11
„ Legacies	1,031	16	7
„ Collections by Students	562	8	11
„ Annual Meeting	70	0	0
„ Interest on Deposit Account	46	15	4
	7,504	1	9
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1882	803	5	5
	£8,307	7	2

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,550	15	7
„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	3,098	0	1
„ Clothing	120	11	7
„ Lighting, cleaning, and warming	147	13	3
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Office disbursements	226	15	1
„ Books to Students on leaving	206	7	1
„ Preaching Stations,—Home Missions and New Chapels ...	770	10	8
„ Annual Conference,—Hire of Material, Labour, and Decorations	318	2	0
„ Furniture, Fittings, and Scientific Apparatus	127	15	3
	6,566	10	7
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1882	1,740	16	7
	£8,307	7	2

Audited and found correct, 25th January, 1883.

WILLIAM P. OLNEY,
B. WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE,
} *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1882.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	222	5	0	By Salaries of the three Evangelists	686	15	8
„ Contributions by Churches visited ... ... (As published in "The Sword and the Trowel")	348	4	7	„ Travelling Expenses to and from places visited	100	0	0
				„ Printing and Sermons	10	2	0
Total Receipts	570	9	7	Total Payments	796	17	8
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1882	381	0	0	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1882	154	11	11
	£951	9	7		£951	9	7

Audited and found correct, 25th January, 1883. { WILLIAM P. OLNEY, BENJN. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1882.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1882	443	15	1	By Loans to Churches :—			
„ Repayments of Loans	1,187	0	10	Shoreham	500	0	0
				Hampden Chapel, Hackney	200	0	0
				St. Albans' Tabernacle	500	0	0
					1,200	0	0
				„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1882	430	15	11
	£1,630	15	11		£1,630	15	11

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1882	4,652	4	3
Cash Balance in hand „ „	430	15	11
Total amount of the Fund	£5,083	0	2

THOMAS H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Audited and found correct, 25th January, 1883. { WILLIAM P. OLNEY, BENJN. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

BERMONDSEY MISSION HALL BAZAAR.

JANUARY 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 17th, 18th, and 19th, 1883.

ON *Friday evening*, *February 2nd*, the stall-keepers of the late Bazaar for the new Mission Hall met in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. Although the evening was very wet, the large attendance of the friends proved how heartily they were interested in the cause for which they had so earnestly laboured. Several new subscriptions were brought in, including £22 4s. 10d. from various friends, per Mr. Dunn, and £17 17s. from the evening-classes and day-schools, per Mr. Johnson. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon spoke a few words of congratulation upon the success of the Bazaar, and pointed out the privilege and duty of the Christian church in the present day in carrying on mission work amongst the dense masses of our population. He said it would be well if Christian men of means and education would take up their residence in the very midst of the working-classes, with the object of bringing the gospel of Jesus to them. He closed by thanking the friends for their valuable help in aiding in the erection of the new Hall. After Mr. Spurgeon left, Mr. Murrell took the chair, and received the hearty thanks of the friends for his great efforts towards the success of the Bazaar. He was presented with a valuable *plaque* in acknowledgment of his generous service. Mr. T. H. Olney, the Treasurer of the Building fund, announced that the total takings of the Bazaar had reached the splendid sum of £2,478 10s. 2d. He then read the amount taken at each stall, according to the list given below. Several other friends afterwards addressed the meeting. It is believed that about £1,500 more will cover the cost of the ground and building. Will our friends who have not yet given anything help to raise this sum speedily, that this new effort for the extension of Christ's kingdom may be completed? Contributions will be thankfully received by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Upper Norwood; or by the Treasurer, Thomas H. Olney, Esq., Fountain Court, Aldermanbury, E.C. Appended are the respective amounts brought in by the Bazaar:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Samuel Barrow	220	16	5
Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett	61	0	0
Miss Brook	10	10	0
Mrs. Buswell and Mrs. Stubbs	113	19	0
Mrs. and Misses Carr	67	12	4
Messrs. Charlesworth, Smith, and Thompson	132	17	6
Mr. Cocking	10	16	3
Misses Crumpton	60	0	0
Mrs. Dipple	65	14	7
Messrs. Dunn, Llewellyn, and Johnson 184 0 0			
Subscriptions per Mr. Dunn 22 4 10			
Subscriptions, per Mr. Johnson 17 17 0			
	224	1	10
Mrs. Edwards	41	15	11
Mrs. Essex	53	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Goldston	45	13	6
Green Walk Mission, Mrs. Doyle	161	7	1
Mansfield-street Sunday School	62	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School	106	0	6
Mr. W. C. Murrell	206	0	6
Mrs. John Olney and Miss Heritage	102	10	0
Mrs. W. Olney and Mrs. E. Olney	306	0	0
Mrs. James Passmore	176	18	0
Miss Webber-Smith and Miss Webber	105	0	0
Messrs. James Stiff and Sons	50	0	0
Messrs. Tarn and Co.	17	13	4
Mrs. Thomson	42	16	9
Mr. J. Woodford	28	18	0
Entertainments, Collections, &c.	4	13	8
	£2,478	10	2

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1883.

Your Best Always.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was one of the most distinguished painters of his day; and, in answer to the enquiry, how he attained to such excellence, he replied, "By observing one simple rule, viz., *to make each painting the best.*" Depend upon it that the same thing is true in the service of God. He who wishes to preach well should endeavour each time to preach his best. The audience may be small, and the hearers illiterate; but the best possible sermon will not be thrown away upon them. It may be that the minister is invited to make one among several speakers at a tea-meeting. Never let him talk mere nonsense to fill up the time, as so many have done in days past; but let him use the occasion as an opportunity for quietly uttering most important truths. It is for the preacher's own good that he should never descend into mere dribble. Beyond all expectation, he may be accomplishing a great work, when his only idea is that he is doing a little one as well as he can. Our firm opinion is that we often accomplish most when the occasion appears to be the least favourable.

Well do we remember a young man who was called to preach on a certain week-day morning, at the anniversary of a village chapel. He was somewhat surprised to find that only eight persons were present in a spacious edifice; but he gave himself up, heart and soul, to the service as thoroughly as if eight thousand had been gathered together. It was a time of refreshing to the eight, and to the preacher himself,

and so nine were benefited! What was the result? In the evening the audience filled the place: the rumour of the morning sermon had been industriously spread by the villagers, the scantiness of the audience being a factor in the singularity of the news; and every available person was mustered to cheer the poor young man, who was such a singular preacher. What was far better, there were memorials of good having been accomplished in the salvation of souls. A brother minister, who was present in the morning, because he was the preacher of the afternoon, remarked that if it had been his lot to conduct that morning service the slender congregation would have taken all the life out of him, but that he saw the wisdom of always doing one's best under all sorts of circumstances, for it would be sure to lead up to something larger by-and-by. Let every young speaker think of this, and throw all his energies into a discourse in a cottage to a dozen old ladies. It is an old saying that, when the farrier's name is up, he need not take care how he makes his horse-shoes; but it is a gross and wicked falsehood; for the more a man has succeeded, the more is it incumbent upon him to do better, and still better, that his reputation may not become a falsehood, and that younger men may not find in his example an excuse for trifling. He who can do best should still do his best: the best of the best is no better than our God deserves.

Perhaps there is no greater evil under the sun than "a great sermon," which people speak of as "quite an intellectual treat;" and yet, in another sense, every sermon should be great, and every address should be solid. The toleration of slight work in the service of God shows a want of reverence for his holy name. If Dr. Johnson was right in his proverbial saying, that "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," with what emphasis should we accept the sentence if the work is to be done for the Lord of hosts. How dare we offer to him that which costs us nothing? How dare we think that any workmanship which has been performed in a slovenly manner is fit to present before the infinitely glorious One? A high respect for the Lord God should be the leading motive for holy carefulness in every service, but, next to this, self-respect ought to urge us to thoroughness. Let us do nothing unworthy of servants of the Lord Jesus. We treat ourselves with contempt when we perform inferior work: we ought not to condescend to such drudgery. We are the children of a God who puts all his heart into the creation of a tiny moss or a microscopic insect. He does nothing by "contract-work," nor should those who are "imitators of God, as dear children." Trifling should be left to worldlings, for whose little day it may suffice as an ignoble pastime; but to immortal men earnest, hearty work is alone suitable. Let us put all our hearts even into a conversation with a little child, or a talk with a peasant, or the writing of a letter to a friend, if we feel called upon to seek usefulness by any of these methods. Let "*thorough*" be our watchword, and let all that we *attempt* for God and truth be carried out in such style that we may not be ashamed to see it all again by the light of the Great White Throne. No "scamping" should ever be dreamed of by those who are building in the New Jerusalem,—building in prospect of the fire which shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

Sunday in the City.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

A SHORT time ago, in company with a friend who was likewise interested in the subject, we made a perambulation of the City on a Sabbath forenoon for the purpose of discovering whether the churches of the Establishment were as poorly attended as reported; and we found that rumour had in no degree exaggerated the condition of things. We should probably not be far wide of the truth if we were to say that, with the exception of the Cathedral, which attracts visitors from the distance by its music and preachers, the whole of the City churches do not draw together a congregation as numerous as might be found in one Nonconformist chapel in the suburbs. We even venture the opinion, without much fear of its being successfully challenged, that there are more worshippers at noon on Sunday in the City Temple than in all the churches within the City area.

Of course, it may be said, that a change has come over the City, for which the clergy are not responsible, and that the State-appointed pastors do their best under the unfavourable conditions of these busy days when the City may be said to be completely utilized for commercial purposes. The change referred to was undoubtedly inaugurated by the Great Fire, when eighty-nine out of one hundred and twenty-five churches originally found within the walls were destroyed; for forty-five only were rebuilt, thirty-five having been united with other parishes. Driven out into the suburbs by the Fire, it would appear that the citizens contracted a taste for the country which from that day to this has gone on increasing. As early as the reign of Queen Anne the change was becoming very apparent; for now that a new London had risen over the ashes of the departed city, prosperous merchants, whose fathers had lived at their warehouses, were contracting a liking for suburban villas away from the smoke, noise, and dirt of a city which was not so well looked after as the streets of our own better days. It is really astonishing that more than a hundred churches, with their churchyards, should have occupied space on so comparatively small an area. It is even more surprising that the dead should have been interred in such vast numbers in the very thick of the population, contaminating the air breathed by the people and poisoning the wells from which they drew their water. This senselessly pernicious practice was continued until the middle of the present century; and though we may sometimes talk about charnel-houses, few who daily pass the many beautiful city churches still existing ever dream of the repulsive sight which the vaults beneath could reveal. Dotted over the City there are still remaining several churchyards which have remained without buildings since the Fire; and as open spaces which are well kept, these are ornamental breathing-spaces. Thirty years ago the number of Established Churches within the City was seventy-three, with forty-one thousand one hundred and ninety-nine sittings; but in 1859 an Act was passed which permitted the demolition of any one under certain conditions, with the exception of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; St. Swithin's, Cannon-street; St. Peter's, Cornhill—one of the oldest in the country;

and St. Martin's, Ludgate. The Institute of Architects endeavoured to protect many others, and all the steeples; but though nearly all of those erected immediately after the Fire are the work of Sir Christopher Wren, the attempt was unsuccessful beyond the four examples noted above.

In walking through the City on the Sunday morning already mentioned we commenced our enquiries at St. Magnus, London-bridge, an historical spot of considerable interest. Here at Fish-street-hill the Fire of London commenced on September 2nd, 1666; and the church of St. Magnus, which stood at the foot of Old London-bridge, was one of the earliest buildings to fall a prey to the flames. The present church was designed by Wren, and with its octagon lantern surmounting a square tower, is an interesting object to passengers crossing from Southwark to the City. On looking in during the service, the congregation was found to number about twenty persons; but, although we are not tempted to remain, a tablet on the south side of the communion-table is well calculated to catch the eye—"To the memory of Miles Coverdale. . . . . On the 4th of October, 1535, the first complete printed English version of the Bible was published under his direction." Coverdale was rector of this parish, and hence this fitting tribute to his memory. The congregation has dwindled since the sixteenth century.

Our next call was at St. Swithin's, Cannon-street, an ancient site, the church having been rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, when the parish of St. Mary Bothaw was included. According to our own observation the general congregation of the two parishes consists of six persons, including the pew-opener. In what degree this congregation has diminished since the union we are not aware; but the gentleman in charge has the consolation of knowing that his followers are not fewer than the flocks of several of his brethren around. He has the additional solace of being protected by Act of Parliament; for as his sanctuary encases the "London Stone," no vandals may touch the building. Thus it happens that some churches are interesting as historical monuments, while others, with few or no externals to attract the curious, are centres of earnest Christian work.

Crossing the street, we dive into some of the narrow lanes near the river, all of which are sufficiently alive during the business hours of every week-day, but which are now as quiet as country lanes, echoing the footfalls of intruders in a very singular fashion. Then we come to the spacious and beautiful church of St. Mary Aldermary, Watling-street, restored by Wren after the Fire, and restored again during the last few years. Though miserably thin, the congregation here is an improvement on some of the places around; but still we are not inclined to linger.

We will now briefly mention a few other churches which were hastily visited, and then the service in one sanctuary, fairly representative of all the rest, may be described. Bow Church, Cheapside, the steeple of which, after leaving the Cathedral out of the reckoning, is regarded as Wren's *chef-d'œuvre*, had a congregation of forty—small, indeed, compared with the assembly of the dead below in the vaults, where leaden coffins are stacked one upon another to the height of thirty feet. We

remain seated for a few minutes with the congregation while the prayers are in progress; but the gentleman's intonation so closely resembles the humming of a Brobdignagian bee that not a single word is intelligible, and we accordingly retire. On coming to St. Michael's, Wood-street, we found a dozen auditors besides a few school-children; and here we may explain that our numeration generally is exclusive of surpliced choirs and the few charity children who, in some cases, seem to be more attached to their parish churches than their elders. At St. Alban's, in the same thoroughfare, thirty-four were counted; while at St. Giles', Cripplegate, where Cromwell was married, and Milton was buried, the number came to between forty and fifty; but the tone of the gentleman in the reading-desk was still unintelligible to Non-conformist ears. This church, the stipend of which is very large, was also a favoured seat of Puritanism, the Cripplegate Lectures being still prized by lovers of the sound old theology.

Hastening back to Lombard-street, we reach St. Mary Woolnoth some time before the prayers are ended; but here, as we have found so often elsewhere, the intonation seems specially designed to make the words uttered as incomprehensible as an unknown language. As a specimen of architecture the interior of the church is strikingly beautiful; but still more interesting is the inscription on a memorial stone: "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had once laboured to destroy."

Entering and taking our seats while the Decalogue is being read, we recognise an occasional word alone as common English; and although such reading might be ecclesiastically correct to ears accustomed to its eccentricity, it is to outsiders a monotonous drone which unpleasantly contrasts with the clearer responses of the boys in white. The extracts read from the New Testament are equally unintelligible to those who do not follow the service in the Prayer-book.

The congregation consists of thirteen adults, including ourselves; and we now, therefore, look forward with some extra expectation to the sermon, the more especially as the pulpit is provided with a handsome sounding-board, such as was in favour with old-fashioned preachers of a century ago. After the notices, which chiefly concern the Bishop of Bedford and "Candidates for Confirmation," the discourse, founded on Proverbs i. 27, 28, commences, and is a reproof of those who after frequent calls have not heeded the word of the Lord. Punishment would follow such; and the meaning of the text was, that there might come a time when the day of grace would be past. There was a stage at which the Holy Spirit ceased to strive with man, when the sinner was past hope. Instances of this were met with in Scripture, as, for example, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." At the same time, a space for repentance was given, as in the time of the Flood; and Christ taught the same truth in the parable of the Barren Fig-tree. When, however, the sentence went forth, men were given up to a reprobate mind. Such a saying as, "While there is life there is hope," was not to be implicitly trusted. The preacher then went on to speak of those who were apparently without fault in the eyes of the world, but who

were, nevertheless, the slaves of some besetting sin. Sinning in one direction, they endeavoured to make some atonement by striving after goodness, and in some things being better than other people. Conscience in such persons grew fainter, uneasy thoughts became fewer, and they at last became incapable of repentance. Let them look at the matter more practically. Perhaps some present who were good in other things were indulging in some one besetting sin; and that sin unrepented of was begetting a dead conscience. Though all might appear well in such a case the way trodden in was the road of death. The sinner might even go on unto death in peace, seeing Scripture said that there were no bonds in the death of such. People reasoned that God would not be hard; but one sin could not be indulged in without corrupting the whole body. There were sins of the flesh and of the spirit, and as either might destroy both body and soul, it became all, especially in the Lenten season, to find out and renounce their besetting sin.

This kind of gospel, which we take to be mere legalism, is common enough in the Church of England; at all events, it is the pabulum which is chiefly offered to seeking souls in the City pulpits, though, of course, there are exceptions now, as there were in the days of Newton and Romaine. This gospel consists in leaving off sin, in being good, and in attending church. It was perhaps perfectly exemplified in the person of Sydney Smith, who, through his earnest desire to do something acceptable to God, appears to have lost sight of the one glorious Atonement for sin.

The inequality of the incomes of the City churches is a singular fact; and very effectively shows how little the example of primitive Christianity influences the laws of a State Establishment. Thus the income of St. Bartholomew-the-Less is put down at £13 a year, while that of St. Andrew Undershaft is £2,000. St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, is £40; but St. Botolph, close by, is £1,650; and with a rector who is sufficiently discreet not to talk about "hanging theology," it is supposed to be the stage before a bishopric; or perhaps more properly, a bishopdom. The church of the Holy Trinity, Minories, has £69 a year; but St. Ethelburga has £1,065, and St. Giles's, Cripplegate, has £1,580. What is more scandalous is, that in the case of at least one of the churches with a diminutive income, large sums on account of tithes, which are supposed to be devoted to the cause of religion, are taken by a lay impropriator. If all the truth about Aldgate church and lay appropriation could be told, we fancy we should have in that alone a powerful plea for disestablishment. The practice is an anomaly which is a disgrace to our age and country. If possible, it is worse than robbery for burnt-offering. Another anomaly is that a large staff of men are drawing ample revenues for doing nothing of service to the cause of religion. Their churches have been all but empty for years, and the congregations still show a tendency to decrease, yet they continue feeding the stalls which the flocks have deserted.

Cottage Work in a Provincial Town.

BY A PASTORS' COLLEGE MAN.

"BRETHREN won't forget; tea at six o'clock next Wednesday; quarterly-meeting afterwards: superintendents to give in reports."

"Hope you won't expect me to speak, pastor," whispers Brother D., smuggling the modest sentence under cover of his hand to his minister's ear. That sort of secret is never safe with the pastor, who immediately divulges it to the whole class, much to the discomfiture of Brother D., who sees his fate sealed.

This was at the weekly Leaders' Class. On the succeeding Wednesday some thirty-five brethren and sisters engaged in the cottage meetings assembled for tea. Some are tract distributors, who have districts in the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, and who take in pairs a particular meeting as their own special care. Other sisters have their own cottage to attend and work for. A number of the brethren, too, who lead or assist in leading the meetings, are present, nine of whom are superintendents—that is to say, have particular meetings in charge, and are responsible for the whole of the operations in connection therewith. Several others sit with the company by right of having opened their homes for the peerless consecration of the preaching of the gospel.

The tea hour is full of happy sociality, the stage of reporting having been reached even over the cake and cresses. One of the company at once amuses the table, and illustrates the need for vigorous evangelistic enterprise, by quotations from a tract with which, in the current month, the vicar of a neighbouring village is edifying the inhabitants; said tract appearing to be a careful and painstaking distinguishment of the two ordinances of baptism and vaccination.

"Ordinances?"

"Yes; but infant baptism is solemnly explained to be a *divine* ordinance, while vaccination, it is pointed out gravely and weightily, is only man-made."

There is much enjoyment here over the tea-cups, but more is desired to be known respecting the argument of this instructive tract.

"Well, the author proceeds to indicate one of the sources of confusion. Says he: 'A woman having taken her child to be baptized will say she has taken it to be *done*. Again, later, proposing to take her infant for vaccination, she will similarly say she is taking it to be *done*, leading, of course, to a woful confusion of things: the child's arm with its heart, and its hereditary depravity with smallpox."

Tumultuous merriment at the table—tea-urns in danger.

"Care is, therefore, taken by the industrious author to show that the two things are not identical, nor equally heavenly and divine. The one is shown to be an ordinance for the introduction of vaccine into the body to save the body; but the other, it is insisted, is an ordinance *for regenerating and saving the soul!* Parents are urged on this ground to attach to it more importance, as concerning their infants' eternal interests."

This commixture of the ridiculous and the blasphemous is received with mingled feelings. It is felt that a good brother in this village, who has a room, and is preaching the gospel bravely in the teeth of much opposition, right beneath the walls of the ritualistic stronghold, deserves all sympathy and help. However, tea and table-talk are presently over, and after an interval the work of the evening begins.

The business is to hear reports from the cottage superintendents as to the operations under their care. Other friends who were unable to get to the tea have come in, and by this time a good congregation occupies the body of the chapel. After "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," sung to the tune Cranbrook, forming a healthy contrast to the previous amalgam of baptism and vaccination, prayer is offered, and Brother S. called upon to speak. Brother S. is "cast down, but not destroyed." He has been visiting the district, but finds the people difficult to fetch in. One old man, he says, sharply *shut* the door before he could *open* his mouth, which he seems to feel a peculiar hardship. He ascertained from the tract visitor, however, that the same man was accepting the weekly tract, and therefore, does not count him hopeless. The sum and essence of Brother S.'s experience is that cottage work is a "Try, try, try again" work, whereat the pastor in the chair is heard to say sympathetically, "Hear, hear." This brother has one of the newly-opened districts; and the family in whose house the meeting takes place have but recently been won from an irreligious course of life.

Next arises Brother M. His report is, in brief, that the tracts are welcomed; the sisters work nobly; the brethren keep their appointments, and the gatherings are full of blessing. Brother M. is proud of his meeting, as well he may be. It is held in his own home, and several have found Christ there and joined our fellowship. Others have been won to the Sabbath sanctuary. One who decided for Christ was afterwards decoyed away by the Plymouth Brethren—not our first loss that way—at which burglarious proceeding Brother M. was observed to wince, and the pastor to knit his brows, as though premeditating something desperate; but at length patience conquered, and it was resolved to bless the Lord that the friend's soul was saved, whoever held his name.

Brother J., who is the next called upon, has been duly dubbed and appointed bishop of his district, this brother preferring to minister regularly at one place instead of moving around in circuit. He is himself a child of the work, having found us and much of the way of salvation in a public square of the town at one of our open-air meetings. His report is rich in interest. His meeting is generally full to overflowing. A very gracious work has gone on there from the commencement, which has told upon our church life. He does not himself put his finger upon any case of conversion, but it is certain that to some of that little weekly assembly Christ and his word are now what they never were before. Attending it, too, is a man who was arrested in his sin at one of our last summer open-air gatherings, and whose soul in its gropings has received light and aid from Brother J.'s thoughtful ministrations. He reported that the work here is specially advanced by the quiet, faithful, Christian character of the sister who occupies the house, a welcome testimony to the power of holy example.

A diverse report is that of Brother L., who is placed over a new

meeting. He mourns the want of anxious souls, and therefore is likely to get them. He has found in his visiting tours some hostility in the neighbourhood. One "does not believe in cottage work: are there not chapels and churches enough?" Another thinks we have "chosen the wrong house." Brother L., who prides himself somewhat on his smartness at repartee, amuses us with the replies. The first critic was discomfited by a pointblank enquiry as to whether he himself made use of any of these churches and chapels, which he seems not to have done; and the second, a professing Christian, found extinguishment in the retort, "Then are you prepared to open *your own* house for cottage services?" A question which, being answered in the negative, left the critic open to a dashing charge of Brother L.'s heaviest cavalry. While at this brother's meeting less has been achieved than could be wished, undoubtedly persons have been brought under the sound of the gospel who were little likely else to hear it; and this is well worth the toil expended.

Other speakers follow with varied testimony.

At the point when the chairman is about summing up, there is a stirring in one of the seats, and Brother W., a recent addition to our band, steps to the front. He felt, he says, he must speak to-night. He wanted to say how happy he is amongst the friends. He had received his first introduction to the —— Baptists on the rails, when he was bringing home a crowded excursion-train. All the carriages being full, he had accommodated some of the passengers with himself, and it was not long before he found out, first that they were Christians, and then that they were Baptists. They talked together of the things of Christ, and sang as the train plunged through the night—

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross."

His soul—he had been a professor, but grown cold—was warmed and revived in their society. After that he had come to the chapel, had persuaded his wife to come with him, and had been baptized; and the old love and fervour had returned. The Sabbath ministry, he would like to say, had been singularly stimulating and helpful to him. He wanted now to be hard at work for the Lord.

This brother's live sentences and encouraging story set everyone aglow, and all with unanimous feeling join in the stirring hymn which had made the van of the excursion train to become a holy place:—

"Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own."

It is felt that the right key-note has been struck for another three months' service.

Then the pastor adds a few words of encouragement and counsel. He says that in carrying on such a service as this the question would frequently arise,—Was anything worth the doing being effected? The sustaining of a circuit of cottage meetings of itself was nothing. Earnest practical minds would be saying: "We are hurrying round and round; what comes of it all?" Brethren, should they feel thus,

might take heart. Solid service was being rendered. Many new friends were being made. In some districts our cottage services had secured us quite a constituency, if not actually of us, favorable to us, and open to our influence. Many had passed from the cottage services to the sanctuary. Nor was it an insignificant matter to have, in these various districts, testimony, though humble, regularly borne for Jesus crucified. The general indifference, and the prevailing Churchianity harder even than indifference to grapple with, made our work slow and disappointing; but there were still progress, joy, and blessing. Souls had been saved, and others were coming. Let us press on, and make the new quarter superior to all its predecessors.

Then followed something of whip and spur. Each was urged to personal fidelity. Whole streets, it was pointed out, existed around the chapel, with scarce a professing Christian from one end to the other. We could not work too hard or pray too persistently.

It was now late into the evening; so after a few explanatory remarks anent the new plan, amid whose various lines and figures one or two of the sisters had been in wandering mazes lost, the proceedings were terminated with a final consecration prayer; hearts were once more laid at the Master's feet; hope smiled in foreview of mercy to come; and so one and all went forth anew upon the way and ministry of life.

Prescott's Perseverance.

SOME years ago a student in college lost one of his eyes by a missile thrown by a class-mate. His other eye became so affected by sympathy that its sight was endangered. The best oculists could not relieve him. He was sent to Europe for medical treatment and change of climate, and tarried there three years, when he returned with only part of an eye, just enough vision to serve him in travelling about, but too little for reading. His father was an eminent jurist, and designed his son for the bar, but this calamity quenched his aspirations in that direction. He resolved to devote himself to authorship in the department of historical literature. He spent *ten years* in laborious systematic study of the standard authors, before he even selected his theme. Then he spent another *ten years* in searching archives; exploring masses of manuscripts, official documents, and correspondence, consulting old chronicles, reading quantities of miscellaneous books, and taking notes—all through the eyes of others—before his first work was ready for the press—"Ferdinand and Isabella." Prescott was forty years of age when he gave this remarkable history to the public. Then followed his "Mexico," "Peru," and "Philip the Second"—works that have earned for him the reputation of a profound historian on both sides of the Atlantic. Noble work for any man with two good eyes! Noble work for a man with none!—*From "Tact, Push, and Principle." By William M. Thayer.*

PSALM CXXVIII.

TITLE.—A Song of Degrees. *There is an evident ascent from the last psalm: that did but hint at the way in which a house may be built up, but this draws a picture of that house built, and adorned with domestic bliss through the Lord's own benediction. There is clearly an advance in age, for here we go beyond children to children's children; and also a progress in happiness, for children which in the last psalm were arrows are here olive plants, and instead of speaking "with the enemies in the gate" we close with "peace upon Israel." Thus we rise step by step, and sing as we ascend.*

SUBJECT.—*It is a family hymn,—a song for a marriage, or a birth, or for any day in which a happy household has met to praise the Lord. Like all the songs of degrees it has an eye to Zion and Jerusalem which are both expressly mentioned, and it closes like Psalms cxxv., cxxx., and cxxxi. with an allusion to Israel. It is a short psalm, but exceedingly full and suggestive. Its poetry is of the highest order. Perhaps in no country can it be better understood than in our own, for we above all nations delight to sing of "Home, sweet home."*

EXPOSITION.

BLESSED *is* every one that feareth the LORD; that walketh in his ways.

2 For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy *shalt* thou *be*, and *it shall be* well with thee.

3 Thy wife *shall be* as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table.

4 Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the LORD.

5 The LORD shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.

6 Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, *and* peace upon Israel.

1. "*Blessed is every one that feareth the LORD.*" The last psalm ended with a blessing,—for the word there translated "happy" is the same as that which is here rendered "blessed": thus the two songs are joined by a catch-word. There is also in them a close community of subject. The fear of God is the corner-stone of all blessedness. We must reverence the ever-blessed God before we can be blessed ourselves. Some think that this life is an evil, an infliction, a thing upon which rests a curse; but it is not so; the God-fearing man has a present blessing resting upon him. It is not true that it would be to him "something better not to be." He is happy now, for he is the child of the happy God, the ever-living Jehovah; and he is even here a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, whose heritage is not misery, but joy. This is true of every one of the God-fearing, of all conditions, in all ages: each one and every one is blessed. Their blessedness may not always be seen by carnal reason, but it is always a fact, for God himself declares that it is so; and we know that those whom he blesses are blessed indeed. Let us cultivate that holy filial fear of Jehovah which is the essence of all true religion;—the fear of reverence, of dread to offend, of anxiety to please, and of entire submission and obedience. This fear of the Lord is the fit fountain of holy living: it is idle to look for holiness apart from it: none but those who fear the Lord will ever walk in his ways.

"*That walketh in his ways.*" The religious life, which God declares to be blessed, must be practical as well as emotional. It is idle to talk of fearing the Lord if we act like those who have no care whether there be a God or no. God's ways will be our ways if we have a sincere reverence for him: if the heart is joined unto God, the feet will follow hard after him. A man's heart will be seen in his walk, and the blessing will come where heart and

walk are both with God. Note that the first psalm links the benediction with the walk in a negative way, "Blessed is the man that walketh *not*," etc.; but here we find it in connection with the positive form of our conversation. To enjoy the divine blessing we must be active, and walk; we must be methodical, and walk in certain ways; and we must be godly, and walk in the Lord's ways. God's ways are blessed ways; they were cast up by the blessed One, they were trodden by him in whom we are blessed, they are frequented by the blessed, they are provided with means of blessing, they are paved with present blessings, and they lead to eternal blessedness: who would not desire to walk in them?

2. "*For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands.*" The general doctrine of the first verse here receives a personal application: note the change to the second person: "*thou* shalt eat," etc. This is the portion of God's saints,—to work, and to find a reward in so doing. God is the God of labourers. We are not to leave our worldly callings because the Lord has called us by grace: we are not promised a blessing upon romantic idleness, or unreasonable dreaming, but upon hard work and honest industry. Though we are in God's hands we are to be supported by our own hands. He will give us daily bread, but it must be made our own by labour. All kinds of labour are here included, for if one toils by the sweat of his brow, and another does so by the sweat of his brain, there is no difference in the blessing; save that it is generally more healthy to work with the body than with the mind only. Without God it would be vain to labour, but when we are labourers together with God a promise is set before us. The promise is that labour shall be fruitful, and that he who performs it shall himself enjoy the recompense of it. It is a grievous ill for a man to slave his life away and receive no fair remuneration for his toil: as a rule, God's servants rise out of such bondage and claim their own, and receive it: at any rate, this verse may encourage them to do so. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." Under the Theocracy the chosen people could see this promise literally fulfilled; but when evil rulers oppressed them their earnings were withheld by churls, and their harvests were snatched away from them by marauders. Had they walked in the fear of the Lord they would never have known such great evils. Some men never enjoy their labour, for they give themselves no time for rest. Eagerness to get takes from them the ability to enjoy. Surely, if it is worth while to labour, it is worth while to eat of that labour. "*Happy shalt thou be,*" or, *Oh, thy happinesses.* Heaped up happinesses in the plural belong to that man who fears the Lord. He is happy, and he shall be happy in a thousand ways. The context leads us to expect family happiness. Our God is our household God. The Romans had their Lares and Penates, but we have far more than they in the one only living and true God. "*And it shall be well with thee*": or, *good for thee.* Yes, good is for the good; and it shall be well with those who do well.

> "What cheering words are these!
> Their sweetness who can tell?
> In time, and to eternal days,
> 'Tis with the righteous well."

If we fear God we need not fear anything besides. In walking in God's ways we shall be under his protection, provision, and approval; and danger and destruction shall be put far from us. In God's view it would not be a blessed thing for us to live without exertion, nor to eat the unearned bread of dependence: the happiest state on earth is one in which we have something to do, strength to do it with, and a fair return for what we have done. This, with the divine blessing, is all that we ought to desire, and it is sufficient for any man who truly fears the Lord and abhors covetousness. Having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

3. "*Thy wife.*" To reach the full of earthly felicity a man must not be alone. A helpmeet was needed in Paradise, and assuredly she is not less necessary out of it. He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing. It is not

every man that feareth the Lord who has a wife; but if he has, she shall share in his blessedness and increase it.

"*Shall be as a fruitful vine.*" To complete domestic bliss children are sent. They come as the lawful fruit of marriage, even as clusters appear upon the vine. For the grapes the vine was planted; for children was the wife provided. It is generally well with any creature when it fulfils its purpose, and it is so far well with married people when the great design of their union is brought about. They must not look upon fruitfulness as a burden, but as a blessing. Good wives are also fruitful in kindness, thrift, helpfulness, and affection: if they bear no children, they are by no means barren if they yield us the wine of consolation and the clusters of comfort. Truly blessed is the man whose wife is fruitful in those good works which are suitable to her near and dear position.

"*By the sides of thine house.*" She keeps to the house: she is a home bird. Some imagine that she is like a vine which is nailed up to the house-wall; but they have no such custom in Palestine, neither is it pleasant to think of a wife as growing up by a wall, and as bound to the very bricks and mortar of her husband's dwelling. No, she is a fruitful vine, and a faithful housekeeper; if you wish to find her, she is within the house: she is to be found both inside and outside the home, but her chief fruitfulness is in the inner side of the dwelling, which she adorns. Eastern houses usually have an open square in the centre, and the various rooms are ranged around the sides,—there shall the wife be found, busy in one room or another, as the hour of the day demands. She keeps at home, and so keeps the home. It is her husband's house, and she is her husband's; as the text puts it—"thy wife," and "thy house"; but by her loving care her husband is made so happy that he is glad to own her as an equal proprietor with himself, for he is hers, and the house is hers too.

"*Thy children like olive plants round about thy table.*" Hundreds of times have I seen the young olive plants springing up around the parent stem, and it has always made me think of this verse. The Psalmist never intended to suggest the idea of olive plants round a table, but of young people springing up around their parents, even as olive plants surround the fine, well-rooted tree. The figure is very striking, and would be sure to present itself to the mind of every observer in the olive country. How beautiful to see the gnarled olive, still bearing abundant fruit, surrounded with a little band of sturdy successors, any one of which would be able to take its place should the central olive be blown down, or removed in any other way. The notion of a table in a bower may suit a cockney in a tea-garden, but would never occur to an oriental poet; it is not the olive plants, but the children, that are round about the table. Moreover, note that it is not olive *branches*, but *plants*,—a very different thing. Our children gather around our table to be fed, and this involves expenses: how much better is this than to see them pining upon beds of sickness, unable to come for their meals! What a blessing to have sufficient to put upon the table! Let us for this benefit praise the bounty of the Lord. The wife is busy all over the house, but the youngsters are busiest at meal-times; and if the blessing of the Lord rest upon the family, no sight can be more delightful. Here we have the vine and olive blended—joy from the fruitful wife, and solid comfort from the growing family; these are the choicest products earth can yield: our families are gardens of the Lord. It may help us to value the privileges of our home if we consider where we should be if they were withdrawn. What if the dear partner of our life were removed from the sides of our house to the recesses of the sepulchre? What is the trouble of children compared with the sorrow of their loss? Think, dear father, what would be your grief if you had to cry with Job, "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when my children were about me."

4. "*Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the* LORD." Mark

this. Put a *Nota Bene* against it, for it is worthy of observation. It is not to be inferred that all blessed men are married, and are fathers; but that this is the way in which the Lord favours godly people who are placed in domestic life. He makes their relationships happy and profitable. In this fashion does Jehovah bless God-fearing households, for he is the God of all the families of Israel. We have seen this blessing scores of times, and we have never ceased to admire in domestic peace the sweetest of human felicity. Family blessedness comes from the Lord, and is a part of his plan for the preservation of a godly race, and for the maintenance of his worship in the land. To the Lord alone we must look for it. The possession of riches will not ensure it; the choice of a healthy and beautiful bride will not ensure it; the birth of numerous comely children will not ensure it: there must be the blessing of God, the influence of piety, the result of holy living.

5. "*The LORD shall bless thee out of Zion.*" A spiritual blessing shall be received by the gracious man, and this shall crown all his temporal mercies. He is one among the many who make up God's inheritance; his tent is part and parcel of the encampment around the tabernacle; and therefore when the benediction is pronounced at the centre it shall radiate to him in his place. The blessing of the house of God shall be upon his house. The priestly benediction which is recorded in Numbers vi. 24—26, runs thus: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." This is it which shall come upon the head of the God-fearing man. Zion was the centre of blessing, and to it the people looked when they sought for mercy: from the altar of sacrifice, from the mercy-seat, from the Shekinah-light, yea, from Jehovah himself, the blessing shall come to each one of his holy people. "*And thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.*" He shall have a patriot's joy as well as a patriarch's peace. God shall give him to see his country prosper, and its metropolitan city flourish. When tent-mercies are followed by temple-mercies, and these are attended by national mercies,—the man, the worshipper, the patriot is trebly favoured of the Lord. This favour is to be permanent throughout the good man's life, and that life is to be a long one, for he is to see his sons' sons. Many a time does true religion bring such blessings to men; and when these good things are denied them, they have a greater reward as a compensation.

6. "*Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children.*" This is a great pleasure. Men live their young lives over again in their grandchildren. Does not Solomon say that "children's children are the crown of old men"? So they are. The good man is glad that a pious stock is likely to be continued; he rejoices in the belief that other homes as happy as his own will be built up wherein altars to the glory of God shall smoke with the morning and evening sacrifice. This promise implies long life, and that life rendered happy by its being continued in our offspring. It is one token of the immortality of man that he derives joy from extending his life in the lives of his descendants.

"*And peace upon Israel.*" With this sweet word Psalm cxxv. was closed. It is a favourite formula. Let God's own heritage be at peace, and we are all glad of it. We count it our own prosperity for the chosen of the Lord to find rest and quiet. Jacob was sorely tossed about; his life knew little of peace; but yet the Lord delivered him out of all his tribulations, and brought him to a place of rest in Goshen for a while, and afterwards to sleep with his fathers in the cave of Machpelah. His glorious seed was grievously afflicted and at last crucified; but he has risen to eternal peace, and in his peace we dwell. Israel's spiritual descendants still share his chequered conditions, but there remains a rest for them also, and they shall have peace from the God of peace. Israel was a praying petitioner in the days of his wrestling, but he became a prevailing prince, and therein his soul found peace.

Emile Cook.*

WE know too little of the Methodist church in France, which has for a long period been doing a noble missionary work in that country. Men of heroic mould have adorned its ranks, and Emile Cook, whose biography is charmingly given in the volume before us, was one of its manliest and most beautiful characters. Christian homes will be the richer for the possession of this book, and it will not lie long unread when once the young people have tasted its quality.

Emile Cook was the son of an English Methodist missionary who, labouring in the sunny south of France, had married a French bride. The father's foreign reserve was blended with a certain tenderness and sweet gravity which tempered the mother's southern impulsiveness, and made this French Protestant home of fifty years ago one of the happiest on earth. The house at Congénies was nearly all taken up with a stone-paved chapel, open from the ground to the roof, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs and a high pulpit. It was here that Emile's father preached, and the influence of this chapel seemed to pervade the whole house with an air of sweet and solemn joy. "One evening when the three children—Paul, Marie, and Emile—had been romping in the garden with a little friend, the mother noticed all at once an unwonted quiet. It was growing dark, but they had surely not come into the house. She looked through all the rooms for them in vain. As she passed along the upper corridor she thought she heard voices in the chapel; and opening a door which led into a little gallery above the pulpit, she stepped in. The chapel was quite dark, but someone was speaking in the darkness below. She listened: it was Emile praying earnestly that God would give him a new heart, and make him fit for heaven. When he ceased to pray Paul began, and then Marie, and then the little boy who had been playing with them. The mother listened silently, joining in their prayers in her heart. When their prayers were finished they came quietly out of the chapel, saying nothing on the subject to anyone. But the mother noticed that every evening as it was growing dark the children went softly into the chapel. When their father returned from his journey she told him of this little prayer-meeting; and, though they never spoke of it to the children, evening after evening these happy parents went silently into the gallery and united their prayers with those which the little ones were offering in the dark chapel below."

Emile, though the youngest of the three, and not more than seven years old, had started this prayer-meeting. He exercised a magnetic attraction over the children of his home and of the village. He organized them for Christian work. Under his direction the little fellows formed themselves into a "society of bootblacks," and for a whole year devoted their earnings to foreign missions. Then Emile thought of a "better plan," and they made ornamental match-boxes and portfolios for schoolboys, the proceeds of which were devoted to the same object. Yet it was not until he was nine years old that he

* Faithful to the End; the Story of Emile Cook's Life. Adapted from the French. By Louise Seymour Houghton. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

found conscious rest in Jesus. One night his mother had left him in deep anxiety for salvation. He could not rest; he rose from the bed and knelt beside it, pouring out his heart in prayer. Soon a holy peace stole over him, and returning to his bed he slept quietly, with the happy faith that he was at last an adopted child of God. He always believed this to have been the time of his conversion.

His school life was spent at Nimes, then at the English Methodist school at Woodhouse Grove, near Leeds, afterwards at Lausanne, where he won for himself a foremost place. Here, at the age of fifteen, he suffered an irreparable loss: his mother died. She had been everything to him—confidante, companion, spiritual guide, comforter. He devotedly loved her, and his sorrow amounted to agony. But the discipline became a life-long blessing. Those at home felt his increased dutifulness, gentleness, and love; and when, after a dangerous attack of brain fever, which brought him almost to the grave, he was sent to spend the winter with his grandfather, the pastor at Montauban, his spiritual life ripened fast.

There had never been a time since he could remember when Emile Cook had not wished to be a minister. At eighteen years of age he began with much trembling to preach. "When I went into the pulpit," said he of his first sermon, "I trembled with fear. I began, however, to speak with considerable freedom upon, 'Enter ye in at the strait gate,' but presently there was a moment when I did not know what I was saying. I suffered horribly, having forgotten what I meant to say next, and even what I was talking about. However, God had pity on me, and restored me my senses, so that I was able to finish without absolutely breaking down. I felt fatigued and quite overcome until the second service, when I was enabled to speak with considerable freedom upon the sacrifice of Isaac."

After taking his Bachelor's degree he found himself face to face with the final choice of his career. Should he go into the National or the Free Church of France, among men of culture and influence, where a brilliant future seemed to await him, or should he choose the privations and fatigues of the life of a Methodist pastor, which was the calling of his beloved and revered father? The attractions of the arduous missionary life triumphed, and he presented himself as a candidate for admission to the theological school at Richmond, England, where he spent three years of hard study and laborious evangelistic preaching, and left behind him a reputation for richly endowed intellect and rare piety.

His first station was at Vigan, in the Cevennes, the scene of the struggles of the Camisards after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It was a solitary station of the Methodist church, and intended rather as a base of operations than as a fixed post of labour. Emile took up his work with joy. With a light heart and a free step he traversed the highways and byways of the mountains under the ardent summer sun, in snow or rain, by night or by day, carrying the glad tidings of redemption into every corner of his vast parish, which embraced nearly twenty towns, villages, and hamlets. He was soon in the midst of a great revival; the movement influenced the other churches, and the whole district was aroused. Cafés, billiard saloons, and wine shops began to be forsaken, and sharp opposition was excited, which, however,

only fanned the flame of his zeal. In the midst of this soul-inspiring work came the order of Conference to remove to another post. To Emile it was almost heart-breaking. The people were inconsolable; but his two years were up, and he obeyed. Nyons, in Dauphiny, between the Rhone and the Savoyard Alps, was his next post, a district consecrated by the Waldenses and by the holy labours of Felix Neff. Here he married Hélène de Jersey, whom he had known from childhood. He was a happy man already, but she doubled his happiness, and introduced him to a lifelong honeymoon. She entered heart and soul into his pastoral labours, which were here as rich in spiritual results as they had been in the Cevennes.

It would take too long to follow him through all the changes of the next few years. The rapid panorama of his life carried him into the North of France among a Roman Catholic people, to break up almost untried ground; back to Lausanne, the old boyhood's home; thence to Congénies, his birthplace; and thence to Ganges, near the scene of his first pastorate. Long tours on foot—preaching every day once, and often twice, talking to everyone he met upon the road, never losing an opportunity to let fall the good seed—were alternated with faithful care of the central church, with its Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, and classes.

In 1866 he was sent to Paris, his seventh and last station. Here his duties multiplied tenfold and seemed to extend in every direction, Evangelization of the poor, Sunday-schools and week-day schools, building of chapels, meeting committees, collecting funds, visits, letters, services—all sorts of work passed upon him, and the days went by at high pressure. There were long journeyings for the benefit of his church—now to represent it before English Conferences, now to collect funds for various undertakings, now to open new fields in some part of France as yet unoccupied. So the flying years passed, and the terrible days of 1870-71 drew near.

The declaration of war with Prussia, made with such foolhardiness by Napoleon III. who little foresaw the abyss of disaster and ruin into which he was plunging, burst upon France like a thunderclap. Mr. Cook, his father being English, was an English citizen; but now amid the woes of France, and when his foreign citizenship might have protected him, he asked for naturalization. During the two sieges of Paris, first by the Prussians, and afterwards by the French Government itself to wrest it from the red hands of the Commune, he sent his family to Jersey, and himself remained within the unhappy city, transformed his house into a hospital, accompanied the ambulance waggons to the field of battle, and brought in and tended the wounded men. So comfortably lodged were they, and so kindly cared for, that one of them said they could not be better off, for they were in *the house of God*. With one exception they were Roman Catholics, but they cheerfully joined in the family worship Mr. Cook conducted, each reading a verse in turn.

Upon the conclusion of the peace with Prussia he hastened to Jersey to bring home his family from whom he had been separated nearly six months; but the news of the outbreak of the Commune frustrated his plans, and he returned alone.

On the 18th of March the maddened crowd had poured down from the heights of Montmartre and Belleville to overwhelm the city, and the Government, appalled, had fled to Versailles, leaving the defenceless city at the mercy of the mob. Death and destruction were everywhere. The Commune rivalled the Reign of Terror in its atrocious deeds. Every gendarme that could be discovered was shot; hundreds of priests were chained to a garden wall in Belleville and shot. The Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé Duguerry, President Bonjean and fifty other hostages were massacred. Paris suffered the terrors of a Pandemonium within and the horrors of a second bombardment from without. Look, reader, at this scene of sorrow. "I am watching with my poor friend Paris over two dead bodies lying on the same mattress, covered by one winding-sheet—that of his dear wife and of her brother, killed this morning in their dining-room by a single ball from a barricade opposite their windows. The ball made a round hole in a pane of glass, passed through the young man, and then struck his sister on the breast as she was entering the room with a cup of chocolate. He sank down without a word and expired; she fell into the arms of her husband. 'I am killed,' she said, and that was all; not a glance, not a sigh!"

When at last, after two months' bombardment, the Government troops got into the city the infamous Communists put petroleum everywhere and set the city on fire. For a whole week the troops fought desperately from street to street, from barricade to barricade: the entire city was marked by shot or fire, and multitudes of citizens and soldiers perished. The vengeance taken against the Commune was terrible. Thousands of men and women, placed in rows above narrow ditches which were to be their graves, were mown down by the fire of the victorious troops.

Mr. Cook was never the same man after the terrible strain of this tragic time that he had been before, but his whole strength was bent to meet the vast requirements of Christian work that now pressed upon him. He was made President of the French Conference: he visited England repeatedly in the interests of the French Methodist Church, and in 1873 was delegated to the Evangelical Alliance meetings in New York that he might awaken an interest there on behalf of the struggling churches in France. He spent six weeks of hard toil in America, and then, on the 15th of November, set sail in the *Ville du Havre* for France. Never was there a more congenial ship's company, never happier promise of a delightful voyage! On Sunday, the day after sailing, Mr. Cook assembled all the children on board, twenty in number, for one of those delightful Sunday-schools for which he had won a wide celebrity. Six days later, about midnight, a terrible crash shook the vessel from end to end and aroused the sleeping passengers. An English vessel, the *Loch Earn*, had struck the steamer amidships, and the water was rapidly pouring in. Mr. Cook was rushing on deck, when hearing a cry of distress, he turned back and found a mother and child buried under the fragments caused by the crushing-in of the ship. With a sailor's assistance he succeeded in rescuing the mother, and was tearing away the timbers which still covered the little one, when the cry sounded through the ship, "Save yourselves! we are going down!" "Come quickly," cried Mr. Cook. "Not without my child," answered the mother, and refused to leave the spot. Not a moment was to be lost.

Mr. Cook rushed on deck; the bow of the ship was already under water, and amid prayers and cries and heartrending farewells the vessel sank beneath the waves. Mr. Cook felt himself go down into the deep waters compelled by the irresistible attraction of the sinking ship. Out of the depths he cried unto God, then summoning all his strength began to struggle with the deadly suction which was dragging him down. At length he saw the sky above his head. He seized a floating spar and with desperate resolution tried to gain the *Loch Earn* which was far away, when another drowning man, with the frenzy of despair, seized upon the spar, thrusting him from it, and sank with it beneath the waves. He could struggle no more: a horror of darkness swept over him; he felt himself sinking for the last time, when a life-boat appeared on the crest of the wave and he was saved. The heartrending scene of the meeting of the saved upon the deck of the *Loch Earn* cannot be described. Of 313 souls upon the *Ville du Havre*, 226 were gone. Of the twenty children, only one was saved. The *Loch Earn* had been greatly injured; it was therefore with much thankfulness that the shipwrecked passengers and crew found themselves ere long transferred to an American vessel which landed them eight days afterwards in Cardiff. Mr. Cook, however, with characteristic self-sacrifice, refused to leave a friend who had been too badly injured to be removed from the one vessel to the other, and he remained with him on the *Loch Earn*. A terrible storm set in which raged for five days and nights and drove them far out of their course. The disabled vessel was almost on the point of foundering when a sail appeared on the horizon, and in less than an hour the crew of the *Loch Earn* and the two survivors of the *Ville du Havre* were placed upon the deck of the *British Queen*, leaving the *Loch Earn* reeling and slowly sinking. In six days more the *British Queen* transferred them to a pilot boat, and on the 6th December the shipwrecked party landed at Plymouth. Mr. Cook had just strength enough to go on to London, and forward to Paris, and on the evening of December 7 he stepped from the railway carriage in Paris, and was clasped in the arms of his family. But, alas! he was come home to die: all the loving care lavished on him was in vain. They took him to the lovely climate of Hyères, in the hope of restoration. But the time of his departure was at hand. "Darling," he said to his wife, "I believe that the Lord is coming for me." The sixth Psalm was read. The dying man whispered, "It is magnificent." "Peace!" said he, "I have it. I have it. Let me sleep." He turned upon the pillow, a sudden paleness came over him, he uttered a sigh, and was gone home. Thus passed away this noble life at the age of forty-three. But it had been rich in blessed labour; for its remarkable childhood, its earnest youth, and its powerful, heroic manhood, had been pervaded by one love, the love of Christ; and one longing, the longing for souls.

C. A. D.

Brahmin and Brahma.

BY ROBERT SPURGEON, BARISAUL.

What is a Brahmin?

TO this question many answers might be given, but it will be best to reply in the very words of the Mahabharat. Gorooro was a sacred bird on which Vishnu used to ride. His mother was condemned to slavery till she could procure the water of immortality. Learning this, Gorooro determined to go in search of it for her, but before he started she said, "Whatever you do, do not destroy a Brahmin. Brahmins are as hot as fire, and must not be destroyed by creatures. They are the religious teachers of all. When they are angry they are like fire, like the sun, like a weapon. Neither the sun nor fire can reduce you to ashes like a Brahmin's curse when he is fasting. They are the great ones, the first-born, the fathers of the world. This is why kings worship them, and why you must honour them too. Do them no harm. Their words are more terrible than a thunderbolt, and their anger is unmerciful."

"Mother," replied Gorooro, "tell me all about them, so that if I see them I may recognise them. Is their form terrible? Do they burn like the sun? What is their shape, character, power?

Beenota answered, "Son! he who hurts like a fish-hook in the throat, and burns like a coal, is a Brahmin. Take care that you kill not a Brahmin."

The royal bird descended into the sky and departed, but when hungry it descended like death to the lower world among the creatures. Animals fled at his approach, and birds spread their wings to escape into the air. Among other creatures that the great bird had swallowed, a Brahmin had also entered his throat, and now burnt him like a fiery coal. In agony he entreated the twice-born to come out, saying, "Brahmin, I am opening my beak. Make haste. Though my sins are many, I won't destroy a Brahmin." "Then," the man replied, "let my wife out too." Being set free, the Brahmin blessed the bird and departed to his home.

Stories like the above are numerous in Hindu works, and are evidently written to create in the minds of the natives boundless fear and reverence for the priestly caste. The word Brahmin may mean "the race from the mouth of Brahma," or merely those who speak of Brahma. To kill a cow or a Brahmin is an unpardonable sin. Not only are the common people subject to this caste, but kings and the gods themselves are also. By their charms and montras all are controlled and governed. Numerous are the stories of men being turned into deer, elephants, giants, trees, ashes, and I know not what else, by the curse of the twice-born. But these are all fables, and do not happen now, for if they did preachers of the gospel would not be spared. As a rule they do not even enter into conversation or arguments with missionaries, but, standing a little apart, notice with chagrin how the "common people hear gladly." Their ignorance of what every native schoolboy now learns covers the older Brahmins with shame;

and those who have received any measure of modern education do not attempt to uphold the authority of the Shastres, the worship of idols, or the distinctions of caste. This is an evidence of progress, though their practice is altered by very little, if at all. The pride of caste is still strong within; and people still drink the water in which the priests wash their feet at the temple-doors. I have witnessed the degrading spectacle, denounced it on the spot, and spoke of the true "water of life" that quenches the soul's thirst for ever. But the Brahmin has turned from Christ to the idols again, offered the usual incense, left the brass vessel at the door of the temple, and gone home, stepping as proudly as ever.

Yet, God be praised! some of these very men are brought to Jesus as humble penitents. One sitting near me while I write this, though he has long cast aside the sign of the caste, is sometimes greeted with abject prostrations. The other day a man met him, and presenting a small leaf holding a little water, expected him to dip the great toe of his right foot in it as any Brahmin would do. The man was very disappointed and puzzled when he was told that he had addressed a Christian. He had asked for holy water and hoped to drink some, and put some on his forehead as an act of worship! but instead of this he was told of that Saviour who cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Yes; the "twice-born" can be born again by faith in Jesus Christ. Poitas can be torn from the shoulder of the priestly caste by that gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." They before whom all other castes bow can be made to bow before "the name that is above every name."

What is a Brahmo?

HE is unknown to ancient Hindu literature, being purely a production of the nineteenth century; and yet we find his portrait faithfully drawn in the Bible by the pen of the Apostle Paul. He describes him as "holding a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; and as ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Now, as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth. But they shall proceed no further: for their folly shall be manifest unto all, as theirs also was." Like the Egyptian magicians, *the Brahmo opposes the gospel by imitation.* Ready to follow us in all things but faith in Christ, he speaks of their "ministers," "missionaries," "prayer-meetings," "watch-night meetings," "sermons," "baptisms," and I know not what else. He accepts implicitly the suggestions of his own erratic brain, while he rejects the authority of him who "spake as never *man* spake." He praises Christ with his lips, but refuses him the reverence of his heart. He has no settled creed concerning God, his government, or his character, and yet boasts of his ability to extract all that is true from the Bible, the Koran, and the Bades, as easily as a bee obtains honey from flowers. He prides himself upon being able to appreciate fully, and to estimate justly, the beauty and perfection of gospel morality; but he fails

utterly to perceive how this very morality, so pure and lofty in tone, condemns him as guilty before God. He wishes to be thought capable of fully comprehending Christ's words, but refuses to glance at the mystery of Christ's cross. He closes his ears, therefore, to the message of the gospel, unless the preacher allows him an opportunity of declaring his high estimate of the Saviour's character and teaching. He prefers a thousand times his own constantly varying fancies about God before the highest wisdom, the purest holiness, the sublimest love, and the happiest future conceivable, such as the Bible reveals. He accepts a portion of all creeds to prevent the suspicion that he has become a Christian. He does not worship idols, or regard distinctions of caste, abhors child-marriage, and allows widows to marry; but he will not be immersed as a believer in Jesus, choosing rather to immerse himself in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and so still remain a Brahmo. He loves the name of "reformer," while neglecting to reform himself by complete submission to the Lord. He dances round the silver flag of his own "New dispensation," in preference to turning towards the cross of the New Testament. In fine, the Brahmo acts the part of Jannes and Jambres, and thus opposes the truth as much as the uneducated Brahmin, who knows nothing of Western science, theology, or infidelity. The name "Brahmo" is intended to convey the idea expressed by our word "Unitarian," and is used also to distinguish its bearers from Hindus, Mussulmans, and Christians, from whom they profess to receive certain phases of faith.

Some believe that Brahmos are preparing a way for the gospel into the hearts of men; but others believe they are blocking the way, snatching would-be followers of Christ away from the truth, and confusing the minds of men. It is possible that their influence is for good, while their disposition is unfavourable to the spread of the gospel. They may be like that young man who was offended at being omitted from a list of guests invited to a *soirée* by a lady in France. In revenge he issued numberless invitations to persons not included in the countess's list, of which he had obtained a copy. The evening came, and with it the multitude invited. They crowded the drawing-rooms, reception rooms, dining-rooms, and even the bedrooms, to the intense surprise of the hostess. The street was also filled with carriages, and only a portion could possibly obtain admission to the house. Thus, without going himself to the gospel feast, the Brahmo, by constantly speaking of Christ, and directing the minds of others to him, may be preparing a great surprise for the Church of God in India. He can reach many whom the preacher of the gospel could never invite. God grant that this may be the ultimate outcome of the movement!

Anecdotes from the Pulpit.

A LECTURE TO THE COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT is pretty generally admitted that sermons may wisely be adorned with a fair share of illustrations; but anecdotes used to that end are still regarded by the prudes of the pulpit with a measure of suspicion. They will come down low enough to quote an emblem, they will deign to use poetic imagery, but they cannot stoop to tell a simple, homely story. They would, probably, say in confidence to their younger brethren, "Beware how you lower yourselves and your sacred office by repeating anecdotes, which are best appreciated by the vulgar and uneducated." We would not retort by exhorting all men to abound in stories, for there ought to be discrimination. It is freely admitted that there are useful and admirable styles of oratory which would be disfigured by a rustic tale; and there are honoured brethren whose genius would never allow them to relate a story, for it would not appear suitable to their mode of thought. Upon these we would not even by implication hint at a censure; but when we are dealing with others who seem to be somewhat, and are not what they seem, we feel no tenderness; nay, we are even moved to assail their stilted greatness. If they sneer at anecdotes, we smile at *them* and their sneers, and wish them more sense and less starch. Affectation of intellectual superiority and love of rhetorical splendour have prevented many from setting forth gospel truth in the easiest imaginable manner, namely, by analogies drawn from common events. Because they could not condescend to men of low estate they have refrained from repeating incidents which would have accurately explained their meaning. Fearing to be thought vulgar, they have lost golden opportunities. As well might David have refused to sling one of the smooth stones at Goliath's brow because it came out of a common brook.

From individuals so lofty in their ideas nothing is likely to flow down to the masses of the people but a glacial eloquence—a river of ice. Dignity is a most poor and despicable consideration unless it be the dignity of turning many to righteousness; and yet divines who have had scarcely enough of real dignity to save themselves from contempt, have swollen "huge as high Olympus" through the affectation of it. A young gentleman, after delivering an elaborate discourse, was told that not more than five or six in the congregation had been able to understand him. This he accepted as a tribute to his genius; but I take leave to place him in the same class with another person who was accustomed to shake his head in the most profound manner that he might make his prelections the more impressive, and this had some effect with the groundlings, until a shrewd Christian woman made the remark that he did shake his head certainly, but that *there was nothing in it.* Those who are too refined to be simple need to be refined again. Luther has well put it in his Table-Talk: "Cursed are all preachers that in the church aim at high and hard things; and, neglecting the saving health of the poor unlearned people, seek their own honour and praise, and therefore try to please one or two great persons. *When I preach I sink myself deep down.*" It may be superfluous to remind you of the oft-quoted passage from George Herbert's

"Country Parson," and yet I cannot omit it, because it is so much to my mind:—"The parson also serves himself of the judgments of God, as those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones; and those most which are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them also men heed, and remember better than exhortations; which, though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them, but stories and sayings they will well remember."

It ought never to be forgotten that the great God himself, when he would instruct men, employs histories and biographies. Our Bible contains both doctrines, promises, and precepts; but these are not left alone, the whole book is vivified and illustrated by marvellous records of things said and done by God and by men. He who is taught of God values the sacred histories, and knows that in them there is a specialfulness and forcibleness of instruction. Teachers of Scripture cannot do better than instruct their fellows after the manner of the Scriptures.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the great teacher of teachers, did not disdain the use of anecdotes. To my mind it seems clear that certain of his parables were facts, and, consequently, anecdotes. May not the story of the Prodigal Son have been a literal truth? Were there not actual instances of an enemy sowing tares among the wheat? May not the rich fool who said—"Take thine ease," have been a photograph taken from the life? Did not Dives and Lazarus actually figure on the stage of history? Certainly the story of those who were crushed by the fall of the tower of Siloam, and the sad tragedy of the Galilæans, "whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices," were matters of current Jewish gossip, and our Lord turned both of them to good account. What HE did we need not be ashamed to do. That we may do it with all wisdom and prudence, let us seek the guidance of the Divine Spirit which rested upon him so continually.

I shall make up this present address by quoting the examples of great preachers, beginning with the era of the Reformation, and following on without any very rigid chronological order down to our own day. Examples are more powerful than precepts, hence I quote them.

First, let me mention that grand old preacher, *Hugh Latimer*, the most English of all our divines; and one whose influence over our land was undoubtedly most powerful. Southey says, "Latimer more than any other man promoted the Reformation by his preaching"; and in this he echoes the more important utterance of Ridley, who wrote from his prison, "I do think that the Lord hath placed old Father Latimer to be his standard-bearer in our age and country against his mortal foe, Antichrist." If you have read any of his sermons, you must have been struck with the number of his quaint stories, seasoned with a homely humour which smacks of that Leicestershire farmhouse wherein he was brought up by a father who did yeoman's service, and a mother who milked thirty kine. No doubt we may attribute to these stories the

breaking down of pews by the overwhelming rush of the people to hear him, and the general interest which his sermons excited. More of such preaching, and we should have less fear of the return of Popery. The common people heard him gladly, and his lively anecdotes accounted for much of their eager attention. A few of these narratives one could hardly repeat, for the taste of our age has happily improved in delicacy; but others are most admirable and instructive. Here are three of them:—

THE FRIAR'S MAN AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

"I will tell you now a pretty story of a friar to refresh you withal. A limiter of the grey friars in the time of his limitation preached many times, and had but one sermon at all times; which sermon was of the ten commandments. And because this friar had preached this sermon so often, one that heard it before told the friar's servant that his master was called 'Friar John Ten Commandments': wherefore the servant showed the friar his master thereof, and advised him to preach of some other matters; for it grieved the servant to hear his master derided. Now, the friar made answer saying, 'Belike, then, thou canst say the ten commandments well, seeing thou hast heard them so many a time.' 'Yea,' said the servant, 'I warrant you.' 'Let me hear them,' saith the master; then he began,—'Pride, covetousness, lechery,' and so numbered the deadly sins for the ten commandments. And so there be many at this time, which be weary of the old gospel; they would fain hear some new things: they think themselves so perfect in the old, when they be no more skilful than this servant was in his ten commandments."

S. ANTHONY AND THE COBBLER.

"We read a pretty story of S. Anthony, which, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, insomuch as none at that time did the like. To whom came a voice from heaven, saying, 'Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria.' Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father to come into his house. Then Anthony said unto him, 'Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time.' 'Sir,' said the cobbler, 'as for me, good works I have none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I arise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, specially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have. After, I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting of my living, and keep me from all falsehood; for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it and do it truly; and so spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. This is the sum of my simple life.'

"In this story you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation, and live uprightly without any falsehood in their dealing. This Anthony was a great and holy man, yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he."

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

"I read once a story of a good bishop, which rode by the way and was weary, being yet far off from any town; therefore seeing a fair house, he went thither, and was very well and honourably received: there were great preparations made for him, and a great banquet; all things were in plenty. Then the man of the house set out his prosperity, and told the bishop what riches he had, in what honours and dignities he was, how many fair children he had, what a virtuous

wife God had provided for him, so that he had no lack of any manner of thing; he had no trouble nor vexations, neither outward nor inward. Now this holy man, hearing the good estate of that man, called one of his servants, and commanded him to make ready the horses: for the bishop thought that God was not in that house, because there was no temptation there: he took his leave and went his ways. Now when he came a two or three mile off, he remembered his book which he had left behind him; he sent his man back again to fetch that book, and when the servant came again the house was sunken and all that was in it. Here it appeareth that it is a good thing to have temptation. This man thought himself a jolly fellow, because all things went well with him. But he knew not S. James' lesson: *Beatus qui suffert tentationem*, 'Blessed is he that endureth temptation.' Let us therefore learn here, not to be irksome when God layeth his cross upon us."

Let us take a long leap of about a century, and we come to *Jeremy Taylor*, another bishop, whom I mention immediately after *Latimer* because he is apparently such a contrast to that homely divine, while yet in very truth he has a measure of likeness to him as to the point now in hand. They both rejoiced in figure and metaphor, and equally delighted in incident and narrative. True, the one would talk of John and William, and the other of Anaxagoras and Scipio; but actual scenes were the delight of each. In this respect Jeremy Taylor may be said to be Latimer turned into Latin. Jeremy Taylor is as full of classical allusions as a king's palace is full of rare treasures, and his language is of the lofty order which more becomes a patrician audience than a popular assembly; but when you come to the essence of things, you see that if Latimer is homely, so also Taylor narrates incidents which are *homely to him;* but his home is among philosophers of Greece and senators of Rome. This being understood, we venture to say that no one used more anecdotes than this splendid poet-preacher. His biographer truly says,—"It would be hard to point out a branch of learning or of scientific pursuit to which he does not occasionally allude; or any author of eminence, either ancient or modern, with whom he does not evince himself acquainted. He more than once refers to obscure stories in ancient writers, as if they were of necessity as familiar to all his readers as to himself; as, for instance, he talks of 'poor Attillius Aviola,' and again of 'the Libyan lion that brake loose into his wilderness and killed two Roman boys.'" In all this he is eminently select and classical, and therefore I the more freely introduce him here; for there can be no reason why our anecdotes should all be rustic; we, too, may rifle the treasures of antiquity, and make the heathen contribute to the gospel, even as Hiram of Tyre served under Solomon's direction for the building of the temple of the Lord.

I am no admirer of Taylor's style in other respects, and his teaching seems to be at times semi-popish; but in this place I have only to deal with him upon one particular, and of that matter he is an admirable example. He lavishes classic stories even as an Asiatic queen bedecks herself with countless pearls. Out of a single sermon I extract the following, which may suffice for our purpose:—

STUDENTS PROGRESSING BACKWARDS.

"Menedemus was wont to say, 'that the young boys that went to Athens, the first year were wise men, the second year philosophers, the third orators,

and the fourth were but plebeians, and understood nothing but their own ignorance.' And just so it happens to some in the progresses of religion; at first they are violent and active, and then they satiate all the appetites of religion: and that which is left is, that they were soon weary, and sat down in displeasure, and return to the world, and dwell in the business of pride or money; and, by this time, they understand that their religion is declined, and passed from the heats and follies of youth to the coldness and infirmities of old age."

THE PROUD MAN WHO BOASTED OF HIS HUMILITY.

"He was noted for a vain person, who, being overjoyed for the cure (as he thought) of his pride, cried out to his wife, '*Cerne, Dionysia, deposui fastum;*' 'Behold, I have laid aside all my pride.'"

DIOGENES AND THE YOUNG MAN.

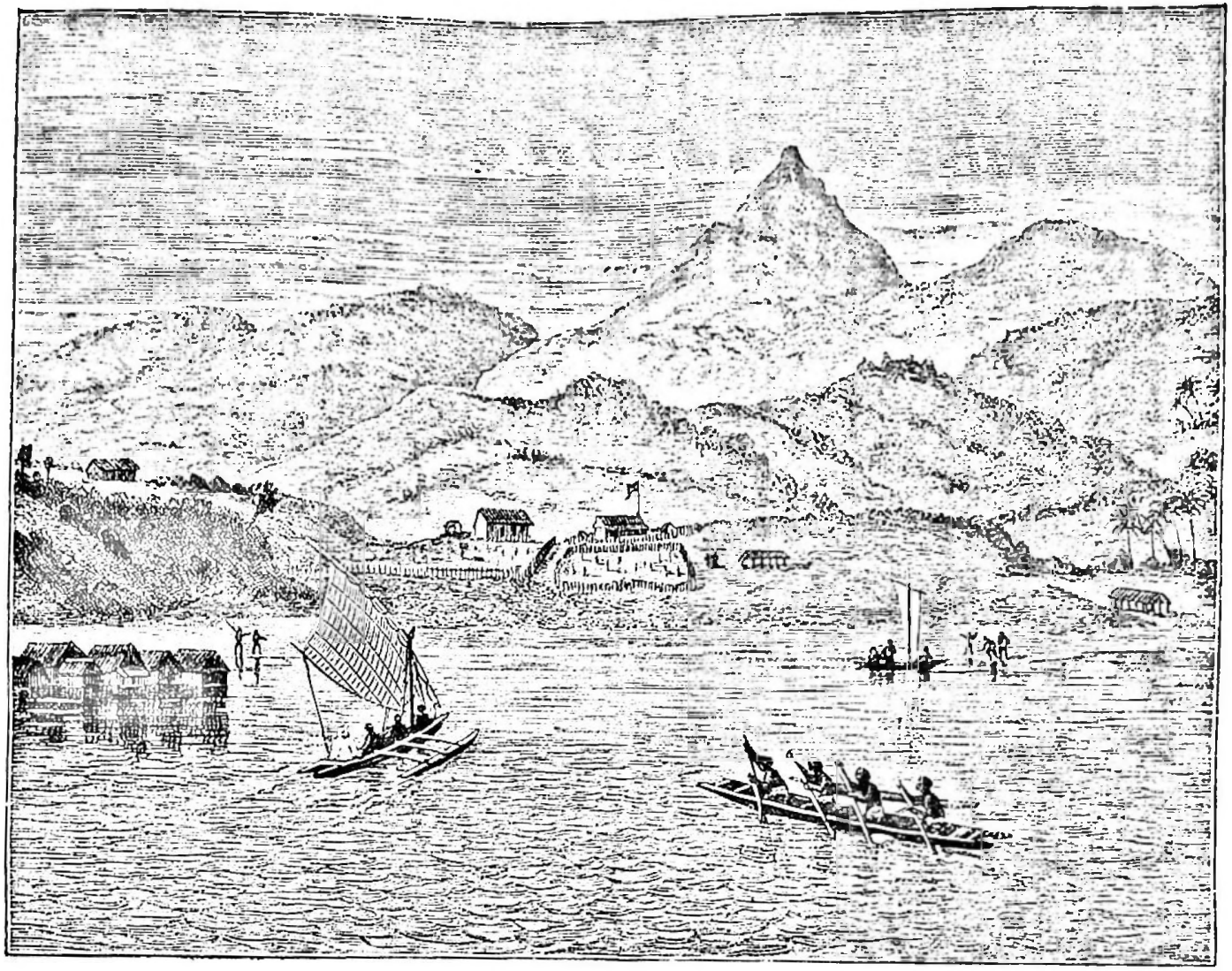
"Diogenes once spied a young man coming out of a tavern or place of entertainment, who, perceiving himself observed by the philosopher, with some confusion stepped back again, that he might, if possible, preserve his fame with that severe person. But Diogenes told him, *Quanto magis intraveris, tanto magis eris in caupona:* 'The more you go back, the longer you are in the place where you are ashamed to be seen.' He that conceals his sin still retains that which he counts his shame and burden."

(*To be continued.*)

Holiness?

WE are not greatly surprised to find that a certain society, many of whose members claim to have reached perfect holiness, can at the same time issue orders to its leaders which are anything but straightforward. Professing themselves to be wise, men become otherwise; boasting that they are rich, braggarts betray their poverty. There! There, good friend! we will hear about your holiness after we have seen you give up acting the part of "The Artful Dodger." You are to allow Christians to help you till you can do without them, and then you are to get rid of them, so your "General" tells you. We will hear about the holiness of your character when we have seen the common honesty, not to say charity, of such a line of procedure. You are taught to get people to pray that you may discover their notions upon religious subjects. This may commend itself to the worldly wise, but ordinary Christians who make no pretence to perfection would shudder at the idea of using the throne of grace as a means of spying out the land. Fine holiness this!

Holiness includes obedience to the laws of Christ; and when these laws are ignored, and other regulations are preferred, the name of holiness may remain, but the thing itself has gone. Perfect men would never use cunning and concealment as a part of their mode of doing good. Holiness courts the sunlight, and walks according to truth, and not according to the secret rules of an underhand policy. If a band of tradesmen were to form a society for trade purposes, and were to issue rules approximating to those found in "*The Orders and Regulations,*" we should hear them denounced on all sides. Sad, indeed, it is that holiness should be mentioned in connection with craft. Christ's battles are be fought with the weapons of truth.



MISSION STATION, PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.

From "The Countries of the World."

New Guinea.*

A FIRESIDE traveller may make a competent acquaintance with the various natives and climes of this wonderful globe by looking through the six volumes of "The Countries of the World," by Dr. Robert Brown, published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. The hundreds of fine engravings, which illustrate Dr. Brown's text, educate the eye in the happiest manner; and while making plain what might not easily be explained by words, they constitute a gallery of original pictures highly creditable to the enterprise of the publishers. Such a work helps us to realize the vast size of this round world of ours, and to estimate the surprising needs of its many races, some of which have not yet emerged from barbarism. Why is it that people still prefer to waste their reading hours over sensational fiction when so much of the romance of real life invites attention?

Though it is one of the least known regions in the world, and one of the last of the great fields which missionary enterprise has invaded, New Guinea, as an island, is only exceeded in size by Australia and Borneo. Including the peninsulas at its extremities the entire length is one thousand four hundred miles, while the breadth varies from over three hundred to twenty miles. The contrasts of the Old World appear to be found in abundance within its ample area. There are plains, swamps, forests rich in rare timber, and valleys overshadowed by mountains rivalling in their gigantic altitude the Alps and the Pyrenees. "Nearly the whole country is covered with a luxuriant forest vegetation," remarks Dr. Brown, "matured by the hot uniform climate and abundant rainfall." The mammals do not appear to be numerous; but it is a paradise for birds, many being of magnificent plumage, and it is even supposed that there are species which have not been discovered. Parrots and pigeons of such brilliant hues are not to be seen elsewhere in the world. The mineral and agricultural resources of the country are practically limitless. The inhabitants, who for the most part are woolly-haired Papuans, are spoken of by certain gold-hunting adventurers as "a most interesting race; of thrifty, industrious habits; and having a kindliness of disposition entirely at variance with our expectations." The total number of aborigines in New Guinea and the neighbouring islands is roughly guessed at 880,000; but that estimate is doubtless very far below the actual number.

The triumphs of the gospel in the South Seas are among the brightest conquests of the church in these later times; but although New Guinea was discovered in 1511 by the Portuguese, the first efforts of the London Missionary Society only carry us back a dozen years. Stimulated in their enterprise by the directors at home, the missionaries of the Loyalty Islands, Messrs. A. W. Murray and S. Macfarlane, fitted out the *Surprise*, under Captain Paget, in the spring of 1871, and set out on an adventurous voyage, accompanied by eight native teachers, their wives and children. The farewell meeting, at which the adventurers were commended to the Lord's keeping, was held at Lifu on Sunday, the 23rd of April, and on the 29th of June, after a pleasantly prosperous voyage, the mountains of New Guinea were descried through a heavy mist which was sadly typical of the moral darkness overshadowing the people. As they approached the great island, the Englishmen of the party especially regarded the scene spreading before them with a prayerful interest which took into account the possibilities of the future. They were in Hood's Bay, at the south-east side of the eastern peninsula; and the scene from the deck of the little vessel is described as having been strikingly interesting. The canoes of the natives were seen close to the shore; and surprised at the unusual

* I. The Countries of the World: being a Popular Description of the Various Continents, Islands, Rivers, Seas, and Peoples of the Globe. By Robert Brown, M.A. Six vols., crown 4to. Price 7s. 6d. each. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

II. Various papers and reports issued by the London Missionary Society.

phenomenon of a foreign vessel, the men made earnest signals for the strangers to land. They did not do so, however; for as night was coming on, and no boat was sent out, caution appeared to be necessary. The *Surprise*—never was a pioneer vessel more significantly named—held on her way, and cast anchor at Darnley Island on the 1st of July.

Though the adventure we are writing of took place only twelve years ago, it was really one of the earliest friendly visits which the poor heathen in that remote and out-of-the-way region had ever received from representatives of the Christian church. After its original discovery in 1511, the great island was allowed to remain in its native darkness, the first landing of Europeans having occurred more than a century later, or in 1615. In subsequent times the captains of English and Dutch vessels occasionally called; but as the two missionaries we have named remark in a paper issued in 1872, "the names given by the early Dutch voyagers to the two principal rivers, Moordenaar, or Murderer; and Doodslaager, or Slaughter, prove their intercourse to have been anything but friendly." Captain Cook made a call in 1770; and for fifty-eight years after that date, Cook's meagre account constituted about all the information possessed by geographers concerning a country containing hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, and abounding in the richest gifts of nature. Indeed, there is no reason under this head why New Guinea should not become in the future one of the great nations of the world. "Its shores are covered with groves of cocoa-nuts," remark the two missionaries, who are perhaps better acquainted with the country and its people than any other Englishmen; "and it produces in abundance the banana, sago, betel, figs, oranges, lemons, and other tropical fruits. The interior abounds with valuable timber, as iron-wood, ebony, canary-wood, and also with valuable spices and fragrant bark. Its forests, rivalling those of South America and Ceylon in luxuriance, afford shelter to multitudes of beautiful birds, among which are crown pigeons, black cockatoos, parrots, lories, and birds of paradise. The sea that washes its shores supplies an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth in the shape of trepang, pearls, tortoise-shell, etc. To this catalogue, it is said, gold may be added."

Such a country has certainly not been neglected in consequence of the paucity of its attractions or resources; and thinking of its vast capabilities of development, and of its million—or millions, for aught we know to the contrary—of unenlightened pagans, the pioneer evangelists might well experience some little flutter of excitement on sighting Darnley Island at noon, on Saturday, July 1st, 1871. A solitary man of unprepossessing appearance was on the shore; and though he hesitated at first to visit the ship, this stranger, who turned out to be one of the aristocracy of Darnley, gained so much confidence on receiving a present, that he returned on the Sabbath morning with a number of others whose curiosity had been excited. The service in the Lifu language is supposed to have been the first act of worship rendered to God, the Creator and Lord of all things, which these pagans had ever witnessed. On the same day a conference was held on shore; and in spite of some evil counsels, on the part of those who were too ignorant to comprehend the self-denial of the missionaries, an arrangement was made for the teacher and his family to remain on the island for a year. The inevitable presents were made to the chiefs; and then it was generally understood, that if the presence of the teachers became objectionable they would be removed.

Thus was the great work commenced on Darnley Island, which in itself is not more than eight miles in circumference; and though pretty in the interior, has the disadvantages of a rough coast and of being insufficiently watered; while the inhabitants are described as "a poor, down-trodden-looking race." Those engaged in such an inauguration were not the kind of men and women who would be tempted to despise the day of small things; and although the New Guinea Mission has already had its martyrs, the faith which prompted the grand enterprise has already been rewarded beyond the expectation of the earliest occupiers of the field. The first days were naturally days of difficulty

and of discouragement; and while we admire the tact and the wisdom which characterised the procedure of the English missionaries who superintended the operations, we must also yield our tribute of admiration to the heroic converts from neighbouring islands who volunteered to do the sapper-and-miner work of the holy crusade. Their trust and determination were superior to any sense of trial or peril. When it was proposed to set up a station on Murray Island there were some who discouraged the enterprise on account of several terrible obstacles. The place was tenanted by alligators, snakes, and centipedes, the people themselves were savages of so low a type that no Christian could live among them. One of the native teachers, however, had in his mind the command of Christ, and hence he silenced all intimidation by saying that wherever there were *men* thither missionaries were bound to go.

When the first missionary settlement was founded as described, the *Surprise* went on her way, the next call having been made at Warrior Island, fifty miles distant. The pioneer company on board had been disappointed in not having found interpreters for the mainland at the last station; but some compensation was found in their meeting with a man named Joseph John, whose extensive knowledge of the sea, the islands, and the various tribes, was of immense service to the mission. Joe, as he was called, became the recognised pilot of the expedition; and having met with adventures in various parts of the world, both in peace and war, he was now moved by a commendable zeal for the diffusion of the gospel among the islanders.

The next call was at Tauan, with the chief of which John was on friendly terms; and after the usual introduction, the chief welcomed the teachers in very cordial terms, offering the most eligible site for building, and lodging the visitors during their stay in the best house in the village—that is to say, his own. It was not the most sumptuous of lodgings according to the standard of our English ideas; but with hearts full of gratitude on account of the success of their cause, the travellers were not discouraged by the straitness of their hut, unlighted as it was by aught save the wood-fire on the floor. The weather had been wet; but though the darkened sky still rendered the outlook sufficiently cheerless, the natives for the first time in their lives were called together to evening prayer. Some friendly conversation followed, and then, as they themselves tell us, the evangelistic pioneers sought that retirement which was congenial with their emotions—"Outside the house, under the canopy of heaven, and with the great dark land of New Guinea before us and close at hand, we sang, 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' etc., poured out our hearts in fervent prayer and thanksgiving, and talked of the spread of his blessed reign, and the far-reaching consequences of the step we had been privileged to take on that ever-memorable evening." On retiring to rest in the upper story of the hut, the adventurers were in no mood to sleep, proving that the poet was wide of the truth when he showed that, "tired nature's sweet restorer . . . his ready visit pays where fortune smiles." It has often been otherwise, and will be so again.

While they were thus engaged in inaugurating the great mission to New Guinea, the voyagers acted with wise foresight in confining their preliminary operations to the islands; for as these are generally far more healthy than the shores of the mainland, they not only served for a series of convenient outposts to begin with, but they promised to be houses of refuge for invalided members of the vanguard who might invade the mighty island later on.

Saibai, another island, is only four miles from Tauan, and on landing here, accompanied by the friendly chief of the latter place, the white skins of the English party, and an umbrella carried by one of the visitors, excited the astonishment of the entire community. The people are described as a superior race to their neighbours on several other islands, though the men are everywhere somewhat indolent, and the women are debased in a deplorable degree. The inhabitants of the islands very greatly differ, as do also the natural characteristics of the islands themselves.

After the out-stations were founded as described, the company on the *Surprise*

felt that they had inaugurated a work which would probably develop into one of the greatest missionary enterprises of modern times. Going on their way, they next visited Cape York, the northern limit of Australia, for the purpose of conferring with two Christian friends, Mr. Jardine, of the Queensland Government, and Lieutenant Chester, an ex-magistrate, who undertook to do what they could to further the work, and to protect the pioneers who were being stationed on the outlying islands.

A few days later the evangelistic adventurers turned the helm of their little vessel towards the mainland; and they cast anchor at Katan, the mouth of a great river, on July 17th, 1871. Landing unarmed, as became their profession, the missionaries encountered an unarmed population who accorded them the most friendly greeting. There was confidence on both sides; and after the men, and especially the women, had partially gratified their curiosity by gazing at the white men, the like of whom they had never seen before, the object of the mission was described. The chief and his dependents listened in wonder to what his visitors had to say concerning their doings at Tauan, Darnley, and Saibai; and having received some glimmering of the benefits which would spring from resident teachers, he approved of the enterprise, and desired that he might be favoured in common with others. Grateful for having been thus far successful, one of the adventurers wrote: "Thus have we got one open door on the mainland of New Guinea, and who can tell the mighty results to which that may lead? There are some six hundred or seven hundred people connected with the village we visited; there is another settlement a little further up the river on the same side; and there is doubtless a large population on the banks of the river, stretching away into the great unknown interior." While the chief welcomed his new friends, however, he at first desired to enlist their service in aiding him to fight a tribe, with whom he had a quarrel, on the other side of the river. He had yet to learn that the gospel was wholly a message of peace. Apart from this, the people on the mainland were not found to be so warlike nor so ferocious as they had been represented by such roving crews as may possibly have given some occasion for their alleged barbarism. The cruelty of uncivilized tribes has to be cured by gentle means: it is stimulated rather than repressed by the harsh prescription of the rifle and the sword.

Mr. Murray, who had a chief hand in founding the mission in 1871, appears to have had control of the work for about two years; and during that period he continued his work of exploration and visited at short intervals the stations already established. Though the *Surprise* was the brave little vessel which acted the pioneer with the gospel message, the *John Williams* afterwards appeared on the scene, as well as the *Ellengowan*, a convenient little steamer specially provided for the New Guinea Mission by Miss Baxter of Dundee. This was used for six years, and was then, we believe, replaced by a schooner, as being possibly better adapted for the work than a steamer.

Thus was the work commenced; and in another brief paper we purpose noting the progress which has been made in later years. As a mission-field, the great island of the south is not only one of the finest, but one of the most interesting in the wide world. In a cruise undertaken along the south coast in the opening months of 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers communicated with no less than two hundred villages, more than half of these were personally visited, and ninety out of the number had never been invaded by a white man before. Indeed, Mr. Chalmers was an intrepid explorer of the true Livingstone type; and though frequently exposed to peril, he was continually preserved. There is undoubtedly some risk to be incurred from the treachery of tribes who have been cannibals for generations; but this danger will rapidly diminish as the work extends, and even at present it is hardly so formidable an obstacle as the fever-engendering malaria of the low-lying lands of the coast. In different ways, however, such a work is sure to prosper, until, like Madagascar, New Guinea becomes one of the most distinguished trophies of missionary enterprise.

G. H. P.

The Rejected Sunshine.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"From this day will I bless you."—Haggai ii. 19.
"And ye would not."—Matthew xxiii. 37.

THE lattice of the East updrawn, the King of day looked forth,
And shot his burnished arrows to the west, and south, and north.
He aimed his earliest sun-shafts at a lofty mountain's head,
And turned the ice to diamonds, and rough rocks ruby red.
So sharp his shafts, it seemed as if they pierced that mountain's veins;
And then its life-blood gushing forth incarnadined the plains—
And yet, like darts from Cupid's bow, aimed at a frowning face,
They changed dark glades to dimples, and gloominess to grace.
As love-darts are not understood by all towards whom they fly,
And Cupid's deemed a foe, when none can tell the reason why;
Just so, the hill-top hailed a cloud, which else had drifted past,
And veiled its sunlit count'nance in the shadow which it cast.

Rejected on that mount, King Sol another target seeks,
And sends a golden messenger to kiss a violet's cheeks.
"I'll bless you onward from this day," the sunbeam sweetly said;
"I'll overlay your leaf with gold, and fragrance on you shed."
"Nay, rather," said the violet, "let moss banks shadow me,
Or let umbrageous fern-leaves form my leafy canopy."

He shined upon a cottage next, home of a sickly child;
Tapped at the window of her room, and 'twixt the shutters smiled.
Oh, surely here the king will have a welcome that is meet;
Sickness will hail his bright approach, and clasp his golden feet!
"Pray stop that crevice!" said the maid, "I do not wish the light,
My sad heart draws most comfort from the gloominess of night."

We wonder at the mountain-top that wrapt itself in mist,
And at the crags and dark defiles that would not thus be blest.
We marvel that a violet should hide its head away,
Or that the sickly maiden had no welcome for the day.
But here is wonder greater far: when from the cherubim—
God's mercy-seat—the Saviour shone, men would have none *of him!*
Health-winged, he shone with beams of love upon a sin-sick world,
And, in the face of rebel hosts, his mercy-flag unfurled.
But darkness did not comprehend the shining of that light;
Men hid their faces, as it were, and would not see the sight.
The sun shines on, despite it all; and men may yet be blest,
But evil ever hates the light which makes it manifest.
O icy peaks! O granite hearts! O sin-sick souls of men!
Your gracious Saviour says, "I'll bless!" Will you not let him, then?
Depart, ye clouds of unbelief! ye shades and shutters fall!
Make way for Christ, the Light of Life, my Saviour and my all!
Lord, aim at *me* those shafts divine, thou soon my hurt wilt heal;
Wounds made by such a Friend as thou 'twere worth the world to feel.

"Out of Season."

THERE are some people whose very blunders seem to be more in the line of doing good than other people's best efforts. This seems to be the luck of the Spurgeons. A short time since a young girl came home from the Normal College in this city, so full of "news" that she could hardly tell her story. On entering the house she burst out, "Oh, father! young Mr. Spurgeon visited the Normal College to-day, and Mr. Hunter asked him to speak to the girls; and instead of trying to make us laugh, as most visitors do, or to give us the 'good advice' that we have heard a hundred times, he gave us something *new*. He spoke about Jesus, and invited us all to Christ; and he did it so naturally, and simply, and affectionately, that all the girls seemed interested. Oh, how much good it did me, father! I wish you had been there to hear him."

Now, this certainly was a very great blunder on the part of young Mr. Spurgeon. He ought to have known that the Normal College is not only a non-sectarian institution, but that many of the girls are daughters of Jews, and others of infidels, and it is not proper to speak of Christ and *personal religion* before them. It was certainly "out of season," and a great mistake in the young man. But give me a Spurgeon for such "*blundering*" as this. They can't open their mouths without saying something about Christ and him crucified, "in season or out of season."

This arrow, shot at a venture into that group of fifteen hundred girls, may yet be found to have reached some heart. J. S. H.—*From the New York Homiletic Monthly.*

[We were struck with this incident. May it ever be said of us and of ours that we do blunder thus. What is there else worth speaking upon? "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."]

Notices of Books.

Illustrations and Meditations: or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden. Distilled and Dispensed by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

WE present our readers and the world at large with a new book, which we pray the Lord to bless. It will cost half-a-crown, and will be helpful to ministers and teachers who seek illustrations; and we hope also to all godly people who want a little help in their private meditations. The work makes a second volume to go with "Feathers for Arrows:" being the same in form, size, and price. We shall be grateful if our subscribers who purchase a copy will also introduce it to their friends.

The Tract Society has sent us *Packets of Cards. Easter Joy; and Love of the Spirit.* Very charming works of art: six for 1s. The *Sayings of Jesus:* twelve for 9d. Executed in chromo, and very pretty. *Sunday School Reward Tickets.* Very choice at 6d. a gross: the best we have yet seen.

From *Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.* we have specimens of Easter cards which excel all others that have come under our notice. In taste this house is pre-eminent. We do not know anything about Easter, though we know the Passover. If friends send out cards, they cannot buy better than those of Marcus Ward. Perhaps they will remember this advice at the year's end.

Little Folks: A Magazine for the Young. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

AND don't the young like this magazine? They would be odd little folks if they did not. We have tried to think of a possible improvement, but we give it up. All the boys and girls crown it Queen of the May.

National Temperance League Annual. Evans's Temperance Annual. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

Both of these useful handbooks are quite up to the mark of previous years. In Mr. Evans's compilation "Old Ebony's" remarks on "the bit of *blue*" sky that has cheered the hearts of Gospel Temperance workers are very racy and witty.

The Picture Gallery of Bacchus; or, Temperance Readings on Public-house Signs. By T. H. Evans. (Same publishers.)

A good idea fairly well carried out. It would have been all the better if the author had not mixed his metaphors, or indulged his propensity for punning as much as he has done. Fancy a man writing about "the *serpent*-like fascination of the eyes of the enchantress calling forth a simpleton's *adder*-ation, so that he cannot see the *snake* in the grass"! No, no, Mr. Evans, such twistings cannot be allowed.

Orations on Temperance. By John B. Gough. New edition. First and second series. (Same publishers.)

Many of these orations were delivered twenty or thirty years ago, but they are still full of force and fire. They cannot be too widely circulated, nor too often read. God bless the noble orator who spoke such living words!

Reconciliation: or, Peace with God through the Blood of Christ as developed by History. By A. Lindesie. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

That this is a well written treatise there can be no manner of doubt. The author has a firm grip of his subject, and infuses into every page the glow and fervour of his own conviction. With a little too much ostentation he tells us in his preface that he had resolved to adhere only to the words of Scripture. We put a pencil-mark against that passage; wondering if there are any words in common use amongst us that he wants to shunt. As we pursued our way, we found our suspicions warranted. A short paragraph will make this apparent. "The doctrine of substitution and expiation appears to be contrary to the Divine Word as well as to the Divine reason of things, and can only be mentioned now as that which must be rejected. Because, firstly and chiefly, they are not in the Scripture; and secondly, because they do not accord with the Scriptures; and thirdly, on the authority of an eminent and distinguished doctor in theology, they are antagonistic to reason, which we believe they are, and so deliver them up as worse than useless": page 141. In case any surprise should be felt that the name of this illustrious theological scholar is withheld, we think it just possible that the circumstances of the case would not admit of its being disclosed. Such is the construction we put on another paragraph we meet with later on in this volume. "It has been said or written with great plainness by a modern Doctor of Divinity that the vicarious sufferings or sacrifice of Christ, though antagonistic to reason, should be received on the ground that they are humiliating to the pride of human wisdom, and render the soul more absolutely dependent on God": page 233. Now, if the Doctor in Theology and the Doctor of Divinity are identical, we must admire our author's ingenuity more than his ingenuousness. This is far too important a matter to be trifled with. Should Mr. Lindesie be open to conviction, we invite him to refer to the works of Dr. John Owen, and carefully to read the "Appendix" to his Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity.

The Land and the Book: Central Palestine and Phœnicia. By William M. Thomson, D.D. T. Nelson and Son.

Another splendid volume of the "Land and the Book," dealing with Central Palestine and Phœnicia. This is to our mind the best of all descriptions of Palestine, and Mr. Nelson's new edition of it is the best that can be. Dr. Thomson has a quick eye, a nimble pen, a devout heart, and a discerning judgment. His work is at once a history, a geography, and a commentary. If you want to make a splendid present to a minister, class-leader, or friend, purchase the two noble volumes. Nothing better can be desired.

Remote Antiquity of Man not Proven. By B. C. Y.

Faith the Life-root of Science, Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion. By H. Griffiths. Elliot Stock.

Society may be simple enough to suppose that agnostics are artless creatures, that sceptics are models of sincerity, and infidels are ingenuous people, as innocent of guile or duplicity as new-born babes. On some such presumption a ready rejoinder is constantly forthcoming for each new phase of philosophic or scientific assault on the Scriptures. To little purpose. What if the rocks contain no record of pre-Adamite man? When your book shows that the remote antiquity of our race is not proven, will the Rationalists hear Moses and the Prophets? We tell you, nay. Talk to them about faith as the life-root of knowledge in their own metaphysical terms; tell them that every child is not an idiot born who takes the multiplication-table on trust, and at man's estate works his way to fortune implicitly relying on the revelations of arithmetic, algebra, and Euclid. Will they, therefore, believe in the ten commandments or the four gospels? Nay, sirs, they do not like to retain God in their knowledge. Appeal to their candour and they seem flattered. They will frankly admit that Butler answered the cavils of the seventeenth century, and Paley those of the eighteenth century. But, then, the present generation is far ahead of Hobbs, of Malmesbury, or David Hume. Most people know by this time what century we belong to. For ourselves, however, our root is in the first century, and our hope is in the last century, whenever that may transpire. The modest apologist has nothing to expect from the modern agnostic but a sneer. "Your treatise, Mr. B. C. Y., appears to me rather an unsatisfactory reason for believing that Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the fish." "And you, Mr. Griffiths, fail to demonstrate to me that Paul was not vicious in rendering good for evil with intent to heap coals of fire on the head of his enemy." So you are laughed out of court. Were you to take our advice, you would not argue. Let your light shine before men. Love the gospel; live the gospel; preach the gospel; practise the gospel: shame the adversaries. May be, God will give them repentance unto life.

The Epoch of the Mammoth. By James C. Southall, A.M., LL.D. Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill.

This book is purely scientific. Its title will indicate its contents to scientific men only. It will be understood better by general readers as a refutation of the many attempts that have been made of late years to prove, from geological discoveries, the existence of man prior to the period of his creation according to the Mosaic record. A few relics of human bones and human productions, embedded in what are supposed to be geological formations of a very ancient growth, have sufficed to lead many of the most learned men of the present age to this conclusion. It is here shown that these relics may be as scientifically accounted for by other means. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." Common sense will not be satisfied with a few bones and arrow heads that have sunk below their original level, but it asks, Where are the cities, the tools, the works, the tombstones, the innumerable skeletons of the pre-Adamite generations of men? There would have been no need for geology to have given some faint hints of such a fact. It could not be hid. This is one of the many instances in which science is supposed to contradict the Mosaic record, and is ultimately compelled to confirm it.

Songs of Humanity and Progress: a Collection of Lyrics contributed to various Publications. By John T. Markley. Eastbourne: H. Holloway, South-street.

We have read worse verses than these; and even if these were worse we could well forgive them, since they bear witness on the right side, and are full of sympathy with suffering men and tortured animals. We sometimes make merry with artists in verse, and yet we frankly admit that each one of these whose heart is right may be influencing his own circle after the same manner as those master minstrels whose spell is over nations, though their audience is smaller.

Ants and their Ways. With Illustrations, and an Appendix giving a complete List of Genera and Species of the British Ants. By the Rev. W. Farren White, M.A., M.E.S.L. Religious Tract Society.

We hail such a book as this. Tales come upon us like dust-clouds in March, but such interesting facts as these refresh us like April showers. We have always heard a great deal about ants and their antics; but now these little people have quite come to the front through the pryings and peerings of Sir John Lubbock. Their example is so good in many respects that Solomon did well to say, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard"; but in certain matters these creatures would appear to be a fallen race, whose plundering, and slave-holding, wounding and killing are by no means to be admired. Personally we object to the literal ways of ants when they try to make a way under your collar and down the ridge of your backbone; but as a reviewer, in a literary way we admire them greatly when set forth so pleasantly as they are in this case by Rev. W. Farren White, M.E.S.L. What do these capital letters mean? For a guess we should say—*M*an *e*ngaged in studying *l*ife. Well, he has done it well. Buy his book. It will cost you five shillings, which is just a little dear, perhaps; but think of the many times the author must have been stung by the ants before he could have made himself so familiar with them!

Facts and Phases of Animal Life, and the Claims of Animals to Humane Treatment. By Vernon S. Morwood. John Hogg.

Natural History is like a flowing well, ever yielding fresh supplies. Mr. Morwood has been an open-eyed observer, and has therefore been able to embellish his book with new incidents, and so to make it most attractive. All through his pages we meet with gracious observations, moral reflections, and arguments for kindness to all manner of living things. We press upon lovers of animals the duty of spreading such a book among young people, who rather from want of thought than from instinctive barbarity, are far too apt to inflict torture upon living creatures and count it fun.

The Pastor of Ettrick: Thomas Boston. By Jean L. Watson. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

The authoress of this pleasing "life" has done us the honour of dedicating it to C. H. Spurgeon; we are, therefore, unable to judge her work according to rigid rule. As, however, we are always lenient, and as this sketch of the author of "*The Fourfold State*" is worthy of all praise, we do not require the rod of criticism. Boston's name is dear in Scotland, and it will never die out while there is a single heart left to rejoice in sound, free-grace doctrine. He was no cold Moderate, but a thorough "Marrow" man. Nowadays Calvinism is despised, but it will have its resurrection, and its day of power. Meanwhile, we are glad to remember those godly men who, in times even darker than these, hoped for the day. May we never be found guilty of despairing for the truth!—by faith we honour it; by despondency we sin against it.

We hope the sale of this book will be large.

Egypt, Palestine, and Phœnicia. A Visit to Sacred Lands. By Felix Bovet. Translated by W. H. Lyttelton, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

This translation is a little late, for the work was written in 1858, in that remote period when ladies in Paris wore "gowns made of iron, covered with cloth or silk." M. Bovet's work has reached its eighth edition, and this is the fifth language into which it has been translated from the French. It is a lively, attractive, devout, and instructive account of travels in Palestine by a man with his eyes open. We do not like it so well as "The Land and the Book," but yet we quite agree with M. Godet that "it is a flower gathered in Palestine and brought away in all its freshness and fragrance." All through it abounds with important illustrations and explanations of the Holy Scriptures. M. Bovet is happy in his translator.

Sunshine. Edited by Dr. Whittemore. Stoneman.

The volume is bright and cheery. The name alone should sell an edition among Londoners, who seldom or never see the sun. Dr. Whittemore can edit a magazine as well as any man living.

Henry Ward Beecher: a Sketch of his Career, with Analyses of his Power as a Preacher, Lecturer, Orator, and Journalist, and Incidents and Reminiscences of his Life. Edited by LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D. F. Bordon Hunt, 44, Fleet-street.

A COLLECTION of facts and opinions concerning Henry Ward Beecher, making up a portrait of that eminent man such as could only be produced by an admiring draughtsman. There are many portraits and views. The book is somewhat ruggedly bound, and costs twelve shillings and sixpence. Whatever may be the judgment of the reader upon this remarkable preacher, the book is full of stirring incident, and will abundantly repay perusal.

Science Primers for the People. Botany. By G. T. BETTANY, M.A., B.Sc., F.L.S. Copiously Illustrated.
Physical Geography. By P. MARTIN DUNCAN, M.B. (Lond.), F.R.S. Illustrated. Ward, Lock, and Co.

THESE primers contain one hundred and twenty-eight pages, are well written and fully illustrated, and only cost sixpence. If any man will be ignorant he has no one now to blame but himself. We never expected to live to see text-books of so high a class produced for so small a sum. We should like to see the rest of these primers: we have no doubt they are all good.

A Manual of Bible History. By Rev. W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

A new and enlarged edition of a well-known handbook. Reliable as to facts and interesting as to style: would make an excellent school or class book for young Bible students. The more of such books the better.

Scenes and Adventures in the Great Namaqualand. By Rev. BENJAMIN RISDALE. 66, Paternoster-row.

A PLEASING account of mission work in South Africa, from 1843 to 1847. It seemed a pity that the missionary should be obliged to leave so soon, for he appears to have been much at home among the people. We fear that these scenes and adventures are written a little late, but no doubt our Wesleyan friends will be glad to read of what their missionaries did so long ago.

Wesley's Designated Successor: the Life, Letters, and Literary Labours of the Rev. John William Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley. By Rev. L. TYERMAN.

WHAT a genius for Wesleyan biography dwells in Mr. Tyerman. He is a man who never tires of his chosen work. This life of Fletcher is a great performance. We do not sympathize with Fletcher's views in the great Calvinistic controversy; but none the less we reverence his holy character and admire his ardent zeal. The work will be sure to secure many delighted and profited readers. The price is twelve shillings.

Our Social Errors and Remedies. By JAMES STUART, Edinburgh. The Edinburgh Publishing Company.

OUR worthy author is a canny Scotchman, and an ex-member of the Edinburgh police force. He has seen much of the sins of society, and reflected much on the remedies that might eradicate them. As an outcome of both he favours us with a volume which contains a little of everything, social and municipal, political and theological, with a medley of philosophy and science, of comedy and satire. Overshadowing all, he is a staunch, sturdy, and consistent advocate of the temperance movement. Some of our friends who take their seat on the platform three or four times a week, and are expected to be always ready with a speech on total abstinence, might work up a few thrilling periods from the evidence of this literary policeman.

A Crown of Flowers: being Poems and Pictures collected from the pages of the "Girl's Own Paper." Edited by CHARLES PETERS. Religious Tract Society.

HERE, Miss Jane! put this on the drawing-room table; it will do our visitors good to look into it. Isn't it a wonderful book for six shillings? Perhaps as eyes glance over the drawings and the verses, some holy thought may fix itself on the mind: at any rate, the tone of it is as charming as the girls for whose special behoof it is intended.

Facts and Fancies in Modern Science: Studies of the Relations of Science to Prevalent Speculations and Religious Belief. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, is so far a safe scientific teacher that he has eyes to see something of that beautiful harmony which exists between spiritual and physical truth; and when he gets into regions where the secrets of creation are past finding out he does not build up a fabric on a basis of unscientific guesses, and call such handiwork science. The Doctor's books are well-known, and are deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic; but, having written so many, one volume will, perhaps, necessarily show some repetitions of what has gone before. The present work consists of six lectures delivered before the students of the Crozer Theological Seminary, and is thus a text-book for those whose regard for scientific truth leads them to reject with contempt the vagaries of agnostic speculation. The following distinctions between man and the lower animals strike us as being peculiarly opportune: "The lower animals are tied up by invariable instincts to certain lines of action which keep all the individuals of any species on nearly the same level, except where some little disturbance may be caused by man in his processes of domestication. But with man it is quite different. He is emancipated from the bond of instinct, and left free to follow the guidance of his own will, determined by his own reason. It follows that the habits and the actions of a man depend on what he knows and believes, and on the deductions of his reason from these premises. Without knowledge, culture, or training, man is more helpless than any brute. With the noblest and highest capacities, he may devise and follow habits of life more base than those of any mere animal. Thus there is an almost immeasurable difference between the Godlike height to which man can attain by the right use of his powers and the depth to which ignorance and depravity may degrade him. It follows that the degradation of the lower races of men is as strong a proof of the difference between man and the lower animals as is the elevation of the higher races. Both are characteristic of a being emancipated from the control of instinct, knowing good and evil, free to choose, and differing in these respects from every other creature on earth. Such is man as we find him, and we may well ask by what process animal instinct could ever spontaneously develop human freedom and human reason."

Speaking of pre-historic men, Dr. Dawson adds: "The gigantic palæolithic men of the European caves are more probably representatives of that fearful and powerful race who filled the antediluvian world with violence, and who re-appear in postdiluvian times as the Anakim and traditional giants, who constitute a feature in the early history of so many countries. Perhaps nothing is more curious in the revelations as to the most ancient cave men than that they confirm the old belief that there were 'giants in those days.'"

These sample passages will show that the book is a valuable little manual. Revelation is always consistent with the facts of nature, but it is frequently antagonistic to the fancies of "modern science."

A series of Letters on the Divinity and Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the late Rev. R. H. Carne, B.A.; the late Dr. Robert Cotton Mather, LL.D.; and the Rev. J. Batey. Arranged and edited by Philip Reynolds, Baptist Minister, Islington. London: W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street. 1882. Price 1s.

This is a pamphlet of over seventy pages. Two-thirds are devoted to Mr. Carne's Letters in refutation of Socinianism, written in the year 1815, and well worthy of being reprinted. They are rich in Scripture references, which the author knew well how to use. The last twenty pages contain letters of recent date on "the supposed pre-existence of our Lord's human soul." If any of our friends never heard of that supposition, so much the better for them. The advocates of this curious theory never produced a text in favour of its probability. They only guessed that they had made a discovery which might explain some texts that puzzled them.

Present Day Tracts. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

THIS series of short dissertations on Christian Evidences is specially adapted to answer the enquiries of those educated gentlemen of the nineteenth century, who have heard the shouting of a few noisy sceptics, and given way to the strange conjecture that the citadels of Christianity must have suddenly fallen down with a crash. No, sirs. The foundations of that gospel, which is of God and not of man, stand as firm as ever. It seems to us almost needless to re-open a debate on the certainty of those fundamental truths which all the assaults of philosophic speculation and physical science have throughout the centuries vainly endeavoured to shake. But if the "Present Day" makes new demands on our defensive warfare, then such generals as Principal Cairns, Prebendary Row, and Professor Blaikie are well fitted to hold the forts. For classic learning, logical acumen, and literary taste, their names might afford ample guarantee. These tracts will be prized as treasures if those before us are typical of the future issue.

Tracts for the Times: Essentials of the Christian Faith, reprinted from the works of eminent divines. Edited and arranged by THOMAS GREENE. Chichester: Wilmshurst.

HERE are about twenty book-tracts, intended to educate the public in the elements of Christian doctrine. They vary in length from about ten to about thirty pages. The authors' names are not inserted. We suppose that the Editor has selected his matter chiefly from sermons by evangelical ministers of the Established Church. Our own experience of sermon-tract distribution is very encouraging. It yields fruit abundantly. We hope Mr. Greene has an enthusiastic band of helpers to aid him in systematically scattering the literature which he has edited with such diligent care.

The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. The ninth series of the Cunningham Lectures. By GEORGE SMEATON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

RIPE scholarship and sound discretion are the qualities that have hitherto distinguished the successive volumes of "the Cunningham Series," so far as they have fallen under our notice. The various professors have felt a healthy sense of responsibility, mingled perhaps in some instances with a wholesome kind of restraint. They have each endeavoured to present an acceptable contribution to standard theological literature, rather than to ventilate any hypotheses which might appear to modify the creeds of our Protestant churches. Dr. Smeaton's contribution deserves to be among the most popular. His style is fluent, graceful, and free from pedantry. Nor is his language limited to the audience of a college class-room. He "surveys the Biblical Testimony in the Old and New Testament," without distracting our attention with needless foot-notes. Page after page glows with the ardour of a preacher who is enamoured of his theme. Puritan predilections animate him. The truth is so real to his own experience that he cares little for unprofitable controversies. Of course, after "the Cunningham" fashion, there are six central lectures, as enjoined by "Declaration of Trust." These contain "the positive truth in which the church holds the doctrine." Over and above there is an introductory chapter on "the Trinity in Unity," which is thoroughly orthodox, and a supplementary chapter on several divergencies of sentiment, which are more or less heterodox.

The Book of Revelation, translated and briefly expounded. By JAMES G. MURPHY, LL.D. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is only a small treatise of about two hundred pages. We pass by any peculiarities of interpretation to commend the general outline. In a lucid summary the author gives the ground-plan of the Apocalypse in such manner as must help the memory of a student. After showing the three primary divisions indicated in chapter i. 19, he passes on to the subdivisions, which resolve the book into seven parts. And he then proceeds to point out in his "introduction" the four striking characteristics of this prophecy. They are in his own words—"numeric notation; historic parallelism; concentration; and symbolism." On each of these points there is a page or two worth reading and worth remembering.

Day-Spring: a Story of the Times of William Tyndale. By EMMA MARSHALL. 1, Paternoster Buildings.

CERTAINLY very excellent, and bright with gospel truth; but it strikes us as being a trifle dull. At any rate, it is safe and profitable reading, and if young people will give their minds to it, a holy impression must be produced.

Auriel, and other Stories. By RUTH ELLIOTT. 66, Paternoster Row.

WE hope no mortal boys talk like Hugh, Erie, Claud, and Auriel. If so, the sooner they leave off their affectation the better. Such stilted sentences seldom come under our notice. Yet the stories are not so very bad, and being all short they do not weary the reader.

Tales from Life. For Mothers' Meetings, &c. By H. S. STREATFIELD and EMILY STREATFIELD. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, and Co.

FIVE smooth stones from the Temperance brook to hurl at the head of the Goliath of drink. We believe they are just fitted for this purpose, and so can cordially recommend them. An earnest Christian spirit pervades them.

The Franklins; or, the Story of a Convict. By C. E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

SURE to command a reading to its close if you once begin. We were caught in the meshes of this triple net, and there was no getting out. It is an edifying story.

Patsy: one of "His Little Ones." Partridge and Co.

A PLEA in story form for "The Children's Home, Bonner Road, Victoria Park." Patsy wins our heart and sympathy, and helps to advertise an excellent institution. What more can we say?

Only a Cousin. By CATHERINE SHAW. 3s. 6d. Shaw and Co.

THIS story sets out the gospel in a clear, practical light. Cold hearts are taught to love, proud spirits are humbled, and so Jesus is exalted. In our excavations among heaps of tales we have not come upon a brighter jewel than this.

Notes.

IT is one of the disadvantages of the early preparation of monthly periodicals that notices must sometimes appear late. Friends must pardon the lateness of an *in memoriam* note concerning James Harvey, Esq., of Hampstead. He was for many years one of the most liberal helpers of the work which the Lord has entrusted to us: and we hear that he has left a legacy of £500 to the Orphanage. We may not mention many of the things which were done of him in secret; but we may say that he was the donor of the house on the boys' side of the Orphanage, which is known as "The Merchant's House." This he gave without a request, or even a hint from us. He was a man of mark: independent, yet ready to learn; lenient towards doubt, but himself a firm believer. His views of truth were his own, and would not be parallel in all points with those of anybody else; but we always felt at one with him, and even where we judged him to be mistaken we were glad to love him just as he was. Our personal loss is very heavy, and, hence, we can the more tenderly sympathize with the esteemed mourners who have lost father and brother. We shall not soon look upon his like again. Are there not other merchants who love our Lord, and will be baptized for the dead, filling up the vacancies caused by these many deaths, and taking thought that the cause of Christ shall know no lack? We commend to all our readers an extract from Mr. Brock's admirable sermon—the sermon itself can be had of J. Hewetson, Hampstead:—

"While in good health he was exemplary for punctuality at the service of God; and on very rare occasions was he absent from his place. 'I am come,' he said to me, the very Thursday evening before his fatal illness, when I expressed surprise at seeing him, 'because I am able to go to business, and I do not think I ought to be absent from the church-meeting.'"

Our beloved and lamented deacon, Mr. William Higgs, left by his will £500 to the Orphanage, £500 to the College, and £500 to the poor of the church. This last donation is peculiarly valuable, as the expenditure upon this item is very great and growing. Our church contains within it an unusually large proportion of the Lord's poor, and as the Almshouses' endowment is not found to be sufficient for the widows who dwell in the rooms, this occasions another draft upon our funds, which tends to weigh them down. This legacy will help us for some few years to meet the annual deficiency, and before it is all spent we hope some donor will more fully endow the Almshouses.

A Petition for closing public-houses on the Lord's-day has some time ago received the full sanction of most of the religious bodies, and we gladly express our hearty sympathy with its prayer. It may be questioned whether the people of London are ripe for it; but, at any rate, a trial could do no harm to anybody, not even the drink-sellers. Where Sunday-closing has been tried the best results have followed to the morals of the people and the quietude of the neighbourhood. Perhaps if our fellow-citizens were driven to the horrible necessity of going without alcoholic liquors for one day in the week they might lose some of their present dread of total abstinence, and try it during the other six days. If that cannot be, they may at least be taught a little forethought by having to get in their precious cordials on a Saturday night: even this would be greater providence than some of them have as yet exercised. If harmless articles may not legally be sold on the Sabbath we fail to see why the Sunday trade in intoxication should be under national sanction. We do not care much for sobriety by Act of Parliament, but we do care for anything which promotes order, lessens drunkenness, and helps to tranquillize neighbourhoods where Sunday night becomes the terror of all quiet families.

Friends are reminded that the annual meeting of the Liberation Society will be held at the Tabernacle on the evening of May 2. The present state of the Church demands fresh efforts on the part of those who would see it freed from vassalage to the State.

On *Monday evening, March* 5, the annual meeting of the LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held at the Tabernacle. The report, read by Mr. Harrald, contained particulars of several very distressing cases that had been relieved during the year, and pointed out the need for additional workers and fresh subscribers to carry on the work efficiently. The balance-sheet showed that the total expenditure had been £99 18s. 0d., and that the balance in hand was £4 11s. 6d. Addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon, and Deacons W. Olney and B. W. Carr. Ladies who are at liberty on the Thursday after the first Sunday in each month will be heartily welcomed at the working-meetings. The more of benevolent work our churches can perform the better for themselves, for it is a healthy thing to care for the sorrows of others. Well-to-do people nowadays are almost universally quitting the poorer neighbourhoods to live in the suburbs, and who can blame them? But should they not keep up their subscriptions to the charities which are intended to relieve the poorer districts? Will they leave the poor to the poor? Will the wealthy attempt to live by themselves, and forget the sorrows of those whose lot is daily toil? If so, the worst results are inevitable. Irreligion will be fostered by the indifference of professors, want will fester into anarchy, and poverty will pine to starvation. Hence we wish to see all our benevolent societies greatly strengthened.

On *Sunday evening, March* 11, the regular Tabernacle congregation stayed away to allow strangers to come to the service. It was a very wintry night, so that there was not quite so large a crowd as usual outside, but the building was well filled, and probably four-fifths of those present were *men*. Special prayer was offered that the word might be blessed, and many friends were on the watch for anxious souls. Here may be the place to remind our country friends that they can find seats in the Tabernacle right readily on Thursday nights at seven; and that on the Lord's-day, if they are *bonâ fide* strangers, they can always obtain admission by stating their case to the appointed officer at the door, who will supply them with the means of entrance. Many fear to make a trial of getting to the Tabernacle because they may not find room; but we hope they will now venture, since they can be reasonably sure of entrance *if they are from the country*.

On *Tuesday evening, March* 13, the sixteenth annual BUTCHERS' FESTIVAL was held at the Tabernacle. The master butchers and their wives partook of tea together at the College, and afterwards between seventeen hundred and eighteen hundred of the men employed in the Metropolitan Meat Market sat down to a substantial meal. The quantity of provisions consumed on these occasions is enormous; but it is all paid for by the willing subscriptions of the masters. After tea the men adjourned to the Tabernacle, where a meeting was held under the presidency of T. A. Denny, Esq., and addresses were delivered by Mr. Henry Varley, Mr. J. Ward, of Croydon, and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Prayer is requested that the testimony for Jesus thus given may be effectual for conversion. The men are rough, but there is about them that honest heartiness which is characteristic of good soil. Telling words were uttered as to drinking, gambling, swearing, and the like vices; but Jesus was lifted up as the Saviour from sin, and this was the main theme of the addresses. Oh, for the Spirit's power to water the good seed, and bring a harvest from it! Mr. Varley has long been the prime mover in this business, and the Tabernacle has been gladly put at his service: he will be specially glad to see more abundant results from this great effort.

On *Wednesday evening, March* 14, the anniversary of the formation of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY was celebrated. Between 400 and 500 persons were present at the tea in the Lecture Hall, and afterwards a large

assembly met in the Tabernacle. The chair was occupied by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, several anthems were sung by a special choir, the annual report was read by the secretary, Mr. A. E. Smithers, and gospel temperance addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Revs. Newman Hall, LL.B., G. M. Murphy, G. W. McCree, and W. J. Mills, and Messrs. G. Thorneloe and J. T. Dunn, as the result of which seventy-five persons signed the pledge. From the report it appears that during the past year, in addition to more than 12,000 new pledges taken during Mr. Booth's mission in September, 1183 persons have signed the pledge at the weekly meetings of the society, 2631 at the gospel temperance services at the Elephant and Castle Theatre on Sunday evenings, and 280 at other special gatherings. Exclusive of the mission receipts, the income of the society has been £141 3s. 6d., and the expenditure £126 4s. 9½d. It is a great joy to us to know that the gospel is kept well to the front in the whole of this work, and the consequence is that many have been, not only reclaimed from drunkenness, but also converted to Christ, and are now living as consistent Christians. The friends who manage the society do not intend it to become a temperance work with a little gospel tagged on; but they are resolved to put as much as possible of Christ and free grace into all efforts on behalf of sobriety and abstinence. It is something to wash the blackamoors of drunkenness, but our hearts can never rest till grace makes them white once for all. We wish it were possible to keep on the Sunday services at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, but the expenses are some £5 per week, and the funds are not equal to such a strain. Crowds pass the doors on Sunday nights, and many look in: it is a means of grace to a crowded neighbourhood, but it will be closed for lack of funds unless some friend is raised up to help.

College.—Mr. A. Cooper has settled at Batley, Yorkshire, and Mr. H. F. Gower at New Mill, Tring. Mr. W. Clatworthy has removed from Kingskerswell to Helston, Cornwall, and Mr. E. P. Riley from Spennymoor to Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire. May these settlements and removals be under the divine approval.

The Nineteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association will (D.V.) be held in the week commencing April 16th. Will all our readers pray that a rich blessing may rest upon all who will be present? Deacons of churches, whose pastors belong to the Conference, would do a wise and kind thing if they helped their pastors to come up. Some miss the blessing because they cannot afford the travelling expenses.

When the London brethren met to arrange for the Conference we were rejoicing that the hand of death had not been laid upon any of our number during the year. Our brother W. Mummery, of Chatham-road, Wandsworth, was with us then, but he has since been called suddenly to his rest and reward, leaving a widow and three children.

On *Friday evening, March* 2, about sixty of the London ministers educated in the College met at the Tabernacle for a conference upon the moral and spiritual condition of the metropolis. The President occupied the chair, and delivered a short address; after which brief but able reports of the districts with which they were acquainted were presented by the following brethren:—W. J. Orsman, C. B. Sawday, T. Greenwood, W. Townsend, W. Olney, Jun., J. Wilson, and A. G. Brown. From the information supplied to us it is evident that there are the greatest possible contrasts between the various divisions of our four-million-peopled city; in some parts there appears to be adequate accommodation for those who desire to worship God, and the people are outwardly religious; while in others, and especially in the East of London, the poverty, misery, and vice are absolutely appalling. We left the meeting feeling that there was little that we could do to affect the multitudes around us except to preach the gospel clearly, simply, earnestly, and faithfully, and to pray to the Lord to raise up from amongst his people a band of men and women who would carry his word to the homes of the hundreds of thousands who will not come out to hear it. The testimony of our brethren confirms our own conviction that the much-vaunted ultra-sensational methods that some adopt do not really reach "the lapsed masses," but rather that they attract to their services those unstable ones who have been members of our churches, and are anxious for something new. To these the result is evil rather than good. After awhile the truly gracious come back, but those who are for ever seeking some new thing go from one delusion to another. The testimony to the mischievous results of noisy demonstrations in the street was intensely strong; those who most admire open-air preaching are the most distressed at this out-of-door carnival. Many ministers with whom we meet protest earnestly against the disturbance of their services, the enticing of their school-children into the streets, and the general spirit of disorder, and irreverence which is being spread among the populace. "Our streets are rendered unsafe, and our homes unendurable by a constant Pandemonium under the name of this Army and the other,"—so have brethren from certain regions complained to us again and again. The mob is being taught the art of rioting and disturbing public worship: taught it by those whose own conduct is the example.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have continued their services at *Liverpool* during the whole of the past month. After three weeks of meetings at Pembroke Chapel they spent a week at Soho-street with our Brother Walters, and another week

at Byrom Hall with our good friend, John Houghton, Esq. They also conducted services at the Rotunda Hall and the Circus, and closed their mission by paying a farewell visit to Pembroke Chapel. The Pastor, R. Richards, has been so considerate as to write concerning their work:—

"Dear Sir,—I feel constrained to send you a brief intimation in reference to the gracious work that has been wrought among us during the past three weeks through the instrumentality of your Evangelists, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. The traditions of 'Pembroke' were not in favour of such a special evangelistic movement as we have just witnessed, and some of our older members were gravely shaking their heads and doubting the wisdom and propriety of the project when first mooted; but I can now safely say that the common sentiment of all in regard to the work done is, 'It is of the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' Many lost ones have been found; many anxious ones have been brought to peace; many prodigals have returned home; and (not the least blessing) very many of the Lord's people have been stirred up to unwonted zeal for the salvation of souls and the extension of their Master's kingdom. The attendance throughout the meetings has been wonderfully good: at some—notably at the 'Men's meetings,' on Sunday afternoons, and at the 'Song Services,' on Saturday evenings—the chapel has been densely crowded. Some of the older members wept tears of joy at seeing the ancient glories of 'Pembroke' revived; and both the effective singing of Mr. Smith and the plain, practical pleadings of Mr. Fullerton were felt to be 'with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.' Moreover, these two brethren have so endeared themselves to us, not only by their earnest and faithful work for our common Lord, but also by their genial bearing and kindly disposition towards all around, that we could not help pleading with them for a renewal of their visit before they leave Liverpool. At a meeting called last week upwards of one hundred attended to testify to special blessing received during the mission. The Lord grant that these one hundred cases may represent much permanent addition of strength and usefulness to his church, that so his name may be glorified. Believing that you would be interested in some little account of the work done, I have hastily penned you this, and will send you a few further notes when the Liverpool campaign is ended, should you desire it."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Committee gave our brethren a pressing invitation to remain and assist the American Evangelists, but they were unable to stay, as arrangements had been made for services at *Hull*, commencing April 1st. Will all our friends in that town rally to the work?

Mr. Burnham reports good services at Wintoun-street, *Leeds*, better at *New Whittington*, and best of all at *Long Buckby*. On his arrival there he found that a prayerful interest in the work had been already awakened, and consequently from the commencement the meetings were very successful. This month Mr. Burnham is to be at Great Torrington, Lyme Regis, Enfield Highway, and Sheffield. He asks us to state that he is not fully engaged for June and July. His address is 24, Keston-road, East Dulwich-road.

Mr. Frank Russell will also have some vacant dates after the Conference. The county of Surrey does not appear to be ripe for evangelistic effort, and he is therefore ready to go elsewhere. Brethren would do well to write at once if they desire either of the evangelists to come to their help. Mr. Russell's address is 33, Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have held a very successful series of meetings recently at Norwich, Swaffham, Dereham, and Bury St. Edmund's. In each place large numbers of friends assembled, interest in the institution was either created or increased, and a good substantial amount was added to the funds. We are very grateful to all who in any degree contributed to this happy result. God bless you, dear friends, and send you a rich reward.

COLPORTAGE.—In reporting upon the Colportage work during another month we are very glad to say that a friend, who prefers his name to be unpublished, has sent the £10 required for the needy district which was in danger of being discontinued. We are very thankful to him, as this ensures the continuance of the work during the whole of 1883, and it is hoped that extraneous aid will be forthcoming for the future when required. The secretary has been preaching during the month at Market Harborough, where the colporteur is doing a good work. He visits regularly 45 villages, and supplies more than 300 monthly magazines, besides preaching at East Langton on the Lord's-day. A home mission meeting was held on the Monday evening, at which it transpired that a considerable proportion of the amount required for the support of the colporteur was subscribed in weekly pence regularly collected by about half-a-dozen young ladies connected with the Congregational Church. If others would "go and do likewise" there is hardly any limit to the extension of this most useful work. We marvel every day that this holy service is not taken up on all hands. We will not weary our readers and ourselves by arguing the matter again.

A new district has been opened in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, where there is scope for a good work to be accomplished. The Association is still desirous of opening up other districts where £40 a year can be subscribed for a colporteur. Reports and full information will be gladly sent on application to the secretary, W. Corden Jones.

SCOTCH NOTES AND DRAFTS.—D. M., whose kind contribution of £2 has been gratefully placed to the funds of the College, asks us to say in *The Sword and the Trowel* whether it costs much to change Scotch notes. Our bankers always charge one penny in the pound for commission on Scotch and Irish notes; but on *drafts* that are *not payable in London*, the commission is much larger, generally amounting to one shilling on all sums not exceeding £5. If friends have to pay for obtaining the drafts they will find it cheaper to purchase post-office orders, which, of course, we can cash without any deduction.

PERSONAL NOTE. — A correspondent, writing to *Joyful News*, says:—"Reading of the recent work at Nottingham brought to my recollection a circumstance which happened while I was travelling there. I was asked to go to a public-house, and see a woman who was dying. I found her rejoicing in the Saviour. I asked her how she had found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of newspaper. I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American paper, containing an extract from one of 'Spurgeon's Sermons,' which extract had been the means of her conversion. 'Where did you get this newspaper from?' I said. She answered, 'It was wrapped round a parcel which was sent me from Australia.' Talk about the hidden life of the good seed! Think of that. Sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, an extract reprinted in a newspaper there, that paper sent to Australia, part then torn off (as we should say, accidentally) for the parcel, despatched to England, and, after all its wanderings, conveys the message of salvation to the woman's soul. God's word shall not return to him void."

RICHMOND-STREET MISSION, WALWORTH.—The annual meeting of the friends engaged at this mission was held on *Wednesday evening, Feb.* 28. After tea, at which ninety friends were present, Mr. Dunn presided, and was supported by Messrs. Barr, Llewellyn, Northcroft, Williams, Woollard, Johnson, and many other sympathizers with the work. Seventeen reports of the various works carried on at the Mission were read or delivered. Every department of Christian work represented at this offshoot of the Tabernacle is in a healthy and flourishing condition both financially and religiously, the money required for carrying on each department being subscribed by the workers themselves. There are at least one hundred friends engaged in this Mission, most of whom are members of the Tabernacle church. Two young men, old scholars of the school, were present, and gave their testimony to the benefits they had individually received. One of them, who is now engaged in the Lord's work in another part of London, stated that, when he first came to the school, he tried all in his power to break his teacher's leg, but the Lord broke his heart. The other, "who was ready to fight anybody," found the Saviour before he left the school, and a few years ago joined her Majesty's Navy, and we believe is a power for good among his shipmates. Many cases similar to these could be mentioned. All who are engaged in this work rejoice to know that they are not labouring in vain in the Lord.

The Mission has the willing services of 100 Christian men and women, and comprises Ragged-schools, Sunday-schools, Young Men's and Women's Bible-classes, Children's Services, Mothers' Meetings, Penny Bank, Band of Hope, Young Christians' Association, Tract Society, Pure Literature Society, Mutual Improvement Society, Evangelists' Association, Libraries, etc., etc. It cannot be carried on without considerable expense, and the committee, therefore, appeal for additional subscriptions, which will be gladly received by the treasurer, Mr. Russell, 231, Walworth-road; or the president, Mr. Dunn, 65, Boyson-road.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—February 22, nineteen; February, 26 thirteen; March 1, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. De K.	0	2	6
Almshouses Sunday-school	6	6	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Baker	0	10	0
Mr. John Hughes	1	0	0
Mrs. Jane Hughes...	0	10	0
Mr. David Wilmot	2	1	1
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
G. G., near John o' Groat's	1	0	0
D. M., Aberdeenshire	2	0	0
Mr. Ezra Horn	0	5	0
John xvii. 21	7	0	0
Collection at James'-grove Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. J. Dann ...	3	10	0
Collection at Cross-street Chapel, Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones ...	7	12	5
Βαπτισμα	8	7	8
Executors of the late Mr. W. Higgs ...	50	0	0
Mrs. Willis	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	1	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Mr. A. Allen	5	0	0
Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
W. C., W.	0	2	6
Mr. C. Allard	0	10	0
B.	0	5	0
Master Charles Spurgeon Pratt	1	0	0
Collection at Putney Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Thomas	2	0	0
Collected by Master C. Welton	0	5	0
Pastor John Green	0	5	0
Pastor George Goodchild	0	5	0
Pastor W. Smolden	0	12	0
Collection at King's-road Chapel, Reading, per Pastor W. Anderson	8	16	10
Office Box, Metropolitan Tabernacle	0	10	6
Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Pastor G. Duncan	1	0	0
C. S. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. Priestman	1	0	0
Crystal spring	0	10	0
Mrs. Phillips, per Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	10	0
Mr. James A. Menzies	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	10	6
Mrs. Tunstall	1	0	0
Mrs. Stephens	20	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Communion collection by Church in Plum Tree House	0	15	0
Rev. George Hearson	2	2	0
D. W.	0	10	0
Miss M. Miller	0	10	0
Collection at Dereham, per Pastor A. Mills	3	10	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
L. P.	0	1	4
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	0	7	0
Mr. W. Johnson, Fulbourn	50	0	0
Mrs. Berry, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Pomeroy, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Mr. Harper, per Pastor Thomas Whittle	1	1	0
Pastor A. Pidgeon	0	12	0
Weekly Offering at Met. Tab. :—			
Feb. 18	27	6	8
„ 25	34	17	5
Mar. 4	45	17	10
„ 11	30	0	0
	138	1	11
	£802	16	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs Whitty	0	3	6
Miss Scarfe	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. G. Eley	0	12	6
Miss Anne Whatley	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Furse	3	3	0
Mr. H. H. Cubby	0	10	0
Mr. J. Everett	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Baker	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	15	0
Three sermon-readers, Dunfermline	0	3	0
"Friend"	2	10	0
A country shopkeeper near Westbury, Wilts	5	0	0
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school	1	10	0
A young friend, Marnoch, N.B.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Curtis	0	4	6
Miss C. M. Brereton	0	10	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	2	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
S. T.	1	0	0
Miss S. Guilford	2	12	9
R. E. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Dixon	1	0	0
Mrs. R. Blyth	1	10	0
Collected at Fleet, Hants, by Mr. John Young	0	10	0
T. A. S.	10	0	0
Rev. H. A. Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Pendlebury	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	0	0
Miss E. Chenoweth	25	0	0
Mr. J. S. Potter	5	0	0
Mr. David McLaren	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Champness	2	0	0
A Newhaven friend, per Mr. S. Sargeant	10	0	0
Mrs. Willis	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood	2	6	0
Mr. J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. James McIntyre	1	0	0
Miss Louisa Steer	0	10	0
Teachers and children, Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry	0	12	6
A thankoffering	2	0	0
Stephen, half commission on a fresh account	0	10	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Watson	1	1	0
Mr. C. Allard	0	5	0
Mr. R. Julian	0	10	0
Mr. J. Perry	0	5	0
Q. E. B. L.	5	0	0
Mr. R. Bryer	1	0	0
Mr. S. Nutter	1	1	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
Two sisters in Christ, Kingsbridge	0	2	6
Miss Annie Green	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Henry W. Spice	0	12	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at New Southgate Baptist Chapel	13	5	6
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	16	0
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. C. R. Vines	10	10	0
Sale of old iron	2	13	0
Shoreditch Tabernacle, per V. J. C.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Harris	5	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Boyle Charles	0	14	6
Mr. D. Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. Taylor and two sons	0	4	0
Miss E. E. S. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wormleighton	1	1	0
Mr. John Young	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Prebble	1	13	4
J. W., Torquay	0	2	0
Executors of the late Mr. William Higgs	500	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Stiff	1	0	6
Per J. T. D. :—			
Mrs. Pomeroy 0 2 6			
Miss Morris 0 2 6			
	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	0	11	6
J. M. N., per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	15	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Sandwich, per Bankers, January 31st	2	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, March 1st ...	2	2	0
Sale of photographs	0	3	6
Sale of Stockwell Orphanage Tracts ...	0	7	6
Gorebridge Sabbath School, per Rev. T. Forsyth	1	0	0
Mr. William Munro	1	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. West	1	0	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	1	0	0
Miss Emily Wallis...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	1	12	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
H. L., Doncaster Infirmary	0	2	0
Mrs. Phillips, per Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-scholars, Anstruther...	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. William Thomas	4	0	0
T. A. H. P. W.	10	0	0
In memory of dear little Beatie ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Booth	2	0	0
Mrs. Booth's children	0	12	0
S.	1	0	0
Mrs. Stephens	10	0	0
Proceeds of Entertainment by Orphanage Choir at Norwich	40	10	11
Mr. J. G. Howlett	10	0	0
	50	10	11
Proceeds of Entertainment by Orphanage Choir at Dereham	26	3	10
Proceeds of Entertainment by Orphanage Choir at Swaffham...	20	0	0
Mrs. Priestman	1	0	0
H. H., Aberdeen	1	0	0
Mrs. Mackay and friends	0	7	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
C. G. C.	0	1	0
Three poor women, Ivinghoe Aston ...	0	2	0
E. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. T. Thomson	5	0	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Mrs. Simmons	1	0	0
G. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Bubb	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	5	5	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mrs. Man	0	10	0
Mrs. Collen and Sisters	2	2	0
C.C.C., a thankoffering	0	2	0
Birthday, H. Y.	0	10	0
A friend, per Mr. Coxeter	0	10	0
Mrs. Hague, per Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. New	0	7	4
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per list	1	11	9
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, per list	2	19	3
Executor of the late Miss Carr ...	111	3	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. T. R. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Henry Brown ... 0 10 0			
	0	15	0
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
Mr. H. C. Banister	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 5 0			
Mr. Joseph Huntley ... 2 0 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 1 0 0			
Mr. Joseph Morris 1 1 0			
Mr. D. Heelas 1 0 0			
Mr. R. Oakshott 0 10 0			
Alberta and Edie Ward ... 0 6 8			
Jas. Withers (quarterly) ... 0 5 0			
H. Cooper (quarterly) ... 0 1 1			
	11	8	9
	£915	17	11

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 15th to March 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: 2 sides of Bacon, Mr. S. Newton; 1 chest of Tea, Messrs. Begg, Dunlop, and Co., per Messrs. Hickie and Company; 10 barn gallons milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 1 keg of Mustard, Messrs. J. and J. Colman; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 1 bag of Winkles, Mr. S. Thomson.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—44 Cloth Jackets, Mr. W. Johnston; 2 Knitted Scarfs, Mrs. M. Wyatt.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—134 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Party, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 Articles, The Misses Glazebrook and Pupils; 44 Articles, The Young Ladies' Working Party, West Croydon Baptist Chapel, per Miss Henson and Mrs. Stoneman; 2 Knitted Petticoats, H. Sharman, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 24 Articles, Three Friends.

GENERAL.—1 Scrap Book and sundries, Miss Edwards; 12 Kettle-holders, Mr. J. Chislett; a Scrap Album, Mr. G. Williams.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Eldridge, A., 4s 4d; Harris, A. V., 5s; Messenger, John, 2s 9d; Knibb, C., 5s 9d; Part, G., 3s 3d; Spurgeon, H. and W., 7s; Tyler, Geo., 3s 8d.—Total, £1 11s 9d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Gould, Lilly, 16s 9d; Williams, A., £1 2s 6d; James, F., £1.—Total, £2 19s 3d.

NOTE.—Erratum.—March "Sword and Trowel," page 155. Collecting box—Mrs. W. Barton, £2 7s. 5d., should be Mrs. W. Burton.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Clout	1	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. James 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			
Misses Pugh 0 7 6			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. Whitfield 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
	5	0	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hall	5	0	0
Mr. S. Nutter	1	1	0
M. A. T.	0	10	0
Collected at Young Women's Prayer Meeting, Arbroath	0	17	0
Mr. Lucas Collins	1	0	0
Three sermon-readers, Dunfermline ...	0	3	6
Mr. R. Lewis, for "The Liverpool House":—	1	0	0
James, Spencer, and Maude Blyth ...	1	0	0
The widow's mite	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Ewan MacDonald	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Baptist Sunday-scholars, Anstruther ...	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Gibson...	5	0	0
Mrs. Collen and Sisters	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. H. C. Banister	1	1	0
	£31	7	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Greenwood, for Brentford ...	40	0	0
East Langton District	20	0	0
Norfolk Association, Tittleshall District	10	0	0
Islington District, per Pastor F. A. Jones	10	0	0
Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge District	7	10	0
Mr. Thos. R—, for Sellindge District...	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District, per Mrs. Bell	10	0	0
A Friend, for Kent	33	18	0
Mr. G. H. Dean, for Sittingbourne ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
A Friend, for Bower Chalk District, for 1883	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per Mr. T. White	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham ...	20	0	0
Bethnal-green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington (quarterly) ...	5	0	0
	£243	18	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Carrington Chemist	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Dixon	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Potter	5	0	0
Mrs. Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. Armitage	1	0	0
Mrs. Willis	1	1	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. Jas. Withers	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	15	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
Mrs. Paget, per Mrs. Griffiths	0	10	0
P. W. A.	5	5	0
Mrs. Stephens	10	0	0
	£43	16	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	20	2	10
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Ross	6	4	3
Thankoffering from Knighton, for Mr. Burnham's services	2	0	0
Thankoffering from Wintoun-street, Leeds, for Mr. Burnham's services ...	1	10	0
Thankoffering from New Whittington, for Mr. Burnham's services	1	10	0
Mrs. Willis	1	1	0
Balance of collections at Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Hitchin...	25	0	0
Mr. W. Webber	5	0	0

	£	s.	d
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Gloucester ...	27	10	0
Balance of collection at Long Buckley, per Mr. Burnham	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Pastor James McNab	2	0	0
Mrs. Stephens	20	0	0
Mr. A. Armstrong...	0	3	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£115	6	1

Auckland Tabernacle Fund.—Miss Shevier, 10s; a friend, per Mr. W. Olney, 5s.; A. B. C., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, 10s.; a reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, Edinburgh, £1; S., £1.

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, 1883.

The Use of Wool in the Ears.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE are told concerning Bernard of Clairvaux that, after he had given himself up entirely to contemplation and walking with God, he met with a considerable difficulty in the visits of those friends who were still in the world. Their conversation brought back thoughts and feelings connected with the frivolities which he had for ever forsaken; and on one occasion, after he had been wearied with the idle chit-chat of his visitors, he found himself unable to raise his heart towards heaven. When he was engaged in the exercise of prayer he felt that their idle talk was evidently the cause of his losing fellowship with God. He could not well forbid his friends coming, and therefore he prepared himself for their injurious conversation by carefully stopping his ears with little wads of flax. He then buried his head deep in his cowl, and though exposed for an hour to their conversation, he heard nothing, and consequently suffered no injury. He spoke to each of them some few words for edification, and they went their way. We do not suppose that for any great length of time he was much troubled with such visitors, for he must have been an uncommonly uninteresting companion. If people once discover that their clatter is lost upon you, they are not quite so eager to repeat the infliction.

We are not admirers of Bernard's monastic severity, but we wish it were possible to imitate his use of wool, in the spirit if not in the letter. We are all thrown in the way of persons who will talk; and their talk has in it about as much solidity as the comet, of which we

are told that a thousand square miles, if condensed and compressed, would go into a thimble or an acorn-cup. Cowper made an accurate computation of the value of ordinary conversation when he said,—

> "Collect at ev'ning what the day brought forth,
> Compress the sum into its solid worth,
> And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
> The scales are false, or algebra a lie."

If it were of any use to these human fog-horns, whose noise so much disturbs gracious souls, we would reason with them: but, alas, it would be casting pearls before parrots, who would hop off with them, drop them, and come back to scream again. Still, though it may be wasted effort, we would tell them a little story, which we met with in a tiny book called "Gold Dust." "'Mother,' asked a child, 'since nothing is ever lost, where do all our thoughts go?' 'To God,' answered the mother, gravely, 'who remembers them for ever.' 'For ever!' said the child; he leaned his head, and drawing closer to his mother, murmured, 'I am frightened!'"

Do you triflers never feel frightened too? If so, permit this healthy fear to grow; and remember that idle words are worse than idle thoughts, for they lead others into evil, and murder good thoughts in those who else might have quietly meditated.

As the topics of conversation which are usually intruded upon devout minds are worthless, if not worse, the best way is to escape from them altogether; but when this is not possible; oh, would that the gift of deafness could be conferred upon us! Oh, to protect the drum of the ear with a plate of iron! Will no one invent us ear-shields? The process of letting chit-chat go in at one ear and out at the other is greatly injurious to the brain; and the mere passage of such traffic through the mind is painful to the spiritual man's heart. It would be a far better thing not to let it enter at all. Could we not manage, by determinedly introducing holy topics, to become as truly bores to the foolish talkers as the chatterboxes are to us? or, better still, could we not turn the flood of conversation into a profitable channel, and subdue wild tongues to some useful service, as men tame rushing rivulets and make them turn their mill-wheels? Oh, that it were possible!

How often, immediately after a holy service, where in heart and mind we have been carried to the top of Tabor, so that we have beheld the transfiguration of all gracious truth, have we come down to the foot of the mountain to meet with very fools! They have inane remarks to offer upon the congregation, the faults of the singing, the mistakes of the preacher, or other worthless trifles. They behave as if, in the presence of God, and heaven, and hell, they found a fit place for acting the merry-andrew, and playing their fantastic tricks. If they have ever been in the presence of the King of kings, they have been more engrossed by the dust beneath his feet than with his majesty and glory. This dust they bring away, and throw into our eyes, so that with the pain thereof the holy vision vanishes away. Oh, that such beings should exist! The kites and ravens which pounced upon Abraham's sacrifice the patriarch drove away; but these swoop down upon a sudden, and, despite our protests, they remain to rob the altars of God.

We are in our study, wrapt in holy meditation: woe unto us, for there is a knock at the door, and a person enters who cannot be denied admission. A draught of cold air seems to follow him into the room. Our devotion is chilled. He goes away, and it would seem as if the Master went out of the door at the same time. It may take us hours of earnest seeking to find our Beloved again: the heavenly spell is broken, and we could weep scalding tears of regret that so much is lost without compensation and without reason. The senseless caller has not left a thought behind him worth throwing into the waste-basket. Then have we sighed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," that sound of chattering talkatives might never reach us more.

We have sought solitude; we have stolen away from the haunts of men into the congenial sphere of nature: holiness is written upon every leaf, and flower, and green blade; a solemn stillness girds us; our heart is ascending like the lark that rises from the field to heaven; our spirit is exhaling odours of gratitude and joy, like the fragrant perfume of the flowers around us; we feel fellowship with the Master when the Spirit led him into the wilderness: and lo! to complete the parallel, the devil appears to tempt us. He comes not in the form of the fiend himself, for then would we commence a sacred combat, in which, by God's help, we would gain the victory; but he comes in the shape of a worldly acquaintance, uninvited, undesired. This said friend is well enough for a passing salute, and by no means so malicious as wilfully to play the serpent in our Paradise: but just here and now! Oh Providence, thy wisdom is inscrutable! Why bring this being here? He, of all men! What want we with *him?* We might as well have met the boatswain of Barclay's Ship of Fools. Oh, dear good creature, why stray you in this direction? Poor soul, what sent you here to do for my meditations what Newton's dog Diamond did for the philosopher's profound calculations when he overturned the candle and set the papers on a blaze? Yet here he is, and there is no hiding from him among the trees of the wood; we must bear his idle prattle as best we may. He cracks a senseless joke, and then chatters on with meaningless remarks upon the weather, and our own appearance, and our solitude. He cannot be shaken off; he must rattle till he has run down. Sympathy with silence he never had, nor with sense either. Ah me! His thoughtless foot has trampled on our communion with Jesus; his idle talk has chased away the sacred Dove! It is our duty to pray for such spiritual Goths and Vandals; but among the petitions is one that we may be delivered from them. We have longed to be like Alexander Selkirk, on a desert island, with ten thousand leagues of impassable water, or fire if need be, between us and the distracting tongues of empty minds. Do you wonder that men have built cells for themselves amid the crags of Sinai, or have roamed over desert sands by the Red Sea shore, or have immured themselves in monasteries to escape from distractions? The restless scourge of vanity has whipped noble minds into an intolerance of men.

Why is it that devotion is so fair and frail a thing? Must it ever be so? Cannot meditation grow more robust? Alas, we fear that if holy contemplation grows within the sterile soil of our heart, it must always

be a delicate exotic, liable to be withered by the first breath of earth's sirocco? Shall we never come to be in such a condition that fellowship with God will be like the grass that grows in the meadows, which may be trodden on by a thousand travellers and yet will lift up its head again, and spread a carpet fit for the feet of angels? Surely there must be something radically wrong with us still: regenerating work cannot be so complete as it might be. If we were wholly renewed we might traverse a market, and remain in heaven; pass through all the babble of contention's tongues, and yet possess the peace of God which passeth all understanding; dwell in the tents of Kedar, and yet be as much alone with God as if every scoffer were a saint, and every fool an angel. Shall we ever reach to this? The burning aspiration for it is the promise that we shall. Let us struggle upwards till our absorption into the love of Christ shall fill our ears with something better than wads of wool, and our communion with the heavenly shall make us like David when he said, "I, as a deaf man, heard not." Till that comes it will be a sign of grace to be weary of that which is graceless. It will be a mark of wisdom to be impatient of the follies of human converse. It will be a sign of heavenliness if we can regard our disturbers with compassion, and lend ourselves to lift up these earthbound ones as well as our own hearts. Even as the eagle is said to bear her young upon her wings, and soar upward with them toward the sun, we too, though burdened with the load, may yet learn to bear all companies, and all their converse, upward into fellowship with God.

Professors of the Higher Life.

A METHODIST preacher of long experience (a doctor of divinity too) lately remarked in a Southern paper: "I have known hundreds of men and women, who made no pretensions to holiness, who had experienced no 'second blessing,' who had found no 'new light,' who sought no 'higher life,' who, in fact, were just as pure, true, and holy in life and conversation as the best so-called 'holiness people' I ever saw, and *not half so troublesome in the church.*" There is nobody who can stir up so many church rows, and keep them boiling so long, as your brother or sister who has received the "second blessing" and is living the "higher life."—*New York Examiner.*

On looking back through thirty years of church life we are compelled to come to the conclusion that the most unsatisfactory members we have ever had have been those who were most satisfied with themselves. One brother became so thoroughly sanctified that he could not live with his wife; and another had so clean escaped from sin of every sort that he quitted us all in disgust. We find in the Sunday-school, the Lay Preachers' Association, the Christian Young Men's meetings, and in all other forms of work, that as soon as any of the brethren or the sisters begin to brag about their holiness they become wholly useless, and before long the place that knew them knows them no more. "Great cry and little wool" men are not very numerous among us, but we have a few now and then just by way of variety.—C. H. S.

The Rise of Primitive Methodism.*

PRIMITIVE METHODISM took its rise in open-air preaching. The camp-meetings held in the beginning of this century on Mow Cop—a hill on the confines of Cheshire and Staffordshire—were the cradle of the movement. Born in the open air, it has maintained a vigorous and healthy, if somewhat rough, existence; and has done a vast amount of honest work for God in the land. Had the leaders of the Wesleyan organization at that time been wiser, what we now call Primitive Methodism might have been a department of the great Wesleyan Methodist Church; just as half a century earlier the Church of England, had it exercised a little shrewdness, and welcomed John Wesley, instead of frowning upon him, might have become enormously strengthened, both materially and morally, and might now embrace within itself the splendid organization that has arisen from Wesley's apostolic labours and practical wisdom. But societies and men are apt to be blind to their own interests, like the Irish labourer who, when his master offered him twenty-five shillings a week instead of twenty-one, refused to be cheated out of his real wages. There is a shortsighted bigotry which shuts out a new advantage because it is new; and narrow spirits let mighty movements pass by them, instead of opening out to receive their impulse, and finding themselves swept along by them to increased prosperity and power.

The interesting story of the rise of Primitive Methodism is told in a chatty and discursive manner in the little book before us. Hugh Bourne was—as everyone knows—its principal founder. He was the son of a small farmer at Fordhays, in Staffordshire, and was born in 1772. His early characteristics were singularly unprophetic of the bold career that lay before him. In his lonely home, surrounded by wide moorlands, he grew up a timid, bashful boy. His mind was distressed with deep conviction of sin, and for twenty years he seldom retired to bed without a fear of being in hell before morning. There fell into his hands a book of "miscellanies," containing among other things some writings by Wesley and Fletcher of Madeley. The reading of this book let light into his mind, and on one memorable Sabbath morning in 1799, as he sat in his father's house reading Fletcher, he was, to use his own expression, "born in an instant, and passed from death unto life." He very soon joined the Wesleyan body at Ridgway, and began tentatively to feel his way in Christian usefulness; only slowly, however, for it was a year and a half before his timidity allowed him even to engage in public prayer. Meanwhile he diligently occupied himself in reading and study.

Harriseahead, where he lived, was a village half-a-mile from Mow Cop, and four miles from Tunstall and Burslem. The district, like many others of that day, was abandoned to a very low type of godlessness. Bull-baiting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and pugilism were extensively practised. The Methodists had lost the heroic fervour of the days of Whitefield and Wesley, and, forgetful of their noble birth-era

* "The Founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion: their Life and Work." By Thomas Church. London: Primitive Methodist Book Room.

of vast open-air gatherings for gospel preaching, were confining themselves within their chapels, and, like other denominations, delivering elaborate discourses to those who chose to assemble. No church made any considerable attempt to reach the tens of thousands who disdained to enter a meeting-house. This state of things weighed upon the mind of Bourne, and feeling vaguely that something ought to be done, he pitched upon the very wisest possible course: he began with an individual. A relative of his, a collier named Daniel Shubotham, lived in the village, a man famous for boxing, poaching, and crime. Bourne set himself to seek this man's conversion. On Christmas Day, 1800, he took a walk with him, as he had often done before, to converse with him about his soul, and at parting left him, sorrowfully fearing that his labours were in vain. But Daniel went home and found his companions at cards. "No more of this!" he cried; "if you will not go to heaven with me, I will not go to hell with you." The players paused and rose to go, saying, "Hugh Bourne has driven him mad." Bourne and Shubotham were soon joined by Bailey, a collier recently converted.

Prayer-meetings were held in the village, and a great awakening began. So many were converted and so crowded did the prayer-meetings become, that often time failed for all who wished to engage in prayer. On one of these occasions Shubotham exclaimed, "You shall have a meeting upon Mow some Sunday; have a whole day's praying, and then you'll be satisfied." A day's praying! The idea fastened itself upon the people's minds, and became a common topic. Meanwhile the revival spread; and when, through some strange jealousy, efforts to obtain a class-leader from the Wesleyans failed, the conduct of the work devolved upon Bourne and his two friends. Bourne was now pressed to preach, which he did with much trembling from the words, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." One soul was given as the fruit of this first sermon. Spreading to Tunstall, the revival laid hold of William Clowes, who afterwards became Bourne's foremost helper.

We come now to the incident which proved to be the fruitful seed of the Primitive Methodist tree. In 1806, Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric and powerful American Methodist preacher, visited Ireland and England. Tall and thin, with penetrating eyes, hair reaching to the waist, beard covering his breast, of lively imagination, yet a close reasoner, this man was excelled by few in earnestness and in success in soul-winning. He preached with great effect, held open-air meetings, and gave thrilling accounts of camp-meetings in America, in which he had taken a prominent part. Listening and pondering, Bourne thought he saw before him the agency that should lift the godless population out of its indifference and vice; and after much anxious prayer resolved to commence the attack on Satan's dominion, by holding a camp-meeting at Norton, at the time of the village wake. His friends at Harriseahead were not only willing to co-operate, but so anxious to begin that a preliminary camp-meeting was arranged at Mow Cop, in their own territory. This was fixed for Sunday, May 31st, 1807—the "day's praying" come at last. The announcement flew through the district as if it had gone on the wings of angels. The morning opened with much rain and a cold inclement wind; but at six o'clock a small group of Cheshire

people assembled on the hill, under the shelter of a grove of fir-trees, and began to sing. Several prayed, and two sermons followed, the service proceeding in a lively and powerful manner. During the morning the crowds so vastly increased that a second stand was raised, and another praying and preaching service commenced. At noon a third stand was set up, and Bourne, as he ascended it and surveyed the scene exclaimed, "Thousands are hearing with attention, solemn as death." Presently, as the people continued to increase, a fourth stand was fixed, and then a fifth. Clowes himself describes the scene. "At this period the meeting presented a most magnificent and sublime spectacle. Four preachers simultaneously crying to sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Thousands listening with devout attention. Many in deep distress, and others pleading with heaven on their behalf! Some loudly praising God for the great things brought to pass, and others rejoicing in the testimony of their sins being forgiven." The meeting continued till half-past eight in the evening, and was crowned by the conversion of several souls. "I felt excessively exhausted," Clowes afterwards said, "having laboured from about six in the morning, with little cessation, till eight o'clock in the evening. But the *glory* that filled my soul on that day far exceeds my powers of description. It was a Sabbath in which Jesus made glad the hearts of his saints, and sent his arrows to the hearts of sinners. The propriety and *utility* of camp-meetings appeared to everyone. So great was the work effected that all were ready to say, "We have seen strange things to-day."

After this, camp-meetings were held at short intervals in various parts of the neighbourhood. The local Wesleyan authorities disclaimed all connection with them, and required their lay preachers to declare against them; checking sympathy, indeed, with all evangelistic efforts which were not of strictly Wesleyan official origin, as the following example, which is closely connected with the history of Primitive Methodism, will show. James Crawfoot, a good man who lived in Delamere Forest, and became afterwards known as the old forester, was passing one evening through Warrington on business, when he was requested by a friend to "turn in and give a sermon" to a "Quaker Methodist Congregation," which was then waiting, having been disappointed of the preacher. The worthy man consented, and the sermon was made a blessing to the people. For this offence Crawfoot was summoned to the next quarterly meeting, to "account for his conduct in giving the sanction of his labours to such as were not in connection with the Wesleyan body." He pleaded that neither reason nor Scripture justified them in limiting the labours of an unpaid servant to their church exclusively; that he had a divine right to serve the cause of Christ wherever he could do so, without neglecting his appointments on their plan; and concluded by addressing the Chairman in these words, "Sir, if you have deviated from the old usages, I have not, and I still remain a Primitive Methodist." Crawfoot was excluded; but his happy phrase, as we shall see, furnished a name five years afterwards for the organization, which resulted from the labours of Bourne and his co-workers.

Bourne, led on by his success and by the evident tokens of God's approval, had been for twelve months engaged in this new movement, and in preaching the gospel wherever he could find an opening, when the

Wesleyans at Burslem expelled him from their membership. He had been a most useful member for nine years; had, through his camp-meetings and other preaching work, brought great numbers into their fellowship, and had extensively revived the dormant piety of their churches; yet they expelled him without summoning him to the meeting or acquainting him with the charge to be brought against him; nor was he ever afterwards informed why he was expelled. He was, moreover, on a preaching tour at the time of his expulsion. The good man's heart was deeply grieved, but he bore no resentment, and did not attempt to weaken their hands or cause them trouble. He steadily carried out his plans, endeavoured to turn as many to righteousness as he could, and invited the converts to cast in their lot with the church which had disowned him. In this noble spirit he wrought for two years, and many were gathered to Christ, and to the Wesleyan Church.

At length, in 1810, the Wesleyans took their final stand and prohibited their members from attending camp-meetings. Clowes was expelled for the offence. "Up to this time," Bourne afterwards wrote, "we had laboured among the Wesleyans, and they among us without jealousy; but now they made a law, or rule, to keep their members from attending our camp-meetings; so they drew a clear line between the Wesleyan and Primitive Connexions. . . . We cannot charge the Wesleyans with wrong in making a law to prevent their members from attending the camp-meetings; but from providential circumstances, as well as divine impressions, it now appeared to be the will of God that we, as a camp-meeting community, should form classes and take upon us the care of churches in the fear of God. This had to be done with care, with faith, and with holy fear. As the Lord opened our way we went forward in it."

The first "class," independent of the Wesleyan community, was formed at Standley, in Staffordshire, in March, 1810, the new organization being popularly known as the Camp-meeting Community until, in 1812, it adopted the title of the Primitive Methodist Connexion.

Bourne never married. He laboured like a Hercules in his Master's work, travelling on foot on preaching tours through the length and breadth of the land, often walking forty miles a day. He laboured without pay for sixteen years, and then received from the Primitive Methodist Conference the "single man's" salary of £16 per annum, with ten shillings a week for board and lodging. He edited the monthly and quarterly Primitive Methodist magazines, published the hymn-book, a commentary on John, and several other works, and exercised his clear head and remarkable legislative capacity upon the maturing of the connexional system. He died on the 11th October, 1852, in his eighty-first year. His friends were gathered round his bed, afraid to disturb him. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked intently upward, then raising his hand he exclaimed, "My old companions! My mother!" and so he passed away. He left behind him nearly 10,000 itinerant and local preachers, 110,000 members, and 140,000 Sabbath-school teachers and scholars. Could any man desire a nobler monument?

Most heartily do we say, "God speed the Primitive Methodists!"

C. A. D.

Anecdotes from the Pulpit.

A LECTURE TO THE COLLEGE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 187).

NO examples will have greater weight with you than those taken from among the Puritans, in whose steps it is our desire to walk, though, alas! we follow with feeble feet. Certain of them abounded in anecdotes and stories: *Thomas Brooks* is a signal instance of the wise and wealthy use of holy fancy. I put him first, because I reckon him to be the first in the special art which is now under consideration. He hath dust of gold; for even in the margins of his books there are sentences of exceeding preciousness, and hints at classic stories. His style is clear and full; he never so exceeds in illustration as to lose sight of his doctrine. His floods of metaphor never drown his meaning, but float it upon their surface. If you have never read his works I almost envy you the joy of entering for the first time upon his "Unsearchable Riches," trying his "Precious Remedies," tasting his "Apples of Gold," communing with his "Mute Christian," and enjoying his other masterly writings. Let me give you a taste of his quality in the way of anecdotes. Here are a few brief ones which lie almost upon the same page; but he so abounds with them that you may readily cull scores of better ones for yourselves.

MR. WELCH WEEPING.

"A soul under special manifestations of love weeps that it can love Christ no more. Mr. Welch, a Suffolk minister, weeping at table, and being asked the reason of it, answered, it was because he could love Christ no more. The true lovers of Christ can never rise high enough in their love to Christ; they count a little love to be no love; great love to be but little; strong love to be but weak; and the highest love to be infinitely below the worth of Christ, the beauty and glory of Christ, the fulness, sweetness, and goodness of Christ. The top of their misery in this life is that they love so little, though they are so much beloved."

SUBMISSIVE SILENCE.

"Such was the silence of Philip the Second, King of Spain, that when his invincible Armada, that had been three years a-fitting, was lost, he gave command that all over Spain they should give thanks to God and the saints that it was no more grievous."

FAVOURITES SUBMITTING TO THEIR LORDS.

"When Teribazus, a noble Persian, was arrested, at first he drew his sword and defended himself; but when they charged him in the king's name, and informed him that they came from the king, and were commanded to bring him to the king, he yielded willingly. Seneca persuaded his friend to bear his affliction quietly, because he was the emperor's favourite, telling him that it was not lawful for him to complain whilst Cæsar was his friend. So saith the holy Christian, Oh, my soul, be quiet, be still; all is in love, all is a fruit of Divine favour."

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

"A religious commander being shot in battle, when the wound was searched and the bullet cut out, some standing by pitying his pain, he replied, 'Though I groan, yet I bless God I do not grumble.' God allows his people to groan, though not to grumble."

Thomas Adams, the Conforming Puritan, whose sermons are full of rugged force and profound meaning, never hesitated to insert a story

when he felt that it would enforce his teaching. His starting-point is ever some Biblical sentence, or Scriptural history; and this he works out with much elaboration, bringing to it all the treasures of his mind. As Stowell says, "Fables, anecdotes, classical poetry, gems from the fathers and other old writers, are scattered over almost every page." His anecdotes are usually rough-and-ready ones, and might be compared to those of Latimer, only they are not so genial; their humour is generally grim and caustic. The following may serve as fair specimens:—

THE HUSBAND AND HIS WITTY WIFE.

"The husband told his wife that he had one ill quality, he was given to be angry without cause; she wittily replied that she would keep him from that fault, for she would give him cause enough. It is the folly of some that they will be offended without cause, to whom the world promises that they shall have causes enough. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.'"

THE SERVANT AT THE SERMON.

"It is ordinary with many to commend the lecture to others' ears, but few commend it to their own hearts. It is morally true what the Christian Tell-truth relates: A servant coming from church praiseth the sermon to his master. He asks him what was the text. Nay, quoth the servant, it was begun before I came in. What, then, was his conclusion? He answered, I came out before it was done. But what said he in the midst? Indeed, I was asleep in the midst. Many crowd to get into the church, but make no room for the sermon to get into them."

THE PICTURE OF A HORSE.

"One charged a painter to draw him *equum volitantem*, a trotting or prancing horse; and he (mistaking the word) drew him *equum volutantem*, a wallowing or tumbling horse, with his heels upward. Being brought home, and the bespeaker blaming his error; I would have him prancing, and you have made him tumbling. If that be all, quoth the painter, it is but turning the picture wrong side uppermost, and you have your desire. Thus in their quodlibetical discourses they can but turn the lineaments, and the matter is as they would have it. I speak not this to disgrace all their learning, but their fruitless, needless disputes and arguments, who find themselves a tongue where the Scripture allows them none."

THE PIRATE.

"As when the desperate pirate, ransacking and rifling a bottom, was told by the master, that though no law could touch him for the present, he should answer it at the day of judgment; replied, Nay, if I may stay so long ere I come to it, I will take thee and thy vessel too. A conceit wherewith too many land-thieves, oppressors, flatter themselves in their hearts, though they dare not utter it with their lips."

William Gurnall, the author of "The Christian in Complete Armour," must surely have been a relater of pertinent stories in his sermons, since even in his set and solid writings they occur. Perhaps I need not have made the distinction between his writings and his preaching, for it appears from the preface that his "Christian in Complete Armour" was preached before it was printed. In vivid imagery every page of his famous book abounds, and whenever this is the case we are sure to light upon short narratives and striking incidents. He is as profuse in illustration as either Brooks, Watson, or Swinnock. Happy Lavenham to have been served by such a pastor. By the way, this "Complete Armour" is beyond all others a preacher's book: I should think that more discourses have been suggested by it than by any other uninspired volume. I have

often resorted to it when my own fire has been burning low, and I have seldom failed to find a glowing coal upon Gurnall's hearth. John Newton said that if he might read only one book beside the Bible, he would choose "The Christian in Complete Armour," and Cecil was of much the same opinion. J. C. Ryle has said of it, "You will often find in a line and a half some great truth, put so concisely, and yet so fully, that you really marvel how so much thought could be got into so few words." One or two stories from the early part of his great work must suffice for our purpose.

THE BIRD SAFE IN A MAN'S BOSOM.

"A heathen could say, when a bird (feared by a hawk) flew into his bosom, 'I will not betray thee unto thine enemy, seeing thou comest for sanctuary unto me.' How much less will God yield up a soul unto its enemy, when it takes sanctuary in his Name, saying, 'Lord, I am hunted with such a temptation, dogged with such a lust; either thou must pardon it, or I am damned; mortify it, or I shall be a slave to it; take me into the bosom of thy love, for Christ's sake; castle me in the arms of thy everlasting strength; it is in thy power to save me from, or give me up into, the hands of my enemy; I have no confidence in myself or any other; into thy hands I commit my cause, my life, and rely on thee.' This dependence of a soul undoubtedly will awaken the almighty power of God for such a one's defence: he hath sworn the greatest oath that can come out of his blessed lips, even by himself, that such as 'flee for refuge' to hope in him shall have 'strong consolation': Hebrews vi. 17, 18."

THE PRINCE WITH HIS FAMILY IN DANGER.

"Suppose a king's son should get out of a besieged city, where he hath left his wife and children (whom he loves as his own soul), and these all ready to die by sword or famine, if supply come not the sooner; could this prince, when arrived at his father's house, please himself with the delights of the court, and forget the distress of his family? or rather would he not come post to his father (having their cries and groans always in his ears), and, before he ate or drank, do his errand to his father, and entreat him, if ever he loved him, that he would send all the force of his kingdom to raise the siege, rather than any of his dear relations should perish? Surely, sirs, though Christ be in the top of his preferment, and out of the storm in regard of his own person, yet his children, left behind in the midst of sin's, Satan's, and the world's batteries, are in his heart, and shall not be forgotten a moment by him. The care he takes in our business appeared in the speedy dispatch he made of his Spirit to his apostles' supply, which, as soon almost as he was warm in his seat at his Father's right hand, he sent, to the incomparable comfort of his apostles and us that to this day, yea, to the end of the world, do or shall believe on him."

JOHN CARELESS.

"When God honours a person to suffer for his truth, this is a *great privilege*: 'Unto you it is given not only to believe, but to suffer for his sake.' *God* doth not use to give worthless gifts to his saints, there is *some preciousness in it* which a carnal eye cannot see. Faith, you will say, is a *great gift*; but perseverance greater, without which faith would be little worth, and *perseverance* in suffering is above both honourable. This made *John Careless*, an English martyr (who though he died not at the stake, yet in prison for Christ), say, 'Such an honour 'tis as angels are not permitted to have, therefore God forgive me mine unthankfulness.'"

MR. BENDBRIDGE.

"Oh, how many die at the gallows as martyrs in the devil's cause for felonies, rapes, and murders! He might withdraw his grace, and leave thee to thy own cowardice and unbelief, and then thou wouldest soon show thyself in thy colours. The stoutest champions for Christ have been taught how weak they

are if Christ steps aside. Some that have given great testimony of their faith and resolution in Christ's cause, even to come so near dying for his name as to give themselves to be bound to the stake, and fire to be kindled upon them, yet their hearts have failed; as that holy man, Mr. Benbridge, in our English martyrology, who thrust the faggots from him, and cried out, '*I recant, I recant!*' Yet this man, when reinforced in his faith, and indued with power from above, was able, within the space of a week after that sad foil, to die at the stake cheerfully. He that once overcame death for us, 'tis he that always overcame death in us."

John Flavel is a name which I shall have to quote in another lecture, for he is the greatest in metaphor and allegory; but in the matter of anecdote his preaching is a fine example. It was said of his ministry that he who was unaffected by it must either have had a very soft head or a very hard heart. He had a fund of striking incidents, and a faculty of happy illustration, and as he was a man in whose manner cheerfulness was blended with solemnity, he was popular in the highest degree both at home and abroad. He sought out words which might suit the sailors of Dartmouth and farmers of Devon, and therefore he has left behind him his "Navigation Spiritualized" and his "Husbandry Spiritualized," a legacy for each of the two orders of men who plough the sea and the land. He was a man worth making a pilgrimage to hear. What a crime it was to silence his heaven-touched lips by the abominable Act of Uniformity! Instead of quoting several passages from his sermons, each one containing an anecdote, I have thought it as well to give a mass of stories as we find them in his prelections upon—

PROVIDENCE IN CONVERSION.

"A scrap of paper accidentally coming to view hath been used as an occasion of conversion. This was the case of a minister of Wales, who had two livings, but took little care of either. He being at a fair, bought something at a pedlar's standing, and rent off a leaf of Mr. Perkins' catechism to wrap it in; and reading a line or two of it, God sent it home so as it did the work."

"The marriage of a godly man into a carnal family hath been ordered by Providence for the conversion and salvation of many therein. Thus we read, in the life of that renowned English worthy, Mr. John Bruen, that, in his second match, it was agreed that he should have one year's diet in his mother-in-law's house. During his abode there that year (saith Mr. Clark) the Lord was pleased by his means graciously to work upon her soul, as also upon his wife's sister, and half-sister, their brothers, Mr. William and Mr. Thomas Fox, with one or two of the servants in that family."

"Not only the reading of a book, or hearing of a minister, but (which is most remarkable) the very mistake or forgetfulness of a minister hath been improved by Providence for this end and purpose. Augustine, once preaching to his congregation, forgot the argument which he first proposed, and fell upon the errors of the Manichees, beside his first intention; by which discourse he converted one Firmus, his auditor, who fell down at his feet weeping, and confessing he had lived a Manichee many years. Another I knew, who, going to preach, took up another Bible than that he had designed, in which not only missing his notes, but the chapter also in which his text lay, he was put to some loss thereby; but after a short pause he resolved to speak to any other Scripture that might be presented to him, and accordingly read the text, 'The Lord is not slack concerning his promise' (2 Pet. iii. 2); and though he had nothing prepared, yet the Lord helped him to speak both methodically and pertinently from it; by which discourse a gracious change was wrought upon one in the

congregation, who hath since given good evidence of a sound conversation, and acknowledged this sermon to be the first and only means thereof."

"Going to hear a sermon in *jest* hath proved some men's conversion in *earnest*. Mr. Firmin, in his 'Real Christian,' tells us of a notorious drunkard, whom the drunkards called 'Father,' that one day would needs go to hear what Wilson said, out of no other design, it seems, but to scoff at the holy man; but in the prayer before sermon, his heart began to thaw, and when he read his text, which was, 'Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee' (John v. 14), he could not contain: and in that sermon the Lord changed his heart, though formerly so bitter an enemy that the minister on lecture-days was afraid to go to church before his shop door. 'Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how small a portion is known of him?'"

George Swinnock, for some years chaplain to Hampden, had the gift of illustration largely developed, as his works prove. Some of his similes are far-fetched, and the growth of knowledge has rendered certain of them obsolete; but they served his purpose, and made his teaching attractive. After deducting all his fancies which in the present age would be judged to be strained, there remains "a rare amount of sanctified wit and wisdom"; and sparkling here and there we spy out a few telling stories, mostly of classic origin.

THE PRAYER OF PAULINUS.

"It was the speech of Paulinus, when his city was taken by the barbarians, *Domine, ne excrucier ob aurum et argentum*: 'Lord, let me not be troubled for my silver and gold which I have lost, for thou art all things.' As Noah, when the whole world was overwhelmed with water, had a fair epitome of it in the ark, having all sorts of beasts and fowls there; so he that in a deluge hath God to be his God, hath the original of all mercies. He who enjoyeth the ocean may rejoice, though some drops are taken from him."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE MILKMAID.

"Queen Elizabeth envied the milkmaid when she was in prison; but had she known the glorious reign which she was to have for forty-four years, she would not have repined at the poor happiness of so mean a person. Christians are too prone to envy the husks which wandering sinners fill themselves with here below; but would they set before them their glorious hopes of a heaven, how they must reign with Christ for ever and ever, they would see little reason for their repining."

THE BELIEVING CHILD.

"I have read a story of a little child about eight or nine years old, that being extremely pinched with hunger, looked one day pitifully necessitous on her mother, and said, 'Mother, do you think that God will starve us?' The mother answered, 'No, child, he will not.' The child replied, 'But if he do, yet we must love him and serve him.' Here was language that spake a well-grown Christian. For indeed God brings us to want and misery, to try us whether we love him for his own sake, or for our own sakes; for those excellencies that are in him, or for those mercies we have from him; to see whether we will say with the cynic to Antisthenes, *Nullus tam durus erit baculus*, etc. 'There should be no cudgel so crabbed as to beat me from thee.'"

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.

"I have read of a popish lady in Paris, that when she saw a glorious procession to one of their saints, cried out, Oh, how fine is our religion beyond that of the Huguenots!—they have a mean and beggarly religion, but ours is full of bravery and solemnity. But as heralds say of a coat of arms, if it be full of gays and devices, it speaks a mean descent; so truly that manner of worship which is mingled with men's inventions speaks its descent to be mean—namely, from man."

THE BUSY DUKE.

"The French Duke d'Alva could say, when he was asked by Henry the Fourth whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun, that he had so much business to do upon earth, that he had no time to look up to heaven. Sure I am, the Christian may say with more truth and conscience, that he hath so much business to do for heaven, that he hath no time to mind vain or earthly things.

Thomas Watson was one of the many Puritan preachers who won the popular ear by their frequent illustrations. In the clear flowing stream of his teaching we find pearls of anecdote very frequently. No one ever grew weary under such pleasant yet weighty discourse as that which we find in his "Beatitudes." Let two quotations serve to show his skill.

THE VESTAL AND THE BRACELETS.

"Most men think, because God hath blessed them with an estate, therefore they are blessed. Alas! God often gives these things in anger. He loads his enemies with gold and silver; as Plutarch reports of Tarpeia, a Vestal nun, who bargained with the enemy to betray the Capitol of Rome to them, in case she might have the golden bracelets on their left hands, which they promised; and being entered into the Capitol, they threw not only their bracelets, but their bucklers, too, upon her, through the weight whereof she was pressed to death. God often lets men have the golden bracelets of worldly substance, the weight whereof sinks them into hell. Oh, let us *superna anhelare*, get our eyes 'fixed' and our hearts 'united' to God the supreme good; this is to pursue blessedness as in a chase."

HEDGEHOG AND CONIES.

"The Fabulist tells a story of the hedgehog that came to the coney-burrows in stormy weather, and desired harbour, promising that he would be a quiet guest; but when once he had gotten entertainment, he did set up his prickles, and did never leave till he had thrust the poor conies out of their burrows: so covetousness, though it hath many fair pleas to insinuate, and wind itself into the heart, yet as soon as you have let it in, this thorn will never cease pricking till it hath choked all good beginnings, and thrust all religion out of your hearts."

I think this must suffice to represent the men of the Puritanic period, who added to their profound theology and varied learning a zeal to be understood, and a skill in setting forth truth by the help of everyday occurrences. The age which followed them was barren of spiritual life, and was afflicted by a race of rhetorical divines, whose words had little connection with *the Word* of life. The scanty thought of the Queen Anne dignitaries needed no aid of metaphor or parable; there was nothing to explain to the people: the utmost endeavour of these divines was to hide the nakedness of their discourses with the fig-leaves of Latinized verbiage. Living preaching was gone, spiritual life was gone, and consequently a pulpit was set up which had no voice for the common people; no voice, indeed, for anybody except the mere formalist, who is content if decorum be observed and respectability maintained. Of course, our notion of making truth clear by stories did not suit the dignified death of the period, and it was only when the dry bones began to be stirred that the popular method was again brought to the front.

The illustrious *George Whitefield* stands, with Wesley, at the head of that noble army who led the Revival of the last century. It is not at

this present any part of my plan to speak of his matchless eloquence, unquenchable earnestness, and incessant labour; but it is quite according to the run of my lecture to remind you of his own saying,—"I use market language." He employed pure, good, flowing English; but he was as simple as if he spoke to children. Although by no means abounding in illustration, yet he always employed it when needed, and he narrated incidents with great power of action and emphasis. His stories were so told that they thrilled the people: they saw as well as heard, for each word had its proper gesture. One reason why he could be understood at so great a distance was the fact that the eye helped the ear. As specimens of his anecdotes I have selected these which follow:—

THE TWO CHAPLAINS.

"You cannot do without the grace of God when you come to die. There was a nobleman that kept a deistical chaplain, and his lady a Christian one; when he was dying, he says to his chaplain—'I liked you very well when I was in health; but it is my lady's chaplain I must have when I am sick.'"

NEVER SATISFIED.

"My dear hearers, there is not a single soul of you all that are satisfied in your stations: is not the language of your hearts when apprentices,—We think we shall do very well when journeymen; when journeymen, that we should do very well when masters; when single, that we shall do well when married; and to be sure you think you shall do well when you keep a carriage. I have heard of one who began low: he first wanted a house; than, says he, 'I want two, then four, then six'; and when he had them, he said, 'I think I want nothing else.' 'Yes,' says his friend, 'you will soon want another thing, that is, a hearse-and-six to carry you to your grave'; and that made him tremble."

DR. MANTON'S HEART.

"A good woman, who was charmed with Dr. Manton, said, 'Oh, sir, you have made an excellent sermon to-day; I wish I had your heart.' 'Do you so?' said he, 'good woman; you had better not wish for it; for if you had it, you would wish for your own again.' The best of men see themselves in the worst light."

Fearing that the quotation of any more examples might prove tedious, I would only remind you that such men as Berridge, Rowland Hill, Matthew Wilks, Christmas Evans, William Jay, and others who have but lately departed from us, owed much of their attractiveness to the way in which they aroused their audiences, and flashed truth into their faces by well-chosen anecdotes. Time calls upon me to have done, and how can I come to a better close than by mentioning one living man, who, above all others, has in two continents stirred the masses of the people: I refer to D. L. Moody. This admirable brother has a great aversion to the printing of his sermons; and well he may have, for he is incessantly preaching, and has no time allowed him for the preparation of fresh discourses; and therefore it would be great unwisdom on his part to print at once these addresses with which he is working through a campaign. We hope, however, that when he has done with a sermon he will never suffer it to die out, but give it to the church and to the world through the press. Our esteemed brother has a lively, telling style, and he thinks it wise frequently to fasten a nail with the hammer of anecdote. Here are four or five extracts from the little book entitled, "Arrows and Anecdotes," by D. L. Moody. By John Lobb:—

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER.

"I know a mother who has an idiot child. For it she gave up all society, almost everything, and devoted her whole life to it. 'And now,' said she, 'for fourteen years I have tended it and loved it, and it does not even know me. Oh! it is breaking my heart!' Oh! how the Lord must say this of hundreds here. Jesus comes here, and goes from seat to seat, asking if there is a place for him. Oh! will not some of you take him into your hearts?"

SURGEON AND PATIENT.

"When I was in Belfast I knew a doctor who had a friend a leading surgeon there, and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing any operation, to say to the patient; 'Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me, and don't take them off till I get through the operation.' I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound to-night, and then fix your eyes on Christ, and don't take them off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound."

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

"A little child, whose father and mother had died, was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she could pray, as she used to do. They said, 'Oh, yes.' So she knelt down, and prayed as her mother had taught her: and, when that was ended, she added a little prayer of her own: 'Oh, God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were.' Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting the answer, and added: 'Of course he will.' How sweetly simple was that little one's faith; she expected God to 'do,' and, of course, she got her request."

THE ROLL-CALL.

"A soldier lay on his dying couch during our last war, and they heard him say, 'Here!' They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said: 'Hush! they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name'; and presently he whispered: 'Here!' and he was gone."

NO HOME BEYOND THE GRAVE.

"I have been told of a wealthy man who died recently. Death came unexpectedly to him, as it almost always does; and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. And he went on willing away his property; and when he came to his wife and child, he said he wanted them to have the home. But the little child didn't understand what death was. She was standing near, and she said, 'Papa, have you got a home in that land you are going to?' The arrow reached that heart; but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had got no home beyond the grave."

I will weary you no longer. You may safely do what the most useful of men have done before you. Copy them, not only in their use of illustration, but in their wisely keeping it in subservience to their design. They were not story-tellers, but preachers of the gospel; they did not aim at the entertainment of the people, but at their conversion. Never did they go out of their way to drag in a telling bit which they had been saving up for display, and never could anyone say of their illustrations that they were

> "Windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing."

Keep you the due proportion of things, lest I do worse than lose my labour, by becoming the cause of your presenting to the people strings of anecdotes instead of sound doctrines; for that would be as evil a thing as if you offered to hungry men flowers instead of bread, and gave to the naked gauze of gossamer instead of woollen cloth.

Left-handed Men.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

HOW often trouble treads upon the heels of joy! The days of gladness spent by Jacob at Bethel, the communion with the God who blessed him there long years before, were followed by days of mourning for his best beloved. With her latest breath, dying Rachel named her son Benoni, the son of my sorrow, "but his father called him Benjamin," the son of the right hand. Here sadness and gladness seem to have contended for the mastery, and, like the bands of young men which played before Abner and Joab, each "thrust his sword in his fellow's side; so they fell down together." The pendulum which swung to joy at the thought of the man-child born swung back to grief at the sight of the dying mother. Thus, between life given and life taken, Benjamin's birthday was an April day, with the dark clouds and driving rain of death and bereavement, yet with the sunshine of a gift from heaven breaking through, fringed, however, with the sable sky of widowerhood and motherlessness.

We cannot wonder that Jacob found a cheerier name for his last-born than that by which his mother called him. 'Twas only right that if her soul departed with her own sighs the father should, despite his sorrow at her loss, hail the new arrival with a song. Bereaved indeed he was; but rather than shower useless tears upon his faded rose, he would weep with joy over the tender bud just bequeathed by the parent stem.

It may be difficult to tell for certain why the patriarch named the rose-bud Benjamin.

Possibly he then and there determined to love the little one with such paramount affection as he had shown its mother. He should be the son of his *right hand.* The post of honour should belong to him, and the place of warmest love. As Solomon bade Bathsheba sit at his right hand on the king's throne, so Jacob set Benjamin on the right in his heart's affections. Rachel, the "beautiful and well-favoured" Rachel, had left him a precious legacy, which he would wear as a right-hand signet-ring, and his own right hand should ever be the dear boy's guide and guard.

Alas, that in after-years the loving old father should have had to part with such a prize! Like one about to be robbed of his dexter hand, he laments, "And ye will take Benjamin away!"

It is just possible that Jacob meant the cognomen as a prophecy, and spake hoping that this little one should become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. Perhaps he could foresee the might and strength of the tribe whose father lay, an unconscious babe, before him. If so, he was a "seer" indeed, for the Benjamites became foremost for bravery and prowess. Israel's first king was chosen from their number, and Samuel said of him, "There is none like him among all the people." Perchance, in the gentle breathing of that sleeping babe the father's ear could catch the sound of the fierce battle and the glad shout of victory as Benjamin laid low his enemy. The glisten of the infant's eye, it may be, flashed already with the fire of war and the flame of triumph, and thus at the birth of the child his sire spake of him, as he did more plainly at his own death, saying, "Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in

the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." He should be a right-handed son! It is certainly a curious fact that the tribe of Benjamin became celebrated, not only as a tribe for prowess and daring, but for having in its ranks quite a number of *left-handed* men, even more skilful than their fellows in the art of war.

I do not pretend to say that this has any subtle and spiritual connection with the fact that the forefather of the "left-handers" was a "son of the right hand." It *may be* a mere coincidence. Still, it is a strange one, and may at least prove suggestive.

For instance, we may see here illustrated the fact that sons are often not counterparts of their sires. Right-handed Benjamin begets left-handed Benjamites.

Features, and character, and disposition are often lost in transmission, and the son proves the antipodes of the parent. In Australasia may be found wood that sinks in water, instead of floating, and stones that swim, instead of sinking; there are cherries of which the stones grow outside, and there are birds without wings; yet wood and stones and fruit and birds could all claim to belong to the same great branches of Nature's family, albeit they are literally the antipodes of their European relations. Between some of God's most honoured servants and their sons there has been a world of difference. The girdle of the globe would scarce suffice to measure the distance betwixt them. They bear the honoured name, perhaps inherit somewhat of the parent's gifts; but while the father was right-handed and sincere, they prove left-handed and sinister. Grace, unlike the gout, is not inheritable.

Again, we might use this strange coincidence to show how one generation may be as useful and do as great a work as its predecessor, though on quite a different plan. Some can do with their left hands what others must use their right hands to do. Then let them use whichever is the handier. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might," said Solomon; and if thy handiest hand be a left one, then 'tis right, I say, for thee to do the work with thy Benja*mite*.

Many a man is, as the Hebrew has it, "shut of the right hand." Is he, therefore, to shut up altogether, and to hand over both his hands to lethargy and sloth? "Do as I do" is a better order than "Do as I say," but it is capable of abuse. When Abimelech besieged the hold of the Shechemites, he "took an axe in his hand, and cut down a bough from the trees, and laid it on his shoulder, and said unto the people that were with him, 'What ye have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done.'" So far, so good. But if the commander had required each man to use a similar axe to his, to sever a corresponding branch, to give the same number of blows, and that with the right hand only, such exactions would have been worse than absurd.

Abimelech had too much sense to act so nonsensically. The people could do as he had done without doing it as he had done it.

"Every man in his own order." Provided the desire of our brethren is to glorify our elder Brother, be it far from us to give them orders as to how the work shall be done. Satisfied as to the why and wherefore, we can leave the question of when and how. There may be unity of purpose without uniformity of process. "Variety is not variance," says Charles Stanford. Diversity is no disparagement, says T. S.

"If the right hand is shut
Keep open the left;
The left must be right
If the right is not deft.
And if men complain,
And cry 'Benjamite!'
Assure them *your* left
Is as good as their right."

We can pluck another feather for our arrow from the wing of this *rara avis*. What a contradiction the term Benjamite seems when worn by a left-handed man! "What's in a name?" indeed. He had a name to be right, but was left. He may have been true to his colours; but was he not serving under false colours?

Alas, that this is so with many another tribe! Take, for instance, the Jesuits. Is not their name a synonym for deceiver, hypocrite, intriguer, and the like? Craft, cruelty, subtlety, and cunning are the satellites which revolve about the sun of Jesuitry. And yet the word itself, like those who wore it first, is distinguished only by sacred and holy surroundings.

To be a Jesu-ite (a member of the Society of Jesus) is the noblest aim of every Christian, yet may we be saved from being Jesuits!

Are all "brethren" that are so called? Is not the name "Christian" merely nominal in ten thousand cases? Oh, it is a sad thing to bear an honoured name, but not to share the honourable nature. Alexander the Great had a soldier in his army who evinced much cowardice. *His* name also was Alexander. Brought before his illustrious namesake, the Emperor said sternly, "You must either change your name or mend your manners."

We cannot change our names! we must mend our manners! Fellow Christians, let us be what we profess to be, or renounce the profession. I have heard of surly Christians, quarrelsome Christians, stingy Christians, unforgiving Christians, and of left-handed sons of the son of the right hand. From such contradictions and misnomers, good Lord deliver us!

I hardly know why it should be accounted, as it generally is, a disadvantage to be left-handed. The right hand has gained the seat of honour, whether it has right to exclusive possession or no. In consequence, left-handedness has become a euphemism for awkwardness. But this is hardly fair. The left hand would, in most cases, be as ready as the right, had it received the same amount of care and attention.

These twins have met with such different treatment. One has been schooled and trained and "brought up," while the other has simply "growed." The one has received that which was promised to the eleventh-hour labourers, viz., "whatsoever is *right*;" but the other one has been *left* out in the cold. What wonder, then, that the one is a D.D. and the other a dunce!

It is a noticeable fact, too, that men whose right hands seem shut are often wonderfully *dexterous* (if I may say so) with the left. It seems as though kind Nature, mindful of the disadvantage men would count left-handedness, determined to make amends by the bestowal of abundant skill, "having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked."

Just as the blind, bereft of the most precious sense, are marvellously gifted as to touch and scent, so the left-handed put to the blush by expertness and skill many a dexter member. There were 26,000 fighting men in Benjamin, but the "crack regiment" of that army consisted of 700 chosen men, *left-handed!* Each of these was so expert in the use of the sling that he could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss! The awkward squad gained the laurels! The left-hands bore the palm!

How often God uses those whom men count weak as his special instruments. Left-handed men they may be, but he teaches them the use of the bow, and makes them mighty.

Moses, on his own showing, was "slow of speech and of a slow tongue"; but by his signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, God said to Pharaoh, "Let my people go." David was but a stripling when he smote the twelve-foot giant. Zaccheus was little of stature, but he also was a son of Abraham. Paul's bodily presence was weak; yet who was ever more of a man in Christ? Some say he had defective vision; yet in spiritual things he had the eagle's sight with the eagle's flight. Apollos "mightily convinced the Jews," though "knowing only the baptism of John." Delicate Timothy was "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

John Bunyan spent about fifteen years of his life in prison, yet his dungeon dreams have aroused many from the sleep of sin. Robert Hall suffered agonies from an affected spine, yet who had a better Christian backbone than he? Christmas Evans' eloquence was none the less brilliant because he had lost an eye. Blind John Milton saw and sang of the loss and recovery of Paradise. Pollock, sick and feeble as he was, has blest the world with an immortal poem, in "The Course of Time." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "But what," says one, "would not such men have done had they not suffered under such disadvantages? Suppose the sick had been strong and the shortsighted far-seeing, and the imprisoned emancipated, and the tongue-tied made eloquent?" I answer; they did not *suffer*, nor did they do their work, under any disadvantages. They performed their several missions, not so much in spite of their conditions as by means of them. They would never have thought so deeply, or dreamed so wondrously, or sung so sweetly, or preached so powerfully, but for what men are pleased to call hindrances and incumbrances. Opposition from without, and weakness within, were the instruments God used to shape them for his service. Oasis grass is greener than any other by reason of the desert that surrounds it. Even the electric light needs darkness to display its glories. We will not, then, try to imagine what the left-handed men might have accomplished had they been right-handed, but rather conclude that the proud position of the seven hundred was due to what the twenty-five thousand odd might at first have considered a defect and a disadvantage. It is a glorious thing when a seeming disadvantage, instead of discouraging, spurs a man on to greater pains and more practice that he may yet attain proficiency. These sinistral Benjamites might never have been such successful hair-hitters but for the necessity which was laid upon them to endeavour to be "up sides" with their brethren. They could hardly march in the same rank with the thousands, so they would have a

corps of their own, and constant exercise should yet make them more famous than the regulars. Practice covers a multitude of faults, or, better still, it replaces them by more than right-hand cunning.

I lately heard of a member of a Volunteer brigade, who has become the "crack-shot" of the regiment, that his first performance with a rifle was remarkable for anything but precision. If I remember rightly, he aimed at a barn-door fowl and laid the house-dog low. He is now the happy possessor of cups and plates, and medals and testimonials, to any amount. He would make fewer blunders now even with a blunderbuss than at his first attempt with a Martini-Henry.

Teaching the young idea how to shoot is a matter of time; but there is no instructor like Practice.

I can imagine that the left-handed slingers never lost an opportunity of practising their art. Even when no alarm was sounding from the scouts, they would whirl their weapons and show how fields were won. Many a sham-fight they had in the valleys and up the steep hill-sides with waving bushes or stony peaks for unresisting enemies. How they decapitated bulrushes, and splintered the rocks, and brought down the birds! Scarce ever would one miss the spot at which he aimed, or, if he did, he would not leave it till he claimed the victory. Woe to a spider in the centre of his web, for he would soon find his ingenious castle bestormed, his web turned into a target, himself the bullseye.

The soft zephyr floats a thistle-down so serenely that it tempts the slinger, and just as he takes aim, it whirls about, dancing in a puff of wind as much as to say, "Don't you wish you may hit me!" but the smooth round brookstone is on its track, and, dance as it will, the snowy ball is soon scattered till it looks like a puff of powder in the wake of a cannon ball. How these men are delighted to take the clumsiest stones, to aim at the finest hair, at the longest range, and then *not miss*. Gifted perhaps from the very first with keen sight and delicate aim, practice made them perfect. The very ground we tread on will serve as an example of the reward that ever comes to pains and patience.

What nature has done in certain spots with a touch of her God-given wand these magicians can successfully imitate with their enchantments in less favoured localities. At the Antipodes we have striking proof of the power of careful cultivation as exhibited by the Chinamen who are, to a great extent, the market-gardeners of the different townships. Swamps and marshes, as well as barren rocks, yield fruit and vegetables in response to the surprising skill and assiduity of the celestial gardeners. As one of our own poets also has sung concerning such an one,—

"A placid-eye'd Mongolian
From sandy Pe-che-lee,
Who'd stimulate an inch of soil
To do the work of three,
Or make a metamorphic rock
Sprout into cabbagee."

Thus, by infinite pains, the waste land becomes amongst the most productive, and left-handed plots outstrip even those which never needed much attention. I am persuaded that many a left-handed Benjamite could become an unerring marksman if he determined to rise above the circumstance and turn it to his profit.

William of Normandy had never been the conqueror of England had he accepted the ill-omen of his fall on the Hastings beach. He did well to turn it into a prophecy of certain victory. There is no disadvantage so great but a stout heart can transform it into a vantage ground. If the arrows of the enemy fly so thick that they darken the sun, "so much the better for us—we shall fight in the shade."

If the foe has made a breach in our wall, it shall prove rather a way by which we will pour out destruction upon their ranks, than an entrance for the alien's army. Locusts will often cross a river on the dead bodies of their fellows who went before; thus they turn their losses into gains. Oh for such holy boldness in the Lord's work, and for more of the spirit and faith which laughs at impossibilities, and cries, "It shall be done!" Each of us could do more for the Master, and do it better, if we trained and drilled and practised more.

There is yet a louder note of encouragement sounding from the experience of the seven hundred. After such pains and practice they were able to prove that, instead of being at a disadvantage, they had, in truth, a great advantage over their companions—the advantage of "surprise power." Ehud girded his dagger on his right thigh and took Eglon unawares, drawing it with his left hand. By this means Israel's deliverer stabbed the obese monarch before he could say "Jack Robinson," or whatever may have been its equivalent in the Moabitish lingo. When the blow comes from an unexpected quarter it is more likely to tell. It would be a splendid thing to have a brigade of left-hands in every church—men who are not recognised by outsiders as *regular* ministers and preachers—men who can hit as straight and drive as deep as any, but who have the additional advantage of striking left-handedly—*i.e.*, not in an official capacity.

When a home-thrust leaps out of an ordinary conversation, it may prove as effective as Ehud's poignard. A leaflet in a letter may lay Eglon low. A little child's simple question may work a wonderful deliverance.

"Many giants great and tall,
Stalking through our lands,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If struck by such left hands."

Do not wish to be a right-hand if you can serve God as a left one. Your poverty, your sickness, your obscurity, ay, even your failings, may be so sanctified as to become helps rather than hindrances in service.

There stands at the entrance of the Houraki Gulf, on which is situate the city of Auckland, an ugly rock covered by the sea at high tide. It immediately faces the highway to the ocean or into port, and if it were not lighted would prove a serious obstacle to navigation. As it is, however, science and skill have turned the danger into a blessing by erecting on it a beacon light, so constructed as to show for miles by different colours the channel to or from the harbour. Had not the rock been there, possibly a light-ship would have served the purpose; but I like the idea of gaining what is literally a *signal* triumph by transforming the clenched fist of the sunken rock into a beckoning finger, and making the rock prevent many a wreck.

Do the same, dear reader, with your disability, whatever it may be.

Erect a beacon on your sickness, and let the soft, sweet light of patience and resignation shine therefrom. Kindle a light upon the supposed disadvantage of your obscurity, and let your humble self-abnegation and content appear to Jesus's praise.

Your very poverty, or ignorance, or former wickedness, may be made the means of leading others to Him who receiveth sinners and eateth with them. May the good Spirit help us in this matter. God's grace builds lighthouses on sunken rocks, and paints rainbows on the blackest clouds. Our great Captain can so train his soldiers that even their left-handedness shall redound to the glory of His right hand and holy name. Let every reader say, "Amen."

I find that in all probability many of these left-handed Benjamites were able to use both hands equally well; but as there is neither time nor space just now to speak of this, I will reserve for the next paper some few remarks on "Both-handed Men."

No pay, no play.

AT Brighton such a company of outsiders follow the foxhounds that it is found needful to give no further public announcements of the meets, and instead thereof to send private intimations to subscribers only. The world deals out a sort of rough justice, and endeavours to shut out those who share the play but not the pay. We have plenty of these gentlemen in the religious world, and it is our impression that the great Lord of all things carries out much the same regulation. Those who neither contribute of substance, time, or labour to the cause of God are never happy Christians: they never share in the secret joys of the truly consecrated, they have no idea of the peculiar delights of hearts devoted to the Redeemer's service. May not this account for much of the doubting and fearing which is abroad, and for the despondency of many professors? As they do not work, neither shall they eat. They give little and receive little.—C. H. S.

Live above feelings.

PAYING a pastoral visit to a brother who was gradually melting away, we said to him, "Dear friend, it may be that when this disease has greatly weakened you, your spirits will fall, and you will think that your faith is giving way. Do not be cast down by your feelings." His answer was most satisfactory, for he replied, "No, sir, I am in no danger of that, for when I have had the most joyful feelings, I never rested in them. You have taught me that a soul can only lean on eternal verities, and these I know come from the mouth of God, and never from the changing feelings of the flesh." Yes, that is it. Do not rise upon feelings, and you will not sink under them. Keep to believing: rest all your weight on the promises of God, and when heart and flesh fail, God will be the strength of your life, and your portion for ever.—C. H. S.

The Ragged School Union Still Alive.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE fifth decade of the present century, when Ragged-schools were established, was a time of transition; and people who were not old well remembered the obsolete world of George III., in which their youth had been passed. The London of their childhood, as it still lived in memory, was a town containing about eight hundred thousand persons, and being thus something like a fifth of its present size, the capital was just beginning to show, for the first time in its history, symptoms of improved health by a birth-rate which exceeded the death-rate. Little more than a generation previously, or in the reign of George II., the deaths exceeded the births by over ten thousand a year, so that a continual replenishment of the population from the country was needed to prevent the inhabitants from becoming in time extinct. At the opening of the nineteenth century people felt that they were entering on a new era, and, turning their backs on the antiquated customs of their fathers, they were not a little proud of the conveniences which sprung from their modern advancement. At the same time, as we learn from "A Picture of Modern London," published in 1803, the anomalies of life in the capital were hardly less distressing than curious. It is evident, for example, that certain articles of diet which are now more or less commonplace, were then seldom or never seen on any tables save those of the wealthy. What was called "The detestable nuisance of Smithfield, a disgrace to the police and the corporation," was destined to survive for another fifty years. The capital then contained more than one Alsatia, or thieves' quarter, so that the warning not to linger in the parks after dark, "as it is impossible to shut out robbers and other evil-disposed persons," was by no means needless. Even ordinary pedestrians were reminded that they might be attacked in the streets, although they were not without a remedy, as a "Cry of *Watch*, three or four times repeated, would bring up the assistance of several watchmen." The coaches carried armed guards, and the cheapest rate of travelling was sixpence per mile. Indeed, improved as London had become, and proud as our grandfathers were of its magnitude and condition, the city was wanting in many of the appliances which conduce to true natural progress. The drainage was defective; the water supply was bad; schools were scarce; and a low code of morals obtaining among the upper classes had the effect of corrupting the lower orders.

In the decade which succeeded the accession of the present Sovereign, the arts and sciences were progressing by rapid strides; the era was the era of railways, of telegraphs, and of other marvellous innovations which made the world appear almost like a new planet to those who had lived under the old order of things of a generation before. But while civilization was extending her triumphs on the one hand, a few philanthropists became alarmed at the fact that a hundred thousand children were growing up in London in that condition of ignorance and idleness which stimulates crime, and about a third of these were of the ragged class. Beyond this, the condition of a large proportion of these young persons' homes was repulsively wretched beyond description. Genteel souls had heard, indeed, that large numbers of the poor were living in uncomfortable quarters; but no pen, however graphic, was able to photograph the reality on the written page, so that readers should be enabled to realize the whole of the awful truth. "Just consider what a class this is," said the present Lord Shaftesbury in 1849. "Look at their physical condition. See the hundreds and thousands that perambulate your streets, not perhaps your great and glorious thoroughfares, but your back courts and alleys. Hunt them out and see them—squalid, miserable, and emaciated, beset by every physical evil, and so placed in their social and domestic circumstances as to be utterly incapable, of themselves, or even by means of their parents, should their parents be so disposed, to extricate themselves from their miserable condition." The

speaker then went on to remind those who were interested in mind phenomena, that examples could be found in Christian London which were in all respects as striking as anything there was to discover in the haunts of Pekin or the recesses of Timbuctoo. Nor was such a mode of putting the subject merely a figure of speech; for some weeks afterwards a lad was arraigned before a London magistrate, who corresponded in every particular to the peer's description. He could not read; he knew nothing about the existence of a Bible; he had never heard of God, and, according to his own artless confession, he knew nothing beyond how to sweep a crossing!

Such was the class whom Ragged-schools were instituted to save; but the moral and temporal destitution of the poor could not be realized by listening to the confession of a half-starved waif in a police-court. To be known in all its horrible fulness, the truth needed to be searched out by such social explorers as were not averse to incurring a few risks in the enterprise.

Drury-lane was the cradle of the plague in 1664, and one hundred and eighty years later it was a district which was typical of many other metropolitan localities which urgently called for some such remedial agency as was embodied in the Ragged-school. In this typical thoroughfare, therefore, twenty gin-palaces flourished, and they were amply supported by the wages of those who, for the sake of indulging their degraded appetite, lived on what was little better than garbage, herded in hovels pestiferous to the last degree, and clothed themselves in filthy rags. In nine small rooms in Drury-lane eighty-four persons, twenty-three of whom were children, were found huddled together in what they called their home. Indeed, many of the poor seemed to have got too low down to be recognised in any way by the more fortunate classes; they were quite unfit for any ordinary employment, however humble. Before the present main-drainage works were undertaken, some years later, numbers of these poor outcasts obtained a horrid livelihood by mud-larking, *i. e.*, by picking up refuse at the mouths of sewers by the riverside! The homes of many were cellars littered with straw; and others, who were homeless, found shelter in those common lodging-houses which, prior to the passing of Lord Shaftesbury's Bill for their proper regulation, were hotbeds of fever and other contagious diseases. Talk about human nature losing caste, every sense seemed to become deadened under such conditions, leaving only the basest appetites alive. Thus, a drunken mother in Westminster sold her daughter for five shillings with as much *nonchalance* as she would have arranged any other business bargain; in Shoreditch a bone-gatherer was found using a bed which was still half occupied by a comrade who had been dead for three weeks; and in another house a card-party were playing and revelling over the coffin of one of their departed friends!

What could be expected of children born and reared amid such associations? Deserted in their early years, a considerable number of the young creatures running wild on the streets of the wealthy and still inhospitable city, did not even know who their parents were, much less where they were to be found. If no more eligible openings offered, they naturally took to thieving, and young as they might be in years, they went about their work with the skill of trained depredators. In other words, many of them were educated in other seminaries than the day or the ragged school. A notorious boy-thief trainer was unearthed in Brick-lane, his academy going by the name of a lodging-house; and it was well known at the time that scores of similar establishments existed in the dark recesses of London. "If you want thoroughly to understand the class of children who come within the operations of this Society," said John Branch, when pleading the cause of the Union more than thirty years ago, "you must not only go to the Ragged-schools, where they are congregated together, you must go and see them in their dens of infamy at home—in the court, the alley, the cellar, and the garret—and there see, as I have seen, fifteen juvenile thieves, the oldest of whom was not more than sixteen years of age, governed by a captain of twenty-two years old, sent out upon their nightly patrol, and living

upon the better classes of society." Besides being trained to thieving, there were numbers of other young children whose fate was not more enviable; for to borrow the words of a writer of that day, they were hired out to dressed-up begging impostors, "like beasts of burden, to wander the long and dreary day, cold or wet, in the company of haggard and brutalized men and women, to retail their lies in the streets, in order that a drunken mother may purchase gin in the evening." The picture was not exaggerated; perhaps in some measure it may even apply to the present day. The Ragged-school, which was the best agency which offered for the remedy of such a state of things, was thus commenced in a missionary spirit, and in a missionary spirit the work has ever since been continued. It was discovered that, while prisons punished criminals, they did nothing in the way of checking crime.

When Ragged-schools were founded in the middle of this century, a large number of children, whom the agents sought to reclaim, may have represented generations of criminals; but a number of causes were at work which tended to the replenishment of the ranks of the lapsed. The difficulty the poor experienced in finding decent homes, in cases where they desired to live respectably, went terribly against them; for those were not the days of Peabody trusts and model dwellings. The lodging-houses were horribly offensive beyond anything in that department which can now be discovered; and they were naturally the cradles of a great proportion of the crime which existed. Then not only the want of religious training in the homes of the people, but lack of domestic education very frequently ended in disaster when the young found themselves adrift in London to face on their own account the dangers and difficulties of life. Drunkenness was also there, as it still remains, a prolific parent of crime, although the total expended on intoxicants during a single year amounted to only about a third of the present outlay. Tectotalers were then few and far between; and new licenses were apparently granted without regard either to the requirements of a district or the interests of morality. In one street contiguous to the London Docks the magistrates sanctioned the existence of sixty-seven public-houses; and for fear these should be insufficient, a supplemental array of twenty-eight were allowed to set up their signs in a couple of neig hbouring lanes. The consequence was that in three years 93,563 persons were taken up on account of drunkenness, whereas now that the city is double the size, the arrests in 1880 were 29,888. Other demoralizing streams, when traced to their source, were found to have their springs in theatres and gaffs, in the pernicious custom of giving money indiscriminately in the streets, and in the vast amount of printed garbage weekly sent forth from the press. Lord Campbell's Act not being then in operation, the traffic went on unchecked: "this death fountain," as one writer aptly styled the supply, sent forth its waters to corrupt and poison the youth of both town and country. The quantity of foul literature imported from France was very great, and even the titles of pictures and translated pamphlets were unfit for mention. Besides the supplies from foreign sources, the printed filth sent out from Holywell-street in a single week was reckoned to be sufficient to corrupt the morals of the entire youth of London. With such enemies abroad to feed the criminal fires, we do not wonder that they burned fiercely, sometimes threatening to scorch even those perfumed fringes of its garments which society carefully guarded from coming in contact with the outcast classes. Year after year the number of juvenile offenders increased, to the great perplexity of the authorities. "The courts are really oppressed by the numbers of juvenile delinquents," says a writer in 1849, "while the magistrates are at their wits' end to devise punishments for each offence, balancing between the youth of the offender, and the peril, both to the child itself and the dignity of the law, of allowing the offender to go scot-free."

It must not be inferred from what has been said that no Ragged-schools existed until after the accession of the present Queen, nor that in former years of the century none were found to care for the souls of the poor. Robert Raikes, at Gloucester, and Joseph Lancaster, in Southwark, were both Ragged-

school teachers in the closing decades of the last century; and so also were Rowland Hill, Thomas Cranfield, and J. R. Burchetts. The last-named, with a few other friends, opened a school in the Mint in 1799. Starting with a subscribed capital of four guineas, they hired a room at £1 a year, and after canvassing the district, commenced with a school of over forty on Sunday the 16th of June. As stated in Cranfield's Memoir, "The children appeared in a most wretched condition, few of them wearing shoes, and scarcely more than two or three having coverings on their heads." Then, again, "the teachers were reviled, insulted, and pelted with mud. Stones were sometimes thrown into the school, the windows broken, and all sorts of disturbances created." These pioneers were heroes before the heroic age set in; and with other names that of John Pounds, of Portsmouth, also deserves honourable mention.

Apart from these isolated efforts, however, the era of Ragged-schools did not dawn until 1843, the establishment of the Union dating from the following year, while the name of Ragged was first appropriated by the Field-lane institution. The year 1843 was characterized by a remarkably strong wave of educational agitation. The inspector of prisons published some statistics to show that thirty-eight per cent. of the persons convicted for crime could neither read nor write, and that another thirty-two per cent. could do so only imperfectly. The late Dr. Sumner, as bishop of Winchester, said there would have to be either more prisons or more schools; and about the same time Sir James Graham brought forward his Factory Bill, with educational clauses, which had eventually to be withdrawn on account of the storm of opposition aroused owing to the alleged unfair advantage given to the Established church. Then was heard the voice of the present Lord Shaftesbury in the House of Commons denouncing the state of things, as then existing, as "cruel, disgusting, perilous." "The country is wearied with pamphlets and speeches on jail discipline, model prisons, and corrective processes," remarked the speaker; "meanwhile, crime advances at a rapid pace. Many prisoners are discharged because they cannot be punished, and become worse by the very punishment they undergo; punishment is disarmed of a large part of its terrors because it can no longer appeal to any sense of shame, and all this because we will persist in setting our wilfulness against the experience of mankind and the wisdom of revelation, and believe that we can regenerate the hardened man, while we utterly neglect his pliant childhood."

The speech from which the above extract is made produced a marked effect on the country, especially on the religious denominations, so that, although Sir James Graham's Bill came to nothing, there was such a shaking among the dry bones in the interests of education as had not been known before. The Wesleyans set about establishing one hundred new schools at a cost of £200,000, in addition to the cost of future maintenance! the Independents proposed setting up five hundred schools at a cost of a quarter of a million, while the Free Church of Scotland issued a scheme for establishing a similar number. It is true that these were not Ragged-schools; but they were an outcome of the movement which Ragged-school pioneers had done so much to stimulate.

While school-houses were thus springing up in all directions for the benefit of the working-classes, there still remained those 30,000 arab children on the streets of London, as well as large numbers of others in large provincial towns, who, amid the general excitement and awakening, seemed to have been overlooked, save by a few choice spirits whom the Lord would honour by making them the harbingers of a better day. As Cranfield and Burchett had done before them in the preceding age, these friends occasionally conferred together on the dreadful condition of the London poor; but some time elapsed before they were led to see the practicability of any definite scheme. At first they thought that the London City Mission would aid them; but although that estimable agency had then not a quarter of its present districts occupied, the hands of its servants were too full to do more than encourage the efforts of others by sending children to the schools if such were established. Then the

friends, in their despair, applied to the British and Foreign School Society, with the result of finding out that, if schools for the destitute were to be founded they themselves must take the initiative. The present Lord Shaftesbury was then applied to; and, after "a little deliberation," his lordship became what he has ever since continued to be—the patron and active promoter of Ragged-schools. The Union was formed in 1844, and in June of the following year the first annual meeting was held at the Music Hall in Store-street. The new movement, as it became known, attracted many friends. "Why send missionaries to the heathen when we have so many savages at home?" had often been asked with an air of refined superciliousness by opponents who could think of no more unanswerable objection. "Let every man who has withheld his sympathy from foreign missions on this ground," said the Duke of Argyll, "now come forward and support Ragged-schools."

The really great movement which was thus inaugurated stole so silently upon the world that the saying was rightly applied to its earliest agents, "They did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." Wanting both grand patrons and ample funds, the committee were content at first to see their volunteer teachers gather their ragged classes in the rooms of private houses, which were situated in the poverty-stricken, crime-oppressed localities they sought to benefit. The original idea was to establish Sabbath-schools in which the poor waifs and strays might be reclaimed by the truth of God; but when the scholars were so utterly destitute, it was impossible to draw hard and fast lines. Hence, some of the more enterprising of the teachers made a further sacrifice of holding their classes on certain evenings of the week, thereby unconsciously laying the foundation of a night-school. "There was no occasion to drive in the children," we read in one of the Union reports, "the difficulty was rather to keep them out, for they flocked in out of all proportion to the teaching power that could be commanded." Then the day-school, in which the famished little ones were partially fed, inevitably followed. From time to time other supplementary schemes appear to have been started, and while some were discontinued, others developed into what was useful and lasting. In 1847 the Union established a Refuge and Industrial School—the first of the kind set up in the metropolis—and while doing this the committee were laying the basis of the Reformatory and Refuge Union. Then, as has already been stated, the movement was not exclusively a children's mission, it aimed at benefiting the destitute and the ignorant of all ages; and hence the meetings originally held for the parents and relatives of the children naturally developed into the Ragged Church and Chapel Union. Somewhat later came the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, the Penny Bank, and a number of other agencies which sprung into existence as they were needed by individual schools. The suggestion to give a portion of food to the half-famished children first came from Guernsey, and from Victor Hugo; and yet, in spite of the depressing destitution which then prevailed, we have heard of one school now having four hundred contributors to its penny bank. This alone represents a progress for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful.

Thus, the parent institution became the parent of a number of others, which have since showed a healthy existence, diffusing blessings among the poor. It has been said that "had the Ragged School Union endeavoured to retain under its auspices the various institutions that developed under its fostering care, instead of encouraging their extension by other and kindred societies, it would have been the means of adding largely to its importance in public estimation; the thought, however, prevailed with the committee, that it was probable larger results would follow by the formation of separate and kindred societies, each having a definite and special mission to work out and extend than was likely to be realised by the retention of the whole under one parent society." Time has more than verified the justice of this conclusion.

Great has been the progress made; so great, indeed, that London is not like the same place that it was forty years ago, when the movement commenced.

At the same time, there is so large a proportion of the youth of the great city living under vicious influences that the magistrate of Lambeth Police Court could lately speak of forty boys who had been brought before him in the course of a single month for various offences. From such facts we may infer that the work began, in which the missionary spirit must not be allowed to abate.

It is not too much to say that the Ragged School Union work in no small measure prepared the way for the enlarged action of the London School Board. The adoption of a national scheme of education, however, has of course narrowed the area of the Union's operations, so that the purely missionary character of the latter will have to be more than ever maintained. When the Education Act of 1870 was framed, a mistake would seem to have been made by the Government in not arranging with the Ragged-School Union for the maintenance of feeder or preparatory schools by that society. Had this been done, a large number of schools which have been absorbed by the Board, at a needless increase of burden to the taxpayers, might have continued to proceed with their efficient work as they had done for a generation. Besides this, many of those unseemly police-court squabbles which have created bitter feelings in the public mind against the Board Schools' management might have been averted. Lord Lawrence, the first chairman of the London School Board, had sufficient sagacity to see the dangers and difficulties ahead, and had his counsels been acted upon, no hitch or misunderstanding need have occurred.

As it is, many day-schools have either been closed, or they have passed from the control of the Union, although extinction in one direction has been partially counterbalanced by the establishment of others, while the local managers have contrived to shape their procedure to the altered condition of the times. Looked at from the mission standpoint, there is still plenty of encouragement; for while a large number of day-schools have been relinquished, and while even the Sunday-schools have in some instances been closed, the number of Sunday scholars has largely increased. In 1873 the Sunday-schools were 212, the scholars 29,125, and the teachers 2,882. In 1881 the numbers were—Sabbath afternoon and evening schools, 188, the average attendance at which was 31,233, the teachers numbering over 3,000. The 49 day-schools still under the wing of the parent committee are either efficient, or the children admitted are under the legal age. Such schools had 6,250 names on their books; and, in addition, there were 157 week-night schools, with 9,141 names on their books. The experiment has been tried with considerable success of adding youths' institutes to certain of the schools. These provide recreation for large numbers of elder scholars, who, but for them, would be found in the streets during the evening. Clubs, mutual improvement classes, and industrial classes are also in active operation in connection with several schools, and seem to be well appreciated.

It is also encouraging to find that considerable self-sacrifice is manifested by the teachers in different parts of London. There is, for example, a school of 400 scholars in Lambeth which is served by teachers who walk three miles to meet their classes every Sunday evening, after having given their attendance in the Sunday-school at Brompton during the afternoon. Mr. Kirk, the secretary of the Union, who has a valuable colleague in Mr. R. J. Curtis, the organising secretary, himself looks after the school at Nelson-street, Camberwell, which is not only one of the most interesting institutions of its kind in London, but one which traces its origin to Thomas Cranfield, one of the earliest of pioneers in this department of Christian service. There are teachers who have devoted half a lifetime to the honourable service; one in particular has been known to work for twenty-five years without ever having been absent from his class, with the exception of the fortnight in each summer when he takes his well-earned holiday.

The aggregate of work accomplished has not only been great, but has proved a very substantial gain to the country generally. Think of the grand fact that 300,000 children have from first to last been rescued from a cruel fate —from lapsing into that criminal condition which seemed to be their heritage.

Individual cases of scholars rising from the depths have also been very extraordinary. There is now living a gentleman, who received one of the first prizes forty years ago, who is now a prosperous business man, the superintendent of the school where he was himself educated, and a member of the parent committee. Other examples, more or less extraordinary, might be given, but there is no necessity to multiply illustrations.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that the Ragged School Union is not only still alive, but that there is urgent necessity that the life-vigour of such an institution should still be stimulated by the gifts of those friends who desire to see the reclamation work continued. London has grown so mightily since 1844 that there are, probably, as many arabs running wild on its streets now as there were forty years ago. The Board School Inspectors find it by no means an easy task to catch these subjects during the week; and on that account there is the more urgent necessity for teaching them on the Sabbath. The Ragged School Union is still alive because London cannot yet afford to have the efforts relaxed of one of the most effective missionary agencies with which this age has been blessed.

The Deacon's Prayer.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDART.

In the regular evening meeting
That the church holds every week,
One night a listening angel sat
To hear them pray and speak.

It puzzled the soul of the angel
Why some to that gathering came;
But sick and sinful hearts he saw,
With grief and guilt aflame.

They were silent, but said to the angel,
"Our lives have need of *him!*"
While doubt, with dull, vague, throbbing pain,
Stirred through their spirits dim.

You could see 'twas the regular meeting,
And the regular seats were filled,
And all knew who would pray and talk,
Though anyone might that willed.

From his place in front, near the pulpit,
In his long-accustomed way,
When the book was read, and the hymn was sung,
The deacon arose to pray.

First came the long preamble,—
If Peter had opened so,
He had been, ere the Lord his prayer had heard,
Full fifty fathoms below.

Then a volume of information
Poured forth, as if to the Lord,
Concerning his ways and attributes,
And the things by him abhorred.

But not in the list of the latter
Was mentioned the mocking breath
Of the hypocrite prayer that is not a prayer,
And the make-believe life in death.

Then he prayed for the church: and the pastor;
And that "souls might be his hire,"—
Whatever his stipend otherwise,—
And the Sunday-school; and the choir;

And the swarming hordes of India;
And the perishing, vile Chinese;
And the millions who bow to the Pope of Rome;
And the erring churches of Greece;

And the outcast remnants of Judah,
Of whose guilt he had much to tell;—
He prayed, or he told the Lord he prayed,
For everything out of hell.

Now, if all of that burden had really
Been weighing upon his soul,
'Twould have sunk him through to the China side,
And raised a hill over the hole.

* * * *

'Twas the regular evening meeting,
And the regular prayers were made,
But the listening angel told the Lord
That only the silent prayed.

Notices of Books.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster publish a two-shilling volume which many admirers of Mr. Spurgeon will be glad to hear of, viz., a selection of Sermons, in much larger type than is used for the ordinary weekly issue, and which, accordingly, will be appreciated by the aged, as well as by many others. The volume abounds in striking passages on a number of important and interesting themes, and it is neatly as well as strongly bound.

Old Testament Revision: a Handbook for English Readers. By Alexander Roberts, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

An exceedingly instructive work, so far as the history of the Old Testament is concerned. The remarks upon the authorized version, the Hebrew text, the Septuagint, the Talmud and the Targums, and the various versions, are most important. It would be difficult to find another work which in so small a compass supplies so much valuable information. We may regard this handbook as a sort of outrider to the Revised Version. Much good may that version do us when it comes.

The Student's Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge. A Scientific and Popular Treasury of Useful Information. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a first-rate Cyclopædia for its size and price. The articles are brief, and yet full; and, as far as we can judge, they give just that information which is most likely to be useful. We turned to the article Baptists, and we cannot say that we like it. Everywhere it speaks of *adult* baptism: now Baptists know nothing of children or adults in the matter; we only recognize *believers;* and whether those who confess faith in Christ are children or adults is nothing to us. This blunder puts the whole question upon a wrong footing: we assert that believers alone are able to partake in the two great gospel ordinances; but being believers, their youth or age is not a matter which concerns the church in the least, save that she is specially glad to receive youthful believers into her fold. With this protest, we are heartily glad to say that for 7s. 6d. a volume, this is one of the cheapest books now issued from the press, and one of the best. There will be six volumes to complete the work.

William Longe of Wykeham. Illustrated with etchings on copper. By A. C. Chevalier. Nisbet and Co.

Our author seems to have dreamed this book, and to have infused into it the resemblance of its origin. We dozed off very sweetly while trying to read it, and therefore we can strongly recommend it as restful. 'Mid monks, and other mediæval personages, we wandered in the fat meads of Winchester till we dropped off into dreamland; but even there we did not discover why this story was written. Never mind; it did us good. We are all the better for the nap.

Golden Thoughts on a Holy Life. Translated from the German of George Nitsch. *The Faithful Promiser.* Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

These are dainty little books. Tiny in size, but weighty in matter: condensed meat.

Juán de Valdés' Commentary upon St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Translated by John T. Betts. With lives of Juán and Alfonso de Valdés. Trübner and Co.

Mr. Betts continues to disinter the remains of the great Valdez. It is astonishing to observe the clearness of the doctrine of this Spanish Reformer. His teaching is not raw and undigested; but he speaks with much of the maturity of Puritanism. We have placed Valdez on Matthew and on Romans among our standard expositions. The discovery of these books and their reproduction in this age must be classed among the romances of literature. A gentleman of wealth and leisure seldom selects so good an object in life as our well-beloved friend has found in this translation and publication of Valdez. Every scholar should possess a copy. The price is 7s. 6d.

The Religions of the Ancient World. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford; and Canon of Canterbury. Religious Tract Society.

Invaluable. The work is written by a man of unquestioned authority, and its tendency is to vindicate the orthodox position that there is one true revelation, and that other religions are the result of the depravity of man's nature. We are well repaid for any little trouble in reviewing by having obtained a clear idea of the religions of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Iranians, Sanskritic Indians, Phœnicians, Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans. For four-and-sixpence the student will here obtain a world of information which will help him to see how true it is that "the world by wisdom knew not God."

The Evening and the Morning. An Illustrated Diary. Religious Tract Society.

About the daintiest little diary for our elder girls that could be imagined. Printed in gold and colours; with a faithful study of fresh flowers for every month, it makes a gift fit for a princess. There is only one line for each day, so that the entries must be brief, but it will do for any year. It is a charming little thing.

The Temperance Daily Text-Book and Birthday Record. Compiled by John W. Kirton, LL.D. Ward and Lock.

People who regard the Temperance Movement as the one sole and only thing worth living for may be glad to keep their friends' names and their birthdays in close association with the sayings of water-men. There can be no harm in getting Julia Smith and Henry Brown to write their autographs opposite to a weighty passage from Dr. Richardson or Mr. Kirton. Still, it is not quite to our taste. We should not, for instance, enjoy putting our name opposite to the burning paragraph commencing. — "Sound a trumpet, call the roll of drunkards, bring up the hideous crew —those that are damned, and that are to be damned," etc. We hold to abstinence and to the Blue Ribbon; but we do not care to eat, and drink, and sleep, and wake, and sit, and walk, and run, and do all things under water, quoting sanitary maxims and thrifty proverbs every time we breathe. We have received the prospectus of a Blue Ribbon Insurance Company; a canvasser has called with Blue Ribbon Tea, and an advertiser offers us Blue Ribbon medals. What absurdity! Well may the good cause cry, "Save me from my friends!"

The Way to Fortune. A series of short essays, with illustrative proverbs and anecdotes from many sources. Third Edition. T. Fisher Unwin.

Sound sense attractively put. There would seem to be a considerable demand for this style of book, for several have come under our notice of late. The present volume reads like a work by Jacox. We confess we do not like the continual quotation from novels, set side by side with extracts from biographies. Not knowing the name of the fictitious gentry we feel swindled when their supposed speeches and deeds are placed on the same page with the conduct of real flesh and blood. Yet "The Way to Fortune" is pleasant reading, and will be helpful to our youth.

Landmarks of English Literature. By Henry J. Nicholl. John Hogg.

A thoroughly useful compendium of English literature. Only the greater names are dwelt upon; but these are typical of their contemporaries. The productions of the more eminent authors are briefly described; with much appreciation and discrimination. Young men who wish for a bird's-eye view of our literature, from Chaucer to the present, will find in this volume a capital guide. It is entertaining reading, and conveys thoroughly reliable information.

Footprints and "Living Songs." By *Frances Ridley Havergal.* Edited by Rev. C. Bullock, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

Anything concerning the sweet singer now translated to heaven's choir is sure to be full of interest, and here is a basket of fragments, some from her own pen and others about her. A dainty little book.

The Great Memorial Name. By F. W. GRANT. Hodder and Stoughton.

"A PARSON," said Luther, "who cannot make a sermon on a single word of Scripture is no preacher at all. I read the first commandment—I am the Lord thy God, and am arrested by the first word—I. Its meaning overpowers me." We have here a book of more than 400 pages closely printed upon the one Hebrew word for "I am." With this the author is overpowered, as is evident from the following extract,—"We can conceive no words more becoming the mouth of the Eternal God than those said to have been used—'*I am that I am.*' How simple! how solemn! how sublime! How fitted to awaken the sense of mystery and the emotion of awe! How much do they reveal; yet how much do they conceal! What thoughts do they suggest of greatness, of majesty, of incomprehensibility, of infinitude and eternity of being!" After affirming and explaining this to be the covenant title of God in redemption, all the parts both of the Old and the New Testament in connection with which this name is either mentioned or implied are adduced and illustrated by it. A certain uniformity is thus given to the parts which have been selected that could not otherwise have been seen; and which required great ingenuity and continuity of thought to show in such a large proportion of revealed truth such a unity of sentiment and design. Simple explanations are often given of supposed difficulties, upon which much critical and learned labour has been spent in vain. The name, for instance, of Elohim and then of Jehovah in the different narratives of the creation, on account of which documents written at different periods are supposed to have been quoted by Moses, are accounted for by the simple fact that the name "Elohim" is designedly given to God in his creative, and "Jehovah" in his redemptive capacity. The hardening of Pharaoh's heart was not the design of God's dealings with him, but rather by their repetition and removal at his request to soften him. Such was the effect at times, but the hardening influence in himself alone prevailed. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh comes, simply meant that it should not pass into other hands. The chief design of this book, however, is neither critical nor controversial. No one, we think, can read it without having enlarged, and comparatively few without having more correct views of the sum and substance of all Scripture teaching. It is a clear, judicious, and comprehensive summary of all revealed truth; well calculated to confirm the wavering by showing the agreement of all Scripture upon the fundamental principles of salvation, and to guide those that sit in darkness into the way of peace. The following view of the atonement as the central truth of revelation is particularly adapted to the present times:—

"One thing is certain, that for all practical or redemptive purposes a most adequate idea of it may be possessed by all Christians of ordinary understanding; and such an idea the words of the apostles assuredly and most naturally suggest. They by no means view the death of Christ in the mere light of a martyrdom, however truly a martyrdom it was. Nor do they exclusively set it forth as the most illustrious example of self-sacrifice in the interests of mankind, however truly also it was such a sacrifice. Nor do they simply show that it was the very highest manifestation of love intended and fitted to draw human hearts to God, and thus to overcome the supreme selfishness of human nature. All such and more they more or less clearly indicate. Still, they as clearly show that it was most emphatically an atonement or propitiation for the sins of the whole world. In this one respect they all agree. Many have in these recent times eliminated from their theory of atonement all idea of expiation or of substitutionary sacrifice for sin. Whilst, however, due weight is given to the clear statements of Scripture that idea must remain. It cannot possibly be excluded from any sufficient and lasting theory of the great propitiation."

Voices from Patmos. By Rev. W. BURNET, M.A. Partridge and Co.

SWEET, evangelical, easy reading. Nothing novel or striking: more suitable for the general reader than for teachers of others; but yet most edifying reading.

Romanism: an Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. By Rev. R. C. Jenkins, M.A.

Romanism in the Light of the Gospel. By Miss E. J. Whately. Religious Tract Society.

The title of each of these books will at once suggest the drift of their respective authors, and the society that publishes them will secure for both a welcome in Protestant families. Canon Jenkins fixes on "*a creed*" that represents for the most part the dogmas of the Council of Trent, and serves broadly to mark a clear line between the more primitive Catholic doctrine and the far more corrupt Papal system which has subsequently prevailed. For purity we must go very much higher up the stream; but supreme sanction was then given to various heresies that had been accumulating for centuries. With the origin and history of that infamous council our author begins his treatise. The tale is a thrilling exposure of the sacred college, though the half has not been told. Its entire acts and monuments are "*hidden in the Ælian citadel:*" we only know what has oozed out through priests and partisans who squabbled among themselves. In the sequel our author dilates separately upon the several articles of a creed which effectually divorces the church of Rome from Christianity. His marginal references carry evidence of his diligent research. The accusations he prefers are attested by their own *approvers*. Yet his main object is rather to confirm the vacillating among our Reformed communions than to convert the votaries of the mysterious sorceries and manifold superstitions of Rome.

As to Miss Whately's pretty little pamphlet, it will amply repay the perusal of our young people.

Fulfilled Prophecy, in proof of the truth of Scripture. By the Rev. Bourchier Wrey Saville, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

The evangelical clergy of the Established Church appear to be the most united of prophetic students. They generally run in one groove. There have been exceptions, such as Capel Molyneux and De Burgh; but we find them for the most part pursuing the same line of glossary. Mr. Saville, therefore, had much of his materials ready to hand in compiling this handsome book from standard authors. He defers to Elliott as "our ablest commentator," and often refers to his "Horæ Apocalypticæ." Time was, from thirty to forty years ago, when St. George's, Bloomsbury, was the head-centre, at which a course of lectures was annually delivered by various preachers, under the auspices of the Hon. Montague Villiers, afterwards Bishop of Durham. Those volumes register the names of some of the most godly ministers of their generation. We get into good company when we sit in the consensus of those who wait for the coming of the Lord. Ritualists and Rationalists seldom or ever intrude into such assemblies. Should the word "compiling," which we have just used, seem to detract from the credit due to the industrious Rector of Shallingford, we will retract it, and quote his own *bon mot*:—"It is better for us to study prophecy, even though we make mistakes in the interpretation, than to neglect the study of prophecy for fear of making mistakes."

The Messiah King. By James Withers. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.

A very grand title, but rather a superficial treatise.

The Religious Feeling: a study for faith. By Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., Illinois, U.S.A. London: R.D. Dickinson.

This is an American review of the assumptions relied on by modern materialists, and an average response to those who affect to find in the discoveries of science valid reasons for disbelief in Scripture. Our author bases his argument on that inward sensation and intuitive perception by which the creature is brought into positive contact with the Creator, and feels his presence with religious awe. To quench every conviction which comes unsought is a sort of moral suicide. Does it never happen to the sceptic that, in startling dream or waking thought, conscience (or consciousness) seizes him by the throat, and makes him think a while according to the instincts of his truer self?

The Vedic Religion. By Rev. K. S. Macdonald, M.A., Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, Calcutta. London: Nisbet and Co.

An interesting treatise on the creed and practice of the Indo-Aryans three thousand years ago! The hymns of the Veda are accounted an infallible authority among the Hindus, as is the Koran among Mahometans, or the Bible among Christians. Our author is no dilletante student, who takes up with a subject for diversion in leisure hours. His distinct aim is to discover the foundations of that faith on which the Brahmins rely. Its sacred ethics are not sufficiently edifying to tempt much further enquiry. But we can fully sympathize with Professor Max Müller's caution against those writers who restrict themselves to culling the choicest specimens of "Indian wisdom" from a redundant mass of empty conceits. To an ambassador of the cross who seeks converts from amongst this tribe of men there are two points of main interest—the manifold corruptions that have crept into their own creed through long centuries, and the modern conception by a native pundit of a Theistic church, based on a combination of ancient Eastern tradition and the Theism of the Western hemisphere.

The Kingdom of Grace Triumphant. By John Coutts. F. Pitman.

The avowed object of this author is to prove that between science and revelation there is no real antagonism, and that the kingdom of grace must be triumphant over all other realms of thought. Philosophy and physical science have supplied him with words in lavish profusion; irrelevant words, words unknown in the sphere of devotion. To his apprehension the Bible seems to be a book full of allegories, and he credits himself with a marvellous genius in interpreting them. On page 314 he favours us with a glance "at the harmony that subsists betwixt the twelve sons of Jacob and the twelve divisions or cycles in the gospel according to John." We must confess our inability to catalogue such a treatise. Our first impression was that it belonged to the school of Emanuel Swedenborg; but a friend of ours, who ought to know if such were the case, negatives that hypothesis.

The Fulness of Time: or the Divine preparation of the world for Christianity. By Rev. C. W. Leach. Longley.

The title declares the purpose of this book, and it is fairly successful in its attainment; but we are afraid it will find but few readers. It requires genius to make such a subject attractive, and this our author certainly lacks. It is prose, prose, prose, oh! so prosy, from beginning to end.

Messages of Peace from heaven to earth. By the late Rev. J. W. Aston, M.A., Vicar of Ambleside. Shaw and Co.

A memorial volume, containing twenty simple, earnest, evangelical sermons, preached by a deceased clergyman, and published by his bereaved father, in the hope that the truths his son was wont to teach in tones familiar to their ears will sink into the hearts of those who heard them. May his prayers be answered.

The Tripartite Nature of Man. By the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Of those who believe that man consists of the three parts of body, soul, and spirit, many, we think, will be more shaken than confirmed in their belief, if it involves such wide distinctions and such universal consequences as are here affirmed. Great ingenuity and learning are displayed for this end, and much instruction may be gained even by those who regard it as a theory of doubtful application to some Scripture truths and misleading in others. Of the author's earnestness and sincerity we can have no doubt, but we should prefer to have seen it expended upon what is old rather than upon what is new. If any great truth be overlooked throughout the whole treatise, it is that faith in Christ has as much to do with the sanctification of our natures as with our personal justification. That this work has risen to a fifth edition may be accounted for partly by its literary merits, and, yet more, by its adaptation to the speculative tendencies of the present age.

Red and White: a Tale of the Wars of the Roses. By Emily Sarah Holt. Shaw and Co.

A thread of story serves to bring up a great deal of authentic history, and that history is made subservient to gospel teaching. Lollardism is shown in its consoling power among the poor, and its sustaining influence upon sufferers at the stake. It is a gracious story—just to our mind. We commend it right heartily. Let stories be of this character, and then the more the merrier.

Stanley's Summer Visit. By Constance Cross. Religious Tract Society.

A whole book about a boy's visit to Gravesend and neighbourhood, and by no means a dull affair either. It might serve as a guide-book to that popular resort.

Mrs. Woodruffe's Refuge; or, "Mother, it is Written." By Mr. George Gladstone. Religious Tract Society.

A touching domestic story, in which a dear old saintly couple are made to sorrow over a prodigal son, but live to see him penitent and happy.

Uncle Ben's Little Stories for Little Folks. By Rev. Joseph Johnson. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Uncle Ben's book is a handsome one, but his little stories have too many big words in them. We who are grown up read them and like them, but Johnny says that "Uncle Ben does use such hard words. He wishes he would go to a kinder-garten and see how to talk to little folks."

A Tale of Two Fair Women: or "The Religion of Humanity." A Romance of Modern Life. Dublin: George Herbert.

We have tried in all patience and submission to our fate to make out this medley in blank verse, but we have utterly failed, and stand before it baffled and despairing. We see that a second volume of the same sort is contemplated by the same writer, and in compassion for humanity, including longsuffering reviewers, we beg to repeat *Punch's* advice to those about to marry, "Don't!"

Twilight Tales for Tiny Folk; or, Tales Told in the Firelight. Partridge.

Seven excellent stories for children. The title would suggest them as being written for infants, but they are fitter for larger folks. There is interest and purpose in each, and they cannot but do good.

Cheerful Homes: How to Get and Keep them; or, Counsels to those about to Marry, and those who are Married. By John W. Kirton, LL.D. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Don't confound Mr. Kirton's book with Curtain Lectures; it is a very different affair. The author of "Buy your own Cherries!" can write, sir. Get this book and see if ever you saw more fun and seriousness, more mirth and sanctity combined. John Ploughman himself could not beat it. Those who are going to be wedded should read it; and some who have made matrimony to be the grave of their love should study it, and begin to court anew the dear heart which they have well-nigh broken. First-rate, Mr. Kirton: you lay down the law like an LL.D. as you are, but you give people the gospel too.

Lucy Miller's Good Work. Religious Tract Society.

The orthodox story becomes rather monotonous. Here we see again the good little girl who becomes the means of improving a poor family, and ultimately the cause of their conversion!

How little novelty there is in these religious fictions: oh, for a new notion or fresh idea!

The Foster Sisters. A Story of the Great Revival. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. Shaw and Co.

Of special interest to girls. It recounts in a familiar and fascinating style many interesting incidents in convent life. The Foster Sisters are led, through the indirect influence of John Wesley, to embrace Protestantism; and their subsequent lives of self-denying devotion to the cause of Christ form examples well worthy of imitation. Interwoven with the story are many details which throw light on the political and religious history of the last century. It should interest any reader, but our daughters will prize it most.

The Book of Psalms in English Blank Verse. By Ben-Tehillim. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

As far as we are able to judge this is well done. Here we have the psalms in a kind of blank verse, which will be a gain to our friends who chant. The author has given great attention to accurate translation, and to a uniform rendering of the same word. Variations in tense have also been attended to, and the different divine names have been retained. We could find fault, but we shall not, for we are grateful for such useful help as Ben-Tehillim affords us. We put up his volume on our psalm shelf, meaning to consult the work as we proceed with "The Treasury of David."

A Portrait from God's Picture Gallery. Lessons from the Life of David. By R. E. Faulkner. Shaw and Co.

Outlines of addresses or sermons upon scenes in the life of David. We do not see much in the outlines either of genius or depth, but they are such as will be used by men who are hard-up. Do not buy the book to read it: but if you would invest seven sixpences in skeletons, here are fifty-two for your money.

The Garden of Gethsemane. By the Rev. George Philip, M.A., of Free St. John's, Edinburgh. Hodder and Stoughton.

The tenderest of topics devoutly thought upon. Mr. Philip has written a good book. All human thought upon this more than human agony is sure to fall short. This being admitted, we yet find much that is helpful, much that is worth treasuring up in these chapters; and, therefore, the volume which contains them takes its niche in our library among those expository works to which we are glad to turn when some great subject is before us. It is a popular, spiritual treatment of the whole story of Gethsemane.

Bible Helps: or, Aids to Bible Students. By G. J. Killingham, Evangelist. London: Elliot Stock.

An introduction to the Bible, with a concise analysis of the contents of each book in the Old and New Testament. We like to hear of young people setting themselves the sacred task of reading the Scriptures straight through. A manual of this kind will assist them to sustain unbroken attention. Other authors have prepared somewhat similar text-books. "Nicholls's Aid" and "Angus's Handbook" are both widely known; but this is no disparagement to a new adventure. Great pains have evidently been taken to make it acceptable.

Shadows of Good Things to Come; or, the Gospel in Ruth. By T. C. Hull. London: Bemrose and Sons.

A pretty little book; rather padded out with scraps of poetry.

The Antidote to Fear: illustrated by the Prophet Isaiah. By Newman Hall, LL.B. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Newman Hall is too well known to need any introduction to the Christian and general reading public; but we are glad to commend this little book as a good specimen of his style and spirit. It is earnest, simple, full of sympathy, and will be sure to command a large sale. May it help many a Littlefaith and Feeblemind towards the kingdom.

"Herein is Love." By H. D. Brown. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Brown had a choice theme to handle, and he has treated it with considerable skill. There is a sacred savour about his book; indeed, its charm is its deep experimental piety. The pages glow and flash with the presence of Jesus; and lovers of the incarnate love will find their Master here. To a keen eye there is a good series of sermons, or Bible studies, to be found here, and their brief treatment in the book will leave room for personal development of them. It has our warmest approval.

Bible-class Primers. Life and Reign of Solomon. By Rev. R. Winterbotham. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

A good specimen of a most useful series of handbooks now in course of publication. Every teacher should have this "Life of Solomon": it is clear and concise; and its scholarship is as reliable as its style is terse.

Memorials of the Rev. J. H. Anderson: being a Selection from his Sermons and Lectures. With a Memoir by his brother, T. D. Anderson, B.A. 66, Paternoster Row.

Memorials of a fine young man. We do not see anything of world-wide interest in the biography, nor very much that is special in the sermons; but to his Wesleyan friends upon the circuits which he occupied the memorials will have a living interest.

The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola. By A. C. Macleod. Edinburgh: J. Gemmell.

The old, old story of the Florentine friar put into brief form. There cannot be too much light thrown upon Rome and her doings; and these pieces of her history are the best refutation of her assumptions. Miss Macleod has caught her father's spirit and genius, and we hope to hear of her again.

Recollections of Henry Moorhouse. By G. C. Needham of Chicago, U.S.A. Edited by J. E. Hawkins. Hawkins and Co.

This is a stirring account of an unusual man and his work. Moorhouse was one of the best of a school of evangelists which flourished some little time since, and the story of his doings cannot fail to stimulate and encourage Christian workers of every kind. It is a warm, all-alive little manual.

Joyful Service. A sketch of the life and work of Emily Streatfield. By her Sister. Nisbet and Co.

This is a tender but discriminating memorial to a sister who seems to have been consecrated to gospel and temperance work after having become Christ's disciple. As showing what ways of useful service may be made by a heart on fire with love to souls, it is a valuable little volume, and a fitting chaplet to her memory. May her example inspire many more holy women to devote their talents to such works.

Trophies of Grace: Narratives of some of the Fruits of Labour for the Lord. By W. J. Lewis. Morgan and Scott.

Capital! Worth a hundred pretentious volumes of Christian evidences; proving the gospel to be a power for the reclamation of the vilest and most abandoned. Our heart has warmed and glowed again as we have read of Christ's conquests over sin and unbelief in the slums of London. Get it and read it, and then go out with new faith in the "old, old story" of the cross. A good shilling's-worth.

The Life of Hannah More: a Lady of Two Centuries. By Anna J. Buckland. Religious Tract Society.

Hannah More's life should be known to every young lady in England. Hers was a beautiful life, well-balanced, disinterested, consecrated, influential. Few women ever did so much and made so little fuss in the doing of it. We commend this little "life" to all our readers, and especially to such as are teachers of young girls.

The Holy Spirit in Man. By Rev. A. Douglas McMillan. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Nine practical addresses; showing in clear, scriptural exposition the possibilities of Christian life; supplemented by an earnest appeal to believers, not to quench the Spirit, but rather to cherish his influences.

José and Benjamin. By Professor Delitzsch. Hodder and Stoughton.

A translation of the work of the renowned German scholar, giving in a pleasant narrative a most instructive description of the life, ceremonies, and worship of the Jews and early Christians in the time of the Herods. Will well repay a thoughtful perusal.

Lessons from Bible Private Soldiers. By Rev. E. J. Hytche. Army Scripture Readers' Society.

A novel idea, well worked: turning the Bible private soldiers into texts from which to preach simple, homely sermons on many important subjects. It is a capital book for either the pocket or knapsack — small, compact, and strong.

History of Julius Cæsar. By Jacob Abbot. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster-row.

All the histories by Abbot are first-rate, and this is a handsome edition of one of them. We suppose the price is one shilling.

A Child of Jesus (from the popular book of that title). Compiled and arranged as a musically illustrated service. By JOHN BURNHAM (Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelist). Nicholson and Sons, Warwick Square.

ANOTHER song service, and one specially suitable for the afternoon gathering at a Sunday-school anniversary. The touching story of the "Child of Jesus," the sale of which has reached 150,000, is here well set to music. There could hardly be a more enjoyable means of grace than this service will furnish. The children will learn by heart a gracious story, and the mothers will listen and weep. The affecting scene of the baptism of the little invalid, who is the hero of the piece, will make it peculiarly acceptable to the Sunday-schools of our own denomination.

Old Faith in New Light. By NEWMAN SMYTH. Ward, Lock, and Co.

THE author says in his dedication of this volume that it is "the result of the endeavour to keep the birthright of a Christian childhood through the doubts and questionings of after years." A very suggestive book, though at the same time likely to be dangerous to immature readers. We have no faith in the wisdom of putting old wine into new bottles by way of improvement. The writer has meant to go one mile, and has been induced to go twain on the road of rationalistic criticism. Amidst much that is striking and memorable in thought, we find what is as ashes in the bread, yielding no nutriment, and only likely to break the children's teeth.

Rest from Sorrow, or, The Ministry of Suffering. By W. GUEST, F.G.S. Religious Tract Society.

WHATEVER Mr. Guest touches with his pen becomes at once interesting and suggestive; and though he has here worked a line of things on which much has been written, he has managed to say something both fresh and strengthening. Sorrowing hearts need a Barnabas, and here they will find him. There is tenderness and beauty, pathos and piety, and these in their robustest and most Scriptural form. Bating the prayers, the book has our sincerest approval.

Notes.

On *Monday evening, April* 2, additional interest was given to the missionary prayer-meeting by the presence of some friends connected with the China Inland Mission. Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who had just returned to England after several years' absence in China, asked the prayers of the church for Mr. George Nicoll, a missionary who is returning to his work in the Celestial Empire; and Mr. B. Broomhall requested a like favour for Mr. Wood, who had been accepted as one of the agents of the Mission. Both the brethren spoke, and earnest petitions were presented, not only for China's millions, but also for the success of all missionaries, both in the foreign field and at home. Should not individual believers be stirred to weekly prayer and giving? We are wearied with statistics as to what can be done with a penny a week. Oh, that all our members would give it a year's trial!

On *Tuesday evening, April* 3, the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school was held in the Lecture Hall, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in the chair. A printed report was issued, showing that out of 1,405 scholars on the books 314 are over fifteen years of age, and 157 are in the infant classes; 108 are church members, 21 having joined during the past year. The average attendance is, Teachers:—Morning, 60; afternoon, 92; Scholars:—Morning, 416; afternoon, 1,044. There are eight Bible-classes, with attendances varying from 30 to 60, also children's services, prayer-meetings for teachers and scholars, a magazine department, Band of Hope, Dorcas Society, Young Christians' Association, and Mutual Improvement Society. The sum of £150 18s. 6½d. was raised during the year for missionary purposes, in addition to £50 from Mr. Wigney's Bible-class: 315 scholars and teachers have joined the Bible Reading Union, and out of 85 scholars who entered for the annual scholars' examination 52 obtained certificates, and eight prizes. Mr. Spurgeon, in the course of his remarks, said: There is much need at the present time for every form of Christian work. Sunday-school teaching was a work calculated to do much good. Teachers should not leave their scholars in ignorance, but seek to obtain their religious affection, so that the softened heart might retain the words that fell from the teachers' lips. The teachers' work does not lessen the parents' responsibility. Earnestness and prayerfulness are wanted, and if these means are

used, and the child is brought up in the way he should go, conversion is almost sure to be the result. May all scholars in the school be led to the Saviour's feet. Addresses were given by Messrs. T. H. Olney, W. Mountain, T. Hoyland, S. Wigney, and C. Waters; and £20 was collected towards replenishing the scholars' library.

COLLEGE.—Mr. I. Bridge, formerly of Waterbeach, has gone to Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, a church which needs to find a friend who would contribute £20 or £30 a year to keep it going. Mr. Bridge is so devoted to his Lord's work that he has gone, though we cannot see how he is to be adequately supported. Mr. W. Julyan has removed from Cheltenham to Bournemouth; and Mr. J. Wilkins, who recently returned from America, has settled at Swaffham, Norfolk.

Any friends who can assist Mr. Stone in his work at Nottingham may rest assured that their help is greatly needed and richly deserved. Our friend has had to struggle against many difficulties, and has bravely held on his way. Just now he has to bear the extra burden of raising nearly £1,000 for painting, cleaning, repairs, etc., and with a heavy debt on the place this will be a severe task unless the Lord's stewards liberally aid him. We have done and shall still do all we can for him, but so many look to us that our resources are taxed to their utmost. It would be a great joy to us to see the Nottingham Tabernacle wholly freed from debt, so that the church might direct all its energies to the development of the mission-stations which Mr. Stone has started in the surrounding districts. No church within the range of our knowledge more truly deserves aid than this work at Nottingham.

CONFERENCE.—The *Nineteenth Annual Conference* of the Pastors' College Association was held, as announced, in the week commencing *Monday, April 16th*, and writing these "Notes" immediately after the close of the meetings we can truly say that, notwithstanding the great disappointment and sorrow caused by the President's absence from all the meetings, after the Monday night, the Conference of 1883 will compare most favourably with all that preceded it. On former occasions the President has been once or twice taken ill before the end of the week, but never until this year has he been prevented from delivering his inaugural address, or presenting the annual report at the subscribers' supper. His disappointment at being laid aside just when it seemed that he was most needed was keen indeed, but as the tidings arrived day after day that the meetings were quite up to the usual standard, that the interest was unflagging, the liberality of the subscribers as great as ever, and the presence and blessing of the Lord most manifest in every part of the proceedings, what could he do but praise and magnify the grace of God which was thus signally vouchsafed? The assembly of 1883 will be remembered in days to come as the *dark-bright* Conference—dark, because of the sickness and sorrow that came like a black cloud to hide the sun; and bright, because of the mercies and favours that our gracious Master poured out in such generous abundance. Again has he proved in our experience that he doeth all things well.

This year, instead of the opening prayer-meeting on the Monday afternoon being held at the College, it was transferred to the same place as the tea and public meeting, for which an invitation had been received from Pastor W. Hobbs and the church at Gipsy-road, Lower Norwood. As the result of this alteration, the attendance was much larger than has been usual at the afternoon meetings in former years. Our venerable friend, Professor Rogers, presided; and many fervent petitions for a blessing upon the week's proceedings were presented at the throne of grace. At the tea in the school-room the brethren had the joy of welcoming not only their President, but also Mrs. Spurgeon, who was as happy to see them as they were to look upon her. After the meal, hearty words of welcome and thanks were uttered, and then we adjourned to the chapel for the public meeting. This was a smaller assembly than we have had on previous occasions, but there was a clear gospel ring about every speech, and the whole gathering was a fitting commencement of the week's programme. Addresses were delivered by the President, and Pastors W. Whale (Middlesbro'), W. E. Rice (Earl's Colne), and W. Hackney (Oxford). All who were present were grieved to see the President suffering great pain in one of his hands, but rejoiced that he was able to speak with all his wonted fervour and force. At the Tabernacle the Vice-President occupied the chair at the regular prayer-meeting, which was largely attended by ministers from the country. Several of the brethren offered prayer, and Pastor T. W. Medhurst (Lake-road, Landport), delivered an able address.

On *Tuesday morning, April 17*, the ministers and students met in the College Lecture-hall in larger numbers than on any previous occasion. After the opening hymn the Vice-President, who occupied the chair in his brother's absence, read the following letter:—

"Dear Brethren,—After a night of extreme pain, I find myself unable to leave my bed to-day—at least, I fear so. I am bitterly disappointed; but as I have had no hand in it, I must yield myself to our Great Father's will. May the presence and power of the Holy Spirit be with you all day long. If I find at any time that I am recovering, I shall set out for your Conference at once, and may appear at any time. Meanwhile, I shall be glad if the Vice-President will kindly go on with any part of the programme

which may be ready. When such a sad Providence intervenes we must make the best of it. I am somewhat in hopes that the attack is so sharp that it cannot last long. It is furiously upon me at this moment.—Your suffering President,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The sincerest sympathy of the whole assembly was evoked by this sad communication, and the most fervent prayers were offered for the speedy recovery of the Lord's suffering servant. It did not please our heavenly Father to grant all the petitions that were presented, and yet we are sure that they were heard in heaven, and that as far as it was good for us they were answered. At the close of the season of supplication the Vice-President carried out his brother's request, as far as possible, by delivering at once his address founded upon the words of our Lord to John the Baptist, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." It was a timely message, and though uttered before the speaker had the opportunity of preparing as carefully as he had intended, those who heard it felt that it could scarcely have been improved by any amount of additional study and thought. Before dispersing for a brief recess it was resolved that the following telegram should be sent to our beloved President:—"We suffer with you. We are greatly disappointed, but trust it will only be for a while. Our prayers are multiplied for you."

On reassembling, Professor Gracey read his wise and weighty paper on "Faith," after which the business of the Conference was transacted. The principal items of general interest were as follows:—the deaths of one minister and one student were reported, the names of twenty-six students who have been more than six months in the College were added to the roll, and three names were for various reasons removed. Mr. Allison's report of the Assurance Community showed that the total payments had amounted to £71 2s., and that the balance in hand was £6 15s. 6d. Our friend was heartily thanked for his management of the fund, and consented to continue his kind services during the ensuing year. Brethren who have not paid their subscriptions should at once send 5s. to Mr. Allison at the Tabernacle, that they may be entitled to the benefits of the fund should death enter their homes during the year. It was agreed that MONDAY, JUNE 18TH should be set apart for special united prayer by all the churches connected with the Conference. The letter from the Australian brethren, which is printed in the report, was read, and also the following communication from the Canadian branch of our Association, which arrived just too late to be published in the proper place:—

"Toronto, March 29th, 1883.

"To the Brethren of the Pastors' College in Conference Assembled.

"From the Brethren in Canada.

"Dear Brethren,—It again becomes our pleasing duty to send our annual greetings, and wish you all grace and wisdom in your Conference, and that you may return to your various fields of labour encouraged, strengthened, and abundantly blessed.

"To every one of us it would be a privilege of exceeding value to be permitted to meet with you, with our beloved tutors, and above all with our greatly honoured President, who dwells in our hearts, and for whom we cease not to give thanks, that we have known him in the flesh, and have sat as his feet.

"Changes, in nearly every case for the better, have marked the year now closing. Brother Joseph Forth has removed from London to Dresden; Brother C. A. Cook from Kingston to Parliament Street, Toronto; Brother Robert Holmes from Aylmer to College Street, Toronto; Brother Jesse Gibson from Plattsville to Portage La Prairie, Manitoba; Brother W. W. Willis from Collingwood to Colebrook, Ohio, U.S., and the writer from the College Street Church in this city to the management of the Standard Publishing Company, created by the munificence of Senator McMaster as the publishing society of the Denomination in Ontario, Quebec, and Manitoba. Brother H. F. Adams, having changed his views on the Communion question, has resigned the pastorate of the open-communion church, Quebec, and has accepted an invitation as supply, with a view to the pastorate of the Regular Baptist Church, Mount Vernon, Ohio, U.S. Brethren James Grant, Robert Lennie, and Henry Cox remain in the same fields of labour at Paris, Dundas, and Leamington.

"It will be a joy to you to know that our brethren have all kept resolutely in the 'old paths;' and that they are known everywhere as lovers of the gospel and preachers thereof, with manifest tokens of the Master's approval.

"We hear frequently that the ranks of the ministry are over-full in England, and that sometimes good men find it difficult to secure suitable fields of labour. If such be the case, we would say that there is plenty of room and a right royal welcome here for brethren of good education, respectable pulpit gifts, and sincere piety, whose names have never been sullied by folly or sin; and whose convictions in reference to open-communion are not such that they must ever make it a bone of contention and a cause of offence. But if there are brethren who are so strong on this question, that they must run against the close-communion wall on every occasion, much to the injury—not of the wall, but of their own heads, we would say—well, we would say to such:—'Try some place on the other side of the world, Australia for instance.' For, rightly or wrongly, the communion question is so settled on this continent, that even a Robert Hall could not turn the shadow back on the dial of Ahaz.

"Rejoicing that time and distance cannot weaken, much less break, the bonds which unite us together, we remain, in behalf of the Canadian Branch of the Pastors' College Association,

"Yours in the service of the Gospel,

"S. A. DYKE, President for 1883.

"JAMES GRANT, Secretary."

Dinner was served at the Tabernacle, and the mention of that fact leads us to record our deep indebtedness to our devoted deacon, Mr. Murrell, for all his care of the brethren during the week. It is no easy matter to provide dinner and tea for three or four hundred ministers on four successive days, in addition to arranging for the subscribers' supper one evening, and the ministers and students' feast the next night, but with the help of his many co-workers, Mr. Murrell does the whole business in first-rate style, and he richly deserves the hearty thanks that were presented to him during the meetings.

Tuesday evening is usually spent at the Orphanage, in order to still further strengthen the bonds of friendship that exist between that institution and the College. After tea the sweet singers and clever hand-bell ringers provided a most enjoyable entertainment, in the course of which appropriate addresses were delivered by the Vice-President, and Pastor A. G. Brown (East London Tabernacle), and the day's proceedings were pleasantly closed by an exhibition of Pastor Charles Spurgeon's beautiful dissolving views of his American tour, for which he was heartily thanked in the name of all the brethren.

On *Wednesday morning, April* 18th, the news of our President's continued sickness filled us with grief, and tidings also reached us that the wife of our much-loved brother Gange, of Bristol, had been called home. Heartfelt supplications ascended both for the afflicted and the bereaved; and after the reading and exposition of Psalm cxxxii. by our venerable tutor, Professor Rogers, all who were present were delighted to listen to our honoured friend, Dr. Stanford, as he in his own unique style explained and applied the words of our Lord to the first preachers of the gospel—"I give you a mouth and wisdom." Pastor W. J. Styles (Keppel-street) next followed with a valuable paper upon "Conversion, and its Counterfeit," and the remainder of the morning was occupied with interesting accounts of foreign work given by Pastor W. Norris (of Calcutta), and Mr. J. J. Turner, who was until recently connected with the China Inland Mission. In the evening the subscribers and friends of the College met for tea, and afterwards assembled for the annual meeting, under the presidency of John Houghton, Esq., of Liverpool. All were grieved that the President was unable to be present, and he was equally sorry to miss the opportunity of personally thanking his many generous helpers for their continued liberality to this branch of the Lord's work under his care. In his absence the report of the year's work was presented by the Vice-President, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Pastors R. J. Middleton (Great Torrington), C. T. Johnson (Longton), F. E. Blackaby (Stow-on-the-Wold), and J. Glover (Coombe Martin), and our missionary brethren, W. Norris, J. J. Turner, and A. Billington, who in turn pleaded for India, China, and Africa. The company then adjourned to the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, to partake of the supper given by Mr. Spurgeon and two or three friends, and prepared by Mr. Murrell and his assistants. When the list of donations and promises was completed, it was found that the contributions amounted to £2,073 18s. The gifts of friends unable to be present brought up the total to £2,100—truly a noble sum, for which we heartily thank every donor, while we bless the name of the Lord who moved them thus to cheer and help us.

On *Thursday morning, April* 19, after a time of earnest wrestling with God in prayer, Professor Rogers briefly but forcibly addressed the assembly, Pastor J. Hillman (Hampden Chapel, Hackney) read a useful paper on "Persistency in our Work," and Pastor W. Anderson (Reading) read his searching, scriptural, spiritual essay on "The Christian minister's dependence upon the Holy Spirit." At the dinner-table it was resolved that the grateful thanks of the brethren should be forwarded to Mrs. Spurgeon for her kind gift of the President's new book, "Illustrations and Meditations," with the assurance of the heartfelt sympathy of every member of the Conference, and their united prayers for the speedy restoration to health of their honoured President and his beloved wife. (Any of our brethren who were unable to be present can obtain the book by writing to Mrs. Spurgeon, and enclosing four stamps for postage).

The annual public meeting, in the Tabernacle, in the evening, was one of the largest and best ever held. The Vice-President presided, and again gave a *resumé* of the work of the year; addresses were delivered by Professor Fergusson, and Pastors G. Samuel (Birmingham), T. J. Longhurst (Cheltenham), W. J. Mayers (Bristol), and T. G. Tarn (Cambridge); brethren Mayers and Parker led us in sacred song; and Pastor C. Spurgeon, in the name of his father and of the whole Conference, thanked the Vice-President for his invaluable services in the specially trying circumstances of the week. The ministers and students were then entertained at supper in the usual bountiful manner, and on their behalf the deacons of the Tabernacle church were assured of the deep gratitude of every brother for all their services to the College. After Messrs. Murrell and Carr had suitably responded, sentiments of hearty congratulation and loving welcome to Mrs. James Spurgeon were expressed by two of the pastors, and acknowledged by the Vice-President.

On *Friday morning, April* 20, after a season of earnest prayer, the following letters from the President and Mrs. Spurgeon were read:—

"DEAR BRETHREN,—I send my hearty love to one and all of you. I am very grateful to all who have done so much to make the Conference a success. I feel as if I had double reason for praising and blessing God. If I had one reason for complaining that I was not allowed to come, I seem to have two reasons for rejoicing that although I did not come the blessing came all the same, and it does not matter what becomes of me so long as you get blessed. I hope I shall meet the whole of you in a hundred years' time.

"'You'll not be in glory
And leave me behind.'

God bless you all for ever.

"So prays,

"Your President and Friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

"DEAR BRETHREN,—I rejoice in the sweet message you have sent to me, and thank you for receiving my little present so lovingly. May the book be a choice companion to you throughout the year, and a true helpmeet in your work.

"I think you will delight to walk in this Puritan garden, for it is a place of fragrance and beauty, and 'Supposing *Him* to be the Gardener,' it is likely you may there often meet with your Lord.

"Of the great loss you have sustained, in *our* President's absence from Conference, I can scarcely speak. It has been a bitter grief to me—to you it must have been an overwhelming disappointment, yet the Lord has in his own gracious and wonderful way given you some compensation in the exceeding blessing he has poured out on your meetings, and, may it not be that the fervent prayers evoked by this sorrow may be answered by some totally unexpected acts of grace? From the sick-bed of a suffering President there come many voices of entreaty to his noble band of preachers, but I think the loudest and most importunate is that of Paul to Timothy, 'Preach the word, be instant in season, and out of season. . . . . be not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, *nor of me his prisoner.*'

"Pardon me that I cannot more worthily reply to your graceful message, but believe that in all loving sympathy and sincere respect, I am ever

"Your devoted friend,

"S. SPURGEON."

The Vice-President was again graciously helped to take his brother's place by preaching from Malachi iii. 3. Then followed the communion, and our closing hymn, commencing—

"Pray that Jerusalem may have,
Peace and felicity;"

sung to the tune "Martyrdom" by the whole band of brothers standing with hands linked in token of our union with our one Lord and with one another.

At the farewell dinner our faithful Remembrancer, Pastor F. H. White, reported that 187 pastors had collected or contributed £608 towards the College funds since the last Conference—an increase of more than £100 over the previous year. The Vice-President touchingly alluded to the great loss the College had sustained by the deaths of Deacons Higgs and Mills, and cordially thanked all who had helped to ensure the success of the Conference. Messrs. Charlesworth, Murrell, Gracey, Fergusson, and Marchant briefly spoke, and the Conference was appropriately closed with the doxology and benediction.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have conducted a most successful three weeks' mission at *Hull* during the past month. A local paper in reporting the opening services thus describes the evangelists:—"That Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are men who, to use a vulgar phrase, are 'cut out' for their work cannot be doubted. They are of the type of preachers whom 'the common people' must always hear gladly, men of intense earnestness and power, not remarkable, perhaps, for profound learning, but possessing wide Biblical knowledge, a fine appreciation of many phases of human character, and a wealth of natural eloquence which their somewhat rugged provincial dialect does not diminish. Had they not been so prominently introduced as coming from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in whose Pastors' College they have received much of their training, they might easily have been pronounced as of Mr. Spurgeon's 'school,' both from their style of preaching and the doctrine they teach."

Later reports convey the cheering news that much blessing has rested upon the work. During the first fortnight in this month our brethren are to be at Chesterfield, in response to an invitation from all the Nonconformist churches, and on the 20th they are to visit Maidenhead.

Up to the present time we have received for sermons to be distributed at the evangelists' services £26 15s. 6d., and expended £25.

Mr. Higgins, who was the pioneer of the Society of Evangelists, sends us a good report of Mr. Burnham's services at *Melbourn*, Cambs., and Mr. Middleton forwards equally welcome tidings of our brother's visit to *Great Torrington*, Devon. So many persons have derived spiritual benefit from the meetings that Mr. Burnham has promised to go again in July for a fortnight of tent services. From Torrington he went next to *Lyme Regis*, and thence home for the Conference. This month he is to be at Poole.

Mr. Frank Russell has conducted special services at *Godstone* and *West Drayton*, with cheering results.

ORPHANAGE.—*Special Preliminary Notice.*—Will all our friends kindly note that the *Annual Fête* will (D. V.) be held on *Tuesday, June 19th*, the President's birthday? Those of our helpers from the country who will be in town for the Handel Festival may be glad to know where they can spend one of the off-days between the musical performances at the Crystal Palace. We hope a large number of our friends will, as usual, attend the Stockwell Orphanage Festival. We expect on this occasion to be ready for the laying of the memorial-stone of the next block of buildings, which will comprise the head-master's house and the necessary premises for the accommodation of the working and teaching staff. In addition to our usual anniversary programme we are arranging for an interesting and instructive exhibition of engravings of scenes connected with the history of the Protestant Reformation in our own land and on the Continent.

What some of our young friends are doing.—Some time ago two little ladies at Penzance sent us the proceeds of a sale of work in their garden. During the past month they have had another meeting, which was held in the schoolroom of the chapel; some friends helped them by giving a tea, so that altogether they were able to forward a cheque for £6 5s. for the Orphanage. Last year two young gentlemen at Stowmarket presented us with a guinea, which they had realized by giving an entertainment on behalf of the orphans. They have recently called their friends together again, and, as the result, have sent us thirty shillings, with a neat little note, in which they say, "We hope to be able to do even more another year, as we like working for so good a cause." We are very grateful to all the kind Cornish and Suffolk folk who helped our young friends, and we shall be glad to hear of similar efforts in other parts of the country. It is a capital idea for children to be taught to sympathize with the poor and needy, and to assist them as far as they are able. This is the way to train up a generation of philanthropists to take the place of those who are being called away from us one by one.

COLPORTAGE.—Special attention is called to the annual meeting of the Colportage Association, which is fixed for *Monday, May 7th*, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The President will take the chair, if he is well enough to be out, and S. D. Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P., and the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, of Camberwell Presbyterian Church, have promised to address the meeting. Full reports of the work will be given, and several of the colporteurs will tell interesting incidents of their experience in book-selling, visiting, preaching, etc.

PERSONAL NOTE.—During the past month we have received a large number of letters concerning friends who have fallen asleep, to whom our sermons and other works have been made useful. It would not be possible to publish all of them, but we must find room for the following note:—

"My dear sir,—Allow me to forward you what I believe will be a word of encouragement.

"A dear niece of mine, who was consumptive, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Monday evening last, at the early age of twenty-five. Previous to her illness she was not a Christian. Since, her heart has been changed, and she has died a most triumphant death.

"During her illness your book, 'Morning by Morning,' has been a blessed comfort to her; it has been spiritual food to her soul. She devoured it eagerly, and was delighted when some relative or friend read some appropriate portion to her. The text and comment for March 3rd, 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction,' were singularly appropriate and precious to her. She has manifested her appreciation of the book by presenting her father and mother and her husband's father with a copy each. I pray that it may prove as great a blessing to them as it has to her.

"I may say that the fear of death was taken entirely from her, and she calmly waited its approach. Until the day of her death she would have the inimitable hymns, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' 'I heard the voice of Jesus say,' etc., sung by her sisters, and even when her voice could not be heard louder than the faintest whisper, she would join with them, or reiterate, 'Sing them again, sing them again.' On the day of her death it seemed as if heaven's glory had burst through the veil, her face lit up with the most heavenly smile, and with sparkling eyes, she said, 'Look! Jesus! Jesus!' At five o'clock in the afternoon she said, 'I am almost there, I shall soon be with Jesus.' At ten minutes past five she asked what time it was. When her sister told her, she said, '*I shall be in heaven by half-past six.*' Her father, mother, aunt, and three sisters were in the room when she said this. Several times after she asked the time: once she said, '*Why does not the time go quicker?*' She had not much longer to wait, at *ten minutes past six*, or just one hour after she made the statement, in the presence of her friends, she calmly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"I must apologise for forwarding this letter to you, but the victory has been so complete and marvellous, and achieved by one very unlikely to achieve such a glorious victory, and your precious book has been the chief instrument used by the Holy Spirit to accomplish it, that I thought it would not be out of place to acquaint you with the facts. With sincere prayers that you may be long spared to be a great blessing to others,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"_____."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Powell	0	5	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Walls	1	0	0
Mr. E. Potter	0	2	6
A friend, Newport, Monmouthshire	0	2	6
Mrs. William Goff	0	10	0
Collection at Paisley, per Pastor John Crouch	4	12	0
Collection at Dorking Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. G. Everett	1	15	3
Communion Collection at Bridgwater, per Pastor H. Moore	1	8	0
Collected at Bovingdon, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	11	0
Mr. W. Balne	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Morecambe, per Pastor W. G. Myles	1	5	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Streatham, per Pastor A. McCaig	3	4	2
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	5	5	0
Miss M. A. Gardiner, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Faversham, per Pastor C. A. Slack	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Howard	1	1	0
Mr. James Benham	5	0	0
Mr. Philip Holland	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	2	0	0
Friends at Commercial Road Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	2	3	0
Mr. B. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	20	0	0
Mr. Marcus Martin	5	0	0
Rev. J. P. Chown	2	2	0
J. H. D.	5	5	0
Mr. E. Sheffield	5	0	0
Mrs. C. E. Burt	5	5	0
Mr. S. R. Pattison	1	0	0
Mr. Josiah Wade	2	2	0
Mr. Jas. Barlow	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Palmer, M.P.	10	0	0
Mr. John Marnham	10	0	0
Mr. G. F. White	10	0	0
Rev. Dr. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mr. B. Venables	2	2	0
Mr. J. Outhwaite	1	1	0
Mr. F. Cotton	2	2	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	5	0	0
Collection at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor J. W. Genders	2	19	0
Mr. James McElkinny	0	5	0
Collection at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	20	0	8
Pastor E. B. Pearson's Bible-class, Hounslow	1	17	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mrs. Arnold	0	2	6
Mr. MacIntyre	0	12	6
An afflicted missionary in India	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	4	4	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Pastor G. Dunnett	1	5	0
Pastor W. B. Haynes	1	0	0
Friends at St. Andrew's-street Chapel, Cambridge, per Pastor T. G. Tarn :—			
Mr. Edmond Foster	1	1	0
Mr. G. E. Foster	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. 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. Toller	1	1	0
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0
Pastor T. G. Tarn	1	1	0
Part Collection	7	4	8
			16 13 8
Mr. and Mrs. Miller			1 0 0
Stamps from Shepherd's Bush			0 5 0
P. H.			1 0 0
Mrs. Buse			1 8 9
Pastor G. W. Linnecar			0 15 0
Mrs. M. Murray			2 0 0
Mr. J. Moss			1 0 0
Pastor J. Dodwell			0 1 6
Mr. John Roberts			0 10 0
Mr. E. S. Boot			2 2 0
Collection at Brondesbury Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Thompson			3 0 0
Mr. W. Withey			10 0 0
Mr. Spriggs			0 5 0
Mr. John T. Daintree			3 3 0
Mr. William Edwards			5 0 0
Mr. R. Cope Morgan			5 5 0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Joel Evered			1 0 0
Mr. W. Mac Gill, M.D.			1 1 0
Mr. H. M. Watts			0 10 0
Weekly Offering at Met. Tab. :—			
Mar. 18	19 17 2		
„ 25	28 15 2		
April 1	32 14 3		
„ 8	30 0 2		
			102 6 9
			£383 16 9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Halbeath Sabbath-scholars	0	3	0
Maggie	0	2	6
L. K. D.	1	10	0
Miss Powell	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Half proceeds of entertainment by Orphanage Choir at Battersea Baptist Chapel, per Rev. C. Kirtland	6	10	0
From Bleek Mull	0	10	0
Miss M. Brown	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected at entertainment by Orphanage Boys at York Street Congregational Chapel, Walworth, per Rev. P. J. Turquand	5	5	0
Proceeds of entertainment by Orphanage Choir at Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor M. Cumming	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	1	0	0
Mrs. Tompkins	0	10	0
Jessie Clark	0	5	0
M. Pentelow	0	3	0
Mrs. William Morgan, per Rev. Sidney R. Young	100	0	0
Mr. James Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	10	10	0
Thankoffering for the election of Alexander W. Grimmond, per the Misses Crumpton :—			
Mr. R. C. Drew	10	0	0
Mrs. Drew	5	0	0
Mr. Theodore Drew	5	0	0
Mr. A. Artis	5	0	0
Mr. J. Spruke	5	0	0
Mr. George Drummond	10	0	0
Messrs. George Trollope and Sons	5	0	0
Lieut.-Col. Pemberton	2	0	0
C. G.	10	0	0
Mr. E. Foreman	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hendrich	1	0	0
E. L.	0	10	0
Three friends	1	10	0
	61	0	0
Mrs. Dane	1	0	0
Kent Street Bible-class	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	15	0
Victoria Baptist Church, Wandsworth	5	5	0
The late Mrs. Monnery	5	0	0
Mr. James Weatherup	1	0	0
Miss E. Cumpstone	0	10	0
Mrs. Collin	0	7	1
Collected by Miss M. G. Scott	5	0	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Thomson	5	0	0
Mrs. Ross	1	0	0
T. Byrd	0	5	0
"Mizpah"	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Baskervill	0	5	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	5	0	0
Mr. Owen Davies	5	5	0
A friend, Newport, Monmouthshire	0	2	6
Mrs. E. York	0	5	0
W. S.	1	0	0
Free Church Sunday-school, Fochabers	0	6	9
Stamps from friends	0	1	0
A lad at Nelson	0	1	0
Emmanuel Church Young Men's Bible-class, Brighton, per Mr. Sharp	1	2	6
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0
E. and J. S.	0	7	6
Congregational Church, Wickham Brook	1	10	0
The Rookery Children's Box	0	7	0
	1	17	0
J. K.	0	2	6
A servant's presents from visitors	0	2	0
Proceeds of entertainment at Stowmarket, per Masters A. J. Pearsons and J. E. Ennals	1	10	0
Mr. H. Lincoln	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hogg	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Eythorne and Ashley Sunday-schools	4	0	0
Mr. C. Powell	1	5	0
Mr. J. B. Humphries	0	1	6
Special Jury summons	2	2	0
Mr. John South	40	0	0
Postal Order from Redruth	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Pastor J. Levinsohn's Bible-class :—			
Mrs. Peek	0	12	0
Miss Peters	0	2	6
Miss Lewis	0	16	0
Miss Beasley	0	4	6
Miss Smout	0	10	0
Miss Amos	0	7	6
Miss Whitmore	0	11	6
Mrs. Cottle	0	5	0
Miss Bashford	0	13	6
Mr. Fennimore and friends	0	4	6
Miss Shipman	1	6	3
Miss Blow	0	3	8
Miss Mitten	0	10	0
Mr. Groom	0	6	0
Miss Tripp	0	3	6
Miss Burges	0	5	0
Miss Fennimore	0	5	6
Mr. Wallace Wood	0	3	6
Miss Procter	0	5	0
Mr. C. Cottle	0	4	0
Mrs. Benbow	0	1	0
	8	0	11
Proceeds of Entertainment by Orphanage Choir	2	12	0
	10	12	11
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. H. A. J.	0	18	0
J. H. D.	25	0	0
M. B.	0	10	0
In response to John Ploughman's request	5	0	0
Mr. William Spickett	10	0	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Miss S. Scott	0	5	0
Miss M. Brown	0	6	0
Mr. Thos. Martin	1	0	0
"Moorgate"	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. P. H. Watts	0	15	0
Mrs. MacIntyre	0	12	6
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mr. W. A. Hayward	5	0	0
Friends at Wantage	1	0	0
Mr. F. Battam	0	10	0
A poor farmer's wife	0	2	0
Stamps from Swindon	0	1	0
Mr. A. Benham	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	4	4	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	2
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mr. H. H. Gambling	5	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Miss Mackay	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Miss Daisy Ridley	0	10	6
Mrs. A. Thomas	1	0	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Hayward	2	7	0
Friends at Sunderland, per Pastor A. A. Rees	0	12	6
A. M. G.	0	2	6
Mr. C. C. Harris	5	0	0
Mr. James Ball	0	5	0
Battersea Park Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Collins	2	8	0
The Society for the Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts, per Secretary	25	0	0
No name—a thankoffering for mercies received	10	0	0
Luton Baptist Sunday-school Sick and Mission Fund, per Mr. E. Hall	1	1	0
"Half the rent," G. H. B.	4	6	0
Miss M. Kellett	0	5	0
Mr. Stanley J. Blake	0	5	0
Miss Gardiner, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Twaites	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. East, Kingston, Jamaica :—			
Lady Musgrave	1	2	0
Mrs. Stiebel... ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jackson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. East ...	0	10	0
Rev. C. B. Berry	0	10	0
Rev. C. Robinson	0	10	0
Rev. A. G. Kirkham ...	0	5	0
Rev. P. Watson	0	5	0
Rev. W. A. Tucker ...	0	5	0
Rev. T. Hutchins	0	5	0
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0
Rev. W. Teahh	0	5	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0
Mrs. Tucker...	0	5	0
Mr. McWiney	0	4	0
Miss Cuthbert	0	1	0
Miss Bailey	0	1	0
A widow	0	1	0
Miss Gordon	0	1	0
	6	10	0
M. S. A., per Mr. E. H. Bartlett ...	2	10	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. Hughes	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. J. West	2	0	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Oakley	0	16	1
A Reader of the Almanack	0	1	0
Mrs. Pickering, per Colporteur A. Walker	0	5	0
A Friend, Postal Order, Charles-street	0	5	0
A Well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	0	5

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Ross's Mission, per Mr. W. Ross...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Ross...	1	1	0
Mr. Hurst	1	1	0
	12	2	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. J. Malpass	0	2	6
Mr. R. Davis, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Ann Knight	200	0	0
Miss Harriett Marsden	0	3	0
Mr. W. Morris	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Gardiner	0	6	10
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Munday, per J. O. Stalberg ...	0	2	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards :—			
Schofield, F....	0	18	0
Chennell, F....	0	3	0
Orphan Girl's Collecting Card :—			
Runnacus, A.	1	0	0
	2	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, March 31st ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Collingwood	0	5	0
Mrs. Humphreys	0	5	0
	0	10	0
Mr. W. MacGill, M.D.	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0
	£717	15	9

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: 1 churn of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 1 sack of Potatoes and 1 sack of Flour, M. H. A.; 28lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

GENERAL.—15 Toilet Tidies, Y. W. C. A.; 1 parcel of Books, Mrs. Rogers; 2 large Illustrations and 2 Diagrams, Messrs. J. and F. Howard; 12 monthly parts, "Boys' Own Paper," 9 monthly parts, "Young England," Miss Caine; 1 dozen copies of "Sacred Songs and Solos," Messrs. Morgan and Scott; 1 Cloth for Hand-bell Ringers' table, Mrs. Fairman and friends; a quantity of Books, Mrs. E. Bowser; a load of firewood, Mr. Thompson.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—4 Woollen Scarves, Miss Shaw; 18 Articles, Mrs. H. Adkins; 1 parcel of Cotton Dresses, Mrs. Rogers; 19 Articles, Miss Cooke; 7 Articles, and 1 piece of Waterproof Tweed, Mrs. West; 7 Articles, Mrs. E. Bowser; 12 yards of Wrappering, Mr. Woollard; 108 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 30 Articles, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. Pearce; 2 Pinafores, from "One who loves Jesus."

BOYS' CLOTHING.—12 Shirts, A. L. Higham; 12 Woollen Shirts, Miss Cooke.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
A Suffolk orphan—sixty-six years' mercies	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	1	0	0
Mr. James Clark, per Pastor W. Williams	10	10	0
Miss Powell	0	5	0
M. B....	1	1	0
Helen...	0	6	0
Mrs. Eliza Wicks	1	1	0
Mrs. E. York	0	5	0
Proceeds of sale of work at Penzance by Misses Ada Ash and Ellie Perrow	6	6	0
M. T.	0	6	0
"In memoriam," Ethel Bertha ...	1	1	0
Mrs. M. K. Quelch	3	0	0
A. B.	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Benham	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Gunn	5	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss J. Stevenson	0	5	0
Miss Grace Ridley	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. P. L. Kitchen, Peterborough :—			
Miss Young, Cambridge ...	0	10	0
Mr. Glover, Tring	0	5	0
Mrs. Glover	0	2	6
Mrs. Abington, Ringstead	0	5	0
P. L. K.	0	2	6
Small sums	0	2	0
	1	7	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. E. Shaw	1	0	0
	£48	18	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
East Devon Colportage Association, for Ottery St. Mary	10	0	0
Ringwood District	12	10	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Horley	10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Tustin, for Langley Moor	20	0	0
Sevenoaks District	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Thornbury District:—			
Mrs. T. S. Child ... 5 0 0			
Subscriptions, per Mrs. Day ... 8 0 0			
	13	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association	30	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association	15	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Ventnor	30	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, Kingsteignton District	20	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, Accrington District	10	0	0
E. S., for Burton-on-Trent and Church Gresley	20	0	0
Eythorne District	7	10	0
Sunderland District	20	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston	7	10	0
	£305	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
"Small savings"	0	3	0
Mrs. Percy's Collecting Box	0	11	5
Z.	0	5	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	0	10	0
Mr. W. Whittingham	2	2	0
Mr. Robert Walls	1	0	0
Miss M.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. York	0	10	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Annual Subscribers:—			
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
H. M. (half-yearly)	20	0	0
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. T. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. C. Murrell (1882)	1	1	0
H. E. S.	19	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	9	10	0
	£64	10	11

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Parry	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Walls	1	0	0
Balance of Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's visit to Long Buckby	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Byrom Hall, Liverpool, per Mr. John Houghton	10	15	0
A true friend	0	15	0
In memoriam, March 22, 1882	0	2	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Soho-street Chapel, Liverpool	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Melbourn	2	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Monnery	5	0	0
Sale of Artificial Teeth from K.	1	10	0
Miss McClellan	1	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
G. H.	0	5	0
B. H., per Mr. Fullerton	0	10	0
Mrs. Jos. Williams	0	10	6
Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association, for Mr. Frank Russell	12	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Great Torrington	1	14	4
	£41	16	10

Auckland Tabernacle Fund.—Stamps, 2s. 6d.; Miss Parnell, £1; Miss M. Heath, £5; Miss M. Wade, £5; "Moorgate," £2; Mrs. M. L. P., Avon Lodge, £2; Mrs. Joseph Williams, £1 1s.

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 PAPER

CONCERNING

THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,

NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1882-83.



Printed for the College by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1883.

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The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church Meeting in the beginning of the year.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____ *pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*

Concerning College Work as we see it.

BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

YEARS ago, when I had newly commenced my ministry, I felt a burden from the Lord laid upon me; and this was the nature of it,—I was bound over not only to preach the gospel myself, but to see that others were helped to do the same. In Paul's word to Timothy I found my own pastoral charge: "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." (See 2 Tim. ii. 1, 2.)

How weighty a matter was thus laid upon me I did not perceive at the first, and peradventure I do not even yet fully estimate it, though much of it now lies open and clear in the words of the great apostle. It may be that the fulness of his meaning is not to be learned except by experience; certainly, by experience I have discovered that my enterprise taxes all my strength, and makes me cry for more. That I may obtain this extraordinary help, I desire the intercessions of all who have power with God. To win the prayerful sympathy of friends I will spend a little time in meditating upon the words of the apostle. My pen runs sermon fashion, and my heart is warm with my theme; forgive me, therefore, if I preach rather than write a report. I want to plead for myself, and for all who have to keep the charge of the Lord's house; for we need the hearty good wishes and supplications of all our Master's servants. I desire to put my readers in sympathy with one of our old hymns:—

> "'Tis not a cause of small import
> The pastor's care demands;
> But what might fill an angel's heart,
> And fill'd a Saviour's hands."

The exhortation of the apostle urges the man of God to be himself strong; for the task imposed upon him is one for which no weakling is fitted. "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus." Some read it, "be inwardly strengthened," be invested with power such as only grace can bestow. Never were Paul's words more needful than at this hour. "Quit yourselves like men, be strong," is the most fitting exhortation for this critical moment. Strength of grace is needed in these evil times to avow the truth, and to remain constant to it in one's own personal ministry; but much more is required if we are to hand on the sacred deposit of revealed doctrine to others.

The simplicity and openness of the work are, in part, its trial. We are

not allowed in this matter to use the craft which commends itself to minds of the Jesuitical order; for having received the doctrines of Christ, as Paul saith, "among many witnesses," we know not the art of private communication, and utterly abjure the idea of secret directions delivered with closed doors. Our teaching might be written across the midday sky: we desire nothing better. We have nothing to keep secret for the initiated: for these things were not done in a corner, but were meant for the light of day, and for proclamation upon the housetops. The "many witnesses" are mentioned to show how open and above-board are the tactics of the servants of the Lord. We can only transmit to faithful men the open and simple truth of Christ Jesus, and the grace which is treasured up in him. For the *doctrina arcani*, or secret traditionary doctrine of the Catholics, we care nothing, and for private rules of brotherhoods and societies we care less: the thing which has been delivered to us to be handed on is nothing new, nothing of our own inventing, nothing which we can improve upon, but only the apostolic teaching which the Holy Ghost has written in the open Bible, and engraved upon our own hearts by his gracious operations. This is the priceless treasure which we are to commit to faithful men, and in this matter we are to give ourselves no rest till the sacred committal is perfected. Our work is plain, and the truth to be handed on is clear; and this fact lifts our service above the dreary depths of human cunning into the sublime difficulties of a Christ-like service. It is by no means a severe task to invent a system, and invest it with mystery; but to keep to plain, well-known truth, and nothing else, in the same steady manner as our forefathers did, is a trial of steadfastness which some minds cannot endure.

Committing the plain gospel to faithful men is not so small a matter as it looks to be. Since upon most minds the temptation is forcible to display personal ability by teaching novel doctrines or freshly-devised practices, the minister of Christ had need be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus that he may boldly adhere to the old faith, and to scriptural methods, which so many are apt to deride as antiquated and worn-out. The disease of seeking some new thing takes possession of minds which are not fortified by the grace of God; so that to adhere in all points to the things which are verily believed among us, and yet to proclaim them with freshness, requires daily renewal of strength from the invisible fountain of power. Babes are soon blown off their feet by winds of doctrine, and boys run into the meadows after every nest which silly birds may choose to build: this is the natural frivolity of unstable, because unestablished, minds. To be firm in the faith needs spiritual manhood, and to reach that manhood is not a thing of everyday occurrence: hence the need of the power of the Holy Ghost and of the prayers of all the saints that the minister of Christ may attain thereto. The virtue for this age is *steadfastness*. In none is it more required than in the man who is set for the defence of the gospel. In his measure each believer in Christ is thus *set* by his Lord; yet there is a still most emphatic sense in which this is true of the more prominent among the Lord's servants, and they therefore require a larger endowment of power from on high. The wind rages, and all cables are strained: the current rushes madly towards error, and all steam is needed

to force the vessel up stream. "Brethren, pray for us," is the cry of every one of those who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; and very piteously would some of us utter the entreaty, for we are of all men the most unhappy if we are deprived of the intercessions of our brethren.

Mischief is sure to be done if we fall into an error, which commonly waylays teachers at every turning while engaged in this weighty business: the Christian tutor is liable to be led astray by a desire to stand well with his men, and with others engaged in similar pursuits. It is not the easiest thing in the world to sink the instructor in the instruction; and to be nothing, that the truth taught may be all in all. We would prefer to be reckoned great and enlightened rabbis if it might be so, and our work be at the same time passably performed: to be mere old-fashioned teachers of a time-worn faith is no tempting object for ordinary carnal ambition. Tutors naturally like to be had in honour among their fellows; and even modesty suggests that they should not follow singularity for its own sake: hence, let no man deceive himself with the notion that we pride ourselves upon being called old-fashioned, and behind the age. If it were all the same to our critics, we would as willingly be thought to have some little culture as to have none: yet, as their opinions will not materially alter the fact one way or another, we do not intend to go down on our knees to pray them to deal mercifully with us. At the present time there is an affectation of liberalism abroad, and the desire to be had in repute as a person of enlarged views is a common snare to men of reading and influence. It flatters young men to let them imagine that they are not being taught any fixed dogmas; and in return they flatter their teacher by ascribing to him a breadth of mind and a candour of judgment which in all probability he does not possess. *He* is teaching heresy and *they* are believing a lie, and they mutually encourage each other. The blind lead the blind, and we know the consequences. Unless grace is given to make a man strong in the Lord, educated believers are in these days frequently tempted to aspire after the position of "leaders of thought," "men who are abreast of the times," and "persons of thoughtful minds." Old-fashioned believers are at a discount, and are sneered at as a kind of idiots: this is not a pleasant experience for those who know that they are the equals, if not the superiors, of their despisers. If we are strong in the Lord, we shall cast off all tendency to give place by subjection to the theories of the hour, even as a vigorous constitution resists the malaria by which it is surrounded: but in all cases where men bear large responsibilities it is most desirable that daily prayer should be offered that they may be upheld by grace, so that the standard-bearers do not fall.

Another influence may, however, entangle the feet of the teacher of those who are soon to be teachers of others. He will meet with many discouragements because the work of the Lord does not appear to prosper in his hand; and by these discouragements he may be urged to vain devices. Those whom he helps to become teachers may prove inefficient in the ordinary manner of ministry, and even among the more successful, progress may not attain to express speed; and herein lies the trial of his faith in God and in the gospel. Weak minds are apt to rush upon

plans and methods which promise to effect speedily what otherwise may be long in coming. Fascinating schemes, unauthorized by the Word of God, are gendered by the fermentation of heated brains; and all manner of noisy vanities go forth into the world in the name of him whose kingdom cometh not with observation. For the same reason truth is altered and twisted, so that by being accommodated to the carnal mind it may make more rapid progress; and the idol of compromise is set up, before which burns an altar consecrated both to God and to Belial. Everywhere the noxious endeavour to do something more than rehearse the teaching of revelation and obey the rules of King Jesus is working evil. Fever is mistaken for life, and noise is substituted for inward piety. Enterprises are attempted and carried out in ways which were never suggested by the Scriptures, nor by the Holy Spirit; and God is asked to bless modes of spreading the gospel which he never authorized. The air around us at this time appears to be charged with the mephitic vapour of will-worship. We are traversing that part of the pilgrim road which was known to the great allegorist as The Enchanted Ground: grace alone can now keep us pressing forward in the right way, and that grace had need be of a forceful character. Oh, that the Holy Spirit may be specially given to all the masters in our schools of the prophets, lest they commit to their students a deposit of mire and dirt from the troubled sea of human thought, or hand to them the mushroom spawn of fanaticism, instead of the incorruptible seed of the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever.

As for myself and my associates, we believe the doctrines of the gospel to have been settled when the Spirit first inspired the Bible; the mode of its being spread to have been ordained when our Saviour gave forth his commission; and the ordering of the church to have been determined by our Lord and his apostles; and therefore we feel bound to keep within given rules and fixed regulations. Whether such work as we judge to be prescribed us prospers or fails according to human judgment is no matter of weight with us; we have taken our resolve to abide by the old faith, and to leave the consequences with our Lord. We can do no other. God help us!

The evil tendencies which I have just mentioned are but two among many which beset those who are put in trust with the gospel; but if I were so to enlarge as to mention all the perils which beset them, I should but have named one out of a thousand reasons why they should be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus. It is assuredly true that a sevenfold measure of divine strength is required in a man who, in addition to his own testimony to the truth, endeavours to instruct others in the art of witness-bearing; for if he be not strong himself, his spiritual children are not likely to be vigorous; and what is to be done with weaklings in the ministry? We have enough dwarfs already, without knowingly increasing the number; and yet, if the fathers be dwarfs, what are their sons likely to be? Herein is a solemn consideration, calling for supernatural help. Whatsoever diseases may weaken the teacher will probably be developed with greater force in those who are taught; and it will be a dreadful evil if, in committing the truth to men, we also transmit our own infirmities and deformities. Tutors should be what they wish their students to be; and what manner of men

should ministers be? They should thunder in preaching, and lighten in conversation; they should be flaming in prayer, shining in life, and burning in spirit. If they be not so, what can they effect? If they be not spiritual Samsons how can the roaring lion be overcome? How can the gates of hell be lifted from their hinges? How can the house of evil be pulled down upon those who gather in it? Who is sufficient for these things? Truly, our sufficiency is of God; but how much we need that all who prize the truth of God should lift up their hearts and voices to heaven on our behalf!

Provided that we know the truth and are confirmed in it by divine grace, it is yet no trifling work to pass on the heavenly treasure to those who are to become its guardians in the future. David had the ark of God in his land, but the Lord was not pleased with the manner of his moving it to its resting-place, and therefore he made a breach upon him. The like may happen to us in handing over the truth of God to others: it is a delicate and difficult service. A man must first know the truth in his own soul before he can effectually transmit it to those who sit at his feet: how shall he teach what he does not know? Knowing it, he must live in the daily enjoyment of it, or else his knowledge will become stagnant, and instruction will not flow from him in a clear, limpid stream, filling those who wait to receive it. Only as the Holy Ghost overshadows a man's mind can he influence other minds in a right manner. The spirit of the gospel must be in him as well as its doctrine, or he will bear the truth to his pupils with such rough, unsteady, or uncomely hands that they will not care to accept it from him, their minds being far more distracted by the ill humour of their tutor than attracted by the preciousness of what he teaches. The best of food may be rendered unpalatable through the slovenliness of the cook: yea, an absolute abhorrence of dainty meat may be wrought by an uncleanly finger. We fear that certain highly orthodox teachers have been unconscious suggesters and promoters of heresy in the minds of those who have found their manner of stating the truth to be altogether intolerable. Right daintily and tenderly should the virgin of truth be escorted by those who have the honour to be her champions. The crystal vase of sound doctrine must not be rudely dashed at the feet of the learner, lest he wound his hands in gathering up the fragments of that which ought to have been presented to him as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Even if the teacher were perfectly skilled in the art of transmitting the truth to others, another no less serious difficulty would remain in his way. He is charged to commit the gospel to men possessed of a twofold suitableness: they are to be "faithful men," and they are to be "able to teach others also." Where shall we find such men? Herein lies a demand for great care, discrimination, and judiciousness in the selection of men from the numbers who apply. Where, at the outset, shall we find *faithful* men? Men of faith are none too common; but men full of faith are rare as diamonds. To be faithful in the sense intended by the apostle is something more even than being full of faith; it means to be trustworthy persons, fit to be relied upon. These men who are to teach others must be faithful to Christ, as he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; faithful, so that their conduct shows

the road to heaven; faithful, so that their doctrine is the pure truth of God; faithful, so that their inner life quickens all that they do. We are to search out for men whose hearts are godly, whose minds have sincerely received the truth, and whose tongues are prepared honestly to preach it. It is at our peril that we lay hands suddenly on any man: there must be full examination and prayerful judgment. The pearl of great price is not to be trusted to every thief who clamours for its possession. The wise man saith, "One sinner destroyeth much good," and this is especially true if he be admitted to minister in God's sanctuary. The Egyptians chose their priests from their philosophers, and when they needed kings they chose them from their priests: ministers of God should be choice men who would be fitted to undertake the highest offices in the realm. Men who have a deep experience of the things of God, and a grip of truth which they cannot relax, are likely to remain faithful to it, and are to be preferred. Faithfulness is better than scholarship. The two combined are best; but we can give the second, the first must come from God alone: therefore, to begin with, we must mainly keep our eye on the spiritual jewel of faithfulness. Alas, we are frequently deceived, and even the letters of pastors and the judgments of churches cannot save us from this calamity. Men who have been useful for years have been known to drop into an evil state of mind when the prospect of the ministry has exalted them; others are good as students; but in after-life, from ill acquaintance, or from the pride of intellect, they fall into erroneous opinions. Too many lose the fire with which they burned at the first, and cool down into mere professional repeaters of orthodoxy. How have I been ready to weep my heart away when I have seen one man carried away with vain-glory, another overthrown by heresy, a third enticed by riches, a fourth silenced by inconsistency, a fifth beguiled by novelty, a sixth ruined by unaccountable folly. Those who were supposed to be "faithful men" turn out to be faithless men, and the treasure committed to them is discarded for some form or other of the world's dross. Ah, the heart-break of seeing hopeful usefulness wrecked upon the rocks at the moment when it seemed most likely to make a prosperous voyage! The choicer the fruit, and the more care taken in raising it, the greater the grief which sees the worm devour it. The sorrow of the Master himself in beholding Judas develop into a devil is repeated to us in our measure when we see the instructed disciple perverted into the betrayer of his Lord. Yet this desolating grief is not unknown to us. What do we do in this case? Wounded, do we leave the field? Do we yield to the stunning force of a traitor's blow, and leave our life-work? Far from it: it remains that again we seek out faithful men, and learn from our misfortune how to choose more prayerfully and teach more thoroughly.

Further than this, death is also a great adversary, at least in appearance; for the godly man is taken home when there seemed urgent need for him on earth. When the earnest young brother is as yet like a fair blossom, there comes a frost, a killing frost. Or later on, when he is experienced in holy warfare, and is becoming a veteran in the armies of the Lord, he is taken up from among us, and though he himself receives his full reward, our work is yet to do, for the dead cannot keep the treasure of the living God. Our graveyard is gradually enriched with

dear remains, and our harvest-field pines for more laborious binders of the sheaves. More men must be "baptized for the dead," recruits must be accepted to fill up the ranks; and so our work repeats itself because this immortal conflict is fought out by mortal men. Assuredly leaders in this enterprise need consolations of no ordinary kind. Must it not be so where both the death-roll and the black list of failures furnish food for sorrow? Will not the Lord's people stand by all of us who war this warfare, and sustain us in all ways that lie in their power? If they do not, we are indeed as men set to lead a forlorn hope, deserted of their comrades. No, we recall the language; we are not forlorn, for we shall not even then be forsaken of our God.

We may not forget the second qualification which the apostle incidentally mentions. It is not enough that the men be faithful; they must be "able to teach": ability must not be divided from suitability. Trustworthiness is their moral and spiritual qualification; but the teachers of others need a mental qualification also: they must be *apt to teach*, or they will be of no value. This qualification includes both the ability to instruct others and the readiness to do so: the faculty, and the call to exercise it, must meet. It is not without serious thought and devout supplication that a man will be able to discover whether the teaching faculty exists in those who desire to take upon themselves the office which requires it. It is impossible to tell by looking in a man's face, or by searching into his moral character, or by reading papers and essays which he has prepared, or even by hearing him preach once or twice, whether he is a born teacher.

It might not be easy to say why some can teach and others cannot; but, assuredly, both children and grown-up people refuse to learn from certain individuals, and when these persons labour their very hardest, their failure is all the more painfully evident. The truth is in them, but they cannot either get it out of themselves or get it into others. In all probability the persons to be taught could give no reason for their aversion; but the aversion is plain enough: the brother has no winsome ways, he has something forbidding in his countenance, or his tones, or his general style: one could hardly light on the exact point of disqualification; but the fact is clear, the man cannot teach, for nobody will learn of him. Matters of temper, heart, and spirit, and even of mannerism, in some secret manner impress common folk for or against a person who aims to be their teacher; and it is of no use arguing against that impression, for it will not be removed by argument. A man is certainly not "able to teach others" if others steadfastly refuse to be taught by him. Hence there is a secret something which we must look for, and if we see it not, it is vain to hope to produce it.

A teaching man must think in a clear and practical manner; he must arrange his thoughts in an orderly and forcible fashion; and then he must clothe them in appropriate language, or he will say a great many good things, but he will teach nothing. The best instruction, if it be confused, disordered, hazy, will end in smoke. An able teacher must adapt himself to his audience so as to catch their attention, and retain it; otherwise he may deliver a wonderful discourse, and the pity may be that another congregation did not hear it, since it was suitable to none who were in the actual audience. A man must not only be able

to teach in the abstract, but able to teach those particular persons with whom his lot will be cast in after-life. A young man may have been exceedingly successful in the Sabbath-school, and in village preaching, but yet he may never be a fit person for any wider sphere. He is able to teach those about him, but the range of his ability goes no further. Care is needed in those instances which appear to be plainest.

A teacher, of course, needs knowledge in the first place, and the more of it the better. He requires a sound memory, that he may bring forth out of his treasury things new and old; and then he needs a door of utterance, that he may be able to set forth his precious things with skill, and commend them to those round about him. But if the preacher should possess all these, there is still a nameless endowment, a mystic anointing, a sacred unction from the Holy One by which the man is qualified as he never could otherwise have been by all the teaching which his fellow Christians may bring to bear upon him. I remember a story connected with the great Council of Nice, which was told to our students by Mr. Paxton Hood, when he was delivering a course of lectures among us. I think I must quote it, for it explains my meaning. It is the story of Spiridion, "a rude shepherd," but a robust believer. "It is said that the disputes were running high, and the philosophers sounding on their perilous way, when before one of the chief disputants there limped the shepherd Spiridion. He had but one eye, and he had a limping leg; he had lost an eye, and had been maimed through suffering for the faith, and now abruptly he broke in and said, 'Christ and his apostles left us not a system of logic, nor a vain deceit, but a naked truth, to be guarded by faith and good works.' Turning full upon the disputants, especially one Eulogius, nick-named Fair-speech, he said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, hear me, philosophers;—there is one God, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, who made all things by the word of his power, and by the holiness of his Holy Spirit;—this Word, by which name we call the Son of God, took compassion on men, for their wandering astray, and for their savage condition, and chose to be born of a woman, and to converse with men, and to die for them, and he shall come to judge every one for the things done in life. These things we believe without curious inquiry: cease, then, from the vain labours of seeking proof against what is established by faith, and the manner in which these things may be, or may not be; but if thou believest, answer at once the questions as I put them to you.' The philosopher was struck dumb by this new mode of argument. He could only reply, in a general way, that he assented. 'Then,' answered the old man, 'if thou believest, rise, and follow me to the Lord's house, and receive the sign of this faith.' The philosopher was staggered; he turned to the crowd of his disciples, and he said, '*Hear me*, my learned friends. So long as it was a matter of words to words, whatever was opposed I overthrew by my skill in speaking; but when, in the place of words, *power came out of the speaker's lips*, words could no longer resist power—man could no longer resist God. If any of you feel as I have felt, let him believe in Christ, and follow this old man in whom God has spoken.' I think this story illustrates what we desire the power of the preacher to be—the magnetic power of earnestness, and its simplicity, over argument and speculation."

This power is the grand mark of the man sent of God. Enthusiasm based on conviction, and quickened by the Holy Ghost, is the essential endowment. Where we believe we see this precious thing we are prompt to impart all that we have received of the Divine word; but in that belief we may greatly err, and so lay hands on one who cannot teach, and will not learn, in the gospel sense of those terms. Each mistake in this business is gall and wormwood to us, and yet Solomon himself might have fallen into the error many a time; for the imitations of the heavenly gift are numerous and cleverly devised.

Success in our high vocation, when it does come, repays for all. With an intense delight I look upon hundreds of brethren who have hitherto made full proof of their ministry. There they are! Firm as rocks for the eternal verities, earnest as apostles for the winning of souls, fruitful as gardens of the Lord in all hallowed service! You, my brethren, who have from year to year supplied me with funds, are partners in my joy; I would there were more of you! Many hundreds of friends help me to support orphans, but only a few, comparatively, aid me in the training of ministers. These are both good works; but I know which I conceive to be the more fruitful in results, the more useful to the church, and the more glorifying to the Lord Jesus. Common humanity cares for the orphan, but thoughtful piety alone will consider the student. I care not to set one of my life-works over against another; but I venture to say with special earnestness, DO NOT FORGET THE COLLEGE. Aid me still to equip for holy labour those faithful men who shall be able to teach others also. If you can do nothing else for me, enrich me with your prayers. The Lord deal graciously with you even as you deal with me in this effort, which holds a chief place in my heart of hearts.

College Notes.

WORK DONE BY MEN FROM OUR RANKS.

THE following facts are points of interest which crop up in the year's work of our College brotherhood. We attempt no complete report; it would not be possible this year, perhaps not at any time. To God be praise for substantial progress.

CHISWICK.—From the year 1867 to 1877 the little old Nonconformist chapel in this place was a preaching-station connected with our College. Towards the latter part of that period a church was formed, which might have been classed with the "Zoars" of our denomination; for it was indeed "a little one," when the present pastor, Mr. W. E. Lynn, went to minister there. The divine blessing has followed our brother's labours, and his church now numbers nearly eighty members. The lease of the old chapel expired in March, 1881, and the friends were obliged to find another home. Early last year they secured a very good site, and have erected the commodious iron chapel in which they now worship.

POPLAR AND BROMLEY TABERNACLE, BRUNSWICK-ROAD.—About ten years ago Mr. W. T. Lambourne became pastor of the church meeting

in George-street, Bromley-by-Bow, which had become reduced to a very low state for want of pastoral oversight. Great blessing was vouchsafed to our brother's labours, and in the course of three years the friends were greatly incommoded and the work hindered for want of room. Passing over many interesting details, we have only space to say that, as a temporary expedient, a very large tent was erected upon a suitable site, and services held therein for a considerable time till a large school-room could be erected. This accomplished, our earnest brother and his hardworking people set about building the chapel proper, a handsome structure, with sittings for rather more than eleven hundred persons. It was opened in September last. The membership is about two hundred.

WOOLWICH.—Mr. Spurgeon last year purchased at public auction a small chapel in *Joseph Street*, in which one of the students is preaching with much acceptance.

HORNCHURCH (Essex).—A Christian friend, Mr. Abraham, sought the help of Mr. Spurgeon in providing gospel privileges for this locality, and Mr. E. Dyer, of the College, was sent to preach the word about two years ago. He has succeeded in gathering a congregation, and has seen some fruit from his labours. On July 18, last year, Mr. Spurgeon preached in the open air, and aided at the laying of the foundation-stone of a chapel, to which he has contributed £100. The chapel was opened in September by our beloved brother, Archibald Brown. £300 more will be needed to free the place from debt.

HAWICK, N.B.—The Baptist church in this town invited our student, Mr. W. Seaman, to become its pastor in February, 1880. The chapel being small and inconvenient, the principal services have been conducted in the Temperance Hall, pending the erection of a suitable building. This has now been effected at a cost £1,350, and the new chapel was opened for worship on February 18, by Rev. W. Tulloch, President of the Baptist Union of Scotland.

GLASGOW.—The church, under the pastoral care of Pastor W. H. Elliott, which used to worship at the Standard Hall, Main-street, Gorbals, removed this time last year to a neat and substantial brick structure at the corner of Kirk and Buchan Streets. The chapel seats four hundred and fifty persons. Our brother has been with his people seven years. There is a fellowship of one hundred and seventy-nine members, an increase of thirty-one over last year's return. This work deserves liberal aid.

SANDOWN (Isle of Wight).—On February 9, 1882, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon conducted service in the Old Town Hall, where Mr. A. Bird had gathered a congregation. Twenty believers were formed into a church on that occasion; since then the membership has been doubled. A chapel, which will seat 320 persons, has been erected in Pell Street, at a cost of about £1,000. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon preached the first sermon in the new chapel on July 20. £112 were contributed during the day, including £50 from the President. The prospects of this new cause are bright, but at present it needs help from us.

LEICESTER (Carley Street).—A new chapel has been erected on the site of the old one which had been for some time too strait for the congregation; it was, moreover, in a very dilapidated condition. The Leicester General Baptists, having obtained possession of the building about eight years ago, invited Pastor Jacob Forth, then of Wirksworth, to begin Christian work therein, and soon a church of twenty members was formed: there are now more than a hundred in church-fellowship.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—About three years since a few friends, resident in the locality, hired the Warrior Square Concert Rooms, and Pastor W. W. Haines, of Eye, was invited to preach, with the view of establishing a Baptist church. The church, formed in 1881, now consists of eighty-five members. A substantial chapel, with school and class-rooms, has been erected in Chapel-park Road, at a cost, including freehold land of about £4,500, towards which we have contributed as much as we could spare, but would like to give a great deal more. The town needed this chapel, and we doubt not that a large and influential congregation will be gathered.

NEW BUSHEY AND SOUTH WATFORD. — From 1869, when Mr. Spurgeon purchased the iron chapel in Bushey New Town, until last October, the Baptist church has made steady progress and worked hard to secure a place of worship suited to the needs of the growing neighbourhood. They have happily succeeded, and now meet in their handsome chapel at Chalk-hill, which, with school-rooms, has cost £3,250. This site was generously given by Mr. Bailey. We believe that there only remains a debt of six or seven hundred pounds. There are one hundred and ten members in fellowship, and good congregations.

ST. ALBAN'S TABERNACLE.—We know nothing as to the reasons for forming a second Baptist church in St. Alban's; but as this congregation has chosen our friend H. W. Taylor for their pastor, we are bound to record the building of a commodious chapel and the gathering of a growing people. In loving harmony with all other existing churches may this church go from strength to strength.

WEST HAM LANE.—We know very little of the history of the chapel here known as "The Tabernacle," but believe it was erected by a zealous Christian man, who hoped to make the building a centre of usefulness, but failed to gather a sufficient number of helpers to sustain the work. The building would have been closed had not our former student, Mr. J. W. Wilkinson, offered to conduct services in it, and met with sufficient encouragement to induce him to hire it at a rather heavy rental. A Baptist church of seventy members has been formed, and Mr. Wilkinson will, we have good reason to believe, make the undertaking a success. He is well known to many of our friends as a former successful pastor of Ventnor Baptist church.

CHRISTCHURCH (New Zealand).—During the five-and-a-half years' pastorate of our brother Charles Dallaston the church has been greatly cheered and encouraged by signs of Divine blessing in their midst; four hundred and twenty-seven believers having been received into fellowship during that time. The crowded congregations rendered increased accommodation necessary, and the friends were compelled to

build. They have recently opened their present commodious chapel (or "church" as Colonials call a meeting-house), seated for eight hundred, and with provision for galleries when further accommodation shall be required. The cost was about £3,200.

GIPSY ROAD (Lower Norwood).—The large and handsome chapel erected for the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Hobbs was opened in May last, and almost from the commencement has been well filled. Best of all, souls are continually being saved. During the past year over one hundred have been added to the church. The Sunday-school, Bible-classes, Temperance and Band of Hope work, and other agencies are in active operation, and there is scarcely an evening in the week when the chapel or lecture-hall is not in use. The premises cost altogether £4,600, of which a debt of £2,000 still remains. It is hoped that, with the help of the London Baptist Association Chapel Debts' Fund, at least one-fourth of this amount will be removed during the present year.

PROJECTS WHICH OUGHT TO BE CARRIED OUT

as speedily as possible, being sterling enterprises worthy to be attended to with all despatch. Many beside these are most desirable; but we dare not mention more at this present lest in the crowd they should all be forgotten.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (Calverly Row).—The church and congregation worshipping in the Town-hall have been gathered by brethren from our College during the past nine years. Mr. James Smith (formerly of Leeds) is now the minister, and here, as in previous spheres, the Lord has owned and blessed his earnest preaching. It has become imperative upon the people to build a house for the Lord, and they have purchased an eligible site for £1,900, and are preparing to erect a chapel to seat six hundred and thirty persons, together with a lecture-room for school purposes, at a total cost, inclusive of the ground, of £5,500. The church members are mostly of the working-classes, and will need liberal and prompt aid. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Samuel Barrow, is their Treasurer.

BAYSWATER (Talbot Tabernacle).—Our beloved brother, Mr. Frank White, and his devoted people, are in need of the help of the Lord's stewards that they may at once replace the worn-out iron structure in which they now worship by a commodious and substantial building suitable for their many good works. They must build, or else surrender the ground upon which their present chapel stands, the only available spot in the neighbourhood; they have no alternative but that of abandoning the work. Our dear friend has now been labouring in London for twenty years, helping every good work within his power; his praise is in all the churches, and we commend his work and its present needs to the generous help of the Lord's servants.

CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD (Masonic Hall and Wyndham Road Chapel).—The friends here have been toiling on, and have paid for

their freehold ground; but the task of building a suitable place of worship will be too much for them unless the Lord should incline some of his stewards to come to their rescue. Mr. Hockey and his friends deserve all the good things which we could possibly say of them.

PUTNEY (Werter Road).—There is an earnest working church here of members meeting in a school-chapel much too small for their needs; indeed, like several other places of the kind, this was but a temporary expedient. The work is one of the results of our Tabernacle Country Mission. Plans have been drawn for the new chapel to be erected in front of the present building (which will then serve admirably for school purposes); the estimated cost is £3,800. C. H. Spurgeon is the Treasurer, and we may say that, up to the present, his many burdens have not been made the heavier by the office; for very little has been received by him. Putney Baptist Chapel ought to be one of the earliest completed.

PONDER'S END.—A church and a fair congregation have been gathered by Mr. A. F. Cotton, one of our students, who has been working here under considerable disadvantages for want of suitable accommodation. The Sabbath-school numbers two hundred and fifty children and twenty teachers. It is interesting to see a wood engraving of Ponder's End Chapel and Schools in the Baptist Handbook of 1882. May they soon exist.

BATTERSEA PARK CHAPEL.—Again and again have we had to record the progress of the Lord's work here under the three successive and successful pastors, W. J. Mayers, A. Bax, and T. Lardner, and almost from the first, thirteen years ago, we have seen the need of a larger building upon the vacant ground in front. The school-chapel is now shut out of sight by blocks of buildings; and even worse, church and school work are hindered for want of room. We need a large sum. Our plea of "urgency" in other cases applies here.

LAMMAS HALL, BATTERSEA.—Here also is a church full of life and energy; but we fear it will be a long struggle before it has a house to call its own. Mr. Stone ought to be helped liberally and speedily.

ORPINGTON.—For more than thirty years the only Nonconformist meeting-house has been a converted cottage, which until lately has been large enough for the few converted cottagers who met to hear the Sunday supplies. Latterly, however, under the earnest preaching of Mr. White (whom we took into the College) quite a change has come over the "Baptist cause." A good site has been presented for a new chapel, and our good friend Mr. W. Vinson and our brother and Deacon Mr. Allison have given and collected about three hundred pounds, which we "treasure" as a nest egg.

TOOTING.—Mr. Witney's people worshipping in their school-room much need a chapel. The ground is their property.

NEW BROMPTON.—In this suburb of Chatham, Mr. Blocksidge has bought ground and erected a room to hold 250 persons. This is so full that they must build a chapel as soon as they can.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Last, but not least, aid is greatly needed for Thomas Spurgeon, whose work is hindered for want of a suitable Tabernacle

Letters.

THE following letters are full of interest to those who are in full sympathy with the work :—

WEST INDIES.—Mr. R. E. Gammon is employed by the Baptist Missionary Society in the Bahamas. He has one native preacher (J. H. Pusey, from Calabar College), and thirteen schoolmasters and other Christian workers under his direction at the fourteen stations and sub-stations. He has just sent us the following letter with statistics of the several stations. Fifty-seven converts have been baptized during the year, and the several churches under our brother's care have an aggregate membership of seven hundred and sixty-eight.

"Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, January 15, 1883.

"My dear President,—Enclosed is the schedule of statistics of work done during the year just closed ; we have been far from realizing many of our hopes ; still, our Master has not left us without tokens of his presence and blessing.

"On Christmas-Eve eleven candidates, in the presence of a crowded congregation, including a large number of Roman Catholic natives, publicly professed their discipleship to Christ by baptism, in Puerto Plata, and our increase in this church for the year is thirteen. In a Roman Catholic country like this, we have to be glad of small additions, as a proof of the spread of the truth as it is in Jesus. There were to have been twelve candidates, but the husband of the last (so I am told) followed her with a revolver, threatening to shoot her, and would not allow her to be baptized—perhaps, later on, he may repent of his folly, and permit her to obey her Lord's command.

"On New Year's Day the Padre (priest), ex-President of this republic, in consecrating a new image of San Felipe (the patron saint of Puerto Plata) gave a long address to a large audience, and amongst other things said :—'they (the Romanists) were vilified by *non*-Romanists as image worshippers—that it was *un*true, they merely had them as visible representations of the good and saintly of past days, to bring their lives more vividly before the *un*tutored and ignorant minds' ; but I fear the ignorant ones are just those who do not distinguish the difference between admiring the virtues of the saintly ancients and worshipping them ; and were some iconoclast to enter their church and smash one of their saints, no doubt he would fare badly if the people caught him. Some few weeks ago an 'Alcade' (a kind of magistrate here) who has been attending our services for some time, was suddenly stricken with blindness, and some of the people immediately said, it was a judgment on him because he had left off praying to the saints. Although we do not make rapid progress, we are hopeful because the Romanists manifest a kindly spirit towards us.

"The total number baptized in the district (i.e., Santo Domingo and Turks and Caicos Islands,) is fifty-seven, and the net increase for the year is twenty-three in Turks Islands, many of the old members having died during the year.

"Hoping to present a better report before long, I remain, wishing prosperity to yourself, your work, and the College,

"My dear President, affectionately yours,

"R. E. GAMMON."

The following letter intended for last 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 languages 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."

"West Melbourne, Victoria, 15th Nov., 1882.

"The Students of the Pastors' College, now settled in Victoria, to their beloved President, C. H. SPURGEON.

"Dear Sir,—You received a letter from us two years ago so kindly that we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity, when we are gathered at the Annual Session of the Victorian Baptist Association, to send another. Two of the brethren who signed the last letter have gone within the veil. Horatio H. Garrett, so beloved and useful, was called home with dread suddenness by a railway accident; and Henry Marsden received the summons to go up higher, after long weakness through wasting disease; yet he was enabled to preach to the last, and singularly glorified Christ by a holy, loving life and ministry.

"We feel sure that our President, with the Tutors and friends of the College, will be pleased to learn that, by the suffrages of the denomination, Brother William Clark, of Ballarat, has been called to the chairmanship of the association; Brother F. G. Buckingham, of Emerald Hill, Melbourne, preached the association sermon this year with marked power and general appreciation; whilst Brother A. J. Clarke, of West Melbourne, is the chairman elect for next year. Several years ago Brother W. C. Bunning, of Geelong, was similarly honoured.

"Whilst we mourn that we have not to record greater and grander successes achieved for our Divine Master, we yet feel there is great cause for adoring gratitude that sustaining grace and much blessing have been given. Many souls have been won for Jesus, the churches have been built up in the faith, and church-building debts wholly or partially liquidated this year.

"Suffer us to repeat our assurances to you, beloved President, of our desire to be faithful to the truth we learned from you and our Tutors; to be instruments our Lord can use because he finds us lowly and purified; and that distance may never weaken our affection for you and yours, or for the Institution which God has so honoured at home and abroad.

"Through you, dear sir, we greet the goodly fellowship of our brothers in the ministry, and those who are now studying in College. May we all live so near to him who is the life and light as to draw from him power to do and suffer faithfully even unto the end.

"In token of loving salutation to you, and of holy pledge of fealty to our Redeemer-King, we sign our names.

"Farewell. May all grace be yours, for soul and body, through the Son of God. Amen.

"WM. CHRISTR. BUNNING, Geelong.
"WILLIAM CLARK, Ballarat.
"ALFRED J. CLARKE, West Melbourne.
"F. G. BUCKINGHAM, Emerald Hill.
"FREDERICK PAGE, South Yarra.
"JAMES BLAIKIE, Kew.
"ALEX. J. HAMILTON, Eaglehawk.
"JOHN DOWNING, Melbourne.
"HARRY WOOD, Melbourne."

General Results.

DURING the twenty-seven years of our existence as a school of the prophets, six hundred and fifty-two men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this day; but some (forty-four) have fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about five hundred and forty brethren. Of these four hundred and eighty-six are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized:—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College ...		652
"	now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists..	486
"	without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	29
"	not now engaged in the work (in secular callings)	19
"	Medical Missionary Students	3
"	Educated for other Denominations	2
"	Dead—(Pastors, 38; Students, 6)	44
"	Permanently Invalided	5
"	Names removed from the List for various reasons, such as joining other Denominations, &c.	64

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.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

SINCE the last Annual Report our Brethren SMITH and FULLERTON have completed their twelve months' mission in London by conducting services at Mr. Charrington's large Assembly Hall, Mile End Road; Dr. Barnardo's Edinboro' Castle; Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road; Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington; and Woolwich. After their summer vacation they recommenced work in the provinces, and they have since visited Bath, Gloucester, Ross, Hereford, Hitchin, Benson, Liverpool, and Hull. The monthly notes in *The Sword and the Trowel* testify to the continued usefulness of this form of Christian service. Wherever our brethren go they win the hearty approval of ministers and churches of all denominations. They do not in any case labour apart from existing organizations, or in opposition to them, but as a rule their services are secured by committees representing most of the evangelical Christians in the city or town they are about to visit, and the converts at their meetings are counselled to unite themselves with the churches where they will be likely to derive most spiritual benefit. It is quite impossible to tell how many souls have been won for Christ through the preaching and singing of our brethren; but in every place where they have gone large numbers have professed to find the Saviour,

and many believers have been stimulated to fuller consecration and more earnest labour for the Lord.

Mr. BURNHAM'S work among the smaller churches is, in its measure, equally blessed. Our brother has both to preach and sing, as the places visited by him could not usually pay the expenses of two evangelists; and he generally manages to find his way into the houses of the people in the town or village where he is staying. It is a great joy to us to hear, in almost every instance, of the conversion of one or more of the inmates of the home where Mr. Burnham is entertained; and the appreciation of his services is shown by the fact that he is constantly being invited for the third or fourth time to conduct meetings in the same place. During the past year he has had engagements at Burnham (Essex), Trowbridge, Charlton Kings, Aldershot, Sandy, Watton, Luton, Collingham, Knighton, Weston-super-Mare, Peterchurch, Fairford, Burnham (Somerset), East Finchley, Thorpe-le-Soken, Highgate, Leeds, Long Buckby, Melbourn, Great Torrington, and Lyme Regis, in addition to spending a month, as usual, among the hop-pickers in Kent.

Mr. PARKER continues to sing and preach the gospel in different places, and we have recently increased our staff of Evangelists by the appointment of Mr. FRANK RUSSELL. This brother was set apart for evangelistic work in connection with the Surrey and Middlesex Association; but those counties do not appear to be fully ripe for such services, and therefore he will be at the disposal of churches in other parts of the kingdom, though we hope that Surrey may be able to use him also.

The Pastors' College.

BY AN OBSERVER.

AS I have for several years observed the work of your College, it has occurred to me that it might not be displeasing to you to hear what can be said of the Institution by an observer. I confess that my observations may be to you of little value, seeing the College is your own child, and has grown up under your own hand and eye. But if the observations I make be without interest to you, they may not be valueless to your many generous friends and faithful helpers. And for this reason: Yourself, the Vice-President, and Tutors are pleased in your Annual Report to favour us with views of the College work drawn from the inside; what I have to say shall be taken from the outside. If I shall speak with all frankness, you may be assured it is the frankness of friendliness, and that there is naught "set down in malice."

The first thing which, as a "candid friend," I will acknowledge is that, while I have heard many things that indicate a hearty appreciation, I have also now and then heard strictures which make me desirous of defining the niche your College occupies among the ministerial training institutions of the country. The Pastors' College appears to me to have sprung into life amid the throes of the greatest religious and educational

revolution this century has witnessed. Both elements of this revolution —the religious and the educational—have, I believe as they deserve, the entire sympathy of every right-thinking individual in the country, because when properly treated they are helpful to each other. For our present purpose it is not needful to inquire whether the religious movement first excited the educational, or the educational first quickened the religious; nor will I stop to ask whether, in this result, so far as it is seen, religion has gained more from education than education has reaped from religion. The one only outcome I have in view, and that bears a relation to the work of the Pastors' College, is this—and I think it will not be disputed—that there is now more education on the side of religious people, however gravely it may be questioned whether there is more religion on the side of the educated.

In early days, then, the problem was, How shall the Pastors' College minister to the peculiar need of the times and circumstances that gave it birth? The solution of this problem I have watched, it must be confessed, at times with considerable anxiety. Will the young school minister satisfactorily and efficiently to the double-mouthed need? Owing its origin directly to a revival of religion, it did not take much discernment to see that it would doubtless suitably provide for the demands of a revived religion. But can it make adequate provision for a revived religion stimulated and accompanied by a higher education? Thus the question stood.

In deciding whether the Pastors' College has risen to "the height of this great argument," it is not a necessary condition to require that all the alumni should be "wranglers" or "double firsts." It meets every equity of the case if there should be a number sufficient to occupy a due proportion of pulpits where scholarship as well as piety is deemed essential in the ministrations. On looking around, what do I behold? Some of the pulpits of the denomination most valuable and illustrious in past generations—the two, Cambridge and Broadmead, most famous of all—I find are occupied by men from the Pastors' College. Nor do I observe that the laurels gained by their predecessors wither in the wearing of these younger men trained in the younger, though not the youngest, school of Baptist pastors.

Such achievements are, to my mind, full of meaning. When, too, I put these results side by side with the vast and truly sympathetic efforts made to reach the masses which have their typical representatives in the East London Tabernacle and in the Shoreditch Tabernacle, in the former case backed up by much practical philanthropy extended to the miserable, I cannot but admit that the Pastors' College is effecting a solution of the problem above stated that might give content to the most exact and to the most exacting. To the double-mouthed need it is ministering with a double-handed plenitude. The comprehensiveness which enlists both a spirit and capacity, not only fully abreast of religious life and action, but which has in many places within my knowledge inspired and directed them to higher efforts, I submit fully entitles the Pastors' College to take rank with the most vigorous and apt institutions of our times for ministerial training. I take it that its history hitherto has shown that all doubt as to its thorough fitness to fulfil the mission embodied in its name is now laid at rest.

In all fairness to others as well as to myself, however, I must confess there was a period when fears would come and doubts also, though I was very averse to give them any entertainment. Would the College be a mere transient growth? Would it subside into the narrow groove of training temporary preachers and itinerant evangelists? Would it give only a rough-and-ready preparation for the lower grades of work, and send no representatives into the higher and more permanent ranks? These were questions with me in common with many friends who wished well to the undertaking. Some early indications gave me hope that in due time a full proportion of the higher forms would fall to your share. But this was not everywhere recognized, and in some quarters where it was seen to be inevitable it was not much appreciated. I trust a more generous feeling has now set in. I recall the time when you were emerging from the dreary quarters in the basement of the Tabernacle to the light and airy and commodious rooms in the substantial new College buildings, and I wondered whether that change of scene would be marked by a corresponding emergence into a freer and cheerier recognition of the College and its work.

That such a recognition had long been deserved I was convinced in my own mind. Now, I am bound to testify that I meet with few who are not of that opinion. I am inclined to look upon your new buildings as an outward and visible sign of the esteem, won by dint of merit, from the public at large. I must say, from what I have seen and heard, this esteem had to be won; nay, in some circles compelled. But being gained thus, it is the more valuable, and is likely to be the more durable.

May I now, without pretending to do anything more than is well within the range of an outside observer, glance at those qualities which have led on to success? I will not venture on the dogmatic, and you may take my opinion for what it is worth.

I have had many opportunities of observing, both the "brighter stars" and the "lesser lights" among the preachers that hail from the Pastors' College. I have found much variety, much dissimilarity in gifts, in capacities, in styles of preaching. But in the midst of this copious variety, I think I have been able to detect a very close family likeness. The point of resemblance, and what has most impressed my mind, is that the Pastors' College men have invariably something definite to say on the great themes of the Gospel. I find they have some crisp and pointed teaching that bears directly on the conscience, concerning the nature of sin, and the one Divine way of escape therefrom. I find that they do not aim to set these things forth on a basis of speculation, but on the authority of God's Word. And I cannot but say that even where the finer graces of style may be wanting—where there may be very little of eloquence, or ornament, or illustration—yet the wholesome plainness of sound doctrine, delivered with the accent of a heartfelt conviction, which I generally find among your students, has a grace and an eloquence all its own, and storms the human heart. I feel assured, too, that such ministrations are on the line of the great Evangelical testimony and message of God to perishing men in all ages. These are the chief qualities which I believe have conciliated the affections and won the support of so many of the best friends of the Gospel in "all the churches."

Alongside with these leading characteristics I note others. I regard it as a most hopeful feature that your men seem to be alive and awake to the requirements of their office. In the absence of University examinations, which I understand are not comprised in your methods, you have succeeded somehow in thoroughly arousing the energies of your men, and drawing out their capacities. I notice they come forth from College, not as if their energies had been spent there, but invigorated. An impulse rests on them; there is movement in them, and they, as a rule, rise to the demands of their work. This is a great point. For whatever be the educational standard; whether it be so low as in Queen Elizabeth's days, when some parish clergymen were ordered by the Queen in Council to peruse the lessons in private, because they were "but meane readers;" or so high as Edward Irving set it, when he said "that no man is furnished for the ministry till he can unclasp his pocket Bible, and wherever it opens, discourse from it largely and spiritually to the people"; or so much beside the mark as to consist chiefly in "Pagan literature," as Mr. Mozley confesses was the case with himself and others at Oxford fifty years ago; no ministerial training can be effective which does not stimulate and strengthen in the minister of the Gospel, both his capacities as a man and his graces and energies as a Christian.

Your speciality—pastoral work—implies a great deal. It may, and ought to be, the focus of many converging beams of knowledge and experience. The excellency and efficiency of your work lie, not so much in cultivating separate branches of knowledge, but in combining kindred subjects, and concentrating various lights upon your one exclusive object.

As you advance, I, in company with every well-wisher, earnestly trust you will still keep the one aim steadily in view. The proper prominence given to this will keep all parts in their rightful place. It will subordinate the literary to the devotional, the critical to the believing, the intellectual to the spiritual, the merely denominational to the broadly Catholic and Christian purposes of the ministry of the Gospel. And if you will allow me to make a suggestion, I would add that the way to secure these results increasingly, is, in addition to all your other educational machinery, to let the Word of God be increasingly an open book—open in its original languages, open in all the variety and inspired authority of its teachings—before the eyes of your students, for their humble, prayerful, and believing study. The method of Haldane, with his student-friends at Geneva, I hold to be very near the normal Christian method of preparation for the ministry. The Pastor "mighty in the Scriptures" will be "thoroughly furnished for every good work."

Vice-President's Report.

AGAIN we are glad to report "all well." Our numbers have been fewer, but equal to the demands of the churches. Great assiduity in duty, and much faithful College work have characterized the past year. As usual, the men differ in talent and disposition, as also in their methods of acquiring knowledge; but, happily, they are one in

their consecration to the service of the Great Master. The amount of preaching has been upon an average with former years, though the direct applications from the churches have been fewer. The change of population in the country towns and rural districts, owing to the long depression in agriculture, has greatly affected our country churches, and we are more than ever anxious to provide suitable men who will be prepared to face the self-denial incident to such increasingly difficult posts, and to fill them with the consecration, zeal, and efficiency which are necessary to secure success.

The question may be asked whether our College, based as it is on avowedly definite and peculiar principles, has in any measure ceased to be a necessity? We think not. We most gladly admit that in many quarters the same gospel is being preached, and the same Bible is reverenced. We hail gladly any evidence of approaching unity of feeling and effort in the one harvest field; but we are more than ever persuaded that we need to bear our witness to the old Calvinistic doctrines of grace, and to uphold our distinctive view of the ordinance of believer's baptism. Our young people are in great need of being taught something definite. Our Sunday-schools are very generally united with the Sunday-school Union, and the lessons brought before them are mainly on such general points of truth and practice as are generally styled "undenominational"; and unless we are upon our guard to maintain from the pulpit clear, definite utterances of what are our own views, we shall have raised up about us a race of church-members without any grip of the truth, and with no special attachment to our own, or indeed to any other body of Christians. Now, we are persuaded that such a colourless system, if it be milk for babes, is not meat for strong men. We can hardly hope to rally champions to fight for indefinite teachings and uncertain practices. The canker of Plymouth-Brotherism, the delirium of more recent ebullitions of zeal, and the growing love of change, make it imperative upon us to rear up able men who shall know what they believe, and shall be filled with a true Biblical enthusiasm for certain ascertained divine truths, facts, and ordinances. We profess to be positive and dogmatic in our testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus. We are persuaded that to have one common garden where no one has any "burden of the Lord" laid upon him to cultivate any one portion of it, will not result in such a vintage for the great Husbandman's praise as will be the case if we all (as led of the Spirit) are found faithful in that which is committed to our charge. We are willing to help any and all of our great Catholic societies; but in the proportion in which we expand our area of Christian sympathy we shall need to deepen and intensify our own home love. We must, as our branches spread, deepen our roots, or the first tempest will be our downfall. We need more than ever our Denominational Colleges, and our Calvinistic Baptist Pastors' College first and foremost of them all.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Remarks by Rev. George Rogers.

THE proceedings of our College from year to year are substantially the same. It had from the first a distinctive character, which was given to it, not by man, but by God; and that distinctive character it still retains. Its position amongst other colleges and similar institutions of the present day consists not so much in that which it has in common with them as in that which it has in distinction from them. Every new society supposes a particular need, and its particular adaptation to that need. If the need be temporary only, the agency for its supply will soon cease; if the need be permanent, the agency for its supply will be required to be in continual operation. The two principal aspects of the religious world in modern times have been a growing desire for a more intellectual Christianity on the one hand, and a more powerful Christianity on the other. "What is truth?" is the language of some. "Give us bread to eat which the world knows nothing of," is the language of others. A high-class Biblical scholarship may meet the demands of the one, but the earnest enforcement of truths already made known can alone meet the demands of the other. As these two classes in the religious world are clearly distinct from each other, it is hopeless to attempt to meet the wants of both. We are content, therefore, to leave the more controverted parts of the Bible to others, while we endeavour clearly and fully to understand and to make known that which is without controversy, and which is infinitely more important to the souls of men, who for lack of this knowledge, and this only, might perish.

It was at the time that Biblical criticism and intellectual Christianity came into unusual notice and operation, originating in Germany, and imported into Dissenting colleges, as well as others in this country, that the Pastors' College, like a cloud about the size of a man's hand, appeared, and poured down upon the thirsty land its reviving and fertilizing showers. No preparation was made for its coming. No plan of operation was formed. No means of support were prearranged. It was no part of organized Christianity. It grew into shape by the providential circumstances that called it into being. It took speedy possession of the opening which had been left by others for what they deemed higher, but what proved to be less fertile ground, and has there met with success beyond all other movements of the same kind unto the present day. It has not only supplied the lack of service in others, but has entered upon new spheres of successful ministrations, and is still aggressive in its movements. Its work is not done, but rather only begun; neither has any modification of its course of studies or methods of operation been required to suit what are called the demands of the present age; so little has there been of man and so much of God in its original formation, and its continual adaptation to its end.

We maintain, then, that we have our distinctive principles as a College, and that they are worth preserving still. Let us see what they are. We are at the remotest distance from secularized Christianity, and such we hope ever to remain. Endowed Christianity is at one extremity of the series and we are at the other. We should scorn to receive one farthing of the public money for doing far more for the public good than

those whose hands sink deep in the public exchequer. One good reason may be that the opportunity is not likely to be given us; but we trust we should be found true to our principles if it were. We are simple in our forms of worship. In our inmost souls we loathe Ritualism, both in Conformists and in its imitations by so-called Nonconformists. Our one chief desire is to be distinguished for our zeal for the spiritual and eternal welfare of our fellow-men. We watch for souls as they that must give account. We do not by any means assume that this is entirely neglected by others, or that there are not individuals in other denominations whose zeal in this respect is not equal to our own; but that this is the one prevalent desire in those who have gone from our College, and that in this they have been remarkably blessed is a fact which it would be ungrateful, and even sinful, to disown.

It is another distinguishing peculiarity of our College, and which accounts in a great measure for its spiritual results, that it adheres to the Puritanic in distinction from the Germanic theology. This oneness of faith it is which unites Presidents, Tutors, and Students in one bond of fellowship which no after associations are able to dissolve. We rejoice that by innumerable others the grace of the gospel is equally maintained; but with hardly any other College is it, we think, so exclusively identified, and by none is it more unhesitatingly avowed. No one who has gone from us in this respect would care to avow that he had ever been of us. To these considerations we may confidently add that, although the students of the Pastors' College might not be qualified with those of some other Colleges to pass an examination for literary honours before University Councils, they are well able to compete for the honour of acceptance as Pastors and Teachers of Christian Churches, and for long and extensive usefulness. Sufficiently versed in the original languages of both Testaments, in Biblical Science, and in all the general departments of literature to make a creditable commencement of their ministry, by diligent study and prayerful dependence upon Divine aid, and a zealous determination to qualify themselves, as far as possible, for the great end they have in view, they have not come behind any other apostles in modern times.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

LIKE all its predecessors of our past history, the year that now closes has been truly to the College a "year of grace." As a result, the College has been true in heart to its great mission. At no previous period has the spirit of prayer, of faith in God, and in the gospel, of zeal for the glory of Christ, and of love for the souls of men, been more abundant among us. I cannot speak too highly of the diligence of the brethren, and of their willingness, even in cases of enfeebled health, to work to the utmost of their ability. Nothing out of the ordinary course, now so well tried, has been attempted. Our chief desire has been to maintain a "patient continuance in well-doing." The sermons read for criticism have, if anything, been above the average, and at our discussions considerable ability in debate has been shown. I have kept on with my course of lectures on Systematic Theology, using Hodge's Handbook in a separate class. The usual classes have been held in Hebrew, Senior and Junior, where we have read portions of Genesis and the Psalms; in Greek Testament, where we have read in the Acts, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the 1st Epistle of John, and the Gospel according to Mark; in Trench's Synonyms of the Greek Testament; in Homiletics; in Church History; in Classic Greek, where we have read in Sophocles and Homer; and in Latin, where Virgil's Æneid, Cicero, and Horace have furnished us with subjects.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

THE steadiness of the attendance, and the constancy in faithfully carrying out the work appointed them, as far as the men in my department are concerned, have left me nothing to desire. The noiseless tenor of their way has been so uniform as to render my report a duty of the most formal character. Yet in this noiseless productive formality lie the strength, utility, and success of the object for which our department was called into existence. The men entered the College under the pressure of the high, holy, and merciful desire of honouring Christ, mainly by gathering round his cross as many brands plucked from the burning, by their ministry, as they possibly could; and everything, however humble or small, that fed this desire, was sacred in their eyes. What has been offered to them in our department they believed did minister to this passion of their life; and under this influence—that of honouring Christ by conversions chiefly; everything that helped them to foster and turn it to practical account was valued, pursued, appropriated, and made their own. Thus I can easily account for their industry. This holy hunger, in my judgment, accounts also for the constancy of their presence in the class-room, the faithfulness with which they discharged their daily duties, and the unflagging energy put forth in finishing the work given them to do. Judging from the effects of the same course of education in the actual ministry of those who have

passed through it, I can assure the young men that verily their industry shall not lose its reward.

In the year that is past I have been cheered in my work by beholding in my men the unfolding of many of those features that mark the character of the Christ-sent minister. That the reader may be partaker of my joy, he will perhaps allow me to name one or two. For instance, the feature that marks a man in earnest; again, the presence of those characteristics which single out the man who feels himself personally a sinner saved by grace; also, and not the least, that marked individuality of purpose which separates from the ordinary race of workers for God the man on whose shoulders has been laid the iron necessity of preaching the gospel by our Lord Jesus Christ the Most High God. This year I have found tutorial work most pleasing. I have felt it all through the year a privilege to be associated with such men in Christ's work. To the subscribers and friends of the College I can honestly say, from what I have seen, that in no previous year have they entrusted their gold and silver to men more able and willing to carry out the holy intentions of their liberality. Yes, they will preach the gospel after the way and manner so peculiar to the Pastors' College; and which have been so much honoured by the eternal Spirit.

It only remains for me to enumerate the classes of my department and the class-books. Its work to the reader will then appear at a glance. They are as follows :—

BIBLICAL STUDIES.—Blackie's Bible Geography, Angus's Bible Handbook.

ETHICS AND PHILOSOPHY.—Wayland's Ethics alternated with Butler's Analogy, Taylor's Elements of Thought, Thomson's Laws of Thought, Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysics, Fowler's Inductive and Deductive Logic.

ENGLISH.—Lennie, Fleming's Analysis, Bain's English Composition, Paradise Lost (for Analysis), Roget's Thesaurus, Exercises for composition in original papers and essays.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

THE work throughout the year has been well sustained. While a few brethren have made marked and unusual progress, the advance of my classes as a whole has, I think, been considerably above the average of the few years of my previous connection with the tutorial work of the College. We have had fewer laggards, and some of the most conspicuous instances of improvement have been among brethren whose early education was very poor, and whose steady plodding has been most commendable.

Middle Classes in Greek have been engaged with Xenophon's "Anabasis," and the First Book of Arnold's Exercises. From the Latin of Cornelius Nepos, Themistocles, Aristides, and Pausanias have been translated and parsed, and the first five Eclogues from the

"Bucolics" of Virgil. Arnold's "Henry" has also been carefully gone through. The Junior Classes have, as usual, been occupied with the Grammar and Valpy's Delectus in each language; while in Latin about twenty brethren have read the first few chapters from the Epitome of Roman History by Eutropius. In Euclid, the Seniors have gone to about the middle of the Third Book, and have done several of the Exercises as well. A Junior Class is proceeding with the First Book.

When I first partly severed myself from my Church at Hitchin, it was a matter of much anxiety to me lest my ministerial work should suffer by reason of my engagement at the College. You will be glad to know that God has been better to me than my fears. My congregations were never so good as they have been for the past three years; a spirit of unusual prayer and earnestness has animated the people; seventy persons, nearly all from the world, were last year added to the Church; while now, largely through God's blessing on dear Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's labours at the close of last January, many more are seeking fellowship with us. My dear people, who were also a little afraid about the result of having "only half a minister," have learned with me an old lesson: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." LAUS DEO!

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—In rendering my first report of our science work in connection with the College, it will perhaps be desirable, if not even necessary, for me to give a fuller reference to myself than might at other times be pardonable. In my introduction to the men I explained that however much science might be learned, as the result of our study, I, for one, should regard all as a failure if our reverence was not deepened, and the students strengthened for their work as preachers of the everlasting gospel. I soon discovered that this feeling was largely shared by my class, more conspicuously by many whose time for entering upon pastoral work was close at hand. With this idea before us we have laboured, and I have been cheered again and again by spontaneous testimony that our labour has not been in vain. In my department science is our means, but not our end. God has made the visible as well as the invisible, and in both he may be seen. *True* science is but the discovery of his thoughts; for as Oersted has put it—The laws of nature are the thoughts of God.

The difficulties of a Christian science-teacher are now especially great, and it has been necessary to point out that science is as yet as utterly baffled with ultimate principles as she is conversant with the manner in which those principles interwork. She can tell us what life does, often; but what life is, never. The *root* of all things is hidden from her gaze if she will not look up and behold her God. In the face of modern scientific assumption, if we see this, we may be saved much anxiety, for we shall discover that we can afford to wait for the solution of many difficulties. Surely we, who have only just begun to be, cannot suppose that at the opening of an endless existence we ought to possess

a full understanding of the working of the infinite mind throughout the eternal ages. Mystery *must* be ours, as yet, at least. If there were no mystery, then we, understanding all, should be greater than all, and God would not be a necessity in our philosophy.

We are striving in our class-work to find in nature illustrations of Christian truth, and thus, humbly, and in our measure, to make the same use of it as our Lord frequently did in his parables. For example, when we discover that the magnet not only draws other pieces of metal to itself, but that it makes them, by its very touch, into magnets, we are reminded of Christ, the great Magnet, who, being lifted up, draws all men to himself, and who by his touch changes them, and gives of himself to them so that they become magnets too. And as we further learn that nearness of the metal-pieces to the Master-magnet gives them power which they lose as they recede from it, so we see the illustration of the law of Christian life, that Christ is our life, and our nearness to him the measure of our real strength.

Sometimes we cause the false assumptions (science falsely so called), unhappily nowadays getting so common, to answer themselves by example. We are told by some that to believe in an omnipresent personal God is unreasonable, and yet these very men say that every atom in the universe attracts every other; that every atom in the sun has some power over the earth; remove one atom from the sun, the aggregate of his attractive influence will be reduced. Thus, then, they teach us, and teach us truly, that every atom makes its presence felt throughout the universe: there is no point in space where it may not at the same moment assert itself. To believe in this is scientific. Oh, foolish and slow of heart to believe! How can they in the same breath tell us that to believe in an omnipresent Father is unreasonable? We believe in him because he has shown himself in the works of his hands, but more intensely because the Only Begotten Son, who was in his bosom, hath declared him.

But lest I draw this report to an excessive length, let this explanation of my position and of the direction of our work suffice.

Instead, during the past year, of entering at once upon any rigid course, I judged it best to take up points which current events made prominent; and so, in view of the excitement prevailing respecting electricity and electric lighting, took about Twelve Lectures upon this subject. I know, dear Mr. Spurgeon, you yourself feel the value of centering the attention upon what has already gained a hold upon the popular mind, and my idea was that thus the students might not only be helped in general conversation, but in illustration and allusion in their ministerial work.

The Temperance Movement could not be forgotten by us, and so a course of Eight Lectures was taken on the physiological aspects of this matter. I know you will agree that it is not science, but Christ-given love for our fellows, which has been the backbone of this Temperance work; for science has not a heart of its own, and knowledge without love has no impulse, and will do nothing. It was felt that a diffusion of physiological knowledge would, from this very cause, be particularly serviceable, and this course has in some measure, at least, furnished material for many addresses given in divers places by the students.

Some Lectures on the Structure of Insects and their relation to flowering plants, have also been included, my South Kensington diagrams being used. Physics is now occupying our attention.

I must not close without saying that I rejoice in the opportunity my present position in the College affords for influencing for good, as I humbly trust, the men who are to do so much in the future in the propagation of a positive Gospel, while I must thank all, from our loved President downwards, for the spirit of kindness, helpfulness, and trust with which I have been received.

By reordering the old apparatus, and making very substantial additions to it, we are now provided with a very suitable and efficient instrument with which to pursue our work; and it shall be my endeavour, as it is my hope, that the considerable outlay involved shall be justified by the good work accomplished by its means.

The attendance at the Class has been uniformly good, and not infrequently we have with us those who are now settled pastors, but who come as visitors to their "Alma Mater," and I may add that brethren from Mr. G. Guinness's Institution are often welcomed by us.

The interest and earnestness of the students have very palpably grown, and that reserve with which a new tutor is inevitably received has given place to confidence, and so supplied constant and growing opportunity for friendly and informal converse, during which, I hope, not the least important part of my work is accomplished. May our studies be acceptable service unto the Lord, because undertaken through our Father's grace for his honour!

STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE. By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	DECREASE. By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678	446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783	447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954	487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932	487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528	500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
1881	363*	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908	636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
1882	376	4,942	932	1,993	203	8,070	642	1,631	183	1,664	4,120	3,950	55,089
TOTAL . . .		53,192	7,508	19,935	2,205	82,840	6,291	14,678	2,300	12,416	35,685	47,155	

376 Churches furnish returns for 1882 : of these, 281† show an average increase of 16 members per church ; 73 an average decrease of 9 members per church ; 22 show the same numbers as in previous return ; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 10 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

* The discrepancy between these figures and those printed in last year's Report is occasioned by the addition of returns from six Australian, S. African, and other Churches, which arrived too late for insertion in the Report.

† 56 of these are Metropolitan Churches, and show a clear increase of 1,417 members, or an average increase of 25 per church.

CYCLE OF DAILY PRAYER

In connection with the Pastors' College Students' Missionary Association.

Sunday.—Special prayer for the provision and preparation of labourers, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all missionary operations.

Monday.—AFRICA.

BAKUNDU: C. H. Richardson. BLANTYRE: J. H. Dean (Invalided). CONGO RIVER: J. H. Weeks and A. Billington.

Tuesday.—CHINA AND JAPAN.

CHINA: S. B. Drake, Dr. E. H. Edwards, and J. J. Turner (in England at present).
JAPAN: W. J. White.

Wednesday.—CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

NAPLES: N. Papengouth.
SPAIN: T. Blamire and J. P. Wigstone.

Thursday.—INDIA.

AGRA: J. G. Potter. BARISAUL: R. Spurgeon. KOTTAPATAM: R. Maplesden. SANTHALISTAN: W. S. Mitchell. Missionary Pastors: H. R. Brown, G. H. Hook, W. Norris (in England at present), and A. W. Wood.

Friday.—HAYTI, BRAZIL, &c.

HAYTI: A. V. Papengouth.
PUERTO PLATA AND TURK'S ISLANDS: R. E. Gammon.
RIO DE JANEIRO: J. M. G. dos Santos.

Saturday.—PASTORS SETTLED ABROAD.

AUSTRALIA: J. Blaikie, E. Booth, F. G. Buckingham, W. C. Bunning, A. J. Clarke, W. Clark, W. Coller, J. Downing, S. Fairey, A. J. Hamilton, J. S. Harrison, F. Hibberd, W. Higlett, E. G. Ince, H. Morgan, M. Morris, F. Page, C. J. A. N. Padley, N. Rogers, J. A. Soper, E. Vaughan, and H. Wood.

TASMANIA: A. W. Grant, E. Isaac, R. McCullough, and R. Williamson.

NEW ZEALAND: C. Dallaston, A. Fairbrother, T. Harrington, and T. Spurgeon.

CAPE COLONY: H. J. Batts, G. W. Cross, E. G. Evans, W. Hamilton, and G. C. Williams.

ST. HELENA: W. J. Cother.

CANADA: H. F. Adams, H. Cocks, C. A. Cook, S. A. Dyke, J. Forth, J. Gibson, J. Grant, R. Holmes, F. A. Holzhausen, R. Lennie, J. E. Moyle, and R. Wallace.

NOVA SCOTIA: J. F. Avery, H. Bool, J. Clark, and A. MacArthur.

JAMAICA: C. B. Berry and J. J. Kendon.

UNITED STATES: G. Boulsher, T. J. Bristow, W. Carnes, J. Coker, W. Fuller, A. Gibb, W. Gilkes, C. W. Gregory, R. M. Harrison, G. Ireland, T. L. Johnson (in England at present), H. A. Marshall, W. McKinney, M. Noble, W. Ostler, W. E. Prichard, R. A. Shadick, A. H. Stote, C. W. Smith, G. H. Trapp, P. J. Ward, John Wilson, and W. W. Willis.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1883.

Over the Mountains.

A COMMUNION ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."—Solomon's Song ii. 16, 17.

IT may be that there are saints who are always at their best, and are happy enough never to lose the light of their Father's countenance. I am not sure that there are such persons, for those believers with whom I have been most intimate have had a varied experience; and those whom I have known, who have boasted of their constant perfectness, have not been the most reliable of individuals. I hope there is a spiritual region attainable where there are no clouds to hide the Sun of our soul; but I cannot speak with positiveness, for I have not traversed that happy land. Every year of my life has had a winter as well as a summer, and every day its night. I have hitherto seen clear shinings and heavy rains, and felt warm breezes and fierce winds. Speaking for the many of my brethren, I confess that though the substance be in us, as in the teil-tree and the oak, yet we do lose our leaves, and the sap within us does not flow with equal vigour at all seasons. We have our downs as well as our ups, our valleys as well as our hills. We are not always rejoicing; we are sometimes in heaviness through manifold trials. Alas! we are grieved to confess that our fellowship with the Well-beloved is not always that of rapturous delight; but we have at times to seek him, and cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." This appears to

me to have been in a measure the condition of the spouse when she cried, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved."

I. These words teach us, first, that COMMUNION MAY BE BROKEN. The spouse had lost the company of her bridegroom: conscious communion with him was gone, though she loved her Lord and sighed for him. In her loneliness she was sorrowful; but *she had by no means ceased to love him*, for she calls him her beloved, and speaks as one who felt no doubt upon that point. Love to the Lord Jesus may be quite as true, and perhaps quite as strong, when we sit in darkness as when we walk in the light. Nay, *she had not lost her assurance of his love to her*, and of their mutual interest in one another; for she says, "My beloved is mine, and I am his": and yet she adds, "Turn, my beloved." The condition of our graces does not always coincide with the state of our joys. We may be rich in faith and love, and yet have so low an esteem of ourselves as to be much depressed. It is plain from this sacred Canticle that the spouse may love and be loved, may be confident in her Lord, and be fully assured of her possession of him, and yet there may for the present be mountains between her and him. Yes, we may even be far advanced in the divine life, and yet be exiled for a while from conscious fellowship. There are nights for men as well as babes, and the strong know that the sun is hidden quite as well as do the sick and the feeble. Do not, therefore, condemn yourself, my brother, because a cloud is over you; cast not away your confidence; but the rather let faith burn up in the gloom, and let your love resolve to come at your Lord again whatever be the barriers which divide you from him.

When Jesus is absent from a true heir of heaven sorrow will ensue. The healthier our condition the sooner will that absence be perceived, and the more deeply will it be lamented. This sorrow is described in the text as darkness; this is implied in the expression, "*Until the day break.*" Till Christ appears no day has dawned for us. We dwell in midnight darkness; the stars of the promises and the moon of experience yield no light of comfort till our Lord, like the sun, arises and ends the night. We must have Christ with us, or we are benighted: we grope like blind men for the wall, and wander in dismay.

The spouse also speaks of shadows. "Until the day break, *and the shadows flee away.*" Shadows are multiplied by the departure of the sun, and these are apt to distress the timid. We are not afraid of real enemies when Jesus is with us; but when we miss him we tremble at a shade. How sweet is that song, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!" But we change our note when midnight is now come, and Jesus is not with us: then we people the night with terrors: spectres, demons, hobgoblins, and things that never existed save in fancy, are apt to swarm about us; and we are in fear where no fear is.

The spouse's worst trouble was that *the back of her beloved was turned to her*, and so she cried, "Turn, my beloved." When his face is towards her she suns herself in his love; but if the light of his countenance is withdrawn she is sore troubled. Our Lord turns his face from his people though he never turns his heart from his people.

He may even close his eyes in sleep when the vessel is tossed by the tempest, but his heart is awake all the while. Still, it is pain enough to have grieved him in any degree: it cuts us to the quick to think that we have wounded his tender heart. He is jealous, but never without cause. If he turns his back upon us for a while there is doubtless a more than sufficient reason. He would not walk contrary to us if we had not walked contrary to him. Ah, it is sad work this! The presence of the Lord makes this life the preface to the life celestial; but his absence leaves us pining and fainting, neither doth any comfort remain in the land of our banishment. The Scriptures and the ordinances, private devotion and public worship are all as sun-dials—most excellent when the sun shines, but of small avail in the dark. Oh, Lord Jesus, nothing can compensate us for thy loss! Draw near to thy beloved yet again, for without thee our night will never end.

"See! I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so!
Where will those vile affections roll
That let my Saviour go?"

When communion with Christ is broken, in all true hearts *there is a strong desire to win it back again.* The man who has known the joy of communion with Christ, if he loses it, will never be content until it is restored. Hast thou ever entertained the Prince Emmanuel? Is he gone elsewhere? Thy chamber will be dreary till he comes back again. "Give me Christ, or else I die," is the cry of every spirit that has lost the dear companionship of Jesus. We do not part with such heavenly delights without many a pang. It is not with us a matter of "maybe he will return, and we hope he will"; but it must be, or we faint and die. We cannot live without him; and this is a cheering sign; for the soul that cannot live without him shall not live without him: he comes speedily where life and death hang on his coming. If you must have Christ you shall have him. This is just how the matter stands: we must drink of this well or die of thirst; we must feed upon Jesus or our spirit will famish.

II. We will now advance a step, and say that when communion with Christ is broken, THERE ARE GREAT DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF ITS RENEWAL. It is much easier to go down hill than to climb to the same height again. It is far easier to lose joy in God than to find the lost jewel. The spouse speaks of "mountains" dividing her from her beloved: she means that *the difficulties were great.* They were not little hills, but mountains, that closed up her way. Mountains of remembered sin, alps of backsliding, dread ranges of forgetfulness, ingratitude, worldliness, coldness in prayer, frivolity, pride, unbelief. Ah me, I cannot teach you all the dark geography of this sad experience! Giant walls rose before her like the towering steeps of Lebanon. How could she come at her Beloved?

The dividing difficulties were many as well as great. She does not speak of "a mountain," but of "mountains:" alps rose on alps, wall after wall. She was distressed to think that in so short a time so much could come between her and him of whom she sang just now, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me."

Alas, we multiply these mountains of Bether with a sad rapidity! Our Lord is jealous, and we give him far too much reason for hiding his face. A fault, which seemed so small at the time we committed it, is seen in the light of its own consequences, and then it grows and swells till it towers aloft, and hides the face of the Beloved. Then has our sun gone down, and fear whispers, "Will his light ever return? Will it ever be day-break? Will the shadows ever flee away?" It is easy to grieve away the heavenly sunlight, but ah, how hard to clear the skies, and regain the unclouded brightness!

Perhaps the worst thought of all to the spouse was the dread that *the dividing barrier might be permanent.* It was high, but it might dissolve; the walls were many, but they might fall; but, alas, they were mountains, and these stand fast for ages! She felt like the Psalmist, when he cried, "My sin is ever before me." The pain of our Lord's absence becomes intolerable when we fear that we are hopelessly shut out from him. A night one can bear, hoping for the morning; but what if the day should never break? And you and I, if we have wandered away from Christ, and feel that there are ranges of immovable mountains between him and us, will feel sick at heart. We try to pray, but devotion dies on our lips. We attempt to approach the Lord at the communion-table, but we feel more like Judas than John. At such times we have felt that we would give our eyes once more to behold the Bridegroom's face, and to know that he delights in us as in happier days. Still there stand the awful mountains, black, threatening, impassable; and in the far-off land the Life of our life is away, and grieved.

So the spouse seems to have come to the conclusion that *the difficulties in her way were insurmountable by her own power.* She does not even think of herself going over the mountains to her beloved, but she cries, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether." She will not try to climb the mountains, she knows she cannot: if they had been less high, she might have attempted it; but their summits reach to heaven. If they had been less craggy or difficult, she might have tried to scale them; but these mountains are terrible, and no foot may stand upon their lone crags. Oh, the mercy of utter self-despair! I love to see a soul driven into that close corner, and forced therefore to look to God alone. The end of the creature is the beginning of the Creator. Where the sinner ends the Saviour begins. If the mountains can be climbed, we shall have to climb them; but if they are quite impassable, then the soul cries out with the prophet, "Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence. As when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil, to make thy name known to thine adversaries, that the nations may tremble at thy presence. When thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, thou camest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence!" Our souls are lame, they cannot move to Christ, and lo! we turn our strong desires to him, and fix our hopes alone upon him; will he not remember us in love, and fly to us as he did to his servant of old when he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind?

III. Here arises that PRAYER OF THE TEXT WHICH FULLY MEETS THE CASE. "Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of division." Jesus can come to us when we cannot go to him. The roe and the young hart, or, as you may read it, the gazelle and the ibex, live among the crags of the mountains, and leap across the abyss with amazing agility. For swiftness and sure-footedness they are unrivalled. The sacred poet said, "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places," alluding to the feet of those creatures which are so fitted to stand securely on the mountain's side. Our blessed Lord is called in the title of the twenty-second psalm, "the hind of the morning"; and the spouse in this golden Canticle sings, "My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

Here I would remind you that this prayer is one that we may fairly offer, because *it is the way of Christ to come to us* when our coming to him is out of the question. "How?" say you. I answer that of old he did this; for we remember "his great love wherewith he loved us even when we were dead in trespasses and in sins." His first coming into the world in human form, was it not because man could never come to God until God had come to him? I hear of no tears, or prayers, or entreaties after God on the part of our first parents; but the offended Lord spontaneously gave the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Our Lord's coming into the world was unbought, unsought, unthought of; he came altogether of his own free will, delighting to redeem—

> "With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
> Beheld our helpless grief;
> He saw, and oh, amazing love!
> He ran to our relief."

His incarnation was a type of the way in which he comes to us by his Spirit. He saw us cast out, polluted, shameful, perishing; and as he passed by his tender lips said, "Live!" In us is fulfilled that word, "I am found of them that sought me not." We were too averse to holiness, too much in bondage to sin ever to have returned to him if he had not turned to us. What think you? Did he come to us when we were enemies, and will he not visit us now that we are friends? Did he come to us when we were dead sinners, and will he not hear us now that we are weeping saints? If Christ's coming to the earth was after this manner, and if his coming to each one of us was after this style, we may well hope that now he will come to us in like fashion, like the dew which refreshes the grass, and waiteth not for man, neither tarrieth for the sons of men. Besides, he is coming again in person, in the latter-day, and mountains of sin, and error, and idolatry, and superstition, and oppression stand in the way of his kingdom; but he will surely come and overturn, and overturn, till he shall reign over all. He will come in the latter-days, I say, though he shall leap the hills to do it, and because of that I am sure we may comfortably conclude that he will draw near to us who mourn his absence so bitterly. Then let us bow our heads a moment and silently present to his most excellent Majesty the petition of our text: "Turn,

my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of division."

Our text gives us sweet assurance that *our Lord is at home with those difficulties* which are quite insurmountable by us. Just as the roe or the young hart knows the passes of the mountains, and the stepping-places among the rugged rocks, and is void of all fear among the ravines and the precipices, so does our Lord know the heights and depths, the torrents and the caverns of our sin and sorrow. He carried the whole of our transgression, and so became aware of the tremendous load of our guilt. He is quite at home with the infirmities of our nature; he knew temptation in the wilderness, heart-break in the garden, desertion on the cross. He is quite at home with pain and weakness, for "himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." He is at home with despondency, "for he was a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He is at home even with death, for he gave up the ghost, and passed through the sepulchre to resurrection. Oh yawning gulfs and frowning steeps of woe, our Beloved, like hind or hart, has traversed your glooms! Oh, my Lord, thou knowest all that divides me from thee; and thou knowest also that I am far too feeble to climb these dividing mountains, so that I may come at thee; therefore, I pray thee, come thou over the mountains to meet my longing spirit! Thou knowest each yawning gulf and slippery steep, but none of these can stay thee; haste thou to me, thy servant, thy beloved, and let me again live by thy presence.

It is easy, too, for Christ to come over the mountains for our relief. It is easy for the gazelle to cross the mountains; it is made for that end; so is it easy for Jesus, for to this purpose was he ordained from of old that he might come to man in his worst estate, and bring with him the Father's love. What is it that separates us from Christ? Is it a sense of sin? You have been pardoned once, and Jesus can renew most vividly a sense of full forgiveness. But you say, "Alas! I have sinned again: fresh guilt alarms me." He can remove it in an instant, for the fountain appointed for that purpose is opened, and is still full. It is easy for the dear lips of redeeming love to put away the child's offences, since he has already obtained pardon for the criminal's iniquities. If with his heart's blood he won our pardon from our Judge, he can easily enough bring us the forgiveness of our Father. Oh, yes, it is easy enough for Christ to say again, "Thy sins be forgiven!" "But I feel so unfit, so unable to enjoy communion." He that healed all manner of bodily diseases can heal with a word your spiritual infirmities. Remember the man whose ankle-bones received strength so that he ran and leaped; and her who was sick of a fever, and was healed at once, and arose, and ministered unto her Lord. "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness," "But I have such afflictions, such troubles, such sorrows, that I am weighted down, and cannot rise into joyful fellowship." Yes, but Jesus can make every burden light, and cause each yoke to be easy. Your trials can be made to aid your heavenward course instead of hindering it. I know all about those heavy weights, and I perceive that you cannot lift them; but skilful engineers can adapt ropes and pulleys in such a way that heavy weights lift other weights. The Lord Jesus is great at gracious

machinery, and he has the art of causing a weight of tribulation to lift from us a load of spiritual deadness, so that we ascend by that which, like a millstone, threatened to sink us down. What else doth hinder? I am sure that if it were a sheer impossibility the Lord Jesus could remove it, for things impossible with men are possible with God. But someone objects, "I am so unworthy of Christ. I can understand eminent saints and beloved disciples being greatly indulged, but I am a worm, and no man; utterly below such condescension." Say you so? Know you not that the worthiness of Christ covers your unworthiness, and he is made of God unto you wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption? In Christ the Father thinks not so meanly of you as you think of yourself; you are not worthy to be called his child, but he does call you so, and reckons you to be among his jewels. Listen, and you shall hear him say, "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee. I gave Egypt for thy ransom; Ethiopia and Seba for thee." Thus, then, there remains nothing which Jesus cannot overleap if he resolves to come to you and re-establish your broken fellowship.

To conclude, *our Lord can do all this directly.* As in the twinkling of an eye the dead shall be raised incorruptible, so in a moment can our dead affections rise to fulness of delight. He can say to this mountain, "Be thou removed hence, and be thou cast into the midst of the sea," and it shall be done. In the sacred emblems now upon this supper table Jesus is already among us. Faith cries, "He has come!" Like John the Baptist she gazes intently on him, and cries, "Behold the Lamb of God!" At this table Jesus feeds us with his body and blood. His corporeal presence we have not, but his real spiritual presence we perceive. We are like the disciples when none of them durst ask him, "Who art thou?" knowing that it was the Lord. He is come. He looketh forth at these windows—I mean this bread and wine; showing himself through the lattices of this instructive and endearing ordinance. He speaks. He saith, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone." And so it is; we feel it to be so: a heavenly spring-tide warms our frozen hearts. Like the spouse, we wonderingly cry, "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib." Now in happy fellowship we see the Beloved, and hear his voice; our heart burns; our affections glow; we are happy, restful, brimming over with delight. The King has brought us into his banqueting-house, and his banner over us is love. It is good to be here!

Friends, we must now go our ways. A voice saith, "Arise, let us go hence." O thou Lord of our hearts, go with us. Home will not be home without thee. Life will not be life without thee. Heaven itself would not be heaven if thou wert absent. Abide with us. The world grows dark, the gloaming of time draws on. Abide with us, for it is toward evening. Our years increase, and we near the night when dews fall cold and chill. A great future is all about us, the splendours of the last age are coming down; and while we wait in solemn, awe-struck expectation, our heart continually cries within herself, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved!"

Catherine Roudol.

CATHERINE ROUDOL was a peculiar and eccentric religious character in the Isle of Mona. She was a contemporary of John Elias and Christmas Evans, well acquainted with both, and both had great regard for her. She was an old maid, and lived in a small cabin not far from Amlwch. In her early days she led a very ungodly life. Her conversion was most remarkable. When standing in the street at Amlwch, a young man began to abuse her, as was too often the case with certain characters in those days. "Be thou silent, thou wicked goblin," said Catherine, "thou art worse than Jack the Barber." Owing to her loud voice, the barber overheard her: her words, like arrows, went straight to his heart. He was stricken with fear by hearing such a character censuring his ungodliness. This circumstance affected him so much that soon afterwards he became a Christian, and, before long, a preacher of the gospel. This man was the late John Jones, of Edeym, a specially gifted preacher among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. Having heard that the barber had become a preacher, Catherine went at her earliest convenience to hear him, but her intent was to jeer and mock him. But instead of mocking him, she was so thoroughly changed by listening to him, that she never from that day onward was the same as she was before. Thus a wonderful change was effected in both Jack the Barber and Catherine. The rash words of Catherine caused the conversion of John Jones, and his sermon, being blessed by God, was the means of her conversion. How wonderful are the ways of God in seeking and saving his chosen!

It is said that Catherine, on that eventful night, not only realized her lost condition, but also the glory of the Redeemer, to such an extent that she went on her way home rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. Her conversion was as thorough and almost as remarkable as that of Saul of Tarsus. She identified herself with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, but experienced great trouble before being received into their communion. We are told that the Baptists refused to receive her; not very much to the credit of their judgment. She was no mere party zealot: religion anywhere and everywhere was her great object. She was exceedingly fond of the preaching of Christmas Evans, and would, on every possible occasion, go to hear him. Her hearty responses and her loud "Amen" used to have a great effect upon that seraphic preacher; and his evangelical and powerful sermons would always greatly affect her. Seldom, if ever, it is said, was the meeting a dull one if Christmas was in the pulpit and Catherine Roudol in the pew. There were some bigoted Calvinistic Methodist deacons who found great fault with Catherine for going to hear Christmas Evans and other ministers not belonging to their own body. One such told her very sharply, that there was no need for her to go to the Baptist chapels to chirp and make a noise. "The Baptist chapel is not the question," said Catherine; "were they not to preach my dear Christ, I would be quite silent." Once upon a time, Christmas Evans was preaching near Amlwch, and Catherine made it a point to go to hear him. It happened that Mr. Hugh Williams, of

Bodwin, father of the late Mr. Williams of Amlwch, was preaching with him. This good brother was but a common-place preacher, except on certain occasions. Catherine was listening to him in a very indifferent manner. However, before the end of his sermon, the old brother got a grasp of some precious theme that wrought with great effect upon the listeners. Catherine suddenly arose to her feet and cried out, "O Lord, thou art a strange One! Thou canst come to us with even old Hugh of Bodwin." By this time she was willing enough to hear the Lord through old Hugh, as she called him, since he was pleased to condescend to speak to her through that humble brother.

She resided for some time with John Elias, taking charge of his children. One day the godly and eloquent Elias happened to hear her singing some humorous stanzas, as women often do in amusing little children. As Elias was a very rigid puritan, he rebuked her sharply, saying, that he would not allow anyone to sing such trash in his house. To this she replied, "Dost thou think, John, that I will use religious hymns to amuse thy children? Oh, no, John; hymns of praise to my God are infinitely too sacred to be used for that purpose." He gave up rebuking her and left her alone. As a rule, she was very ready with her answers, so much so that very few could cope with her. There was a wealthy lady, a member of the same church as Catherine, who while Catherine was often called to account for something or other, was left to lead a quiet and easy life. There was too much religion in Catherine for common people in those days to understand her, and on that account she was frequently found fault with without cause. Once as she was under the rod, at a church-meeting, she shouted out, "Thanks that I am not Mrs. So-and-so; she may live as she likes; but, thanks be to God, Catherine Roudol's faults will be corrected, and her sins will be found out. Thanks be to God that I am Catherine Roudol." Once the renowned Ebenezer Richard, of Tregaron, father of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., was preaching in Anglesea, upon the precious words, "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Mr. Richard was a very powerful preacher. In the middle of his sermon he said, in a grave manner, that it would be a great pleasure for him to say much about the dispensation of the precious blood; but that he was afraid that there were none there desirous of being cleansed. Catherine, from the midst of the assembly, shouted out until everyone was frightened, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Bring it out." This excited the powerful preacher to "bring it out" in a most extraordinary manner.

When itinerant preachers used to go through the country preaching, Catherine would sometimes follow them from place to place. It happened once that an old preacher and a young one came together to Anglesea, and she followed them for several days; but the younger preacher, who hadn't too many sermons at his disposal, began to get rather tired of seeing her; his older companion, too, was beginning to share his vexation. As they were leaving the Island, and making their way towards the ferry (where the Menai bridge now is), fearing that Catherine might follow them to Bangor, they gave the boatmen a shilling, with strict orders, if they should see a woman of a certain description coming to Bangor, to prevent her. Soon after they had crossed, who should come up to the ferry but Catherine. The men made several

excuses in order to dissuade her from crossing, but all in vain. She told them that they were bound to take her over, that she had as much right to go as anyone else. She added that, if she were not allowed to cross, she would go to the Magistrate, who lived close by, and that they would have to abide the consequences. "Besides," said she, "I must go; for two men who have just crossed have my things with them." Thereupon they let her go. When the two preachers got to the chapel at Bangor, whom should they see in a pew close to the pulpit but Catherine! One of them preached from the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." "Thanks," said Catherine, "I am now having my things."

Christmas Evans once offered her a pair of boots on condition that she would be silent when he was preaching at a certain place. Catherine accepted the offer; but when listening to the seraphic Christmas she was moved and excited to such a degree that she shouted out when he was in the middle of his sermon, "Christmas, the boots for thee, and Christ for me, blessed be God!" When John Elias was preaching at an Association-meeting at Llangefni to five or six thousand people from 1 John ii. 2, he, as a high Calvinist, and partly for an oratorical purpose, laid great stress on the pronoun *our*—"*our* sins!" "and he is the propitiation for *our* sins," repeating the word again and again. Catherine, impatient at his not quoting the whole verse, shouted out, "Yes Elias, 'and not for ours only, but for the sins of the WHOLE WORLD!'" There is no need to say that Elias had no chance with the audience after that remark of Catherine.

Though Catherine was peculiar and eccentric in many respects, and had her faults, like others, yet there were many noble qualities in her, and her piety was above suspicion. Although she spent her earliest days in ungodliness and sin, yet, after her conversion, she was helped to live in the fear of the Lord to the end of her days. She died as she lived, in believing confidence in Jesus Christ. The late Rev. W. Roberts, of Amlwch, called to see her during her last illness, and asked her how she felt in her great affliction. She replied,—"I am pretty comfortable, thank you; I have learned lately the Lord's prayer tolerably well." "Dear me, Catherine," said Mr. Roberts, "couldn't you say the Lord's prayer before now?" "No, indeed, William," said she, "and there are many, I am afraid, who can't say it. But I can say very truly now, 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' I have *no* will, there is only one will between God and myself; mine is his. I leave him to do as he willeth, and am very comfortable." She died very happy, in the year 1830, and was buried in Amlwch churchyard. A great multitude attended her funeral, and a nobleman, out of respect for her, defrayed all the funeral expenses. Thus, though she was poor and needy, she was esteemed by persons of every rank in the country, and provided for in life and in death. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

W. PRICE, *Pensarn.*

William Henry Havergal.*

THOUGH he is not so widely known as his daughter, Frances Ridley Havergal, the late rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, was a Christian pastor of no ordinary worth, and an accomplished musical genius of no common kind. He died at the age of seventy-seven in 1870; and throughout his long life he lived to teach and to exemplify in his own life the doctrines of grace.



W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

His parents were pious people, his mother especially having shown considerable Christian activity in originating the Sabbath-school at High Wycombe and superintending the institution until she was seventy years of age. The only son of this devoted couple was highly favoured from earliest childhood; and we can readily believe his nurse's testimony, who in her latter days, "declared, that the naughtiest thing he ever did was taking the cat to bed." At a very early age he showed great

* Records of the life of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., formerly Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral. By his daughter, Jane M. Crane. "Home Words" Publishing Office. Price 6s.

musical genius; but not expecting to turn this to any account professionally, the youth would have been articled to a surgeon had not the good man died just after the agreement was concluded. Mr. Havergal was educated at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford; and in the spring of 1816 preached his first sermon in Dunton Church. It is said that his earlier "sermons still exist, simply and forcibly setting forth the fundamental truths of the gospel to which he adhered to the end of his ministry." He commenced work as curate to the Rev. T. T. Biddulph, who was vicar of St. James's, Bristol, as well as rector of Dunton in Somerset, some forty miles away. Mr. Biddulph preferred town life in winter and the country in summer, so that he and his curates shifted their quarters twice every year.

In a pretty cottage at Cruch, near Taunton, Mr. Havergal commenced his ministry. His sister, who at first lived with the curate, wrote: "The people are all apparently so fond of him, and seem so pleasant and kind." She then goes on to mention an Antinomian party in the district who were headed by a lady of great nerve and energy—"Mrs. Baring actually preaches. She sings and plays in the cottages about Taunton. She has her harp taken where she goes, and all the country folk go with eyes, ears, and mouths open to see the wonderful lady." Mr. Havergal soon had followers enough to fill the churches at Dunton and Lyng; but, although he was deservedly popular, the modest young curate felt "very nervous about filling Mr. Biddulph's pulpit."

The parish of Lyng includes the Isle of Athelney which is associated with the name of Alfred the Great; and the curate's adventures in that low-lying district show that floods are not at all peculiar to our own times. "The neighbourhood of Lyng is now inundated as far as the eye can reach," he writes in 1818. "Many cottages are full of water, and several small farmers have not a yard of dry ground, which is very distressing for them and the poor cattle. I wish the waters would wash away the plague of Antinomianism." The work he did in such a sphere partook in a degree of the character of that effected by Baxter at Kidderminster; and while he was solicitous for the welfare of "the poor little heathens on the borders of two or three of the neighbouring parishes," for whom he endeavoured to set up Sunday-schools, the awakening among their elders was testified by the fact of their coming distances of seven, or even ten miles to attend public worship.

In 1820 he left his first sphere and settled at Croley, in Gloucestershire, where he augmented a curate's income by taking pupils; and in the course of twenty-three years, upwards of eighty youths appear to have benefited by his instructions, all of whom, with the exception of three or four, afterwards led exemplary Christian lives.

He thus describes his new sphere of labour at the outset: "Croley is one of the parishes long considered as one of the dark and neglected parts of Gloucestershire. : . . But notwithstanding these sad things, it has pleased God to reserve many in the parish who can testify that he is gracious. The people now come with eagerness to church, and there is no small stir among them in consequence of what they hear. Five Sundays ago I commenced a lecture in the evening; from the first the congregation rapidly increased, till on the last two Sunday evenings the church was completely filled, even to the porch door; so that

ministerially my ministry is remarkably encouraging. Help me with your prayers that the Word of the Lord may indeed be glorified." In reference to his study-work at this time he writes: "I am an *anxious* sermon writer. Few things are more painful to me than to be obliged to preach a sermon I have used before, and it is so for two reasons: first, every old sermon skeleton rather pains me by its defects; and secondly, I love to preach that which I have felt, and desire to feel that which I preach, and these things are only effected when the heart, and the head, and the hand have been engaged in the work of preparation."

The fourth chapter in the book consists of reminiscences of old inhabitants, collected in 1870 by Miss Maria Havergal, whose memoir of her sister, the poet, is well known. In cottages and farm-houses many were found who remembered the pastor in his early days, and many of whom were doubtless able to trace their conversion to his agency. "Never was a better churchman," said one farmer; "and yet he never ran down Dissent."

From 1822 to 1829 he was curate of Astley, Gloucestershire, and on the death of the incumbent in the last-named year he succeeded to the living. In 1841 this was resigned in favour of a son of the former rector. Mr. Havergal invested the last quarter's salary received in that sphere with the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the proceeds were expended in Bibles, etc., for distribution among the poorer inhabitants.

In 1845 he entered on his "arduous but promising" duties at Worcester, where declining health at times interfered with his pastoral work, and at last obliged him to accept the smaller sphere of Shareshill, near Wolverhampton. In this rural parish he was very assiduous in visiting the poor, but the rich and the noble were not neglected. In the time of his last illness, Lord Hatherton, whose family held the patronage of the living, was accustomed to send a carriage once a week to fetch the pastor to Teddesley Park. When they met for the last time, the peer expressed much gratitude for the attentions paid him, adding, "Mr. Havergal, you have taught me two things, that I am a great sinner, and that Jesus Christ is my great Saviour." In 1867 he was compelled by the state of his health to retire from active service. He then spent much of his time on the Continent, giving all the attention he could to psalmody, and such occasional pulpit services as his strength allowed him to undertake.

Mr. Havergal was succeeded at Worcester by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., who some years ago resigned that charge for the purpose of devoting his energies more exclusively to the dissemination of cheap evangelical literature. On the occasion of the death of his former rector, Mr. Bullock preached a funeral sermon, a portion of which is reproduced in the biography. Speaking of his subject, the preacher says: "His personal endowments were distinguished. A true poet of the sanctuary, and an enthusiastic lover of 'holy music,' his contributions to the Psalmody of the House of God ranked him among the foremost musical authorities of his age. . . . I have never met with one whose Christian character in the church and in the home shone more brightly than his. . . . Not, indeed, that he was without faults or failings, for 'there

is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not;' but gospel grace wrought so manifestly in him the fruits of the Spirit that, to a remarkable degree, he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour." As a preacher, his words are described as having been impressive and weighty: coming from the heart, they went to the hearts of his hearers. "He did not take the waters of life at second-hand from human or ecclesiastical cisterns, but went direct to the fountain of living waters. He preached a doctrine as humbling to the pride of man as it is exalting to the glory of God's free grace." His earthly course was ended by a stroke of apoplexy on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1870.

The handsomely got-up volume in which the life-work of this gifted and holy man is commemorated is mainly filled with letters, journals, and other memoranda which allow Mr. Havergal to become his own biographer. As he never wrote without a purpose, no one will read his biography without profit. We see him in his study, in his home, in his parish-work, and in foreign lands; and in every situation we see the disciple, the servant, and the workman that needed not to be ashamed. The illustrations add to the attractiveness of the work, and one of them we reproduce as an accompaniment of this article.

To Unworthy Communicants.

AUGUSTINE well observes, "That as many think the eating of an apple was but a small sin, so many think that the unworthy eating of the sacrament is but a small sin." But as many horrid sins were wrapt up in that sin of Adam, so are there many wrapt up in this sin of false professors. 1. Here is pride: else no man in his wickedness would presume to come to the Lord's table. 2. Here is rebellion and treason against the crown and dignity of Christ: their hands and lips adore him, as Judas' did, but their hearts and lives abhor him (Rom. ii. 22). 3. Here is theft and sacrilege: now, if to take away the communion-cup by the Romish priests be such a high offence—such horrid sacrilege—what is it then to take the bread and wine set apart and sanctified for a holy use by the Lord himself, and use them for our own unwarranted ends? (1 Cor. xi. 27—29). 4. Here is murder, the worst murder, the greatest murder, the cruellest murder: thou killest thyself, thy soul, and as much as in thee lies, God's dearest Son.

Now, certainly, in some respects, this sin is a greater sin than Adam's was: for (1) Adam's eating was against a Creator, but thine is against a Redeemer; now it is more to redeem a soul than to create a world; (2) his was against the word of the Lord; thine against the blood of the Lord; (3) his struck at the covenant of works; thine at the covenant of grace; (4) he ate but once; but thou eatest often. Wherefore let a man examine himself, and so let him come to the table of the Lord; but unless he be in Christ by faith let him not dare to profane the sacred supper, to which none may come but the true followers of the Lamb.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Keeping a Cow.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"OUR little boys and girls who live in the City will all see the wit of this. Little six-year-old Dan went into the country visiting, and for his supper he was given a big bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then stopped as if thinking. 'Don't you like it?' asked mamma. Smacking his lips as only a small boy can, he said, 'Yes, mamma. I do like it very much. I was only wishing our milkman in the City would keep a cow.'"

This little slip, from a newspaper, has its moral. After hearing a sermon full of precious doctrine, and rich with the truth of Christ Jesus, the hearer is apt to wish that all discourses were of like quality. If this is the unadulterated milk of the word, oh, that all preachers kept a cow; or rather, in plain English, that they went to the one great source of supply! To us it is a growing marvel that so many must needs labour, and tug, and toil, to produce poor marrowless essays, when the rich, plain, soul-filling gospel lies so near at hand. They cannot stay at the true house of bread, but must needs go farther and fare worse.

"Milk-and-water" is far too abundant in the world. We might not think so badly of it, if it were not so often palmed off for pure milk. Quimby perceived one morning that the milk that he was pouring into his coffee-cup was none of the richest. On this he said to his hostess, "Haven't you any milk that is more cheerful than this?" "What do you mean by that?" asked she. "Why, this milk seems to have the blues," was the ready retort. We think we know a good deal of Sunday teaching which has the blues too, and we would gladly see it wear a more creamy appearance. A person once asked his friend why the preacher cried so much when for the life of him he could see nothing to call for tears. "You would cry, too," was the reply, "if you had to talk for near an hour, and had so little to say." Preachers might afford to be happier if their sermons were fuller of the gospel: the blues would vanish if the cream were visible.

Some preachers seem to be afraid lest their sermons should be too rich in doctrine, and so injure the spiritual digestions of their hearers. The fear is superfluous. They fancy that if they put too much divinity into their discourses people might hanker after more. What if they did? Is there not more to be had? Perhaps the sermonizer has no very large supply, and is not himself very familiar with the fount of truth; then let him go to the great Teacher above, and learn of him. Possibly the preacher himself has no great love for the undiluted gospel. The more's the pity! We shall never evangelize the masses till the preachers are more evangelical. May the Lord restore to us old-fashioned divines like Boston and the Erskines, and they will never lack for hearers. If Puritanic preaching filled the pulpits, it would soon fill the pews. The people are losing all desire to attend our services because the one grand attraction has been too often thrown into the shade. Oh, that all preachers and teachers would, for one twelvemonth, try what the gospel by itself would do! Even if they doomed us to partake of nothing but the diluting element for the next six months

afterwards, we would like the experiment to be tried, for we could stop away when the diluting tap was turned on. We remember once in our lives hearing a complaint that the milk, which came from a certain dairy, was too rich. We heard that complaint once, and only once. It was not difficult to suggest that the purchaser could water the milk himself till it fell to his own standard. If men heard the gospel in its essence they could dilute it at home if they wished to do so. We should like to get the article in such a pure condition that we could exercise our own discrimination as to how much we should mingle with it; but we do not care to have our adulteration done for us without our assent and consent. In our present state of mind we should prefer to receive the gospel in all its richness, as we find it in the word. Do not our readers sympathize with our preference? This is not a theological age, and therefore it rails at sound doctrinal teaching, on the principle that ignorance despises wisdom. The glorious giants of the Puritan age fed on something better than the whipped creams and pastries which are now so much in vogue. They did not need flashy metaphors, rounded periods, and philosophical theories: they wanted the doctrines of grace, and they took care to have them. Hence their force of character, their unbending integrity, their awe-struck fear of God, and fearlessness of man. What food they fed upon was seen in their countenances. Alas, what food many professors feed on is seen in their worldliness, pulpiness, and general debility!

We sigh for preachers who will give us the unadulterated milk of the word, even as the child longed that the City milkman would keep a cow. When the churches will have nothing but the truth it will be forthcoming: the demand will find its supply. If, in choosing ministers, more regard were had to solidity than to cleverness, if grace were preferred to gift, and orthodoxy to intellect, we should soon see a change pass over the spirit of the scene. So may the Lord make it to be.

Chances for Young Men.

CROAKERS say that the time for young men to compete for the prize has passed—that the coveted places of thrift and honour are overcrowded, and that now young men must content themselves with a back seat and small acquisitions. But the plea is false. There never was so much room for the BEST as there is to-day. Though it may be more difficult to succeed in certain pursuits than it was formerly, young men possess greater facilities now than ever. The wisdom, example, inventions, discoveries, thoughts, labours, and progress of the preceding ages are theirs in an important sense. These furnish helps to which former generations were strangers. With these aids, the resolution that triumphed half a century ago may overcome the greater difficulties of to-day. When Napoleon was told that the Alps were in the way of his army, he replied, "Then there shall be no Alps;" and he built the road across the Simplon. Nothing is impossible to such resolution.—*From "Tact, Push, and Principle." By William M. Thayer.*

Report of Metropolitan Tabernacle Bible Flower Mission, 1882.

IT was only a corner where two roads met, but the turning point had come, and before leaving the old way, and entering upon a new and unfamiliar one, we lingered a little for a parting look at the road to be left behind, and then to peer forward into that on which our course now lay. Not that there was much to be seen either. Both roads appeared much the same, long and straight, with many a dark shadow, many a gloomy corner, and many a muddy spot. But most conspicuous along each were the long rows of lamps, shining, not very brilliantly perhaps, but still, silently, steadfastly, and certainly, brightening and cheering the pathway for every passer-by. Thus had they blessed and encouraged us on the road already trod, and thus would they still be with us on the new and unknown way.

Just so is it in the work of the Bible Flower Mission. We have come to the end of another year of service, and are turning a fresh corner in the pathway of life; but before continuing the journey it is well to pause a while and look back upon the way through which our Lord has led us. It has been quite an ordinary one, much resembling those trodden in preceding years, and therefore we have no new, strange tale to tell, although the story of mercies renewed, and guidance still bestowed, will, we trust, ever contain a freshness to those who are also travelling on the King's highway. True, we have passed some dark corners in which there lurked the grim shadows of disappointment and discouragement, but there has also been the never-failing rows of wayside lamps, bright realizations of faith rewarded and promises fulfilled.

As it is our hope that some readers may be led to help us who are as yet unfamiliar with the work of the Flower Mission, we should like at the outset to explain something of the way in which it is carried on. Country friends, to whom flowers are such common things, can, perhaps, form only a faint idea of the delight with which a tiny bunch of primroses or violets will be received by some poor sufferer in our large and over-crowded city, where the sweet blossoms are known only as exiled treasures, too pure and delicate to thrive in such an atmosphere. Even the faces of the roughest and most ignorant will relax and lose something of their coarseness when looking up to express their thanks for the bright and pretty bouquet, and in consequence of this manifest love of flowers there has sprung up the work of the Bible Flower Mission, which has gradually spread until most of the hospitals, infirmaries, workhouses, etc., have now their regular supply. These flowers are sent by country friends to any of the London depots, where they are arranged in small bunches, to each of which is tied some word of warning to the careless, or some precious promise to the sinsick soul. They are then taken to the various hospitals for which they are intended, and as the visitor reads the text and offers the flowers, many an opportunity is afforded of explaining the way of salvation to some anxious seeker, and many a hitherto careless one is led by the sweet blossoms of earth to look into the neglected garden of his soul, and to seek the aid of

him who is "*The Gardener*," that, instead of the ill-weeds of sin, there may be planted within him the precious seeds of truth, which shall one day bear rich fruits of holiness and love.

And here we would earnestly ask all who would help in the way of sending text-cards, to be very careful in their selection of the texts written upon them; for many otherwise pretty cards are sent to us which are quite useless, owing to the very unsuitable verses chosen. Who would think of reading a chapter in Ezekiel to a child who had not yet mastered the alphabet? And is it not better to choose for those often quite ignorant of gospel truth those texts which contain the very A B C of the faith, rather than others suited to an advanced experience, or which, as often has been the case, have no meaning whatever apart from the connection in which they stand?

The Tabernacle Branch of the Mission has this year distributed 17,616 bunches of flowers, and the places visited have been the Lambeth Infirmary and Workhouse, the Newington Workhouse, the Newington Infirmary, the Ophthalmic Hospital at Blackfriars, and the private dwellings of the poor. To these last they have been taken by some City Missionaries, who called regularly during the summer months for any bunches that could be spared, and seemed to think themselves sufficiently rewarded for the trouble of fetching them, if they received no more than a dozen bunches. The Out-relief Ward of the Lambeth Workhouse has also been visited; but owing to an insufficient supply, we have seldom been able to take any flowers. Their place has, however, been supplied by books, magazines, sermons, etc., which are lent and returned week by week, and which, judging by the remarks made, and a certain used look which even the inside pages have gradually acquired, seem to have been generally well read and appreciated. Only in one or two cases have they been steadily refused, and then the reason given was either inability to read, or membership with the Roman Catholic Church. With the men especially *The Sword and the Trowel* has seemed a favourite, and many of them regularly ask for "one of the yellow books." With others *The Postman* has been preferred, and some have said "There's nothing so good as a Spurgeon's sermon." Again, there have been others who wished for something of a more sensational type, and have asked, "Have you not one with a good story in it?" We have found it a little more difficult to find that in our parcel which would gratify the taste of this last-mentioned class, but a *Christian Herald*, *Sunday at Home*, or *The Leisure Hour*, has seldom failed to give satisfaction. Unfortunately, however, we have not always had these to lend, as the supply has not been equal to the demand, which is always large in this direction, and we should be glad and grateful if friends would kindly help in this matter by sending *suitable* books and periodicals, for which they themselves have now no further use. Certainly, these have been times of seed-sowing rather than of harvest; but who shall say that the precious grains of truth may not thus be carried to some barren land, where they shall at length spring up, transforming desert places into gardens of the Lord?

Not in the Out-relief Ward, however, but inside among the inmates, have we spent some of the happiest hours. Our usual plan has been, first to distribute the flowers, together with any sermons or tracts that

may have been brought for lending, and then to sing a hymn before saying "good-bye." It has been sweet thus to tell in song to these aged and infirm ones of the "Home beyond the Sky," to which we trusted some of them were hastening. In the Laundry, Needle-room, and other such wards, we have always been warmly welcomed, our arrival having been the signal for a short cessation from the work, which we believe was none the less well done for the few minutes of interruption. But one of the brightest days throughout the year was the Wednesday before Christmas, when we went to the Lambeth Workhouse and distributed the gifts which had been so kindly sent by many friends. Each woman received a neckerchief or a pair of warm woollen cuffs, whilst the men had large almanacks, coloured texts, etc., which, when nailed to the bare, unfurnished walls, gave to the large room an aspect of cheeriness before unknown. Perhaps the most appreciated were the three large texts on strips of coloured linen, which had been brought by one of the workers, and which certainly looked remarkably bright and pretty as they caught the glow of the firelight, and hung there as silent messengers, ever telling in voiceless language the story of God's love. At last our pleasant task was over, and we were just going away, when it was suggested that we should have a hymn. It was one of the largest of the men's wards, and not soon shall we forget the group that gathered round as they all drew near and joined in singing, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and "There is a fountain filled with blood." It seemed a solemn time, and as we looked on the rough, toil-worn faces, and heard their voices in the old-fashioned hymns which, perhaps, had been learned in childhood, we could not help hoping that in some hearts present a longing might be awakened which would not be set at rest until it found the satisfaction which comes alone through faith in Christ.

The lady mentioned in former reports as having gone regularly on Sunday afternoons to read Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to those too infirm to be able to get into the workhouse chapel, has still continued her visits, and we trust that through this means many have been brought to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and led to understand, as they never did before, how he became their substitute and the one way of salvation. Mr. Charlesworth, who has ever shown a warm interest in the work of the Flower Mission, has also again obtained the kind permission of the guardians to bring the Orphanage boys to entertain the old people with an evening of song. One or two such gatherings have been held, and great delight was manifested on the last occasion, when the boys who have lately been learning the hand-bell ringing, brought their bells and played many well-known airs, in some pieces manipulating their instruments so wonderfully as to call forth loud and enthusiastic applause. Our warmest thanks are due to the master and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Davey, who at such times do everything in their power to make the evening a happy one, and are always ready to give us a kindly welcome. We have not been able to go so often to the Newington Workhouse as to the Lambeth one, but have been well received there, and hope that an increased supply of flowers during the coming year will enable us to visit it more frequently. At the Ophthalmic Hospital, too, the flowers have been gladly accepted, and a lady has gone on Sunday evenings to

read to these sufferers of him who came that he might restore to sight the spiritually blind.

But perhaps the most intereresting places have been the infirmaries; for here, more than anywhere, have we had to thank God for blessed messages, and sinners saved, to the glory of his grace. For is it not still true, that when men "draw near unto the gates of death," and "cry unto the Lord in their trouble," "he sends his word and heals them," and "saves them out of their distresses"? We know the objections to "death-bed repentances"; but our God is very gracious, and is willing to save those who do but trust him, even at the eleventh hour. And these sufferers are not, for the most part, those who have often heard and as often neglected the gospel story, but men and women who have grown up in ignorance, untaught and uncared for, understanding little or nothing of the way of life. The name of Jesus is certainly familiar, but that is about all, and herein lies one of our chief difficulties; for while they will readily assent to any general remark about his power and willingness to save, they seem, on closer questioning, to know no more about him, and, if we may so put it, to be using his precious name only as a sort of magic charm, which, somehow or other, in some way or another, will keep them from all ill. Oh, to be made *wise* to win souls! Is not this one of those "*best* gifts" which every follower of Christ may "covet earnestly"? For some who have been won we do praise God, but, oh, that they were multiplied tenfold.

One lady writes—"One day I gave a woman a bunch of flowers with the text, 'Lord, save me!' A long talk with her showed me that she was eagerly seeking Jesus, and had been longing for someone to speak to her about her soul. I gave her Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, 1,609, which was the means of bringing her to Christ, and when next I saw her she was rejoicing in him. To one poor girl a bunch of wallflowers gave much pleasure, and while in conversation with her I learned that she was the child of godly parents, but had left her home and lived a life of sin. I saw her three times, and had reason to hope that she at length found him who is 'the Sinner's Friend.'"

"The flowers are always welcomed and eagerly looked for by the Lord's own children. An old lady, who is also nearly blind, said how she looked for our coming, 'not only because you bring the flowers, but you read his word, and I live on it for days.' Another, a consumptive girl, said the flowers did more for her than the doctor, for they always revived her, and made her long for the time when she would be more perfectly clothed than they were. Her one theme was Jesus, and her hope the joy of seeing him. In the case of another, I have had the glad encouragement of finding the work to be a lasting one. Two years ago I got a girl from my ward into a home. She had not then decided for Christ; but I wrote her from time to time, and twelve months since she called to see me with the good news that she had found peace in Jesus. She is now in service, and her mistress speaks highly of her Christian conduct." Miss G. says, "I seem to have met with much to encourage me during the past year. In May a young soldier died most happily, telling me he had found Jesus through the sweet messages brought to him since entering the infirmary. Another, a little later, seemed completely broken down under a sense of sin, his one thought

being the guilt of resisting Jesus for so long ; but I trust he was enabled to rest in Christ as his Saviour. An old man also found peace, and I love to remember the simple way in which he said one day, 'You were the first to speak to me, and I've gived him thanks.'" Another lady speaks of the pleasure with which magazines, tracts, and more especially Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have been received, and tells of an old Christian, very deaf and much afflicted, who has always asked, "Is it a bit by Mr. Spurgeon?" She also says, "We are often saddened when we see the indifference of so many to all that concerns their souls. Some listen to the story of Christ's love as to an idle tale, and we greatly fear many die in the same condition. We are thus made to feel our helplessness, and to pray that the gentle voice of the Spirit of God may arouse some of these sleepers ere it be too late." The ignorance which too often proves so great a barrier is illustrated by the case of a woman, who, on being told that Jesus had died for her, expressed her surprise by saying, "Did he?" Very often since have we repeated to her the same glorious truth, and now we trust that she is clinging to the precious hope contained in the words, "Who loved me and gave himself for me." We wish that those who have so kindly, and, in most cases, so constantly helped by sending the flowers, could sometimes see for themselves how very gladly they are received. Remarks such as these, "It is worth sixpence even to smell these wallflowers," "I used to be a gardener, and I'm very fond of flowers," "What must it be like where they grow?" all show how genuine is the pleasure which they give. Miss Havergal's verses, entitled, "What will you do without him?" were one day read to a young man, and when the reader came to the verse which runs—

"Do you not want a Saviour?
Do you not need a Friend?
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end!"

He sighed and said, "That is just what I do want." In answer to a request for it, the leaflet was given to him, and a Bible, in which some of the gracious gospel invitations were underlined. Many times the visitor saw him, and had reason to believe that he found the Friend of whom he stood in need. She also tells of one in consumption, who felt himself "Not good enough to be saved:" "A Saviour for you" was given to him, and a few weeks later he passed away, having found pardon through the merits of the one great Substitute. Many times have we been disappointed to find those in whom we had been greatly interested on a former visit either gone away altogether, or else up, and sitting in the "day-room," where, surrounded by so many others, they are naturally reserved, and no longer care to talk about the Saviour, whom we had so much hoped they were earnestly seeking. The following extract will show something of the way in which the worker has been thus saddened and discouraged. "I had been very much interested in the case of a poor woman, apparently in great concern of soul, and well acquainted with the Word of God, who had told me that with her she feared the solemn words were all too sadly true, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' I had visited her many times, and

had been very hopeful that she would yet find peace; but one day found that she had left quite suddenly, without leaving any address, or other means through which she could be traced."

Many of these sufferers have known the meaning of heavy and repeated trials, and it has seemed a comfort to them to find a willing listener, into whose ears they could pour the story of their woes.

Miss I. writes of "A poor man who had passed through very deep trouble, and had lost all dear to him. He was then struck down with sickness, and at last went to Lambeth Infirmary, where I first met with him. He seemed so thankful for someone to sympathize with him. I pointed him to Jesus, and in subsequent conversations found that he had indeed cast his burden on the Lord. I saw him a few days before he died, when, grasping my hand, he told me he should soon be with Christ, and thanked me for all I had done for him." The same lady was also interested in a poor consumptive youth who knew that death was near at hand, but feared to face it. She gave him a Testament, and afterwards learned from him that he had found much comfort in reading it. Another man to whom she gave some snowdrops was much pleased with them, saying, "Bless the Lord, how lovely! Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these." He was a Christian, and had attended the Tabernacle for eighteen years.

As two visitors only are allowed at the Newington Infirmary, the work has necessarily been limited, but they both tell of visits eagerly welcomed, and souls won to Christ. In one instance, a woman did not at first seem pleased, but the next week there was quite a change. She was very happy, and a few hours before her death said, "Whiter than snow," "I should be happy if I were in his arms," "He's waiting for me." A Roman Catholic also, through the reading of the Word, had been led to see the errors of popery. One of these two ladies has, we regret to say, been obliged to give up on account of ill-health, but writes, "I earnestly desire that the blessing of the Lord may attend the efforts of my successor in this large field for usefulness, where the permitted labourers are so few. I was speaking to a woman on my last visit, who told me it was the first time anyone had talked to her during the five months she had been there. She was conscious of her need as a sinner, and earnestly desirous of finding pardon through him who purchased redemption with his own life-blood."

We have also received other testimonies to the blessing which has rested on the work during the past year, but think the instances given are sufficient to prove to all who have so willingly sent flowers and texts that their loving labour has not been all in vain.

Such is the simple story of another year's work for Jesus. Some souls have indeed been won from the enemy; but when we remember how few they are compared with the vast number of those who are lost and perishing, we should be tempted to despair, were it not for the grand truth contained in the Psalmist's words, "God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." Do our readers remember Macaulay's description of William III. in relating the history of his great effort to save Europe from the danger which threatened it from the growing power of the King of France, and the consequent domination of the Church of Rome? How, notwithstanding difficulties

unparalleled, discouragements continually multiplied, and defeats most crushing, he nevertheless, for long years, steadily adhered to his purpose, patiently bearing the perverseness and inconstancy of so-called friends, smoothing with consummate skill the mutual jealousies of half-hearted allies, and watching with unwearied zeal each movement of the enemy, and how, in the actual scene of war, he made himself so one among them that "every soldier in his army delighted to serve under him," and "it was strange to see how rapidly this man gained a complete mastery" over the hearts of each. "Every man under his command became familiar with his look and with his voice, for there was not a regiment which he did not inspect with minute attention." So William worked, and watched, and waited, until at length his mighty object was achieved, and Europe was delivered from that which had endangered her. But a more precious interest is now at stake, and instead of nations a whole world is threatened, and that by principalities and powers more terrible by far than earthly potentates. Looking abroad over the battle-fields of life, we see men everywhere lying crushed, bleeding, dying, conquered by the dread power of the monarch of evil. There are here and there those who would resist his sway, but they are few and feeble, and many a mutual jealousy renders them weaker still. What is to be done? Who shall dare raise a word against this tyrant? Shall he be allowed to encroach still further, until the thraldom shall be hopeless and complete? No, for there *is* a King, mightier than he, ruling and planning, determined with a steadfastness of purpose which belongs only to Omnipotence, to reclaim a ruined world. The time may seem long, the difficulties insuperable, but the King knows all, and though often silently and invisibly, he is nevertheless ever busy with his great, grand object, and "working salvation in the midst of the earth." With true sovereign grace he gathers from among the nations those whom he converts into loyal subjects, and with them forms a mighty coalition which shall one day destroy the forces of the foe. And when he leads forth his armies not one soldier need feel himself overlooked; for is he not so in the midst of them, that "every man among them is familiar with his look and with his voice"? Let us, then, take courage; for the work of salvation is not ours, but his; and though sometimes *we* may seem to fail, he knows how to turn defeat into glorious victory, and will go forth conquering and to conquer, till the last enemy shall be destroyed, and all the kingdoms of the earth shall be in very truth the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. It remains, then, for every follower to honour him with the heart's true loyalty of love, and obey each mandate with simple unquestioning faith because able to say with assurance, "*God* is *my* King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." Then, however stern the conflict, let us still fight on courageously, knowing that the day of triumph shall in due time dawn, when, the warfare accomplished and the deliverance effected, we shall sing praises unto him who is the Lord of hosts, and whose own right arm hath gotten him the victory.

The Old Sexton.

FROM "WINNING SOULS." BY REV. S. B. HALLIDAY.

THE Rev. Dr. Rice, who in 1831 was pastor of the old Pearl-street Presbyterian Church, preached most acceptably in our churches at the time of the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. He was most zealous and earnest in his endeavours to induce Christians to engage in personal efforts for the salvation of men. I do not remember the text, but do remember the fervour and eloquence with which he preached in the Spring-street church, his object being to persuade the members of the church to engage individually in the work of winning souls to Christ. And it was in that sermon, to meet the excuse that is so frequently made by Christians, that they have no talent or capacity for the work, that he told the story of the old sexton.

In a village in the western part of New York, a Christian widow resided with her only child, a most interesting boy. His great amiability, generosity, and energy made him a favourite, especially with his young associates, over whom he came to exert a controlling influence. He had a fine person, was courteous and kind to even the most poor and obscure, and was so genial as to attach strongly to himself those with whom he associated. Having finished his preparatory studies, he entered college, but his visits home in his vacations were so cordial and showed him to be so little changed, that warm early friendships were not interrupted by his absence, and the greetings of his young neighbours on his return were right cordial.

In the same village, and attending the same church, was a very simple-minded old man, who filled the office of sexton. There was great confidence in the integrity of the old sexton, and he was exceedingly punctual and precise in the discharge of his official duties. The bell always rang at the right hour, no appointment was forgotten, the graves were always of the right size, the funeral bell always struck the proper number for the little child or the hoary head; but with all his precision and thoroughness there was little regard shown him—indeed, he was regarded as scarcely more than half-witted.

Many years of the old man's life had passed, when one evening, as the session had met at the parsonage to receive applications for admission to the church, a faint knock was heard; the old sexton entered, and seating himself remained quiet until the good pastor enquired whether he had anything he wished to communicate. In answer he very modestly stated that he desired to join the church. The minister spoke kindly to him; but in the most gentle way possible, desiring not to wound his feelings, he told him that he had better not come into the church now.

Waiting a few moments, he arose from his chair, holding his hat with his two hands, and with his eyes fixed dejectedly on the floor, he said, "Well, if you will not let me come to the communion-table, I can worship God in my own poor way."

This was said so sadly, yet so respectfully and meekly, that he was asked to be reseated, and a particular conversation on the grounds of his hope and his motive in wishing to unite with the church showed so much intelligence, and afforded such clear evidence of his having been

taught of the Spirit, that there was not now the least hesitance in admitting him to the church; and at the next communion he sat down with the people of God, in obedience to the command, "Do this in remembrance of me."

The widow's son had graduated with great credit, and, after a short stay at home, left for a distant city to enter a law office, having fixed upon that profession. Completing his studies, he returned to his native town to establish himself there.

It was soon discovered that he had become a confirmed sceptic while attending to his law studies, and sorrowful were the mother, the minister, and the church at this discovery. As months passed, they were greatly distressed to find that he was using all his personal influence and devoting his learning and genius to lead the young men of the community as far out of the way as he had gone himself. His success was most deplorable; for he had acquired such an influence over the young men while he was a boy with them, that they were ready now to be led by him. No effort of the pastor to convince and reclaim him seemed to have the least effect; for he would seek either to out-reason him or confound him, so that finally he ceased to labour with him; and now, almost unopposed, he went on in his course, leading astray the young men to whom he might have been so great a blessing. The effect of his conduct was sadly demoralizing; the young neglected the sanctuary, the church became disheartened, and for many months all seemed desolate. The minister, in consultation with his session, frequently deplored the sad defection of the young, and the dreadful prevalence of infidelity; but there seemed to them no vision of a way out of the darkness and gloom by which they were environed.

A meeting of the session, like that at which the old sexton came, had been appointed at the parsonage, and the customary notice had been given that any persons wishing to unite with the church might then apply, though the pastor and elders had no expectation that there would be any applicant.

They were met in the pastor's study, each sad that such desolation reigned among them; and, as usual, they were enquiring what could be done to counteract the influence of Lawyer L——. Often they had prayed for relief, but no light had yet come.

While thus mourning over their desolation, in reply to a knock at the door, they were astounded by the appearance of the man for whom they had prayed so long, and who had been such a fearful sower of tares. What did his presence at that meeting mean? What was he there for? Had he come to "beard the lion in his den"? Did he mean to attempt to lead these men of God astray, as he had almost every young man in the parish? No! this was not the purpose of his visit at the minister's house; he wanted to see the session, but not for controversy. What could he be there for, unheralded as he had come? *He had come to ask if he might be admitted into the church.*

When the astonishment his appearance and the announcement of his object in coming had partially subsided, questions from the pastor elicited the most satisfactory evidence that this disciple of infidelity had become a true disciple of the meek and gracious Saviour at whom he had taught so many to scoff; that the Spirit had torn up infidelity by

the roots, and that he was now indeed "clothed and in his right mind."

Greatly surprised as all were, they wonderingly enquired what had been the occasion of this great change. "*That old sexton*," was the instant reply. "He never spoke to me; but his life was such as to overwhelm me, and every time we met he gave me a look that went like a dagger to my heart. No sermon that I heard nor books I read troubled me; but I could not dispose of that good man's life. He was so blameless, so good, so gentle that I could not account for it save by admitting that it was the religion of the cross that made his life such a power."

The lawyer was received into the church, and sat down at the communion-table with the good old sexton, to whom was given power to prevail with God.

Most pertinent was the question of Dr. Rice on the conclusion of this story, "Whom will the Lord excuse from doing good? Who will affirm that they have less talent than this half-witted sexton? How many are burying their talent in a napkin to whom the Lord will say at his appearing, 'Thou wicked and slothful servant!'" This feeble old man seemed to have more strength than the rest of the church combined. What power there is in a life of Christian love and purity!

A Word to Soul-winners.

SPOKEN ON A LATE MONDAY EVENING, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I WANT to say a word to you who are trying to bring souls to Jesus. You long and pray to be useful: do you know what this involves? Are you sure you do? Prepare yourselves, then, to see and suffer many things which you would rather be unacquainted with. Experiences which would be unnecessary to you personally will become your portion if the Lord uses you for the salvation of others. An ordinary person may rest in his bed all night, but a surgeon will be called up at all hours; a farming-man may take his ease at his fireside, but if he becomes a shepherd he must be out among the lambs, and bear all weathers for them; even so doth Paul say, "Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sakes, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." For this cause we shall be made to undergo experiences which will surprise us.

Some five years ago I was the subject of fearful depression of spirit. Certain troublous events had happened to me; I was also unwell, and my heart sank within me. Out of the depths I was forced to cry unto the Lord. Just before I went away to Mentone for rest I suffered greatly in body, but far more in soul, for my spirit was overwhelmed. Under this pressure I preached a sermon from the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I was as much qualified to preach from that text as I ever expect to be; indeed, I hope that few of my brethren could have entered so deeply into those heart-breaking words. I felt to the full of my measure the horror of a soul forsaken of God. Now, that was not a desirable experience. I tremble at the bare idea of passing

again through that eclipse of soul: I pray that I may never suffer in that fashion again unless the same result should hang upon it. That night, after sermon, there came into the vestry a man who was as nearly insane as he could be to be out of an asylum. His eyes seemed ready to start from his head, and he said that he should utterly have despaired if he had not heard that discourse, which had made him feel that there was one man alive who understood his feelings, and could describe his experience. I talked with him, and tried to encourage him, and asked him to come again on the Monday night, when I should have a little more time to talk with him. I saw the brother again, and I told him that I thought he was a hopeful patient, and I was glad that the word had been so suited to his case. Apparently he put aside the comfort which I presented for his acceptance, and yet I had the consciousness upon me that the precious truth which he had heard was at work upon his mind, and that the storm of his soul would soon subside into a deep calm. Now hear the sequel. Last night, of all the times in the year, when, strange to say, I was preaching from the words, "The Almighty hath vexed my soul," after the service in walked this self-same brother who had called on me five years before. This time he looked as different as noonday from midnight, or as life from death. I said to him, I am glad to see you, for I have often thought about you, and wondered whether you were brought into perfect peace. I told you that I went to Mentone, and my patient also went into the country, so that we had not met for five years. To my enquiries this brother replied, "Yes, you said I was a hopeful patient, and I am sure you will be glad to know that I have walked in the sunlight from that day till now. Everything is changed and altered with me." Dear friends, as soon as I saw my poor despairing patient the first time, I blessed God that my fearful experience had prepared me to sympathize with him and guide him, but last night when I saw him perfectly restored, my heart overflowed with gratitude to God for my former sorrowful feelings. I would go into the deeps a hundred times to cheer a downcast spirit: it is good for me to have been afflicted that I might know how to speak a word in season to one that is weary.

Suppose that by some painful operation you could have your right arm made a little longer, I do not suppose you would care to undergo the operation; but if you foresaw that by undergoing the pain you would be enabled to reach and save drowning men who else would sink before your eyes, I think you would willingly bear the agony, and pay a heavy fee to the surgeon to be thus qualified for the rescue of your fellows. Reckon, then, that to acquire soul-winning power you will have to go through fire and water, through doubt and despair, through mental torment and soul distress. It will not, of course, be the same with you all, nor perhaps with any two of you, but according to the work allotted you will be your preparation. You must go into the fire if you are to pull others out of it, and you will have to dive into the floods if you are to draw others out of the water. You cannot work a fire-escape without feeling the scorch of the conflagration, nor man a life-boat without being covered with the waves. If Joseph is to preserve his brethren alive, he must himself go down into Egypt; if Moses is to lead the people through the wilderness, he must first himself spend forty years there

with his flock. Payson truly said, "If any one asks to be made a successful minister he knows not what he asks; and it becomes him to consider whether he can drink deeply of Christ's bitter cup and be baptized in his baptism."

I was led to think of this by the prayer which has just been offered by our esteemed brother, Mr. Levinsohn. He is, as you perceive, of the seed of Abraham, and he owed his conversion to a City missionary of his own nation. If that City missionary had not himself been a Jew, he would not have known the heart of the young stranger, nor have won his ear for the gospel message. Men are usually won to Christ by *suitable* instruments, and this suitability often lies in the power to sympathize. A key opens a door because it fits the wards of the lock; an earnest address touches the heart because it meets the state of that heart. You and I have to be made into all sorts of shapes to suit all forms of mind and heart; just as Paul says, "And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak; I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." These processes must be wrought out upon us also. Let us cheerfully bear whatever the Holy Spirit shall work within our spirits that we may thus be the more largely blest to our fellow men. Come, brethren, and lay your all on the altar! Give yourselves up, you workers, into the Lord's hand. You who have delicacy and refinement may have to be shocked into the power to benefit the coarse and ignorant. You who are wise and educated, may have to be made fools of, that you may win fools to Jesus; for fools need saving, and many of them will not be saved except by means which men of culture cannot admire.

How finely some people go to work when the thing needed may not be daintiness, but energy! On the other hand, how violent some are when the desired thing is tact and gentleness, and not force. This has to be learned; we must be trained to it as dogs to follow game. Here is one form of experience:—The brother is elegant; he wishes to speak earnestly, but he must be elaborate too. He has written out a nicely prepared address, his notes are carefully arranged. Alas! he has left the priceless document at home! What will he do? He is too gracious to give up: he will try to speak. He begins nicely and gets through firstly. "Fair and softly," good sir. What comes next? See, he is gazing aloft for secondly. What should be said? What can be said? The good man flounders about, but he cannot swim; he struggles to land, and as he rises from the flood you can hear him mentally saying, "That's my last attempt." Yet it is not so. He speaks again. He gathers confidence: he grows into an impressive speaker. By such humiliations as these the Lord prepares him to do his work efficiently. In our beginnings we are too fine to be fit, or too great to be good. We must serve an apprenticeship, and thus learn our trade. A blacklead pencil is of no use at all till it is cut; the fine cedar wood must be cut away; and then the inward metal which marks and writes will have fair

play. Brethren, the knife of affliction is sharp, but salutary; you cannot delight in it, but faith may teach you to value it. Are you not willing to pass through every ordeal if by any means you may save some? If this be not your spirit, you had better keep to your farm and to your merchandise, for no man will ever win a soul who is not prepared to suffer everything within the compass of possibility for that soul's sake.

A good deal may have to be suffered through fear, and yet that fear may assist in stirring the soul and putting it into a fit posture for work; at least, it may drive the heart to prayer, and that alone is a great part of the necessary preparation. A good man thus describes one of his early attempts at visiting, with the view of speaking with individuals upon their spiritual condition:—"I was thinking on the way to the residence of the party how I would introduce the subject, all what I would say. All the while I was trembling and agitated. Reaching the door, it seemed as if I should sink through the stones; my courage was gone, and, lifting my hand to the knocker, it dropped at my side without touching it. I went partly down the steps from sheer fear; a moment's reflection sent me again to the knocker, and I entered the house. The sentences I uttered and the prayer offered were very broken; but thankful, very thankful I am that my fears and cowardice did not prevail. The 'ice was broken.'" That process of ice-breaking must be gone through, and its result is highly beneficial.

Oh, poor souls, you that wish to find the Saviour, Jesus has died for you; and now his people live for you! We cannot offer any atoning sacrifice for you; there is no need that we should; but still we would gladly make sacrifices for your soul's sake. Did you not hear what our brother said just now in his prayer—We would do anything, be anything, give anything, and suffer anything if we might but bring you to Christ? I assure you that many of us feel even so. Will you not care for yourselves? Shall *we* be earnest about your souls, and will you trifle them away? Be wiser, I beseech you, and may infinite wisdom at once lead you to our dear Saviour's feet.

New Guinea.

Part II.

(Continued from page 192.)

IN the cruise which they undertook off the main land of New Guinea in the early part of 1878, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers very greatly extended our knowledge of the configuration of the coast, and of the manners and customs of the natives. As it has happened in many former instances, the Geographical Society has had to thank intrepid Christian pioneers for additions to the map, and for other memoranda, which had else been unknown.

There is something exciting in exploring for the first time the shores of a vast island with an immense population, a world in itself, and yet a world unknown to all civilized races. As the explorers pass islands, bays, harbours, headlands, forests and villages, they look back into the dark ages of barbarism; and then, as they pass one glorious natural prospect after another, they look forward to scenes most cheering, even to those grander possibilities of the future which are

the common-place promises of Christianity. Coming with the gospel, missionaries wield a power which works moral miracles. Already, in a number of instances, the gospel has raised the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific Ocean to life and liberty; the pagan degradation of ages has been thrown off; regular commerce has been established; and cannibals, whose shores were shunned, or cautiously visited by armed adventurers, are now a part of the family of civilized nations.

The vast distance of New Guinea from England in part diminishes the interest we should otherwise feel in its exploration and enlightenment; but how different must it be with the churches scattered throughout Australasia, to which division of the globe this great island belongs. Indeed, the natives of this and neighbouring lands have in the past so far considered this and Australia to belong to one another, that one island has been called Greater, and the other Lesser Daudai. "Torres Straits are so completely studded with islands and sandbanks, that the voyager does not realise that he has broken off from Australia," says Mr. W. Gill, who took part in the exploration of 1872. "The water is everywhere so shallow that it naturally suggests a late eruption of sea over very low land. One reef connects both, so that to cross the Straits is like sailing across a vast lagoon." He thinks that the races on the two islands originally came of one stock, and that the differences in the physical geography of the countries sufficiently account for the contrast in the habits of the native tribes. It is more than probable that this is the case; for even civilized man living under such varying conditions, would show greatly diversified manners and customs. The houseless wandering aborigines of Northern Australia are a weaker, because a poorer, race. Even on the virgin soil the luxury of shade cannot always be reckoned upon; but such is the dense foliage of the Papuan forests, that the most hardy cannot explore them, and here there is a covert from the heat. "Trees of vast height and girth shut out the sky," adds Mr. Gill. "Underneath are tree ferns of great beauty—the frond of one exceeded the length of our five-oared boat. *Kentia procera*, and other strange palms, intermingled with exogenous trees, whilst vines hung their delicate drapery from the loftiest trees to the ground." The climate of North-Eastern Australia is comparatively arid, and large tracts are desert-like in their characteristics; but the rankly rich soil of New Guinea is so well watered, consequent on its possession of vast mountain ranges, whose summits man has never trod, that the low-lying districts of the coasts are more or less subject to dangerous malaria. What there may be in the interior of this island continent, which contains twice the area of the British Isles, no traveller can tell; but Mr. Gill believes that inland table-lands of healthful climate will be discovered.

In regard to the heathen customs of the natives, Mr. Chalmers has contributed some trustworthy information, and he is of opinion, that the inland villagers are the aborigines who have retired before the stronger races who have invaded the coasts. As cannibals, the people believe in one great spirit who dwells far away in their inaccessible mountains; but they appear to be more afraid of the spirits of their departed ancestors than of their god; for death, sickness, or famine is invariably ascribed to the machinations of these restless ghosts. Pigs' skulls ornament their homes, and the skulls of enemies slain in battle are placed on their sacred shrines. Food is presented to their invisible deity; and when a house is erected, an endeavour is made to propitiate their vindictive ancestors. In planting, or undertaking trading expeditions, similar ceremonies are observed. It is the spirits of the departed who are chiefly feared; and while all is thought to go well if the co-operation of these can be secured, offerings and prayers are being continually made to avert calamity. In regard to sickness and death, Mr. Chalmers adds: "When sickness is in the family, a pig is brought to the sacred place of the great spirit and killed. The carcase is then taken to the sacred place of the family, and the spirits are asked to accept. Sins are confessed, such as that bananas or cocoa-nuts have been taken, and none have been presented to the spirits, or leave has not been asked before eating

them. 'There is a pig; accept, and remove the sickness.' If death follows, and the day of burial arrives, the friends all stand around the open grave, and the chief's sister or cousin calls out in a loud voice, 'You have been angry with us for the bananas we have taken (or cocoa-nuts, as the case may be), and you have, in your anger, taken this child. Now let it suffice, and bury your anger.' The body is then placed in the grave, and covered over with earth." These characteristics of the heathen mind are of unique interest, showing, as they do, how deeply seated even in the hearts of cannibals is a belief in the immortality of the soul.

Writing of the East Cape branch of the Mission at the end of 1878, Mr. Macfarlane thinks that a mistake had been made in selecting islands for stations in Torres Straits, as those in China Strait were more eligible. "Our voyages up the Baxter and Fly Rivers proved that there was no high land or suitable locality for a Mission-station on the mainland," he goes on to say. "From that time I had two objects in view. One, the formation of a central station on the safe and healthy island of Murray, where an institution for training native evangelists can supply the populous but sickly gulf district with teachers from amongst themselves. Both of these objects are, I am happy to say, accomplished." He found the Loyalty Islanders better adapted than any others for pioneer work; for as "notorious cannibals" who have been conquered by the grace of God, they understand better than Europeans the needs of their constituents. Having established stations on several islands, Mr. Macfarlane left the men to their work for two months, and then again visited them and landed their wives and families. "I found," he says, "that they had all had attacks of fever more or less severe, but had thoroughly succeeded in securing the affection of the people, who showed their kindness by taking them daily supplies of food, and assisting them in various ways." For a time Mrs. Macfarlane and her children remained on Murray Island; and finally these returned to England for two years, thus leaving Mr. Macfarlane entirely unfettered in his movements while moving about from place to place and opening new spheres of operation.

He decided on establishing the head-quarters of the East Cape district at Samaria, a fruitful and pretty little island a mile and a half from the mainland, and near to two other islands, which some hatchets and hoop-iron sufficed to purchase for the use of the London Missionary Society. The advantages offered were a healthy situation, a fine harbour, good anchorage, abundance of timber, and fruitful soil. There an industrial school and a training institution for native evangelists were established. On the site selected for the building of the head-quarters the forest came down to the sea; but thirty natives, who were content to work for wages paid in hoop-iron, soon effected a transformation. A dwelling formed of old materials was erected, and a kitchen-garden, well stocked with English vegetables, was fenced in. Describing his house, Mr. Macfarlane says: "It is thirty-eight feet by seventeen; it is built on posts seven feet high; has a good iron roof and temporary iron sides; is floored throughout, and contains eight folding doors and windows. Being built under large shady trees, and having so many doors and windows it is delightfully cool, and will make a good mission-house when encircled by a broad verandah. At present I occupy one room, and the teacher the other; the whole will be used as a rendezvous, for a time, by the teachers of the East Cape district. The teacher will here have charge of the school of boys, from which we hope to get our teachers in future."

There was much in the work, even in its earlier stages, to move the enthusiasm of the pioneers; but at the same time there were not wanting premonitions that it would not do to trust in an arm of flesh. The mission has had its martyrs, and may have more; for though amenable to gospel influences in a surprising degree, the natives are still cannibal savages whose taming is not the work of a day. Happily, however, murder is rare; in a general way the people welcome the settlement of teachers with enthusiasm;

and it is not uncommon for a chief to order his own house to be prepared for their accommodation. Even in the heathen world there are degrees of degradation. Thus, for example, we should not be justified in regarding Moresby Island as typical of the rest; for that more than savage home of the Basilaki tribe was not only a retreat of cannibalism, it was a place where the materials for a cannibal feast could at any time be procured as at a market. Such things are frightful to think about, although our hope is that like Savage Island, which at one time was quite as bad, such dark places of the earth will be glorified with conquering grace.

In answering the question, What has been done? we are able to say, that the foundations of one of the greatest of modern evangelistic enterprises have been laid, and that the prospects of the future are well calculated to stimulate the co-operation of the church at home. We learn from Scripture not to despise the day of small things; but such is the folly of even educated men, that frequently, when the kingdom of God is concerned, they will go so far as to ridicule the day of great things. It so happened in regard to India, when the master pioneers of their age were surely undermining Eastern superstitions and giving them their death-blow; but the work of William Carey will nevertheless be found to be more enduring than the wit of Sydney Smith. The arguments against missions are quite as applicable to New Guinea as they were to India, with the exception that India was in some measure civilized. In India, Christianity and science are undermining the most ancient superstitions of the world; but in New Guinea the gospel is asserting its power by raising down-trodden tribes to enjoy the blessings of peace and plenty which otherwise they never could have known. Tribes more sanguinary than beasts of prey—whose business and pastime were piracy, murder, and robbery—are becoming changed into industrious tillers of the soil, good neighbours, and teachers of others. A Motu chief remarked at a meeting of missionaries and natives—"Since the arrival of the teachers we have changed, and shall continue to change." Talk about Christian evidences! A man whose faith in Christ needs to be sustained by Addison, Butler, and Paley is never likely to be a very robust believer; the moral miracles with which pioneers of the church at the antipodes are familiar carry with them lessons which faith is not slow to learn.

"When I left New Guinea at the end of 1877," says Mr. W. G. Lawes, another of the missionaries, "there seemed to be little of direct result for the suffering, anxiety, and work of the previous four years. Some children had learned to read, two or three of the chiefs were kindly disposed to us, and one professed to be one of us; but the truth seemed to have produced but little effect upon the people as a whole. It was only to the eye of faith that bright rays of hope were visible." It happens, however, that the eye of faith often sees more clearly than that of nature; and in the course of another four years considerable progress had been made. Port Moresby could show its mission chapel, day-school, and a number of children who, besides being able to read, were acquainted with arithmetic, geography, and translations of some of our English hymns. "But what impressed me most," adds Mr. Lawes, "was not the congregation, nor yet the singing, but the prayers of some of the natives who were called upon in public to lead in prayer. . . . There are seven men who can lead the congregation in prayer with intelligence. The aptness of their language, the absence of formal set phrases is very striking. They have been brought into true communion with God. There are others who conduct family prayers, and some little girls do this with much reverence and simplicity." At half a dozen other stations in that district, the work was full of encouragement, though the progress made was not so great. What was most striking was the manner in which peace and trade were found to follow in the wake of the gospel. Natives who had been accustomed to conceal their treasures whenever the cruel marauders of the Motu tribe were visible, feared no longer; for in 1881 the canoe traders were found observing the Sabbath; they had morning and

evening prayer on their boats; and Ruataera, the first baptized convert of that part of New Guinea, never tired of talking to all he met "about God and Jesus Christ, the Creation, the Flood, and the Resurrection." Thus, after seven years of toil the missionaries saw the fruits of their labour, especially when on New Year's Day, 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, and Mr. Chalmers, partook of the Lord's Supper, with twenty-seven converts who composed the first church. In the afternoon a great congregation assembled, and several chiefs addressed the people, some of whom had come one hundred and fifty miles to be present. Seven years before, these people, who then met as friends, were afraid of one another.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the work on this great island represents the newest field of missionary enterprise. It is an opening worthy of any one's ambition; for though nothing more than a beginning has been made, and the land, as a whole, is still enshrouded in heathen darkness, the first fruits are such as promise one of the richest harvests which missionaries have ever reaped. The country has been taken possession of in the name of Christ; may the conquest be speedy and complete.

We may add that, should any of our readers be desirous of seeing what an actual explorer of the coast line has to say on this subject, they will find what they want in a work published by Mr. Murray—"Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea and the D'Entrecarteaux Islands," etc., etc., by Captain J. Moresby, R.N. The book, which has maps and illustrations, is ably written, and the author shows great sympathy for the aboriginal tribes and for the Christian work which is going on among them.

"How shall we treat the South Sea Islands and that part of New Guinea which is not Dutch?" he asks. "The question is not a new one—it sleeps at times, as other affairs of the empire press, and again awakens. It has just received an answer at Fiji; it asks for one at present in New Guinea. These islands, which lay hidden for centuries, visited alone by a chance Spaniard or English navigator, are emerging fast from their seclusion. We want a hundred commodities which we find they can give us. Surely, then, we are called on to protect these people to the uttermost in the discharge of their good offices to us, and to do them what good we can in return. They have seen so much of our heathenism that we are bound in fairness to show them something of our Christianity."

The author goes on to say—"The climate of a great part of New Guinea would not be prejudicial to Europeans. High land, possessing every degree of temperature, abounds there, and the Europeans who already inhabit islands in Polynesia appear to enjoy perfect health. Malaria would, probably, depart with the too dense growth of tropic vegetation, as ague has vanished under the hand of the drainer in many parts of our Lincolnshire fen-country. . . . If Christianity is a good thing, have we not a right to go out into the highways and hedges and bring in these people who are lying in the very shadow of our empire? Our task would not be a difficult one. We should have little to undo. These races offer an almost virgin page on which we are free to write the whole moral code." In short, the Captain thinks it to be the duty of England to annex, Christianize, and colonize New Guinea; to hold the magnificent island in trust for the natives on the one hand, and on the other to make it a seat of British commercial and philanthropic enterprise.

The Indian Opium Trade.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

DEAR SIR,—Exactly ten years ago you very kindly allowed the insertion of a letter of mine, asking the readers of your magazine to pray for the following four things.

(1.) The abolition of the opium trade, and the giving of compensation to China for the awful injury done by the vile trade.

(2.) The abolition of the State-paid church in India.

(3.) The increase of the number of Christians in India.

(4.) The increase of Zenana Missions.

The letter will be found in the June number for 1873.

It may be well to see how the prayers of your readers have been answered. Nos. 1, 3, and 4 have evidently received very marked answers.

The opium trade seems to have received a mortal wound, though it dies hard. Christians, especially native Christians, have increased, and Zenana Missions have wonderfully increased. The State-church still continues, though not so secure as it once was. These facts prove that God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

However, the battle is not won yet, though victory seems much nearer than it was ten years ago.

I see from the papers that Christians in England have commenced to hold prayer-meetings all over the country, to pray for the abolition of the opium trade. This plan is wise, and it should be zealously encouraged by Christians everywhere. Prayer moves the Mover of the Universe. "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees." Whatsoever ye shall ask in the name of Christ, believing, ye shall receive. This year blight has injured three-fourths of the poppy-crop in Bengal. This means a loss of five millions sterling to the Government. Christians, in view of this, ought to be stirred up to pray that such a chastisement may open the eyes of the Government to the insecurity of the trade, that so they may abandon it. The opium trade is an iniquity of such colossal magnitude, that if it is not soon repented of, and forsaken, it will very probably bring down such judgments on Britian as will make the ears of all who hear to tingle. God is not the slow ruler of men that some imagine. He is indeed very "slow," wonderfully "slow" to wrath. But if his longsuffering mercy does not move men to penitence, vengeance comes with appalling terror. Who knows whether Irish troubles are not moral retribution for our cruelty to China? Britain, by the opium trade, has spoiled a great deal of the little good that existed in the government of the Chinese people by their own rulers. Is it a strange thing if the Government of Ireland by Britain is spoiled to such an extent as to make England weary of her Hibernian possessions? The nature of the punishment often shows the nature of the crime, however secretly and mysteriously that crime has been committed; and if the Chinese are admitted into London as servants, they may prove Greeks concealed in a Trojan horse. Or they may desolate Europe as the Huns did 1600 years ago. It would be much better for England to repent, as the Ninevites did, before it is too late.

What, then, ought to be done about the opium trade? It ought to be treated as a war. If we were at war with Russia, what should we do? We should borrow a hundred millions, and borrow them almost ungrudgingly. As we are at war with heaven, we ought to borrow seven years' opium revenue, and instantly stop the cultivation of opium. We ought thereafter to reduce our Indian army to one half of its present strength. It is all moonshine to think that a big army protects India. Justice and good government protect India, and justice and good government alone. If a million soldiers had been in India in 1857, there would still have been a mutiny, owing to the bad government of the country. When a government gets intolerably bad, rebels spring up *fearless of consequences.*

But a new evil has arisen in Bengal to ruin its people—namely the outstill system. This vile system was tried in Sweden some years ago, and proved an intolerable curse, by multiplying criminals, until the police and the expense of prisons absorbed more than was gained by the liquor revenue. All Christians ought to unite in earnestly praying for the abolition of this vile system. If our rulers will persist in ruling India in defiance of the laws of morality, then it is highly probable that God will inflict such dire and terrible judgments on England and on India as will astonish the nations of the earth. Already India is perhaps the most wretched country in the whole world for the virtuous Englishman to dwell in. Forty years ago it was one of the pleasantest.

It is to be borne in mind that, in reference to the opium trade, we have not only forced China to buy our Indian opium in defiance of all international law, but that we have also, without intending it, really compelled the Chinese to grow it for themselves. Beyond a doubt the Indian opium trade is the greatest national sin of Britain; and if we do not succeed in arousing the national conscience, it may soon be too late; for though God is patient, there is a limit to his patience. Let us, then, repent in true sincerity, and with speed, and God, who is very merciful and full of tender pity, may avert from us those ruined harvests, cattle plagues, and other calamities with which we have become painfully familiar of late. Let us repent, and he may open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing, such that there shall not be room enough to receive it!

Let the readers of this magazine and all Christians in England get up prayer-meetings to pray regarding the following four things:—

(1.) The total abolition of the opium trade; and the giving of pecuniary compensation to the government of China, for forcing opium upon it, in defiance of all international law.

(2.) The abolition of the out-still system in Bengal.

(3.) The exaltation of wise, just, and righteous rulers in India.

(4.) The abolition of the State-paid church in India; and the increase of real missionaries—especially Zenana missionaries.

A Friend of India.

Notices of Books.

Through the Khyber Pass to Sherpore Camp, Cabul. An account of Temperance Work among our Soldiers in the Cabul Field Force. By the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Gregson is well known on account of his work in India in connection with Christian Missions and the Temperance cause. The present work consists of a diary kept during the late Afghan war, and it was originally issued in the Indian teetotal magazine *On Guard*. We can readily believe that, in such a climate as that of India, men on active service get along much better "without their allowance of spirits"; but Mr. Gregson bears emphatic testimony to this view of the case from personal observation. The book is not a mere teetotal treatise, however; but is rather a pleasantly written narrative of adventure beneath Indian skies. An excellent photograph of the author and other illustrations are also given.

Hubert D'Arcy, the Young Crusader. By N. Payne Gallwey. John F. Shaw and Co.

A captivating book, founded upon the story of the "Children's Crusade," in the early part of the thirteenth century, when an almost incredible number of youths and maidens, led by the lad Stephen, the dupe of two priests, started for the Holy Land. The narrative of their terrible sufferings by land and sea, their captivity and martyrdom, is so extraordinary that it might well be deemed fiction; but the writer has the authority of the old Latin chronicles for the truthfulness of the history. 'Tis so "strange, so passing strange, so wonderful," that it leaves all fiction far behind.

The Lamb of God: Expositions in the Writings of St. John. ["Household Library of Exposition" series.] By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

A small book upon a great subject. Well conceived and well produced. Perhaps the best possible review will be the table of contents. The seven chapters are:—1. Holy, Harmless, Undefiled. 2. The Sin-bearing Lamb. 3. The Lamb in the Midst of the Throne. 4. The Lamb opening the Sealed Book. 5. The Warrior Lamb. 6. The Marriage of the Lamb. 7. The Wrath of the Lamb.

The Good Shepherd: in Twelve Chapters, Embracing the Twenty-Third Psalm. By James B. Allan. Elliot Stock.

Beware. Our author gives us an evangelical interpretation of the twenty-third Psalm, and then finishes up with spiritualism, thus making up a mixture of truth and tomfoolery. It is in these small doses, mixed up with pious sentiments, that this deadly evil is most cunningly spread. Think of "The Lord is my Shepherd" used to introduce us to necromancy of the baldest kind. The love of mystery dwells in most bosoms, but it is a sad thing when professedly Christian people enter into an imitation of the witch of Endor.

In Defence: the Earlier Scriptures. By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

So far as six lectures can compass a survey of the Pentateuch, our friend has acquitted himself of his self-imposed task exceedingly well. The title of the book is aptly chosen. It is not so much a raid against the *educated* sceptics as it is a plea for Holy Scripture against their endless subtleties. Lest any simple souls should be beguiled by the discrepancies they seem to have discovered in the sacred text, he examines the original afresh with all the lights he can get from modern criticism; and he sees in the five books of Moses more clearly than ever the internal evidence of their inspired authorship, the obvious consistency of their entire record, and the manifold beauties that stud their minuter detail. We have come across larger works on the same subject that contain less information. Members of our Bible classes will do well to make the acquaintance of this little volume.

The Scripture Painting Book for Children: containing twenty-two outline pictures illustrative of Bible History. By William Gunston. W. Mack.

A capital idea. These are high-class drawings in outline, and the youngsters can take their boxes of paints and colour them. The pictures are so good that no mere beginners ought to be allowed to make daubs of them. In paper cover the Painting Book is 1s.

Sermons, Homiletical Expositions, and Leading Thoughts on Texts of Scripture. Preached in London by T. Davies, M.A., Ph.D. First series. Elliot Stock.

Although these discourses make no pretension to anything extraordinary, there is more than average power in them. There is clearness and grip, beauty and appeal, and over all a manifest loyalty to the central truths of the gospel.

Perhaps the most striking element is their pictorial character: Dr. Davies abounds in figurative language, metaphors and tropes, and truth is advanced in such winsome garb as compels its reception. We have no doubt that a second series will be forthcoming when this present volume is known.

Living Water for Little Pitchers. By Rev. James Stephens. Shaw and Co.

This is a capital book for reading to children; it is lively and attractive, crowded with anecdote, and full of gospel truth. We fancy the "Little Pitchers'" *ears* will gladly drink in such sweet and goodly words, and we can desire no better thing for them than that they should be filled to the brim with this "living water."

The Scripture Half-Hour at Mothers' Meetings. Religious Tract Society.

Just the kind of thing needed. Fresh and familiar, and full of Christian power. About as good a substitute for a short, pointed address as a written and read thing can be for a spoken one. Conductors of Mothers' meetings who cannot make their own addresses cannot do better than purchase these.

The Water-cress Boy. By. J. L. Watson. Edinburgh: J. Gemmell.

A pathetic little story for the young ones; simple and good, and interesting to the end.

Fine-Weather Dick, and other Sketches. By the late Caroline W. Leakey.
The Longest Way Round for the Shortest, and other Sketches. By Ruth Lamb.
Comfort Cottage: its Inmates and Friends. By Mrs. Wigley.
Mrs. Hastie's Comforters, and other Sketches. By the Author of "Ben Boyce, the Beachman," "Bible Sunsets," etc. Religious Tract Society.

Four well-illustrated books of stories, forming part of an excellent series. The print is good, and the matter is all that can be desired. Just the books for a loan library.

A Bit of Holly [Anon]. *Next Door Neighbours.* By Agnes Giberne. *Minator, a Tale of the Indian Mutiny.* By Mrs. H. B. Paul. *Pansy: a Story for Little Girls.* Religious Tract Society.

In these four story-books the Tract Society continues its series of shilling books for the young. There are now about one hundred and forty of these, and they are all good.

The Young Bankrupt, and other Stories. By J. Colwell. T. Woolmer.

It would be impossible for Mr. Colwell to write anything dull and prosy: his composition is like the grass on a bright spring morn, fresh with dew and sunlight. But good as these Temperance stories are, we prefer him when dealing with distinctly gospel truth. His "Little Foxes" has made us long for more after the same style. Wherever drink is likely to prove a snare—and where is it not?—this is the book to get read.

A Little Wild Flower; or, Rosy's Story. By L. J. Tomlinson. Shaw and Co.

The story of a little girl who became motherless, but who found a friend in one "Old Larry," whom in turn she befriended by leading him to Jesus. A pleasing and useful tale for the little ones.

Little Freddie; or, Friends in Need. Shaw and Co.

Another proof that "the mother holds the key of the soul, and stamps the coin of character." The ups and downs of little Freddie are touchingly told, and we hope few are the boys they would fail to impress. The memories of a departed mother help to redeem Freddie's life from evil, and win him to the right way. We trust this little narrative will do the same for many a wayward lad.

Friar Hildebrand's Cross; or, the Monk of Tavystoke Abbaye. By M. A. Paull. Hodder and Stoughton.

A story of Old Devonshire and of the Reformation era, by an author who has already won some distinction in the same department of fiction. Friar Hildebrand is a monk, and at the same time he is a sample of those who in dark times, and at the dawn of a better day, leaned towards the best things. The good man hears of Luther's work, but while longing for liberty he shrinks from becoming an iconoclast; and while musing on what he might have possessed in his own home, with the wife of his choice, he realises that his own is "a November-tinted life." He missed the best things of this world; but Christ was his all at last. The story is prettily told, and is wholesome reading.

Satisfied. By C. M. Trowbridge. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A story written to show the impossibility of finding satisfaction except through denial of self and service of Christ. What a vast accession of strength would come to the church of Christ if all dreamers could be turned into workers! This is the result aimed at here. The book will do for our girls just budding into womanhood.

Dr. David Livingstone; and *Flora Maclean's Revenge.* By Anna Ross. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

Handsome books for one shilling each. We do not think the authorship can be called first-class; but what can you expect for a shilling? The binding alone makes a great hole in the price. Each of these books is a big shilling's-worth.

The Life of Faith, as illustrated by the example of the Apostle Paul. By JOHN THOMSON, D.D., Paisley. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

DR. THOMSON has aimed at setting forth Paul as an example to young men; and he has succeeded. Those who remember "*The Domestic Circle*" will know what to expect from this earnest servant of Christ, and they will not be disappointed. The Free Church owes much of its strength to pastors and preachers such as the author of this book. May he find a large company of young men who will attentively consider his teaching, and follow Paul as Paul followed Christ.

Salvation. By J. HERBERT DEARSLY. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

WITH Salvation—"the theme all themes above"—for a subject, and one who has for many years experienced the blessings of it for a writer, the reader should find the pages all too few. It is one thing, however, to know the truth as it is in Jesus, and quite another matter to set it forth with "acceptable words." Our author, in our opinion, lacks the qualification which the apostle in each of his epistles to Timothy mentions as necessary for an instructor of others—"apt to teach"; "able to teach others." He says very many good things, but he teaches nothing; his phraseology is decidedly original, and we hope inimitable; for it is better adapted to obscure plain truth than to make truth plain. To have read the good man's book from the title-page to the "for ever," with which it closes, would be a fine instance of final perseverance.

Handbook for Bible Classes. The Church: By Professor BINNIE, D.D. *The Reformation:* By Professor LINDSAY, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THE first of these books will rejoice the heart of all true Presbyterians: it is as sound and dogmatic a defence of their church polity as could be desired; of course, there is the same nonsense about baptism being the New Testament answer to circumcision, which is the stock fallacy of the Pædobaptist school; but it was left to Professor Binnie to discover in John Bunyan a teacher of this theological monstrosity. It is enough to make the sturdy Baptist dreamer turn over in his grave.

The second volume, that on the "Reformation," is a condensed, scholarly account of the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Where D'Aubigné would be too bulky, this volume will be acceptable, and the condensation is not a mutilation. The chapter on the principles of the Reformation, and the chronological summary at the end, are very valuable features of the book. It has our heartiest commendation.

Wayside Talks with Boys and Girls on Sunday Afternoons. By E. W. W. Sunday School Union.

SHORT, lively pieces of homely chat, such as children like. The book does not consist of stories squeezed in like jam between thick slices of moral dry bread; but it is a sort of plum-pudding of instruction, rich and good all the way through. Do not fail to put this in the Sunday-school Library.

The New Testament. American Revised Edition. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420, Chestnut-street.

DEAR me! This copy reminds us that there was a revision of the New Testament made in England some few years ago. The fact has not quite slipped from the memory of man, we suppose; and yet it might very well have done so when we consider how little was the result of the event heralded with such a flourish of trumpets. Our American brethren have acted very wisely in issuing the New Testament with their own emendations. Our translators pushed these emendations into a corner, and in this edition they are restored to their proper place. There are some who think that the Americans have the best of it; but others say that neither English nor American revisers have added to their own fame by their performance. By the way, is there to be a revision of the Old Testament? Will it be possible to tell when it will be done? Are there a score persons left in England who will buy a copy when it comes out? If so, are they connected with the translators' families?

Christian Work. Being recollections of several years of labour and prayer. By J. C. SMITH. James Blackwood.

JUST what it professes to be. Incidents from the note-book of a working Christian; telling of answers to prayer, and rewards to devoted labour. May it encourage some who are beginning to grow weary, and stir up others who have hitherto done nothing for Christ.

Engine-driving Life. Stirring Adventures and Incidents in the Lives of Locomotive Engine-Drivers. By MICHAEL REYNOLDS. Crosby, Lockwood.

IF this is written by a philanthropist for the benefit of engine-men, stokers, and cleaning-boys, we congratulate the author upon his well-intended effort; but if we are asked to give an opinion upon the book as a literary performance we cannot say much in its favour. The moral is often so much bigger than the story that it crushes and buries it; the writer seems to be trying how much soup can be made out of a minimum of meat. The goodness of the whole thing makes us sorry to say a word of disparagement; and we are glad to add that, notwithstanding this general fault, some of the chapters are thoroughly fresh and interesting. For railway men it is a capital book; but in criticizing on behalf of the general public we cannot speak so favourably, for it strikes us as frequently declining from interest to dulness.

The King's Son; or, a Memoir of Billy Bray. By F. W. BOURNE. A new illustrated edition. Bible Christian Book Room.

LONG ago we gave a *resumé* of this singular biography, and our friends at once bought it. Those who did not do so had better hurry up. Scarcely do we remember a biography more amusing and yet more edifying.

Learned in the Law; or, Examples and Encouragements from the Lives of Eminent Lawyers. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Partridge.

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS never fails to build up a readable book, whatever his subject may be. Eminent lawyers furnish excellent subjects both as examples and warnings. Bacon, Selden, Sir W. Jones, Romilly, Brougham, and others furnish fine themes for one who uses them as Mr. Adams does, for the encouragement and admonition of the young. Older folks will enjoy these lives quite as much as their sons and daughters.

The Story of the West Port Church: with Notices of Chalmers and Tasker, and an Account of the Territorial Method. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

THIS is a charming little account of the work done in one of the most neglected districts of Edinburgh under Dr. Chalmers' method.

It is a fascinating story, and holds your attention from the beginning to the close. The portrait of Mr. Tasker is carefully drawn, and his sanctified keenness crops up everywhere, making the little book as racy as cheering. Well done! May the future of the West Port Church be grander than its past.

Clear Shining Light: a Memoir of Caroline W. Teakey. J. F. Shaw.

A TENDER, loving chaplet-weaving, in the form of a memoir, by a sister to her glorified sister. The life and character seem to have been most godly and devoted, and the perusal of the book must stimulate the reader to fresh consecration in Christ's service.

A little more restraint in letter quotation would have made the volume more popular; but even now it is an attractive little book.

Reminiscences of Life in Mysore, South Africa and Burmah. By Major-General R. S. DOBBS. Hatchards.

A LIVELY little volume full of interest, written by a gracious Christian soldier. May it be of much blessing to officers and privates in our army, and turn them into soldiers of Christ! It is bound to do good, and is very readable.

God's Arithmetic, with other Stories for the Young. By Mrs. F. WEST. S. W. Partridge and Co.

WE can speak in terms of highest praise of this little book. It is meant to teach children the vital truths of the gospel, and we believe it will succeed in its purpose. Parents can scarcely employ their time better than by reading it to their youngsters.

Daisy Snowflake's Secret. By Mrs. Reaney. Hodder and Stoughton.

A good teetotal story. Mrs. Reaney does all things well. Still, the various incidents which may have occurred in fifty lives make up a somewhat indigestible tale when all narrated of one individual. Perhaps this is the bilious hypercriticism of one who would not shed a tear if he were condemned never to set eyes on another line of pious fiction.

The Water Waifs. A Story of Canal Barge Life. By Emma Leslie. Partridge and Co.

Until Mr. George Smith revealed the ignorance and depravity of barge life, the Christian world had no idea of its existence; but since then, numerous agencies have been at work for its reclamation and elevation.

The gospel and the gospel only can touch these debased men and women, whose sin has been the outcome of generations of neglect and forgetfulness by the Christian public. This story is an earnest plea for Christian effort amongst the canal population, and it endeavours to show the gratifying results that follow. We wish it "God speed."

The Young Refugee. By Annie Beale. The Religious Tract Society.

The adventures of a young girl who fled from France when Paris was under siege, and expected to find her parents in England, but failed to do so; and how she and they were reunited through the exertions of a missionary to foreigners in Soho. There is a touching simplicity about the whole narrative, and it will compel admiration and interest.

Tom the Bouter. A Tale of English Canal Life. By Emma Leslie. Religious Tract Society.

This story describes a family on our English canals far excelling in barbarism a hut full of Red Indians. We suppose the descriptions are realistic, and, if so, the total abolition of families in those rat-holes called cabins should be carried out at once. "Lagging through a tunnel" should be made penal, so far as children are concerned. It is terrible to think that there should be a hundred-thousand boaters in our own land who have hitherto been left alone to circulate fevers through our rural districts, and to perfect among themselves a degradation of the saddest kind.

Bennie: the King's Little Servant. By Louise Marston. J. F. Shaw and Co.

The story may be good enough, but the engravings repel us. Better give no illustrations than such horrors.

The Story of a Pillow. By A. C. Lambert. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

For the wee folk. Pillow sees many things which little people should not do, and talks very softly thereon, as a pillow might be expected to do.

Birdie and her Dog. By E. C. Phillips. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Such a pretty doggie book. Children who enjoy such literature will not grow up to be cruel little savages. It is wonderful how brutal the untutored minds of boys become, and yet how readily they may be turned to kinder sentiments. True stories like these are chapters of the great dog-gospel which is gradually uplifting our canine fellow-creatures into that place of admiration and esteem which, as a race, they deserve.

Only a Little Fault. By Emma Leslie. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A pretty little book. The story is an everyday one in family life.

Nearly Lost, but dearly Won. By the Rev. T. P. Wilson. Partridge.

A thorough temperance story; full of exciting incidents, rather out of the beaten track.

Malcolm's Enemy. By Mrs. Skinner. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

Malcolm's enemy is strong drink, which drives his mother and sister from their wretched home, and then causes the death of his drunken father. The boy blindly resolved to be revenged upon his foe, and this well-written tale gradually explains how he accomplished it. This little book deserves our heartiest commendation.

Lepers in India. Fifth edition. Revised and Enlarged. Shaw and Co.

As we have read this story of work done amongst the lepers in India we have been alternately frozen with horror of spirit at the sufferings of these poor creatures, and melted with gratitude at the splendid and Christlike work done amongst them by godly men and women. This little book contains only twenty-three pages, and if Christians will read it they will be compelled to help in this truly noble service. We are appalled at the thought of 99,000 lepers in India alone! Shall we not do something for them?

The Light of the Morning. By Anna Warner. Nisbet and Co.

Our authoress has made for herself a distinct place in religious literature: though following somewhat on the lines of Miss Havergal, she has a method of treatment that is entirely her own. She has a calm, peaceful flow of holy emotion which is full of helpful comfort to the sad; and she has also a tender enthusiasm for the person of Jesus which stimulates the love of others. This little book has greatly delighted us, by its suggestiveness and savour. It is full of the Master's presence and beauty, and therefore it will gladden all lovers of the King!

Bible Light for Truth-seekers. Shaw and Co.

We are not dazzled by the Bible light of this volume. It is very much broken up and scattered, and seems to shine with unequal and fitful force. To change the figure, the book is so scrappy, that it disappoints. So far as we can see, it is distinctly evangelical; but there is about it a smack of Brethrenism, and a general aspect of disorder and looseness which is anything but inviting. Teachers can learn little from it, and others had better leave it alone.

Our Heavenly Inheritance. Partridge and Co.

A short letter to fellow-sufferers, from the sick chamber of an invalid. There is much tenderness and pathos in it, and a true recognition of the love which is behind all God's chastenings. We believe it would be a ray of light in gloom, a drop of honey in the moment of bitterness, and therefore we commend it to those who know the sweetly-bitter discipline of pain.

Stepping-stones to higher Things. By Captain Seton Churchill. Elliot Stock.

These addresses are calculated to do much good. There is about them a robust manliness, a healthy, racy frankness of style, and a spirit full of love for Jesus and the souls of men.

Since, in addition, the author shows a large acquaintance with the best living preachers, and makes a copious appropriation of their illustrations, it will be easily seen that the book is worth the money asked for it. May the addresses do as effectual work in their printed form as they accomplished when spoken.

Christian Holiness. By Theodore Gallandet. New York: H. S. Goodspeed and Co.

The author of this book is evidently a good man, and anxious to promote the holiness of God's people; and yet we do not like his book upon this subject. There is an air of spiritual patronage about it which, though it is highly characteristic of the Perfectionist brethren, is painful and offensive to other Christians. The "very superior person" in spiritual things is so apparent in this book that we cannot feel at home with it. We find that the holiest Scripture characters were the humblest; but many things have happened since then, including the holding of certain conferences where the said "superior persons" have met and admired one another. To be holy, so we take it, means to be lowly. Our boasting brethren would give us better evidence of their holiness if they were to become as noted for their modesty as they are now for their self-praise.

The Choice of Wisdom. By Rev. C. Bell, D.D. Elliot Stock.

Canon Bell is always evangelical and earnest, and in these addresses is at his best. As a tiny gift to young people beginning life this little book would be most appropriate, and if pondered it would be likely to lead them to Jesus. It has point and power, and the matter is packed close.

Modern Atheism; or, the Heavenly Father. By ERNEST NAVILLE. Translated from the French by Rev. HENRY DOWNTON. Second edition. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1882.

SOCIETY must be in a sad state if it can recognise without a shudder the presence of "atheism" in our midst. What is atheism but a grim and ghastly skeleton? Placed on a pedestal of science, or wrapped about with a mantle of genius, it is none the less hideous. With the partisans of a pronounced disbelief in all religion or revelation we cannot feel a grain of sympathy. Argument with any man who acknowledges no axioms seems to us impossible. We picture to ourselves an individual cradled in a Christian home, and educated under the shadow of a Christian church; and we watch him as he drifts from his moorings. Is he so sensual that he grows impatient of God's law? Is he so absorbed in secular pursuits that he ignores every hope of immortality? Or is he so ardent in scientific research that he disdains revelation as though it cheated him of the pleasure of discovering truth by induction? In any of these cases there is a rancorous prejudice rather than a reasonable pretext to influence the judgment. The doubtings of such people take the form of disease. As with cataract of the eyes, or ossification of the heart, their understanding is dark and their affections are paralysed. It needs no bull or brevet of pope or council to prove that sensual indulgence, worldly ambition, and pride of intellect are deadly sins; the evidence is too palpable. But let us be discriminating in our strictures. You may petulantly call these men atheists; they are positively nothing of the kind. Your modern atheist has a very ancient pedigree. The scientist of to-day is a lineal descendant of the philosophers of yore. Five centuries before our blessed Lord was born at Bethlehem the transformation of matter without the intervention of an intelligent mind were discussed at Athens. The like speculation of *savans* is now revived, with the specious advantage of a better acquaintance with the facts of nature than was possessed by the Greeks. Their assumption is that "material science contains the explanation of all the realities of the universe." Their assertion is that "natural science leads away from God." Though these phrases are mere windbags, they contain the essence of atheism. With illusive ingenuity they impart the hue of positiveness to theories that have no facts to support them. Matter never has offered an explanation of mind. Laws of nature have never given any solution of life. This vaunted science is for the present in a state of nescience. Your professed atheist, like his progenitor the alchemist, is still in search of the philosopher's stone. The pitiful part of the story is the pains he takes to prove to us that he is conscientious. He tells us he has the courage to assert his convictions: but we doubt the cheerfulness of his whistle as he walks through the churchyard in the dark. The belief of mankind in a Creator may not be innate, but it is none the less universal. Like a sense, it stirs the heart if it is not stifled. The witnesses to an eternal power and godhead encompass us on every side. In vain we shut our eyes and stop our ears; they startle us at night, and disturb our slumber. So we are without excuse. Twenty years ago Monsieur Naville surveyed the field of this romantic speculation in a series of seven lectures, delivered at Geneva, and repeated at Lausanne. The eloquence of the lecturer kindled enthusiasm among the listeners. An English version was first edited in 1865. The translator carried out his part of the contract *con amore*. A second edition, after so long a space of time, is now submitted to the public. The arrows must be sharp that will pierce the hide of an atheist. Granted that the arguments have lost none of their force, and the illustrations have retained much of their sparkle; yet materialists do not usually betray a taste for metaphysics, and hence this labour may be lavished on them in vain.

The Three Chums. By M. L. RIDLEY. John F. Shaw and Co.

THREE lads are brought in various ways to know the Lord. The story is well told, and the incidents are full of school life: it is a book after a boy's heart. How can we better commend it than by saying that it is both manly and godly.

Notes.

It is probably a waste of effort to ask again that we may be spared the pain of refusing applications for sermons, addresses, lectures, etc., which it is quite out of our power to grant; but we will repeat the substance of what we said in the magazine not many months ago. Our own legitimate work has grown so enormously that it is as much as we can possibly accomplish without being laid aside, and we have lately proved once more that it is the extra, outside services that bring about such sad breakdowns as the one we have recently experienced. If, therefore, there are chapels or bazaars to be opened, anniversaries to be celebrated, debts to be removed, tea-meetings to be held, schools to be built, or blue ribbon missions to be inaugurated; and the question is put, "Shall we ask Mr. Spurgeon to come?" we beg beforehand to furnish the answer—"DON'T!" Most gladly would we serve all our brethren to the utmost if health permitted, but repeated warnings convince us that the wisest course for us is to use the strength given to us for the work which rightly claims our first attention, and leave all other efforts to those who have been entrusted by God with greater physical force. It is a great sorrow to be shut up to this, but what else can we do?

The cleaning of the Tabernacle.—It will be a great kindness if friends will oblige us by waiting for an *official* announcement concerning the closing of the Tabernacle for the renovation that must be done as soon as we can find a suitable temporary meeting-place for our large congregation. This is no easy matter; but it will be attended to with all possible despatch; and meanwhile, the unauthorized and incorrect notices that have appeared in various papers have done us serious injury in many ways. Our friends and the general public will have due notice when the arrangements are completed, and till then it may be taken for granted that the services will be held as usual at the Tabernacle, and that, health permitting, the Pastor will be at his post on Sundays and week-nights.

By the way, our Thursday-night assemblies are notable gatherings of friends from all parts; but there is still room for more, and those who are afraid of not getting seats on the Sabbath would find easy access at this week-evening lecture, which commences at seven.

During the past few weeks there have been more "May meetings" than usual at the Tabernacle, all of which appear to have been well attended and enthusiastic, while some have exerted an influence which will be felt for many a month and year to come. It has not been our privilege to be at the gatherings of the tribes; for while they have been holding their festive assemblies, we have been obliged to tarry at home, suffering pain of body and depression of spirit. While debarred from meeting with our brethren, it has been a joy to us to hear of the progress of the Master's cause, and to observe the tokens of his presence in the midst of his people.

We can do little more than make a list of the various meetings, and probably that is all that is required, as the denominational and other papers have so fully reported the proceedings. On *Tuesday*, *April* 24, the annual meetings of the BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION were closed by a large public meeting in the Tabernacle, presided over by W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P., and addressed by several able speakers. Temperance principles are evidently making progress among our churches, but there is yet much land to be possessed. We would call special attention to the advertisement, on another page, of the Bazaar which is to be held in the Cannon-street Hotel, on June 4, 5, and 6, for the purpose of raising funds for the extension of Band of Hope and Temperance work in connection with the Baptist Total Abstinence Association.

On *Thursday*, *April* 26, the London Baptist Association once more entertained the members of the BAPTIST UNION at dinner in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, the arrangements being satisfactorily carried out by Mr. Murrell and his helpers.

On *Sunday afternoon*, *April* 29, the annual sermon in the Tabernacle, in connection with the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, was preached by the Rev. R. H. Lovell, who placed the argument for total abstinence powerfully before the great congregation as he pleaded with them *for Christ's sake* to take the right side in this great struggle.

At the prayer-meeting on *Monday*, *April* 30, the Rev. E. W. Matthews, and several of the missionaries of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, were present. Special petitions were presented for those that go down to the sea in ships, and interesting incidents of the work of the Society were reported. This is a noble Society, and deserves liberal support.

The following evening, *May* 1, our PRIMITIVE METHODIST friends held their annual MISSIONARY MEETING in the Tabernacle. They appear to have spent a very profitable evening. May these useful workers enjoy abundant prosperity.

The most notable gathering of the month was undoubtedly the public meeting which concluded the thirteenth Triennial Conference of the SOCIETY FOR THE LIBERATION OF RELIGION FROM STATE PATRONAGE AND CONTROL. The Tabernacle was densely crowded, and had the building been three times as large there would probably have been no space to spare. The tone of the

meeting was all that could be desired, and the speeches were worthy of the occasion. The Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., was never more at home than when he was addressing the vast throng of sturdy, resolute, determined, intelligent, representative Liberationists, who listened with intense delight to "the old man eloquent," as he showed the lack of benefit derived from the union of the Church with the State, in clear and convincing language, which was all the more powerful because free from the least tinge of unkindness or unfairness. The daily papers, almost without exception, spoke of this as Mr. Bright's first appearance at the Liberation Society's meetings. They seem to have forgotten that many years ago he occupied a similar position on the Tabernacle platform when the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the question of the hour.

On *Sunday afternoon*, *May* 6, a Gospel Temperance address was delivered in the Tabernacle by Mr. R. T. Booth, who has been obliged, on account of ill-health, to spend the winter in the South of France, where he has derived much benefit. The building was crowded, and at the close of the service between three hundred and four hundred persons signed the pledge. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Booth asked all the abstainers present to hold up their hands, when at least three-fourths of the audience did so.

It may not be thought unworthy of mention here that on *Monday*, *May* 14, our honoured father and mother were spared to celebrate their Golden Wedding-day with us at "Westwood." All their children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren were present, with the exception of our beloved son Thomas, and the company consisted of thirty-two persons in all. Of this household seven are preachers of the gospel. Very gracious has the Lord been to us as a family, for from a remote ancestry the fear of God has ruled the house, and a blessing has rested upon it because of the ark of the Lord. The past was reviewed with praise, the present enjoyed in happy unity of love, and the future expected with hope. Our own dear departed grandfather, so long an honoured winner of souls, used to rejoice in five of us as ministers of Christ, but now "we are seven," and there are others among us who occasionally bear witness for the truth in public. May all our friends have a like blessing, and may young people commencing life be wise enough to perceive that family piety and domestic happiness must go together: let them not expect the first without the second.

On *Monday afternoon*, *May* 21, the memorial stone of the Bermondsey Mission Hall was laid by Samuel Barrow, Esq. The weather was most favourable for the ceremony, and there was a large gathering of friends from the Tabernacle and the district in which the hall will be situated, and the numbers were increased by generous helpers who had come from a distance to show their sympathy with the work. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. P. Chown and Mr. William Olney, Jun., the conductor of the Mission. Mr. William Olney made a statement as to the history and progress of the Mission, and read a long list of contributions from Bermondsey and other friends, and addresses were delivered by Mr. E. Crisp, a churchman, who has a Mission-hall close to the new premises; the Rev. B. Senior, of Surrey Chapel; and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who concluded his speech by presenting to Mr. Barrow a very beautifully chased silver-gilt trowel. It was explained that this had not been purchased out of the funds collected, but was the gift of Messrs. William and T. H. Olney, as a mark of their respect for Mr. Barrow, and their appreciation of his services in the erection, at his own cost, of five Baptist chapels. Messrs. Barrow Brothers had promised £250 for the new hall, and in handing that amount to the treasurer Mr. Barrow added a further contribution of £125 from himself and his wife. The stone having been duly laid, prayer was offered by Pastor C. Spurgeon, and the company adjourned to the Tabernacle for tea. Afterwards a meeting was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Mr. J. T. Olney, when further speeches were given by the Rev. W. Penfold Cope, of Maze Pond Chapel; Mr. Jeffery, of Melior-street Mission; and Mr. Wm. Olney, who reported that, as the result of the afternoon's proceedings, the total received and promised had been brought up to £5155, that is as nearly as possible the amount that will be needed to pay for the building and furnishing, leaving still about £1000 to be raised in order to set the ground free. How we wish we could see this £1000 speedily presented to the Lord. At the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, Bermondsey was still the burden of the prayers of the brethren, and addresses of sympathy and encouragement were delivered by the Rev. A. Strawbridge, of St. Stephen's Church, Dover-road; the Rev. F. Crozier, of Long Lane Wesleyan Chapel, Southwark; Mr. Wm. Olney, Jun.; and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-School.—On *Sunday afternoon*, *April* 29, the teachers met for their quarterly tea-meeting, which was followed by a lecture by Mr. T. Irving Smith, entitled, "The best modes of securing the spiritual results of Sunday-school instruction." The subject was ably treated, and important truths, with numerous pithy illustrations, were conveyed to the minds of the teachers.

College.—Mr. J. McAuslane has accepted an invitation from the friends meeting in the Temperance Hall, Crawley, Sussex, where we trust he will be able to raise a self-supporting church.

Mr. B. W. Clinch, whose health will not permit him to remain in England, has sailed for Australia, where he hopes soon to find a suitable sphere. He is thoroughly worthy of the esteem and help of our brethren at the Antipodes.

Mr. D. Menzies, who came to us from Canada, has returned to the Dominion. He has been invited to the pastorate of the church at Papineauville, on the Ottawa River. He is a good and able preacher, and may be received with all confidence by our Canadian friends.

Mr. G. T. Bailey has removed from Smethwick to Bury Road, Haslingden; Mr. F. Harvey, from Neatishead to Great Ellingham, Norfolk; and Mr. J. J. Dalton, from Frome to Dorchester.

Mr. J. Barton, of Haydock, has taken charge of the Belle Isle Mission, Camden Town, which our good friend, Mr. Joseph Benson, has been obliged to give up—at least, for a time—on account of ill-health.

Pastor A. Bird, of Sandown, Isle of Wight, asks us to mention that his friends are arranging for a Bazaar in August in aid of the Chapel Debt Liquidation Fund; and that Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, Campbeltown House, Croydon; Mr. E. H. Bartlett, 56, New-street, Kennington-park-road, S.E.; and Mrs. Bird, Sandown, will be glad to receive articles for sale. This effort deserves aid from all who would help a struggling interest in a favourite health-resort.

Annual day of United Prayer.—Will all our brethren bear in mind that it was agreed at the Conference that *Monday, June* 18, should be set apart as the DAY OF UNITED PRAYER by all the churches in the Pastors' College Association? Oh, for a great blessing! Make it, dear brethren, a time of mighty pleading. So prays your friend, C. H. Spurgeon.

We do not feel that we dare withhold the enclosed, but we are sorry from our inmost soul that it should be so sadly needful:—

"To the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel.*

"Dear Brother,—A friend having put into my hands the May number of your excellent magazine, the 'Remarks by the Rev. George Rogers,' on your College, caught my eye, and I read the page with intense interest. It somewhat lifted off a burden which had been weighing heavily on my heart and conscience for some little time, as it testified that one College in London, at least, intended to teach faithfully the foundation truths of the gospel of God; and 'not to introduce any modification of its course of studies, to suit what are called the *demands of the age.*'

"A fortnight or three weeks ago one of our foremost religious journals sounded a flourish of trumpets because there had been afforded 'a happy indication that the days of bigotry were drawing to an end.' This referred to a meeting for discussion, held in one of our metropolitan denominational Colleges, and presided over by the leading and most prominent minister of the *Unitarian body in London*—a man of splendid talents, most fascinating eloquence, great learning, and the highest social character. His writings are considered, from an intellectual and literary standpoint, as of the greatest excellence. Had he been an obscure, ignorant, uninfluential person, the danger would not be so imminent. Mr. Rogers says of your College 'that it adheres to the Puritanic in distinction from Germanic theology;' this is, in the estimation of many, its honour and glory; but the students in the College referred to are led to *fraternize* with the most influential teacher of Unitarianism! and recommended to read his books!! What is this but leading our future ministers into temptation? It is teaching them to break down the barriers which now separate the believers in Christ's Godhead from those who esteem him as *only a man*—true, the *ideal* man, the holiest, wisest, highest man among men, but still 'A MAN,' thereby making us who worship him as 'God over all' idolaters.

"The Unitarian also denies that fundamental doctrine of the cross, 'He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification'—the atonement offered for our sins by the God-man. Are our students for the ministry to be taught that these two foundation truths of God's word are of so little importance that those who persistently oppose them may be bidden God speed? Through evil report and through good report I would a thousand times say '*No!*'

"Had I a thousand pounds at my command, I would cheerfully, notwithstanding my different view from yours of baptism, hand it over to the treasurer of your College, for in the words of patriarch Rogers, 'Its work is not done, but rather only begun.'

"Yours in gospel bonds,

"A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER."

"May 12th, 1883."

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's three weeks' mission in *Hull* was so richly blessed in the conversion of sinners and the restoration of backsliders, that they were constrained to continue their labours for another week. The sacrifice of this period of rest, to which they were fully entitled, was amply rewarded by the crowds that came every night to hear their message, and the large number of those who professed to find the Saviour. Just before closing our contribution-lists we received a thankoffering of £50, which Mr. Willis and Capt. Vickerman assure us would have been much larger if the expenses for the hire of the public-rooms and circus had not been so great. Our brethren have several times expressed their gratitude to the gentlemen just mentioned for all the help they have rendered at the services, and they also speak in the highest terms of Pastor W. Sumner, who has felt himself compelled to leave Hull, and they cordially commend him to any

church that may be seeking a good, genial, spiritually-minded pastor.

During the first fortnight of the past month the Evangelists have been at *Chesterfield*, where their services appear to have been productive of great good. A similar remark may be made concerning Mr. Burnham's visit to *Poole*, and we trust we shall be able next month to report a like blessing from the tent-services he is just commencing at Worthing. For the carrying on of this evangelistic work we need just now a measure of aid from the Lord's stewards.

Ministers who desire to arrange for evangelistic services ought not to experience any difficulty in securing suitable preachers, for Mr. Frank Russell is available wherever the Lord may open the way, and Mr. E. J. Parker and Mr. J. Mateer have also felt called to offer themselves for united work in visiting the churches of the denomination. These last two brethren, though not supported by our Evangelists' Fund, have both honourably passed through the College, and proved in many places their fitness for this form of Christian labour. Letters will reach them if directed to the care of Pastor T. Perry, Lordship-lane, S.E. Mr. Russell's address is 33, Wyndham-street, Bryanston-square, W. These brethren will also need and deserve help through us.

Orphanage.—All who are interested in our large fatherless family will remember that the annual festival will be held on *Tuesday, June 19th*, the anniversary of the President's forty-ninth birthday. Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., has kindly promised to lay the memorial stone of the new house for the head-master, and the additional premises for the staff. With such a leader we may be sure that the proceedings will be both interesting and profitable, and we shall endeavour to secure a goodly array of speakers for the open-air meeting in the evening. Dr. Parker has promised to be one of them.

We hope every visitor at the *fête* will carefully inspect our collection of engravings of Reformation scenes, which will be on view in one of the buildings. There is a danger of our forgetting how dearly our forefathers purchased the civil and religious liberties that we enjoy, and it will be some reward for the time and money we have expended in gathering together these memorials of men and women, "of whom the world was not worthy," if we can, in at least some hearts, arouse enthusiasm for the truths for which our ancestors died, and which many of their descendants now deride.

All our collectors are earnestly requested to bring or send their boxes and books, with the amounts received, on or before June 19th, and the President and trustees will be glad if many fresh friends will volunteer to solicit subscriptions and donations in aid of the funds of the institution. Our regular expenditure has been largely increased by the addition of the girls' department, and for a time, owing to the tender age at which the little ones are admitted, and the extra care needed by them, the cost per head will, probably, be in excess of that on the boys' side; while up to the present *there has not been a proportionate addition to our general income*. Through the goodness of God there has been no lack of means, either for the new buildings for girls or the maintenance and general expenses' fund; but this result is to be attributed to the fact that during the year several large legacies have become available. We cannot be too grateful to our liberal friends who remember the Orphanage and our other works for the Lord in the distribution of their property; but we cannot reasonably expect every year to produce a fixed amount from this source, and therefore it will be a great relief to our mind if those who desire to aid us in caring for the widow and the fatherless will, by personal gifts, or by collecting from others, try to make our regular receipts grow in the same ratio as our daily expenditure. Are there not thousands of our brethren who hardly give this work a thought? Perhaps they imagine that money is sure to come to Mr. Spurgeon, and so they excuse themselves. Brethren, it will come, but how would you like to be in the position of seeing doubled outgoings and little or no increase of help from the living? Sick men had need have few cares; we could soon sink under ours if we did not look to the hills whence cometh our help. Our orphans have as much claim on our readers as upon us: will they not remember their needs?

Colportage. — During the past month between twenty and thirty of the colporteurs have met the committee for their annual season of conference and prayer. The President was very sorry that he was not well enough to address this earnest band of Christian workers, and they were equally disappointed that they could not see him. At the annual public meeting the Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, occupied the chair; the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, presented an abstract of the Report, which is printed in full at the end of the present magazine; and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, of Camberwell Presbyterian Church, Mr. R. Cory, of Cardiff, and several of the colporteurs. We hope our readers will carefully examine the report of the past year's work, and if they think it is satisfactory, that they will imitate "two friends" who have just sent us £10 as a token of their appreciation of the Society's usefulness.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—April 26, eighteen; May 3, twenty-six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor A. Macdougall	0	10	0
Mr. George Higgs	2	2	0
Collection at North Brixton Hall, per Pastor W. Sullivan	1	5	0
Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Mr. J. C. Woollacott	1	1	0
Collection at East-street Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor H. C. Lake ...	2	2	0
Proceeds of Lecture, by Pastor T. Hagen	1	1	0
Collection at Rushden, per Pastor W. A. Davis	3	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	17	0
Mr. Romang	1	1	0
"Eythorne," per Pastor G. Stanley ...	2	10	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Dr. E. Cronin	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Miss Mead	5	5	0
Mr. E. J. Mead	5	5	0
Mrs. Frederick Heritage	2	2	0
Mr. Edwin T. Stringer	1	0	0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	2	2	0
Collection at Wolsingham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Pring	0	12	6
Collection at Cavendish-street Baptist Chapel, Ramsgate, per Pastor R. Wood 5 15 0			
Donation 1 14 6			
	7	9	6
Collection at Portmahon Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor T. Ings Stockley ...	5	12	6
Per Pastor C. T. Johnson:—			
Mr. R. Booth 1 0 0			
Pastor C. T. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Collection from Baptist Chapel, Church, Lancashire, per Pastor J. Ney	7	0	6
Collection from Baptist Chapel, Limpsfield, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton ...	0	14	6
Donations, per Pastor W. Osborne, Eastbourne:—			
Mrs. Grimwood 1 0 0			
Mrs. Phipps 1 1 0			
Miss Bradley 0 10 0			
Miss E. Bradley 0 10 0			
Mr. Roper 0 10 0			
Mr. Saunders 0 5 0			
Miss Turner 0 5 0			
Miss English 0 5 0			
Mrs. Knott 0 5 0			
	4	11	0
Pastor John Palmer	0	10	0
Collection at Bromley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Sutton-on-Trent, per Pastor H. Channer ...	0	8	0
Pastor John Wilson	1	1	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Maidenhead, per Pastor J. J. Irving ...	2	15	6
Collection at City Road Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor W. J. Mayers	5	5	0
A friend	0	10	0
Collection at Portland Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor H. O. Mackey ...	7	3	2
Collection at Mersham Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Leigh	3	9	0
Contribution from Stroud Crescent Chapel, Sheerness, per Pastor J. R. Hadler	1	0	0
Pastor C. A. Ingram, Upton-on-Severn	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Baptist Chapel, New Brompton, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	2	7	0
Contribution from Stow-on-the-Wold, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	1	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Westmancote, per Pastor W. J. Smith ...	1	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Gamlingay, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton ...	2	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Grantham, per Pastor G. B. Bowler ...	1	0	0
From friends at St. Neot's, per Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	12	0
Collection at Lower Edmonton and Enfield Highway United Meeting, per Pastor W. Townsend	1	15	8
Collection at Great Broughton, per Pastor J. McNab	1	0	0
Collection at Walthamstow Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Breewood ...	1	10	6
Pastor G. T. Edgley	0	5	0
Collection at Deptford Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Honour	1	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Eynsford, per Pastor G. B. Richardson	1	0	0
Collection at South Shields Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. West	5	0	0
Per Pastor W. J. Tomkins:—			
H. G. Fisher 1 10 0			
Other friends 1 7 0			
	2	17	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ashdown, per Pastor R. Luzzell	1	10	0
Per Pastor W. Whale:—			
Pastor W. Whale 0 10 0			
H. C. Derwent 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bray 0 5 0			
Mr. Coltail 0 2 0			
Mr. Turner 0 1 0			
Mr. W. Allen 0 5 0			
Mrs. Richardson 0 5 0			
	1	13	0
Collection at Combe Martin Chapel, per Pastor J. Glover	0	10	0
Mr. Joshua Allder	2	2	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	1	0
Collection at Selly Park Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. H. Collins	3	0	0
Per Pastor J. B. Field:—			
Mrs. Ward 5 0 0			
Proceeds of Lecture on "Candles," by Mr. H. Perkins 0 10 0			
	5	10	0
Contribution from Salem Church, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards ...	2	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. E. J. Edwards	2	2	0
Collection at Wellington-street Chapel, Luton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	5	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Ulverston, per Pastor R. Scott	2	0	0
Collected by Pastor G. T. Ennals:—			
Mr. Clear 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Chaplin 0 10 0			
Mr. Maris 1 1 0			
Collected by Miss A. Mathew 1 8 0			
	3	9	0
Mr. George Plumbly	1	1	0
Collected by friends at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor T. J. Longhurst	12	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. J. Chapman	1	1	0
Pastor J. T. Swift	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Great Whyte, Ramsey, Hunts, per Pastor W. Hetherington	2	11	0
Pastor J. Bateman	0	5	0
Pastor E. L. Hamilton	1	1	0
Highgate Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	0
Pastor A. Bird	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Godstone, per Pastor G. A. Webb ...	1	6	0
Mrs. Jenkins, per J. T. D.	3	3	0
Mr. Chisholm	1	1	0
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	2	12	0
Part Collection at Circus-street Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor J. J. Knight	1	6	0
Friends at Bromsgrove, per Pastor J. W. Comfort	0	10	6
Shooter's Hill-road Chapel, per Pastor R. E. Chettleboro'	1	0	0
Hornsey Rise Chapel, Miss Spurgeon's Class	1	0	0
Part collection at Tunbridge Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Hancocks ...	3	0	0
Pastor H. Winsor	0	10	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Pastor F. H. White	3	3	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Pastor G. Samuel	2	4	0
Pastor D. Mace	0	2	6
Contribution from Salem Chapel, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. T. Owers	1	1	0
Queen's-square Baptist Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor J. S. Geale ...	2	2	0
Pastor B. Brigg	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Messrs. Straker and Sons	10	0	0
Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
Friends at Ashford, per Pastor E. Roberts	1	15	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
"Volex"	1	1	0
Collection at Church of Christ, Southport, per Pastor G. H. Carr	16	12	4
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible Class, Arthur-street, Camberwell	10	0	0
Pastor R. Ensoll	0	10	0
Mr. Walter Mills	2	2	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Miss Ada R. Habershon	1	1	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
W. J. S.	5	5	0
Mr. Herbert Virtue	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
Mr. E. Dipple	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Stubbs	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mullis	5	0	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Bowes	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred C. Pensam	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Hollands	2	2	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Miss Hammer	0	10	0
Mr. W. M. Chapman	1	1	0
Mrs. Tarrant	1	0	0
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
E. W. B.	1	1	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Carpenter	2	2	0
Mr. W. G. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hurlock	2	0	0
Mr. David Batchelor	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	5	0	0
Mr. J. Garnham	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Banson	2	2	0
Mr. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mrs. W. Vinson	1	1	0
Mr. Percy F. Lush	1	1	0
Mr. Philip A. Houghton	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Scott	2	2	0
Miss Ettie Scott	1	0	0
Miss Bertha Scott	1	0	0
Mr. R. T. Scott	3	0	0
Mrs. T. J. Haddon	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0
Mrs. J. C. Goslin	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	1	1	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Mrs. M. Anderson	0	10	6
Mr. Thomas Till	1	0	0
Mr. Cleare	3	3	0
Mr. S. H. Knight	2	2	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Thomson	5	0	0
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	2	0	0
Mr. Geo. Tomkins	5	0	0
Miss J. Dean	1	1	0
Mr. J. Dean	1	1	0
Miss Annie Buswell	1	1	0
Miss Lettie Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. James Hall	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Buswell	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hill	5	0	0
Mr. George C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. Edwin Heritage	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas McLean	3	3	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garner	2	2	0
Mr. George Gathercole	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0
Mr. George Bantick	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fox, Jun.	1	0	0
Mr. George Redman	3	0	0
Mr. W. B. Fox	3	0	0
Mrs. Chaplin, Highfield, per Pastor E. Osborne	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey	5	5	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Mills	2	2	0
Mr. Frederick Sage	2	0	0
Miss Clarkson	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Goddard Clark ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. M.	1	1	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Miss Hooper	1	1	0
Miss Stafford	1	1	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hooper	3	3	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Edwards	3	3	0
Faith, X. Y. Z.	2	10	0
Mrs. Mowbray	2	0	0
Mr. J. K. Philip	1	1	0
Mrs. Goldston	1	1	0
Miss Goldston	0	10	6
Mr. S. J. Goldston	1	1	0
"In Memoriam"	50	0	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	10	0	0
Mrs. Newmarsh	2	2	0
"Belvoir"	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Flaxman	5	0	0
Miss Wade	5	0	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	0	0
Mr. T. K. Bellis	3	0	0
Mrs. Bellis	2	0	0
Mr. Wm. Morris	0	10	0
Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
R. A.	5	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Trotter	5	0	0
Pastor W. F. Stead	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson	3	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Kent	2	2	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Miss Fanny Vynne	1	0	0
Mr. S. Irwin	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Irwin	1	0	0
Miss Irwin	0	10	0
Mr. A. Norman	5	5	0
Mr. G. H. Pike	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Altham	20	0	0
Mr. W. J. Styles	1	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Crack	1	0	0
Mr. A. J. Miller	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Burnett	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wayre	5	5	0
Mr. Prisby	5	0	0
Mr. George Sparks	1	0	0
Pastor T. W. Medhurst	13	6	0
Pastor C. B. Sawday	2	2	0
Mr. W. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. E. Collins	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bithray	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. F. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Cuthbert	1	1	0
Mr. W. Oxley	2	2	0
Friend, W. G. A.	0	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winckworth	3	3	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. Ross	5	5	0
Mrs. Ross	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ashby	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander Brown	5	5	0
Mrs. Murray	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2	2	0
Miss Lang	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marsh	2	2	0
Miss Everett	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Everett	20	0	0
Mr. G. E. Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. J. W. Sorrell	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Penny	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Falkner	3	3	0
Mr. George S. V. Wills	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Page	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	0	0
Mr. M. Llewellyn	5	0	0
Mr. H. W. Murrell	1	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. H. Alldous	1	11	6
Mrs. Dain	0	10	0
Mr. William Evans	15	15	0
Mrs. William Evans	7	7	0
Mr. Joseph Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	5	0	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner	2	0	0
Miss Narraway	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Calder	20	0	0
Mr. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Mrs. Huntley	10	10	0
Mr. W. Hunt	1	1	0
Miss L. Hunt	1	1	0
Mr. E. Fisher	10	0	0
Mr. John E. Goslin	2	2	0
R. S.	1	1	0
C. H. D.	0	10	0
Mr. T. Redgate	3	3	0
A. T. S.	9	5	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Davies	2	0	0
Mr. Richard Evans	15	15	0
Mr. W. J. Hurst	1	1	0
Mrs. Hurst	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Mr. E. Fowler	1	1	0
Mr. S. Jennings	0	10	0
Mr. T. L. Jones	1	1	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Hobbs	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Hameton	1	0	0
Mrs. Feltham, sen.	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Whiteman	5	0	0
Mr. F. W. Amsden, jun.	5	5	0
Mr. Amsden	5	0	0
Mrs. Wm. Olney	2	2	0
Miss S. K. Olney	1	1	0
Miss Wyatt	1	1	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	2	2	0
Mrs. Hicks	1	1	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Potier	10	0	0
Miss E. M. Pearce	1	1	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. Thos. Wild	5	0	0
Mr. Thos. Wild, jun.	5	0	0
Miss Mary Mack-Wall	1	5	0
Miss Spliedt and Friend	3	10	0
Mrs. Sortwell	2	2	0
Mr. W. R. Sortwell	2	2	0
Miss Annie Sortwell	1	1	0
Contribution from Tabernacle, Winslow, per Pastor F. J. Feltham	1	10	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Keynsham, per Pastor C. A. Fellowes	1	10	0
Evangelist E. J. Parker	0	10	0
Contribution from Battersea-park Chapel, per Pastor T. Lardner	2	0	0
Mr. W. S. Lardner, per Pastor T. Lardner	2	0	0
Pastor W. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. J. Askew	1	1	0
Contribution from Baptist Tabernacle, Southend, per Pastor H. W. Childs	2	0	0
Pastor W. J. Dyer and Friend	1	5	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Mitcham, per Pastor E. A. Carter	1	1	0
Collection at Wycliff Chapel, Reading, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	5	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins	11	12	6
Pastor J. H. Banfield	0	10	0
Friends at Halstead, per Pastor E. Morley	1	5	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Leafield, per Pastor W. H. Tubb	1	0	0
Mr. James Duncan	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Mr. William Izard	10	10	0
Baptist Chapel, Enfield, per Pastor G. W. White	2	3	0
Mr. James Collingwood	3	3	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, North Finchley, per Pastor J. Chadwick	4	12	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Chelsea, per Pastor W. H. J. Page	3	0	0
Pastor J. Hillman	0	19	0
Contribution from Barking-road Chapel, per Pastor R. H. Gillespie	0	10	6
Friends at Bedminster Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Ellis	2	10	0
Contribution from Hillsley, per Pastor N. T. J. Miller	0	17	6
Contribution from Grove-road Chapel, per Pastor W. J. Inglis	2	0	0
Mr. James Clarke	10	10	0
Mr. William Payne	5	5	0
Mr. W. L. Williams	1	1	0
Miss Ada Wollacott	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	10	0	0
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	1	1	0
Mr. John Hayward	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Davis	5	5	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Stokes (contents of box) ...	1	1	3
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. George H. Harris	10	0	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rains	10	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. John Smith	1	0	0
Mr. W. F. Masters	10	10	0
Mrs. Keeley	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Stevens	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Mr. John Houghton	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith	25	0	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood	20	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson-Aikman	5	0	0
Mr. John Best, J. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Heffer	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	10	0
Mr. W. T. Rea	10	10	0
Mr. J. E. Alexander	1	1	0
Mr. John Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. A. Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. B. M. Tite	1	1	0
Pastor F. G. Marchant	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Harrald	2	2	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn...	25	0	0
Messrs. C. Ball and Son	12	5	0
Mrs. May	10	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. Finch	2	2	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Tubby	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers... ...	3	3	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Johnson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Goslin	1	1	0
Mr. George Nation	2	0	0
Mr. James Cubitt	1	1	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. T. J. Winney	5	0	0
Mrs. E. I. Bracey	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Hunt	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	8	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	10	0	0
Pastor John Stubbs	2	0	0
Collection at Colchester, per Pastor E. Spurrier	4	0	0
Collection at King-street Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor G. D. Evans	5	0	0
Postal Order from Knightsbridge ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Paddock	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	5	0
Mrs. Kelland	1	0	0
N. O. P.	40	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	10	10	0
Mr. John Beal	3	3	0
Mr. J. Currie	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
Pastor W. L. Mayo	0	10	0
Postal order from Southport	0	1	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Carr-road Baptist Church, Nelson, per Pastor C. G. Croome	5	0	0
"Scotland"	25	0	0
Mr. George Thompson	50	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
The late Mrs. G. H. Hildyard	5	5	0
Carshalton and Wallington Baptist Church, per Pastor J. E. Jasper ...	2	10	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	2	0	0
Mr. J. Dobson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Collection at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor E. G. Gange	17	3	6
Mr. Alexander White, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	4	0	0
Pastor W. B. Haynes	0	4	0
Per Pastor G. Dunnett:—			
Mr. E. Brazier 0 10 0			
Mrs. Thompson 0 2 6			
	0	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	10	0	0
The Misses Williamson	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Knight	10	10	0
Mr. R. P. Gloag	1	1	0
Mr. R. J. May	5	5	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Rev. Frank Cheshire	2	2	0
Pastor W. J. Styles	1	0	0
Mr. G. Creasey, per Pastor H. Knee ...	1	1	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. S. Harris	2	0	0
Weekly Offering at Met. Tab.:—			
April 15 ... ... 35 6 1			
„ 22 ... ... 10 0 0			
„ 29 ... ... 30 0 1			
May 6 ... ... 31 1 9			
	106	7	11
	£2215	1	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
M.	2	0	0
Annette	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Davies	1	0	0
A working-man, Folkestone	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn... ...	2	0	0
Collected by Master Willie Hinsche ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith...	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A friend, per Mr. J. Smart	0	5	0
L. P.	0	1	2
Mr. William Thomas	4	0	0
Sir Morton and Lady Peto	5	0	0
Durweston Chimers, per Mr. C. Adlem	0	10	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith	0	5	0
Postal order from Cheltenham ...	0	1	0
Postal order from Southport	0	1	0
Thankoffering	0	10	0
Miss E. Castle	0	10	0
T. S.	0	2	6
Mr. William Fyson	1	0	0
A thankoffering	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	16	10
Collected by Miss M. M. Bayley ...	1	2	3
Mr. George White...	0	5	0
Mr. George Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey ...	2	0	0
L. B., Greenwich	0	5	0
Mr. John Hind	0	1	1
N. O. P.	40	0	0
Miss Fanny Haynes	3	0	0
George Lane Baptist Sunday-school ...	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Steer	0	10	0
Miss Bessie Nash	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Roberts ...	0	11	0
A Friend in Langholm	0	10	0
A. M. W.	0	5	0
Mrs. Dobbs	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton :—			
Mr. Edward Williams ... 2 2 0			
Mr. E. L. Wallis, Hereford... ... ... 1 1 0			
Mr. John Ashbee, Gloucester 1 1 0			
A Friend, Penybont ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Thomas Moore, Northwich 1 0 0			
Mr. H. R. Bowers, Ruabon 0 10 0			
Mr. Edward Williams, Dolan 0 5 0			
Miss Edwards 0 5 0			
Mrs. Jones, Broad-street... 0 5 0			
Miss Roberts 0 3 0			
Mr. John Duggan 0 2 6			
Mr. John Roberts 0 2 0			
Miss Morgan 0 1 0			
Mrs. Owen 0 1 0			
Mr. Abraham Hamer ... 0 1 0			
Mr. Thomas Gough ... 0 2 6			
Mr. William Davies ... 0 2 0			
Mrs. Langford 0 2 0			
Mrs. Morris... ... ... 0 1 0			
Mrs. Davies... ... ... 0 0 6			
Miss Rogers... ... ... 0 0 6			
Inspector Rogers 0 2 0			
Mrs. Meredith 0 2 0			
	8	12	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. Hoskin	1	0	0
F. G. B., Tring	0	2	6
Mr. John E. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2	2	0
Proceeds of Entertainment by Orphanage Choir at Metropolitan Tabernacle Total Abstinence Meeting	2	16	6
Stephen	0	10	0
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
A young mother and her two little sons...	0	2	0
Miss E. Clutterbuck	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. Johnson	3	3	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	22	4	0
A Widow, per T. I. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Osborne	0	10	0
Mrs. Walton, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.	2	2	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
A Thankoffering for Sermon No. 1693.	0	10	0
The late Mrs. G. H. Hildyard	5	5	0
Mr. Wm. Thomas	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Butler	1	1	0
Miss Ellen Stock	0	10	0
Mrs. Martin...	0	5	0
Mrs. Ferrett and friends..	0	1	6
Mrs. Ellen Grounds	0	1	0
Mr. John Cameron	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dore...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Woodhouse...	1	1	0
Strone Sunday-school Box, per Mrs. Mowbray	1	0	0
"Eusebia"	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Norwich, by Rev. John Spurgeon (less £2 paid to lecturer)	8	0	0
Per Rev. John Spurgeon :—			
Mr. W. Medcalf... ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. M. E. Clark ... 0 5 0			
A working woman ... 0 5 0			
A friend of orphans ... 0 2 6			
	1	12	6
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes, Shoreditch Tabernacle	1	12	0
J. N. O., Newcastle	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
Miss Arkill (quarterly) ... 0 5 0			
Mr. John Jones (annual) 1 0 0			
Mr. W. F. Masters ... 0 10 0			
J. B. K. (quarterly) ... 0 2 6			
	1	17	6
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
A Farmer's wife	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Ned	0	5	0
Mrs. Frazer	0	5	0
Mrs. Mitchell	1	0	0
Milton Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor W. Goacher	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. W. H. Elliott ...	1	6	1
Collection at Communion Service, North Finchley, per Pastor J. Chadwick	1	0	0
Sale of books, J. A. S.	0	6	0
A visitor, per Mr. Hyde	0	2	0
Sighthill Free Church Sabbath-school, collected during March; per Mr. T. Morrison	2	4	0
Mrs. Winsor's box...	0	10	0
Sale of Stockwell Orphanage tracts ...	0	0	6
Bread for the Orphans, from a member of the Tabernacle	0	1	11
Children's Missionary box, Gorebridge Sabbath-school, per Rev. T. Forsyth	0	12	0
Marshall-street Baptist Sunday-school, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mrs. Macleay	3	0	0
Mrs. Shaw	0	5	0
Mrs. Haigh	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Padden	0	0	6
A. Z., per V. J. C....	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	19	0
Stamps from Hereford	0	1	0
Mizpah	0	2	6
Collected by Pastor W. Higgins ...	0	5	9
Collected by Master W. Chiddock ...	0	6	4
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	1	17	0
Box at Orphanage gates...	0	17	11
A Sunday-school class, per Mr. J. Morgan	0	5	0
R. B., a well-wisher, Norwich	0	10	0
Band of Hope Union, per Secretary ...	0	19	0
Master J. W. Bell	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers, May 1st ...	2	2	0
Executors of the late Mr. R. Nicholson (less allowance to Mrs. Nicholson) ...	600	0	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Mold, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. I. Atkinson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Tebbutt, per Pastor T. H. Smith	2	2	0
	£791	19	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: A bushel of Winkles, Mr. Thompson; 150 Eggs, Mrs. S. J. Linnell; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a churn of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock.

GENERAL.—14 Books, Pastor J. Chadwick; box of Primroses, Bible-class Congregational Sunday-school, Petworth; a box of Wild Flowers, Rev. Henry Wright; a Knitted Counterpane, Mrs. C. Hodges; a box containing Slippers and Sundries, "Victory."

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—61 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; parcel of Calico, Mrs. J. S. Wainwright.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—5 Night Shirts, Mrs. J. Brown's Bible Class, Balham; 14 Woollen Shirts, Mrs. M. A. Holcombe; a Flannel Shirt, Mrs. E. Clarke.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
"In memoriam"	10	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
A young mother and her two little sons...	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Callam	2	0	0
Mrs. Walton, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
J. C.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Dore...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
M. E. H., per V. J. C.	0	5	0
	£125	9	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Oxfordshire Association, Witney ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Mr. J. E. Taylor, for Aylesbury ...	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. T. Jones	5	0	0
East Devon Colportage Association ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Tring...	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
	£92	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss A. Freeman	0	5	0
Mr. C. Macey	0	5	0
Miss Gilbert...	1	0	0
Mr. D. J. Watkins (collected)	0	10	3
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss McClellan	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	10	0
N. O. P.	20	0	0
A friend at the Tabernacle, on her 50th birthday	0	2	0
From two friends	40	0	0
Mr. G. Shepherd	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. J. Dore...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Powell	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Mills	1	1	0
J. C. B.	1	1	0
Miss Price	0	5	0
Mr. F. Cockrell	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mrs. C. L. Russell	0	5	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
The Misses A. and E. Newman... ...	2	0	0
Mrs. A. Norris	0	10	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
	£98	7	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Balance of collection at Lyme Regis, per Mr. Burnham	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Enfield Highway	1	10	0
Mrs. C. Paige	1	0	0
Captain the Hon. R. Moreton	3	11	7
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mr. R. B. Warren...	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Wilkes	5	0	0
Mr. George Thompson	50	0	0
Mr. J. Dore...	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Hull	50	0	0
	£133	17	1

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—A lady, per Pastor C. A. Davis, £2; Mrs. Ellwood, £5; Durweston Chimers, per Mr. C. Adlem, 5s.: Mrs. M. O. Pringle, £1 1s.; Mrs. M. Callam, £1 1s.; Mr. Goodson, per Miss Gilbert, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Keevil, £5; a friend at the Tabernacle, on her fiftieth birthday, 10s.

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 SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1882.



COLPORTEUR IN THE FATHERLAND.

OFFICE AND DEPOT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,

SOUTHWARK, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

President.
REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.
REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Hon. Sec.
MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

Committee.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.	MR. T. MILLS.
„ J. BUSWELL.	„ C. MURRELL.
„ J. J. COOK.	„ J. PASSMORE, Junr.
„ J. EVERETT.	„ W. PAYNE.
„ G. GOLDSTON.	„ S. R. PEARCE.
„ G. GREGORY.	„ F. THOMPSON.
„ M. LLEWELLYN.	„ C. WATERS.
„ W. J. MILLS.	„ WOOLLARD.

General Sec.—REV. W. CORDEN JONES.

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.*

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

1882.

IN presenting the Sixteenth Annual Report, the Committee desire to record their deep thankfulness to God for the amount of work which the Association has been enabled to accomplish through its Colporteurs during another year, and that in so many instances their labours have been crowned with manifest blessing.

The number of districts occupied has been 79, as compared with 78 in the preceding year. Eight of these were new; but as 13 had to be discontinued because of the failure of local subscriptions, only 65 men were actually employed at the close of the year. While the Committee deeply regret this reduction, they did not feel justified, with the funds at their disposal, in working districts where no adequate assistance could be obtained towards the total cost, but trust that many other localities will be found where £40 a-year can be raised for a Colporteur.

But, although the number of men was rather less, the actual results were considerably in advance of previous years. The gross value of sales by Colporteurs was £8,038 2s. 2d., being an increase of £364 18s. 8d.; but, besides this, sales by Book Agents, &c., amounted to £214 7s. 9d. Considering, however, that a large proportion of this amount was realized by the sale of Magazines and Books varying in value from a halfpenny to sixpence, an amount of minute and persevering labour is evident, which it is difficult to estimate, either in its wide-spread area or in its far-reaching moral and spiritual results. The following statement will furnish some further illustration of the extent of the work:—152,085 Books were sold; 290,373 Magazines; 620,850 visits to families; 7,149 Services conducted; 74,000 Tracts given away. So considerable a quantity of thoroughly reliable literature, embracing Bibles and Testaments and many books which faithfully present the Gospel of Jesus Christ, having been purchased, and therefore probably read, cannot but have a powerful influence for good upon the readers; and numerous cases of conversion to Christ are reported as resulting therefrom.

But it should be remembered also that, in connection with their business of bookselling, the Colporteurs constantly visit so many thousands of homes as Christian Missionaries, and that they have, in a simple way, given so many Gospel Addresses.

There can be no doubt that this appeal to the eye of the mute, yet eloquent, printed page, and to the ear of the more persuasive power of the living voice of a sympathetic Christian man, constitutes an agency of unusual efficiency.

By these means the Colporteurs have been instrumental in making known the glad tidings of salvation so thoroughly and so widely that, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, an abundant harvest of souls shall be gathered, of which some first-fruits have already appeared, particulars of which are recorded in the extracts from the Agents' letters which follow.

Besides statistical testimony, however, many unsolicited commendations of the work have been received, accompanied in one instance by a donation of £100.

The need for Colportage was never greater than at present.

Infidelity is industriously using the printing press for circulating its blasphemies by means of tracts and pamphlets even in quiet rural districts, and the pack of the Colporteur contains the surest antidote in sound literature and scriptural truth. *Sacerdotalism*, and a religion of forms, is spreading in many localities where the only available and efficient counteractive is the Colporteur's quiet work.

Worse than all, perhaps, is the alarming *indifference* to all religion now so prevalent. But if the people will not go to a place of worship, the Colporteur goes to *them*, carrying the gospel of the Sanctuary to their places of labour and homes, both in affliction and health. The young, too, are being *educated* and will receive injury from the dangerous sensational publications in "Novelette and Penny Dreadful" form, which they will read unless some agency places within their reach the attractive and instructive serials so plentifully issued by many respectable publishers, and to do this is eminently the Colporteur's mission.

The Committee again call attention to the cheapness of the Agency, as only £40 a-year is required from a district towards the Agent's support; also to its undenominational character, the Colporteur being sent to labour amongst any evangelical Christians willing to co-operate for his support. The employment of Colporteurs is earnestly commended to the consideration of County Associations, Young Men's Christian Associations, Town Missions, and large employers of labour, any of whom might adopt Colportage with great advantage and economy. And while thankful for the assistance rendered by so many donors, the Committee trust that during the coming year the General Fund, which has to supplement almost all District Subscriptions, will be liberally supported. The thanks of the Committee are also due to the Religious Tract Society for liberal grants of Tracts and Books at a reduced rate, and to the British and Foreign Bible Society for the favourable terms upon which the Association has been supplied by them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE COLPORTEURS' REPORTS.

Mr. Beaney, who labours in a quiet Hampshire District, writes:—"I sold a book to a woman as a present to her daughter who was just leaving to go to service for the first time. She has often written to her mother since then, about certain passages of Scripture in that book, and speaks of the great blessing it has been to her. Her mother has every reason to believe that it has been the means of her daughter's conversion.

"A gentleman met me the other day, and told me of an old couple who had told him that they often found a good gospel book, which I had sold them, to be a great help and comfort to them, as they were getting old and feeble, and often could not venture so far as the places of worship were from their cottage.

"A blacksmith told me that a member of the Church, who had been very fond of intoxicating drinks, had called upon him to sign the pledge, giving as his reason, that I had made him so thoroughly ashamed of himself, that he felt bound to sign it for conscience' sake.

"The sick and infirm are always glad to see me; and the tracts are often eagerly sought for and read by those whom I used to think too abandoned to read anything good.

"I have enclosed a few tracts entitled 'Freethinker Tracts,' as samples of a large number which I find in the houses about my district. Some of them are given away personally, others are sent by post. Books are also lent to people, the titles of some of the chapters being as follows: 'Christ a liar,' 'Was Christ sane?' etc. Perhaps, sir, you will think these tracts and books are *too* blasphemous and vulgar to do much harm; but there is a large class of people who eagerly devour them, and upon whom their effects are seen. Sometimes those who distribute them will come and listen to me preaching, and, although I fear they come only to scoff and ridicule, I pray God the Word may be applied with power to their souls."

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED BY READING A BOOK.—The Colporteur at Horley also reports meeting with infidelity in his district:—

"I came in contact with an infidel; his wife lay dead in the house. He first refused me admission, but I got an entrance. I then told him of the realities of death and the future world, to which he must shortly pass. I spoke to him about his wife, and the words touched him, and tears came in his eyes. He said he would give the matter careful consideration. I left him a tract, gave him a book called 'The Child of Jesus,' trusting to the Lord to save his soul, and to reveal himself to him as the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

"I sold a book called 'Saving Faith,' and the reader was led to see his error, and let all his trust in good works fall to the ground, and trusted in the blood of Christ for the pardon of his sins.

"In the case that I mentioned, where I went to the infidel, the book that I left with him he read; and that little book called 'The Child of Jesus' led him to see that there was something beyond the grave, and when I revisited him he wished me to explain to him concerning another world, and by my weak efforts I tried to do, and he was led to see his error, and *now he has burnt all his infidel books*, and bought some from me; he is now rejoicing in a real Saviour. The truth that I tell is winning its way to the hearts of those that read it, and at the Mission Church that I go to every Sunday evening to preach the word there are anxious inquirers who have been impressed under the sound of the blessed gospel."

From Thornbury, Gloucestershire, the agent reports:—

NEED OF COLPORTEURS EVERYWHERE.—"I am more than ever convinced that a regular visitor is needed to visit the cottages of our poor; for I find a large number of very old people living in my district little cared for by anyone, and still in darkness as regards the future. Some of them have had to confess to me that 'No one ever calls but you, sir,' to tell them of Jesu's love, and of a heaven to gain. I will illustrate by telling of one, an aged woman, thirteen years past the allotted time of life (viz. three score years and ten), living almost alone, her son coming home evenings. She cannot read or write, and owns herself to be still without an interest in the Blood of Christ. I read, talked, sang, and prayed with her several times,

the story of the Cross by the history of the Brazen Serpent. I pray that the message may be blessed to her soul's salvation. I have said nothing about services in which I am continually engaged, but feel assured they are being blessed; also temperance work in which I am engaged, but feel assured eternity alone will unfold all the real good that has resulted from the work here as in other districts."

Mr. LLOYD continues his useful work at Poole. This agent visits the villages and hamlets covering a radius of nearly ten miles. In his report he states:—

"My sales have been for 1882:—

Bibles	153
Testaments	58
Books, 6d. and upwards	1,331
Books, under 6d.	2,197
Monthly magazines	6,212
Packets of Books	104
Packets of Scripture cards	284
	10,339
Total value	£184 9s. 3d.

I have also distributed upwards of 6,000 gospel and temperance tracts. I have delivered 129 sermons and temperance addresses in chapels, cottages, and the open air, besides having read portions of Scripture and engaged in prayer in many homes under cases of illness and bereavement, as well as with the aged and infirm.

"I have now upon my book about 500 subscribers for monthly magazines, 300 of whom used not to purchase or read any good or pure literature, until induced to do so by my efforts.

"Again, I often meet cases in which the influence of good literature on the morals of the people is manifest. Some on whom I used to call were very careless about themselves and their children, who are now anxious to improve themselves in every way they can, and very anxious about their children's welfare. Also I can point to several cases of youths and young women who used to read novels and papers of an immoral character, who have been induced to change them for the 'Boy's' or 'Girl's Own Paper,' and other magazines of a similar type, and I have had the thanks of the parents for the change."

Mr. KEDDIE sends a yearly report from Maldon District, Essex, where much success has been given to him. He conducts religious services regularly at the Mission Chapel, Woodham Walter, which he has been instrumental in getting built and paid for. He reports:

"In looking back over the past year, I can see more causes for rejoicing than for despair. I have managed to sell 59 Bibles, 42 Testaments, 940 books under 6d., 377 over 6d., 7,265 magazines, 27 packets of books, 51 packets of cards, amounting in all to £136 5s. 10½d., being an advance on last year of £9, and I cannot conceive of such an amount of good books being sold without corresponding results. I mourn sometimes that I cannot see more visibly the effects of our endeavours to win the hearts of men to Jesus by good books, yet have hope that they are having a great secret influence on men, and will ultimately accomplish the end desired.

"I have been enabled to conduct 90 religious services, none of which have been void of interest and blessing. Men who formerly "cared for none of these things" are now sitting regularly and attentively under the preached word. One who was in the act of committing suicide by hanging himself, and was only saved by being cut down, is now we hope under serious impressions.

"We have formed a branch of the Blue Ribbon Army Gospel Temperance movement at our Mission Station at Woodham Walter. Our first meeting resulted in over 50 signing the pledge. Since then the numbers have increased to 80, and amongst these were two of the greatest drunkards in the neighbourhood. In connection with one of those men's signing there is an interesting incident. The one who is a blacksmith by trade hires a man to help him in his work in the evenings. The two usually went direct to the public-house on closing up, and spent more than they earned. However, the blacksmith abstaining put a stop to it, and the other man, on hearing what his master had done, resolved in his mind that he never would taste it either; but keeping (at the same time) his conviction to himself. A few weeks had passed, in the course of which he had saved a considerable sum of money: he then went into

the town and purchased three pairs of boots for his children, came home as sober as he went out, and as he opened the door of his home his wife looked at him rather curiously as she saw him take the boots and place them on the table. She saw he looked affected and kept silent until he could command his feelings. We will leave you to guess his thoughts. But, further, this man has been constant in attendance at our Chapel since, and he makes a practice of going home, where he takes his Bible, reads the chapter, and then the hymns which we have had at service. Last Sabbath evening he was observed while doing so to be deeply affected; indeed, he firmly believes he is under deep soul concern.

"I have opened a new Mission in one of the lowest parts of the town. I spoke to a gentleman about it, and he has agreed to pay half of the rent of the premises. It will be uphill work, but remember us in prayer."

Mr. Keddie concludes by describing a case in which he had induced a man who did not know the alphabet to learn to read, and who now takes delight in the Bible.

Mr. GILPIN, of Ironbridge, sends also his yearly Report, which will be read with interest:—

COLPORTEUR'S REPORT, for the year ending, October 31st, 1882.—"It is with pleasure I lay before my Committee my yearly Report, ending October 31st, 1882, as Colporteur for the Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District.

"During the year there have been sold 8,461 publications, comprising, 126 Bibles, 160 Testaments, 1,829 books under the value of sixpence, 11,067 above that value, 4,967 Magazines, 312 packets of tracts, cards, etc., of the total value of £132 6s. 2½d.

"In addition to this 9,500 tracts have been distributed free of cost, and about 900 visits to families in cases of affliction, spiritual conversation, reading of scriptures and prayer.

"During the year there have been held 310 cottage and open-air services. Cottage services held as follows:—

Frog Meadow,	Monday,	average	attendance	...	25
Lincoln Hill,	Tuesday	,,	,,	...	30
Nailer's Row,	Wednesday	,,	,,	...	25
Roper's Hill,	Thursday	,,	,,	...	50
Ditto,	Sunday	,,	,,	...	50
Maddy Wood,	Friday	,,	,,	...	13
					190

"Average attendance weekly, 190, the greater portion of whom do not attend any other regular place of worship.

"Every Sunday during a greater part of the summer three open-air services have been held (with the assistance of kind friends) and they have been well attended.

"As to results, I may state that the seed has been scattered broadcast; some few have been gathered into the fold of Christ, whilst in others there has been a marked change in moral habits, if no more.

"In visitation of the sick there are those who have been pointed to Christ, who have professed to believe on Him, to the reality of such cases I must leave them in the hands of a loving and merciful God.

"I beg to express my thanks to those kind friends who have been true helpers, and for the very kind reception I have had from a large circle of supporters.

"Grateful to the Master Himself for such measure of His blessing as my labour has received, looking up to Him for grace in the future, I remain, yours in Christ Jesus Our Lord."

Mr. GARRETT, of Cheddar, reports a large amount of sales made:—"I am glad when I look over my last year's account to find that, although I cannot record striking conversions through the sale of books or preaching, much good seed has been scattered which must do good, and, I hope, bear some good fruit. Last year, from January to December, my returns were £294 17s. 2d., against £291 13s. the year before. This is a little increase, but not so much as I should like to see. The weather for the whole of the year has been very trying for travelling and also for the farm labourer. It is the same cry, door after door—'Cannot buy, no money; my husband has no work, or can't work on account of the wet.' To leave a tract, and drop a word of good cheer, under such circumstances is but cold comfort

where the common necessaries of life are needed. Still, this is all we can do in such cases as these. One place where I call through on my rounds, an old woman whom I visit tells me, that no one ever calls to see her, to read or 'make a prar' (offer prayer)."

Mr. COLLIER, of Swaffham, Cambs, has good news of numerous conversions in his District :—"I am glad to be able to tell you that the Lord is doing great things for us here, for which we cannot but praise his holy name. The last Sunday in last year was a very blessed time, the power of the Holy Spirit being manifestly engaged throughout the whole day. We began with a special service among the Sunday-school children, several of our teachers helping me at the service. I preached again, afternoon and evening, and conducted a watchnight service. Some four or five were led to decide for Christ that night, which was the first-fruits of others to come in. We commenced a week of special meetings the first day of the year, and such was the power of the Spirit—working through those meetings—that we could not give them up, but have kept them on most nights since. We had as many as fourteen stand up for Jesus Christ at once, and last Thursday evening (February 22nd) Mr. Apthorpe and the Rev. Mr. Tarn, of Cambridge, with two other gentlemen, came over to receive twenty-seven new members into the Church, most of whom professed directly or indirectly to have been led to Jesus through my poor services. They came to the meetings, where, awakened to a sense of their condition as poor lost sinners, became anxious about their souls' salvation. I then visited them at their homes, using every means, both by reading, talking, and praying with them, and God blessed the efforts thus put forth. The work is still going on.

"I was conducting the services on Sunday last, and two others gave me their names for membership, and the service to-night (28th) was quite as largely attended, and a good feeling throughout the meeting was manifest. My visits among the sick and afflicted (and there have been a great many such of late) have been much blessed, both to the comfort of those who believed on Christ, and to the leading of others to a saving knowledge of Him as their Saviour. Some have passed away to be with Christ, others have been raised up again, in whose lives there is a marked change. One I saw to-day told me he was very near home, who, although a regular attendant at the chapel here, when I first visited him, some weeks ago, could not feel he was safe for eternity, but now, thank God, can say he is on the rock Christ Jesus.

"Blessing has also rested upon the books sold, especially Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, one woman telling me, she never had a sermon do her so much good as one from the text, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Another woman has been led to cast away the hope of being saved by her good works, and to trust Christ alone for salvation, through reading a tract I left with her. I might tell much more, but space forbids. May the Lord give out His Spirit more abundantly upon us all, that still greater things may be done in the name of Jesus. I have made for the quarter 2,799 visits, those to the sick not included, services held 47, Bibles sold 13, books (various) 328, magazines 633, goods (assorted) 171; amount of cash taken, £18 4s. 1d. Hoping the sales may go on increasing, and be as successful as other branches of the work."

Mr. FORD, of Minchinhampton, writes :—"I sold 'A Peep Behind the Scenes' to a young woman for 3d., and the Lord has blessed it to all the family so much that she gave me an order for one at 3s. 6d. She said she would always have one in the house. The young woman had been very wicked. The magazines are like to the wind, their influence is felt all round, wherever they go. Many are taken into the factory, and are read by those that do not buy one; and they are carried by those that buy them to the sick and the aged. Dear sir, if you could see the influence that these magazines carry into villages where there is no place of worship. Sometimes the whole of the family will come out to meet me with the books, and I know that from reading them they have been induced to attend a place of worship. The visits with the tracts have been made a blessing. I called upon an aged person where there was a family of little children. After talking with them some of their neighbours came in, and we held a prayer meeting in the house. With tears they asked me to come soon again."

LUDLOW DISTRICT.—Mr. Cornock sends the following report :—"On one occasion I got access to a gentleman's house and embraced the opportunity of speaking to the servants, eight or ten in number. On opening my knapsack one of them coolly

remarked 'Those soft things, I have a box full upstairs; I always burn them.' I carefully but candidly observed, 'I wonder that you have a box full if you always burn them,' but in the end disposed her to buy some of my good books, although she first called them 'soft things.' Another remarked, in a disappointed tone, 'Why, they are all religious,' showing her aversion to such literature, but she also purchased a good book. Another very abruptly said, 'Bring me a good murder and I will buy it.' I offered her the Bible, saying 'This Book tells of the most dreadful murder ever committed. They murdered the Lord Jesus, and you and I are among his murderers, and shall be held responsible unless we accept the gospel and believe in Him for the pardon of our sins.'

"February 6, 1882: Was led to take a motto to market, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Observing an old man reading it, I asked him 'Has He put away your sin?' He shook his head, saying 'Time He had.' I then added 'It says sin of the *world*. You are in the *world*, don't you think He means *you*.' I again urged this point, when the old man, seeming to realize it, exclaimed 'Bless God for that! Bless God for that!' I trust he got the blessing.

"A young man had been reading penny novels before I came in contact with him, but the Lord enabled me to persuade him to give it up, and take a better book from me. Before leaving this district he bore the following testimony to me personally: 'I like your books, Mr. C., I feel happier since I gave up the novel. I am glad you persuaded me to give it up. Can you post them to me where I am going?'"

Mr. BEARD, of Burton-on-Trent, reports:—"In many cases I have been able to persuade young people to give up reading such light trash as 'Bow Bells,' and take in the 'Sunday at Home,' 'Quiver,' etc. I have also been much blessed in visiting the sick. God has made me the instrument in bringing them to the foot of the Cross. I was called in to visit a young man who had been visited by a lot of Christian men. I asked him if he had received the joy of salvation. His answer was, No. But that is what you want, is it not? He said, 'Oh, yes,' but he had not faith enough. I said, 'My friend, it is not faith that saves you, it is Christ, and Him alone.' I prayed with him and pointed him to Christ. The next time I went, he had to do most of the talking, he was so full (he said) of the love of Christ, he hardly knew where he was. In a few days he passed away; his end was perfect peace. During the three years I have been here, I have established seven Temperance Societies, and Bands of Hope; six out of the seven are doing well. Unto God be the glory."

MR. BOYDEN, of Cardiff, gives an encouraging account of his work;—"I am glad to tell you that my work is prospering in this district. I am making good sales, and feel that the Lord is blessing my labours, in speaking and holding cottage meetings. I hold two cottage meetings weekly in the town, and go to the village chapels and mission rooms to take services on Sunday. I am glad to tell you that I have heard of three cases lately, that books I have sold have been made a blessing to those who bought them. I sold 'Danesbury House' to a man who was addicted to drink. He did not know it was a temperance tale or perhaps he would not have bought it, but God blessed the reading of it, and led him to give up the drink, and, when I went that way again, he gave me a warm welcome, and bought five shillings' worth of books. He sent me home with a light heart. It is an awful place for drink where he lives, so that I cannot sell many books there.

"The other was a man blessed by the B. W. M. for October. His sister bought and lent it to him; and the other was a poor crippled girl, who was fond of reading. Her mother bought the 'Sunshine' and other little books for her, and God blessed them to her soul; and now He has taken her home to be with Him.

"The cheap editions issued by the R. T. S. has been a great help to me in getting into homes that I could not before. They would buy a penny book, and then that has given them a taste for reading.

"Bad literature is sold by nearly all booksellers in this town. So many novelettes of impure character, that we have a great work to fight against it, and we need your prayers that we may prosper in the work."

Collecting Boxes or Books will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year 1882.

Dr. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—						
Wages	4,371	12	3			
Expenses	391	14	4			
				4,763	6	7
To Depôt Expenses—						
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants,	442	8	10			
Printing, and Stationery, ...	95	2	1			
Postages and Bank Charges ...	35	10	7			
Advertising and Travelling... ...	10	0	3			
Cleaning and Sundries	4	8	11			
				587	10	8
Travelling Secretary, Salary and Expenses	139	12	11			
Tracts given away	10	15	0			
Expenses of Annual Meeting and Conference	21	8	10			
Prizes to Colporteurs	20	0	0			
				191	16	9
Surplus carried to account of Capital				317	11	8
				£5,860	5	8

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Gross Profit on Sales				1,975	2	9
By Subscriptions for Districts	2,453	11	11			
,, ,, General Purposes, including £100 for Travelling Secretary and £20 from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for prizes ...	1,429	19	3			
				3,883	11	2
By Interest on Deposit				1	11	9
				£5,860	5	8

Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1882.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—						
Publishers, Printers, &c.	805	1	5			
District Subscriptions paid (in advance)	107	19	4			
				913	0	9
Capital as per account to 31st Dec., 1881	1,593	11	0			
Surplus for 1882 (see General Account)	317	11	8			
				1,911	2	8
				£2,824	8	5

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Stock in hand—						
At Depôt	592	17	7			
With Colporteurs	846	8	4			
				1,439	5	11
By Debtors—						
Colporteurs' balances (in transit) ...	337	5	8			
Book Agents	30	2	8			
District Subscriptions (in arrear) ...	259	13	0			
				627	1	4
By Cash—						
Balance in Hand				757	16	2
				£2,824	3	5

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
9th April 1883.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.
JOHN N. WILLIAMSON CARR. } Auditors.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1883.

Sunday Morning in St. Giles's.

IN the olden time St. Giles was supposed to be the patron of lepers; and accordingly we find that, out of gratitude for services rendered in this direction, the Londoners dedicated several important churches to him. First, there is the mother church of Camberwell. Next comes the grand old pile, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, one of the best-known gathering-places of Puritans when the art of pulpit lecturing was in its prime. Then, as the list is long enough for our present purpose, comes St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, once a veritable rural sanctuary, but now the centre of a parish which is proverbial for its crime, squalor, and overcrowding.

Bad as the place is, however, and ill as its odour has been for many generations, the greensward once surrounded the handsome parish church, and quiet country lanes once invited the footsteps of contemplative pedestrians. Even now, if we have an eye to detect the picturesque remnants of Old London, we shall find what we want far more readily in the vicinity of Seven Dials than in the respectable thoroughfare of new Oxford-street which was cut through many of the more notorious of the St. Giles's rookeries. Many of the houses are older than the parish church, which was rebuilt one hundred and fifty years ago, and they are literally crowded with tenants from the attics to the cellars in a manner which no other quarter of poor London can surpass. What a spectacle presents itself as we look in this direction and then in that in order to receive a complete impression of the entire scene! How many generations have passed since anything like Sabbath-day decorum settled on this singular spot! Here is a

population which, taken as a whole, knows no more about the true God than a heathen tribe in the interior of Africa. The church bells speak a language these people do not comprehend; they have never seen the inside of Bloomsbury Chapel, nor of their parish church, though both almost overshadow their old-fashioned murky streets. What shall be done for them? They will not come to the gospel; we must therefore carry the gospel to them. A large proportion of the people are a migratory race, so much so that one historian says: "The story of St. Giles's parish should properly embrace the whole records of London vagrancy."

For more than thirty-five years, or since the settlement of Dr. Brock in London, the Domestic Mission, associated with Bloomsbury Chapel, has been carried on in the needy area of St. Giles's parish; and at present Mr. William Harrison, the missionary, is able to tell of two hundred persons, chiefly won from the drunken and degraded classes, who are members of the church. Many of these people have very singular histories; and when we contrast their present condition with their former state, we perceive that the change has indeed been miraculous. Before we come to individuals, however, we will give a brief description of the surroundings of the Mission Chapel as they appeared on the morning of May the 6th in the present year.

Though Bloomsbury Chapel stands in a broad and commanding thoroughfare, a walk of two or three minutes brings us to the very heart of St. Giles's, or to the centre of the Seven Dials.* The main streets we had just left appeared as though the spell of the Sabbath had fallen upon them; but although even in St. Giles's Sunday has certain characteristics not belonging to the other days, the day can hardly be said to yield any break in the monotony of existence which here oppresses the poorest of the population. As the building of the seven streets which make a star dates from the close of the seventeenth century, the houses are begrimed by the murky atmosphere of two hundred years; but they are not more dirty or weather-beaten than the people who inhabit them, and who have their own way of turning Sunday to account while others are in their places in the surrounding churches and chapels. As we press forward the very air seems to become thicker than it is in other places; and, indeed, it requires but a slight stretch of imagination to make the Dials the centre of a vast ant-hill, and the seven points of the star so many ant-roads swarming with life. Alive at all times, these dingy retreats are more lively than usual on Sunday morning; for it is then that business is most brisk. The general aspect of Dudley-street at noon is a combination of what may be seen at the same hour in several other parts of London. If we are able to take notice of a little window-gardening on some of the leads it shows that love of the sweet country still lingers in the heart of men in spite of all the desolating surroundings. The bird-shops constitute a bird-fair on a smaller scale than that found in Spitalfields; but the interest excited in the breasts of slouching loiterers, who smoke

* The dial-stone was taken down in 1774, when an unsuccessful search was made for treasure supposed to be concealed beneath. It may now, we believe, be seen on Weybridge-green.

short, dirty pipes, and stand admiring, with their hands in their pockets, is keen to the last degree. Even those who do not actually belong to "the fancy" are still bird-fanciers; and a pigeon flying-match in the street constitutes as choice a piece of Sabbath recreation as could be offered to them. The birds represent a wide range in regard both to quality and price, "duffing" canaries, or painted sparrows, being sold for a few pence, while superior songsters, which are sometimes carried about by professionals from one tavern to another, will realize as many guineas. Whether the foreigners, of whom there appears to be a colony of seven thousand near at hand, ever imbibe this love of birds, which is so characteristic of London labourers and mechanics, may be doubted; but they are there to swell the traffic and bustle of the Sunday morning. The Dial folks wear out their shoes like other people; and next to the exhibition of birds in Dudley-street one is impressed with the show which professional "translators"—*i. e.* dealers in repaired old boots and shoes—are able to make in the same region. There must be at least a score of these emporiums in this one thoroughfare alone; and while all have ample stocks of blackened and polished wares, some of the vendors have only a cellar in which to live and work, their goods being arranged on a level with the roadway, while the artisan, his wife and children, and, perhaps, some lodgers, burrow in the region beneath! This phase of life in St. Giles's must be seen to be understood, as pen and pencil combined could hardly give a true picture. One may look and shudder as the ghastly conditions of cellar life are realized; but we shall shudder again when the truth about some of the houses is revealed. On the preceding day, for example, one had supplied two cases for the local coroner; in one instance a drunkard had hanged himself; in the other a child had suddenly died. Though sufficiently shocking in themselves, these tragedies seem to be quite in keeping with the surroundings of the neighbourhood.

The crowd thickens as we move forward towards Five Dials, near where Mr. Harrison's Mission Chapel, capable of accommodating about five hundred persons, is situated. Indeed, we are here in the midst of a large Sunday morning market with a character peculiarly its own. The narrow street is crowded, a brisk trade is going on in all the wares which the poorest need. Toys, pictures, old clothes, provisions, fruit, and meat, all combine to impart a blended colouring to the outlook; and the Babel maintained by vendors and buyers is not outdone by Rag-fair itself. What an audience, made up of many nations, for an evangelist to work among!

We are standing in the midst of the tramps', the beggars', the sharpers' metropolis. It is here they choose to herd, and they have done so for generations. What school-board can ever hope to catch all these ragged, unwashed, uncombed children? Who shall tame these St. Giles's amazons, bonnetless and slatternly, whose features are marked by the lines of misery and sin? The men are, most of them, of like kind, difficult to reach and hard to reclaim. The leopard may sooner change his spots than the professional imposter his ways. One of the real St. Giles's genus has just shot past us in his Sunday dishabille. When at his work he can assume any disguise to suit his begging purposes, that of a Romish priest being among his most

successful personifications. Other men are around us displaying special features of character, but in such a throng notice cannot be taken of all.

What shall be said of the common lodging-houses of St. Giles's? Here, in the course of generations, the proverb has been verified in a thousand ways concerning poverty making people acquainted with strange bedfellows. We just now peered with some curiosity into the semi-dark cellar dwellings of "translators" and others; but knowing, as we do, something about the insides of those terrible lodging-houses, we should certainly prefer any burrow of our own to the society of the common kitchen, or to keeping company with the *élite* of tramps and beggars in the vermin-haunted rooms above. This is a strange world at its best, but stranger still at its worst; romance in fiction is mere commonplace invention when compared with the awful revelations of real life which these underground retreats and threepenny lodgings afford. Where are the barristers, the clergymen, the magistrates, and others, who from time to time fall from their social position to disappear in the vulgar crowd? If they are to be found at all, they can be found in St. Giles's, or in kindred places. More singular than their original fall is the fact that they usually sink lower than the lowest of their comrades. More profane, more drunken, more generally savage than the average run of degraded outcasts will sometimes be the renegade who has studied at the university, who has exhorted in the pulpit, or pleaded at the bar, and who once owned a fine house of his own, and rode in his carriage.

From the cellars and lodging-houses to Monmouth-court is but a short stride; and there we come upon the Seven Dials, or Catnatch Press, which for more than sixty years has poured forth over the country an immense stream of catch-penny and corrupting literature. The founder of the business was a native of Northumberland, named James Catnatch, who came to London in 1813, and subsequently commenced that traffic in songs, chapbooks, and "last dying speeches", which has made his name and house notorious. Still, in a rude way, this typical Seven Dials' publisher was a man of enterprise, since he appears to have been the first adventurer of his class to use the ordinary printers' ink and paper in the production of his wares. Prior to his day coarse paper, such as that used by grocers, was regarded as good enough for the tramps' or running-stationers' trade, while lamp-black and oil were substituted for ink. Catnatch altered all this by establishing a printing-office with the ordinary appointments, and by selling trashy songs by the yard, instead of charging the high prices which had formerly ruled. He seems to have always been on the look-out for talent in and about St. Giles's and Drury-lane; and when it is remembered that persons of classical education may be found in the attics, cellars, and lodging-houses of the district, one can readily believe that the supply of literary power was always sufficient. At all events, the trade carried on was sufficiently large for the publisher to realize a fortune which enabled him to end his days in elegant rural retirement. Nor has the traffic in anywise diminished in our own times; for, we believe that, on an average, between three and four thousand separate publications leave the publishing-office every day, and there are other publishers of a like kind. Such was the weight of coppers received

by Catnatch in the course of trade, that he perforce carried the money to the Bank in a hackney-coach, considerately taking care to boil the coins in disinfecting-fluid to prevent the clerks from catching a fever. Rubbish as they are in reality, these songs and broadsides of other days are eagerly sought by curiosity hunters, and realize high prices. The traffic proves that the Evil-one maintains a flourishing society of colporteurs, and warns us that the disastrous influence must be counteracted by a Christian agency of our own.

We have now said enough about St. Giles's parish itself as it appears on Sunday morning. In a future paper references will be made to the missionary efforts of Mr. W. Harrison, who, as the agent of the church at Bloomsbury Chapel, has won many trophies for Christ in this curious, closely-packed domain. In open-air preaching, in visitation, in temperance and other work Mr. Harrison is indefatigable, being in all respects a worthy successor of Mr. G. W. M'Cree, who did good service under Dr. Brock. A large number of persons assist the missionary, so that in a sense both Mr. Chown and Mr. Harrison are happy in their surroundings. Many of the conversions are very striking, the transition from drunken habits and savage degradation being in some instances really miraculous. When they become changed the people generally move away to more genial surroundings. This prevents the general effect of the work from being visible to those on the ground; yet those effects are none the less real and lasting. The seed sown in St. Giles's may be reaped elsewhere; but it is gathered into the Master's garner.

G. H. P.

"Our Bairn That's Deein'."

THE late Dr. James Hamilton had a capital illustration of how general prayers and "oblique sermons" fail to satisfy the soul in the emergencies of life. A Scotchman who had but one prayer was asked by his wife to pray by the bedside of their dying child. The good man struck out on the old track, and soon came to the usual petition for the Jews. As he went on with the time-honoured quotation, "Lord, turn again the captivity of Zion," his wife broke in, saying: "Eh! mon, you're aye drawn out for the Jews; but it's *our bairn* that's deein'!" Then clasping her hands, she cried: "Lord, help us, or give us back our darling, if it be thy holy will; and if he is to be taken, oh, take him to thyself." That woman knew how to pray, which was more than her husband did. And in her prayer she honestly poured out her heart's needs before God.

An "oblique sermon" is not a prayer. An audible meditation or a doctrinal dissertation is not a prayer. Telling the Lord a hundred things he knows better than we do is not prayer. If persons who lead in prayer had as vivid a conception of what they want, and as earnest a desire to get it, as this poor woman, would there be as many complaints about long prayers as we hear?—*Selected.*

The Prevalence of Evil an Argument in Prayer.

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THERE are many ways of pleading for the same thing when we draw near to God in prayer. In one condition of heart one form of argument will rise to the lip, while at another season our circumstances may suggest quite a different way of pleading with God. I was noticing while reading in the one-hundred and nineteenth Psalm the plea which the Psalmist urges with the Most High while entreating him graciously to work among men: he says, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law." We might urge as reasons for the Lord's working, the sorrows of mankind, the terrors of the world to come, the glory of God, and the merits of the Saviour. We might plead the promises, the covenant, the prophecies, and the long weary time of waiting before they are fulfilled; but it is a bright use of a gloomy fact when we can turn even the infidelity, the superstition, and the rebellion of man into an argument for the Lord's interference: "It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law." Thus we set our sail so as to use an adverse wind. We extract a reason for grace out of the reeking of iniquity.

We observe that many men now *deny the inspiration of the Scriptures*, and that is to make void the law of the Lord. Of what use is the Bible to us if it be not infallibly inspired of the Holy Spirit? An erring guide is as bad as none at all when a step may lead to ruin. If we have not the very mind of God in these pages, their essence, their authority, their life, their power are gone. Yet certain ministers, ay, ministers of Nonconformist churches, speak of the Bible as though it were in considerable portions of it blurred with mistakes, and by no means to be relied upon. They talk of "essential parts of the Old Testament," as if other parts might be laid aside; and some of them set up the gospels above the epistles, as if the one Spirit had not dictated all the Word. It is grievous to hear divines undermining the foundations of the faith which they are supposed to preach. "O Lord, we turn from these thine unfaithful servants to thyself, and cry, 'Do thou prove the Scriptures, fulfil the promises, and put power into the teaching of the cross, so that men may be compelled to own that thy law is not void, but that the Scripture cannot be broken.'" Thirty years ago or more John Angell James said—"Infidelity was never more subtle, more hurtful, more plausible, perhaps more successful, than in the day in which we live. It has left the low grounds of vulgarity and coarseness and ribaldry, and entrenched itself upon the lofty heights of criticism, philology, and even science itself. It pervades to a fearful extent our popular literature; it has invested itself with the charms of poetry, to throw its spell over the public mind; it has endeavoured to enweave itself with science; and he must be little acquainted with the state of opinion in this land, who does not know that it is espoused by a large portion of the cultivated mind of this generation. 'It is time for thee, Lord, to work.'" The statement is even more true at this hour, for still "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty are chosen." Let our prayers increase in fervour as we implore that "philosophy, falsely so called," may not be allowed to poison the springs of gospel teaching.

Certain bold spirits make void the law of God in a very dreadful way *by teaching a code of morals and a system of ethics contrary to the Word of God.* Laws as to property are freely assailed, as if the Lord had never said, "Thou shalt not covet." Killing is thought to be no murder if it is performed upon an enormous scale. The sacred chastities which give sacredness to family institutions are abused, and an attempt is made to exalt lust into the place which is due only to conjugal affection; indeed, there are filthy pens which dare to write of the marriage bond as if it were a chain and a curse. Lewd tongues attack all laws by which the social fabric is held together; the Sabbath is ridiculed, and the honouring of parents is considered out of date. Images are set up in places of worship, and material objects are publicly adored, as if this had not been most positively forbidden by the Lord of all. If it were not that the Lord of hosts has left unto us a small remnant, we should long ere this have been as Sodom, and been made like unto Gomorrah. Politically we should before now have shot over our national Niagara into anarchy and abomination; and we should have seen in London all the horrors of the French Revolution if it had not been for the godly who leaven the mass. How dreadful it must have been to have lived in Paris when all the foundations of society were loosed; when religion was debased into the worship of the goddess of reason; when virtue was regarded as vice, and vice as virtue! Ere it comes to that dreadful pass, be it ours to cry out unto the Lord—"It is time for thee to work." Surely it is now needful for the Lord to vindicate his holy law when loud-mouthed blasphemers criticize their Saviour, censure their God, and propose to overturn from its base the pillar of society. They not only make their own lives void of morality, but they labour to make void the law itself, that no one may regard it. As Caryl says, they act "as if they would not only sin against the Law, but sin away the Law; not only withdraw themselves from the obedience of it, but drive it out of the world; they would make void and repeal the holy acts of God, that their own wicked acts might not be questioned; and lest the Law should have a power to punish them, they will deny it a power to rule them."

Another order of men are active and earnest in attacking the law of God from another side *by multiplying rites and exalting ceremonies into a place which they should never usurp.* Of these I may say for the most part, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "They have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." They make void the law of God through their traditions. Being in all things too superstitious, they destroy the worship of God by their will-worship. To support their own invented rites and ceremonies they give us interpretations which becloud the gospel, and afford cover for priestcraft, monkery, Mariolatry, and image-worship. Sometimes these persons are called Papists, at other times Ritualists, and in many cases it is extremely difficult to see the slightest distinction: they are two apples from the same tree. Remember that to worship God otherwise than he has ordained is a sin which makes void his law. We are not really serving God at all if we presume to do it in our own way rather than in his way. To present to God "the unbloody sacrifice of the mass," is to dishonour the one sacrifice of our Lord Jesus. To worship Mary is to offend Jehovah. To bow before a crucifix is to commit idolatry under

pretence of reverence. Superstition is as real an adversary to the truth as scepticism itself, and it ultimately leads to irreligion. Idolatry conducts men to atheism, and superstition lands them in infidelity. Now that we see Anglican Popery covering our land with its altars, we may well cry, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law." Plead with God whenever you meet with either Rationalism or Ritualism, that he would graciously stretch out his hand and get to his pure word the victory!

I find that, upon the passage before us, I have written in my "Treasury of David" as follows:—"'It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law.' David was a servant, and therefore it was always *his* time to work; but being oppressed by a sight of man's ungodly behaviour, he feels that his Master's hand is wanted, and therefore he appeals to him to work against the working of evil. Men make void the law of God by denying it to be his law, by promulgating commands and doctrines in opposition to it, by setting up tradition in its place, or by utterly disregarding and scorning the authority of the Lawgiver. When sin becomes fashionable, a holy walk is regarded as a contemptible Puritanism; vice is styled pleasure, and vanity bears the bell. Then the saints sigh for the presence and power of their God. Oh for an hour of the King upon his throne, wielding the rod of iron! Oh for another Pentecost, with all its wonders, to reveal the energy of God to gainsayers, and make them see that there is a God in Israel! Man's extremity, whether of need or sin, is God's opportunity. When the earth was without form and void, the Spirit came and moved upon the face of the waters: should he not come when society is returning to a like chaos? When Israel in Egypt was reduced to the lowest point, and it seemed that the covenant would be void, then Moses appeared and wrought mighty miracles; so, too, when the church of God is trampled down, and her message is derided, we may expect to see the hand of the Lord stretched out for the revival of religion, the defence of the truth, and the glorifying of the divine name. The Lord can work either by judgments which hurl down the ramparts of the foe, or by revivals which build up the walls of his own Jerusalem. How heartily may we pray the Lord to raise up new evangelists, to quicken those we already have, to set his whole church on fire, and to bring the world to his feet."

Thus, dear friends, you see how the prominence of evil can be made to quicken us in supplication. *Every sin may be used as a plea in prayer.* If we were in a right state of mind, every time we heard a man swear in the street we should at once pray, "It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law." Every time we took up a newspaper, and our eye glanced upon a police case, we should pray in like manner. Every time we saw sin in our neighbours, or in our families, or felt its working in ourselves, we should cry out to God, "Lord, sin is at work, be thou at work; sin is hardening, sin is defiling; come, Lord, and work with all the softening and quickening processes of thy blessed Spirit, with all the purifying power of the water and of the blood, and so undo the evil working of the world, the flesh, and the devil. O Lord, meet energy with energy, meet fire with fire; and let thy Son, the seed of the woman, meet the seed of the serpent, and destroy all the works of the devil."

Thus, you see that good arguments for prayer may be raked up among the stubble of sin. As the Greenlanders find their wood washed up by the sea, so let us find fuel for the fire of our earnestness borne to us by the troubled sea of human wickedness. Brethren, let us wrestle in prayer, using this plea. Before we do so, let us distil a song from it, and sing a part of the twelfth psalm :—

"Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

"Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

"'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.'"

Dividing the House.

AT a preaching meeting held at Pen-y-Groes, in the parish of Leandegai, the Rev. J. Jones concluded his sermon (on "Dividing the House") as follows: "Well, my dear people, this is the best description I can give you of the two great masters—God and Satan. Let us now divide the house, and let each choose his master. I will see that Satan has fair play. Now let him have the first chance, and let every one that would be his servant acknowledge him fairly and openly. Blessed for ever be thy name, O prince of hell! Let each of his servants in this assembly respond, Amen! (This was followed by long silence, which was broken by the preacher.) Now or never own your master! I am going to give you one more chance, and one only. Now have your mouths in readiness to cry, Amen! Be men. Acknowledge Satan in the monthly meeting as well as in the fair, or desert him everywhere, and for ever. Come! Now for it. Blessed be thy name, O prince of darkness! On thy head be the crown, and let the Godhead be dethroned! Hurry with your amen!" (Great solemnity, and long silence.) "Well, now," said the preacher, "we shall turn to the other side. Followers of the Son of God, are you ready to acknowledge your Master, and to follow him through thick and thin? If you are, get yourselves ready. Rub off the rust from the old amens! I am ready. Are you ready, fathers and mothers in Israel, who have so long proved the religion of Christ? Your testimony will certainly be believed. And you young people will not be complained of if you shout amen from the depth of your soul. Let us begin. Blessed be our Lord Jesus Christ, who, although he was rich, for our sakes became poor,——" (Here the speaker was interrupted by a great united "Amen," that shook the chapel.)—*Taken from "The Bombay Guardian," a Methodist paper.*

"Right up to the Top."

FOR CHILDREN, AND THOSE OF CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"DOES my little Mary love mamma?
I would very much like to know."
"Oh, yes, mamma, to be sure I do;
Yes—I love you—oh—*ever so!*"

"Do you love me *so much?*" asked mamma—
Her hand held a foot from the floor—
"Yes, of course I do," the fond child said;
"Why, *I love you a great deal more!*"

"As much as this, then?"—the table's height—
"Yes, and more, my own mother dear"—
The hand goes higher—she still cries "More,"
Till as high as the chandelier.

"How much do you love me, then, my child?"
Mary pauses—(her eyelids drop)—
Then cries, her gaze on the ceiling fixed,
"*I love you* RIGHT UP TO THE TOP!"

* * * *

Would God that I loved my Saviour so,
And with Peter could say, "Yea, Lord,
Thou knowest all things, thou knowest I love
Thyself, and thy work, and thy word!"

I'd lean, like John, on my Lord alone,
Never using one earthly prop;
Trusting in life, and praising in death,
And loving "RIGHT UP TO THE TOP."

Forbid, dear Lord, that as Judas, I
(Though *he* dipped his hand in thy sop),
Should prize the silver above *the Pearl,*
Not loving thee "up to the top."

Like Thomas, I'd cry, "My Lord, my God,
Though *my* faith for seeing can't stop;
They are blest who've not seen, yet believe,
And love thee 'right up to the top.'"

Bernard's Dying Saying.

IT was a very sweet and excellent saying of Bernard, when in his own opinion he was at the point of death: "I confess," said he, "I am not worthy, I have no merits of mine own to obtain heaven by; but my Lord hath a double right thereunto; a hereditary right as a son, and a meritorious right as a sacrifice. He was contented with the one right himself; the other right he hath given unto me, by the virtue of which gift I do rightly lay claim unto it, and am not confounded."

Miss Macpherson in East London.

IN passing through the long thoroughfare of Commercial-street, which connects Shoreditch and Whitechapel, the eye of the pedestrian may be attracted by a somewhat heavy and mercantile-looking building, which on enquiry will turn out to be the Home of Industry, founded by Annie Macpherson, for the benefit of the waifs and strays of the great brick and mortar wilderness called East London. At first the building may not strike an observer as possessing any peculiar trait of interest apart from the heavy crane by which goods are raised to the various floors; but when we learn that in connection with this house, and the work of those who superintend the operations therein, between three and four thousand children have been rescued from squalor and crime in London for transplanting in Canada, then each window, doorway, or apartment seems to become all at once invested with that surprising novelty which can come from Christian devotion alone. Miss Macpherson is the friend of needy, perishing children, destitute of everything required to start them in the world even as agricultural labourers or domestic servants; and, as such, her labours deserve the grateful recognition of all sections of the church. Those who wish to peruse a more detailed account of the work in progress will find it in a book called "God's Answers," lately published by Nisbet and Co.

Though of Scotch descent, Miss Macpherson found her first sphere of Christian work among the coprolite diggers of Cambridgeshire; and her earliest assistants are stated to have been some of the persons who were converted under the youthful ministrations of Mr. Spurgeon, in the interesting, old-fashioned villages around the university town. In their Sabbath prayer-meetings these friends were accustomed to remember the amazing needs of the East-end of London, and in a manner little suspected by any of them at the time their leader was soon after removed in the course of God's good providence to that more crowded area of action.

Eighteen years ago, or in 1865, Miss Macpherson commenced her labours in London in connection with the Bedford Institute of the Society of Friends. In 1866 she accompanied her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Merry, to the United States, with the intention of settling in that region; but in consequence of Mr. Merry's health breaking down, the party returned, and Miss Macpherson was soon engaged once more among the children of Spitalfields and Bethnal-green. The first subject rescued was a girl whose father died of cholera, and whose mother, in her distress, attempted suicide. This child was taken into our friend's own home; and, as well as her brothers, was afterwards fairly started in the world. At that time the infant match-box makers were attracting some attention, and during her walks in London Miss Macpherson came upon a scene which indirectly led to the extension of her enterprise.

"In a narrow lane," she writes, "having followed high up a tottering spiral staircase till we reached the attic, the first group of tiny, pale-faced match-box makers was met with. They were hired by the woman who rented the room. The children received just three farthings for making a gross of boxes; the wood and the paper were furnished to the

woman, but she had to provide paste and the firing to dry the work. She received twopence halfpenny per gross. Every possible spot, on the bed, under the bed, was strewn with the drying boxes. A loaf of bread and a knife stood on the table, ready for these little ones to be supplied with a slice in exchange for their hard-earned farthings. This touching scene, which my pen fails to picture, gave me a lasting impression of childhood's sorrows. Never a moment for school or play, but ceaseless toil from light till dark."

Those were not the days of Board-schools, and so the first thing to be done was to open an evening school, though, of course, the little scholars would naturally be more desirous of sleep than of teaching when their cruel task-work was done. If anything effective was to be done it seemed to be imperatively necessary that the children should be taken in charge altogether, so that eventually one Home, to accommodate thirty, was opened at Hackney, and another of similar capacity was secured at the back of Shoreditch Church. Then, soon after, the commercial-looking premises in Commercial-street, which had served as a hospital during the cholera time of 1866, were taken, and there Miss Macpherson is still located. The house is situated in one of the worst and most densely populated quarters of London. In one square mile 120,000 people are living, and in the next adjoining streets there are said to be 3000 thieves. Soon after the house was opened, in 1869, Miss Macpherson, in order more properly to appreciate the needs of her juvenile constituency, slept one night in the Home; and, better than any language of ours, her own report will convey to the reader a correct notion of her experiences, *e.g.*:—

"No words can describe the sounds in the streets surrounding it throughout the night—yells of women, cries of 'Murder!' then of 'Police!'—with the rushing to and fro of wild, drunken men and women into the street adjoining the building, whence more criminals come than from any other street in London. At three o'clock the heavy rumble of market waggons commenced, and then the rush of the fire brigade. Thus much by way of asking special prayer for those whom God has made willing to live in the midst of such surroundings. On the other side of the building is an empty space known as Rag Fair, filled in the morning with a horde of the poorest women selling the veriest old rubbish. We are thankful to have among these a faithful Christian woman who, though a seller of rags, is able to testify of the great love of the Lord Jesus."

Soon afterwards something like a systematic visitation of the lodging-houses and homes of the neighbourhood was made, by which means some experience was bought which was afterwards turned to practical account. Vicious as they are in some respects, the low lodging-houses revealed many scenes of real distress, while elsewhere strange anomalies invited investigation. In one place a man was found in the hot kitchen breakfasting at ten o'clock at night on weak tea alone, that having been the only refreshment he had partaken of during the day. In one room a man was seen making beautiful silk velvet on wages which amounted to about five shillings a week; elsewhere little match-box makers out of work looked more wan and helpless than when fully employed; and at one gathering of the poor a woman was encountered who some time

before had kept her carriage. A cure was wanted for the squalor, the overcrowding, the starvation, and all the unheard-of suffering of the East-end; and it at once occurred to the eminently practical mind of Miss Macpherson that emigration presented the only panacea. If the boys and girls could be passed through a short industrial and Christian training, the Dominion of Canada offered openings without limit to all who could be sent.

The first party was taken out in 1869, and since that time our friend has not only crossed the ocean about thirty times, but she has established a branch training Home at Hampstead, and has another Home highly necessary for her purpose at Galt, Ontario, in place of that at Marchmont, destroyed by fire. The experiment of taking the children to the land of plenty at once proved a success; for on account of the great scarcity of labour in the new and fast rising country, situations can at once be found for all suitable applicants. "No contrast could be greater to one coming from the sight of the constant distress in the crowded East of London," Miss Macpherson remarks; "distress arising from want of work, food, light, air, and room to live and breathe in, and the comfort here beheld and experienced through the abundance of all; the pure fresh air, the sight of 'God's blessings growing out of our mother earth,' the ground ready to bestow so rich a return for all the labour bestowed on it, and the only want that of the human hands—the hands that, in our own land, are to be had so easily that human beings are expected to work like machines, and human frames are used as though made of brass or iron." At Woodstock, in Western Canada, "the boys were gazed at, admired, wished for, questioned, and petted, until we began to fear lest they should be spoiled by seeing the great demand for them. Had they been hundreds instead of ones there would have been no difficulty in distributing them into good houses." Then, on sitting down to a plentiful Canadian meal, she says: "It seemed almost more than my poor heart could bear when I called to mind the starving multitudes gathered in and ravenously devouring the morsel of bread dealt out to them in London. It made me long that the Christian women of our land would rise up in some great national movement, and help many thousands of our oppressed families to come out to this land of plenty, where millions of acres are crying for labour." The expense attending the transplanting each youthful subject is only £10, and ninety-eight out of every hundred taken out by Miss Macpherson are officially notified by the Government inspectors to be doing well. Cannot we heartily sympathise with young J. P., who, after being transferred to Canada, and placed in a good position, handed his benefactor twenty-five dollars with the remark, "Miss, that will bring another"? This unselfishness, this sympathy of the poor who have risen for those of their relatives who are still in the mire, is a very hopeful feeling, and it is constantly finding expression. "I like this country well," wrote one lad who had worked his way upward; "the crops are growing well, and there is prospect of a good harvest. Dear ma'am, I have a little brother nearly ten years old, and he is living with my mother; he wants to come to this country, and mother is willing he should, and I think I have enough to pay his passage out; and if it please you, would you take him into your Home and send him out with your boys?"

The children rescued and provided for in this common-sense manner are for the most part really of the street arab class; they are such subjects as would naturally develop into the criminal classes, of whom society stands so much in dread. Large numbers of them have been taken direct from the streets, and many others have been withdrawn from degrading associations before they became defiled. The Canadian farmers are not only willing to take these children as servants, many even adopt them as their sons and daughters. What a change is this from the squalor and starvation of our overcrowded capital! Some have come from the workhouse; others, who are not the offspring of degraded parents, are dependents of poor struggling widows or ailing fathers, who from necessity allow their children to be taken to the land of plenty. Home missions have achieved no greater miracles than are exemplified in many of the histories of which Miss Macpherson is able to tell in connection with her operations. Boys and girls snatched from the most terrible surroundings are now helping to build up an empire colony by living as hard-working, creditably educated, and Christian members of society.

To what grander use can our magnificent colonies be put than that of giving a home to such as are too unfortunate to have either health or employment worthy of the name in the Mother Country? God has provided the openings; let the church, therefore, not shrink from the duty of aiding the helpers to aid themselves. Our fathers were wont to curse certain of the colonies by sending them a criminal population, but we have found out a more excellent way; and such is the power of the gospel to transform the natures of children that we do not press upon the acceptance of Transatlantic friends that which they do not care to accept. They are eager to receive that superabundant population which oppresses London by generating want and misery, and which either directly or indirectly also generates crime. The work is so good that it ought to be largely extended, until the vending of "lights" by poor little creatures at the railway termini becomes an obsolete occupation, or until the 30,000 still uncared-for waifs and strays on the streets of London are all caught and started in life.

Primroses and Violets.

WHEN we behold the primroses and violets fairly to flourish, we conclude the dead of winter is past, though as yet no roses or July flowers appear, which long after lie hid in their leaves or lurk in their roots, but in due time will discover themselves. Thus, if some small buddings of grace do but appear in the soul, it is an argument of far greater growth; if some signs be but above ground in sight, others are underground in the heart; and though the former started first, the other will follow in order: it being plain that such a man is passed from death unto life by this hopeful and happy spring of some signs in the heart.—*Thomas Fuller.*

William Penn, the Quaker Patriot.*

WILLIAM PENN, who was perhaps more of a patriot than any other Quaker of his time, is eminently interesting as a great figure in English history. He has been misunderstood and misrepresented in a degree which cannot fall to the lot of most men. Though he may never have been praised beyond his due, he has certainly been roundly abused on account of crimes which he never committed. Properly understood, he is a Christian exemplar, notwithstanding a few failings and eccentricities; portrayed by the prejudice of Macaulay, he is an enigma which neither Christians nor politicians can understand. We are glad that Dr. Stoughton has been prevailed upon by his enterprising publishers to add one more biography to those we already possess of this many-sided genius and distinguished Friend. In a successful and entertaining manner he has unfolded Penn's character—a character which no unbiassed reader will fail to admire.

Penn was born in London in 1644, when civil war was desolating England, and his father was a well-known admiral of those times, who after owing a good deal of his life-success to Cromwell, acted like a good many more by turning his face toward the rising sun at the Restoration and abusing his former benefactor. The admiral looked well after his son's education, however, and sent him to Chigwell Grammar-school, where he was thrown among Puritan associations. It was ordained by the founder of the school that, "The master should be a good poet; of a sound religion, neither papal nor Puritan; of a grave behaviour; of a sober and honest conversation; no tippler nor haunter of alehouses, no puffer of tobacco, and above all, apt to teach and severe in his government." After the Restoration Penn completed his education at Christ Church, Oxford; and when the days of trial set in, he was not permitted to fall. His father, the admiral, who had been something of a pseudo Puritan, now became an unmistakable Cavalier. He was not content for his son to remain among "the saints," much less for him to cast in his lot with the despised Quakers; and one expedient after another was tried unsuccessfully to allure young William back to the grovelling ways of the world. William was ultimately allowed to go in his own way, and in the end he is supposed to have become instrumental in his father's conversion.

William Penn was converted in childhood, and he was not much more than a child before he began to taste of the prevailing persecution. Concerning an address given to a company of Christians in early life, he once said: "I began to let them know how and when the Lord first appeared to me, which was about the twelfth year of my age, anno 1656. How, at times, betwixt that and the fifteenth, the Lord visited me, and the divine impressions he gave me of himself; of my persecution at Oxford, and how the Lord sustained me in the midst of that hellish darkness and debauchery; of my being banished the college; the bitter usage I underwent when I returned to my father; whipping, beating,

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* William Penn, the Founder of Pennsylvania. By John Stoughton, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 7s. 6d.

and turning out of doors in 1662; of the Lord's dealings with me in France, and in the time of the Great Plague in London. In fine, the deep sense he gave me of the vanity of this world, of the irreligiousness of the religions of it." While still a young man, he became a recognised minister among the Friends; and about the same time his published works gave rise to a good deal of lively controversy. The age was controversial; and "controversy became enveloped in metaphysical clouds," the arguments too often consisting of hissing, laughing, calling names, and putting out lights. One of Penn's leading opponents was Thomas Vincent, a man who as a pastor had done heroic service in London during the Plague, but who was touched in a sore place when one or two of his flock happened to become "convinced" at a Quaker meeting. Penn and Vincent debated in public, and they wrote against one another, all the while being more nearly agreed in regard to fundamentals than they suspected. As Dr. Stoughton remarks: "both believed in the divinity of our Lord, both believed in his sacrifice for sin, and both believed that men are saved by grace through faith. Theologically they differed; metaphysically they differed; yet, after all, in the main, *religiously* they were one. It might have been said to many a polemic two hundred years ago—and it might be said to many now, in the words of Moses, "Why smitest thou thy fellow?"

Penn preached at the London meetings; he travelled about the English counties; and after a confinement in Newgate for conscience' sake, he set out on a Continental tour in 1671. In connection with this journey the following episode occurred, which well illustrates the temper of the times towards those who made a profession of vital religion.

"There lived at Emden a physician named Harbert, who was passing through a religious experience similar to that of the English Quakers. He was in a state of deep spiritual anxiety, seeking for light from that quarter whence only the purest light can come, the Holy Spirit of God. His wife was in sympathy with him, and Penn's visit to them proved a graciously providential dispensation. They became decided Friends. Ten people sat down in this doctor's house to wait upon the Lord, and the circumstances, so strange then, threw the townspeople into an uproar. Sixteen or seventeen times over these confessors were banished, and then returned, stripped of all they had; but, two years after Penn's visit, they were still resolute, and one who wrote respecting them in 1673 says, "The Lord had regard to his name, and to their innocent cry, and supported them, and doth support them; and they have found it true that those who wait upon the Lord renew their strength."

Penn's first wife, Gulielma Springett, was daughter of an officer who died at the age of twenty-three after fighting on the Parliamentary side in the civil wars. Mrs. Springett, wife of this worthy, married Isaac Pennington; and Thomas Ellwood, the tutor resident with the family, was the well-known friend of Milton, who after reading the MS. of *Paradise Lost*, suggested to the poet that he should write something about Paradise found. Many sought the hand of this beautiful and accomplished Christian girl, but William Penn became the successful suitor; and after their marriage the happy couple settled at Worminghurst House, Sussex, the dowry of Gulielma. Although this was their home, however, the master of the establishment was so often called away by preaching

in the English provinces, and by missionary work on the Continent, that his seasons of domestic repose were necessarily few.

In depicting William Penn as he was at home, Dr. Stoughton says, that we can "imagine him in neat, plain dress, walking with a cane, which he was accustomed to carry, into his study, striking the floor with it when dictating to an amanuensis some emphatic sentence. He wrote rules for his household entitled 'Christian Discipline; or, Good and Wholesome Orders for the Well-governing of a Family.' He measured the hours of the day for work, according to the season of the year: seven, six, five o'clock was the hour for rising as summer advanced, and in autumn the hours again declined in order. He breakfasted at nine, dined at twelve, supped at seven, and went to bed at ten. He and his wife, his children, and servants assembled every morning for worship, and at eleven they had another meeting for reading the Bible and other religious books, especially the Martyrology. At six in the evening they met together again for divine service. The servants were required after supper to account for what they had done during the day, and to receive orders for the morrow. Rules laid down for the inmates of the house were very minute, descending even to the regulation of the voice; 'loud discourse and troublesome noise' being strictly forbidden. In case of any dispute, the sun was not to go down upon their wrath. Worship at meeting on First Day and at the appointed week hour was enjoined; nobody was to be absent, except from ill-health or some unavoidable engagement."

While the devoted Quaker was leading this kind of peaceable and godly life, there were those who were absurd enough to call him a Romanist in disguise. "Of a long time," said Penn himself, in 1678, "I have not only been supposed a papist, but a seminary, a Jesuit, an emissary of Rome, and in pay from the Pope." Soon afterwards the public went into a frenzy of excitement over Oates's revelations concerning an alleged popish plot; and while tens of thousands of recusants were driven out of London, many innocent persons became objects of suspicion. It may be that in the case of Penn the absurd suspicions were strengthened by the fact that he was far less straitlaced than other leaders of his denomination. On more than one occasion he even took part in an election contest on the popular side.

Penn became associated with the state now called Pennsylvania through the indebtedness of the Crown to his family. The late admiral had advanced large sums to the Stuarts; and being too poor to pay in cash, it was easy for Charles to confer on his creditor a tract of land in his Transatlantic possessions, where Quaker "industry was already turning the wilderness into a garden." When he petitioned the Privy Council for a grant of land and a patent, Penn little thought of the trouble he was carving out for himself, nor of the heavy pecuniary loss —not less than £30,000—his possession would entail. Nevertheless, he was moved by no sordid motive. He looked beyond his own span of life; and he was disinterested and benevolent. No Christian reader can doubt that, in the good providence of God, Penn was made the instrument of conferring lasting good upon the country. As a proprietor, and as a governor, he was a model for his own time and our own. Careful to a marvellous degree in according to everyone his just

rights, his letter to the Indians is one of the most characteristically curious documents of the Puritan era. This letter was written in 1681, and is in itself more than sufficient to disprove such contemptible libels as Macaulay has elaborately woven into his History. After addressing he natives as "Friends," Penn proceeds: "There is the great God and Power that hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I and all people owe their being and well-being, and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we do in the world; this great God hath written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and help and do good to one another, and not to do harm and mischief one to another. Now, this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your parts of the world, and the King of the country where I live hath given unto me a great province, but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbours and friends, else what would the great God say to us who hath made us, not to devour or destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly in the world."

Thus Pennsylvania became a Quaker State; and the capital, where the founder built himself a house, was appropriately called Philadelphia. Penn, above all things, desired to be an exemplar of brotherly love, and to teach its lessons in every possible way.

The libels of Macaulay, who apparently substitutes the Christian Quaker for George Penne, a professional pardon-broker who hung about the Whitehall of the Stuarts, have been too often exposed to need further refutation. Dr. Stoughton speaks of Macaulay's version of the affair as "an extraordinary incident in historical literature." After taking some care in examining the Whig historian's book, we fear that it is not the only extraordinary thing of the kind which disfigures his pages. No new arguments are needed to repel such a calumny; for as our author well says, "that such a man as Penn the Quaker would mix himself up with such a disgraceful transaction is to the last degree improbable. Testimony to character is quite sufficient to refute a charge which might appropriately enough be addressed to a low pardon-broker like George Penne."

The friendship of a man like William Penn for the Stuarts is one of those historical anomalies which historians have not been able satisfactorily to explain. Penn hated popery with thorough heartiness; but at the same time he entertained a sincere regard for the Romanizing king. The only possible explanation would seem to be found in the fact, that the honest Quaker completely misread the character of the double-dealing monarch. The policy of James II. in illegally proclaiming liberty of conscience was entirely Jesuitical; and, open-hearted and straightforward himself, Penn could not see through the subterfuge. He commended James in his own heart and to the world as a friend of liberty, when the truth was that the king acted as he did because no other way was found of befriending his own set. James forfeited his crown; but when the faithful Quaker was in some measure involved in trouble at the Revolution, he was not mean enough to turn about from the unpopular to the popular side. Having been befriended by the Stuarts he suffered something on their account, although England at that time contained no more ardent friend of liberty and truth. It

seems incredible that such a patriot could ever have been held up as "William the Jesuit" by way of contrast to "William the Deliverer," or the Prince of Orange. So it was, however; and though when summoned before the Council Penn was able to clear his character, he found it prudent to go into retirement in the City from the opening of 1691 to 1693. "London was a convenient place for concealment in those days," remarks Dr. Stoughton. "Narrow streets with lofty houses, story above story projecting into the highway, where the great fire had not burnt down the ancient edifices; alleys narrower still, with inner courts approachable only through winding ways like paths to the cave of Dædalus; these picturesque but dirty retreats were convenient for people proscribed by law; thither, therefore, Jacobites and many more were wont to repair. One can trace some really excellent, even saintly men into such refuges, however disreputable they may now appear to us." Some of Penn's best writings were the fruits of this retirement.

Soon after he found himself able to walk at liberty Penn lost his beloved life-companion, Gulielma, a real princess among women; and two years after, in 1669, he married Hannah Callowhill of Bristol. Death several times darkened his home, but he found solace in authorship and evangelistic work in the provinces. It was at this date that Penn and Whitehead waited upon Peter the Great at Deptford, where that eccentric monarch was learning the art of ship-building in the dockyard.

Suspected and distrusted, Penn at length had the governorship of his colony taken away by William III.; but that patriot king was not long ere he repaired the wrong committed, by reinstating the Quaker. Times of gigantic wars, however, were inauspicious for the founding of a state on those peaceful Quaker principles which Penn desired to cultivate while developing the resources of Pennsylvania, and building the city of Brotherlylove. The Indians were managed in so peaceful a way that they gave no trouble; but it was far otherwise with the English immigrants. The governor had proved a benefactor to them, and the return they made was so unworthy, that, instead of being in anywise enriched by the acquisition of his American territory, Penn became cruelly impoverished. Enemies took advantage of him; his own son disgraced the family name; and, belonging to a Christian sect which was brutally vilified all through the reign of Anne, the veteran's last days were days of heavy debt and crushing sorrow. He survived until 1719, when he quietly passed into the rest for which he yearned.

We are thankful to Dr. Stoughton for his able portraiture of this beautiful, unsullied Christian life. All grades of people, whether old or young, would be the better for studying this biography of William Penn. Such a story of devotion to God and unselfishness towards men ought to be widely read in both the Old and the New World, since for the welfare of both hemispheres the great Quaker laboured and prayed.

Preparing the Sermon.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A YOUNG man enquired of a certain preacher how long it had taken him to prepare the discourse, which he had just delivered. The youth learned that only two hours had been actually spent in its elaboration; and he was fool enough to draw the inference that two hours would be quite long enough for himself to spend in studying a sermon. "It is all that the celebrated Mr. ——— takes, and therefore it is all that I require." Vain boasting! The ox has drank up one pool, and the frog is about to drink another. The foolish inference of the juvenile divine reminds us of the story of the Spanish sculptor who executed a statue for a wealthy gentleman in twenty-five days. The astonished purchaser proposed to pay him by the day, to which proposal the artist answered, "What! Do you not know that I worked hard for twenty-five years to learn how to make that statue in twenty-five days?" The sculptor had justice upon his side: the wealthy man's proposal was absurd. If we probe to the bottom of the matter, we shall come to the conclusion that the artist had spent twenty-five years *plus* twenty-five days in making that statue. The same rule holds good with regard to discourses which are rapidly prepared, and are worth anything. The preacher has been a student for many years; he has practised sacred oratory for half a lifetime; he has reached perspicuity of thought, fulness of teaching, and clearness of language by a lengthened and arduous process, and therefore we might fairly say that it took him two hours *plus* half a lifetime to prepare his sermon. He who fancies that he can throw off the same kind of productions, though he has never undergone the previous training, is a simpleton of the largest size.

A husbandman has occupied many months in digging a well, and at considerable expense he has fitted excellent machinery to it. By the lifting of a handle he fills a bucket in half a minute. Another person, who has no such well, but simply stands upon his farm, fancies that he also can procure water from the earth beneath him in a few moments. He is at once considered to be a proper inmate for a lunatic asylum. The young gentleman, of whom we have been speaking, may not be hastily clapped up among the mentally-diseased, but his inference is altogether as insane. A poet, in an inspired hour, may compose a work of surpassing excellence, for he is a man of intellect and culture; but the versifier who should attempt the same feat would succeed only in producing a wearisome rhyme, and in setting himself up as a laughing-stock. "I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing the manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed no long-haired poet should distance *him;* and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste-paper basket. "I prepared that sermon," said a young sprig of divinity, "in half an hour, and preached it at once, and thought nothing of it." "In that," said an older and wiser clergyman, "your hearers are at one with you, for they also thought nothing of it." A man cannot shake off sermons as a tree sheds its leaves. That which comes from a man's mind without thought and research is comparable to that which comes of ground

without ploughing or sowing. Words without thought are in no respect better than weeds.

Let the young preacher believe that study and thought are essential to his success. Let him depend upon the Holy Spirit for help; but let him not dream that the Spirit of God will minister to his idleness. The divine Spirit helps us to will and to do, not to wish and to do nothing. If the preacher shall go up and down all the week, wasting his time, and neglecting his books, and then shall go into his study on Saturday evening expecting to be suddenly filled with holy matter, he will be mistaken. The trifler will find that he has grieved the Spirit by his indolence, and that he is left on the Sabbath to vent his nimble nonsense, or to wander through a wilderness, seeking rest and finding none. This is the cause of much of that incoherent discoursing of which Cowper sings—

> "Digression is so much in modern use
> Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
> Some never seem so wide of their intent
> As when returning to the theme they meant;
> As mendicants, whose business is to roam,
> Make every parish but their own their home."

God is not mocked: if the man has sown nothing in the study he will reap nothing in the pulpit. If there is one employment which, beyond every other, demands the concentration of every power and faculty, it is the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the best work under heaven; perhaps in heaven itself there is none nobler; and it ought to be performed with the full energy of our entire manhood when it is elevated to its highest pitch. Poor preaching has driven the poor from preaching. Vapid discoursing lies at the bottom of the indifference of the working classes to the house of God. If they had been interested they would have continued to attend; but much of the preaching they have never been able to understand, and much more of it was worth nothing when they did understand it. Who that is free to do as he wills, and feels no religious obligation upon him, would go and sit Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear the same platitudes repeated *ad nauseam*, and repeated so dreamily that an irresistible impulse to sleep falls upon the auditor? God has not made the Sabbath to be a day of doing penance, but some of God's servants have made it so; and the penance which they set before their hearers is one which no priest of the Romish church would have had the cruelty to appoint. When I have nothing to say I ought to say it to myself; but to get a number of people together, under a sense of religious duty, and compel them to sit for three-quarters of an hour to hear me say nothing in an extremely doleful or flippant manner, is a barbarity which the Spanish Inquisition has scarcely ever excelled. You, young sir, may be allowed to compose a sermon in two hours when it turns out to be such that it will be remembered for two centuries: *but not till then.*

Evangelization in Brittany.

WE have just received a letter from M. Lecoat, pastor at Trémel, near Plestin, in Brittany, giving a few particulars of the important work of evangelization which he is carrying on there among the Bretons, who, like our own Celtic populations, still speak the ancient language of their race. M. Lecoat is employed by the Baptist Missionary Society, and, with the exception of Mr. Jenkins (whose father, a Welshman, laboured long and faithfully in Brittany), is the only pastor who preaches in Breton. These two have to contend against 1,800 priests, who tyrannize over a deeply ignorant, fanatical, and superstitious people. "The Celtic-speaking Bretons," says M. Lecoat, "are a very religious and excessively superstitious people. They are kept in the deepest ignorance by the priests of Rome, who rule in this country like great lords, and do everything in their power to quench the light of the gospel and to prevent the truth from making progress round about. The superstition and credulity of the Bretons are indescribable, their devotion to the saints is ardent and sincere. In summer, during the time of the *pardons*, these poor creatures, men and women, may be seen dragging themselves on their bare knees round the churches and chapels of the saints, in order to obtain some special favours."

The retrograde state of Brittany is so little known, even in France, that M. Lecoat, after having given some details concerning it in *L'Eglise Libre*, was obliged to write again, vindicating himself from the charge of gross exaggeration. He earnestly invites those who doubt his word to come and see for themselves. "We have to labour here at Christ's work in the midst of priests who boldly spit in your face, or give you a box on the ear, or seize the persons who come to hear you by the collar; priests who denounce us on Sunday from the pulpit as the emissaries of Satan, messengers of the demon, condemned beforehand to eternal punishment! We have to carry the gospel from village to village to immortal souls; honest people who, firmly believing the words of their spiritual directors, come to you, some armed with their enormous bludgeons, shouting the terrible war-cry of the Celtic, '*Torreben*' (break his head); others accompanied by their ferocious watch-dogs; even to the women, who fall upon you with their broomsticks." M. Lecoat has now the assistance of three colporteurs, two sent by the Bible Society in France, and one by the Evangelical Society of Geneva, and he adds, "As I write these lines the young colporteur sent by M. Dardier (Geneva) has just returned to us from a tour. He is sad and discouraged. He has been driven from several houses, four men leaped on him with open knives in order to cut his books to pieces. At the Pardon of the Trinity, not far from Ploaret, he nearly lost his life."

Were M. Lecoat's work to lie in any of the towns of Brittany it would not be nearly so difficult; but his object being to enlighten the peasantry, he has built his chapel of Trémel in the open country, twenty kilometres from the nearest town (Côtes du Nord). He writes:—"Those who come to the knowledge of the gospel are bold witnesses for the cross, and are not to be shaken. Thirty-three converted Roman

Catholics partook with us of the Lord's Supper last Pentecost, and many more would join the Protestant worship were it not for fear of the priests. How many hundreds of my dear fellow-countrymen have I not seen at our meetings listening with pleasure to our hymns, sometimes shedding tears abundantly on hearing the story of grace; then, on their way home, meeting a priest who said to them, 'Ah, you have been hearing the Protestants! *You are damned, you are lost, go to the devil,*' have answered, 'Monsieur le Recteur, *we shall not go again;* pardon us, *we shall not go again,*' and they do not come again to hear the word of God."

The devoted wife of M. Lecoat, after receiving into her own house several sick persons in order to save them from the persecution of their relatives and the priests, has opened a very modest little hospital, to which several friends in this country kindly contributed. There still remains a debt of £20 on the building, which Madame Lecoat would be thankful to see cleared.

The following anecdote will show how needful it is to provide hospitals for those who are surrounded by hostile influences on their sick beds, when they have not always the bodily or mental strength to resist the vexations to which they are subjected :—

Madame Lecoat had in her service a young orphan, whom she soon perceived to be consumptive. While the girl was still able to go about, one of her uncles, who was a Roman Catholic, came and asked her to stand as godmother to one of his children. Though already far gone in decline, the girl went to the church with the baptismal party. The priest, perceiving her in the church, said rudely to her, "You are in service in a Protestant home, I cannot receive you!" and, suiting the action to the word, he drove her out before all who were present. On returning to the house she said, "Dear Madame Lecoat, the priest has just given me a good lesson; he has put me out of his church, and he has done well, since I have not the good sense to leave it myself. Thank God, my eyes are opened; and, though I should live a hundred years, I will have nothing to do with the church or priests of Rome. They cannot be the servants of a good God, since they turn an orphan out of doors!" When the girl became worse M. Lecoat sent word to her guardian and the other members of her family. The priest hearing of this, and seeing that the girl was about to be lost to the church of Rome through his fault, wished to see her again. But how could he manage to visit her at the Protestant pastor's house? Going to the guardian and the other relatives of the orphan, he gave them orders to take the young girl out of the house where she was. But they answered him, "Monsieur, take her yourself; we do not want an invalid in our house." All means and arguments being of no avail, the priest, after consulting his bishop, resolved to go and see the sick girl. Meeting Madame Lecoat outside her door, he saluted her politely, saying, "I have come, Madame, to see the sick girl you have in your house." He came in and sat down beside the invalid, saying, "Françoise Morvan, I heard that you were ill, and I have come to offer you the consolations of the Church of Rome." "I do not need them, sir," answered the girl. "You put me out of your church, and, living or dying, outside of it I mean to remain—I am no better to-day than I was that day. I have

nothing to do with you." "I was, perhaps, wrong," said the priest, "but forgive me, and return to the bosom of the church. You are dying, perhaps, and who will defend your cause?" "I have an advocate who will defend me, even Jesus. I was an orphan, without help, honestly gaining my bread with kind people. You drove me away, thinking, perhaps, that people can live upon air." Three days following the priest returned to the charge, and every time the girl resisted him. All the clerical army was called out. The advice of the bishop was again asked for. The guardian was assailed. "Make use of forcible means," said they to him, "a girl of fifteen has not the right to change her religion nor to resist the church."

The poor dying child was incessantly harassed, annoyed by one or another. As she was a minor we could not shut our door against these vexations. The guardian, wearied out with bad names, disputes, insults, went to the cantonal Justice of Peace, who advised him to take two witnesses with him and ask the girl what she herself wished. The guardian came with his witnesses, and asked her what she wished to do. "To stay here," said she, "as long as they will keep me." This was the last struggle: three days later the Lord took her into his rest. The day of her death, my wife asked her if she saw death coming without fear. "Yes, dear Madame," said she, "I wish Jesus would come at once." "He is coming; He will not be long. In what do you trust, my girl, now that your last hour is come?" "In Jesus *the only Saviour*," said she.

As soon as she was gone I sent word to the guardian, who said to me: "I will come to the funeral, but pay no expenses." "We take no money for burying our dead," said I. "Very well," answered he, "let the burial be as you like." It would be difficult to describe the consternation of the clergy; the blow dealt by this young girl to a church which reigns here supreme was terrible. The wavering faith of several of our dear Breton compatriots was revived by this child of fifteen. The funeral service was one of the most solemn that I have ever seen. A numerous and attentive crowd followed the remains of the poor orphan to the place of rest, where, in a few words, I told the story of her misfortunes, her struggles, her courage, and her faith. Tears fell abundantly from the eyes of those present, all Roman Catholics. Let us thank God, who often makes use of the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

M. Lecoat has a school for boys, a course of instruction for adults, a Sunday-school, and ten stations depending on that of Trémel.

The *Société Centrale* works in the towns of Brittany among the French-speaking population, especially where there is no Protestant pastor. They have colporteurs at Lorient and Quimper, and round Brest and its suburbs the work goes on very actively. "At Recouvrance," writes the evangelist, "there is always the same eagerness; the hall always full. Yesterday, Sunday afternoon, it was fine, I took courage and sallied out with three hundred tracts in my bag. I took my stand on the bridge which unites Brest to Recouvrance, and on which I was sure to meet many people, particularly men who work at the port, and soldiers. I was at once surrounded. 'Monsieur, Monsieur, give me some, if you please.' In an instant all my tracts were gone. I returned to the house,

took as many as the first time, and they were carried off as quickly. Four sailors arrived too late to get any, and expressed their regret. "Come to my house and I will give you some." They came, got a supply for themselves, and some to take to their comrades. A few weeks before this I had already distributed one thousand tracts in the same place." We conclude with a sentence from M. Lecoat's letter: "In the veins of the Highlanders of Scotland flows also Celtic blood; perhaps some day they may think of their brothers who are steeped in superstition and the blackest Romanism."

Help for this good work will be gladly received by Mr. Baynes, Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn. C. DE F.

An Inscription for a Pocket-book.

"CHARACTER before wealth" was the motto of the late Amos Lawrence, of Boston. On his Pocket-book was inscribed this text, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" That tells the story. Instead of making everything subservient to money, he made money subservient to character. A fortune was incidental to the great purpose of his life. Once he sent a note to his partners for six hundred dollars, in small bills, for charitable objects. A few days afterwards he sent for more, quoting in his note the following from some quaint writer: "The good there is in riches lieth altogether in their use, like the woman's box of ointment; if it be not broken, and the contents poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ in his distressed members, they lose their worth. He is not rich who *lays up* much, but he who *lays out* much. I will, therefore, be the richer by charitably laying out, while the worldling will be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up."—*From "Tact, Push, and Principle." By William M. Thayer.*

"She died an hour ago."

ONE day the conversation at dinner, in a family well known to the writer, turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household, because of some little peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added: "I can't endure her; and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again." Her husband who had hitherto remained silent, replied: "*She will not trouble you again, my dear; as she died an hour ago.*" "You do not mean it? Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness?" "*She is really dead. I learned it on my way home to dinner.*" Overwhelmed with shame, the little group realized for the first time the solemnity of such sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we shall wish we had done when they are taken from us.

From the "Advocate and Guardian."

Evangelistic Work in Assam.

BY OUR OWN EVANGELIST, H. RYLANDS BROWN, OF DARJEELING.

AFTER attending the Missionary Conference in Calcutta I went direct to Assam, in connection with the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society. The first pleasing incident was the following:—A Baboo, to whom I had given a Bible and a copy of one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, was overheard the next day reading the sermon to his wife in a temporary zenana that had been put up on board the boat. On my asking afterwards if his wife understood English, he said, "No; but as I read it in English I explain it to her in Bengali."

The first service I conducted was on board one of the large river steamers that ply between Calcutta and Debrughur. There being many passengers I had a goodly congregation, consisting of the officers of the steamer, a number of tea-planters, and others, including four ladies. As I was eight days on board, I was able to hold many religious conversations with my fellow-passengers, to whom I gave appropriate books.

My first stay was at a place called Tezpur, but I could not get the ear of the Europeans, for it was the race week—a week of concentrated folly and worldly excitement. The chaplain, on the preceding Sunday morning, justified attendance upon what he called the "innocent amusements" by an appeal to Christ's attending the marriage-feast at Cana. However, I met here, and spent some time with, an aged Christian lady, a true mother in Israel, who deeply deplores the godlessness so rife among our own countrymen.

On board the next steamer I held a most interesting children's service. The service was held on the flat. These steamers usually have a great double-storied barge, called a flat, in tow on either side. The families of the captain of the steamer and the commander of the flat being *at home* for the holidays, no less than ten boys and girls, with their mothers, attended the service. It was very cheering to sing our Christian hymns under such strange circumstances. The banks of the river were clothed with thick jungle-grass, or luxuriant tropical trees; the almost naked natives, in places, lining the banks to watch us as we steamed along. In the evening, the officers and passengers of another boat that was anchored alongside ours for the night joined us at our service, so that the saloon was crowded.

Here, at Kokila-Mukh, I disembarked. Before riding sixteen miles inland I spent some hours with a gentleman who has brought himself to a deplorable condition through drink and profligate living. It was very affecting to behold how utterly broken in spirit he was when we were on our knees together. Oh, that our prayer may prove the beginning of the prodigal's return! If it should be so, none on earth will rejoice more than the aged Christian father and mother and afflicted sister who are at home in Scotland.

My next service was on a Tuesday afternoon, in the house of a doctor. The rest of the week was spent in travelling from bungalow to bungalow, sometimes on an elephant, at other times on horseback or driving. With great thankfulness to God I record that I was able to travel incessantly, seldom spending two nights in the same place, with scarcely

a scratch through any accident, or half-an-hour's detention through sickness.

My third Sunday in Assam was spent with the chaplain of the district which I had reached. He asked me to preach for him, which I gladly did. After the morning service I rode with him ten miles, and joined him in the afternoon service. On both occasions the chaplain took the liturgical part of the service, and I preached the sermon. I heartily appreciated his fraternal feeling.

The next fortnight was spent in going from bungalow to bungalow. At one place I was in danger through a mad elephant; a few hours after I had driven by he killed a number of men, women, and children. To my disappointment, I was prevented reaching Makum, a place where a number of English miners, just out from England, are employed. I was within twenty miles of it, but the way lay through dense jungle, and my time was too limited.

At Debrughur, in Upper Assam, I carried on some most gratifying work among a company of British workmen and their wives, who are there in connection with the construction of a railway in that far-away district. Night after night I held meetings. The interest was very marked. On my coming away, they pleaded with me to stay. "Why do you leave us?" they said. "If you stay we will subscribe among ourselves to support you." Another said, "As long as we have a bit to eat, you shall share it." These dear friends are just out from home, with their religious associations fresh in their minds, but they are now indeed as sheep without a shepherd. My interest in them moved the chaplain, who said to me one day, "I have done nothing for those men yet; I think of getting up some cricket for them on Sunday afternoons." I saw our views about that were widely divergent, and took the opportunity that evening of urging the men to "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

On my return journey, at a place called Gowhatty, I held several meetings, which I hope were the means of permanent good. Here I found a Christian brother whom I had met last year in another place. Then I was the means of rescuing him from a backsliding condition; now I found him fully rejoicing in the Lord, and laying himself out for the salvation of souls.

In the neat little American Mission Chapel used by the native Christians we held three services. The Sunday-evening service was attended by nearly all the Europeans in the place—a large number—besides many educated natives. On another evening a meeting for young men was held. At this place I heard of a Welshwoman who was married to a native, and was consequently wholly neglected by the European and Eurasian population. I sought her out in a native quarter of the town. It must have seemed like a dream, my dropping in upon her, and in kind and loving tones inviting her to Jesus. When we rose from our knees she looked like one dazed by the strangeness of the circumstance. She was deeply grateful, and took with pleasure the book I gave her.

On leaving Assam I visited Serajgunj, in Eastern Bengal. It was with difficulty I got into this town last year; this year I received a hearty welcome. Three meetings were held with the Europeans, and

two with the natives. A prayer-meeting one afternoon with two Scotchmen was a memorable feature of my visit. Since giving a lecture last year to the Baboos I received numerous applications for copies of the Scriptures. This led to my lecturing this year upon "How to read the Bible to profit." A request was made, to which I responded, to give a second lecture, showing the necessity of a Mediator for the salvation of mankind. A Mahometan supplied the building, and spent the day in getting it ready. The audience comprised Mahometans, Hindoos, members of the Brahmo Somaj, and Europeans. It was certainly remarkable to find a young Englishman proclaiming Christ Jesus as the only Saviour to such an audience as freely and fearlessly as he would have done if preaching to an audience at home.

Without further comment I leave these facts with the reader, in the hope that he will digest them.

I cannot put down my pen without pleading with those who read this to remember continually in prayer their fellow-countrymen in India. Their position is one of trial and temptation, without the helps and checks which surround young men at home. If the reader will just ponder this last statement he will see the need of more prayer, and of the tenfold multiplication of the work described above.

Contributions towards the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society will be gratefully received by Lockhart Gordon, Esq., 7, Adam-street, Strand, W.C.

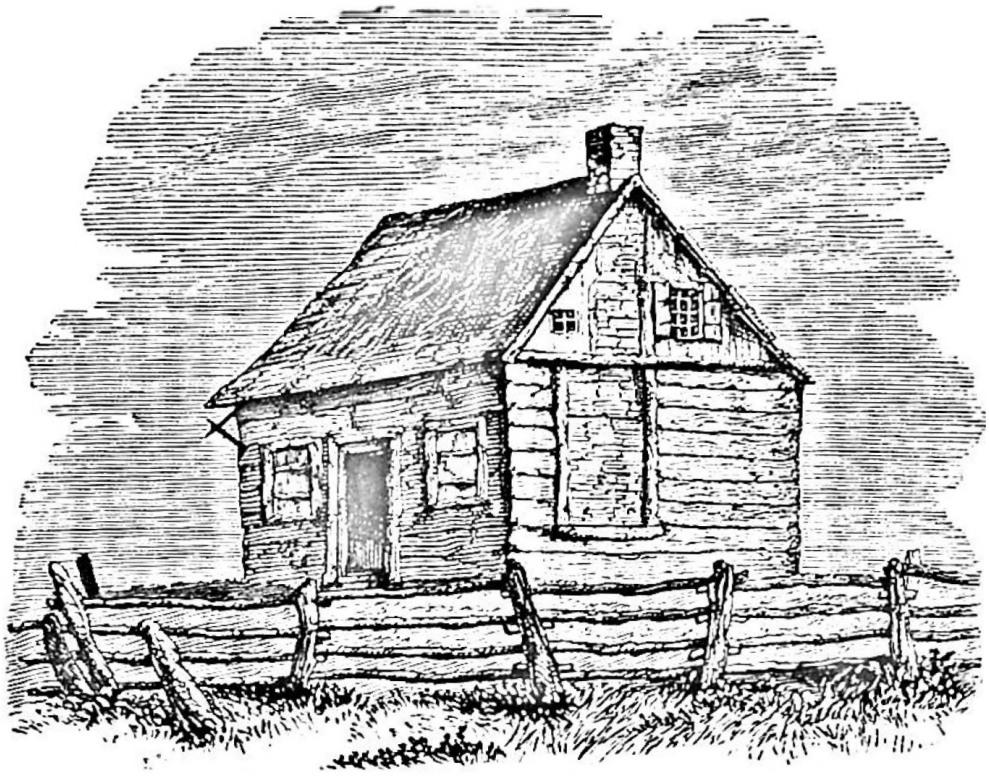
"Give it to the Jews."

A CLERGYMAN had been invited to fill a vacant pulpit, and was to preach his trial sermon in anticipation of a call. At the house of a leading member, where he stopped, his host said he hoped he would avoid saying anything in his sermon to offend the Spiritualists, as there were many in the town who attended their church. Walking down street, another leading light of the church was met, who hoped he would not say anything to offend the Universalists, as many of them attended their church. Just as he was entering the pulpit, one of the deacons button holed him and said: "The largest liquor dealer in town is here in his pew; I hope you will not find it necessary to refer to that business." The perplexed clergyman then inquired: "What shall I preach about?" "Oh," said the deacon, "give it to the Jews; they haven't got a friend in town." It would be well if this experience were limited to the candidate; but, unfortunately, the settled pastor often meets with like warnings.—*Extracted.*

If he be a man, the pastor pays no heed to such wicked advice. If he did yield to remarks of this order, he would be worthy of the execration of all true Christians: yet, we doubt not, the game is tried on in many instances.

Madame Feller in Canada.

AT the present time Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of 17, Holborn Viaduct, is publishing, at 3s. 6d. each, a series of volumes which, to all who love good, brief biographies, will be abundantly attractive. "Labour and Victory," by Dr. A. H. Japp, contains eight lives of worthies whose names are familiar, including Sir T. Salt, William Ellis, the missionary, Sir J. Simpson, the Christian physician, etc., etc. "Leaders of Men," by H. A. Page, has nine memoirs, and includes the Prince Consort, George Moore, Dr. Andrew Reed, Robert Dick, the baker and geologist, etc., etc. "Wise Words and Loving Deeds" contains ten biographies of eminent women, by E. Conder Gray; and it is from this volume that

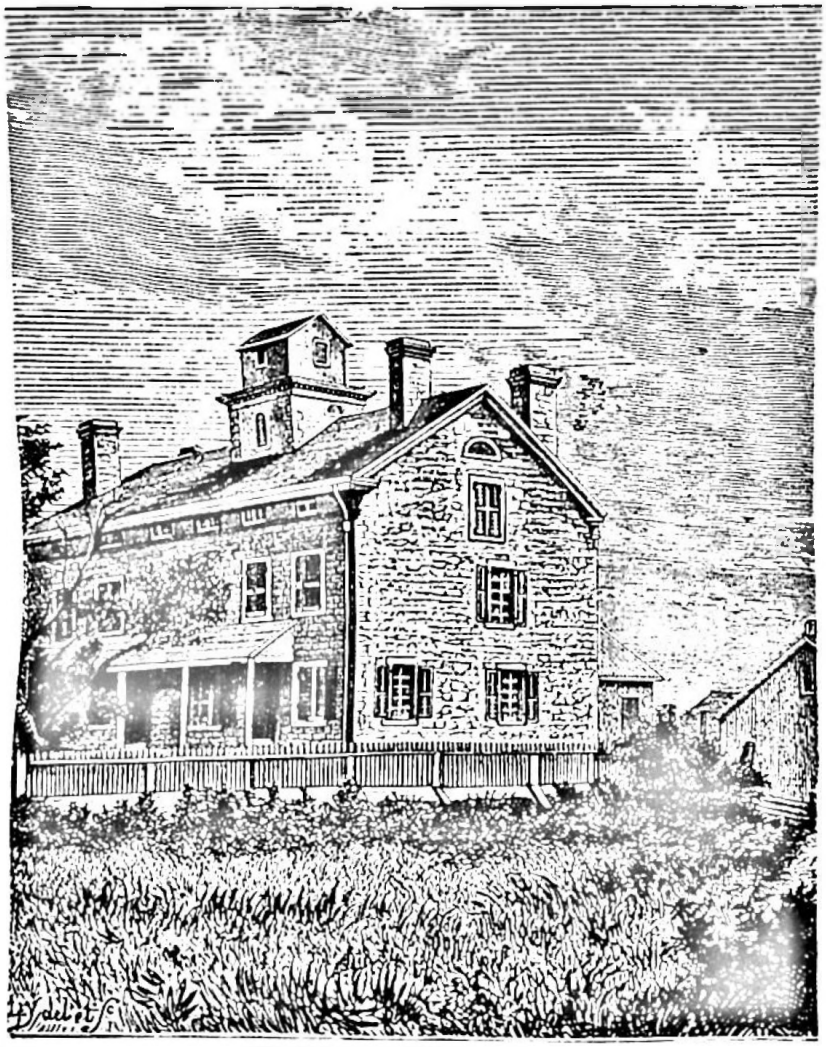


THE ORIGINAL MISSION HOUSE.

the engravings illustrative of Madame Feller's work in Canada are borrowed.

Although we have on a former occasion given an account of Madame Feller's work, we may now say that this devoted lady was a native of Switzerland, who left her native land to devote her energies to the evangelization of Canada forty-eight years ago. Assisted by M. Roussy, she established the Grande Ligne Mission in 1835. The missionary spirit had been aroused in the Swiss Cantons by the preaching of the Haldanes; and the enterprise of Madame Feller, whose maiden name was Odin, was an outcome of this movement. The nominally Roman Catholic population of Montreal were then described as hardened, sensual, and ignorant; and it was at a time when hardly a single Protestant could be found in a population of thirty thousand that

Madame Feller commenced her work. Our first picture represents the log-hut in which the mission was commenced; and the second—the present Missionary Institute—may be taken as representing the growth of the work to the present time. As a mission-field, Canada to-day includes an area of a million and a half square miles, inhabited by four millions of people; but to what it will soon increase none of us can tell. Happy is it that influences are already at work to bless the growing empire. In connection with the log-hut in which the Grande Ligne Mission began, read these words as descriptive of the state of



PRESENT MISSION PREMISES.

affairs in the summer of 1835, when Madame Feller first arrived in the Dominion from Switzerland:—

"These children are very rough in their manners, yet they are so happy in coming to us that they seem rather like children going to two mothers than to two school-mistresses; and we, on our part, receive them with the warmest affection of motherly love. . . . Wherever the priests learn that there is a Testament, the owner is commanded to burn it. These wretched enemies of God have been much disconcerted by our visits to

their flocks, and have forbidden them from the pulpit to see me or listen to me. This makes my path a little more difficult, but I look to the Lord, and resolve to hold on. He will bring me to those who are ordained to eternal life, and his word will be received. By his favour some books have been kept and read, and some Bibles have been cheerfully bought. I have been driven from three houses, but welcomed in others, and invited to return."

We are hardly able to imagine the trials of a pioneer missionary. Everything has to be done, and the teaching into the bargain. That this Swiss-born lady was thoroughly animated by the missionary spirit is shown by her mode of life, while she was diligently teaching the children of the poor in the day-schools. We read,—"While Madame Feller occupied the two rooms in the garret, her engagements were sufficiently varied and numerous. The housekeeping department had its peculiar difficulties. There was no butcher in the neighbourhood, and no baker, and sometimes it was hardly possible to procure food. Nor had she any servant. All the work was done by herself, and it was cheerfully done. She tells the Swiss committee about her cooking provisions on Saturday for the ensuing week. Her sister is informed of her successful efforts in making bread. She had never handled paste before, but she determined to try what she could do, and the result was that the bread of her own making was especially good; 'she had never eaten better bread in her life.' Once a lady in New York sent her twenty dollars to buy a cow, which would prove very serviceable to her, particularly in winter; and she also procured 'a little pig.' A female attendant would have been an acceptable addition to the household, but Madame Feller comforted herself by the reflection that as she would have to *show* a girl everything, and *tell* her everything, and then, probably, be obliged to do it all herself, it was better to grapple with her burdensome duties till suitable aid could be obtained."

The work extended so rapidly that from the year 1840, when the new Institute was erected, to the time of Madame Feller's death, over 1300 pupils were educated at Grande Ligne, and 4000 persons were reclaimed from the debasing rule of the papacy to rejoice in the liberty of the gospel. Many churches were founded in the Northern States of the American Union, and Sunday-schools were established.

With the tide of emigration popery has extended its empire throughout the New World; and only by missionary efforts similar to those of Madame Feller can the deceived people have their eyes opened, and the captives be set free. We wish abounding success to those who now carry on her holy service. May Catholic Canada yet bow its neck to the yoke of Christ. Just now Canada as a whole is winning great attention as a most promising home for emigrants. We hope that ministers will be forthcoming in fair proportion to the multitudes who are flocking thither, and may great grace rest on all who labour for the good of souls.

Oberlin.*

ABOUT thirty miles to the south-west of Strasburg, in Alsace, one of the fair provinces wrested from France in the terrible war with Germany, stretches the wild Ban de la Roche, ever memorable as the scene of the labours of Oberlin. A century and half ago these long, winding valleys contained a half-savage population lost in the heart of the pine-clad Vosges mountains and unknown to the rest of the world. The rugged paths were often rendered impassable by the swollen mountain torrents which carried away the huts of the wretched mountaineers, and for days and weeks together cut them off from the means of procuring food other than roots and wild herbs. There are now, and have long existed, excellent roads and bridges; industry flourishes in the cotton and linen mills and tape manufactories of the prosperous villages which enliven the valleys; the whole district is in full and lucrative communication with the outside world; the people are educated and Christianized; and if you seek the cause of all this renovation we take you to the churchyard of the pretty village of Fouday and point you to a plain stone slab headed by a little cross, on which are the words, "Papa Oberlin," and beneath, in French, "He was the father of this district for fifty years."

Would you see this man? An old inhabitant of the valleys who in his childhood knew Oberlin as an aged man, shall introduce him to you. "He always wore an old-fashioned Louis Quatorze coat," says the old man, "a peruke with pigtail (powdered on Sundays); he carried a gold-headed cane, and wore knee breeches, and buckles, and lace frills. He was short of stature, but had great dignity and authority." The old man goes on to describe his well-made figure, his dignified walk, his occasional impetuous and imperious commands, his fun and humour, his beaming smile, his lovingkindness, and that gracious air about him which made everyone feel that he lived very near to God; and he completes the portrait by saying that "he always wore a three-cornered cocked hat." There, then, is Oberlin.

He was born at Strasburg in 1740. His father, a professor in the Strasburg School, had seven sons and two daughters. The professor's life was a constant and cheerful struggle against poverty; but he kept up a custom of presenting his children with a farthing a week, which enabled them to indulge in the luxury of a little fruit now and then and yet save a reserve fund. "Look you here," said he to a neighbour who was condoling with him on his large family and small means, "if Mr. Death were to come in by that door to carry off one of my children, I would say to him, Be off with you, sirrah, I have not one too many;" and with that he took his cap off his head and flung it violently at the door to signify the kind of reception the unwelcome intruder would meet with. This action of flinging the cap to enforce a strong expression was afterwards a characteristic of the son.

Oberlin attended his father's school and was an industrious scholar; at fifteen he entered the Protestant University of Strasburg, where he pursued a pretty wide range of studies, judging from a letter in which he enumerates twenty-five distinct branches. At eighteen he took the degree of Bachelor, and at twenty-three was created Doctor of Philosophy. He maintained himself meanwhile by teaching. His independence of character, which it cannot be denied harmonized ill with the position of a domestic tutor, comes out in the account of a negotiation for that position which a friend of M. Ziegenhagen's, the first surgeon of Strasburg, was commissioned to conduct with the young pedagogue. The friend read out the conditions:—

1. "'The children shall always be properly washed, dressed, etc. by the tutor.'

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* The life of Jean Frederick Oberlin, pastor of the Ban de la Roche. By Mrs. Josephine E. Butler. Religious Tract Society.

Oberlin's reply: He will always recommend cleanliness and neatness to his pupils, but he will not undertake any domestic work which would cause him to waste the time which should be devoted to their instruction, and to his own improvement; which latter he does not mean in any case to neglect.

2. The tutor shall walk out with the children three times a week.

Reply. He will walk with them more or less frequently, as circumstances allow.

3. During the walk the tutor shall engage in useful and improving conversation with his pupils.

Reply: That is his habit at all times when a fitting opportunity offers.

4. The tutor shall carve the meat at meals.

Reply: He will do nothing of the kind."

The young tutor was accepted nevertheless, and remained three years, Ziegenhagen continuing his life-long friend. He gained at this house a knowledge of surgery which was afterwards turned to good account in the Ban de la Roche.

There is no trace in his memoirs of any distinct period which might be marked as the time of his conversion. Brought up in the fear of God and in strict and simple habits of life, he seems to have passed gradually from childhood to manhood in grace as in stature. Nevertheless there are indications of prolonged conflicts with himself to subdue the impetuosity of his temperament, and the impatience and self-will which, but for the grace of God, would have marred the development of his Christian character.

Leaving the surgeon's house, he hired for himself a little room, where, two years after, Stuber, the pastor of Waldbach in the Ban de la Roche, discovered him. This good man was looking for a successor in the unenvied sphere of labour he had just left, and hearing of Oberlin, determined to see him. "He found his humble lodging, climbed a long narrow staircase and entered a garret. There was a small bed at the end of the room hung with curtains made of pieces of brown paper. 'This looks like the Ban de la Roche,' he said to himself. Oberlin was reclining suffering from toothache. Stuber came to his side, introduced himself, and rallied him on the elegance of his curtains. 'And what is this?' he asked, 'this iron pan suspended over your lamp on the table?' 'That is my kitchen,' said Oberlin; 'I dine with my parents, who allow me to bring away with me each time a lump of bread. At eight o'clock in the evening I put the bread in this pan with a little salt; I pour some water on it; then I put my lamp under it and continue my studies. If towards ten or eleven o'clock, I feel hungry, I eat the soup which I have made in this way, and I can tell you I find it very delicious food.' 'You are the man I am seeking,' said Stuber, laughing; and sitting down he explained to Oberlin the motive of his visit." Oberlin joyfully accepted the proposal, and was soon installed amongst the rude mountaineers of Waldbach. This Stuber had been seventeen years pastor of the wild valley, and had brought it from barbarism to the very modified approach to civilization in which Oberlin found it. On entering the district Stuber had inquired for the school. Reaching by rugged paths the educational centre of the valleys, he was directed to the dirtiest of huts, in which he found a group of unwashed children squatting on the mud floor doing nothing. The schoolmaster, a paralysed old man, was lying upon a squalid pallet in the corner. "Are you the schoolmaster of this locality?" asked Stuber in astonishment. "Yes, sir." "What do you teach the children?" "Nothing at all, sir," "Why do you teach them nothing?" "Because I know nothing myself, sir!" "How then did you come to be appointed schoolmaster in this place?" "Alas! sir, I was for a long time a pig-keeper at Waldbach; but when on account of my age and infirmities I could no longer keep pigs, they put me to keep the children." Evidently much was to be done, and Stuber was in earnest. He built a new school, trained a few teachers, taught the people to sing, himself leading on the violin, and obtained fifty Bibles as the nucleus of a library. He preached the gospel among them in a simple, conversational

manner, and worked strenuously and successfully, until, worn out by labour, he retired to Strasburg and sent Oberlin as his successor to Waldbach.

On the 7th of April, 1767, Oberlin took possession of the broken-down cottage of one story which was grandly named the *Presbytère*. He was dismayed by the extreme poverty around him. Roots and grass boiled in milk formed the principal food of the people. The potato had been introduced but had become of so impoverished a type as to be scarcely eatable. Oberlin procured new kinds and taught the people to cultivate them. Soon they had not only plenty for food, but a surplus supply which, if communication were opened up with Strasburg, Oberlin thought might be taken to the market there. Ambitious dreams of future commerce and manufacture entered his mind, and he never rested till they were converted into realities. He first set himself to improve the internal communication of the valleys. During the winter months the wretched roads and paths were often blocked with landslips, and the people were unable to pass from one village to another. Oberlin strengthened the roads with stone embankments, constructed weirs to relieve the flooded rivers; himself, pickaxe in hand, as head workman, spurring on the people by his example. Suspicion, dislike of innovation, and indolence held back his ignorant fellow-workers; but it gradually dawned upon the most stupid that an even footway all the year round for themselves and their beasts would be an advantage. Touching the tools at first suspiciously and awkwardly, they at length formed, under the spell of Oberlin's example and ardent exhortations, a band of busy and enthusiastic road-engineers. Their only idea of a bridge had been a tree trunk laid across a stream. At one spot such a bridge crossed the river Bruche at a giddy height, and in the darkness of night, or the treacherous winter season, many passengers had slipped and been dashed to death against the rocks, or drowned. Oberlin built here a solid stone bridge, well called the *Ponte de la Charité*, which remains to this day.

The internal road-making being complete he set himself to effect an easy communication with the Strasburg high road. The awe-struck peasants watched the blasting of rocks, and united their strength for the removal of embedded boulders. Covered ways were made where winter avalanches threatened the road; and when at length the highway was declared open, and the engineer-pastor spoke to his people of the power of faith which could remove mountains, there was great rejoicing in the valleys.

Soon afterwards the exportation of potatoes began, and, for the sake of these remunerative crops, Oberlin set himself to improve the soil, to provide agricultural implements for the people, and to teach the children in the schools the nature of all the plants that grew in the valleys. He founded an agricultural society in the Ban and induced the proprietors of Alsace-Lorraine to subscribe a fund for giving prizes for the best cattle, fruits and vegetables. With a view to manufacture he introduced the cultivation of flax. He built byres for the cows, and encouraged the making of butter, which became a lucrative article of commerce with Strasburg. He introduced the cultivation of fruit trees, though not without great difficulty. The people's obstinate prejudices interposed an invincible barrier to the reasonings by which he endeavoured to show them the advantage of such culture. He therefore planted two fields of his own glebe with apple, pear, cherry and plum trees, and waited. In the autumn the ripe tempting fruit hanging from the boughs accomplished what the pastor's hard logic had failed to achieve, and the enthusiasm for fruit-growing became universal. He made the beneficent rule that every young person presented for confirmation should first have planted a couple of fruit trees, and the fruit harvest soon formed part of the transport to Strasburg market.

While these material reforms were in progress, Oberlin grappled with the still harder task of enlightening the souls and informing the minds of his parishioners. In the course of a few years by patience and indefatigable exertion five new schools were erected; and his bold and earnest preaching had quelled the turbulent and marauding spirit which was but too rampant in the Ban, and which even threatened the pastor's life.

To his supreme happiness, Oberlin married, in 1768, his cousin, Madelaine De Witter, the refined, and cultivated, and devotedly Christian daughter of a professor in Strasburg. She was an orphan, and had come as an invalid to seek invigoration in the mountain air of Waldbach, where Oberlin's sister, Sophie, kept house for him. Oberlin had the impression that she was fashionable and luxurious; he was not glad that she should invade the sanctity of his sober home; and he gave the pale invalid a somewhat stiff welcome, which she met with frank and simple courtesy. She spent much of her time in study, or rest, or sisterly intercourse with Sophie; and Oberlin found himself not at all too frequently embarrassed by her refined and graceful presence. Madame Oberlin visited her son at this time, and discerning Madelaine's good qualities, did not hesitate to gravely counsel Oberlin to make choice of her as his wife. Alas for the perversity of man's heart! He informed her that this advice was in the highest degree distasteful to him, for "he had conceived a kind of antipathy for that young person." But how came it to pass that, as the time approached for Madelaine's return to Strasburg, he became sensible that that departure would cause a painful blank for him? He himself accounted for it on the theory of madness, and took long rides on horseback, and long walks on the mountains; but these experiments did not relieve his feelings. He spent sleepless nights, and rose at dawn to pray God to still the perturbations of his mind. On the Sunday the cousins walked in silence to the church together. There he delivered a vigorous tirade against fashionable dress, and against womanly weakness in that direction. This heroic act accomplished, he felt more uncomfortable than ever. His sister and cousin returned home before him, and awaited him in the garden. He went home almost running, and praying all the way. When he arrived he found Madelaine absorbed in a book. He said to her abruptly, "My dear Mdlle. De Witter, I have many times hurt and vexed you, and not least this very day, by preaching against luxury in dress. I fear I am now going to displease you more than ever. Will you be my helper and companion in the cultivation of the Ban de la Roche, this still tangled garden of the Lord? But will you never try to persuade me to accept a more lucrative position than this poor parish? Will you, in fact, consent to be the wife of the poor pastor of the Ban de la Roche? If you will, then say, Yes! Say it quickly!" Madelaine, perhaps, was not so surprised as might have been expected. Women sometimes read looks, and silence speaks to them more eloquently than words. She rose, folded one hand over her eyes, to hide the blush which flushed to her temples, and placed the other in the hand of Oberlin, with the one word, "*Yes.*" Within a month they were married.

We cannot trace minutely the further course of this noble life, nor recount the providential escapes from the perils of that wild country, and of those terrible winters that attended it. Nor can we give any but the most general idea of the impression produced by his sermons. They were full of power and grace, for Christ was his theme; and he spoke of him as One whom he believed and loved. Whatever his subject, the effect of his discourse was as if he had said to the people, "I call heaven and earth to record this day that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Therefore choose life." His prayers dwelt in the hearts and memories of his people even more than his sermons. He reserved stated hours for private prayer, which became known to the people; and it was usual for carters and labourers returning from the fields with talk and laughter to uncover their heads as they passed beneath the walls of his house. If the children ran by too noisily, these working people would check them with uplifted finger, and say, "*Hush! he is praying for us.*"

Oberlin had three sons, Frederic, Charles, and Henry Gottfried; and four daughters, Fidelité, Louisa, Henrietta, and Frederica. He never willingly left the family circle; and, when obliged to go to Strasburg, generally rode there in the night, and, having accomplished his business, returned home the next night, arriving in time for his Spartan breakfast of milk and oatcake. His love

to his wife was wonderful. He seems to have thought it his duty to aim at "the lofty perfection of Fénélon"; and he strove to find in God alone his supreme joy, rebuking himself for the passionate fervour of his love for his wife, "the light of his eyes"; yet this affection only deepened as the years went on, and continued to burn—a pure and holy fire—to the last hour in the heart of the aged man many long years after he had laid her in the tomb.

She died suddenly in 1783, to his inexpressible grief. "I flung myself over my beloved dead. I pressed my lips upon hers, my tears flowed over her face. Alas! no response. It was a soulless corpse. That day I had strength enough to write the necessary letters, and arrange all that needed to be arranged; and after that I gave full place to my sorrow, which was so bitter that I prayed without ceasing that I might die. It would have been perfect joy to me to have been buried by the side of her—my other soul."

On the death of Madame Oberlin, Louise Scheppler, the leading schoolmistress, became housekeeper at the Presbytère, and teacher and nurse to the pastor's children, the youngest of whom was but two months old. This strong, loving, devoted woman refused to accept any salary from Oberlin after her father's death, whom she had supported, and devoted herself to the teaching of the children in the Ban de la Roche, as well as to the care of the pastor's household, without fee or reward; living, as he said, "an apostolic life." She survived her master, who in his will tenderly bequeathed the care of her in her old age to his children.

The Ban de la Roche was not so remote as to escape the influence of that great political storm, the French Revolution. When the decree suppressing public worship was passed, "Citizen" Oberlin took advantage of the permission to deliver orations on certain prescribed patriotic subjects to preach to his people divine truth with undiminished clearness and power. Many persons from neighbouring communes, where all religious worship had come to an end, flocked to Waldbach to enjoy these ministrations of the good citizen-pastor. His fame made the Ban a haven for the proscribed. Crowds of refugees of all classes poured into his retreat, to many of whom he proved to be a messenger of God. Deprived of his maintenance as a minister of the gospel, he supported himself as an agricultural implement maker, taking out the license required by the new legislation for that purpose. Almost all the pastors of Alsace were by this time in prison; and at length the Committee of Public Safety, after repeated examinations, arrested Oberlin, loyal republican as he was. The death of Robespierre dissolved the spell of the baleful tyranny that had cast its dark shadow over France, and Oberlin was liberated and sent home. The tide was turned, and the National Convention passed a resolution publicly recognizing his merits. Many years later Louis made him a Chevalier of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour.

In his old age, Oberlin's sight began to fail him; but the moment anyone addressed him, and especially when children came around him, his face was lit up with a tender and beautiful smile. "I have been thinking much of you during the sleepless hours of the night," he would say. "Never grow old! you see I am now good for nothing; I cannot see, I cannot hear. I was young once, and oh, what strength, what vivacity I then had. Where is that vigorous man now? he can hardly drag himself along. But do not imagine, my darlings, that I murmur because of this. Ah, no, the good God is a little wiser than old Fritz."

He was active among his people almost to the last. In his eighty-fourth year he still tried to climb the mountains, and went out in all weathers. He suffered much in his last illness, and was often heard to say, "O Lord Jesus, make an end. Grant me rest! I flee to thee. Oh, end the sufferings of my life." He died on the 1st of June, 1826. At the burial the valleys were filled with people assembling from all sides. He had left in writing an address to be read to his people after his death. The following passage occurs towards the close: "Oh that you would forget my name, to remember only that of Jesus Christ,

whom I have preached to you. He is your Pastor, who sent me to you after having trained me from my youth to be useful to you. He only is holy, wise, all-powerful, generous beyond all our imaginings; while I am but a poor miserable mortal. There is no salvation in any except in him. Come to him as you are, with all your sins and infirmities; he will heal, save, and perfect you. Farewell, farewell, dear friends! farewell! I have loved you exceedingly."

They lowered the coffin into the grave, and the most aged man of the valleys planted at the head the little iron cross which stands there still.

Mrs. Butler's book, from which we have freely drawn the materials for this sketch, is one of intense interest, and will doubtless have the wide circulation it deserves.

C. A. D.

Notices of Books.

We regret that in noticing Messrs. Oliphant's shilling series we printed "Flora Maclean's *Revenge*" instead of "*Reward*." We also ascribed the Life of Livingstone and Flora Maclean's Reward to Anna Ross. When one blunder happens another is sure to follow; indeed, there was a third error, for we omitted to mention a book named "*Anna Ross; or, the Orphan of Waterloo. By* Grace Kennedy." We do not often fall into such a concatenation of mistakes, and we should be sorry to hinder the sale of these cheap and commendable books by our slips of the pen. The publishers' full name is Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh.

Christian Ministry to the Young. A book for parents, pastors, and teachers. By Samuel G. Green, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Those who conduct Bible-classes, address juvenile assemblies, or teach in the school will be all the better for reading Dr. Green's words of counsel. Preachers have been rather overdone with treatises upon homiletics; we are glad to see that other speakers are now to have their turn. There is need of improvement in teaching the young. Pulpits are dull enough as a rule, but an equal depth of dreariness can be reached by Sunday-school teachers if they let themselves run up and down all the week, and forget the Sabbath lesson. In every Sunday-school in the land Dr. Green's book should be in the circulating library. Teachers would differ about it, and would discuss the points, and this would be a good thing, and produce beneficial results.

The Jews; or, Prediction and Fulfilment. An Argument for the Times. By Samuel H. Kellogg, D.D. New York: Randolph and Co., 900, Broadway.

We have been greatly pleased while reading this treatise. Dr. Kellogg sees in the Jews remarkably conclusive evidence of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and he makes his reader see it too. The argument is full of force. He believes in the literal conversion and restoration of Israel, and the personal pre-millennial advent of our Lord; but he does not indulge in wild prognostications, as so many interpreters have done. The whole work tends to confirm the faith of the remnant of believers who find themselves bearing witness in this age of mingled scepticism and superstition. We are delighted to find in the successor of Dr. A. A. Hodge a man so sound and sensible. The book might with advantage have an English publisher.

Early Graves: a Book for the Bereaved. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

Dr. Macduff adorns every theme which he touches. In this instance he spreads out a wealth of consolation before the bereaved, and labours to cheer them with sermon, song, and story. His work will be often given by friends to those who are weeping over early graves; and if the divine Comforter will visit the mourners they will find a holy balm in its pages. In the Christian teacher's library it will serve as a treasury from which to select topics when he is called upon to visit the afflicted.

La Bagatelle: intended to introduce Children of five or six years old to some knowledge of the French Language. Revised by Madame N. L. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

For at least thirty years—how much longer we are not prepared to say—this little French-conversation book has been in the book world. This edition is said (on the title-page) to be "much improved"; possibly so. Further, it is stated that it is "embellished with entirely new cuts." We should not have thought so from the appearance of any one of them, although the assertion is printed in "small caps"; for on page ninety there is one of these "new cuts," *very much* the worse for wear, representing a mother dandling a baby, which is wearing one of the identical *small caps* which went out of fashion forty years ago—that caps all. Children may learn from the pictures what their mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts looked like when they were five-year-olds.

Alleluia Songs. By Lucy A. Bennett. Partridge and Co.

Grim critic as we are when verses are concerned, we have nothing but commendation for Lucy A. Bennett, whose sweet songs are full of praise unto our God. These are not merely jingling rhymes, but the experience of a renewed heart, set to such music as David loved, when he magnified the Lord upon an instrument of ten strings. Our own heart has learned to sing with this fair authoress such words as these:—

"*Though I be nothing*, yet for me
Omnipotence availeth;
My nothingness the very means
Whereby his might prevaileth.

Though I be nothing, I exult
In thy Divine perfection;
And taste the deep, mysterious joy
Of absolute subjection."

"*From India's Coral Strand.*" Hymns of Christian faith. By Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

Our Brahmin sister sings sweetly. She began with a sonnet to Miss Havergal, and then tuned her lyre to themes such as her English sister delighted in. India's coral strand has seldom yielded brighter gems to the searcher. One piece in this pretty volume would be much in place if quoted at meetings for Zenana work: it is No. 2, entitled, "Who will go for us?"

Lights and Shadows. Poems by Anna Reeve. Partridge and Co.

Verses neither better nor worse than thousands that perish before reaching the printer. We wish we could detect a poetic ring in these lines, but we cannot. If the writer has the true songstress faculty it is not yet very manifest; or else our ears are growing dull. Still, some friends will be pleased by these verses; and why should they not be?

The Children's Picnic, and other tales in verse, for young people. By Rev. A. H. Lash, C.M.S. Jarrold and Sons.

Stories in verses which rhyme well. Though not profoundly poetic, the lines are simple and pathetic. "Grumbling Dick" is a piece which will both please and teach the young ones. We have seen many more pretentious and less successful attempts to write poetry.

Poems and Hymns. By George T. Coster. T. Fisher Unwin.

"Is there any rule for writing poetry?" "Yes. *Don't.*" So has a wise editor settled the matter, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the decision is not to be questioned. Here, however, we have real poetry. The writer has a distinct and forcible mode of his own, decidedly original. He shows the hand of a master. At times we fancy that his expressions are a little obscure through their terseness, and that they would be all the better if they were not quite so rugged; but when we look awhile we retract the criticism, and are glad to add new phrases to our vocabulary. This author can be deeply solemn, and anon pleasantly chatty. We are ready to forgive half-a-dozen rhymesters for the sake of this genuine songster, who has sounded true music in our weary ear. He is not always good alike, neither do we rank him with our standard authors; but he manifests the rare poetic faculty, and he has written passages which might well be quoted side by side with the songs of the great minstrels.

Scottish Characteristics. By PAXTON HOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a lively book indeed. We were never more interested by Mr. Hood than in this instance; and that is saying a good deal, for his Cromwell fairly captured us. We give this volume the crown for vivacity; how far it will edify is another matter. Such a volume does us good like a medicine: it makes the blood dance in the veins, and stirs our boyish mirth, which is not quite gone yet. We think Paxton Hood beats Dean Ramsey: at least, he gathers wonderful handfuls considering that the dean had first turn. We shall return to this volume: it is too good to be turned off with a brief notice. Here is a story which impressed us:—

"Thomas, the herd at Maolachy, went to Dr. M'Audle for baptism for his child. 'I hope you are prepared, Thomas,' said he, 'for so important an occasion.' 'Well,' said Thomas, 'I am not padly prepared, for my condition in life. I've a kist fou o' bannocks, and twa stane of good cheese, and a braxy ham.' 'Ah! Thomas,' said the doctor, 'you are indeed carnally-minded; it's the letter and no the speerit o' the ordinance ye've been keeping in mind.' 'Ah, weel,' said Thomas, 'I didn't forget that neither, for I've a jar of rael good stuff from Duncan the innkeeper.'"

The Red Flag; or, Danger on the Line. Also, *Traps.* By ELYS. *Messengers of Truth.* By FAITH CHILTERN. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

The Temperance Pilgrim's Progress; or, Sobero's Search for his Fatherland. By Dr. J. J. RIDGE. J. Kempster and Co.

FOUR temperance allegories—we had almost written alligators, and we should not have been far wrong had we done so; for these allegories, like alligators, have a great deal to do with water, and they are apparently quite as difficult to manage. We should not like to say a word that would hinder these books from exerting an influence in favour of sobriety and truth, and there are, doubtless, many persons who will read them to profit; but our immortal Bunyan's inimitable allegory is so perfect that we cannot enjoy anything else in the same line. If the "Pilgrim's Progress" had never been written we might have been able to appreciate such works as these. As it is, we wish them success in their holy mission.

The Great Army of London Poor. Sketches of Life and Character in a Thames-side District. By the River-side Visitor. T. Woolmer.

WE cannot help thinking that these sketches are over-coloured. Though we are quite aware that, when properly recorded, truth may sometimes appear to be over-sensational, yet we cannot conceive how any man could preserve really genuine conversations to the extent we have them in this book, for if actually spoken they must have been taken down in shorthand. They may, of course, be recorded *verbatim et literatim;* but we doubt it. The book has an air of improbability about it, and the interest excited by it is akin to that of fiction. Where are the cottages of the poor in London whose back-yards go "down to the river-bank"? We have not met with them; and one cannot feel sure that "the River-side Visitor" has done so either, although they are mentioned on his first page.

The Brooklet Reciter, for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. By HARRIET GLAZEBROOK. National Temperance Depot, 337, Strand.

A CAPITAL collection of poetical recitations for children and young people. Those who seek to entertain and benefit the public have no need to introduce silly songs or senseless stories into their programmes while such writers as Miss Glazebrook provide them with healthy temperance verses which no one need be ashamed to read or repeat before any audience.

The Bird Angel. By Miss M. A. PAULL. Partridge and Co.

A TEMPERANCE tale of Miss Paull's usual high order. We are sorry that we cannot very highly recommend the pictorial illustrations of the narrative. Can anyone tell us why it is that, as a rule, teetotal pictures are so badly drawn? Temperance artists ought to be able to carry off *the blue ribbon* in this as in all other matters.

Modern Missions and Culture: their mutual relations. By Dr. Gustav Warneck. Translated from the German by Thomas Smith, D.D. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

A capital subject worked out most skilfully, and set forth with such a wealth of missionary facts that it is a delight to read. Every missionary library should contain a copy. There is nothing attractive about the book to induce a reading, and therefore we fear that it will not command a large sale; but let a man take the trouble to examine the work for himself, and get through a dozen pages, and we feel persuaded that he will read on. The book proves beyond all dispute that missions raise the races which are visited by them, and that the gospel prepares the way for trade, education, domestic purity, and every other good thing.

Modern Missions: their Trials and Triumphs. By Robert Young, Assistant Secretary to the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland. T. Fisher Unwin.

In a fairly readable manner the author succinctly relates the story of Mission work in India, Burmah, China, Japan, Africa, including Madagascar, Polynesia, and the New Hebrides. Concerning the "but one enterprise" of the church militant, the majority of people know only too little; and we shall be glad if the encouragement accorded by the public to Mr. Young's effort warrants the preparation of the second instalment which is promised conditionally. A map and a number of engravings add considerably to the value and interest of the work.

Among the Mongols. By the Rev. James Gilmour. With illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

This is a remarkable book. Little has been known by the bulk of people concerning the Mongols, and their lamas; hence the freshness and novelty of the subject. Travelling from Pekin across the desert of Gobi, Mr. Gilmour entered upon Mongolia, and familiarized himself with this strange people. He found the memorials of those devoted Christians, the Stallybrasses, whose mission was broken up by the Emperor Nicholas, and we hope he is laying the foundations of another mission by which these wanderers may be led to rest in Jesus. His work will excite a great interest in the Mongols, and render it easier to support missions among them; we suppose Russia will not again prohibit them. If any of our readers wish to recommend a first-rate book to their literary society or lending library, we can heartily advise that this should be chosen. A late writer is good enough to say that Mr. Spurgeon is so kindly disposed that he praises many a book which ought to be severely criticised. This is a novel complaint against our editorial work; we fear that several authors we could name are of quite an opposite opinion. If the writer we have referred to will only put a volume through the press we will gratify him if we can; if he thinks our knife is blunt we will borrow a lancet for the occasion.

Out in the Storm; or, Little Messengers. By Catherine Shaw.

Ruth's Rescue; or, The Light in Ned's Home. By Emily Brodie. John F. Shaw and Co.

Two admirable little story books for children; but we do not think much of the engravings.

Lost her Shoe; and a few little Threads. By Grace Stebbing. John F. Shaw.

Contains five short stories which are sure to be devoured by the young people.

Unspoken Addresses. Found at Last. Little Glory's Mission. (Shilling Series.) By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Hodder and Stoughton.

In Mrs. Reaney's very best style. Good little books. We hope they will sell by hundreds of thousands.

Drierstock: A Tale of Mission Work on the American Frontier. Religious Tract Society.

In the preface we are told that this tale has for English readers the charm which strange scenes and habits of life always possess. It gives an accurate description of the kind of life passed in hundreds of villages and towns in the Far West of the United States. It is a capital work. If all tales were of this kind our grumpy criticisms of story-books would come to an end.

Horæ Petrinæ: or Studies in the Life of St. Peter. By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. Religious Tract Society.

Those who know what Dr. Howson has done for Paul will expect much when he gives us studies of Peter. Nor will they be disappointed: on the contrary they will scarcely read a page without instruction. Here and there we think the Dean sees more in language than is really there; but yet his suggestions are always worthy of close consideration, and show a master mind. The work is made up of a series of short detached essays: undesigned coincidences are not forgotten, but edification is the main object. Our brother ministers will expend three shillings wisely if they purchase *Horæ Petrinæ*.

Hours with the Bible. From Manasseh to Zedekiah, with the contemporary prophets. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Geikie has enriched all Bible students by these five volumes upon its history. He is another Kitto with somewhat more and somewhat less. It has been a supreme pleasure to see in these volumes all the sources of ancient history contributing to the sacred narrative, and to mark how they confirm and explain it. These volumes are not the hasty compilations of a tyro, but they display the hand of a master who is at home amid antiquities, and knows where to look for illustrations of the holy text. At six shillings each these volumes are too cheap to remunerate the laborious author.

The Student's Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge. Vol. II. Can—Ezze. Vol. III. F.—Kel. Vol. IV. Kel to Pas. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are pleased to receive two more volumes of this useful popular work. We have tested it upon several words, and always to our satisfaction. A good deal of information is given in a condensed form—enough indeed for all practical purposes. Of course the man who is getting up a subject must go for his details to the huge encyclopædias; but for handy reference commend us to these six volumes. The price—7s. 6d. each volume—is so low that we do not understand how the books can be produced for the money.

The Lord's Prayer. By Charles Stanford, D.D. *The Galilean Gospel.* By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. *The Temptation of Christ.* By George Barrett, B.A. ["Household Library of Exposition" Series.] Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

These are three volumes of a delightful series. Domestic libraries ought not to be left without these popular expositions, and ministers' shelves would be all the wealthier for containing them. Our own dear Stanford is himself in this book, seeing more with failing eyes than the most of us with clear optics and a Dollond's glass. Dr. Bruce is good, but he talks so much about "liberty" that we fear he is getting into bondage. The treatise of Mr. Barrett, of Norwich, shows much ability and expository power, and we especially admire his wisdom in handling the delicate point of our Lord's capability of being tempted. Perhaps there is in this latter volume rather too much reference to scepticism for our liking, but each man must do his work in his own way. On the whole, these books at 3s. 6d. each are both cheap and good, and some of them will live in religious literature throughout all time.

Church Life among the Baptists. By Rev. George Duncan. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle-street, Holborn.

Sharp and incisive in places, but clear and forcible. Mr. Duncan grasps a subject with his own mind, and then clearly sets it forth so that other minds may receive it. He is great in argument, and deserves the gratitude of all Baptists for so valorously defending the "sect which is everywhere spoken against." Surely every member of our churches ought to purchase, read, and circulate both this work and its predecessor—"Baptism and the Baptists." We rejoice that the Pastors' College numbers Mr. Duncan among her sons.

The Story of Daniel, his Life and Times. By P. H. Hunter. Edinburgh: James Gemmell, George IV. Bridge.

A notable book upon the life of Daniel. Our author believes in the historical character of the book; and though he keeps clear of technical questions of chronology and diction, yet he gives the best information as to the surroundings of the prophet's life, and thus illustrates the text in the fittest manner. The moral and spiritual lessons derived from the biography are not so much enlarged upon as to spin out the work; but the reader is placed in a position to draw them for himself. Daniel will be a new book to many after the perusal of Mr. Hunter's work: we need more of such instruction.

Little Folks: a Magazine for the Young. Cassell and Co.

Each volume of *Little Folks* appears to eclipse its predecessors. The style and artistic beauty of the engravings can hardly be further improved upon, nor can we hope to read more lively articles. We have never met with any little folks who did not admire *Little Folks*. Well done, Cassell and Co. How do you keep it up so long and so well?

The New Act relating to Married Women's Property, rendered into plain English, and revised, with Explanatory Notes. By M. Keith Frith, Esq.

The Act relating to the Liability of Employers, rendered into plain English, and revised, with Explanatory Notes. By a Barrister-at-Law.

The Act relating to the Sale of Food and Drugs. The Act relating to Bills of Sale.

These three tractates, uniform in size and price, are issued at One Penny by F. E. Longley. It must be a great convenience to many to have these important acts in such a form.

Our Eastern Cathedrals. A concise, illustrated Handbook to the Cathedrals of Ely, Lincoln, Norwich, and Peterborough. By F. E. Longley.

The Watering Places of the East Coast.

A Trip to the Channel Islands.

Amsterdam and its Environs.

The Rhine and its Beauties. One Penny each. F. E. Longley.

These little guide-books supply a great amount of information. Wonderful pennyworths, certainly. Deserve an extensive sale.

Notes.

We have now made definite arrangements with regard to the cleaning of the Tabernacle, so far as mortal man may arrange for the future. The building will be closed during the whole of August. On Sundays we shall assemble in Exeter Hall, and we hope that many who have not been over to the Tabernacle will join our worship at the Hall. A few special tickets will be issued, but as the Hall is only half as capacious as the Tabernacle, we shall have to issue them with discretion. The Pastor will be absent on July 22, but he will (D.V.) preach in the Tabernacle all the other Sundays in July, including the 29th, when the great monthly communion service will be held in the evening instead of on August 5. We hope to return to the Tabernacle on September 2.

The transmission of our Sunday morning sermons by the Atlantic Telegraph Cable to New York and their publication in many of the leading American daily papers every Monday morning are among the most remarkable signs of the times in which we live. We had nothing whatever to do with the arrangements, and have not even been consulted upon the matter, so that we are not at all responsible for any extra Sunday labour that may be caused. We may add that we do not guarantee the accuracy of the reports of our discourses. Those that we have at present seen are far from correct, but what else could be expected considering the hurry with which the whole thing has to be done, and the double—if not treble—transmission by telegraph? A friend who has been in the United States lately was informed by the editor of one of the leading papers that not less than a million copies of the reported sermon would be printed every week. We cannot tell how long our enterprising cousins across the water will continue the experiment, but meanwhile we are glad of the opportunity of preaching to such enormous numbers on both sides of the Atlantic, and we pray that the word as it is heard in the Tabernacle, or read in America, may have living power over many souls.

It was a pleasing sight on the Sunday after the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition

to see the fishermen come down in such numbers to the Tabernacle; it was better still to hear their voices at the early prayer-meeting both in holy pleading and praising. They made quite a feature in the morning gathering. God bless the brave fellows!

By the way, do all our friends know that there is always a prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle on Saturday evening at 7.30, another on Sabbath morning at seven, a third at ten, and a fourth at eight p.m.? Besides these there are the meetings for prayer connected with the schools, and the various classes and societies. The Scripture speaks of "salt without prescribing how much," and the same applies to prayer: we cannot have too much of it.

In answer to enquiries about the FLOWER MISSION we would say, direct your parcels of flowers to Miss Higgs, Metropolitan Tabernacle, and take care that they arrive early on Wednesday morning. The more the merrier. What a joy a flower is in a London infirmary! Do not send flowers after they have been faded in a so-called flower-service; they are only so much rubbish. Better put them on your own dust-heap.

On *Friday evening, June* 1, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the lecture-hall. Addresses were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who presided; by Mr. J. T. Dunn, the president of the class; and by many of the earnest young brethren. The secretary, Mr. Hudson, reported that there were 140 members on the roll of the class, the average attendance being about one hundred. The treasurer, Mr. Boulter, in the name of all his brethren, presented to the Pastor £12 for the College, and £31 for the Indian Evangelists' Fund, these amounts having been subscribed by the members during the year: besides which, they had helped their sick and needy members. The time of the class is not wasted with discussions which are worse than useless, but every meeting is, as far as possible, turned to the use of soul-winning and Christian training. One brother stands in the street outside, and persuades strangers to come in.

On *Friday evening, June* 8, the fourteenth annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION was held in the lecture-hall, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in the chair. The secretary, Mr. Goldston, reported the present condition of the work at North Cheam, Teddington, Southgate, Bell Green, Bedfont and Hatton, and Shoreham; and the prospects of new missions in other directions. The treasurer, Mr. Hayward, stated that the year's receipts of the Mission had been £144, and the payments £154. Addresses were delivered by the chairman; by Mr. Bowker, the venerable president of the Mission, and by several of the preachers. This earnest and useful little society has need of more men who are qualified to preach the gospel in the country districts around the metropolis, and it also requires larger means. If money were forthcoming stations might at once be opened in several suburban districts where there is scarcely any true teaching. Fields are disappearing, houses are springing up as fast as Jonah's gourd, whole towns are created in a few months, and if we were rich enough we could provide the people with houses of prayer at once, and so catch them before they acquire the evil habit of loafing about at home on the Sabbath. Our two societies are adapted for great ends if they were not crippled by lack of cash: Mr. Elvin's Evangelists occupy London itself, and Mr. Bowker's preachers hunt further afield in the suburban villages. A great deal of preaching is done, and no expense is incurred except for rent, travelling, lamps, etc. Such work deserves that some wealthy brother should water it with a little gold-water, and make it grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Meanwhile we invoke upon it showers of divine grace. Plentifully may they fall. Friends who are good enough to leave a portion of their donations to be used at our discretion often render us great service by enabling us to help these less known parts of our work for the Lord.

On *Sunday evening, June* 10, the seat-holders at the Tabernacle staid away to allow strangers to be present. The building was quite crowded with a most miscellaneous congregation, some of whom will, we believe, eternally bless the Lord that they were present. Our scouts brought us in tidings of wounded ones. We are longing for more. Would all friends who were decided by grace during that evening's service kindly let us know of it? Such encouraging information would be to our great joy. We have daily letters mentioning the printed sermons as cheering saints and impressing sinners, but of these extra services and free quarterly gatherings we have not yet personally seen the result.

Monday, June 18, was, we believe, generally observed as a day of special prayer by the churches connected with the College Conference. At the Tabernacle we had special meetings at seven o'clock in the morning, and six in the evening; and at the usual meeting at seven we specially remembered in prayer the whole of our holy brotherhood, and not only our own brethren but all ministers and missionaries everywhere. We trust that wherever the meetings were held there was an earnest of coming blessing. Oh that Zion's travail would come, for then should we see her children.

TREASURY OF DAVID.—We are persuaded that many of our friends are unaware that Volume VI. of this gigantic work is to be purchased. It contains Psalm CXIX. and five other psalms. We are proceeding steadily with Volume VII., with which our happy labours upon the Psalms will come

to an end. Our own impression is that Volume VI. is the best yet issued.

Caution to Donors.—Friends occasionally write to complain that their contributions have not been acknowledged. We usually find that the amount is in the list, or that it has been received just after the fourteenth of the month, when the accounts for the *Sword and Trowel* are sent to the printers. In one case that we have recently traced, a letter was lost, or stolen, in transmission through the post, and as the postal orders contained in it were not filled up the thief was able to get the cash for them. This result could always be avoided if friends would make Post Office and Postal Orders payable at the General Post Office, to C. H. Spurgeon, and cross them. They could then only be paid through a banker. Cheques should always be crossed, and coin and notes should invariably be registered.

College.—Mr. E. G. Evans, formerly of Belfast, has gone to East London, Cape Colony, to try to form a Baptist Church. The prospects are encouraging.

Mr. C. B. Berry, after five years of happy work in Jamaica, is obliged, for his health's sake, to return to England. He is coming back this month, to resume his pastorate of the church at Cullingworth, Bingley, Yorks.

Mr. W. G. Hailstone has removed from Birmingham to Falmouth. May the Lord greatly bless this beloved brother. Several worthy brethren are wishing for changes, and we shall be right glad to hear from churches seeking pastors.

The students are now away for their summer vacation. We have selected as many fresh men as we feel we ought to receive in August, so that it will be useless for any other candidates to apply before next year. Our number has been much reduced for some time to enable brethren who are without pastorates to avail themselves of openings.

Evangelists.—Pastor W. F. Harris thus writes of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at *Chesterfield*. "I speak for all the ministers, I think, when I say that we are devoutly thankful that Messrs. Fullerton and Smith were led to come to us, and none of our churches are without evident blessing. The mission united Congregationalists, Methodists of every type, Baptists, and Friends; and every place of worship here, Conformist as well as Nonconformist, has benefited thereby. It is many years since such large congregations gathered to listen to the gospel, and, I may add, many years since they heard it preached so fully, forcefully, and fervently as Mr. Fullerton preaches it. Mr. Smith's sweet singing and racy speaking secure an entrance into hearts otherwise closed; and I cannot conceive of their visiting any place, and not leaving it the better for their earnest and faithful work."

Very similar testimony is borne by Pastor J. J. Irving concerning the Evangelists' visit to *Maidenhead* from May 20 to June 3.

Our brethren are now taking their summer rest. They begin work again next month in North-east Lancashire.

Both the Baptist and Congregational ministers at *Poole* send us cheering accounts of Mr. Burnham's services. The two churches united in the invitation to our brother, and they appear to have shared the blessing equally between them. The tent-services at *Worthing* during the past month have been a great success. Mr. Burnham was happy in having the help of Pastors T. Perry, of Lordship Lane, C. D. Crouch, of Shoreham, and other friends on the spot.

Mr. Frank Russell has been holding services at *Southport*, in connection with Pastor G. H. Carr. He has now nearly sufficient engagements to last him until the end of the year, but we would like to see all unoccupied days allotted. Direct to F. Russell, 33, Wyndham Street, Bryanston Square.

Orphanage.—The annual *fête* in celebration of the President's birthday, *June* 19, was a great success. Contributions began to come in from all quarters, far and near, some days before the 19th, and on the day itself our postman found his bag heavier than ever. It is quite impossible to convey any true idea of the loads of love that poured in with the help for the Orphanage. Contributions, whether large or small, came in with such hearty good wishes that the gifts seemed all wrapt up in holy love. The afternoon ceremony passed off exceedingly well. Samuel Morley, Esq. M.P., and Jas. Duncan, Esq., laid the memorial stones of the new house for the head-master and the offices for the board and staff, and they, together with the President and the Rev. Burman Cassin, briefly addressed the company in the afternoon. A large number of friends availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting our Collection of Pictures of the Reformation which during the day were seen by upwards of 1000 persons. We should be glad to have this Collection of engravings, etc., exhibited in many suitable schoolrooms so that the Orphanage might be helped and Protestant principles at the same time spread abroad. Friends may write us about this matter.

In the evening a great public meeting was held in the grounds. Several thousands gathered around the platform, from which addresses were delivered by the President, Vice-President, the Revs. Canon Hussey, Joseph Parker, D.D., Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., Charles Spurgeon, J. M. Smith, and Dr. Barnardo. We are not able to tell the exact financial result of the day's proceedings, but the Institution will, we think, be benefited at least £1400, besides what our friend Mr. Morley will give. Friends will please notice that the *Sword and Trowel* lists are made up on the fourteenth of the month, so that contributions received after

that date cannot be acknowledged before the August number: then we shall have a long list indeed. Thanks, ten thousand times repeated, to all our generous helpers. God bless them all! Others who are considering what they ought to do are thanked in prospect of their liberal devisings. Please read the Report at the end of the magazine.

COLPORTAGE. — We are encouraged by friends in two fresh districts applying for colporteurs, and our agents will commence work almost immediately, one in the neighbourhood of Cosham, Hants, the other at Great Totham, Essex. The Association is anxious to have at least 100 men at work. This could be accomplished if thirty other friends would each guarantee £40 a year for an additional District. The work of the colporteur is a valuable home-mission agency, with the advantage of being economical and efficient. The profit on the sales enables the Association to send a man for the small sum of £40 a year. In most cases the colporteur is a real helper to existing agencies. He assists the ministry by hunting up those who are "ignorant and out of the way," and by holding gospel services in cottages and out-of-the-way places. Sunday-schools and Bands of Hope, too, are strengthened and assisted both by the personal services of the colporteurs and the good books and periodicals disseminated by them. The importance of having a Christian man *constantly* going from door to door with Bibles and gospel books is of great importance as a means of guiding aright the young who are being educated and will read something, good or bad. Good books are greatly needed as an antidote to the injurious periodicals which are being circulated everywhere.

The following letter, recently received from Brentford, is very encouraging, especially as it came unsolicited from the writer:—

"Dear Sir,—Having read in the April *Sword and Trowel* an account of 'Cottage Work in a provincial town,' I thought you would like to hear what is being done by our colporteur, Mr. H. Mears, in this dark place. Mr. Mears is holding weekly two prayer-meetings, one at my house, the other at other cottages, often at Mr. G.'s, where the good man has kept his bed for months, and the service is held in the same room, which will hold forty or fifty adults. Mr. M.'s labours have been very much blessed at another cottage. Mrs. S—, after some weeks, got her husband to consent to the meetings being held there, and through them Mrs. M— has come out boldly for the Lord, and one of her sons could hold out no longer, but was obliged to confess the Lord Jesus. In another case, a son of godly parents has found peace in believing, and is now praying for others, at which we all rejoice. The meetings in my house are much blessed, and at the one last Tuesday week, my eldest daughter came boldly out for the Lord, which made us all weep for very joy, for now three out of our seven children are on the Lord's side."

Another colporteur, who was compelled through disease to enter a hospital, was made useful to the conversion of the matron. After he had left she wrote to him:—"I do most sincerely thank God that you came to this place to be the means of bringing me out of darkness into light, and now that I am going to 'Home, sweet home!' for an indefinite period, with both colours nailed to the mast, I feel constrained to tell you that, with God's blessing, they shall never be hauled down."

The last Annual Report, full of interesting particulars, will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary, also full information about the appointment of colporteurs. Address—W. CORDEN JONES, Colportage Association, Temple-street, St. George's-road, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 24, seventeen; May 31, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. W. H. Sedcole	0	10	0
"Bombay," per J. T. Dunn	3	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	20	0	0
Mrs. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	10	0
A mite from M. M. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	0	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mrs. de K.	0	2	0
Mr. J. Dodson	20	0	0
Mr. Archibald Stewart	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	5	0	0
A Thankoffering	10	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Mills	2	10	0
C. G., a Thankoffering	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. Edward Holt	2	10	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. J. Betts	10	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Adult Male Bible-class	12	0	0
Miss Sambourne	5	0	0
Mr. W. J. Hazel	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
A friend	2	10	0
Mrs. A. Green	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
A friend, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mr. Philip Davies, per Mrs. James Withers	0	10	0
Offerings at Windmill-street Chapel, Gravesend, per Pastor N. Heath ...	3	3	0
Pastor N. Heath	1	1	0
A lad at Nelson	0	5	0
Stamps and postal order from Southport	0	3	0
A working-man	1	0	0
A friend, West Drayton, per Pastor A. Smith	0	10	0
Collection at Long Buckby, per Pastor J. Spanswick	2	5	3
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0
Weekly Offering at Met. Tab.:—			
May 13 ... ... 40 11 1			
,, 20 ... ... 31 7 6			
,, 27 ... ... 42 10 0			
June 3 ... ... 32 10 0			
,, 10 ... ... 10 0 0			
	156	18	7
	£323	1	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	10	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	0	0
Miss A. Green	0	5	0
Mr. David Hopper	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	0	10	0
Mrs. Mary Morgan	1	10	0
Mr. Scott, per Mrs. Dickson	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	1	0
Mrs. Mary Williams	0	5	0
A. C. K., Perth	0	2	6
"The Lord hath helped me"	0	5	0
Miss J. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mr. George Harris	0	5	0
Mr. H. Coghill, J.P., per Mr. T. C. Vickers	1	0	0
Good Intent Society, Great Broughton, per Pastor J. McNab	1	0	0
Mrs. M. S. Taylor	5	0	0
G. F. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Collection at Mission-room, Farley Green, Suffolk	0	10	9
A thankoffering	5	0	0
Mrs. Mills	2	10	0
M. R.	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
A Suffolk lady	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Goldsbrough	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	0	8	0
"Our darling's box"	1	0	0
Mrs. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Betts	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Beveredge	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Holt	2	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Jordan:—			
Mrs. McGaw 0 2 6			
Mrs. Cameron 0 2 6			
Mrs. Macpherson 0 2 6			
Mr. Clarke 0 2 6			
Mr. Jordan 0 2 6			
Miss J. Jordan 0 2 6			
	0	15	0
Miss Adcock	0	5	0
Mr. F. Thornley	0	5	0
Mr. J. Perry	0	5	0
Half-year's proceeds of Circulating Library at Hawick	1	5	0
Freda	1	0	0
Mr. John Billing	1	1	0
Mr. J. McPherson	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	4	0	0
M. K.	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
E. C.	1	0	0
Miss S. Ellis	0	5	0
South-street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Summers	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel George Toby	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	10	0
Mr. Freeman Cooper	1	0	0
In memory of dear Mabel Adeline ...	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Stephens, per Mr. Murrell	1	0	0
Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
A Streatham Baptist	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton (annual) 2 2 0			
Mrs. John Leach 1 0 0			
Mr. T. Gregory 0 5 0			
Russell and Robie Jackson's box 0 7 0			
James Withers (quarterly) 0 5 0			
H. Cooper 0 1 1			
	4	0	1
M. B.	1	1	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Smith	0	5	0
A member of the Church of England, Sheffield	0	5	0
Friends at Mr. W. G. Wood's wedding	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. Henry Doorbar, jun.	2	5	0
G. W. P.	5	0	0
The Misses Sprot	5	0	0
Mr. J. McIntyre	5	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	5	0	0
Miss E. Willson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rice, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. John Malcolm	1	0	0
Mr. William Beckett	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Childerhouse	0	3	0
Stamps from Huntley	0	3	0
Mr. Robert Salvesen	0	5	0
A. W.	0	5	0
Stamps from Lewes	0	2	8
Mrs. H. Nichols	0	10	0
Mr. F. B. Johnston	0	10	6
Miss Hopperton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Miss Caroline Coleman	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. James	1	0	0
Mrs. Slater, per Miss Englefield ...	1	0	0
Post Office Order from Porthcawl ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Samson	1	0	0
Collected by Master Allie Davidson ...	0	7	6

	£	s.	d.
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Pool	0	12	6
Mr. W. Matthew	2	0	0
M. N. W., Berbice...	1	5	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0
Mrs. Forjett...	2	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Philip Davies, Reading	4000	0	0
Mr. J. Orment, jun.	0	5	0
Elizabeth	0	5	0
Mrs. Sisman, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Kelley	0	5	0
Mr. T. Summers	0	15	0
Mr. W. Rose...	0	1	0
Mr. Holmes	0	1	0
A friend at Middlewich	1	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Higgins	0	15	0
Mr. A. Nichols	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	16	5
Dr. A. Cummings Air ... 2 2 0			
Collecting Box 0 2 8			
	2	4	8
Collected by Miss E. Hill...	2	3	0
Collected by Miss M. Warren	1	1	0
Mr. G. Rennie, per V. J. C.	5	0	0
Stamps from Turriff	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. H. Frankham... ...	0	3	8
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	7	6
Mr. E. F. Shrieve	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Moiety of proceeds of meetings in Nelson, Lumb, and Bacup, less expenses, per Mr. Charlesworth	10	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Armstrong	0	10	0
Mrs. W. James	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bush	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Mimpress	0	12	1
Collected by Miss S. J. Hannam ...	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	0	10	0
Collected by Master Willie and Miss Lizzie Chamberlain	0	5	6
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Stiff	0	18	8
Mr. John Courtnay and friends... ...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Eustace	1	5	6
Collected by Miss Walker, New Cross...	1	0	0
Collected by Master Tier...	0	11	10
Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	4	2	3
Collected by Miss Wain	0	1	6
Mr. A. Hall...	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Williams	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Durrant...	5	5	0
	£1233	6	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 15th to June 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: 28 lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 sacks of Flour, Mr. James Nutter; 2 Churns of Milk, South Metropolitan Dairy; A New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. S. Haslam; A Churn of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock.

GENERAL:—A Load of Firewood, Mr. Keen; A Crochet Quilt and Bed Furniture, Mrs. Peel; 36 Dressed Dolls, Miss Le Bonef; 100 Copies of "Moses Bible," Mr. Alexander Mackeith.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—30 Articles, Mrs. E. Barrow; 79 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 36 Articles, Mrs. Moss; 1 Article, Miss A. Lawrence; 2 Articles, Miss Higgins; 7 Articles, Mrs. and The Misses Tressider; 15 Articles, Miss King; 1 Article, Mrs. Cobbett; 1 Article, Miss Rendall; 7 Articles, The Misses Welch; 4 Articles, Mrs. and Miss French; 6 Articles, Mrs. Turner; 3 Articles, The Misses Merretts; 2 Articles, The Misses Parker; 3 Articles, Miss Bampton.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—2 Flannel Shirts, Miss Coath; 30 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, for "The Reading House":—			
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. M. J. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Palmer	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Palmer... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Walter Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mr. S. Rosling	0	10	0
Mr. R. Tavener	0	10	0
Mr. T. Gregory	0	10	0
Mr. Herbert Sutton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Charles Simonds ...	0	10	0
Mr. Hunt	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Ward	0	5	0
Mrs. Lanseley	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Morris	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. Leslie	0	3	0
Mrs. Lee	0	3	0
Mrs. Dawbarn	0	2	6
Mrs. Gibbons	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Shepherd... ...	0	2	6
Mr. Fawcett...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6
Mrs. Winter...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. Parfitt	0	2	0
Mr. Baker	0	1	3
Mr. Turner	0	1	0
Mrs. Collins..	0	1	0
Mrs. Lawrance	0	1	0
	11	5	9
Brasted	0	10	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown...	1	0	0
A working-man and friend, Dumfries.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Gale	0	10	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	0	10	0
From 295, Bow Bazar-street	2	0	0
"Our darling's box"	0	7	6
M. M. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Betts	10	10	0
A Friend	5	0	0
In memory of loved ones...	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. P. L. Hankin, in memory of a little daughter	1	15	0

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1882-83.

Trustees: *who are also Managers.*

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.
THOMAS H. OLNEY.
B. WILDON CARR.
HENRY SMITH.
CHARLES F. ALLISON.
JAMES STIFF.
WILLIAM HIGGS.

Hon. Consulting Physician.
HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Physician.
JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, 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, FANN STREET, E.C.

	£	s.	d.
A Thankoffering for the privilege of the weekly sermon, from Bridge of Allan	4	0	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
An aged Widow	0	2	0
W. S., Glasgow	0	5	0
Miss Hinton..	0	5	0
A sermon-reader, Lanark	1	0	0
A servant girl near Forres	0	2	0
	£56	15	8

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Dorking District, per Mr. Todman ...	10	0	0
Ludlow District:—			
Mr. E. Fitzgerald 1 0 0			
Small sums 0 4 6			
	1	4	6
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——, for Sellinge ...	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Tittleshall ...	10	0	0
Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones ...	4	8	10
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Grosvenor Square District	6	5	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association—			
Accrington District	20	0	0
Messrs. Cory Bros. for Cardiff, Castletown, and Mountain Ash	39	3	4
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	7	10	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Eythorne District	4	12	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Horley ...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£228	3	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. A. Davies	0	10	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	17	18	8
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	0	0
H. I., Malta...	0	10	0
Thankoffering	5	0	0
Mrs. Mills	2	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clark	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
F. G.	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£53	4	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	0	10	0
M. C. S.	1	0	0
Miss Fyfe	1	0	0
J. W., Carmarthen	0	3	0
Balance of collections at Mr. Burnham's services at Poole	7	3	6
Mr. Robert McDowell	5	0	0
Mrs. Mills	2	10	0
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0
R. P.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clark	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool	40	0	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. William Grant	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Chesterfield ...	18	8	2
	£90	19	8

Auckland Tabernacle Fund.—Sermon-readers at Slean, per Mr. Archibald Stewart, 15s.; Pastor N. Heath, £1 1s.

Erratum.—In last month's College list £3 3s. should have been entered as from Mr. John Neal, not Mr. John Beal.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1882-83.

Trustees: *who are also Managers.*

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.
JOSEPH PASSMORE.
WILLIAM C. MURRELL.
THOMAS H. OLNEY.
B. WILDON CARR.
HENRY SMITH.
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The Stockwell Orphanage for Boys and 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 approved 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 it is then among the most needy and deserving, it may 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, nor a Reformatory, nor 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 as well as boys have to be fed, clothed, and educated, 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. Collecting Boxes or Books may be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage. 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 1882-83.

DURING the past year the Trustees of the Stockwell Orphanage have pursued their work with all diligence upon the original lines. The President and Trustees sought from the first to relieve the worst cases, and therefore they abolished canvassing and polling, in order that the widows might not be put to the large expense incurred in a contest. We feared that those children who had the most friends would in all probability gain the most votes, and thus the neediest would go to the wall. We pledged ourselves to the public and to one another to use our best endeavours to make the Orphanage the means of relieving want, and a place for training youth in the fear of the Lord. The children were divided into families, and instead of military discipline, domestic rule was established. The use of any uniform was also carefully avoided, and the children were dressed in various ways, so as to prevent the look of pauperism. We tried to let the boys and girls be free, happy, individual beings, and not fractions of an institution. Above all, we desired to keep up a high moral and religious tone. Our experience leads us to feel that we are on the right tack, and we are more than ever resolved to go a-head in the same direction. We hope to develope, but not to deviate; we shall remain the same, but we shall not stagnate.

During the year we have had a large number of applications for the admission of both boys and girls, and of course we have had to refuse very many. We hope our friends will not be angry when the cases recommended by them are declined. In their judgment, and probably as a matter of fact, the children in whom they are interested are really destitute, and the mothers are highly deserving; but when we have only one vacancy for three or four or even more candidates, some must be excluded; and it may so happen that there is a still more destitute child and a still more needy widow than the one which our friends would select, and that case will have the preference. We are therefore compelled to set aside scores, or even hundreds, whom we should have been right glad to admit, because they have not attained to that pre-eminence in misery which wins our suffrages. Till someone will invent expanding houses, and show us how to make a pound grow into forty shillings, when there is need for it, we fear it will always be our sorrow to have to turn many deserving applicants from our door.

It would greatly pain the hearts of our subscribers if they could hear only a few of the stories of the bereaved women who appeal to us. Often sickly themselves, altogether without business capacity, grieving for the loss of their husbands, and having half-a-dozen or more children tugging at their skirts, they are true objects of Christian sympathy. When we

can take one of their children they are overjoyed, although they still have more than enough to provide for. We have seen them slave and toil, and almost starve themselves, that they might feed their little ones; and somehow or other they succeed beyond all that we could expect, till we have often held up our hands in astonishment at the way in which the Lord has appeared for the help of the widow and the fatherless. The relief afforded by our taking one child has often inspired a poor woman with hope, given her a little breathing-space, and enabled her to accomplish the difficult task which still remained. Often have our hearts been filled to overflowing with mingled emotions of sympathetic sorrow and sincere joy; sorrow for the trouble which still remained, and joy that we had been able to lighten the load, at least by an ounce or two. Frequently have we had to see the hand of the Lord helping choice saints by means of our Institution. Are there not thousands who will share our burden and our blessing? Will not our reader continue to do so?

In our records of the year which is past we have to write the score of a mingled song, and touch our harp to varying notes while we sing of mercy and of judgment. The year 1883 opened with stroke upon stroke of affliction to the Orphanage in the loss of two of its first Trustees. Mr. WILLIAM HIGGS had from the first taken the deepest interest in the work. He had watched the building, stone by stone. He had been diligent in the work of visiting the applicants, attending Committees, and caring for the fabric; and of late years he had been the Treasurer of the Institution, to which he devoted a large part of his time. His judgment was as one of the wise men of old, and his knowledge upon all practical matters was admitted by his brethren to be invaluable. It seemed to us that he was absolutely necessary to our work, but the Lord removed him, to our deepest sorrow. It is not possible, in the brief compass of this report, if possible at all, to set forth what the Institution owed to him; for by day and by night he carried it on his heart, and consecrated to it his judgment, his time, and his substance. He had already given largely to it in his lifetime, that he might be his own executor, but, to our surprise, after his death, we found that he had left the substantial sum of £500 as a last love-token. It is a sweet solace to us that the name of WILLIAM HIGGS is still upon the roll of the Trustees, for the eldest son of our beloved friend, although immersed in the cares of a large business, has nevertheless consented to take his father's place upon the Board. The President blesses the Lord for this, but he still misses every hair of the head of the well-beloved father who has gone to his rest.

Within a few days after the decease of our lamented brother Higgs we were all called upon to sorrow over the loss of another of the Trustees, our friend Mr. WILLIAM MILLS, a man of quiet, serene, and gentle spirit, with whom it was a great pleasure to be associated. Whenever called upon to serve the Institution, he was ready to do so to the utmost of his power. He did his part of the work very unobtrusively, ministering to the harmony of the brotherhood and adding to its strength. This second blow renewed our grief; but again we have with gratitude to record that the gap thus made in our ranks has been filled by the willing service of Mr. JAMES STIFF, who lives close to the Orphanage, and has most heartily thrown himself into its work. We can never

forget the two dear departed friends, whose loss is the heaviest we have yet sustained. The President feels that their names are interwoven with his own, and that his life-work could not have been what it has been, speaking after the manner of men, if these brethren had not been at his side as deacons, trustees, and brothers. May those who now fill their places be helped of God to do an equal life-work.

Here we think it meet to record the death of our esteemed sister, Miss HANNAH MOORE. In the last Report we mentioned that she had gone to Canada. We trusted that it would be for the recovery of her health, and we were greatly distressed to receive, soon after she landed, the information that she had suddenly died. She had been an invaluable helper in the Institution in former days, and it had been the President's hope that she would take a leading position in the Girls' department, but she gradually declined in vigour and in spirits, so that all idea of her taking upon herself any great responsibility had to be given up. We little knew that she was suffering from heart-disease. This was afterwards discovered, upon a *post-mortem* examination, by the Canadian coroner, who writes to us that "under any circumstances her life could only have been of very brief duration, owing to a condition of the heart, which had been gradually coming on for years." She was a sweet Christian, and loved the work to which she had consecrated her life. It seems a mysterious part of the Divine plan that so devoted a woman should have been taken from us when her abilities were at their best. We feel much gratitude to all our faithful servants at the Orphanage, and when such a one as Miss Moore is removed by death we cannot pass it over as a small matter.

A very considerable number of the most faithful helpers of the Institution have also fallen on sleep during the past year. We do not like to mention any one, because we cannot mention all. Unbelief has been apt to cry, "What shall we do, when so many liberal supporters are removed?" But we have never been allowed to indulge such unjustifiable fears, for one after another the Lord's stewards have been pushed forward by divine grace, and moved to care for the widow and the fatherless, and we have never been without abundant and willing helpers; neither shall we be, for the work is the Lord's, and he will take care of it. A load of care would press most crushingly upon us if we did not feel that we were called to this labour of love, and that the honour of the Lord's name is pledged to bear us through.

At *the last annual fête* the Infirmary for Girls was formally opened by Mr. and Mrs. WOOD, to whom a silver key was presented as a memorial of their liberality in presenting £1,000 to the Institution. At the same time, the building which contains the play-hall for girls, and also a large swimming-bath, was opened by Pastor J. A. SPURGEON, whose invaluable services to the Institution right well deserved some public acknowledgment. By his continual watchfulness, together with the indefatigable labours of the other Trustees, the President is relieved of the details of the work, and is enabled to give his entire attention to his own department. The buildings thus opened have been of the utmost service to the children.

We have now accepted tenders for the erection of the Master's house, rooms for the masters and others of the staff, and for the necessary business offices. This will set free that portion of the Girls' Orphanage

which is for the present necessarily occupied by the Master, and then we shall come nearer to our ordained number of 250 girls. When we reach to the number of 500 boys and girls we propose to make no further increase, for this is about as many as we can manage with all our other work. Quite enough, we think. We hope our friends will remember that even to do this we shall need increased help. That is a point which they will not forget—will they ?

The mention of the Infirmary leads us to remark that the *health of the children* has been marvellously good ; indeed, considering what they are when they first come to us, and the fact that they frequently belong to consumptive families, it is astonishing what little sickness there has been among us. We lost no child by death during the year. We have, however, felt compelled to attend to the sanitary arrangements connected with the boys' houses, which were pronounced by the proper authorities to be somewhat defective. This necessitated an outlay of £634 1s. 10d. We were also obliged to spend £627 9s. 4d. in putting the outside of the boys' houses into thorough repair, as the red bricks were decayed in very many places. We were poor when the boys' houses were built, and therefore studied economy, but now we have to suffer for it. The girls' houses are built upon a more satisfactory scale, because generous friends have enabled us to do so.

Perhaps friends may like to see the Doctor's Report. Here it is—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I have the pleasure to hand you my Report of the health of the inmates of the Boys' and Girls' Stockwell Orphanage, for the year ending 31st March, 1883.

"The state of health and general freedom from sickness among so large a number of children and officers is a subject for congratulation. In regard to the children, coming as they do from a stock very frequently enfeebled by poverty and ill-health, one is prepared to expect some evidence of hereditary taint, and by the desire of the Trustees especial care has been taken to select as healthy admissions as circumstances will admit. The Orphanage, like other institutions, has not escaped a considerable number of febrile disorders, none of them grave in character; but, with improved sanitation, these difficulties have subsided. In the erection of new buildings, old drains have to be disturbed, and these become a fertile source of mischief. I think that, taking the Infirmary and Orphanage generally, we may invite comparison in regard to all the essential conditions of good health.

"A frequent source of sickness in other establishments has had my earnest attention, and that is the milk supply ; the more so from the fact that milk enters largely into my medical treatment, to the exclusion of wine or beer. I have for years made it a point in this and in a kindred institution to dispense almost entirely with stimulants, with the certain result of improved health, and the non-creation of a taste for one of the greatest curses of the nation.

"One has considerable difficulty in the rejection of undesirable cases, in the face of entreaties from friends, but as a rule none but healthy cases are received. The appearance of the children will, I think, bear out this remark. Ringworm, abscess, eruptions, chilblains are, like the poor, 'always with us'; but the former is unavoidable where cases are admitted otherwise than at stated times in the year. It is a fact that a child is admitted sound, and after three months with good diet and

hygiene, troubles will come on. The bath has proved a great boon, and is much appreciated. I have to acknowledge with grateful thanks the eminent value of our consulting staff, who are one and all ready to afford me every assistance, and to thank you, Mr. President and Gentlemen, for your uniform help in all matters relating to the welfare of the Orphanage. I am, Mr. President, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM SOPER, M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.,
"307, Clapham Road."

We offer our profound thanks to the Most High, that we have not been vexed with any epidemic, nor visited with sore disease. No one can tell the trouble and anxiety that are brought upon a large institution by a widespread visitation of sickness; parents with large families can, however, form some idea of what it must be. Our best thanks are due to our Medical Officer, Dr. Soper, and also to those honourable gentlemen who have for so many years voluntarily discharged, without fee or reward, the offices of Hon. Consulting Physician, Hon. Consulting Surgeon, Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon, and Hon. Dentist. The last gentleman has a curious record of an immense number of teeth stopped or extracted, which shows that his office is no sinecure. As the work is all for love, and nothing for reward, we trust that these gentlemen will receive a special blessing from the great Father of the fatherless.

In order to the more efficient management of the Girls' Department, the Trustees have thought it wise to call in the assistance of a *Ladies' Committee*, by whose kindly observation and advice they hope to be better able to arrange for the comfort of that side of the establishment. A number of ladies, mostly the wives of the Trustees, very cheerfully accepted the duty, and we look for happy results therefrom.

A dear personal friend of the President has presented to the Orphanage a set of massive *iron gates*. We needed them, but did not like to go to the expense of buying them. A hint to this generous soul was sufficient to procure them.

Mr. Ross, of the Horse Shoe Iron Wharf, Old Kent Road, greatly delighted the children by inviting them to a *strawberry feast* last summer. The President took the chair, and a singular spectacle greeted his eye. Never did children's eyes behold a more sumptuous feast, and never was a host more delighted with his guests than was Mr. Ross. He speaks of doing the same thing on a grander scale at the Orphanage itself, where there will be ampler space than upon his wharf. Mr. Ross frequently makes us presents, and we are deeply grateful to him.

We would here give a hint to our friends that gifts of goods and clothing, such as they trade in, would be very acceptable. Sometimes a person can spare material who could not give actual cash. Food, clothing, toys, fuel, furniture, books, and all other useful articles can be used on the premises, and fancy goods can be sold at the annual sale. All is grist which comes to this mill. Our motto is: "All contributions thankfully received."

The *finances* of an Institution which does not cultivate annual subscribers, but depends upon the spontaneous gifts of gracious men and women, may be thought to be very uncertain. There seems to be something most substantial about a long list of donors, who may be waited

upon by a collector at certain times, and who may be expected to subscribe regularly; yet we observe that several such institutions have been advertising their distresses, and pleading most piteously for help. We have neither advertised, nor needed to do so. God's providence is our inheritance, and it is the surest income under heaven. On looking over the Balance-sheet we are a little inclined to remark that the contributions to the general fund for the maintenance of both boys and girls might, with great advantage, be increased. Bequests—at least, in part—should be laid by, and not spent all at once. The intention of friends who leave us legacies frequently is that thereby they may supply the lack occasioned by their decease; they have been accustomed to help us, and they wish to leave us a sum which will bring in the same amount. Now, if this is all expended in one year, their design is not fulfilled. In managing the Lord's money there should be as much prudence as if there were no faith. We feel bound, therefore, to ask attention from our friends to the matter of giving to the orphans while they live. However, even on this point we are not pressing. Let those who give, give liberally, freely, heartily, spontaneously. If they do not give in that way, we certainly shall not go round, after the manner of a tax-gatherer, and extort from them an unwilling toll. It has been said that fish were never offered upon the altar of Jehovah, because they could not come there alive. We desire gifts for the Lord that come to him on their own feet, not such as are borne there without the exercise of a will graciously made free.

Our Educational arrangements are the same as in former years, the object being to impart a sound useful and religious education. For the girls we provide a plain education, and we hope to fit them for house duties, so that they may be prepared for their future lives. Their *special* vocation must in a large measure be left to their mothers, but *our* view is to fit them for domestic service in good families.

Family worship is conducted twice daily; the Word of God is read and expounded, hymns are sung, and prayer is offered, and the children 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 public service, 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 volunteer teachers instruct the children in the Scriptures. 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 masters and matrons, who are with the children all the week, find a welcome relief, while the influence of earnest helpers from without is of the most salutary kind. Children who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band."

The admirable custom of making shirts for the boys has been continued by the young ladies of an educational establishment, who have for many years helped us in this manner, For this we return our best thanks. As this establishment is about to be closed, we wish that some other seminary or college would aspire to the vacant position.

Who will volunteer? These efforts have been supplemented by several Working Associations, Bible-classes, and individual ladies, both in town and country, but the supply is not yet sufficient, and we cordially invite the help 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. This year we have received from the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party alone no less than 231 garments for the children, 42 sheets, and seven pillow-cases. Thanks to the ladies of Reading! Thanks many and hearty! How grateful we should be if others would copy their example and keep the girls' wardrobes replenished! Any garments suitable for girls between the ages of six and fifteen would be joyfully received.

From the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, under the skilful farming of 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 occasionally forwarded sacks of flour. Puddings and potatoes form important articles of diet, and we shall be glad if farmers will remember our orphans in "Seed time and harvest." Such an offering of first-fruits will sanctify the whole crop. 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 are acknowledged every month in *The Sword and the Trowel*. We repeat our thanks to one and all. We are sorry 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*. Please therefore do us the following kindness:—Write in your plainest hand and put your name in the parcel, and then send a post-card or note to say that such a parcel is on the road, and contains such and such articles.

Friends can help us by becoming *collectors*. The President has a choice band of loving ones, who correspond with him personally, and send in substantial assistance. There are vacancies in this royal regiment, and early applications will be welcomed. Another fruitful method of aiding the Orphanage is the getting up of meetings, to which a choir of Orphan boys can be sent. The head master, with a company of lads, first-rate singers and reciters, has gone to town after town, and made the Orphanage known in a first-rate way. Friends have seen the boys, heard their harmonious voices, entertained them at their houses, subscribed to their expenses, and thus have become interested in them and in the Institution which shelters them. The entertainment given by the boys is of a first-rate order, and is calculated to do moral and spiritual good. We have a team of bell-ringers, who add to the attraction of the singing, and help to charm the ears of the audience. In many towns a visit has been accepted as a great treat, and we have received most enthusiastic letters from those who carried out the arrangements; to all of whom we send warmest thanks. The amount realized during the year by this means, after paying all expenses, is £453 19s. 1d., but incidentally much more has been brought in. A friend who could work three or four adjacent towns for us would do us the utmost service. Mr. Charlesworth will be happy to supply all particulars. Ministers

could thus assist the orphans without in the least degree injuring any home funds; indeed, the people might, by being stirred up to generosity in one direction, become all the more liberal in other matters.

With songs of gratitude we mention that **EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN FATHERLESS CHILDREN** have up to this date been admitted to the benefits of the Institution. What an amount of substantial benefit this represents! As we seldom take more than one of a family, we have thus aided nearly as many widows, and how many other fatherless children have thus indirectly been benefited the reader will be able to estimate.

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
14	April, 1882, to March, 1883	38	702	48	468	234

Of the 48 boys who left, 43 were sent to situations; 4 returned to friends to be placed in situations; and 1 was dismissed on the re-marriage of his mother. Most of our old boys are doing well; some are rising in the world, and we hope that in the future those who have prospered will substantially help their *alma mater*, and keep her well supplied.

We have no *old* girls yet. Will the term ever be proper? But as the girls grow up we hope our friends will take them, and treat them well, either as nursery-governesses or as domestic servants.

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
14	April, 1882, to March, 1883	41	135	2	4	131

Total number received—837. Left—472. In residence—365.

The first of the two following tables shows that the children come to us mainly from London; and this is very natural, for there the masses are found, and as they are at our doors they are most easily visited; but the second list proves that from numbers of provincial towns the destitute are sent to us. As the area of givers widens, so will that of receivers. When a number of subscribers in a town recommend a case, or when one generous donor does so, the Trustees always give due weight to the desire of their helpers, and, as far as may be consistent, admit their candidates.

TABLE OF TOWNS AND COUNTIES

From which children have been received.

LONDON.

Balham	7	Haverstock Hill ...	1	Paddington	4
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	1	Peckham	23
Battersea	9	Holborn	9	Pentonville	2
Bayswater	5	Holloway	8	Pimlico	4
Bermondsey	55	Homerton	2	Poplar	4
Bethnal Green ...	5	Hornsey	3	Rotherhithe	2
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown... ...	5	Shadwell	1
Borough	7	Hoxton	10	Shoreditch	3
Bow	13	Islington	22	Soho	1
Brixton	21	Kennington	7	Southwark	22
Bromley	1	Kensington	3	Spitalfields	1
Camberwell	25	Kentish Town ...	6	Stepney	5
Camden Town ...	4	Kilburn	8	Strand	2
Chelsea	7	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Clapham	5	Lambeth	54	Stockwell	2
Clapton	4	Lewisham	4	Stoke Newington ...	4
Clerkenwell	10	Limehouse	3	St. John's Wood ...	1
Dalston	1	Marylebone	15	St. Luke's	2
Deptford	7	Mile End	7	St. Pancras	3
Dulwich	2	Newington	10	Sydenham	1
Finsbury	4	New Cross	9	Walworth	35
Hackney	13	Norwood	5	Wandsworth	13
Haggerston	1	Notting Hill	7	Westminster	8
Hammersmith ...	3	Nunhead	1	Whitechapel	3
Hampstead	2				
TOTAL	567.				

NOTE.—Of the children received from London, the *poorer* districts have furnished the larger proportion.

COUNTRY.

Bedfordshire, Bedford	2	*Cheshire*, Birkenhead	1	*Durham*, Stockton ...	1
„ Luton	1	„ Chester ...	1	*Essex*, Barking ...	1
Berkshire, Newbury...	2	*Cornwall*, Penzance...	2	„ Boxted ...	1
„ Reading ...	12	*Derbyshire*, Belper ...	1	„ Braintree ...	1
„ Slough ...	1	„ Derby ...	2	„ Brentwood ...	1
„ Uffington...	1	*Devonshire*, Bideford	1	„ Chingford ...	1
„ Wokingham	1	„ Brixham	1	„ Colchester ...	2
„ Wargrave	1	„ Devonport	2	„ Coggeshall ...	1
Buckinghamshire,		„ Exeter ...	1	„ Dunmow ...	1
Princes Risborough	1	„ Plymouth	1	„ Halstead ...	1
Winslow	2	„ Stoke ...	1	„ Hatfield Heath	1
Cambridgeshire,		„ Torquay	1	„ Ilford	1
Cambridge	2	*Dorsetshire*, Poole ...	2	„ Leyton ...	1
Wisbeach	1	„ Swanage	1	„ Leytonstone ...	3

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Essex, Loughton ...	1	*Kent*, Northfleet ...	2	*Oxfordshire*, Chip. Nor.	1
,, Maldon ...	4	,, Orpington ...	1	,, Kidlington	1
,, North Woolwich	2	,, Plumstead ...	2	,, Thame ...	1
,, Paglesham ...	1	,, Ramsgate ...	1	,, Witney...	1
,, Romford ...	1	,, Rochester ...	1	*Rutlandshire*, Uppingham	1
,, Stratford ...	1	,, Sittingbourne	2	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1
,, Walthamstow	1	,, West Wickham	1	,, West Felton ...	1
,, Witham ...	2	,, Woolwich ...	4	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2
Gloucestershire, Bristol	4	,, Wrotham ...	1	,, Taunton ...	3
,, Cirencester ...	1	*Lancashire*, Ashton-under-Lyne	2	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1
,, Gloucester ...	1	,, Blackpool ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	1
,, Nailsworth ...	1	,, Bolton... ...	1	,, Halesworth...	1
,, Painswick ...	1	,, Liverpool ...	4	,, Ipswich ...	4
,, Stroud ...	2	,, Manchester ...	1	,, Southwold ...	1
,, Wootton ...	1	,, Morecambe ...	1	,, Stowmarket	2
Hampshire, Lymington	1	*Leicestershire*,		*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1
,, Bournemouth...	1	,, Lutterworth	1	,, Bletchingley	1
,, Christchurch...	1	*Lincolnshire*, Boston...	1	,, Catford ...	1
,, Hayling Island	1	*Middlesex*, Arlington	1	,, Croydon ...	8
,, Landport ...	1	,, Barnet ...	1	,, East Moulsey	1
,, Pokesdown ...	1	,, Ealing ...	1	,, Godalming ...	1
,, Portsmouth ...	1	,, Edmonton ...	1	,, Godstone ...	1
,, Portsea ...	1	,, Finchley ...	1	,, Kingston ...	3
,, Romsey ...	1	,, Fulham ...	1	,, Red Hill ...	1
,, Southampton	3	,, Hampton-Wick	1	,, Sutton ...	2
,, Winchester ...	1	,, Harrow ...	2	,, Tooting ...	2
Herefordshire, Ledbury	1	,, Hendon ...	1	,, Wimbledon ...	1
Hertfordshire,		,, Hounslow ...	2	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	2
,, Berkhampstead	1	,, Isleworth ...	1	,, Hastings ...	3
,, Hoddesdon ...	1	,, Tottenham ...	1	,, Lewes ...	1
,, Redbourne ...	1	,, Whetstone ...	1	,, Seaford ...	1
,, St. Alban's ...	1	*Norfolk*, Holt ...	1	*Warwickshire*,	
,, Ware	1	*Northamptonshire*,		,, Birmingham	2
Kent, Bromley ...	1	,, Brackley ...	1	,, Coventry ...	1
,, Charlton ...	2	,, Kettering ...	1	,, Quinton ...	1
,, Chatham ...	3	,, Northampton	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
,, Crayford ...	1	,, Oundle ...	1	,, Chippenham	1
,, Deal	1	,, Peterborough	1	,, Summerford Magna ...	1
,, Dover	1	,, Thrapstone	1	,, Swindon ...	1
,, Eynsford ...	1	*Monmouthshire*,		,, Warminster	1
,, Goudhurst ...	1	,, Blaenavon ...	1	,, Westbury Leigh ...	1
,, Gravesend ...	3	,, Newport ...	1	,, Wroughton...	1
,, Greenwich ...	9	*Nottingham*, Retford...	1	*Yorkshire*, Leeds ...	1
,, Maidstone ...	3	,, Sutton ...	1	,, Beddle ...	1
,, Margate ...	4	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1		
,, New Brompton	1				
TOTAL				256.	

NOTE.—170 provincial towns, representing 36 counties, have participated in the benefits of the Institution by sending 256 children.

Wales, Bridgend ...	1	*Wales*, Haverfordwest	2	*Wales*, Llanelly ...	1
,, Builth ...	1	,, Hay	1	,, Rhyll ...	1
,, Cardiff ...	1			,, Swansea ...	1
TOTAL				9	

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	*Isle of Wight*, Newport ...	1
Ireland	2	,, ,, Sandown ...	1

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	567	Wales	9
Country	256	Ireland	2
Scotland	1	Isle of Wight...	2
Total ...	837		

With regard to the 79 admissions during the year, the following facts attest the impartiality of the Committee of Selection, and indicate the wide area over which the benevolent operations of the Institution are distributed: 43 children were received from 29 parishes in London, and 35 from 31 towns in 14 counties. Of the 31 towns 20 are represented for the first time in the history of the Institution.

The Institution being open to ALL CLASSES of the community, the following table shows the wide range of its operations as to *the parentage* of the children :—

Mechanics	196	Policemen, Custom House Officers	10
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	134	Commission Agents	8
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	139	Accountants	7
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	117	Postmen and Sorters	6
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	86	Journalists	5
Ministers and Missionaries ...	27	Surgeons and Dentists	4
Mariners and Watermen ...	27	Solicitors	3
Commercial Travellers	15	Fireman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	15	Soldier	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	12	Architect	1
Farmers and Florists	11	Gentleman	1
Railway Employés	11		

TOTAL ... ... 837.

Of the 79 received during the past year, 37 were children of parents belonging to classes who live by manual labour; 16 were the children of clerks, 21 of tradesmen and shopkeepers, and 5 were the children of professional gentlemen.

No preference is shown to the children of any one denomination, the Institution being *non-sectarian* in its objects. The supreme desire of the Managers is to train the children for Christ, to instruct them in the truths of our common Christianity, and to see them renewed in spirit by the Holy Ghost. Of the 79 received during the year, the following sections of the Christian Church were represented, as under :—Church of England, 39; Baptists, 20; Wesleyans, 6; Congregational, 5; Presbyterian, 2; Not specified, 7.

The following table of the religious professions of the parents illustrates the catholicity of the Institution :—

Church of England	306	Roman Catholic	3
Baptist	196	Brethren	3
Congregational	96	Moravian	1
Wesleyan	82	Bible Christian	1
Presbyterian	17	Not specified	132

Total 837

All sections of the Church and of the community are thus laid under obligation, and we gladly add 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. We minister not to ourselves, but to the poor and needy. The Lord accept our work of faith and labour of love.

Will not our friends like to read a small selection of *notes from our Visitors' Book?*

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., writes :—"Not only pleased, but delighted, and grateful to Almighty God."

R. GLADDING, ESQ., and the Clerk to the Guardians, Whitechapel Union, came as a Deputation, and said :—"These buildings seem to us to be wisely designed, as it respects both economy and efficiency. We cannot but express our pleasure and satisfaction with what we have seen of the present condition and excellent management thereof."

S. O. HABERSHON, ESQ., M.D., of London, writes :—"Exceedingly pleased with all that I have seen. May God's blessing rest upon Mr. Spurgeon and his good work."

We pray that our loving helpers may long be spared to share in our service of love ; but as our heartiest wishes cannot preserve them from death, we trust they will not forget the orphans when they are distributing their estates. As it is most important to comply with legal conditions, in order to secure the validity of a legacy, we append the necessary form. Persons deviating from such form are likely to frustrate their own intentions, and no sane man would wish to do that. It cannot be too clearly understood that bequests of land or houses for charitable purposes are null and void. By forgetting this fact, 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 accomplished, friends should at least make their wills, and see that they are legally drawn up and executed.

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 Tracts have been issued, and may be had for distribution, price 3s. per 100 :—

1. "Love Jesus and live for heaven." 2. "Apt to Teach," for Sunday School Teachers. 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." 8. "Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage; its Character and Claims."

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1883.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Donations:—			
General	4,885	11	9
Collecting Boxes and Books	1,017	0	10
Services of Song (less expenses)	453	19	1
	6,356	11	8
„ Legacies	4,979	9	11
„ Annual Subscriptions	254	11	9
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs)	1,509	15	4
„ Donations—Girls' Orphanage	2,922	16	1
	16,023	4	9
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1882:—			
For New Buildings	3,820	7	4
„ General Purposes	1,950	6	9
	5,770	14	1
	£21,793	18	10

EXPENDITURE.

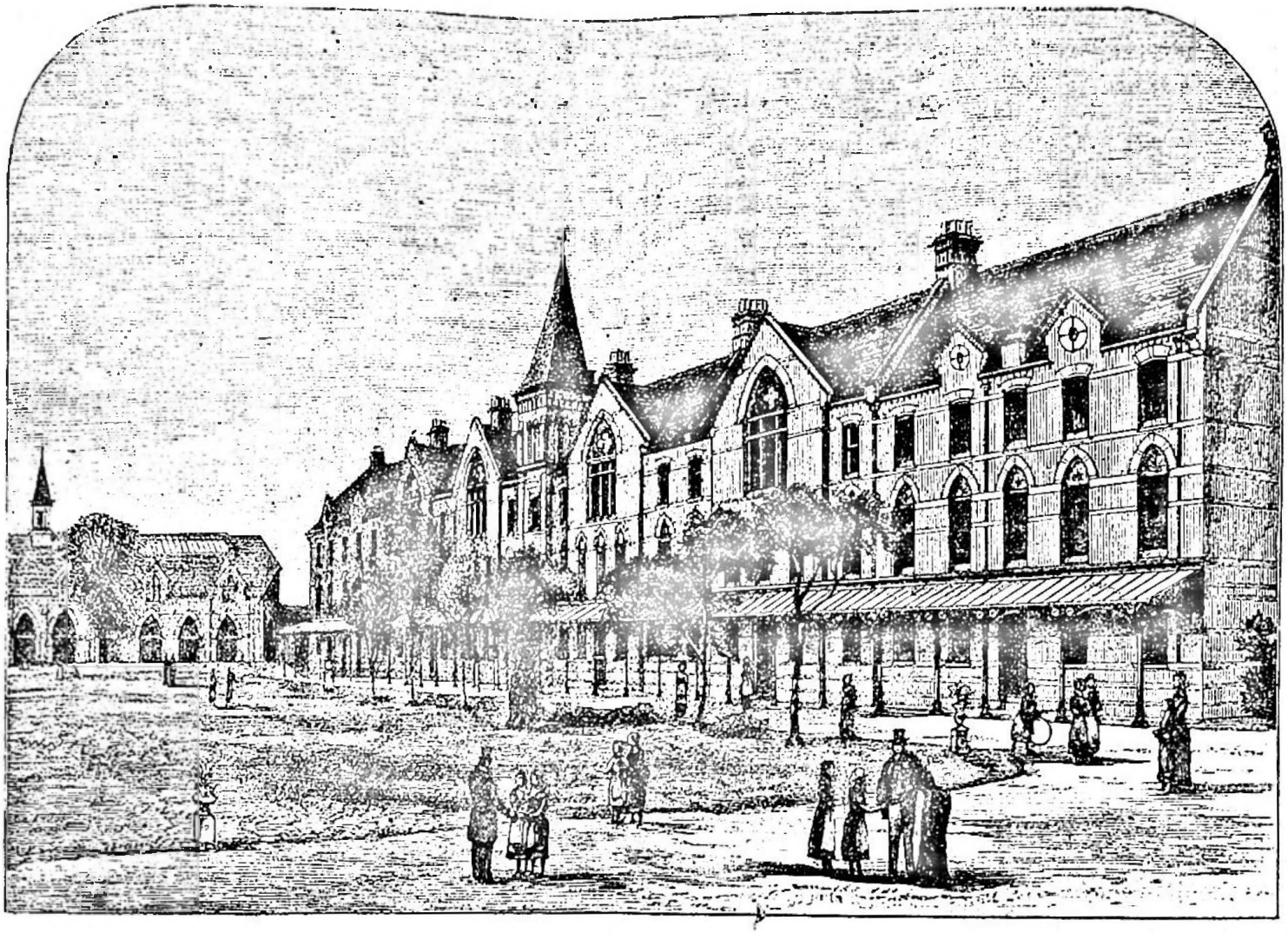
	£	s.	d.
By Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,494	6	0
Provisions	3,396	0	9
Clothing	1,538	7	11
Laundry: Wages	325	17	3
Soap, Soda, &c.	134	7	0
	460	4	3
Fuel, Gas, and Water	600	15	5
Books and School Requisites	151	9	7
Medical Expenses	126	0	9
Two Excursions	57	7	5
Gardening and Sundries	23	4	9
	7,847	16	10
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	473	3	7
„ Furniture, Repairs, and Insurance	922	13	11
„ Poor and General Rates	112	11	11
„ Refacing Boys' Houses, &c.	627	9	4
„ Reconstructing Lavatories, Drains, &c.	634	1	10
„ Girls' Orphanage:—			
Buildings, Fittings, Furniture, &c.	3,263	6	10
	13,881	4	3
„ Balance at Credit March 31st, 1883:—			
For New Buildings	3,479	16	7
„ General Purposes	4,432	18	0
	7,912	14	7
	£21,793	18	10

Audited and found correct, 13th day of June, 1883.

W. IZARD,
Arthur Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES,
32, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Auditors.

JOSEPH PASSMORE,
HENRY SMITH,
JAMES A. SPURGEON,
Acting Treasurer.
Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*



STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR GIRLS.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1883.

How to Attract a Congregation.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. SPURGEON TO HIS STUDENTS. NOW PUBLISHED ON BEHALF OF THE TIMES.

NEWSPAPERS are not always edited by Solomons, or if they are, the father is frequently out of the way, and his son Rehoboam manages the business. Silly seasons occur with journals as well as with other terrestrial concerns. Among the absurd articles which have appeared lately, I noticed one which gravely asserted that in our colleges young ministers are taught everything but their main business: that main business being *the art of attracting a congregation.* Is not that a remarkably wise remark? Surely, a Daniel has at last come to judgment. Not taught how to attract a congregation! What a grievous omission! Surely a subscription should be commenced, and a chair founded for this neglected department of practical theology. Who shall occupy the aforesaid chair? Let us hope it will be a good arm-chair, well made, and daintily stuffed for the benefit of the professor who is to sit in it: but what will he do in return for his endowment? What text-book will he use? Into what divisions will he apportion his scientific observations? I am lost in conjecture. Assuredly, I am not a candidate for the proposed office. It might not be easy to nominate a professor unless we proposed to confer the office upon the genius who first started the idea. In the absence of a seconder, our proposal falls to the ground, and the dignity is open to competition.

What little I have to say will run in the unscientific direction. It is

important that people should be attracted to hear the gospel, but each man must go his own way to work about it. His taste, moral and spiritual; his sense of the decent and becoming; and his own personal position and character, must suggest to his zeal how far it should go, and in what ways it should work. There are things legitimate and things questionable, and herein we must be a law unto ourselves. To lay down arbitrary rules and give uniform directions would be ridiculous; and even to make the attracting of crowds an object, would be a wretched business unworthy of a Christian minister. One thing, however, I may assert on my own behalf in dealing with this business: I cannot be suspected of over-delicacy or narrowness as to methods of winning the popular ear. Honestly, I am prepared to go a long way myself, and to let others go a great deal further. I am so anxious that men should hear the gospel and be saved that I would rather commend than censure the originalities and eccentricities of sincere soul-winners. Mr. Whitefield once said of his own times, "We must be disorderly or useless." In that case, I for one should have no hesitation as to which to choose. Rampant disorder is preferable to decorous perdition. I should be false to my own life and to my most cherished convictions if this were not true of me. I think if *I* cry out against any form of procedure there must really be a cause. So far as I know my own heart, I am prepared to rejoice in the success of any man living who sincerely serves the cause of Christ, and I am ready to put up with a world of things which I could not myself endorse; and yet at this time I must speak, even if I be charged with bitterness. Evils past bearing are multiplying upon us.

If you want to know how to *distract* a congregation, you have only to go to the great drum-thumping establishments, and hear for yourself how noise can be glorified. Outside of those emporiums instruments of brass are in full blast, with their still small voices proclaiming peace on earth, good will toward men. To put it more plainly, the age of the tin-kettle and the banjo has arrived, and with these weapons of our warfare the strong-holds of evil are to be thrown down. In certain districts the Sabbath is made hideous, the streets are rendered dangerous, and quiet is banished, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and with the view of attracting the masses to Him. The design is admirable, the method intolerable. Among our natural rights and liberties there is one which is in some danger in these turbulent days, and that is the right of occasionally being free from the banging of drums and the blaring of trumpets in the open streets. A contemporary has been asked: "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies, "We see no impediment in the way; but if he is a member of a brass band, and is given to practising on his cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man next door to be a Christian." This verdict is one in which I heartily coincide, only I extend it a little further, and include the equal difficulty of displaying a Christian temper when Salvation Bands go banging through the streets day after day. A tremendous noise is one way of attracting a congregation; but whether or not it is one which Jesus and his apostles would have followed, I leave to be decided by those best able to judge. The other day we read in an official report, "Brass band better than ever: thirteen blowing

salvation through their instruments." If this be so, let them blow till all is blue: it is not for us to rail at sounding brass if it has indeed become a channel of salvation. Blow by all means. If any of you judge that this is your high calling, pursue it ardently; and if outraged humanity should pelt you with mud and rotten eggs, do not reckon that a strange thing has happened unto you. If you should also create about twice as much blasphemy as religious feeling, do not be surprised: if your course of action should bring ridicule on all religion, and educate the mob in the art of rioting, which they may use by-and-by with unexpected results, do not marvel. If you conceive this to be your line of usefulness, listen to no advice; reckon all who differ from you as your enemies; become martyrs; and go forward like good soldiers, so long as leather and brass hold out. Only be prepared for contingencies. Suppose the big drum and the tambourine should cease to charm, what next? What else is to be done? Will you stand on your head? Hornpipes have been tried; will you try the tight-rope? I cannot suggest to you a novelty—since we have already heard of Brummagem Bruisers, devil-dodgers, converted clog-dancers, etc. No, I cannot continue the list, for it must include several profane titles if it become at all complete; and, above all, and worst of all, it must needs contain those blasphemous insults to the eternal and incommunicable name which arise out of the desecration of the word "hallelujah." It only occurs to me to suggest the question—Might it not be possible to be a little less vulgar, and so to create variety without extreme exertion? It might be a novelty to some people to conduct a meeting in which there should be no slang;—let it be attempted.

A second-class order of attraction has been tried by certain brethren in the way of advertising; but I think the Professor of Attractive Science will hardly commend it to you. Against causing services to be publicly known in a reputable manner no sane person can raise an objection, but we do object to employing the language of puffery. The method would seem to have originated with flash drapers and others, whose goods are made to sell. It consists in little puffs instead of big blasts. Odd ways of making yourself known are supposed to be effectual. One advertises on small tissue bills, "*Do you like sugar? Then hear Rev. T. Offey!*" Another thus emblazons himself, "*Have you heard Richard Tones?*" repeated ten times in separate lines, and followed next week by the advice, "*Go early if you wish to hear Richard Tones.*" This can be supported by, "*Over the garden wall! There is no need to attempt this feat in order to hear Richard Tones, if you are at the chapel by six o'clock.*" This style of proceeding has its admirers, but it does not add much to the influence exercised by Mr. Tones over judicious minds. He will probably be left in the limbo of quacks by those who give so much as a passing thought to him. Surely this is not our Lord's way of going to work: his condescension stooped to the lowest deed of self-denying love, and yet there was always a majestic propriety about him. Cheap-jack advertising is altogether out of harmony with the grand truths and the glorious spirit of the gospel. I am not censuring legitimate publication, but the little dodges of it. Abjure them.

The Ritualistic clergy, with far greater taste, have gone in for pretty things, and have drawn crowds together by a combination of costume,

flowers, paint, perfumery, and music. To say the least, this is a more ancient and reputable method than those which we have already mentioned. In some quarters, its attractions have lasted for a considerable period—after a fashion; but as a special draw it is by no means a general success. When the people have seen the pretty things a few times they grow weary of the show. Look at Catholic countries, where the business is done to perfection, and you will see a few women charmed with the gaudy altars, but in the great towns the overwhelming proportion of the men are alienated from the very semblance of religion. A silly desire to imitate these fineries may arise among our weaker brethren, but it may as well be dismissed. I could give many valid reasons, but one may well suffice:—we are not able to do the business properly, even if it were a fit thing to be attempted. Our Dissenting Gothic is an utter abomination to all architectural taste, our organs are usually of the baser sort, and if a fine service is attempted, it is a ridiculous travesty. Why will men pine to do that which they can never do well? And the more especially when, if they succeeded to perfection, the thing would not be worth a bad halfpenny. With the noblest architecture, the best music, and the most gorgeous scenic apparatus, the people are not to be drawn to the worship of God: the question is—if they were drawn, would the performance be the worship of God after all? Would it not be as well for them to see millinery, and hear music, and smell incense in the usual depôts for such luxuries? We think it would be far better; for then there would not be such a mix-up of things secular and sacred, and such a mistaking of sensuous emotion for spiritual worship.

An American friend has admirably sketched the method too often followed in the United States, with their quartettes of operatic performers. I sincerely wish that we had nothing in Great Britain to correspond therewith: we have the beginnings and may soon have the full-blown mischief. Congregational singing is snuffed out to make room for musical display: the church silences the saints to listen to the players? How a professional performance of this kind can attract a congregation I know not, but I suppose it does, or our friends would not go in for it. The writer we allude to says:—

"Not long ago we went to church in the city of—well, no matter where. There had recently occurred in our personal experience some things to gladden us, and others to give us anxiety, and we felt unusually disposed to seek the relief of prayer and praise in public worship. We hoped that the minister would be able to express our desires better than we could; and that we might be able to join in some hymn of thanksgiving set to a familiar tune—our repertoire is not large. We had been sitting in the richly-upholstered pew, and staring at the painted windows but a few moments, when the organ suddenly hushed, and in a distant corner of the church four fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen arose and sang; and this is what they sang:

'God is a Spirit—God is a Spirit, and they that worship him—and they that worship him—and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth. God is a—God is a Spirit, and they that worship him—God is a Spirit—must worship him—they must—must worship—worship in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such—[tenor] for the Father [all, loud] seeketh such—seeketh such—seeketh such to worship him. [Very softly] God is a Spirit—[waxing louder] God is a Spirit, and they—that worship him—they—and they

—they that worship him—must worship him—must worship him—and [loud, *yellendo*] THEY that worship him—and they—must—that worship him—[tenor, softly] must [contralto] worship [all] him in spirit and in truth. [All but tenor] For [all] the Father seeketh such—[bass] seeketh such [all, softly] to worship him—to worship him [sort of dying away] in spirit and in tru-u-u-th.'

"As the concluding cadences softly died away among the vacant pews, like the 'still, small voice' among the cliffs of Sinai, we could not help wondering whether those much-tortured words *had any meaning*; and if so, whether that meaning had any application to the performance just ended. What *is* 'worship in spirit and in truth'?"

Those of us who are of the conservative order are not carried off our feet by the amazing success of any sensuous methods of attraction which we have seen in operation up to this present. To us they appear to have been complete failures. Like thorns under a pot they have crackled loudly for the moment, and have blazed most furiously, but they have soon ended in dismal smoke and ultimate potash. We are still surrounded by those who cry, "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!"; and certain of the feebler sort are sure that we do very wrong because we do not lose our heads, and dance to every new tune; but we are not at all disturbed; for we have now seen so many wonderful devices blaze out and explode, that it will take a good deal in the way of fireworks to astonish us. A former age was for a while astounded by Dr. Katterfelto and his black cats, but the amazement fell off, and soon the populace saw—

> "Dr. Katterfelto with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread!"

Poverty is the ultimate issue in most cases: the bladder is blown till it bursts, the cord is strained till it snaps. Places of worship are advertised till they are abhorred; and sensations are multiplied till the people grow sick of the whole concern.

Yet we cannot endure to see empty pews, and we cannot hope to do good by our preaching to those who will not listen to us. Are there no other modes of gathering the people to our places of worship? Must we either become voices in the wilderness, or else learn the arts of the showman and the advertiser? We have hitherto gloried in the cross, and conceived that the gospel alone would win the day: are we now to change our tactics, and go down to Egypt for help? I think not.

I believe that the best, surest, and most permanent way to fill a place of worship is to *preach the gospel*, and to preach it *in a natural, simple, interesting, earnest way*. The gospel itself has a singularly fascinating power about it, and unless impeded by an unworthy delivery, or by some other great evil, it will win its own way. It certainly did so at the first, and what is to hinder it now? Like the angels, it flew upon its own wings; like the dew, it tarried not for man, neither waited for the sons of men. The Lord gave the word; great was the company of them that published it; their line went forth throughout all the world, and the nations heard the glad tidings from heaven. The gospel has a secret charm about it which secures a hearing: it casts its good spell over human ears, and they must hearken. It is God's own

word to men; it is precisely what human necessities require; it commends itself to man's conscience, and, sent home by the Holy Spirit, it wakes an echo in every heart. In every age the faithful preaching of the good news has brought forth hosts of men to hear it, made willing in the day of God's power. I shall need a vast amount of evidence before I shall come to the conclusion that its old power is gone. My own experience does not drive me to such a belief, but leads me in the opposite direction. Thirty years of crowded houses leave me confident of the attractions of divine truth: I see nothing as yet to make me doubt its sufficiency for its own propagation. Shorn of its graciousness, robbed of its certainty, spoiled of its peculiarities, the sacred word may become unattractive; but decked in the glories of free and sovereign grace, wearing the crown-royal of the covenant, and the purple of atonement, the gospel, like a queen, is still glorious for beauty, supreme over hearts and minds. Published in all its fulness, with a clear statement of its efficacy and immutability, it is still the most acceptable news that ever reached the ears of mortals. You shall not in my most despondent moments convince me that our Lord was mistaken when he said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

This being settled, be careful of the manner of your proclaiming the gospel. Do declare it in a *natural* style. Why should a truthful gospel be so frequently preached in a false and artificial manner? I know a brother who undoubtedly preaches the gospel, but one would suppose that he was originally ordained to wear a black cap and pronounce sentence on the condemned: do you wonder that he is not followed? Another bawls at the beginning of his sermon, and raves towards the close, and the friends complain that he gives them the headache: can you not see that he is himself to blame for his thin congregation? A third has a pronounced nasal twang, and somehow people do not enjoy the good news when it savours too much of the nose. Another friend is earnest and good, but he is supernaturally monotonous. I suppose that spiritual men take no notice of monotony, but I am sure that carnal men do; and they carefully get out of the way of Mr. Dronish. Certain preachers were far afield when the melodious voices were being distributed; yet even these would do better if they used their own natural speech, and did not affect a holy tone. I have noticed that if a bad-voiced brother talks to his friends he does not do it in the same tone as that in which he preaches or prays, and I am sure that it will be wise in that brother to keep to the tone of his usual conversation. People will bear *that*, for they see it to be natural; but they will make no excuse for assumed voices, whines, and drawls. Some brethren might improve their voices by learning to sing; and in any case, they ought to do their best to speak well. I do not urge this as a mode of attracting people, but as the removal of a hindrance which in many cases acts most seriously against collecting a congregation. I believe that the great means of gathering and holding a people is to say something worth their hearing: sensible persons will be much more affected by truth than tone, and I fancy that tone itself will be improved by the fact of having a valuable message to communicate. At any rate, speak like men and not as mimics, and as much as in you lies avoid driving people away by unpleasant mannerisms.

Then we must take care that we preach the gospel *simply*. This seems an easy thing, but it is harder than it looks. I could tell you of ministers within my knowledge who could not be understood by anybody except by those technically educated. It would cost them a supreme effort to translate their language into market-English. How can they expect ordinary people to listen to them? They have a predilection for long sentences, scholarly phrases, hard words, and even new words. Do not, brethren, if you can help it, be obscure; and do recollect that what is plain as a pikestaff to us in the classroom may be dim and unintelligible to nine-tenths of our hearers. The language of studious, bookish people is far out of the reach of labourers and artisans, and I feel convinced that many of the terms which we commonly use in our theological discussions are no more understood by the multitude than their equivalents in Latin. Crumble down the bread when you serve it out to the children. Break the loaves and fishes for the multitude. The common people like to hear that which their minds can grasp, but they shun the jargon of the schools.

Labour also to preach the gospel *interestingly;* and therefore illustrate it abundantly. Do not mind wise men objecting that you tell anecdotes; there is no sin in that habit. Put in plenty of good similes, metaphors, and illustrations, and if the learned few find fault with you for doing it, remind them of him of whom it is said, "Without a parable spake he not unto them." Your Lord and Master constantly said, "the kingdom of heaven is like" this, and like that; and herein he is your example as teachers of the multitude. It should be a joy to your hearers to listen to a sermon from you: a pleasure, and by no means an ordeal. In some cases it is by no means a delight, but an infliction, to hear a sermon. The three reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a preacher were striking ones. She said that, in the first place, he read his sermon; in the second, he did not read it well; and, in the third place, it was not worth reading. Did you ever notice a secondary definition of a *preacher* which is given by Walker?—it runs thus: "One who is apt to harangue tediously in discourse." Never come under the lash of that definition. Gain the attention, fix it, rivet it, fascinate it. Centre your whole mind upon the mastering of other minds with your subject. Do at least attempt the penning of all the flock within the hurdles of your sermon. Feed the sheep: feed the lambs. Make yourself understood by children; for if you are an interesting preacher to children you are an interesting preacher to everybody. I am certain that the man whom children delight to hear will not fail with grown-up people. Say, as a certain grand old preacher used to do, "Here is a little bit for the children." Their parents will recollect that bit better than anything else, and the probability is that they will profit most by it. Do avoid dulness. A living gospel must not be preached in a dead fashion. With a theme so vital, with a Bible so boundless, with a wealth of illustration all around us, with daily experience so varied, we ought to be as fresh in our discoursings as the trees by the river of life which yield their fruit every month. Oh, for grace to keep our own heart lively, and then our preaching will sparkle and glow!

Sometimes the sermon is dull because the preacher has not done his best to gather things new and old, and at other times because he has not

waited upon the Lord in prayer, and so has not drawn upon the fresh springs which are found only in the eternal hills. Work hard at your sermons, that it may be easy to preach them; fill them with good matter, that it may be pleasant to hear them; and pray the Holy Spirit to anoint them with fresh oil, for so they will never be barren or unprofitable.

After all, if you put all these things together, I believe that the quality which fills the house is *real earnestness*. Nothing attracts all eyes like fire. Flame with zeal and you will soon be known. Whether he uses copious illustration or not, if a man is in downright earnest he will win attention, and secure an audience. Do you wonder if some chapels are almost empty? Would you go yourselves to hear certain trifling individuals whom I will not mention? Would it answer any man's purpose to go far to hear men who do not themselves feel sure that what they preach is true? Would some of you go far to hear yourselves preach? Give an honest answer in the quiet of your own thoughts. I dare say, my brother, you have as good an opinion of yourself as other people have of you, and if it would not be worth your while to go to hear yourself preach, perhaps it is not worth the people's while to do so. If so, make yourself more worthy of an audience and an audience will come. Exhibitions of utter dulness are so frequent in the pulpit that it is no wonder that men do not succeed. I could relate cases of ministerial folly which I should have regarded as incredible if they had only been reported to me; but they have come under my own notice. It is a miracle that the people put up with such sheer stupidity as I have observed here and there. It would appear that some have taken leave of their common sense. A brother well known to me had recently before him a small congregation of poor working people, and nothing to do but to instruct them. One would have thought that he could have talked to them in a warmhearted, brotherly way; but no, he must needs *read* them a regular sermon with the orthodox three heads. He did this as coolly as if they had all been seasoned Christians, inured to prosiness; and of course he did not see those people again. His sermon might just as well have been in Sanskrit. What could ail the brother? I fear he is a hopeless dolt. A live coal from off the altar might have loosed his tongue, and made him burn his way into those waiting hearts; but I am afraid live coals are not in his line of things. Downright earnestness, zeal at blood-heat, energy at its utmost—these are necessary, and, as a rule, there will neither be success without them nor defeat with them. *The gospel, preached in a red-hot style, will find a way for itself, whatever may oppose it.* TRY IT, AND SEE.

Lost Children at the Crystal Palace.*

BY ONE WHO SAW THEM FOUND.

ANYONE who has been at the Crystal Palace on the day of the annual National Temperance *fête* must know that somebody must work very hard in order to bring together between sixty and seventy thousand men, women, and children, from all parts of the country, to find twelve hours' amusement and instruction for them, and to send them home so pleased with the day's proceedings that they resolve to come again next year. No one individual could accomplish this Herculean feat, and it would be an invidious and unpleasant task to try to find out who has to work the hardest to secure the success of the festival. Even if we could discover the honourable gentleman to whom the crown would be universally accorded, he would probably be the first to say that he did not deserve the laurels, for he could not have brought the matter to such a triumphant conclusion unless many willing workers had shared with him the toil and trouble of preparing for the day which so many thousands of Band of Hope children and others anticipate with delight, and look back upon with pleasure. It is not our purpose at this time to refer in detail to the work of these earnest and loving temperance men and women, but just to describe what we witnessed on the evening of July 10th, in the room set apart for the reception and care of *lost children*.

For several years this department has been under the able management of Pastor WALTER HOBBS, of Gipsy-road, Lower Norwood, to whose charge all lost children found in the Palace and grounds during the day are committed until he can find either their parents, teachers, or friends to relieve him of his responsibilities on their behalf. A Norwood newspaper thus describes the change that has taken place in this matter:—"A somewhat interesting item in a 'big' day at the Crystal Palace is the number of lost children, and we well remember seeing some eight or nine youngsters sitting on a form outside the old Police Station at the Crystal Palace in various stages of distress, the grief of the children being somewhat mollified by the kindly presents of buns and pennies from sympathizing passers-by; but *nous avons changé tout cela*, and for the last few years the Rev. WALTER HOBBS, of Lower

* We insert this article with a motive. Many persons set small store by any service unless it has a spiritual aspect. It seems to us that our Lord gave more prominence to cups of cold water, and garments made for the poor, and caring for little ones, than most people do nowadays. We would encourage our friends to attend to those humble, unobtrusive ministries which are seldom chronicled, and yet are essential to the success of the more manifest moral and spiritual work. Those who are content to fill their niche and say nothing about it are having no reward on earth, but they shall not be forgotten in the world to come. If they show strangers into seats, cut up bread-and-butter at tea-meetings, place forms in the aisles, or lead blind people to service, it may appear to be a small matter, but it shall have its reward. We want more Christian ministries of the practical sort: we do not despise "the fruit of the lips," but the work of the hands is by no means a secondary result of divine grace upon the heart. Our friend Mr. Hobbs is largely blessed in his labours as a minister of the gospel, but he counts it no stoop from his high office to gather the lost lambs with his arm. We gave our readers a woodcut of his chapel not long ago; he is one of our College men, and in all ways able to hold his own among pastors. Let no man think any service beneath him if thereby he can serve his Lord and the little ones.

Norwood, has made the lost little ones his special care on these occasions, and in a comfortable room provided by the authorities, receives and attends to any brought to him." This may seem a small matter to the uninitiated, but those behind the scenes can tell a very different tale. At one time the only room available for the little ones, who had strayed away from those with whom they came, was a dark, inconvenient place under the orchestra, a sort of modified "Black Hole of Calcutta," but now the commodious and comfortable Board Room, situated in the Egyptian Court, has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Hobbs and his little company of cheerful helpers. To this room, on the day above-mentioned, *sixty-six* children were brought, and from it, at the earliest opportunity, these were sent forth with some responsible and reliable person who undertook to see that they reached their homes in safety. There were more than sixty-six thousand persons at the *fête*, so that the lost children averaged just one in a thousand, not a large proportion, especially when we consider how many thousands of very little folk were present. *Only sixty-six*, but what were the feelings of the parents or guardians of those sixty-six when they became aware of their loss? One godly woman came into the room to enquire if her boy had been brought in. On receiving a reply in the negative she calmly said, "I know he will be all right, for I have asked the Lord to send him here." She returned two or three times in vain, but at last her faith and patience were rewarded. As she clasped her child in her arms she looked up, and with quiet restfulness said, "I told you that he would be all right. I knew that the Lord would answer my prayers for him." Doubtless some of the parents, who came from a distance, fancied all was well until the excursion-trains stopped at the home-station, comforting themselves, like Joseph and Mary, when they returned from Jerusalem without the Holy Child Jesus, by "supposing him to have been in the company." Then, as the sad truth forced itself upon them, that touching Ramah scene was repeated, "lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted," because they were not with her; or the loving father crying out in agony with old Jacob, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not . . . all these things are against me. . . . If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

Let us describe a case. A bright little lad, eight years of age, was brought in during the evening weeping bitterly. He knew his name and address, but could not tell the place with sufficient distinctness to enable us to decide how to send him. Consequently, he was one of three, who, to avoid leaving them at the police-station, were hospitably entertained for the night by Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, whose privilege it is every year to find a fold for a few of the lost lambs from the temperance flock. Meanwhile the boy's parents anxiously watched for him until the last train from the Palace arrived at the station from which he started, which was not the same as he mentioned to us, and although a policeman was sent to assure them that he was all right, and that he would be home in the morning, they could not go to bed, and as soon as it was light enough they started, accompanied by a fine mastiff, to walk to Norwood. When they found the little fellow looking bright and well, and all the better for a good rest, they seemed overjoyed; and,

having ascertained that there was "nothing to pay," marched off, singing in their hearts, if not with their voices, "He that was lost is found."

Their conduct was very different from that of two women who came to the Board Room. These unfeeling creatures discovered to their cost that, although Mr. Hobbs is as gentle and kind as a mother to the poor lost bairns, he can be equally dignified and stern if the occasion demands it. It happened in this wise. A tender-hearted policeman—and there were many such at the Palace at the Temperance *fête*—brought in a little lad who had been found wandering about alone at the bottom of the grounds. Soon afterwards a woman came to "The Lost Property Office," as the people would persist in calling it, and as soon as she caught sight of the child began to storm at him most furiously. Mr. Hobbs then said to her, "Is that your child?" "No," she replied, "but I know whose it is, and I'll take him to his mother." "That you will not," promptly answered the children's friend; "if his mother comes and claims him, I will give him up, but I shall certainly not give him into your charge, and the sooner you take yourself off the better it will be for you." At a later hour, another virago came for her daughter, and commenced bullying her in a similar fashion. As she was rushing across the room to scold and probably beat the poor, trembling girl, Mr. Hobbs seized hold of her, and put her on the other side of the door, where he and one or two friends told her plainly that it was her fault that the child had been lost, and that instead of behaving thus roughly, she ought to have been very grateful to those who had sacrificed their own pleasure in order to take care of her child. When she reached a better frame of mind, her daughter was surrendered.

These two cases were, however, quite exceptional; for, as a general rule, the parents were intensely thankful to find their children again, and could not sufficiently express their gratitude for the care that had been exercised over them. They seemed, in some instances, almost disappointed that there was "nothing to pay," as they would have liked to manifest their thankfulness by presenting something more substantial than words, hearty and fervent as these were. We understand that, on a previous occasion, the parents of three children who had been restored to them, hearing that Mr. Hobbs was collecting funds for a new chapel, all sent contributions for the purchase of a number of "Lost Children's Bricks" in the building. A merchant in the City, who looked into the room—it was the "Black Hole" that year—gave two guineas to the same object; and we have the best possible authority for stating that if any friends are disposed to follow these good examples their offerings will be heartily welcomed.

The lost children were of various ages, and of different social positions. They did not by any means look at their misfortunes from the same standpoint. Some of them could not dry their tears, and it was especially remarked that those who were nearest home wept the most, while those who were in for a night's lodging made themselves perfectly happy. One lad, after breakfasting on bacon and eggs, said that he had been so well treated that he should try to lose himself again next year. A bright, curly-headed boy, five years old, was brought into the

room about noon. He was a brave little fellow, and told us his name, and the place where he lived; but no one could understand what he said, and we were just about to take charge of him for the night, when a member of Mr. Hobbs' church came in and recognised him. It was then discovered that he had been for ten hours within twenty minutes' walk of his home, whence he had come in the morning, *in company with his elder brother*, who was two years his senior! There was one little girl who evidently thought it was fine fun to be lost. She wanted to be allowed to sleep under the table, and thought she could manage very well if she could only be provided with a night-dress. Mr. Hobbs had a supply of food and drink, and everything that he thought would be needed, but a night-dress was not in his list, so a lady offered to furnish the necessary article, and also a bed in which its wearer could sleep more comfortably than on the floor. Some friends who heard the confident tone of the young damsel thought that she assumed it for the same reason that the boy whistled in going through the churchyard—viz., to keep his spirits up.

The duties connected with this work commence as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, and continue until nearly midnight. Notices are posted up in various places stating that lost children are to be taken to the Board Room, in the Egyptian Court, and for that day, at least, the place is rightly named, for the children have their board as well as lodging found them, and those who have charge of the room are very considerably bored by the enquiries that are made during the day. As the lost ones are brought in, their names and addresses are recorded, and efforts made to inform their friends of their whereabouts. Towards evening, when the excursion-trains are leaving, great exertions are put forth to get the children to their own company. Should they be too late, telegrams are sent to their parents informing them that they are under the care of Mr. Hobbs, and will be sent home the following morning. In many instances the telegrams arrive before the trains are due, so that the parents need not be at all anxious. Of course, there are exceptions even to this rule. One country lad was crying very much because he had missed the train: instead of being comforted at the thought that a telegram would soon reach his mother, he wept the more, for he said she was subject to fits, and would be sure to have one if the telegram were sent.

Just as the room was getting cleared, a policeman walked in with a boy from a village near Maidstone. He was quickly followed by another member of the force, who had found on the barrier at the station, after the train was gone, a twelve years' old leather "clicker" from Northampton, whose "gaffer," or master, had treated him, and nineteen other boys, for the day. While we were talking to him, a third "bobby" entered with three boys from Worthing. Matters were now getting serious, but one of Mr. Hobbs' deacons offered to lodge the three last-comers; another friend took charge of the Maidstone lad; the Northampton boy, with another from Tottenham, and the one previously-mentioned were adopted by Mr. Hobbs, who was playfully recommended to apply to the Queen for the usual allowance upon the admission of three new members of a family; and the rest of the "unclaimed property" was disposed of in the best manner possible for

the night. In the morning, after breakfast, the children were all taken to their proper railway-stations, and committed to the care of the guards of the trains, their safe arrival being duly notified by telegrams later in the day, or letters the following morning. So it came to pass that some on foot, some in trams, some by trains, some at midnight, some in the small hours of the morning, and some the next day, the lost children all got safely home. Mr. Hobbs has quite a budget of letters of thanks from the little folk or their parents, whose hearts he has gladdened, and these he rightly prizes; but it gives him still greater joy to think of the Master's words—"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

J. W. H.

Right Use of Learning.

HOLY PAUL had much learning, and yet in religious exercises he used little. The Corinthians had less, and yet made such shows and flourishes of it, even in their religious duties, as if in their breasts all the libraries in the world had been locked up. This puts me in mind of what once I have read, concerning a Rabbi, that had but little learning, and less modesty and ingenuity; for he, usurping all the discourse at table where many were, one much wondering at him asked one of his friends in private, whether he did not take such a man for a great scholar? to whom he answered, "For aught I know, he may be learned; but I never heard learning make such a noise." The more learning, the less noise; the less learning, the more noise men will make. The sun shows least when it is at the highest; and those waters are most deep that run most silent: they usually are men of the greatest parts that use them least in religious works. Famous Mr. Dod was wont to say that so much Latin was so much flesh in a sermon. The gilt upon the pill may please the eye, but it profits not the patient; the paint upon the glass may feed the fancy, but the room is rather the darker than the lighter for it. Painted glass in churches is more glorious, but plain glass is most perspicuous. When men come to church-work, to pulpit-work, all plainness must be used. Starched oratory may tickle the brain, but it is plain doctrine that informs the judgment, and convinces the conscience, that bows the will, and that wins the heart. That sermon hath most learning in it that hath most plainness in it. And therefore a great scholar was wont to say, "Lord, give me learning enough that I may preach plain enough." At a festival time, when Bernard had preached very eloquently, and the people much admired and applauded him, he was much sadded; the next day he preached a plain and powerful sermon without any rhetorical dresses, at which many curious, itching ears were dissatisfied, but his meaner-capacitated auditors were much pleased and delighted; and being asked the reason of it, he returned this answer, "*Heri Bernardum, hodie Jesum Christum*": Yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day, Jesus Christ.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Madagascar.*

MADAGASCAR, the scene of some of the most striking missionary successes of the present century, occupies just now a prominent position in men's thoughts on account of the political exigencies which have occasioned the Malagasy Embassage to Europe. Its area is larger than that of the British Isles. It is occupied by six or eight considerable tribes, the dominant race being the Hovas, a branch of the Malay family, who rule over one-half of the territory and seven-eighths of the population. It is wonderful to think of the changes which have passed over the island during the last sixty years. Up to that time the interior was comparatively a terra incognita, and the various savage races which inhabited it were sunk in cruelty and idolatry.

In 1815, Sir Robert Farquhar, the excellent governor of the island of Mauritius, which lies about 550 miles to the east, opened communication with Madagascar, and in the following year induced the king, Radama I., to send two of his younger brothers to Mauritius for education. They were placed under the care of Mr. Hastie, who afterwards took them back to their home, and became the first English Consul of Madagascar. He negotiated a treaty with Radama for the abolition of the slave trade on condition of the payment by the British Government of £2,000 a-year "in flint locks, powder, and soldiers' old clothes for the king's army;" and he is gratefully remembered by the Malagasy as one of their best and noblest friends.

Sir Robert Farquhar had more in view than the mere civilization of the island; he contemplated also its evangelization by the introduction of Christianity, and encouraged the London Missionary Society to direct their attention to it. Messrs. Jones and Bevan were accordingly sent out, and in 1820 entered the capital in company with Mr. Hastie. Within eight years from that time fourteen other missionaries arrived, eight of whom were artisans: a printer for example, a tanner, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a cotton-spinner: and, in addition to the gospel, almost all the knowledge the people possess to-day of these various arts and trades has been derived from the missionaries.

These men on their arrival found no written language. The king had recently obtained four Arabic secretaries, and the Arabic character would probably have been adopted for the Malagasy language: but when Radama saw the Roman character he preferred it. "I like these better," said he, "they are simpler; we'll have these." Thus the character was settled; the missionaries reduced the language to writing, compiled a dictionary and grammar, and translated the Bible, a catechism, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and some other books into the Malagasy tongue.

Radama was succeeded in 1827 by Queen Ranavàlona I., whose prejudices were excited against the white men by the idol-keepers who saw their craft to be in danger. She expelled the British agent, and would have done the same for the missionaries but for a very singular circumstance. She had come into possession of some English soap; and it occurred to her that if she could get the white men to make it

* Notes of Mission-Work in Madagascar, by Rev. T. T. Matthews, Missionary, L.M.S. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Aberdeen: James Murray. One and sixpence.

from materials found in the island, and teach the people to make it, she could keep the idols quiet till this desirable end was attained. The missionaries asked for a week to make the experiment, and at the end of that time produced two small bars of soap. The Queen was so pleased that she allowed them to continue their work on condition that they would undertake soap-making, and would teach the art to the Malagasy. They gladly accepted contracts, the execution of which occupied nearly five years, and meanwhile made the best of the time in the interests of Christian teaching. They industriously printed and disseminated copies of the Bible, and the progress of Christian truth amongst the people was so marked that the hostility of the idol-keepers succeeded in bringing about the expulsion of the missionaries at the end of the five years.

Then followed nearly thirty years of Bible-burning, persecution, and martyrdom. Native Christians were suspended over a precipitous rock by a rope round the waist, and while swinging in mid air required to renounce the white man's God. If they complied, they were drawn up and freed; if they refused, the rope was cut, and they were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Others were burned to death, were speared, were stoned, sold into slavery, or, loaded with irons and chained together in dozens, driven away into the fever-districts of the island, where large numbers perished. In Madagascar were enacted scenes which remind us of the times of the Albigenses. The persecuted Christians fled for their lives, and living in the woods and hidden away in caves among the mountains, they held midnight prayer-meetings; and in the nights of the rainy season, when there was less danger of being overheard, ventured to solace themselves with the singing of hymns. Not more than three or four Bibles escaped the rigid search of the government: these were well-known to the Christians, and were very precious in those days. One of them was kept under a stone in a cave used as a small-pox hospital, and it thus escaped the officials, who did not care to explore the infected place. This copy is now in the museum of the Bible Society.

In 1861 the vindictive queen died, and was succeeded by Radama II. He immediately reversed the cruel policy of his predecessor, and repealed the laws against the Christians; and upon this clearing up of the sky the Rev. W. Ellis went out from England to resume the work, and was speedily followed by six more missionaries. Very remarkable was the state of things they found in Madagascar. There were not more than 300 Christians in the island when the missionaries were expelled in 1835. Some 1,600 are believed to have perished during the persecution, and yet, when the missionaries returned in 1862, 700 Christians were found to welcome them.

The reign of Radama II. opened with great promise. The English and French representatives were present at his coronation. For a time he was the idol of his people; but he sank into dissolute courses, and his ruin was accelerated by French adventurers, who stimulated the king's drinking habits that they might obtain concessions from him. Deluded by them, he tried to introduce the law of French duelling, an endeavour which cost him his life. He was assassinated in 1863, and his widow Rasohèrina I. was crowned in his stead. She resolutely persevered in the policy of toleration towards Christians, and made treaties of friendship with England and America; Queen Victoria asking, as an expression

of personal friendship, that the native Christians should not be persecuted for their religion.

It was in her reign that the present disagreement with the French Government commenced. A treaty had been entered into by Radama in one of his drunken fits with a French adventurer named Lambert, by which considerable territory in Madagascar was granted to a French Company of which Lambert was to be the head. For procuring this treaty Lambert was to be made Duke of Madagascar by Napoleon III., but the death of Radama put a stop to the scheme. The Malagasy Government repudiated the treaty as soon as they knew of it, but the Imperial Government of France, in 1865, compelled them to pay an indemnity of £48,000 on account of its nonfulfilment, a high-handed course which produced a deep anti-French feeling in Madagascar.

The present Queen Ranavàlona II. succeeded Rasohèrina in 1868, and in the following year was baptized, together with the prime minister, whom she had married. When presently afterwards she committed her idols to the flames, a general idol-burning followed throughout the country. The people everywhere flocked into the churches, and the resources of the missionaries were put to the severest strain to meet the sudden requirements of a whole nation nominally turned to Christianity. The queen and prime minister have ever since maintained an honourable and consistent course, which demonstrates that their profession of Christianity was not nominal nor politic, but real, and actuated by pure and high principle. The people love to contrast the fires of Ranavàlona I., which consumed the faithful martyrs who refused to worship idols, with the fires of Ranavàlona II., which consumed the idols they refused to worship.

The rapid growth of the churches under royal favour, while it has enormously extended the immediate field of Christian labour, has not been in every respect healthy. It has given the missionaries cause for grave anxiety. Their main care is to keep the churches as pure as possible from unworthy members, and by sound scriptural instruction to lay a solid foundation for strong and holy Christian character. The training of native preachers and pastors is being conducted on an extensive scale, and the prospects of mission-work in Madagascar are glorious and inspiriting. The vast progress of Christian teaching may be inferred from the figures which the churches present to-day. Scarcely more than sixty years have elapsed since the first missionaries set foot in the island, which was then intellectually and spiritually in absolute darkness. Now 48,000 scholars are taught, in nearly 900 schools, the various branches of elementary education. There are over 1,100 churches, with 70,000 members and a quarter of a million of adherents; and they contribute £4,000 a year for Evangelistic purposes in the island, a large sum when we bear in mind that money represents in Madagascar five times its value with us. And yet but one-third of the population is reached. MEN are still needed; and the strength of the churches at home should continually be directed to push forward here, as everywhere else, the vanguard of Immanuel's army.

Mr. Matthews, whose pamphlet lies before us, went out to Madagascar in 1870 to labour in Vonizongo, north-west of the capital. His plain, unvarnished narrative of missionary labour, by its very simplicity and

fulness of detail, possesses a vivid interest of its own, and whoever wishes to live in imagination side by side with a missionary at his work, the spectator of his anxieties, labours, hopes, vexations, and successes, should avail himself of this little book. The worthy missionary tells us that the profits of the sale will be devoted to the support of native schoolmasters; and as the Society's share of the annual salary of these men is but fifty shillings, the other half being furnished by the people, it is not impossible that readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* may feel moved to take a share or two in this useful and economical work. Specially should all Christians pray that the freedom of Madagascar, and of the church in the island, may be maintained and protected from French interference. The state of affairs is just now eminently serious; and at every prayer-meeting throughout the world Madagascar ought to be specially mentioned. The French will rue the day in which they ever lifted a hand against this little nation, if in answer to our prayers the Lord of hosts shall take up the quarrel of Madagascar; and he will do so if his servants wait upon him with a constant faith. He has made this isle to acknowledge Christ, the Lord, and surely he will not deliver it into the hand of the enemy. D.

Startled out of Paralysis.

DR. RICHARDSON, speaking of a certain class of imitative diseases, relates an extraordinary story of a lady, whom he attended, being afflicted by a curious form of paralysis. She displayed all the symptoms of the real disease, becoming so prostrate that she lost all command of her limbs. But one day a relative, who was in a dying condition, in an adjoining room, gave a sudden, agonizing scream. This scream had such an effect upon her that it roused her apparently dead limbs into life; she all at once rose from her bed and, unassisted, walked rapidly into her friend's room, and from that moment recovered the entire use of the previously, and as they seemed hopelessly, palsied limbs. So in like manner should the world's cry of woe penetrate the heart of the church, and rouse it to life and action.—*From "Phases of Christian Thought:" Sermons of a high class, by A. J. Parry.*

Not afraid to be brought low.

WHY should we be afraid to be brought low? We all dread and avoid it by all means and every artifice we can devise. But why should we do so? We are not nearly so much afraid of prosperity, which is a far more dangerous condition. It seems to me that this points to a lurking motive of self-seeking and pride. For if it were God's honour that we steadily and honestly sought, why should we not be as well satisfied to be the instruments of promoting that honour whilst humbled and kept low ourselves, as when we are personally in a more prosperous and flourishing condition? Have I really learnt a part of this lesson, or do I only think I have done so, when I say, "Never be afraid to be brought low"? My experience has been, "I was brought low, and he helped me." "He giveth grace to the lowly."—*Robert Walker, Rector of Wymeswold, a friend who has lately gone home.*

The Gospel in St. Giles's.

MR. CHOWN and his friends at Bloomsbury Chapel take the deepest interest in the St. Giles's Mission Church; and well they may, since their evangelist can point to a membership of two hundred persons, nearly all of whom are the fruit of the Mission, many having been reclaimed from vice and drunkenness. Those who visit the station to look upon the somewhat unique assembly at its gathering around the Lord's-table are not likely soon to forget the scene. Not a few of the communicants are special miracles of sovereign grace. Let us examine two or three cases.

On a Sunday morning, not very long ago, a young woman entered the hall in company with others of her class; and those who saw her vacant look and sin-hardened features would have judged rightly if they had said that little or nothing of her womanly nature was left. Hope had departed from her eyes, and the light of intelligence had faded from her countenance. Was such a person likely to become the subject of divine grace? So it was, however; she was a sinner, and was brought to see herself such. The word went to her heart, and, overcome by a consciousness of sin, she seemed to have no power except to weep. She was desirous of being spoken to upon divine things, but she needed to be taught the rudiments of the gospel. From an apparently hopeless condition this woman progressed to an intelligent perception of the plan of salvation and to settled peace. When placed in a respectable situation, it was as though new powers had been given to her, so rapidly did her mind expand; in becoming a new creature she developed talents for which none had ever given her credit. She became a Sunday-school teacher, and is now reported as being earnest and faithful in every good word and work.

What must it be to be the wife of one of the worst drunkards in St. Giles's? Mr. Harrison one morning in the street met a poor creature in that condition; but her distress on this particular occasion was unusually great, for something exceptional had occurred. A street crowd was gathering round the missionary and the woman; and those who were sufficiently inquisitive soon learned that her husband was committed to Newgate, and therefore the wife was filling the air with her cries. How true it is that fond wives still love the most brutal of husbands! The woman was tempted to yield to despair, supposing the case to be hopeless; but her friend spoke of the power of prayer, and of that grace which could transform the hardest heart. "We went down upon our knees together," says Mr. Harrison, "and surely the Lord was in that place to hear and answer; for while we were praying the Spirit of God was dealing with the poor drunkard in the cell at Newgate, and for the first time in his life he was seeking pardon for the past, and strength for the future." At the end of his prison term, he told his former companions that he had parted company with old habits; and for three years the man and his wife have been members of the Mission Church, and active workers for the good of others. Oh, the power of grace! Let all believers rejoice in its victories.

It frequently happens that what these people say of themselves far exceeds in interest anything that others can relate concerning them. Thus, a member of the Mission Church lately spoke as follows in a meeting of his fellow-members :—"Some of you friends here know me ; if you don't, I'll just tell you that this is the only place of worship I was ever in, except when I was christened and when I got married. I have spent the whole of my life going about drinking and smoking ; and instead of looking after my home, and making my wife and children happy, I have tried to lead them into evil. But I came into this place, and I heard what I did not expect to hear. It hit me straight home; and I had to throw up drinking, thinking that would put me straight; but I soon found I wanted something else besides. That was the right thing to do, but that did not give me a new heart. I got so down, and felt so bad, that I said to my wife, 'Liz, I am going to pray.' The Lord spoke peace to my soul, and here I am to-night a changed and happy man; and I mean to do what I can for the good of others."

No sooner had this witness sat down than another rose to say that he was one of the same sort ; but having found peace with God and having given up drinking he was as happy as the days were long. The very horses he drove knew that there was a difference ; and everybody about seemed to have a different bearing towards him.

Mr. Harrison and his helpers are the valued friends and advisers of large numbers of the poor in this over-crowded parish. Much attention is given to the home visitation of the 35,000 souls who are found tenanting the rooms of these narrow streets from the attics to the cellars. It is dreadful to think of the manner in which the unhappy lodgers are packed in a place where space is apparently more precious than the people's lives; it is more dreadful still actually to see the overcrowding for yourself. Dogs would not be more closely kennelled. Think of from six to twelve families in one house; and of some half-a-hundred individuals living under the same roof. How can decency and morality survive ? There are no less than three thousand families in this one parish who live in single rooms. It is well known that no persons in London pay such an exorbitant price for their house-room as the very poor. When every apartment is held direct from Mr. Agent, no one on the premises has any control over anyone else ; the consequence is, that a decent family may have to endure a blasphemous and violent drunkard for a neighbour, the thin partition of the rooms not sufficing to separate unwilling hearers from the sounds which defile both day and night. The Christian widow, with a young family, is sometimes found thus circumstanced ; and some time ago, one such was suddenly aroused at dead of night by her door crashing in, the fragile woodwork having given way before the weight of two drunken pugilists who fell against it. On recovering, the combatants continued their fight, terrifying the woman and her children, and damaging her little furniture. It is by such facts as these that we are able to estimate the vast boon which the Peabody Fund might prove to the poor of London whose chief want is clean and wholesome dwellings. At present front rooms in St. Giles's are worth 6s. 6d. a week each; back rooms are 4s. 6d., while attics and kitchens are about a shilling lower. These

figures represent monstrous rents when the quality of the accommodation is taken into account. Being so poorly housed, there is naturally a good deal of sickness always prevalent; and many indeed are the requests which find their way to the Mission-house for Mr. Harrison to visit the ailing and the dying. These calls are always responded to; and in connection with this part of the work many triumphs of divine grace have been witnessed.

"Sandwich men" abound in the common lodging-houses of Seven Dials. The business of these poor fellows is to carry advertisement boards about the streets from morn to eve for a shilling or eighteenpence a day. This "sandwich" profession is sometimes adopted by those who were once in a far better position. Among them in St. Giles's has appeared one with a university degree, another who spoke three languages, and a third who was an expert shorthand reporter. In severe seasons, when work is scarce, their sufferings are great, so that occasional meals are given at the Mission premises, a gospel service conducted by Mr. Harrison invariably following. On such occasions the guests drink their tea and eat their beef sandwiches with thankfulness, and, what is better, they enter with some earnestness into the religious part of the service. Let us pray that even their hunger may thus become a blessing to them by leading them where the bread of life is set before them.

The London City Mission has always acted on the principle of not distributing alms, and we do not see how it could do otherwise; but indirectly, and in unofficial ways, the agents have frequently supplied necessaries in times of extreme pressure. An independent enterprise like the Mission associated with Bloomsbury Chapel, however, works without restriction, and is thus able to adapt its procedure to the wants of the season; and one of these wants, during the winter, is found to be a weekly dinner for destitute children. The season extends from the first Thursday in November to the last in March, three hundred or more sitting down to a repast of hot Irish stew on each occasion. To what degree these repasts are appreciated no one can properly understand who is not pretty well acquainted with the neighbourhood. They not only open a way to the hearts of the famished children, but they break down a vast deal of prejudice among the adult population. Even the ignorant and bigoted Irish cannot rail against a religion which feeds their children. "Ah, sure, it was good of ye to feed my youngsters when I wor ont o' work," once cried a demonstrative native of the Emerald Isle to Mr. Harrison. "Ye ought to be a father in the Catholic Church—sure ye'd bate half of 'em if ye wor. May the heavens be yer bed!"

The cases of distress and destitution which these dinners are the means of bringing to light, are sad instances of the hidden woes of London. Early on a certain Thursday morning a little boy came to ask for a ticket for his sister; and on being asked concerning his mother, the little fellow said *she was dead*. Mr. Harrison then went to see for himself what had happened; and following his guide, he came at length to a squalid house in a foul court, where lay the body of the woman who, a few hours previously, had destroyed herself while drunk. Fancy the condition of the children, shut in with their mother's

corpse. The boy instinctively went to the Mission-station; for he knew from past experience where to find help.

The children soon discover who are their friends, and they show their respect in many ways. On one occasion Mr. Harrison was passing down a lane of notorious character, whence from the rubbish of demolished houses a number of street arabs were wont to throw stones and dirt at well-dressed passengers by way of pastime, the favourite target being a Paris hat, which was almost sure to come in for "a topper." As Mr. Harrison was passing, there was the usual cry of "a boxer," and a dozen missiles were ready to be thrown; but in another instant he was recognised, and received an ovation instead as "the cove wot gives us the dinners."

We are glad to find that Mr. Harrison regards open-air preaching as one of the most important branches of his work, the neighbourhood being as well adapted for the practice as any district in London. A small harmonium is used, and this, easily carried from place to place, helps with the singing to attract a crowd, which the preacher by his power of ready utterance keeps together. The congregation always constitutes a curious study for observers of human nature: the worst of characters mix with the ordinary St. Giles's *habitués* who stand smoking at large; unwashed women wait with their aprons filled with provisions from the adjoining market; boys and girls in indescribable raggery run in and out; and young females in tawdry finery laugh to their rough associates: all these make up the motley throng. To some the spectacle, with its unfragrant fumes, might be repellant, but it is picturesque, nevertheless, and full of promise to the lover of the souls of men.

A young Scotchman who had known better days, and had received a religious training, had lost everything amid London dissipation. Friendless and destitute, he was now paying the penalty of his sin, and his only shelter was a room in St. Giles's. With a heavy heart he wandered to the spot whence the sounds of the harmonium came; and as he took up a position, leaning against a wall, he turned his sad eyes towards the preacher, the scenes of his past life meanwhile passing before his mental vision. He knew that what he heard was right, and he accused himself of having wasted his life. Where was his mother's Bible which he had not seen for years? Did it still remain in the old box which was not sold because nobody would buy it? The meeting ended; but as a service was to be held in the hall he hastened home, made himself as presentable as possible, found the Bible, and repaired to the meeting, taking care to choose a seat near the door. It is curious how the newly-awakened choose the door-seats. Are they afraid that otherwise their retreat will be cut off? He did not run for it, but fell under the power of the word. The gospel word reached his heart, he became an intelligent Christian, and an active helper.

In another instance the music of the street harmonium attracted a sceptical working-man to the Five Dials where Mr. Harrison was preaching. Just at that moment the preacher happened to be stating some homely truths specially adapted for boasting unbelievers. There were men who called themselves Freethinkers who really never had a free thought in their whole lives; for, in point of fact, they were mere slaves

to their passions, and to the notions of others. What they held to be truth they had accepted without enquiry; but the preacher had seen such men die, and their deaths reminded him of what God had said about laughing at their calamity and mocking when their fear came upon them. On that morning the truth convinced the doubter, and he became a changed character.

The friends at Bloomsbury Chapel may well feel interested in this holy enterprise; and they may account themselves happy in having in Mr. Harrison an agent who thoroughly loves the work in which he is engaged. The church at Bloomsbury ought not to be left to fight its battle against sin and misery single-handed. It has its own expenses to bear, and from the nature of the neighbourhood its wealthy adherents are not so numerous as they used to be. In the nature of things its work will each year become more difficult, and it ought therefore to have outside sympathy. The woes of St. Giles's ought to excite the commiseration of persons at a distance who desire to take a share in a seed-sowing which must yield a noble harvest. We have not been asked to say this, but our own thought has suggested it. Let any wealthy reader try whether our brother Chown will be offended by the offer of help for Seven Dials.

The Viaduct of Salvation.

THE bridge across the picturesque valley of Crumlin is a notable structure. Its airy lightness and symmetrical form suspended so high in space makes it a thing of singular beauty. But it is as notable for the ingenuity of its construction as for the beauty of its form. One principle in its construction is that it can yield ten inches under pressure without affecting its safety. We well remember the occasion of its opening, when its bearing power was most severely tested. A long train of trucks, each one laden to its utmost capacity with heavy material, was drawn slowly over it. In the meantime there were persons placed in convenient situations to watch the effect of so much weight upon the bridge; the dense crowd below holding its breath with expectation to hear the verdict. At last the burst of hurrahs was deafening which greeted the announcement that it yielded but three inches, leaving a margin of seven between it and danger. But God's *way* of salvation is a structure built on a principle incapable of yielding a hair's-breadth. How grandly it was tested on the great day of Pentecost! On this, its inauguration, it carried over from death to life three thousand souls, including some of those who had with wicked hands crucified and slain the Lord of glory, and it yielded not under the weight of their guilt. Surely men can afford with great confidence to rest their soul's salvation upon a scheme thus buttressed by eternal truth.—*From Phases of Christian Truth: Sermons by A. J. Parry.*

Difficulties in getting the Bairn baptised.

"WE remember to have met with a droll story of no less venerable a character than Ralph Erskine, although we have seen it attributed to Ebenezer. The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They tell the following traditionary anecdote connected with the subject:—A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of young and old women who usually muster on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ——, some miles off (not that of Mr. Erskine), where he enquired if the clergyman was at home. 'Na; he's no at hame yenoo,' answered the servant lass, 'he's down the burn, fishing; but I can soon cry him in.' 'Ye needna gie yoursel the trouble,' replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; 'nane o' your fishin' ministers shall bapteeze my bairn.' Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his enquiry if the minister was at home, the lass answered, 'Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out [fatigued] when he comes back that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let-a-be kirsen a wean!' '*Wait*, lassie!' said the man in a tone of indignant scorn; 'wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr. Erskine at Dunfermline, and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think.' The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports to incapacitate him from performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from an upper chamber. 'The minister will no be at hame,' he said with a sly smile to the girl who came to the door, 'or your lad [sweetheart] wadna be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle.' 'The minister *is* at hame,' quoth the girl, 'mair by token it's himsel that's playing, honest man: he aye takes a tune at night before ganging to bed. Faith, there's no lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could.' '*That* the minister playing!' cried the man, with a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. 'If *he* does this, what may the rest not do! Weel, I fairly gie them up a' thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll

tell ye what, gudewife,' he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, 'we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, I never kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!''—*From "Scottish Characteristics." By Paxton Hood.*

Barking at Thunder.

THE first time our young dog heard the thunder it startled him. He leaped up, gazed around in anger, and then began to bark at the disturber of his peace. When the next crash came he grew furious, and flew round the room, seeking to tear in pieces the intruder who dared thus to defy him. It was an odd scene. The yelping of a dog pitted against the artillery of heaven! Poor foolish creature, to think that his bark could silence the thunder-clap, or intimidate the tempest! What was he like? His imitators are not far to seek. Among us at this particular juncture there are men of an exceedingly doggish breed who go about howling at their Maker. They endeavour to bark the Almighty out of existence, to silence the voice of his gospel, and to let him know that their rest is not to be disturbed by his warnings. We need not particularize; the creatures are often heard, and are very fond of public note, even when it takes an unfriendly form. Let them alone. They present a pitiful spectacle. We could smile at them if we did not feel much more compelled to weep. The elements of a tragedy are wrapt up in this comedy. To-day they defy their Maker, but to-morrow they may be crushed beneath his righteous indignation. At any rate, the idea of fearing them must never occur to us; their loudest noise is vocalized folly; their malice is impotent, their fury is mere fume. "He that sitteth in the heavens doth laugh: the Lord doth have them in derision."—*C. H. S.*

Sound but Lazy.

IT is good to hold fast to the old truths, and to contend earnestly (but not savagely) for the faith once delivered to the saints; but it is possible to be sound in doctrine and sound asleep at the same time. Truth turned into a pillow for an idle head is a good thing turned to most evil use. If we wish our form of teaching to exercise power, we must exhibit its practical influence right diligently. A doctrine that will not work will not live. Some very orthodox people are very lazy, and laziness is certainly heterodoxy of the worst type. A good-for-nothing Christian is a great sinner. There never was a period when there was more need for zeal and faithfulness than now. We have fallen upon bad days for slumber: activity is lord of the hour. Oh, lovers of truth, bestir yourselves. Work together when you can; but, most of all, see to it that you are each one faithful to his own conscience. Thoroughly consecrated and quickened men are needed now that the fight grows hotter than ever.

Among the Hop-pickers Thirty Years Ago.

IT was in 1849 or 1850 that I began work among the hoppers. It was one Sunday afternoon, immediately after the afternoon service at the Baptist Chapel, Hadlow, where I had been supplying. The spot selected was a place called Golden Green, where was quite a village of those brick-built hoppers' houses, familiar in Mid Kent and other hopping districts. I don't remember that there was anything "golden" about the affair, unless it was the "golden" opportunity of preaching Christ to a company of poor, neglected, and destitute sinners. So far as I remember, the attendance was not large, but the behaviour of the people was decorous, and the attention good. The fires which had cooked their Sunday dinner had nearly died out, and the people were free to gather around and listen if they would, and they did.

I was not the first to do that kind of work, and I recollect that it so far enlisted the sympathy of the people—the younger people chiefly—at the chapel, that a good few accompanied us the mile or more to the service, and helped the singing.

As to any good impressions made, I can say nothing, but I hope the good Master, who has to extend so much forbearance towards the well-meant efforts of his poor servants, accepted the service.

Whether any Christian's heart was set on fire with zeal, or whether the flame of love to Christ was kindled in any other cold heart, I cannot say, but I believe I was very earnest, for somehow, in the warmth of speaking, I approached too near one of the smouldering fires, and burnt one of my boots; so that I carried away a mark, if not a wound, from the field of battle with sin.

When I settled as the pastor of a Church in the neighbourhood, I was enabled to carry on the good work in various ways, especially in prosperous years, when the influx of strangers was greater; and I did so until I left the neighbourhood in 1862, long before which others had entered the field.

There was one thing which I have no doubt gave an impetus to my exertions, and perhaps was a call to others to enter upon the work. The year 1853 was a very plenteous year for hops, and an unusual number of pickers appeared on the scene. For a week or more before the picking began the roads were lined with all sorts of humble conveyances, from a costermonger's barrow downwards, and with multitudes of all ages on foot, for the railways had not commenced running their cheap trains for the hoppers, which has proved an immense boon to the poor pickers, and to the public in the neighbourhood, for the trains run the people down into the heart of the district about the right time, and so the—I had almost said—nuisance of innumerable tramps living very much on the charitable public for a week or more is avoided, and other disagreeable things besides.

Some who came down, however, did not return. This is almost always the case, for the vendors of cheap fish and other doubtful objects of trade find too ready a market for their trash among the hoppers, and occasionally cholera or some similar complaint breaks out. In this case, however, it was a sudden catastrophe. A high wooden bridge, crossing the Medway, four miles from Tonbridge, where more than one

fatal event had occurred, became the scene of a terrible disaster. A waggon-load of people, returning from work in a distant garden, were precipitated, waggon, horses, and all, into the swift current. The noise of their feet, or something of the kind, frightened the horses; the waggon was driven against the side of the bridge, which gave way, and the thirty-five people it contained fell nearly as many feet into the deep dark river, which had been swollen by recent rains. Thirty were drowned. They were all buried in one spot at Hadlow, where a monument exists to their memory. Several singular points may be noticed in reference to these. Twelve of the victims were Irish, and the rest were a kind of gipsies, nine of them being of one family, descendants of an old woman who died at Tring, in 1875 or 1876, at the age of one hundred and eleven. This tough old creature, who, when one hundred and ten years old, reaped and bound a sheaf of wheat, was known as "*Betty Leatherum*," possibly *Leatherham*. Another waggon-load of pickers—"home dwellers"—had been conveyed over the bridge in safety a few minutes before the catastrophe.

But let not the self-righteous pride of anyone suppose that the victims of this calamity were greater sinners than their fellow-workers, or that this was the cause of their deplorable end. The event is to be accounted for on very different principles than that of a special judgment, and it may be that there was not much to choose between them. God only knows, and with him we leave the matter.

Usually every available man, woman, and child dwelling in the hop districts turned out to do his or her share of picking, sometimes to the great inconvenience of the rest of the inhabitants. The schools were broken up, and the tailors, shoemakers, charwomen, odd men of all sorts, and even washerwomen, turned out into the hop-gardens. And when, as sometimes happened, the season lasted over six or even seven weeks, this sort of thing became more than a little inconvenient. Shoes could not be mended, clothes could not be repaired, and even dresses and other articles for females could not be made. Odd jobs of all sorts must go undone, or one must do them himself; and as for washing and house-cleaning, the wives and daughters must do it as they could, or let it remain until "after hopping."

"Hopping," be it remembered, was an important institution in the neighbourhood where I lived, among the "home dwellers," as the natives were called. Was the rent behind, after hopping it would be paid; was there a shoe bill owing, after hopping it would be settled; was there an account at the shop, after hopping it would be at least made less; did the family require a fresh rig-out, hopping was to supply the funds; and even the pew rent or other payment at the chapel was to be squared up after hopping. And when I say that I have known a family earn as much as £20 in one hopping season, this will appear to be more than an excuse or a vague idea. Hopping, too, was looked forward to as a sort of substitute for the now usual visit to the seaside of people who would not go hopping. All arrears of health and strength, and notably, appetite, were to be made up then. If Tommy had had the whooping-cough, if Sally had had the measles, if Mary Jane had been obliged to leave her place because there was too much work, or too little food; or if Sarah Ann was "rather weakly," the

hopping was to put them all right. And commonly it did, for besides the large amount of "Hop Bitters" which everyone swallowed, "eating bread with unwashen hands," the air was redolent of the healthy odour of the "foreign weed," which made its advent into this country in—according to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at least—such questionable society, for a rhymer saith that

> "Hops, wine, pickerel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year."

At the earlier period which I have mentioned it was usual to carry on the picking on Saturday to the same hour as on other days, that the kilns might be supplied on Sunday without loss of time or fuel. It was no matter with many of the farmers that, by reason of this plan, the week's cooking and washing and mending would have to be done on Sunday. Hops, hops, hops, and their belongings seemed to fill the horizon of their thoughts. I am afraid, too, that some Christian farmers were not clear in this matter, and that while, like the rest, they kept a sharp look-out that the hoppers, whether strangers or home-dwellers, should not break the eighth commandment, they were not themselves particularly careful about the fourth.

Hop-drying is very exhausting work; the temperature is high, the work laborious, and the man's clothes are not changed sometimes for weeks, and all his sleep is on a rather hard bed in the oast-house. Yet I knew a farmer who was his own drier: who, before railways were known, after working night and day at the kiln, has walked thirty-eight miles to London, carrying his samples, and after selling his hops on Monday morning, has walked back to resume his work in the oast-house late on the following night.

Hopping always interfered very seriously with the attendance at places of worship. The Sunday-school, the singers' seats, and the pews generally, were all rather thin. When people had to walk a distance—and some of my hearers and of the teachers and scholars in the Sunday school had to travel three, four, and some even five miles—it could not well be otherwise. But the innovation of "early closing" found its way into the hop-garden, and Christian farmers and pickers, as well as their ministers, hailed the change with pleasure. The "tally" was taken about noon, and soon the hum and buzz of conversation, the squalling of children, and the other signs of life in the hop-garden, were no more for that week. The hedgerows became white (or some other colour) with linen, the ovens were blazing, pots and kettles were hissing, and "biscuit," "pasties" of various kinds, bread, and other eatables for the next week were reaching a point of existence which made the children's mouths water.

And here let me interpose a word. If any one thinks, from the accounts of visits to the hop-gardens he has read, that the entire staple of conversation there is wholly such as would shock and wound the sensitive, let me say that he is wrong. In many of the gardens which I have visited, good and profitable conversation might have been heard. Yes, and I venture to assert, utterly indifferent to the praise or censure of those to whom my remarks refer, the talk and gossip in many a drawing-room is far less sensible, far less dignified, and far less innocent

than some that I have heard in hop-gardens. The last Sunday's sermon, the preachers at the last anniversary, the family trials, or the last sayings of some old familiar friend who had gone to rest and blossom in another garden, even the garden of the Lord above, might be mentioned among the subjects of conversation; and later on in the ten or eleven years of my closer acquaintance with hop-gardens and hop-pickers, one might have heard opinions on Mr. Spurgeon and his preaching—what this, that, and the other person said about him, speculations and expectations as to his next visit to the neighbourhood, and some prophecies as to the continuance of his fame. He, therefore, who entered a hop-garden, or who may do so now, with the idea that they are all thoughtless, heedless, and godless people among whom he proposes to work, will labour under a great and serious mistake. Some of them, at least, could tell the visitor a thing or two.

In the times to which I refer, no one thought of buying the attention of the people he wished to benefit with a free tea, or anything of that sort. I, for one, doubt the wisdom of the plan, and never saw or felt the need of it. With very few exceptions I found the people accessible, unless I went at *the wrong time*, and approached them in *a wrong manner*. As a rule they do not care for your *patronage*, though they have no objection to a *good feed*. Occasionally I have seen the tract I have handed to some one used to show me how easily it could serve the purpose of kite-flying; but I am not sure it would have fared much better if it had been given with a bun wrapped in it. As a rule, the tracts were taken kindly, and I know they were sometimes read, but I always found that the gentry from Kent Street and other parts of the metropolis did not like to be disturbed at a late breakfast, while performing their toilet arrangements, or when trying to get an after-dinner nap, any more than does my reader. After all, perhaps, the greatest sinners and the biggest rascals must be looked for elsewhere than in a hop-garden.

My first effort in the parish of B. was on a farm held by one of my congregation. After the usual services in the chapel, and a hasty tea, I proceeded about two miles to the spot selected, accompanied by a considerable number of people, young and old. No announcement of the visit had been made, so I caught the people just as they were, sitting or lounging about their house carts, which were drawn up in a line under the shade of some oaks. The domestic operations of the day were over—washing, cooking, and such like; but no one seemed to have put on Sunday attire, possibly for the very strongest of reasons—not having their portmanteaux with them.

The service was commenced with a hymn, and proceeded in the usual order, the audience consisting of a semi-circle of my usual hearers, and another semi-circle of hoppers, while I occupied a place in the middle. It was an impressive sight. It had a charm for me. The people whom I had found—some lying on the ground, some standing in groups, and others sitting on bundles of wood, or on the shafts of their carts, the men smoking, the women talking, or trying to hush their babies to sleep—soon disposed themselves into the form I have named, a few only remaining at a distance, though within hearing.

The behaviour of the people was very encouraging, though the

preacher did not spare to point out the sin and danger of a life such as most of them were leading. The text cannot be recalled, but no doubt the three R.'s were prominent in the sermon, as he reasoned with his hearers of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." They thanked him for the service, and some to whom he gave tracts and testaments remembered him and the service in after years.

Sunday was the best, if not the only, day for preaching services, for on other days the people had, in addition to their work in the garden, to attend to their various domestic duties. But conversation could be carried on, and, of course, the distribution of tracts and books.

I had no preacher to help me; there was no society to whom I could apply for help, excepting for testaments and tracts; and as it never entered into my head to send any notice of the work to any magazine or newspaper, I had to do the best I could myself, the service to the hoppers sometimes being the fourth full service in the day, which certainly was at least one too many, for we seldom preached less than an hour in those days, and some would not grumble if the sermon was even longer. They had not so many books, papers, and magazines to read as people have now. The vicar of the parish and the Baptist minister were on very brotherly terms. They never fought shy of each other; and at sick-beds, and at funerals, and in each other's study, they prayed together for a divine blessing on their work. The curates in succession were mostly like-minded, one of them especially. He was a pleasant, agreeable little fellow, but he had a squeaky voice, pitched in a high key. We agreed about many things, but we differed about some. Baptism, of course, was one. Our modes of work among the hoppers was another. He got into sad trouble one evening when he openly assailed the doctrines of the Church of Rome. He had to give up and beat a hasty retreat. I warned him against doing so unwise a thing. I never deviated from what I considered, and still consider, a more excellent way. As an instance and an illustration, let me give the following:—

One Sunday evening I went by appointment to conduct a service on a farm in a distant part of the large parish. The pickers were almost all from London. It isn't everyone who can have a *London audience* in the country, let me interpose. They were almost entirely Papists, and very largely under the influence of one old man, who seemed like a patriarch among them, and who was a bigoted adherent and a zealous defender of the Church of Rome. The service had been announced, and a goodly number of people were gathered in the stack-yard. The farmer had recently begun to take a deep interest in religion. He was rather fond of an argument, and had had hot controversies with the old man upon the respective doctrines of Protestantism and Popery. Perhaps it was expected that the preacher would take up the controversy, but he had no such intention. I well remember the text—"And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." After dwelling on man's fallen condition and lost estate through sin, asserting the total and universal depravity of mankind, so that all are born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and pointing out that sin is the great bar to our happiness, shutting us out of heaven, and exposing us to eternal condemnation, he

dwelt on the love of God in giving his Son to die, and on the condescending grace of the Lord Jesus Christ in being "made sin" for us, "bearing our sins in his own body on the tree." He further enlarged on his office as Mediator between God and man; on his all-compassionate love to the children of men; his accessibleness; his readiness to receive, bless, and save with an everlasting salvation all who come unto him, and put their trust in him. The preacher remembers that he stated particularly that there is but one way in which all must come; that the apostles and martyrs, Peter, Mary, and the saints of old, came to Christ as sinners, and as such were received, and blessed, and saved by him. "Did not Peter exclaim, when overpowered with a sense of the power and glory and holiness of Jesus Christ, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord'? And did not the Virgin Mary sing concerning her divine Son, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God *my Saviour*'?" He showed also that the same Jesus who received and saved them, is willing, yea, waiting, now to receive and save to the uttermost all who come to him, even the vilest and the worst.

In these and similar words all the great principles of our common Protestantism, and all the great doctrines of the gospel, were set forth, but without any reference to Popery or Protestantism as such, and the service proceeded with perfect order and quietness, without the least interruption or murmur of dissent. At its close the old man shook hands very heartily with the preacher, without offering the slightest objection to anything that had been advanced. As for the young people who had gathered around the preacher, with looks of intense interest, their actions rather than their words spoke their thankfulness.

The preacher thought it his duty to act out the spirit of his text and sermon, and spoke freely to his hearers, and shook hands with all that came within his reach. The scene to him was very affecting. They had never seen him before, but they so surrounded him and hung upon him, that he found it next to impossible to tear himself away from them.

I was never able to visit that place again, and I have not, to my knowledge, seen one of them since; but who can tell what the result may be? Perhaps seed was sown which others have reaped, and I may see some of them when Christ shall gather in his own.

It seems to me, then, that it is far wiser to seek to win the ear by the sweet notes of the gospel and redeeming love, than to scare by the harsh words of controversy; to attract the hungry and perishing by exhibiting the wholesome bread of God's Word, than to do as I once heard an illiterate Primitive Methodist preacher do, turn the bread of the gospel into cannon-balls, and fire them off at the audience.

One thing encouraged me in this work, and in my usual ministry, and in another work which I have attempted to do a little at for about thirty years—the writing of tracts. The Hart Lake Bridge catastrophe formed the subject of my first tract, which had only a local circulation. A copy came into the hands of an interesting girl in my congregation. Picking it up while about her work at home, she sought a quiet opportunity to read it. It proved a divine message to her soul, and then her four or five miles' walk to chapel on Sundays meant something. She

soon found Christ, and rejoiced in his salvation. I have lost sight of her for more than twenty years, but the last interview was very satisfactory, when I found the ruddy-faced girl developed into a staid and matronly woman.

But I need not engage the reader longer, only to make a remark or two in closing.

Since my first attempt to carry the gospel to the hoppers much interest has been excited in this kind of Christian work. In some districts scripture-readers are employed, and into others town missionaries are sent, to the advantage of the health of these workers. The children are gathered together in some places, and taught the "old, old story;" while not unfrequently free teas are provided for both children and adults, in connection with religious services, by means of all which efforts it is hoped good may be done, and souls saved.

There are two classes of workers who might profitably to themselves and others have a week or two of work among the hoppers. I refer, first, to the home missionaries in London and in some of our large towns, and, then, to such intelligent laymen—yes, and women, too—who have fitness and a heart for the work, and to whom a week or two of quiet and not very toilsome work in the hop-gardens of Kent, or Sussex, might be in every way as beneficial as a similar period spent among the idle loungers at fashionable seaside resorts.

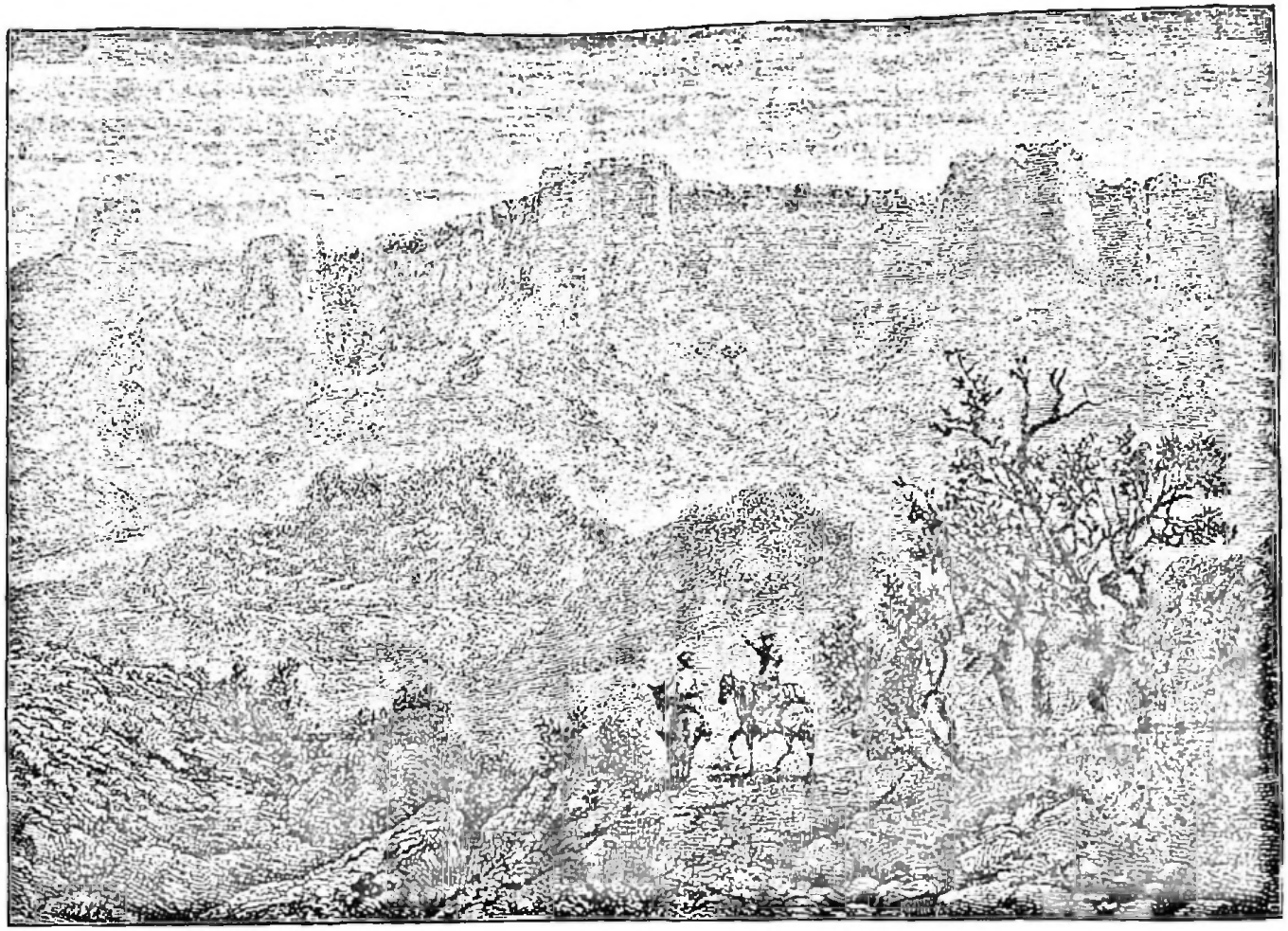
But workers among the hoppers must not be discouraged if they do not see immediate results, or any results at all. The ground is mostly untilled, and small opportunity is there for "line upon line, precept upon precept," which is God's usual way of working and training up souls for heaven. I would say, sow "good seed"; sow it prayerfully; sow it in faith, and with the expectation that somehow and at some time he who gives "seed to the sower" will cause it to bring forth fruit to his praise.

"Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
'The Sower, the Son of man,' was there,
And his was that precious grain.

"Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet sign of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening showers
On the dry, hard ground that ring.

"But the harvest home ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow, and they that reap
Rejoice together there."

R. SHINDLER.



APPROACHING THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA BY NIGHT.

The middle wall of partition.

SURELY there remains no region untrodden by the missionary's foot. With the exception of untraversed regions in Africa, and one or two of the larger Asiatic islands, all lands have seen some one ambassador of the Lord Jesus. We have most of us regarded Thibet and Mongol Tartary as realms of mystery, but even into those out-of-the-way regions the preacher of Christ has penetrated. Last month we gave a brief commendatory notice of Mr. Gilmour's book, "Among the Mongols," and we felt that we must return to it, not for the sake of gratifying, but whetting, the curiosity of our readers. It is a journal full of interest, containing memorials of a former mission which was crushed out by Russian despotism, and giving information about a strange, outlandish race, of whom the world seems to know no more to day than it did five hundred years ago.

One incident remained upon our mind after reading this work, and will abide there for ever. We cannot tell why this should beyond all the rest secure a lodging-place, but certainly it has done so, and therefore we thought we would say a word or two about it to our readers. Mr. Gilmour crossed the great desert of Gobi with a guide who, it turned out, had never been there before; but he met with no danger or accident, and so the ignorance of his guide was no great evil after all. Near the close of his journey, and at night, he lifted up his eyes, and dark before him rose a great black ridge. His wretched guide informed him that it was a mountain; but on a nearer approach it proved to be

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Think of coming upon that wonder of the world in the night! What must be its proportions to allow it to be mistaken for a mountain! On it goes, tower after tower, over hill and dale, spanning chasms, and topping mountains, for many hundreds of miles; an ancient bulwark intended to guard a settled people from wandering tribes intent on plunder. Huge and high it rose before the traveller's gaze, a darker shadow thrown upon the shades which were all about him. He says, "We passed the wall at a gateway, and followed the road till we found ourselves on a lofty pass, and so surrounded with yawning precipices that came to the very edge of the road, and went sheer down into the darkness, that it was dangerous to go on without light. We lay down, and waited for the dawn."

This great wall, colossal as it is, was but a petty shift of civilization to protect itself from savagery. China had been a grander nation could it have taught the Mongols better things, and won them to the ways of peace. Exclusion is easy work; comprehension is a far nobler ambition. It is the genius of true Christianity that it levels walls, removes barriers, and unites mankind; and yet many professed followers of the Lord Jesus have evidently fallen back upon the old device of the Chinese, and think more of keeping sinners off than of winning them for the Lord. It is easier to isolate than to convert. The Church has tried to wall in herself, and wall out the vicious, the heterodox, the superstitious, the degraded: this involves less labour and requires no

faith, it is therefore preferred by our idle flesh to the stern task of conquering the graceless for the Saviour. How often do we see this huge black wall! It shuts us out from the Romanists. We complain that we cannot get at them. Do we wonder? Time was when we walled them out. The fallen women? Walled out too. The rough, the coarse, the unclean, the profane are all to a large extent built out by a huge rampart of society walls. Even more of this work is being done both by Christians and temperance folk. Certain trades and pursuits of an injurious kind are denounced so bitterly that, it is evident, good men mean to build them out with walls, huge as high Olympus. Is this the way of wisdom and of Christian love? Have we not had sufficient of this? Have we not set the lepers by themselves long enough? Is it not time for the Christly touch, and the "Be thou clean"? May it come to pass that these middle walls of division shall all become as useless as this Chinese wall, which only remains as a thing to be wondered at, that it was ever made to make earth groan beneath the iron weight of such a chain! C. H. S.

Jonah's Wail.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

EVER since Jonah made shipwreck of his faith and of himself by booking his passage from Joppa to Tarshish his name has been affixed to almost every minister who ventures on a voyage. He may be taking a short trip on pastoral duty, or a well-earned holiday, or be bound for a ministerial conference in a distant place; but to all his shipmates, from the skipper to the cabin-boy —from the swells in the saloon to the swelterers in the stokehole—he is a lineal descendant of the runaway prophet. In all the trips it has been my lot to make between intercolonial ports I have never failed to hear reference made to the fact that there was a Jonah on board, and even though the preacher was "not a bit like a parson," and had not his name on the list with the Rev. handle to it, he could not hope to escape the prophetic appellation nor the suspicions incident thereto.

I have come to the conclusion that some jokes are inevitable and indispensable.

The tea-party that regales itself on cold tongue is positively certain to be treated to a course of badinage as to who most requires a fresh supply of the article in question, and who uses it most, or least, or best. I suppose that scarcely ever does a wedding-breakfast "go off," but what he who proposes the health of the bridesmaids, "sincerely hopes they may soon be *made brides*."

Very rarely have I attended a social soirée (why don't they call them tea-meetings still?) to which ministers of all denominations were invited, without having to listen to a "flow of soul" about unity and uniformity, the principle being invariably illustrated by reference to an army in which, for instance, the Presbyterians are the Scots Greys, and the Baptists the Coldstream Guards.

Each of these witticisms is undoubtedly the offspring of a brilliant genius, but they are all antiquated and enfeebled. One of them is as old as Jonah (say 2,745 years). The last possibly dates from the time when disobedient Christians either found the water too cold for them, or the persecution involved in implicit obedience too hot. The bridesmaids' joke is, presumably, as ancient as the English tongue.

Admitting that for the first century or two after they first delighted the mortal ear each was justly regarded as a triumph in the art of by-play, it must

also be remarked that the edge has worn off, and that the glory departed long ere this.

The Jonah joke, despite its extreme antiquity, is not likely to turn up its toes to the daisies yet.

As long as there are seas, and storms, and ships, and sailors—as long as there are priests and parsons—so long a parallel will be instituted, and a relationship established in the minds of mariners between the minister of the day and that son of Amittai, and every "bit of a breeze" or "sea on" will be laid to the clerical door. On one occasion it was my lot to make a very tempestuous voyage from Sydney, N.S.W., to Launceston, Tasmania. After putting in at a place *called* Eden, we discovered that its peaceful harbour was indeed a paradise to the wild world of waters outside. So fierce was the storm that we were forced to take shelter under a protecting promontory for many hours, amusing ourselves meantime by catching sharks and smaller fry. When we did venture to cross the Straits we had indeed to rough it. The skipper admitted that there was "a bit of a sea on," and it must needs be pretty bad before an old salt confesses so much. Little did I know then (I had other things to think of) that in the opinion of some I was responsible for the commotion of winds and waves. Some years after, I met a man in New Zealand who was steward during that eventful voyage. He remembered me well; possibly because I had been compelled to solicit his services occasionally. He it was who told me that the general opinion, amounting in some cases to firm conviction, had been that the passage would have occupied scarcely three days had not my presence caused it to be protracted to five.

Well worthy of remark in my own experience is it that, of my many passages, the great majority have been of the fine-weather sort, yet never once was I accredited with being the object and cause of Nature's smiles as of her frowns. I hope there are as many Pauls as Jonahs nowadays—men for whose sakes the wholeship's company is spared from storm or wreck; but never yet have I heard a hint on board of such a possibility. Verily, the faults of men are oftener remembered than their virtues, and faulty men than virtuous ones. Jonah is immortalized as the sailor's bugbear, while Paul might be, but is not, well regarded as a good genius, if not a patron saint. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones."

Not a great while since I stood on the deck of a little steamer about to start on her return voyage from a small township to which I had come the day before to attend a Temperance meeting. A few friends were on the wharf to see *me* off, and a good many idlers had come to see the *boat* off. One of the bystanders, hailing me in a rather rough-and-ready style, informed me that he had heard me "spout" the previous evening. "Well," said I, "it was all pure water that I spouted, wasn't it?" "Yes," he answered, "*that was the worst of it.*" It was impossible to improve the occasion, unless, indeed, I had begun a deck oration. As it was, my bit of blue ribbon was the only decoration available just then. It bore its silent testimony to the fact that *I* thought pure water was *the best of it*, and meant always to give doctored drugs the go-by.

Even had I wished to continue the conversation, I could hardly have managed it, for the skipper just then blew the steamer's whistle, and silenced every speaker. When the screeching was over, the attack on me began again, but from a different quarter, and on quite another account. Shouting out so loudly that everyone could hear, the captain of the craft informed the crowd that he was sure to encounter a gale of wind, for there were two parsons on board. The other Jonah must have gone down, like his namesake, into the sides of the ship, so I became the observed of all observers.

The remarks from the bridge were, so far, merely prefatory; but having secured attention, the master proceeded to "say on." "Sure enough, it'll blow a stiff gale o' wind outside. Mark my words, it always does when there's a parson aboard, and we've got two. There's only one thing worse—that's a policeman—*then we get a hurricane!*" Roars of laughter greeted this startling

intelligence, and I was fain to laugh as loudly as any. Amidst the merriment we glided from the wharf, and down the tidal river, to find, alas! that the prophesied gale was blowing, though the skipper admitted that he expected it to be worse. We reached our haven after due time—considerably after—but I was careful to press upon the commander my opinion that it was quite possible the boat would have been disabled by the raging elements but for the parsonic element on board her. I desired an explanation of his statement *re* the inevitable hurricane were a gentleman in blue a passenger. I wondered if any tradition, sacred or profane, could be adduced in support of that theory. The captain admitted that he could not account for it, but it was an oft-proved fact. He considerately added that I might believe it or not, as I liked, and I was glad to avail myself of his liberal terms. Nor could I help rejoicing that the representatives of the gospel had a reputation somewhat superior to that of "the limbs of the law." The comparison, I fear, is odious, seeing we are in the same condemnation, though the law is a shade blacker than the gospel. It is really too bad that such unoffending mortals should be charged with such heinous sins, but if the "peeler" will repeal his sentence against his calumniators; I am prepared to say of the sailors and their tradition, "It pleases them, and it doesn't hurt me." So far from hurting me, I have been helped; for their comparison between the effects of blue and black cloth has given me an illustration of the action of the law with its threatenings and that of the gospel with its message of "Repent, believe, and live." While the proclamation of the gospel is oftentimes attended with a storm of sorrow for sin, "the law worketh wrath," a very hurricane. The "bit of a gale" is soon over, and the troubled heart is brought to its desired haven through trust in Christ, but woe to the man who battles with the tempest born of a broken law.

Yet how many prefer to sail with the policeman on board, perceiving not how much happier they are who are not under law, but under grace. The modern Jonah accepts the illustration as some recompense for the libel, and instead of grumbling further, pockets the affront, and swallows his wail.

An important Letter.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

DEAR SIR,—I believe there are few of your congregational readers who will not thank you for your insertion in "Notes" in the June number, of the letter from "A Congregational Minister." I trust that the "Pastors' College" is not the only one in London which is "intended to teach faithfully the foundation truths of the Gospel of God." But there are more than he, he may be well assured, who have felt burdened by the occurrence to which he alludes (and it does not stand alone), and who are well pleased to see public expression given to his and their anxieties.

His letter instantly recalled the utterance of one whose name is still pronounced with lively gratitude in all the churches. By it, "he being dead yet speaketh," and, in view of present facts, in tones how solemn! Writing more than five-and-twenty years ago, the late John Angell James made the following observations:—

"For years past there has been gradually forming among reading, thoughtful, and devout men, both in the ministry and out of it, an undergrowth of conviction, impatient of, if not hostile to, many of those metaphysical forms in which the teachings of Christianity have been distorted and stereotyped by the dogmatism of theological schools." He then went on to say—"I am afraid the meaning of this is but too obvious, and that, if followed out, it will lead to a new theology, not only in form but in substance. I am happy, however, in the conviction, that the theological teaching of our colleges is the inculcation of a sound orthodoxy, and that, in the main, the doctrines held by our ancestors, the Puritans and the Nonconformists, are the divinity of our seats of learning. I believe the great body of our ministers still hold fast these

momentous truths. But I will not conceal my apprehensions, and they are painful ones, that a few of our young ministers, in their anxiety to avoid a stereotyped phraseology, which, if the change be confined to this, would not be mischievous, are in some danger of giving up *truths* which were stereotyped nearly eighteen centuries ago upon the page of revelation, and were intended by the Author of inspiration to be stereotyped there for all ages and all generations. It is an age of liberalism and independent thinking, and this is finding its way into our ministry to such an extent, that, in the anxiety to get out of the old and deep ruts, some add the danger of getting off the rails. It is one melancholy symptom of the age, that orthodoxy, if by one party it has become almost a cant term, is by the other pronounced with a sneer, or made the subject of ridicule and satire. In some cases where a sound theology is retained, it appears to me to be held with too slight an idea of its vast importance as the means of all spiritual life. It is maintained as a creed, or a kind of religious science, which cannot be logically disproved; but it is kept sadly in the background, as if we could carry on religion without it, and treated *as a thing by itself, which has no vital connection with Christian experience.* We hear a great deal indeed about 'spiritual life,' but it is a life apart from spiritual truth—a kind of religious, poetic sentimentalism, or of merely a zealous activity—a life and an activity that may be carried on upon almost any system of doctrine. A negative theology—I scarcely like to use a phrase so bandied about, yet it is a very expressive one, and I can find no substitute for it—is almost sure, if it be long maintained, to end in positive heresy. If the ground be not occupied by the plants of truth, the weeds of error will be sure to spring up. And I confess that, without being panic-stricken at all, I see many things, which way soever I look, that make me serious and sad. There is in some quarters, if not among us, yet in other places, a mischievous operation going on, of chipping, and filing, and edging away Christian truths, until they square themselves into their places in modern philosophies. But all these attempts 'to render Pauline notions' into the graceful equivalents of 'modern thought,' give us a philosophy which philosophers may well scoff at, and a theology which biblical theologians ought to denounce as little better than 'covert Atheism.' *The whole evangelical church is coming into a crisis, and all the great verities of religious belief, which we thought had been settled, are going to be tried over again.*

"May God carry us and all others safely through the crisis! I bear in recollection that our body a century and a half ago had one great lapse from truth. Most of the Unitarian congregations which now exist sprung out of those that were once Trinitarian. And it can neither be denied nor concealed that some of the periodicals sustained by that body are already rejoicing in hope of another defection. May their hopes never be realized; and in order that they may not, may a spirit of enlightened and holy zeal for truth be poured out upon our ministers, and especially the younger portion of them; and may a spirit of earnestness and importunate supplication pervade our churches for the preservation of sound doctrine among us!"

I make no comment; but would only suggest the inquiry, were that lamented servant of God to appear among us now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, would he alter what he then wrote? And if so, in what direction?

Yours, in defence of "the faith once for all delivered to the saints,"

June 12th, 1883. A Congregational Deacon.

Notices of Books.

Phases of Christian Truth. Sermons. By A. J. Parry, of Swansea. Alexander and Shepheard.

These discourses contain many striking paragraphs such as one would wish to cull and quote. We have placed two or three such portions in this month's magazine, that our readers might see and judge for themselves. The sermons as a whole do not appear to us to be beyond the average of merit; but in certain parts they rise far above that level, and flash with a brilliant Welsh fire which reminds one of the best days of the great preachers. The volume can be had for five shillings, post free.

The Children's Record of the Free Church of Scotland. Vol. XXXVIII. T. Nelson and Sons.

This little magazine is splendidly conducted. Happily the publisher is rich in woodcuts, and the editor is wealthy in suggestion, and so each month's issue is just such as young Free-churchmen ought to read. We always put the annual volume on our shelves for use when we have to talk to boys and girls.

Fighting to Victory. By EZEKIEL ROGERS. 66, Paternoster Row.

A CURIOSITY in literature: the production of a man who has no arms. This has the living Methodist ring about it, like the life of Billy Bray, and some other quaint works; but it lacks the originality of thought and expression which has made those books so popular. It is good—the very soul of goodness; but taken out of its Zummerzet brogue, it would not be at all striking. It is *the thought* a man cares for; and to get *thought* one can put up with Cornish, or Scotch, or Zummerzet; but when the vein of gold no longer appears in the quartz, we cease to be enamoured of the rock. You may write in double Dutch, if you like, when you have something to say; but when your matter is commonplace, you will never make it go by printing it in your country jargon.

The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss, author of "Stepping Heavenward." By the Rev. G. L. PRENTISS, D.D. With steel portrait and illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have not read "Stepping Heavenward;" but, judging by what others say of that book, we suppose that its pages have been helpful to many. The author, whose Christian experience is narrated pretty fully in this book, was both in features and in mind a typical American woman of the better class; and though far from exemplifying anything approaching to original genius, she was an earnest and vivacious Christian whose letters and diary were well worth preserving. Those who have benefited by reading Mrs. Prentiss's writings, will especially prize this ample memorial. "Much of my experience of life has cost me a great price," she once remarked; "and I wish to use it for strengthening and comforting other souls." Such was her devout desire, and it was her happiness to see it realized.

Life of Andrew Thomson, D.D., minister of St. George's parish, Edinburgh. By JEAN L. WATSON. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

DR. THOMSON was one of the great powers in Scotland. With the illustrious exception of Dr. Chalmers, no man did as much as he, by his preaching, his intellectual force and momentum, to overcome what John Foster called "the aversion of men of cultivated taste to Evangelical religion." A brief and thoroughly interesting biography of a great man.

Faith Victorious. The Life and Labours of Dr. Johann Ebel, late Archdeacon of the Old Town Church of Königsberg. By J. I. MOMBERT, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE biography of a Lutheran clergyman, whose powerful intellect was devoted to the maintenance of Evangelical doctrine against the scepticism and deadness of German Christianity in the earlier part of the present century. Dr. Ebel suffered much persecution in the law courts, and deserves to be more widely known. A helpful and suggestive book for Christian workers of all kinds.

Work well done: A Sketch of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Robert Bushell. By SAMUEL S. BARTON. T. Newton, 119, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.

IN the course of his itinerating life as a Methodist minister Mr. Bushell must have become known to many friends, and each one of these will like to see this memoir. We remember well his smiling face, and hearty, interesting speech. In the days of the building of the Tabernacle, Mr. Robert Bushell was a constant friend, ever to be relied upon for a live speech. He took part in our opening services, and was as much rejoiced as if he had been a Baptist of the deepest water. He has gone hence, though he seemed to be a stronger man than most. With mournful satisfaction we look upon the portrait and memoir, and wish that this life, which costs only one-and-sixpence, may find many readers, and that the man may find many imitators.

From Egypt to Canaan. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON. With four illustrations and a map. Hatchards.

THE Bible narrative repeated in simple language for children. We confess we do not see that it is much plainer than the Scriptures themselves.

Week-day Sermons. By R. W. Dale, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Practical discourses of a sort much needed in these days. Mr. Dale is not only able and forcible, but judicious and sensible. His remarks upon amusements are likely to do good among that broad school which has not only widened out theology but thrown down the landmarks of Christian conduct. Those "intellectual" worldlings who affect religion, and unite with churches where the ministry is reckoned to be "cultured," may, perhaps, listen to Mr. Dale when they would not regard others; and it is to these that Mr. Dale will be profitable, if they are capable of being profited. We do not wish anyone to imply from this remark that we think these sermons unsuitable for a better class of people; far from it, we judge that any Christian will be the better for reading them. Mr. Dale is a master of Christian casuistry; and we like him all the more because with a courageous freedom of thought he combines a measure of caution, which makes him far more safe as a guide than he would otherwise be. We may differ from him here and there, but the discourses are of great value as a whole.

Old Friends. Sunday Afternoon Half-hour Lectures to Working People. Delivered in the Birmingham Town Hall. By the Rev. Charles Leach, F.G.S. R. D. Dickinson.

Admirable specimens of what lectures to the people should be: they are pleasing, but not comic; plain, but not vulgar; fresh, and yet full of gospel. Birmingham is happy in possessing one so able to attract and to impress.

Sermons for Boys and Girls. Second Series. By eminent American Preachers. With an Introductory Note by Richard S. Storrs, D.D. To which is added *Rocks and Shoals: Lectures to Young Men.* By George H. Hepworth, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

We can speak well of many of the sermons to juveniles, though some appear to us to be too Latinized in language and high-flown in style to be likely to impress boys and girls. Sunday-school teachers who are to address the school may by this volume be guided to a subject.

Jonah and his Mission. Expository Sermons. By James Menzies. Elliot Stock.

There is no more reason why these pious platitudes should have been preserved than thousands of other sermons which have been preached on this subject, and allowed quietly to die; but self-evident commonplace in inflated language seems to be the ideal of a section of hearers to-day, and these must be gratified at the expense of reviewers and the public generally. Those who value time and money will avoid the purchase of this windy book.

A Handbook of Revealed Theology. By the Rev. John Stock. With a Prefatory Recommendation by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Fourth edition. Elliot Stock.

As we wrote the commendatory preface to a previous edition of this work we have only to say that we have nothing to alter. This is a capital book for students, and should be read carefully by all young men who are beginning to preach. It would be a fine text-book for a Bible-class to work through with prayerful diligence. This last edition is a great improvement upon the first.

Sermons preached in Twickenham Congregational Chapel. By the Rev. George Walker, B.A. London: W. Speaight and Sons, Fetter Lane.

Thoughts uttered in a form peculiar to the author. With a good deal of freshness and fervour, but with less force than we could desire, these sermons are worthy of the press, but we do not think they will strike the many. No one can question the ability of the man who preaches in this fashion: he must be pleasant to hear, and no doubt his style is powerful with those who have gathered around him. "Then shall the sheep feed after their own manner": one is fed under one ministry, and another equally sincere heart can best feed under a very different pastor. God's servants are fitted for various departments of his great house, and it is not for one to judge another. Beauty must not censure force, and simplicity must not condemn elaboration. These seven sermons have a quiet excellence of their own.

Scottish Divines (1505—1872). *Being a Third Series of Lectures delivered in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.* Macniven and Wallace.

It is a suspicious circumstance that these lectures were delivered on the Sabbath. This, in England, might mean little, but in Scotland it signifies much. The lectures are able; but wherever there is a chance of being loose and unsound it is used with a mingled courage and caution which reminds one of John Knox only by contrast. Having exhausted their stock of gospel, these lecturers are taking to history. True, the subjects selected might be fit themes for spiritual discourses; but of spirituality we discover here no more than we find rivers in the Sahara. Do the sound men in the Scotch Establishment regard this Sabbath lecturing with pleasure? Do they admire the canny manner in which Broad views are set forth under cover of lives of Knox and Rutherford? We notice that whenever anything can be said to the detriment of the great divines, it is given with great gusto, and emphatically enlarged upon. Taken as lectures, apart from the Sabbatic delivery, and regarded as the utterances of men of the *Moderate* party, these are clever and instructive productions; but we should like to see the same lives set forth by some true Presbyterian and sound Calvinist, whose heart would go forth in sympathy with the men who would form his themes. Cannot this be done? What is the drift of this Sunday lecturing business? We do not quite see what the Establishment is at; but it is using tactics which are suggested by fear, and are likely to bring about the very thing it dreads. Scotland has not yet lost its love for the gospel, and the party which wanders from it will not find itself a gainer thereby.

Tales and Sketches of the Covenanters. Walter Scott, 14, Paternoster Square.

Anything which keeps alive the memory of the days of steadfastness deserves to be honoured among us. Save a remnant of faithful men, who believes anything at this day? The times are as fickle as the winds; thought is in a state of chaos, and faith is dying. Who has brought all this about? Who but the modern moderates, who have varnished the old Pelagianism, and are setting it up as the image of brass before whom all must bow? These tales may do our children good, and so we commend them: it is well that the young people should know that there once were true believers in this land.

God's Light on Dark Clouds. By T. L. Cuyler, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Anything from Dr. Cuyler is sure to be forceful and illustrative, and these short papers are truly characteristic. He sees truth in living, practical picture form, and knows how to make others see it too. Preachers and teachers inclined to prose their people to sleep could not do better than buy a dose of Cuyler, and take it regularly; it would wake up many a somnolent pulpit and slumbering congregation. What more need we say?

The Four Cardinal Virtues. By Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A. S. W. Partridge.

Peter's round of Christian virtues expounded and applied with trenchant power. Though our author has written much, he has not shown signs of deterioration, and, small as this latest book is, it is full of suggestion and freshness. Well done!

The Christian Visitor's Handbook. By Rev. C. Neil, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

We cannot conceive of anyone using this book in ordinary sick visitation; but as indicating special lines of thought, and suitable passages of Scripture for special cases of sickness and distress, it might be useful. A gracious man who knows his Bible will be more likely to use the right and seasonable word by following the bent of his own mind than by keeping to a cut and dried plan. Look at this handbook before you visit, but pray don't take it with you.

Comfort: a book for the Cottage. By Jane Besemeres. Elliot Stock.

A tiny book of scrappy sweetnesses: sure to do good to the suffering children of God. It would bear more vigour and power put into it, but perhaps would scarcely be so suitable for the babes as now. Eminently suitable for gospel infants.

The Midnight Cry. By E. McHardie. London: S. W. Partridge and Co. 10s. 6d.

A voluminous contribution to the already voluminous literature of the Sibyls. Much labour and learning, and great research and reflection, have been bestowed on this elaborate treatise. As may be conjectured from the title, the good lady sounds an alarm. Wherever she goes, or whatever she reads, she still hears the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh" ringing in her ears. To her idea, signs and portents on every side presage the speedy close of the present dispensation. We must not forget that other people at other times have had a similar idea. Not to mention the sixth century, popular apprehensions were peculiarly rife in the tenth century. And full often since then, in seasons of tribulation and terror, "the end of the world" has been eagerly anticipated by the affrighted inhabitants of this earth. As for the blessed hope of our Lord's return, we cherish it in common with all his saints. But of the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power, we know so little that we have long persistently refused to identify ourselves with any school of conjecture. Mrs. McHardie, it may be well to mention, follows in the wake of Mr. Grattan Guinness, with such liberty of divergence as students in general have a right to claim. Our noble friend, the Earl of Shaftesbury, cordially recommends this work, though he candidly acknowledges that he has not analysed its contents. Briefly, then, let us notify two or three of its peculiarities. The *argument* is so generally based on allegorical interpretations and hieroglyphical representations of Scripture, that a question spontaneously starts up whether the sacred text does literally reveal all that our author deciphers from its records. By the help of the genealogies which she finds in the book of Genesis, Mrs. McHardie can read the chronicles of our mortal race before the deluge, and the circumstances that led up to the construction of the tower of Babel as readily as Professor Piazzi Smythe can construe the prophecies of the great Pyramid. The *depositions*, which supply a centre-piece, relate to the systematic development of evil in the form of an organized opposition to God, infinitely more diabolical than Atheism. For evidence our author produces extracts from American as well as English spiritualistic magazines that make us shudder. Fair lady, how your cheeks must have blushed while you collated and when you resolved to reprint such revolting blasphemy. By way of apology you may tell us that spiritual séances, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, and demonology can only thus be shown in their true colours as a wilful burlesque of an apocalypse which is faithful, true, and holy. Forgive us, dear friend, if we still doubt your discretion. A series of chapters on *the awfuls* offers us a very ample *climax*. It is needless for us to refer to earthquakes, famines, or pestilences. Every phenomenon in the celestial hemisphere challenges the observation of earnest watchers. But we are treated here to tales of apparitions in the skies that are not to our taste. Somebody once saw—or thought he saw—"a bloody sickle, a great sword, and a splendid crown" in the clouds. Children may be pleased with a pretty picture which Mrs. McHardie has had painted of the name of G O D, as it was spelt out plainly in the heavens about forty years ago at Cincinnati; and crazy folks may stare when they are told that once upon a time there was a shower of blood in Germany. Far, very far be it from us to write down Mrs. McHardie's work as worthless. Her aim is to advance the study of the Word of God. She thinks it possible to produce, in one simple picture, the whole of the prophetic visions that lay scattered promiscuously in various places throughout the Bible. Instead of controverting the views of different writers, she endeavours to combine them. The fault we find is, that she drivels down into trivialities which detract from the dignity of her theme, and deaden the force of her argument. A scrap-book compiled of cuttings from newspapers on such a subject seems to us hardly satisfactory. And yet Earl Shaftesbury concludes his preface with a conviction that "the non-publication of this volume would be a positive loss to the world."

Handbooks for Bible Classes. Genesis. By Marcus Dods, D.D. *Romans.* By Rev. Principal Brown, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

These handbooks are excellent, as a rule. We do not care much for that upon "Genesis," which seems to us to be a miserable performance; but "Romans" we can not only pass by without objection, but we must praise with much heartiness. We have here a very useful commentary at the cheapest rate. A teacher who wishes to know the run of the apostle's thought will find in this handbook the very thing he needs.

Scottish Church History. By Norman L. Walker.

Presbyterianism. By Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

These are both good. The "Scottish Church History" is worthy to be read by every friend of religious liberty. The Free Church struggle needs no better record or apology. "Presbyterianism" is a capital handbook for Presbyterians, but it will not convert Baptists: why should it? It was not written with that intent.

A Religious Encyclopædia: or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology; based on the Real-Encyklopädie of Herzog, Plitt, and Hauck. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Unquestionably an exceedingly valuable encyclopædia. It is very strong in the biographical department. Having tried it in reference to our own favourite school, the Puritans, we are pleased to find it both full and correct: we have no doubt that it is equally good in other directions. The reputation of its writers is very high, and their authority is admitted on all hands. It is the last of the Cyclopædias, and in some respects it is the best.

Grace and Truth under twelve aspects. By W. P. Mackay, M.A. Twenty-eighth edition. Edinburgh: James Taylor.

Its present position speaks better for this volume than any review could do. Ever since Mr. Moody gave it his recommendation, and advised a copy being placed in the hands of anxious enquirers, it has sold most numerously. The addresses are exactly what is required; clear as sunlight, full of illustration and earnest appeal, and sternly loyal to the stronger doctrines of the Scriptures, whilst unlimited in their invitations to the sinner. We give the book our heartiest approval and recommendation.

Morning Thoughts for our Daughters. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Hodder and Stoughton.

Our authoress has a facile pen; indeed, it sometimes runs away with her, and outsteps her thought; but in this tiny book she appears at her best. Amidst all the "portion" books there was room for this, as it has a style of its own; and we trust it will be greatly blessed to the spiritual strengthening of our daughters. The binding is simple, but tenderly delicate.

Melodies of the Fatherland. Translated from the German. By the Rev. Robt. Maguire, D.D. "Home Words" Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.

Hymns from the German, sweetly rendered by one whose soul is in harmony with deep spiritual life. In an even strain of melody our brother sings to the glory of the Lord. Here are two verses which are fair specimens of his composition:

A PRAYER.

(After the German of Edward Mörike.)

Lord, send me what thou wilt,
Whether of weal or woe;
I am content, whate'er it be,
If from thy hand it flow.

Fill not my cup too full
Of gladness or of grief;
But let the wholesome med'cine bring
The joy of sweet relief!

Filled with the Spirit: or, Scriptural Studies about the Holy Ghost. By Rev. Ernest Boys, M.A. Nisbet.

Mr. Boys is always evangelical and devout, and in the present little work has given, in addition, the results of exhaustive Scripture study on the Holy Ghost. It is a valuable and thorough handbook, which we should like to see read and studied by all our church members. It is by scattering Scripture truth that error is destroyed, and true holiness is promoted.

Antitheism: Remarks on its Modern Spirit. By RICHARD HILL SANDYS, M.A. Pickering and Co. 1883.

A Theory of Creation. By J. C. WHISH, M.A. London Literary Society. 1882.

BOTH these authors address themselves wisely and well to the scepticism of the hour, though they survey the situation from different points. We seriously think that the agnostic fever has nearly reached its height. The delirium cannot last. This nineteenth century will not endure to be tantalized much longer with endless negations. An enlightened public may be captivated a while by strange illusions, but cannot be held in perpetual captivity. Mr. Sandys, barrister-at-law, expostulates with the partisans of a materialistic philosophy. He is a shrewd writer, who can see through a sophism, play off a smart repartee, illustrate an argument with an authentic anecdote, and adorn his pleasantries with poetic morsels culled from Latin or English classics. His closing pages, however, are pathetic and sad. "We know," he says, "that we shall not prevail with you, because all that we have to present you with is the Word; and we must therefore perforce leave you to your little antagonistic notabilities of numbers, lines, curves, motions, material energies, and all the rest of them, the upstarts of yesterday, for they had all beginnings. . . . . In any search after the First Cause, you must seek with all your heart and mind for an objective Spiritual Guide, to whom you must entirely submit yourselves, or you must altogether fail. This, our own sole hope, is the strength of our last and parting blow. We know that you will again and again say that you have never been able to find this Guide: but with your eyes continually on the ground, counting and arranging the pebbles at your feet, how can you ever hope to find what is high above you, and is not a pebble?"

Mr. Whish, vicar of East Peckham (Tonbridge), caters for another class, and pursues, accordingly, another plan. To those whose minds have been disturbed by modern thought he presents a sketch of the first elements of human history, in harmony with the old faith and with common sense. Such is his programme. On a broad basis he vindicates the reasonableness of Scripture. He carries his argument forward step by step through thirty-five paragraphs, glancing at, or, mayhap, solving, the problems with which ordinary thinkers perplex themselves. Our own reading of the theory is this,—The wisdom and the goodness of the Creator can be discerned, and can only be discerned, by those who accept the original purpose, the accomplished condition, and the blessed hope of redemption. Your logical position (if you like to put it so) is then proof against all assailants. Your scruples are silenced; there is abundant solace for all the pains our suffering race is prone to endure; and revelation becomes to you a real gospel, an unfailing inspiration of happiness which neither disease nor death can extinguish.

Illustrated Sabbath Facts. Compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman." Partridge and Co.

A NEAT, well-compiled book, enforcing the sanctification and rest of the Sabbath. Just the thing to scatter largely among the people, who, alas! seem all too eager to make slaves of themselves by bartering away the rest which makes life bearable to the toiler. We cannot help expressing our admiration of the style in which everything that comes from Mr. Smithies is brought out. The time is past when goodness and ugliness were thought to be next of kin.

A Symbolic French and English Vocabulary, for Students of every age, in all classes: in which the most useful and common words are taught by illustrations. By L. C. RAGONOT. Crosby Lockwood and Co.

THERE, if little Master Bull does not learn French by the aid of this book, we give him up. Drawings so numerous ought to draw the little ones on till they prattle like young Parisians.

The Illustrated Missionary News, containing Missionary Intelligence from all parts of the World. Vol. for 1882. Elliot Stock.

THIS is an excellent periodical. Abundantly illustrated, and full of pleasing information. It is calculated to sustain the missionary spirit.

The Anchor and the Haven. A devotional Text-book, by the author of "Morning and Night Watches." Marcus Ward and Co.

This volume begins at both ends, and whichever way you turn it is the right side up. We do not quite see the use of this method, but at any rate it is a novelty, and novelty has its attractions. The poetry is such as one has learned to expect from Dr. Macduff, who is one of the most pleasing and edifying writers of the day. For a month here are portions of dainty meat both for mornings and evenings.

The Master's Service. A Practical Guide for Girls. By Lady Brabazon, Dora Hope, Alice King, and Mary Selwood. Religious Tract Society.

This work answers to its title: we do not know that we could say anything better for it. With four authoresses, we should have feared that the book would have been spoiled, but it is not. It is a sensible, readable, stimulating volume, just such as we should like to present to each one of our young lady friends who has not yet come to full womanhood in grace, and learned to run alone in holy service.

The Man of the Woods, and other Poems. By William McDowall. Second edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

Within these pages we find true poetry. Not set to the grander tones of the thunderers of song, but tuned to gentle music, Mr. McDowall's songs have a charm of their own. The larger part of this volume was issued thirty years ago, and this true poet, unlike the worrying small fry of pretenders, has kept quiet though his book has long been out of print and almost out of mind. Here is reticence for you. Patience sitting with silence under the wings of wisdom at last finds herself sought for when she dreamed she was quite forgotten. We hope the new edition will meet with a ready sale, for it richly deserves it because of its intrinsic poetic merit. It will, however, be most appreciated north of the Tweed, so far as the verses in broad Scotch are concerned. That language is very fine, but we do not number it among our accomplishments. A man needs to eat oat-cake before he can heartily enjoy broad Scotch; the two go well together: should not one good thing go with another?

Isms, Old and New. By G. C. Lorimer. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

These discourses, dealing with various forms of unbelief and misbelief, were first preached on Sunday evenings, and then published for permanent preservation. They are worth keeping. Mr. Lorimer has a rapier-like style of piercing to the very centre of a fallacy, and an Ithuriel's power of revealing the true character of an error. He reminds us of Joseph Cook, only he is more technical and philosophical in his terminology. As a book for Christian students we believe this volume will live, and do valuable service. Where the race of heretics has flourished this is a capital exterminator, and we can imagine the moles and the bats of theology hiding themselves from its light.

The Student's Portfolio. J. E. Hawkins, 86, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Moody has been in the habit of labelling envelopes with subjects, and then putting into them cuttings, notes, etc., until material has accumulated out of which a sermon could be fashioned. It is a rough and ready plan, and one which a busy man might profitably follow. Here we have the envelopes bound together, some fifty of them, with an index of reference. Really this is not a bad notion. For six shillings the publisher will send you this storehouse by post, and then you will have nothing to do but to fill up its various departments. The envelope idea is a good one, but to have these made into a strong portfolio which can be placed among your books is a step further. God bless the brethren with corn to put into these granaries.

The Onward Reciter. A choice collection of Recitations, Readings, and Dialogues. S. W. Partridge and Co.

Always contains stirring rhymes and telling articles. We wonder how it is kept up: here is Vol. XI., and still they come. Teetotal reciters have plenty of choice if they select from these "Onwards."

Notes.

THE past month has brought us much weakness and pain, and twice of late we have been kept out of the pulpit. The newspapers, without enquiry, stated—"Mr. Spurgeon is again laid aside by an attack of rheumatic gout." Of course, they followed one another like a flock of sheep; and it little mattered whether their track was right or wrong. As it happened, they were on the wrong trail altogether; but it is of no use correcting their announcements, for they will be sure to be out one way or another; and it is of small consequence to anyone except the sufferer, and those who are led to forward the wrong remedies. These frequent ailments are incidental to our work, and we must accept them as a part of the price of our service. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Guinness Rogers, of Clapham, preached for us at a few hours' notice, and we shall ever feel deeply grateful to him for this most brotherly act. In a letter he goes nearer the cause of our infirmities than most people have been able to do. He says, "Your great congregation is an inspiration; but it is also an overwhelming responsibility. I do not wonder that continuous labour in it tells on you, and in ways you may not suspect. I do not envy the man who can preach there without having his whole nature strained to the utmost, and that means nervous exhaustion, of all others the most difficult to contend against. May the Lord spare you many years to do a work to which not one in ten thousand would be equal."

The sermons were not long telegraphed to America, so that our friends who feared that the Sabbath would be desecrated may feel their minds relieved. We are not sorry; for the sermons which we saw in the American papers may have been ours, but they were so battered and disfigured that we would not have owned them. In the process of transmission the eggs were broken, and the very life of them was crushed. We much prefer to revise and publish for ourselves, and as these forms of publication are permanent, their usefulness becomes in the long run greater than would come of a wide scattering of faulty reports.

We have collected some two hundred engravings of scenes connected with the Reformation. These are framed and glazed, and, on being exhibited at the Orphanage, more than one thousand visited the gallery in one day. We now wish to lend the pictures for exhibition: we should prefer to help the Orphanage, but we shall also be willing to let them be shown to help any good work. The pictures require a very large room, and would cause some expense in hanging; and this had better be considered by our friends before applying for them; by charging sixpence for admission a profit would be made. Our one object is to awaken Protestant feeling by spreading information as to the brave times in which men witnessed even to the death for the truth's sake; therefore we will lend the collection without fee or reward to those who will preserve it, and restore it, carriage paid, to the Orphanage.

During the whole of the month of August the Tabernacle will be closed for cleaning, etc., and we shall meet for worship each Sunday morning and evening at Exeter Hall. In the morning we must accommodate our own seat-holders, but in the evening we purpose to leave all seats open to the public. The doors will be opened early, and all who come will be admitted till the hall is full. Our hope is that we shall gather a new contingent for our army. Oh, that the Lord may induce many outsiders to come and hear the word, and feel the power of it! The prayers of all saints are desired that this may be a time of ingathering. Our church has sojourned at Exeter Hall twice before, and we return to it with the joyful expectation of a season of grace.

Our purpose is to carry on our Monday evening prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, and the Thursday sermon at Mr. Newman Hall's chapel, which is kindly lent to us. The friends at Westminster chapel also displayed their generous fraternal feeling by inviting us to their noble sanctuary. We enjoy these hearty tokens of the love of the brethren.

As some of our friends will be unable to get as far as Exeter Hall, we have arranged for services morning and evening in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Mr. John Spurgeon, sen., will take the first Sabbath, August 5.

Mr. Spurgeon hopes to preach in Southampton on August 1, and to be again the guest of Canon Wilberforce.

On *Friday evening, June* 15, the fifth anniversary of MRS. ALLISON'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. About two hundred and twenty friends met for tea, and afterwards a large company assembled for the annual meeting. Mrs. Allison presided, and spoke upon the work of the class; Mr. Bignell, the colporteur at Orpington, who is partly supported by the class, delivered an address; and several ladies and gentlemen, by vocal and instrumental music, helped to make up a pleasant and profitable evening. From the report of Miss Clarkson, the secretary, we learn that Mrs. Allison commenced the class with only twelve members, but the attendance now averages one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty, so that the Ladies' Room, in which the meetings are held, is inconveniently crowded, while many who would attend if a larger room could be obtained, are unable to do so. The object of the class is to instruct and strengthen those

who have found the Saviour, and to fit them for Christian service, and also to make known the way of salvation to any unconverted persons who may be present, and much success has attended both these forms of usefulness. The members are very liberal in their contributions to the Lord's work under our care, for, in addition to £15 or £16 annually raised for the support of the colporteur, they have recently subscribed £3 to the Zenana Mission Fund, and presented us with £29 5s. for the Orphanage.

The Adult classes are a great feature in Tabernacle work. Their usefulness it would be difficult to measure. Each one constitutes a church within itself, carrying on all the various forms of work which are generally connected with a distinct church. Pastors who have never organized adult classes have missed a splendid opportunity. They are good in ten thousand ways, and should be carefully cultivated by all who wish to see the churches edified.

On *Monday evening, June* 25, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and there was an unusually large gathering of the Society's friends, who were very delighted to have the presence of their beloved President, Mrs. Spurgeon. The report contained the following touching words which she had written:—"From the depths of my heart I pray 'God bless the Missionary Working Society,' especially that branch of it which cares for poor ministers' wants, and relieves them of many a burden concerning temporal things. Our friends will be glad to know that the Society still goes on its way, scattering blessings broadcast; and many a wearied, tried servant of Christ has during the past year had cause to sing for joy because, with both hands full, it has come like an angel to his house. There is, alas, no improvement in the position of our poor country brethren; poverty and privation seem rather on the increase than otherwise; for the general depression in trade and agriculture tells upon their scanty salaries, and adds bitterly to their heavy burdens. Never were the loving gifts of this Society more needed than at present, never did its Christ-like efforts more deserve or claim the kind and practical help of all who love the Master's servants. We used to think, in times gone by, that the stipends of our poor pastors were at their lowest ebb; but pitiful as they were, *they did receive them!* Now we hear of cases where the money is owing quarter after quarter, and the poor man is driven to his wits' end, and to debt, for the necessaries of life for himself and his children. We know of some servants of God so destitute that they seldom see meat more than once a week; and there are many families where, but for the nice and suitable clothing given by this excellent Society, the children of the minister could not have appeared in the house of God, their garments were so shabby; and an utter want of means prevented any renewal of their scanty wardrobe. I cannot give too much praise to the dear friends connected with this Working-meeting, whose unceasing efforts have done so much to ameliorate this terrible state of things. Loving heads, nimble fingers, and consecrated hearts have been united in this one object—to give tender sisterly help and earnest practical relief to many overburdened and struggling ministers, whose sad cases have been brought before them. How gratefully that help has been received our committee will joyfully tell; how much more assistance is needed will be a sadder theme; and while we rejoice greatly in the success which God has given to this sweet womanly work, we would earnestly ask for it an increased and extended operation. If our Christian sisters, all over the land, were but to take to heart the deep needs of Christ's ministering servants, and help them with resolute purpose and love, they would very soon wipe away this sad blot from the page of our history, and in so doing bring down a rich reward into their own hearts, and an unexpected blessing on their lives."

During the year 48 parcels have been sent out, containing 1814 garments, 100 sheets, blankets, etc., 689 yards of dress-material, besides boots, shoes, bonnets, and hats; the total value of the parcels being about £250. The balance-sheet closed with a debt of £11 0s. 5d., but this amount was generously given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiff, so that the Society starts upon the new year under most favourable auspices. All friends who desire to help this good work can obtain all particulars of Mrs. Evans, 61, Gurney-street, New Kent-road. Parcels of new or partly-worn clothing of all kinds, and material that can be made up into garments for the ministers, or their wives or children, will be gratefully received by Mrs. Evans, at the Tabernacle. She asks us to mention that a box has safely arrived from Mrs. Cope, but she has been unable to express the committee's thanks for its welcome contents, or to return the box, as she does not know the address of the kind donor. 235 articles of clothing and a large number of toys have been contributed by friends connected with Shooter's Hill Baptist Church, Blackheath. Could not many other churches help in a similar way?

On *Tuesday, June* 26, the quarterly meeting of the LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION was held at our son's chapel, at Greenwich. The morning meeting was thinly attended at first, but as the time advanced others arrived, until a very fair company gathered to listen to Mr. Thompson's admirable paper on "The Christian Minister a Seer." As we listened to our friend we rejoiced that the Pastors' College could claim him as one of her sons, and thanked God on his behalf. At the afternoon meeting, after the business, we were all charmed with Dr. Stanford's

wise, weighty, and witty words on "Preaching by the Churches." As the address has been published, and can be obtained for one penny, or 5s. per 100, we need only say, "Let all our ministers and members read it, and circulate it, and put into practice the suggestions it contains."

On *Monday evening, July* 2, we took part in the celebration of the centenary of the opening of Surrey Chapel by preaching at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. The subject was "whole-hearted service of God," from the text "All that is within me bless his holy name." Of this Rowland Hill was a fine example. He employed every faculty in his life-work of soul-winning, and did not repress the outflow of his nature. Hence the good man was not only solemnly in earnest, but he was also cheerfully humorous. To his wit he owed a large portion of his popularity, and as it was pure and innocent, and altogether consecrated, he was not so foolish as to reckon it common or unclean. In every walk of usefulness Rowland Hill was to be found; he intermeddled with all practical reforms, and gave up all his time, his substance, and his talents to glorifying God by blessing the sons of men. He was exceedingly unlike Mr. Sherman, his successor, even as Mr. Sherman differed greatly from Newman Hall. It would have been absurd for Rowland Hill to have attempted to weep like Sherman, or for Sherman to have excited a smile after the manner of Mr. Hill. Each man was great after his own order, and it is a lesson of great value, but it is not always learned at once, that each man should be himself, and seek to use every power which God has given him in the great Master's service.

College.—Mr. F. J. Flatt has become pastor of the churches at Bugbrooke and Heyford; and Mr. H. Martin has settled at York Town, Surrey.

Mr. D. C. Chapman has removed from Oakengates to Oxford-street, Grantham; Mr. A. E. Johnson from Hanley to Carmarthen-road, Swansea; Mr. A. Mills from Dereham to Chester; and Mr. J. Porter, late of Soham, has gone to Thetford.

Mr. C. Testro, who has been for many years at Lechlade, Gloucestershire, where he has done a very useful work, is about to sail, with his family, for Australia. We hope he will soon find a suitable sphere of labour, for he is a worthy brother.

Mr. J. F. Frewin, who has been for more than ten years pastor of the church at Dover Tabernacle, is also about to leave for Australia. His people are sorry to lose him, but he feels called to go to the colonies, and we trust he will there do as good work as he has done here.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, after a season of rest, recommence work this month in North East Lancashire, beginning at Nelson and the district around, then taking Bacup, and afterwards Bury, Blackburn, Burnley, Preston, etc. November is to be spent with Mr. Medhurst, at Portsmouth, and possibly December will be required for the same region. Funds for this work have been rather slack of late, but doubtless with such a chairman for the Lancashire Mission as our good friend, Mr. Altham, of Burnley, this matter will soon be set right.

Mr. G. H. Carr sends a cheering report of Mr. Russell's services at *Southport*, where much blessing was received both by saints and sinners. Mr. Compton forwards similar tidings concerning Messrs. Mateer and Parker's mission at *Gosport*. These brethren have since been to Merthyr Tydvil, and other places in Wales, and next month they go to Staffordshire and Lancashire.

Orphanage.—On *Wednesday evening, July* 4, Mr. W. Ross, of the Horse Shoe Iron Wharf, Old Kent-road, gave another Strawberry Tea to the children, teachers, and staff at the Orphanage, for which, in the name of all connected with the Institution, we beg most heartily to thank the kind donor. A large number of friends paid for admission to the feast, and after tea a collection was made for the Orphanage funds. We are afraid to say how many strawberries were consumed, but we believe it was more than a ton. A quantity remained after the mothers had feasted the second day, but there was no loss, for our boys and girls have great capacity for the reception of jam of any kind. Housewives may at any time dispose of surplus jams by forwarding them to the Stockwell Orphanage. Mr. Ross was presented with an album containing the portraits of the young people whose lives he has sweetened by his fruit-festival. It is well of him that he makes the widow and the fatherless to taste of the good things of the field and the garden.

Colportage.—Mr Jones writes:—"I am glad to report that, having recently visited Nottingham, I arranged for two additional colporteurs to work there, which will make four in the town and immediate vicinity. One of them stands in the large market, and disposes of a great quantity of good books, which are thus scattered far and wide. The anniversary of the opening of the Mission Chapel at Woodham Walter has just been held. This place was built and opened practically free of debt, through the exertions of Mr. Keddie, our Maldon colporteur, who preaches there every Sunday, in addition to his regular colportage work. Thus a congregation has been gathered in a very scattered population, and, better still, many souls have been won for Jesus. Very few applications have been made for last year's Report, which will be sent free by post."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 21st, twenty-one; June 28th, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. C. Murrell, jun.	5	5	0
Mrs. J. Wilson	2	10	0
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Mr. A. Scarle	1	0	0
Mr. Evan Price	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Matthews	0	10	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	2	6
Anonymous, U. S. A.	10	0	0
Mr. James Campbell	1	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	1	0	0
An aged believer	20	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0
Mr. James Stiff	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison	25	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	1	1	0
Mr. W. Balne	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange, per J. T. D.	2	10	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	10	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Mr. E. P. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. Bowker's Bible-class	10	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
D. E. G., Wilts	0	4	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Old John	10	0	0
C. L. and friend	0	10	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Sir William McArthur, M. P.	50	0	0
Mr. J. W. Pewtress	9	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Dale	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	1	1	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel," Rothiemay	0	2	0
Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Pastor A. K. Davidson	1	10	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
June 17 — 60 4 6			
„ 24 — 32 2 6			
July 1 — 29 5 0			
„ 8 — 31 12 8			
	153	4	8
	£399	5	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Miss Wiseman	0	12	0
Mrs. J. Wilson	2	10	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
Miss M. Blake	1	14	0
Mrs. Younger	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Fector	10	0	0
"O. D. D." and friends	1	5	0
Messrs. Latimer and Johnson	5	5	0
Anonymous, U. S. A.	10	0	0
Mr. A. Scarle	1	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Craig	2	0	0
Mr. George Jingey	20	0	0
A. E. G., Dublin	1	0	0
Miss Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Matthews	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Arnold	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Rowed	1	0	0
Rev. S. S. England	1	0	0
Miss M. Brown	0	7	0
Stamps from Edinburgh	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Kirby	0	2	6
Miss Evelyn Annie Sims	0	7	6
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox, for the support of one child for a year	20	0	0
Lilla, Bertie, and Jessie Nash's collecting-box	1	11	0
Mrs. Williams	0	2	6
Mr. R. P. Dayton	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Dodwell	1	1	0
Stamps from Bath	0	5	0
In memory of Villa Bergere, Mentone	0	5	0
Two friends at Margate	1	5	0
Mr. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. Donald McKercher	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Dickey	1	1	0
Mr. George Flashman	1	1	0
Mrs. Shearman	1	1	0
Mr. George White	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Clews	1	0	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0
Mr. James Smart	0	10	0
W. G. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Macindoe	2	0	0
A friend from Lockerbie	0	5	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
H. M. F.	0	2	6
Mrs. Mary Ewart	0	5	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Dods — 1 0 0			
Two friends — 0 3 6			
	1	3	6
Mr. G. E. Chapman	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood	2	0	0
A sick Pastor's thankoffering	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Knapp	5	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class:—			
Mrs. Podmore — 0 2 6			
Miss Loftus — 0 4 0			
Mrs. Perkins — 0 4 6			
Mrs. Harvey — 0 3 6			
Miss Clarke — 0 3 5			
Lucy Evans — 0 5 3			
Mrs. Poole — 0 4 8			
Miss Roper — 0 5 0			
Miss Allen — 2 14 0			
Nurse Davies — 0 10 0			
Mrs. Webb — 0 7 6			
Miss Radford — 0 3 0			
Mrs. Wilson — 0 16 6			
Miss Clarkson — 1 0 3			
Miss Walker — 0 12 0			
Mrs. Ashford — 0 5 5			

	£	s.	d.
Miss Taylor	0	14	4
Mrs. Graney	0	4	8
Eliza Baker	0	8	5
Mrs. Sandell	0	4	6
Mrs. Allison	4	16	9
Mr. Allison	4	16	9
Collection at anniversary	2	0	1
	21	7	0
Mr. R. Abraham	5	0	0
E. B.	49	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	10	0	0
Mrs. Parker	0	10	0
Mr. J. D. Link	5	5	0
K. E. Cooper	0	2	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	21	0	0
G. G. C. McK.	0	2	6
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Burgess	5	0	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. William Yates	1	1	0
Collected by A. L. A.	0	15	1
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	7	6
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Miss Alice Knight	1	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Milligan	1	0	0
Mrs. Jas. Smith	1	1	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
A Well-wisher, Nairn	1	0	0
J. B., Woodstock	1	0	0
H., Mount Pleasant	0	10	0
M. H. D.	0	2	6
Stamps from Clapham	0	2	6
An invalid	0	4	0
W. A. M.	0	3	0
Stamps from Hornsey Rise	0	1	0
Eioul	1	0	0
A. M.	1	0	0
Miss d'Argent and Friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
Sermon-readers, Auchencairn	0	10	0
An Exile	0	5	0
G. Kemp, Burnley	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Penslow	0	3	6
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	6
Mrs. M. J. Robertson-Aikman	5	0	0
Mr. Samuel Long	5	0	0
Mr. Hewitt, per Miss Jackaman	2	0	0
Miss S. G. Hill	2	2	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Cooper	0	8	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	10	0
Miss E. E. Raitt	0	10	0
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Miss H. Newman	10	0	0
Miss A. and E. Newman	5	0	0
Children's Church and Practising School, Moray House, Edinburgh	3	13	6
Mr. and Miss Johnstone	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Beck	1	0	0
Mrs. Harris and friend	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Stockwell	2	0	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	12	6
J. S., Thurso	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Buckle	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Burleton	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. John Robinson	1	7	6
Mrs. Grey and Friends, Montrose	0	5	0
A Friend, Hampstead	1	0	0
Young Friends, Hampstead	0	5	0
Collected by little Maggie	0	5	0
Stamps from Hinckley	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. H.	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. Gavin Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. Couttie	0	10	0
Dr. Van Someren	10	0	0
Miss Morrison	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Lennox	2	0	0
Miss E. Marrow	0	2	0
A Friend, per Pastor A. H. Collins	0	2	0
S. V.	1	0	0
Miss E. Davies	0	5	0
Miss Keys	0	3	0
Miss Symington	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. William Longhurst	1	1	0
Mrs. Phillips, per Mr. J. Everett	1	0	0
Mr. James Andrew	0	10	0
Mr. R. McKinley	2	0	0
A Mountaineer	1	0	0
Mr. W. D. Wilde	0	2	6
Miss Maggie Kempt	0	2	0
Mrs. Watt	0	2	6
Mr. Butler's sons	1	1	0
Mr. N. Leeder	0	10	0
Miss Glockney	1	0	0
Mr. P. and Mrs. Cockerill	0	10	0
Miss S. Scott	0	5	0
Miss M. M. Churcher	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Imeary	5	0	0
Mr. James Sinclair	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Parker	5	0	0
Miss R. M. Woolley	0	2	6
Mrs. Salmon, sen.	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Imlach	1	0	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	6
Mr. G. Van Abbott	1	1	0
R. W., Glasgow	1	0	0
Collected by Ollie Rossiter	2	16	0
Mrs. M. Ferrett	0	2	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	0	10	0
Collected by William, Charles, Alfred, and Emily Jackson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Lord	0	8	2
Collected by Miss M. Dupont	0	13	0
Box on counter at Sellindge, Kent	1	0	0
Miss Adams' Bible-class	0	2	6
Miss E. Clark	0	2	0
M. A. Wilkin and J. Ridgen	0	2	0
Miss E. Tyson	0	1	0
Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	1	0
Miss E. Ellis	0	1	1
Miss C. E. Berry	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Lepper	1	5	6
"In a father's memory"	100	0	0
A. Bale	0	1	6
Collected by Mr. Charles E. French	0	15	0
Collected by Master Bell	2	5	0
Mr. Inglis' class of Boys	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Cawthorne	2	8	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and Mr. J. Pearce	0	5	0
A. A., and friend	0	5	0
Two friends, per Mr. Alexander Shaw	0	10	0
Miss Collis	0	3	6
Friends in Kinellar, per Mr. George Gibb	0	5	0
Mrs. Markland	0	5	0
Miss F. E. Perrett	1	0	0
Mr. James Houston	5	0	0
An aged believer	20	0	0
E. J.	3	0	0
L. N.	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	2	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0
Received by Mr. Spurgeon, at the Orphanage, June 19th :—			
Mr. Leslie	1	1	0
H. H.	0	10	0
Collected by friends at Maida Hill	0	10	0
Mr. F. T. White	0	5	0
Number One	0	7	0
Miss Smithies	1	0	0
Mr. Hudnutt	1	0	0
Mr. Mortimer	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	10	0
Miss L. Price	0	2	6
Henry Harold Pearson ...	0	1	0
Mrs. and Master Evans ...	0	3	6
H. and J. Woollard, and B. Nunn	0	3	0
Mr. Pike	0	2	6
Children attending Providence Baptist Chapel, Hounslow	1	10	0
Miss E. Pogson	1	0	0
Mr. George Webb	0	5	0
Cornwall Road Baptist Sunday-school	3	6	0
Cornwall Road Baptist Bible-class	1	5	0
Mrs. Lovell (with birthday cake)	0	10	0
Mr. John Dickinson ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
E. Good	0	2	0
Miss Curling...	10	10	0
A. M....	0	1	0
Mrs. Scandrett	0	10	0
J. P.	1	0	0
Envelopes without names :—			
No. 1467 ... 0 2 0			
No. 1914 ... 0 10 0			
No. 943 ... 0 6 0			
No. 487 ... 0 10 0			
1s. and under 0 1 7			
	1	9	7
	30	6	1
Mrs. Tunstall	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Springett...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	2	2	0
Rev. Walter Brown	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Rimell	0	6	0
Miss A. Green	0	6	0
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	10	4
A thankoffering to Master and servant	1	0	0
A well-wisher of the Orphanage ...	0	1	0
An Episcopalian's thankoffering for journeying mercies from Melbourne, after thirty years' absence	0	10	0
Mr. J. J. Bydawell	1	1	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. H. Hampton ...	0	11	1
Rev. Thomas Curme	1	0	0
M. R.	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Kilborn	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Ganoway	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Finlayson	0	3	4
Collected by Miss Katie Thompson ...	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas Whitehead	2	0	0
Mr. George Wright	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Mr. R. Wilkinson	10	0	0
Mrs. Haydon	2	2	0
Collecting-boxes, per Pastor W. Burnett:—			
Pastor W. Burnett ... 0 7 3			
Mrs. Burnett 0 7 3			
Miss Burnett 0 2 0			
Mrs. Burton... ... ... 0 3 6			
Mrs. Waters 0 4 3			
	1	4	3
Box in connection with Markwich Mission Sunday-school	0	17	8
Mr. Cowper's Bible-class, Dundee ...	0	6	0
H. C., G., near Bedford	0	1	0
J. M. S.	0	10	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
E. Sloman	0	5	0
H. M....	0	2	6
L. K. D.	1	2	6
Mrs. Larlham	5	0	0
Mr. Weekly...	1	1	0
Mrs. Weekly	1	1	0
Ann Hall	0	10	0
Mr. H. V. Bailey	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Stamps	0	5	0
Mrs. M. E. White	0	15	0
A lover of Jesus, Calstock	0	2	6
Miss E. Hill...	0	5	0
Young Men's Spiritual Improvement Class, Commercial-road Chapel, Oxford...	0	10	0
Rev. J. E. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mr. E. P. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ballard	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0
Mrs. Rolfe	0	2	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. Munday	1	1	0
Collected by Pastor J. W. Barnard ...	0	5	0
Collected by Tibbie Bertram	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Oakley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Girdlestone	0	13	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Janet Foster ...	1	10	0
E. Lister	0	1	0
Collected by Alfred Cammack Johnson	0	18	0
Collected by Mr. Greening	1	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Farmer	0	15	6
Mrs. Barker's mite for the orphans ...	0	1	0
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0
Mr. William Evans	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Walker, Thame ...	3	14	2
"The President and Vice President's box," per Miss Starr	0	7	0
Collected by Miss M. Holms	2	5	0
Mr. Dickinson	0	10	0
Miss E. Chamberlain	1	10	0
Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	12	6
Pastor H. Wilkins...	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	1	0	0
Mr. A. Sturge	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hall...	2	0	0
Mr. John Robson	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Oakden	2	16	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilcox	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Wm. Smith	0	8	7
Collected by Mrs. Farrell	0	18	9
Mr. A. Brown	0	5	0
Envelope 698	1	0	0
Mr. George Gray, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Collected by Masters H. and C. Curtis	0	16	0
Collected by Mr. C. Tanton	0	10	0
Collected by Master Cobham	0	3	3
The Misses Murray	1	0	0
Collected by Master W. Dodgeon ...	0	3	4
Collected by Miss E. Wykes	0	10	0
Miss Rickwood, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. North	1	10	6
Collected by Miss S. Holcombe... ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Shrewsbury	0	5	6
A Friend at Stamford Hill	0	10	0
Two Friends	0	10	0
Miss Earish, per J. T. D.	4	10	0
Blenheim Grove Mission, per Mr. Watkins	1	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Lawrence	0	11	4
Mr. J. Robinson	5	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Hunt's Sunday Scholars :—			
Miss Hurst 0 6 4			
Miss L. Hind 0 6 5			
Miss M. Watling 0 2 11			
	0	15	8
Mr. E. J. Higgins	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Florey A. Picksworth	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Potter	0	18	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. R. Franklin ...	0	8	1
Collected by Mr. W. R. Franklin ...	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Furness	0	14	8
For Christ's sake	1	0	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange, per J. T. D. ...	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	5	0
Children attending Crossgate Mission School, Fifeshire, per Mr. D. Beveridge	0	5	0
Mr. Hellier	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Fletcher	0	5	2
Collected by Mrs. R. Frewing	0	3	9
Acre-street Sunday-school, Woodchester, per Mr. J. T. Apperly ...	0	13	9
Donations received at Strawberry Tea, per Mr. W. Ross:—			
Mr. Ross' Mission 5 0 0			
Mr. Ross 5 0 0			
A Friend 1 1 0			
Mr. R. Billing 1 1 0			
Messrs. Gloag and Co. ... 0 10 6			
Mr. Wilson 1 0 0			
N. M. 0 2 0			
Anon.... ... ... 0 1 0			
Collection at Tea 20 16 6			
	34	12	9
Nine Elms Mission, per Mr. G. Edmonds, part collection at Entertainment given by Orphanage Hand Bellringers	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	11	6
Gresham Baptist Chapel Band of Hope, part collection at Entertainment by Orphanage Hand Bellringers ...	1	10	0
Mr. Dowsett, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. A. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Mr. T. T. Clarkson	0	10	0
Envelope No. 716, Eliza and Edith ...	0	2	6
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Mr. T. Merry	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	5	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	7	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Miss S. R. Keast	0	10	0
Miss M. Pentelow	0	3	0
Mr. D. Ribbons	0	2	6
Miss Mary Pocock...	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Butterworth...	2	2	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	15	7	7
Mr. W. Underwood	0	5	0
Mr. John Ramsay	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. Eli Bass...	0	5	0
From Aberdeen, "For Orphanages" ...	0	10	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Emmanuel Church, Brighton	1	4	0
"A reader of your Sermons"	0	5	0
M. B., Kennington	0	10	0
C. L., and Friend	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Dr. H. Bennet	2	2	0
Miss J. Robins	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thomas	4	0	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
Rev. W. L. Lang	1	0	0
Mrs. Sale	0	5	0
Miss M. Porter	0	5	0
Mrs. Foster	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
L. O. S., Wilts	0	10	0
Dr. H. Schou	0	19	10
Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Messrs. W. and R. Salmond	10	0	0
An orphan in Scotland	0	5	6
Mr. William Gross	1	0	0
Birthday, T. A. Y.	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Johnstone...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs' Chapel	2	8	6
A. Z., per V. J. C....	1	0	0
Mr. Lake's Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, Maidenhead	0	17	3
Collected by Miss M. Wells	0	1	4
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Duly	0	5	0
Mrs. Pringle	1	3	0
Mr. William Collin	0	10	0
H. T.	0	2	6
Two friends, per Mr. Hole	0	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Miss Newbold	0	2	6
Miss Duncan	1	0	0
Collected by the Misses Isabella and Annie Gardiner	1	11	0
Collected by Miss J. C. Bennett ...	1	0	0
Miss R. Knight	10	0	0
Charles Street, Camberwell New Road, Baptist Sunday-school...	1	18	3
Mr. G. H. Dean	25	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Kermode	2	10	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	5	0	0
Edith, Hilda, and William Nottingham Stamps	0	7	6
Mr. John Hosie	0	2	6
B. H., Bridgwater...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collin	2	0	0
Ebury Mission Sunday-school	0	10	0
Miss Prestwich and friend	2	0	0
Friends at Walberton, per Mr. J. Binstead	1	0	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Secombe	4	0	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
Mr. T. Clark	0	3	0
Mr. J. Aggett	0	2	6
J. C., K.	5	0	0
"Sixty-three"	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, June 29th ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss E. B. Barker	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Robinson, per Mr. J. Tongue	0	10	0
A. Norris	1	1	0
Mr. J. Horton	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Skinner	1	1	0
Messrs. Waltham Bros.	5	0	0
Per F. R. T:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor ... 2 10 0			
F. R. T. 0 15 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
Miss King 0 5 0			
	4	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Received at the Orphanage June 19th.			
Collecting Boxes:—			
Arnold, Miss Josie ... 0 6 8			
Alder, Miss... ... ... 0 5 3			
Auckland, Miss 0 11 6			
Aldridge, Miss Lily ... 0 6 3			
Antill, Mr. W. 0 2 10			
Arnott, Miss F. 0 1 11			
Atkins, Miss A. 0 10 6			
Atkins, Miss E. 0 10 0			
Allum, Mrs. 0 2 8			
Aldrich, Miss E. 0 10 1			
Allen, Miss 0 13 3			
Attley, Miss... ... ... 0 9 4			
Ayton, Miss... ... ... 0 1 8			
Baulf, Miss L. M. 0 11 1			
Beale, Miss J. 0 8 0			
Burton, Mrs. W. 2 11 9			
Buswell, Mrs. 1 13 6			
Bragg, Mr. W. A. 3 12 8			
Blackwell, Miss M. ... 1 11 9			
Best, Miss Marion 0 9 2			
Bowes, Mrs. 6 6 0			

	£	s.	d.
Bartlett, Miss M.	0	6	8
Bates, Miss M.	0	16	1
Bristow, Miss	0	4	5
Bartlett, Miss	0	8	4
Brook, Miss	0	5	3
Burden, Miss	0	6	2
Bedwin, Mrs. M.	3	11	9
Butler, Mrs. E.	0	5	2
Butler, Miss E.	0	1	7
Bunn, Mrs.	0	3	4
Box, Miss J.	0	2	6
Black, Miss	0	3	4
Besfer, Miss	0	6	7
Barnes, Mr. T.	0	10	5
Blandford, Mrs.	0	12	3
Brown, Mr. E. F.	0	3	8
Boswell, Mrs. S.	0	2	7
Burrage, Mrs.	0	4	7
Bould, Mr. H.	0	6	0
Butcher, Miss	0	12	6
Bradford, Mr. S.	0	5	11
Baxter, Miss E.	1	1	4
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0	8	9
Burton, Miss C.	0	12	3
Bennett, Mrs.	0	4	3
Bowden, Miss A. M. ...	0	5	3
Bartholomew, Miss ...	0	18	9
Blowers, Mrs. E.	0	0	6
Brightwell, Master H. ...	0	3	9
Butler, Mrs. W.	0	11	6
Bennington, Miss	0	16	8
Burgess, Miss K.	0	0	10
Bartlett, Miss M.	0	3	9
Barr, the Masters	1	1	1
Brice, Miss	0	2	8
Blake, Miss	0	2	9
Bucknall, Miss	0	18	4
Corsan, Mr.	0	2	8
Crew, Miss	0	15	2
Chisholm, Master M. E. ...	2	5	5
Charlesworth, Miss F. ...	0	8	2
Cairns, Mr. E.	0	3	5
Callingham, Mr. James ...	0	9	8
Cousins, Master E. ...	0	4	3
Cook, Miss A.	0	12	6
Coupees, Master F. ...	0	7	4
Corrick, Miss N.	1	2	10
Casey, Mr.	1	4	2
Coker, Miss A.	2	0	4
Cockshaw, Miss, and pupils	0	12	9
Canning, Master E. ...	0	1	4
Call, Mrs.	0	4	1
Cane, Master George ...	0	7	10
Chard, Mr. T. P.	0	8	1
Collier, Mrs.	0	14	8
Copping, Mrs.	0	4	9
Culver, Mrs....	1	3	9
Charlesworth, Miss G. ...	0	12	9
Chuttock, Mr. Robert ...	0	16	7
Charlesworth, Master B....	0	8	4
Cooke, Miss	0	3	3
Carter - street Sunday-school, per Mr. Morgan	0	1	0
Cooper, Mrs.	0	6	5
Cooper, Mrs. (Girls' Orphanage)	0	9	1
Court, Miss	0	2	4
Choate, Miss Julia... ...	0	14	1
Cowen, Mrs....	0	10	9
Charlesworth, Miss ...	0	10	3
Clarke, Mr.	0	3	0
Chapman, Miss M. ...	0	3	0
Capel, Miss	0	3	10
Chapman, Mrs.	0	6	8
Cornforth, Miss J.... ...	0	4	5
Collins, Miss	0	19	1
Davis, Mrs. M.	0	7	0
Dee, Mrs.	0	6	9
Deakin, Miss K.	0	18	9
Deamer, Miss	0	7	3
Davie, Mr. H.	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.
Dale, Miss S.	0	5	1
Dury, Mrs.	0	6	10
Davis, Miss	0	16	8
Dickson, Miss A.	0	5	6
Drew, Miss C.	0	9	3
Dice, Sydney and Effie ...	3	1	6
Darby, Miss L.	0	13	2
Day, Miss H.	0	1	7
Durwin, Mr. F. T.... ...	0	3	10
Duggan, Mr. W.	0	5	5
Evans, Miss...	0	0	6
East, Mr. W.	0	17	7
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	4	9
Emery, Mrs.	0	7	6
Everett, Miss E.	0	15	9
Evans, Mr. S. T.	0	4	3
Evans, J. D.	0	3	8
Fuller, Master W.	0	3	10
Fairman, Mr. James ...	0	10	11
Fern, Master C.	0	8	4
Furlong, Miss	0	1	3
Furlong, Miss A.	0	1	0
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	13	8
Foster, Miss A.	0	3	9
Fremlin, Miss B. F. ...	0	13	2
Finch, Mr. G. W.	4	6	0
Ferrar, Mrs....	0	19	6
Field, Mr. G. H.	0	2	1
Fraser, Miss	1	2	2
Foster, Miss C.	0	5	0
Frisby, Master F.	0	7	3
Fathers, Miss A.	0	3	1
Fuller, Mr.	0	2	0
Fuller, Miss C.	0	3	8
Folkard, Mrs.	0	6	5
Fairhead, Master W. ...	0	3	10
Gillett, Mrs....	0	13	9
Griggs, Miss H.	0	3	2
Goodwin, Miss A.	0	4	9
Gamble, Miss	0	6	3
Gillett, Mr.	0	2	2
Gibbs, Mrs.	0	5	11
Gray, Master A.	0	7	9
Grose, Mr. F. W.	1	8	4
Grant, Miss C.	0	15	6
Gillard, Mrs.	1	9	4
Goodeve, Miss	0	3	7
Green, Mrs.	0	13	11
Green, Miss Annie... ...	0	1	10
Glanville, Master	0	1	6
Gwillim, Mrs.	1	14	0
Heeson, Miss A.	0	3	6
Heeson, Miss F.	0	5	11
Hodby, Mr. E.	0	0	11
Heeson, Master C.... ...	0	4	6
Hallett, Mrs.	2	6	6
Hobbs, Master William ...	0	1	3
Hoare, Miss Lily	0	5	5
Hancock, Miss	0	4	7
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	1	10
Higham, Miss	0	2	8
Harrington, Mrs.	0	4	3
Holiday, Mrs.	0	4	8
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	6	11
Hare, Miss	1	11	0
Hunt, Miss	1	11	6
Houlgate, Mrs.	1	5	7
Hewitt, Miss L.	0	8	1
Horner, Mrs.	0	1	7
Howlett, Miss	0	6	6
Horner, Master F.... ...	0	4	1
Hawgood, Miss A. ...	2	12	9
Harbison, Miss M. ...	0	0	9
Hall, Miss	0	3	9
Hudson, Miss	1	0	6
Harrald, Miss Lily... ...	0	12	3
Hopkins, Mrs.	3	2	6
Hall, Miss E. J.	0	19	1
Hayler, Mrs.	0	9	5
Hobbs, Miss	0	4	6
Hollobone, F. A.	0	1	4

	£	s.	d.
Howl, Miss E.	0	2	4
Homewood, Miss L. ...	0	2	6
Johnson, Mr. S.	1	2	6
Jones, Master	0	3	0
Johnson, Master J. W. ...	0	14	9
Jones, Miss R.	0	3	6
Jago, Master J.	0	19	2
Jumpson, Mrs.	1	6	6
Johnson, Miss A.	0	2	8
Johnson, Miss	0	4	2
James, Mrs.	0	12	8
Jenninge, Master S. ...	0	2	3
Jackson, Mr. J.	2	4	11
Kerridge, Miss K. N. ...	0	19	3
Knight, Mr. G. H. ...	0	10	11
Kemp, Mr.	0	3	1
King, Master J.	0	6	3
Lang, Miss F.	0	1	2
Lewis, Miss A.	0	10	2
Lewis, Master S.	0	2	7
Lewis, Miss M.	0	2	1
Lewis, Miss W.	0	2	1
Lewis, Miss R.	0	2	2
Lock, Miss	0	6	2
Lewis, Mrs. M.	0	2	8
Langton, Mrs.	0	1	7
Leaton, Miss M.	0	0	7
Last, Master F.	0	2	0
Lee, Mr.	1	11	5
Lang, Miss E.	0	0	3
Levinsohn, Mr. I.	0	11	3
Lane, Miss Amy	0	6	6
Longley, Mr.	0	16	0
Larkman, Mrs.	0	5	2
Laker, Mrs.	0	16	8
Lincker, Miss M.	0	3	6
Lambourne, Mrs.	0	2	0
Lightfoot, Mrs.	0	19	11
Lyon, Miss A.	0	3	10
Lucas, Mrs. F.	0	3	3
Mills, Master F. C. ...	0	1	7
Mills, Master H.	0	16	5
Mills, Master W. R. ...	0	2	7
Messent, Masters D. and B.	0	2	0
Martin, Mrs.	0	1	9
Mason, Mr.	0	7	7
Messent, Masters H. and E.	0	1	1
Moore, Mrs....	0	1	9
Medwin, Mrs.	0	5	8
Minter, Master Kirkham	0	11	2
Miles, Master W.	0	0	8
Matthews, Mr.	0	1	9
Middleton, Miss A. ...	0	2	9
Monk, Mrs. S.	0	10	0
Middleton, Mrs.	0	1	6
Mitchell, Mr. A.	0	7	1
Maitland, Geo.	0	2	7
Mann, Miss	0	14	0
McCaig's, Mrs., Bible-class	2	2	3
Martin, Mr....	0	1	0
Mathews, Miss M.... ...	0	1	10
Middleton, Miss F. ...	0	3	11
Maitland, Miss	0	1	3
Milne, Miss	0	7	8
Manning, Miss J.	0		8
Matthews, Mrs.	0	5	9
May, Miss E.	0	1	10
Mills, Mrs. L.	0	2	5
Martin, Miss	1	3	6
Messenger, Miss Amy ...	0	4	0
Martin, Master D. ...	1	1	0
Merritt, Mrs.	1	7	3
Messent, Misses A. and M.	0	4	0
Maxwell, Miss	3	4	4
Morgan, Miss	0	18	3
Mansfield, Mr. Wm. ...	0	3	5
Mansfield, Miss A. ...	0	6	6
McNicol, Miss	0	13	3
McCombie, Mrs.	0	15	11
Nightscales, Mrs.	0	4	6
Nicholas, Miss	0	5	1
Newman, Mr.	0	3	3
Newbatt, Miss A.	0	1	8
Nutt, Miss A. H.	0	5	9
Nash, Miss A. E.	0	5	0
Oxenford, Mrs. A. ...	0	9	0
Offer, Mrs.	0	15	9
Offer, Miss. E.	0	1	2
Pain, Miss Clara	0	11	1
Powell, Miss R.	0	1	4
Perry, Miss	0	2	6
Pike, Mrs.	0	13	0
Powell, Eva	0	4	9
Powell, G.	0	5	2
Peters, Miss F.	0	10	0
Peabody, Mr. F.	0	6	11
Pickering, Mr.	0	11	1
Pankhurst, Miss F. ...	0	5	6
Payne, Mr. C. J.	0	1	10
Pankhurst, Master D. ...	0	6	6
Paradine, Mrs.	0	4	0
Palmer, Miss	0	5	9
Perryman, Master... ...	0	13	3
Pool, Miss	0	7	0
Price, Miss F.	0	1	4
Round, Master E.... ...	0	8	2
Round, Miss	0	9	11
Rogers, Mr.	0	12	7
Rouse, Mrs....	0	13	1
Robert Street Ragged School, New Cut ...	0	6	11
Richardson, Miss R. ...	0	2	10
Roberts, Mrs.	0	3	2
Ross, Mr. J.	0	8	2
Rutter, Master H.... ...	0	11	10
Roberts, Mrs.	0	9	10
Robson, Master	0	2	11
Ridley, Mrs.	0	7	9
Radford, Miss	0	1	4
Reading, Mrs.	0	0	3
Read, Miss N.	0	1	1
Spreadbury, Miss	0	16	0
Simpson, Miss	0	3	6
Spanswick, Miss	0	4	4
Sylvester, Miss	0	3	6
Snell, Miss	0	4	3
Smith, Mrs.	0	5	10
Stocks, Mrs....	2	17	0
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	9	10
Stringer, Mrs.	1	13	5
Stevens, Miss E.	0	5	9
Spencer, Mrs.	0	12	6
Smith, Mrs. C. J.	1	2	9
Stracey, Master G.... ...	0	10	2
Sparrey, Miss	0	5	0
Sheppard, Miss	0	15	6
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	8	5
Stubbs, Miss C.	0	1	11
Smith, Mrs., ...	0	2	9
Samuels, Mrs.	0	14	10
Sullivan, Mrs.	0	3	0
Scudder, Mrs.	0	10	2
Smith, Mrs. W. J.... ...	0	9	3
Soper, Mrs.	0	18	0
Swain, Miss...	0	16	8
Smith, Miss Ida	0	6	7
Skipper, Miss Lottie and Master W....	0	2	8
Sadler, Miss	1	1	3
Sheppard, Mr. Thomas ...	0	0	1
Savage, Master J.	0	1	0
Sedcole, Mrs. A.	0	13	3
Sargent, Master	0	1	8
Smith, Mrs.	0	4	3
Spence, Miss H.	0	0	6
Stokes, Mr. J.	0	15	6
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	8	9
Stocks, Mrs....	0	4	10
Seacombe, Mrs.	0	7	1
Sharpe, Miss E.	0	1	6
Sidery, Mrs.	0	11	9

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Thomas, Mrs.	0	3	4			
Thomas, Miss Ada ...	0	15	1			
Tomkins, Miss	0	4	11			
Tarlton, Master	0	5	4			
Thomas, Mr. G. E. ...	0	0	6			
Taspell, Miss	0	0	2			
Taylor, Miss...	0	4	6			
Trory, Miss A.	0	2	8			
Thompson, Master... ...	0	3	2			
Toms, Miss	1	5	2			
Tuck, Miss Kate	0	2	5			
Tolhurst, Master George...	0	1	4			
Unwin, Master A.	0	6	9			
Unwin, Mrs. E.	0	2	4			
Vears, Mrs.	0	11	11			
Vero, Miss Maude... ...	2	1	8			
Weekes, W. and F. ...	0	4	7			
Walker, Mrs.	0	10	3			
Wareham, Miss A. ...	0	0	9			
White, Master George ...	0	6	6			
Willard, Mrs.	0	1	0			
Watkin, Mrs. A.	0	5	6			
Wormsley, Mrs. ...	0	14	4			
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	11	3			
Wilson, Miss M. A. ...	0	1	1			
Webb, Mrs. E.	0	4	1			
Wheatley, Mrs.	0	9	7			
Walker, Mr....	0	14	11			
White, Miss Edith... ...	0	0	11			
White, Mrs....	4	4	3			
Warrington, Miss M. ...	0	1	1			
Williams, Master H. ...	0	9	4			
Wells, Miss A.	0	11	11			
Wagner, Miss	0	4	6			
Woollerton, Mrs.	3	10	6			
Wessell, Miss	0	2	9			
Wynne, Miss A.	0	2	1			
Ward, Miss	0	7	9			
Weeks, Misses F. and J. ...	0	15	1			
Wigney, Miss	0	9	5			
Willis, Mrs.	0	6	7			
Wallace, Miss Lucy ...	0	7	5			
Wicks, Miss L.	0	8	0			
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	12	2			
Waterman, Miss	2	1	6			
Woodcock, Mrs.	1	2	7			
Woods, Master Thomas ...	0	2	4			
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	6	2			
Midhurst Sunday-school, Zion Chapel, per Mr. Waddell	0	7	7			
The late Mr. Horace C. Smith's class at Mansfield Street	0	14	9			
Employés of Messrs. Marshall and Son, per Mr. Morgan	1	4	5			
Younghusband, Mr. Wm.	0	4	10			
Young women employed at Messrs. Freeman Hillyard's, per Miss Marshall	2	11	2			
				211	8	3
Donations:—						
Mr. Thomas Olney... ...	10	0	0			
S. W. West Dulwich ...	0	15	1			
Mr. Thomas Hudd	10	0	0			
Mrs. Ellwood	4	4	0			
Miss Maude Hudd	0	10	0			
Kennington M. M.... ...	0	4	0			
				25	13	1
Exhibition of Mr. Spurgeon's pictures of "The Reformation"				27	7	4
Collecting Books:—						
Abbott, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Allum, Mrs....	2	0	6			
Alderton, Miss	1	2	0			
Ashwell, Mrs.	0	11	6			
Bonser, Miss	0	7	0			
Bowles, Mrs.	1	4	6			
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	0	0			
Brown, Miss...	1	7	0			
Bantick, Mrs.	2	0	0			
Blenkinsop, Miss M. ...	1	12	6			
Brayne, Miss	0	5	0			
Chard, Mrs.	0	8	3			
Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	14	0			
Critch, Mrs. H.	1	8	7			
Cann, Miss	1	9	4			
Cockle, Mrs....	10	6	6			
Crumpton, Miss	0	12	6			
Cockshaw, Miss, and pupils	0	19	5			
A friend, per Miss Cockshaw	1	0	0			
Cockshaw, Miss J. ...	1	13	0			
Day, Miss	0	10	0			
Duncombe, Mrs.	0	10	6			
Evans, Mrs. E.	1	5	6			
Evans, Mr. W. J.	3	3	0			
Ewen, Mrs.	3	12	6			
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	2	6			
Fisher, Mrs....	0	14	0			
Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. ...	2	0	0			
Fryer, Miss S.	1	9	0			
Friston, Mr....	5	2	6			
Frost, Miss	0	5	6			
Gubbins, Mrs.	1	7	0			
Gibson, Master R. S. ...	0	13	11			
Hallett, Miss	0	10	0			
Hubbard, Mrs.	1	6	0			
Hickenbotham, Miss ...	4	5	0			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	4	0			
Jephs, Miss	2	0	0			
Knight, Mrs. J. E.... ...	3	0	0			
Lovegrove, Miss W. L. ...	0	8	6			
Livett, Mrs....	0	17	6			
Lawson, Mrs.	0	15	0			
Leworthy, Miss	0	15	0			
McDonald, Mrs.	1	2	6			
McKee, Mr. J.	1	0	0			
Mann, Miss	3	15	0			
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0			
Mott, Mrs.	2	8	6			
Norris, Mrs....	2	12	6			
Nightscales, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Nicholas, Miss	0	10	0			
Pitt, Miss V.	0	11	3			
Pope, Mrs.	0	9	2			
Phillips, Master E.... ...	0	3	0			
Steed, Mrs.	0	3	7			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	3	5	0			
Per L. A. S:—						
Miss Rooke ... 0 5 0						
Mrs. Owen ... 0 5 0						
Mrs. S. Williams 0 10 0						
Mrs. J. Smith 0 10 0						
Miss Kelsey ... 0 5 0						
Mrs. Kelsey ... 0 10 0						
Mrs. Gain ... 0 5 0						
Mr. J. Smith 0 5 0						
Mrs. J. F. Thoday, jun. ... 0 5 0						
L. A. Smith... 0 5 0						
A. Smith ... 0 5 0						
Annie Smith 0 5 0						
Mr. E. J. Thoday 0 5 0						
Mrs. J. Benson 0 5 0						
				4	5	0
Taff, Mrs.				1	1	0
Tyrrell, Mrs.				0	6	0
Todd, Miss				1	12	3
Tiddy, Mrs.				1	11	0
Turner, Mrs.				1	0	0
Wilson, Miss				0	15	0
Whitehead, Mrs.				1	4	3
Willis, Mrs....				1	6	0
Wilkes, Mrs.				0	3	0
Wheeler, Miss				1	12	0
Ware, Miss				0	16	6
Williams, Mrs.				0	12	6
Wells, Miss				0	7	8
Donations:—						
The late Mrs. T. Vickery...				5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard ...	5	0	0
"E. and M. A."	1	1	0
"Lizzie"	0	2	6
Mr. Brewrigge	0	10	0
"M. E. H."	1	1	0
Robert and Ann Gallant ...	0	18	0
Per Mrs. Mott:—			
Miss Hagger... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Davies ... 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Mrs. Critchitt	7	0	0
Mr. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. G. Buckingham ...	1	1	0
"F." Hackney	0	2	6
Miss Edward's Sunday-school Class, Denmark Place, Camberwell ...	0	10	0
B. Linkleter-Halcrow ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Vinson, Orpington	3	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
"C. J. D."	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Evans	5	5	0
Mrs. Stone	0	10	0
E. C.	0	10	0
Stephen Street Sunday-school, Marylebone ...	1	0	0
B. W. C.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Turley	1	0	0
Mr. Levinsohn's Bible-class	2	9	0
Mrs. Healey	2	0	0
Per V. J. C.:—			
Anon. 0 2 6			
Mr. C. Taylor 0 10 0			
"S. G." ... 1 1 0			
S. G.'s friend 0 5 0			
	1	18	6
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	7	0
Mr. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Miss Wills	1	2	0
Mrs. Joyer	0	12	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	10	0
Mr. John Mather	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Maynard	0	5	6
A friend	0	5	0
X. Y. Z.	0	5	0
Mrs. Spry	0	10	0
C. H.	0	10	0
Miss Mickelson	0	10	0
Mrs. Jenkins	2	2	0
Miss Carr	0	2	6
Miss Andrews	0	2	0
One Penny per Week subscribers	1	3	6
Mr. N. Reid	0	5	0
Flowers sold by E. Howles, from Mr. Alfred Major, Boxmoor	1	7	2
Miss. E. Grose	0	10	0
Miss H. A. Grose	0	10	0
Mr. Mansell...	1	0	0
Anon....	0	5	0
Mr. James Hall	5	5	0
Mr. W. A. Harding ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Ward	1	1	0
Mr. Wayre	2	2	0
J. Pitts	0	1	0
C. B.	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mrs. Welford	0	13	6
Envelope No. 865	0	3	0
Mr. J. Briars	2	0	0
Pastor's Bible-class, Arthur Street, Camberwell ...	10	0	0
Envelope No. 2405, "A friend"	0	10	0
Envelope No. 715, Mr. S. Bartlett...	0	5	0
Envelope No. 821, R. Nornabell	0	2	0
Envelope No. 1984, Miss L. Hale	1	0	0
Envelope No. 1909, Mrs. Julian	0	5	0
Envelope No. 2996	0	5	0
Donations without names Boxes:—	7	9	6
Miss Chandler	1	6	0
Miss Descroix	1	0	0
Miss F. Bourne	0	10	0
Miss Price	2	2	6
Horley Baptist Sunday-school	2	1	0
			203 14 4
			£1458 18 10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: A sack of Cabbages, J. Walker; 2 quarts of Devonshire Cream, Mr. G. Phillips; 42 Loaves, Mrs. E. Unstead; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; 26 quarterns of Bread, Mr. Pringle; 240 Eggs, Miss J. Ward.

GENERAL:—A cask of Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; a box of School Books, Mrs. Tite; 17 Articles for Sale Room, Mrs. Hatt; a Sofa Pillow, etc., Miss Godfrey; 21 Comb Bags, Mrs. Hart; Parcel of Books, Mrs. Caine.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—12 Articles, Mrs. Moss; 2 Articles, Mrs. Walker; 1 dozen Pinafores, Miss Cockshaw; 8 Articles, a reader of "The Sword and Trowel"; 2 Articles, Miss E. Good; 2 pairs of Knitted Stockings, Miss M. Fairman; 73 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 127 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. Withers; 44 Articles, Salem Chapel, Ladies' Working Meeting, Cheltenham; 127 Articles, Young Womens' Bible-class, Orphanage, per Mrs. Stiff; 1 Patchwork Bed Quilt and 2 pairs of Stockings, Mrs. Butterworth, per Mrs. Charles Wrigley; 19 Articles, Mrs. H. Adkins.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—6 Ties, from Southport; 15 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. Withers.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. Orton	0	4	0
Miss Hilditch	10	0	0
Miss E. Bickerton Evans...	10	0	0
Two sisters at Langholm	0	7	0
A Sermon-reader, Bacup	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Moncrieff...	0	7	6
Mrs. Parker...	0	10	0
M. S., Peterboro'	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Parker	5	0	0
Mrs. James Smith...	1	1	0
A Mountaineer	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Eley	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Cowe	0	10	0
Miss I. Hogg	0	10	0
Miss J. H. Paterson	0	10	0
Miss Laura Rosa Phillips	0	5	0
Mr. J. Grant	1	1	0
Miss Sarah Brown...	1	10	0
Mrs. Couttie...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. A. Williams	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Admiral Sir W. King Hall	1	0	0
Mr. James Duncan	50	0	0
Mr. Gray	0	10	0
Proceeds of Teetotaller's Magazine ...	0	10	0
Mr. Archibald Falconer	2	0	0
T. H. B., Liverpool	1	1	0
Stamps from Findon	0	2	6
Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.	100	0	0
Mrs. M. E. White	0	15	0
Mr. James B. Hay	5	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Lund	0	6	7
W. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Webb, per Pastor E. Ashton	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
"From love to Jesus"	30	0	0
A sermon-reader, Dundee	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Hatchard	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	10	0	0
M. M. M.	0	1	0
"Sixty-three"	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
In memory of "Beecie," Montrose ...	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
	£242	15	1

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	15	0	0
G. E., for Kettering District	5	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0
Southern Association	50	0	0
Mr. J. J. Tustin, for Langley Moor ...	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association	30	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class, for Orpington	8	17	11
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	7	10	0
High Wycombe per Mr. R. Collins, jun.	30	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde and Cowes ...	20	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	30	0	0
Sevenoaks, per Rev. I. Field	10	0	0
	£286	7	11

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Emery	5	0	0
Anonymous, U. S. A.	10	0	0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. George White	0	10	0
Mr. A. Long	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	5	0	0
"Church of England"	10	0	0
An aged believer	10	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	2	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Miss McClellan	1	0	0
Mrs. Butcher	10	0	0
Mrs. Spriggs	0	5	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	2	10	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Miss S. R. Keast	0	10	0
"Sixty-three"	1	0	0
Miss Thompson	0	8	6
Friend, per Mr. Whiting	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Rev. J. Tanner	2	0	0
	£92	5	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
A farmer, Liskeard	5	0	0
Mr. W. Howard	1	1	0
M. M. W.	1	0	0
Anonymous, U. S. A.	10	0	0
An aged believer	10	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mrs. A. Lloyd	0	10	6
Mrs. T. Tutcher	2	0	0
Mr. James Dougall	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	1	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0
Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Maidenhead ...	6	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Mr. Edmund Walker	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at Southport	1	10	0
	£50	16	6

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE.—Mrs. S. Arnold, £1 1s.; Mr. E. C. Wade, 10s.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

"We shall get home; we shall get home."

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

CONVERSING just now with an elder of the church, I remarked that he must be somewhere about seventy-five, and he replied, "I am eighty-two." "That," I replied, "is a good old age." "Yes," said he, "it is"; and then he cheerfully nodded his head, and added, "*We shall get home;* WE SHALL GET HOME!" And so we shall, brothers; so we shall, sisters. In chorus we will take up our brother's word, and say, "*We shall get home.*"

"We shall get home." There is music in that simple sentence; a soft melody, as of the evening bell. Early in life its sound may be more stirring and trumpet-like, nerving our youth to energy, and making us cry "Excelsior"; but as our years increase, and the sun descends, its note is sweet and soothing, and we love to listen to it in our quiet moods, for each word has a silvery tone—"*We shall get home;* WE SHALL GET HOME." This is our great comfort: however long the way, we shall get home. We may live to be eighty-two, or even ninety-nine; but we shall get home in due time. We may not doubt that blessed truth, for the Lord has taught us to sing in the song of Moses, his servant, "Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance." The way may be rough, but it is the king's highway, and no brigands can drag us off from it: we shall by this road get home to the Father's own house above. Some of us are not nearing threescore years as yet, and perhaps we

have many long leagues to traverse, but we shall get home—glory be to God!

"His love has fixed the happy day
When the last tears will wet our eyes,
And God shall wipe those dews away,
And fill us with divine surprise,
To be at home, and see his face,
And feel his infinite embrace."

One reason why I feel sure that we shall get home is this, that *we are found in the road which leads there.* This is a great wonder; in fact, a greater wonder than our getting home will be. When we were far astray, with our backs to the Father's house, fond of riotous living, the Lord in his infinite mercy visited us, made us long to return to him, and set our feet upon the way of life. This is a miracle of grace, and I am never tired of thinking of it; and because of all that it includes I feel quite at ease about getting home. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." The love which plucked us out of the fire will assuredly keep us from falling back into it. God does not begin a work without intending to finish it.

Besides, my brethren, *we have already come far on the road,* and therefore we shall get home. Considering our many temptations and trials, and the evil of our nature, we are bound to praise the Lord with our whole hearts because we have been preserved unto this day. Our life in the future can hardly be more full of miracle than the past has been; why should we suppose that the Lord will stay his hand? Nothing but omnipotent grace could have brought us thus far, and that grace is quite sufficient to preserve us through all the rest of the way. We shall get home; for "the Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us." Even in the hour of death fear shall not overshadow us. You know how quaintly John Mason puts it—

"I have a God that changeth not:
Why should I be perplext?
My God, that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

"Go fearless then, my soul, with God
Into another room:
Thou who hast walkèd with him here,
Go, see thy God at home."

I am persuaded we shall get home because *oftentimes we receive messages from the Father himself,* and these love-words assure us that he remembers us; and if he remembers us he will not let us perish. Moreover, we receive substantial help from him, and comforts by the way both by day and by night. If he meant to cast us off at last he would not so often have cheered our spirits by his gracious visits and love-tokens on the road. As the land-birds which light upon the rigging of his vessel assure the voyager that he is nearing the shore, which as yet he sees not, so heavenly blessings without number flying to our succour tell us that the glory-land is nigh. We shall soon cast anchor in the Fair Havens.

We shall get home, for *others have done so* who were once at our

side travelling the same path. We asked them, as they departed from us, how they hoped to reach their journey's end, and they told us that all their hope rested upon sovereign grace: what less or what more do we rest in? That grace which has secured to them a safe journey, will secure the like to us; why should it not? It is true that we do not deserve it, nor did they; it was to them a matter of grace, as it certainly will be to us. But that grace is true and constant. All who sail with Jesus shall be saved from the yawning deep. Yes, even though it should be on boards and broken pieces of the ship, we shall get safe to land!

We shall get home; for oh, *if we do not, what a lament there will be in heaven!* Think of that. If the children do not come home, what mourning for the lost ones will be heard in the mansions above. Neither God nor good men could see the divine family broken and yet be happy. Every angel in heaven would feel a disappointment if one child of God was absent at the reading of the muster-roll. Did they not once rejoice over each one of us as a sinner repenting? Their sympathetic mirth was premature in our cases if we perish by the way. But angels are not doomed to find their hopes frustrated, neither will the great Father find that he himself was glad too soon. Heaven would be a desolate place if at its banquets some David's seat was empty! We cannot endure to imagine some member of the sacred family missing, lost for ever, cast into hell! It must not be, for in that land of absolute perfectness there is

> "No missing heir, no harp that lies unstrung,
> No vacant place those hallowed halls among."

We shall get home, for the great Father himself will never rest until we do; and he that bought us with his precious blood will never be satisfied till all his redeemed shall stand around him girt in their snow-white robes. If we had been on pilgrimage with our families, and we had reached home ourselves, and then missed a dear child, what a stir there would be! I appeal to every father's heart: would you sleep with a child lost? Would you not tramp back every step of the road to seek your dear stray lamb? You would cry everywhere, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth!" Well can I imagine our good Shepherd using the same words concerning any one of us if we did not get home, and asking everywhere, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" He would not rest until he had found his chosen, his heart's delight. Did he rest the first time till he brought us home on his shoulders rejoicing? Would he rest a second time till he had folded us in glory? No, he can never have full joy in his heart until all his ransomed are in the place where the many mansions be. "We shall get home."

Brothers, we shall get home, I am sure we shall; and what a joy it will be! Think of the bliss of seeing our Father, our home, our Saviour, and all those who are dear to us for Jesus' sake. A venerable sister who saw me very busy the other day remarked that we shall have plenty of time to talk to each other in eternity. I do not quite see how there can be time where time shall be no more; but no doubt there will be space and opportunity for the fullest communion with each other, and for much fellowship of united delight in the adorable

person of our blessed Lord. I anticipate much felicity from fellowship with perfect saints above, since I have had so much pleasure in the society of imperfect saints below. Many have gone home from us of late, and we are all getting older; but let us not regret the fact, since the home above is being filled, and a perfect society is being formed which will last for ever.

I remember a remark of my dear friend John Edwards before he left us for the fatherland above. I said to him one day, "Our brother So-and-so is gone home," and he replied, "*Where else should he go?*" Just so. When evening draws nigh, home is the fit place for each one of us, and we instinctively turn to it. We think badly of people who do not care to go home when their work is done. Some workmen make long hours, and stay late at work, but nobody envies them on that account: most persons think the sooner they are home the better. Do not you think so? Do you not long for the home-going? It is best to have no impatience about it, but to fill up the whole day with holy service, and then consider going home as the crown of it all. Even this poor world can be made very home-like if we have the true child-like spirit. "Where is your home?" said one to a little girl. The reply was—"My home is where mother is." Even so our home is where Jesus is; and if he wills us to tarry out of heaven for a while, we will feel at home in the desert in his sweet company.

Here, however, comes in a word of caution; it will be wise to ask ourselves—Where is our home? Somebody said, "It is well to go home *if we have a good home to go to.*" That point is worthy of deep thought. Every creature goes to its own place: the fox to its hole, the bird to its nest, the lion to its den, and man to his home. The righteous will rise to the light that is sown for them; but as for the ungodly, where will they go? Where must they go? You may judge of their place *by their pleasures.* What are their pleasures? Vanity, sin, self. There are none of these things in heaven, and therefore those who love them cannot enter there. If they have found their pleasure in the ways of Satan, there shall they find their endless portion.

We may judge men *by their company.* Like will to like. What sort of company do you prefer? The man who sings the drunkard's song, the man who pours forth loose talk, is he your companion and friend? Then you shall be gathered to him, and to such as he, in the assembly of the dead. I remember a good woman saying to me on her dying bed, "I am sure the Lord will not cause me to dwell for ever with the ungodly and the profane, for I have never loved such society. I think he will let me go to my own company." Yes, that he will. Those who are your companions here will be your companions hereafter.

You may also foretell your future abode from *your present character,* for your eternal destiny will be the ripe fruit of your character in time. If you are numbered amongst the ungodly when the Lord comes to judgment you must have your portion far off from God. The false, the foul, the prayerless, cannot find a home among the true, the pure, the holy. Oh, you who are unrenewed, I pray you think over those words of the psalmist—"*If I make my bed in hell.*" What a bed! But as you make it you will have to lie upon it. If you find rest in sin you will make your bed in hell. O my beloved, do not one of you run the risk

of such a doom. We have loved each other here; let us not be divided. Let us go together along the way of holiness. Together let us follow Jesus, and then we shall all get home to the same Father's house. My joy, my crown, my second heaven shall be to meet you all there in that sweet, sweet home, where danger shall be ended, where sorrow shall be banished, and sin excluded. Our Father will receive us, our elder Brother will joy in us, and the Spirit of God will be glad over us. The dear ones whom we wept as lost will meet us, and all the rest of the company redeemed by blood will welcome us. Do not our souls joyfully anticipate that grandest of all family gatherings? Is it not a jubilee to our hearts to think of the general assembly and church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven?

WE SHALL GET HOME;

WE SHALL GET HOME.

What is in thine Hand?

WHAT is in thine hand, Shamgar? An oxgoad, with which I urge my lazy beasts. Use it for God, and Shamgar's ox-goad defeats the Philistines. What is in thine hand, David? My sling, with which I keep the wolves from the sheep. Yet with that sling, he slew Goliath, whom an army dared not meet. What is in thine hand, disciple? Nothing but five barley loves and two small fishes. Bring them to me —give them to God, and the multitude is fed. What is in thine hand, poor widow? Only two mites. Give them to God, and behold, the fame of your riches fills the world. What hast thou, weeping woman? An alabaster box of ointment. Give it to God; break it, and pour it upon the Saviour's head, and its sweet perfume is a fragrance to the church till now. What hast thou, Dorcas? My needle. Use it for God, and these coats and garments keep multiplying, and are clothing the naked still. You are a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a mechanic, or a man of leisure, a lady of fortune, or a student, or a sewing-woman. God wants each of you to serve him where you are. You have your business; use it for God. Order it in a godly manner. Do not allow any wickedness in it. Give goodly wages; preach Jesus to your clerks, not by a long face, but by being like him—doing good. Use your profits for God—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, comforting the wretched, spreading the gospel far and wide. Use your wealth, which in your hand is as easily moved as the pen which gives your signature, to keep that family in their home, and not to eject them.

What a field you have to glorify God in, just where you are! If you have nothing else, use your tools for him. He can glorify himself with them as easily as he could with a shepherd's stick, an ox-goad, a sling, or two mites. A poor girl who had nothing but a sewing-machine, used it to aid a feeble church. All her earnings above her needs were given toward building a house of worship, and in a year she had paid more than others a hundred times richer than she. So you can do, if you will. Think of the widow with her two mites, the woman with the alabaster box, and Dorcas with her garments. You can do as much, and have as great a reward.—*Free Church Record.*

The Vegetable Caterpillar.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE New Zealand bush is not less remarkable for its denseness than for its loneliness. It consists of a great variety of fine trees, whose names are not quite so easily pronounced as those of the oak, ash, and elm, and of any quantity of undergrowth and creepers, some of which have received Saxon *sobriquets*, such as Supple Jacks and Bush Lawyers. The latter, by the way, need to be seen, or rather felt, to be appreciated. The British bramble has some slight tendency to stick and prick, but is a mere apprentice compared with the legal practitioner of New Zealand forests. Woe to the hat or coat—not to say flesh—that comes within the clutches of this notary; for a deed of conveyance is effected in next to no time, and the unlucky traveller appeals to the law to little purpose for a restoration of his clothes or skin.

But this "limb of the law" is but the policeman of the bush—just one thorn on what is still a lovely rose. There are a dozen compensations for this drawback—indeed, it were worth one's while to run the gauntlet of such barriers and barristers to catch a glimpse of a group of tree-ferns, their dark, slender columns crowned with the exquisite capitals of feathery fronds. But it is no child's play to penetrate the bush. Even when on a bridle track, which residents thereabouts will persist in calling "a good road," it is often necessary for one of the party to dismount in order to disentangle another from the too loving embraces of a Supple Jack. Horse and rider, even with great care, will suddenly and unintentionally assume the *rôle* of a modern Laocoon, nor will they get safely out of the network unless a helping hand and a sharp knife come to their deliverance.

What pains piercing the untrodden forest involves I had rather guess than experience. A keen tomahawk and indomitable perseverance will take a man almost anywhere, and these are the weapons which have traced the bush with tracks and made it passable for later comers and lazier travellers. But there are some explorers who need neither axe, nor pluck, nor compass to thread their way betwixt the mazy labyrinths. On noiseless wing they steer their course amidst the boughs; and, though stems, and branches, and twigs, and leaves are thick as ships and shoals in the Channel, these voyagers do not suffer wreck or come into collision.

The inhabitants of the bush seem very few to English eyes and ears. An occasional pipe, or twitter, or whistle is nearly all one hears in a day's march, and less often does one *see* the modest musicians. So unaccustomed are they to public singing that if we venture to demand an encore the bird has flown, without even bowing its acknowledgments. Glad as we must be to feel free from beasts and birds of prey, and from snakes in the grass, how we would have rejoiced, when man and steed were weary, to hear the piping of a bullfinch, or the jug-jug of a nightingale, or the trill of a thrush, or even the cawing of a crow! Better still if, in addition, the breaking branches and rustling undergrowth had opened our eyes to see the antlers of a stag or the ears of a

kangaroo, or even the little white flag of truce which every rabbit displays as it takes to its heels.

There are, however, denizens of the thicket even more retiring than the birds, seen only by those who lie in wait for curios, determined to wrest Nature's treasures from her secret chests and chambers. Amongst these is a large and beautiful moth, with wings of bright green plush. It has been green enough sometimes to venture into town or near to the abodes of men, and has got caught in the act, and its captors have preserved *it* instead of preserving its life. But the moth which does not seek such early notoriety, and stays in its accustomed clime, becomes in due time more famous through her progeny than the one who, like another Lot, first pitches his tent towards Sodom, and then enters the city. The history of such a stayer at home is worth the telling, as is her example, in that respect at least, worthy of imitation. We will not follow her in all the giddy flights of early youth, but from the time when she "settles down" upon a leaf of a rata tree, and discovers that life is real, life is earnest. Upon this leaf she lays her eggs. The ova operation being over, we direct our attention to the little caterpillars, which soon appear. The rata leaves stand a poor chance now, for the insects are hungry as hunters, and eat as if their lives depended on it. I do not wonder that they are termed grubs sometimes, for they are grubbing all their time. They eat until either they can eat no more or there is no more to eat, and then they give it up as a bad job, and resolve to be chrysalides instead of caterpillars, by way of a change, and as a less expensive and tiresome style of living. In order to this our hero—for we will dismiss his brethren and sisters now—drops from his barren shelf on to the ground, and soon hides his diminished head amongst the vegetable matter at the tree-foot. Mr. Caterpillar is, however, doomed to find that he who goes a burrowing goes a sorrowing. Unadvisedly he allows a substance ingress to his inner insect, either by way of the alimentary canal or through the scales of his neck, which "cooks his goose," and yet eventually immortalizes his name.

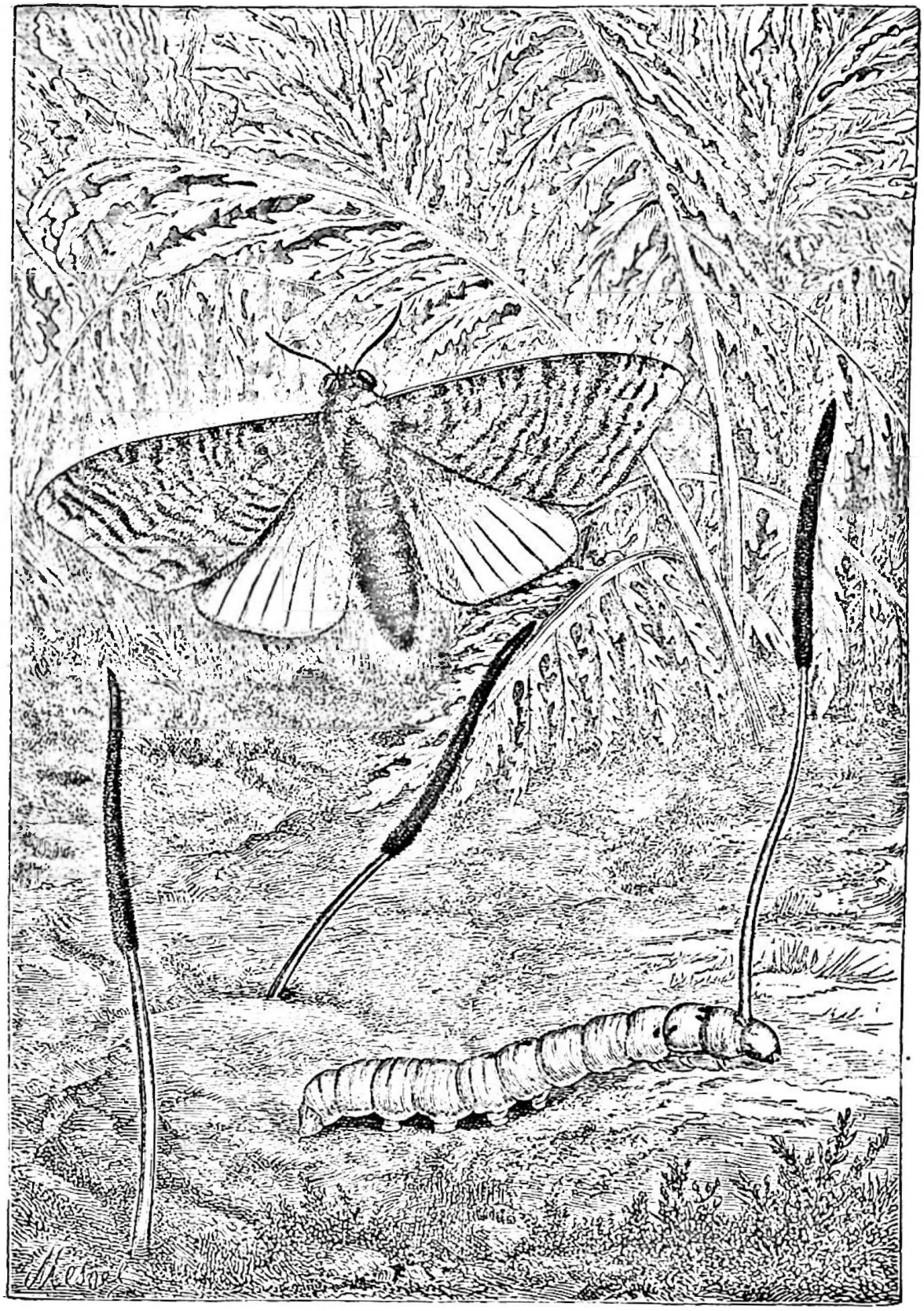
But for the spores of a fungus, which are either swallowed by or else attack our friend just as he turns up his toes to the daisies (O, I forgot there are none in the bush) he would become nothing more than a chrysalis, and then a big green moth, but through this misadventure he rejoices soon after in the scientific title of Sphæria Robertsii. Supposing that our friend becomes possessed (by what means it is hard to determine) of this fungus-spore previous to his decease, it is distressing to imagine his inward woe. He becomes painfully conscious that the germane substance is germinating within. Certain that the hour of his dissolution has come, he submits to the inevitable. The hole which he himself has dug becomes his sepulchre—he dies without a shroud, and in due course erects his own memorial, as we shall see. I cannot help regretting that when doing so much Mr. Caterpillar did not see fit to write an autobiography, so that what is conjectured as to his history after falling from the rata tree might be ratified. Our hero is now in the half-and-half condition of being dead and alive—dead as a caterpillar, but alive as a fungus. Rumour says that his dying words were, "I will a tail unfold." Certain it is he commences to develop a dorsal appendage sometimes two) of alarming dimensions; and, though he retains his

identity as a caterpillar, it is very evident that the insect's soul has transmigrated into the vegetable. The sarcophagus of the caterpillar has become the cradle of a plant. Standing on its head—that head, as well as legs, and eyes, and mouth, dried like leather—the grub lives again as the root of a rush (strange metempsychosis this!), nor does the growth of the fungus destroy the form of the insect, which rather seems to undergo a peculiar process of preservation—is, indeed, embalmed and mummified.

Several inches above the ground the shoot or shoots appear, the plant being known to the natives by the name of Aweto Hotete. Long years ago, it is said, they used to eat it, and also used the root in tatooing. It is not difficult to believe that these rushes are edible, for many fungi are; and a species somewhat similar to this, found in China, is packed in little bundles like asparagus, and pronounced delicious by the Celestials. (*Chacun à son goût!*) An illustration of this point is worth relating.

The U. S. Consul of Auckland, in reporting to his government on some of the special products and exports of N. Z., devoted a paper to an account of a certain fungus which is sent in considerable quantities to China, there to be devoured by luxurious Mandarins. Being anxious to speak from experience, the American official determined to taste as well as touch and handle, and therefore prepared a soup from the not-very-inviting-looking vegetable.

It seemed to need no condiments to make it spicy—being sufficiently savoury by nature (a clear saving that!). And it had simmered long enough: the tasting time had come—a testing time, too, for him of the stars and stripes. With a patriotism worthy of a nobler cause the representative of the great Republic actually sipped the fungus broth or toadstool soup. He pronounced it pungent, but decidedly inferior to mullagatawny. I believe that had there been something handy to eat with it—just to take off the chill—the plenipotentiary would have tackled a spoonful or two, but unfortunately the proper concomitant was not forthcoming. When Archibald Forbes entered Paris, immediately after the siege he made a meal, the first and only course of which consisted, I think, of *ragoût* of dog. He was also urged to try a little stewed horse. This he says he did not attempt because he had been previously given to understand that *it went best with mushrooms!* It is quite within the pale of the possible that my friend the Consul would have persevered with his soup had he been sufficiently ravenous. As it was, he adopted a clever expedient to test the wholesomeness of the pottage. A John Chinaman was passing the Consulate just then, and was soon introduced to the fungic fare. The celestial's face grew even more heavenly, "the placid-eyed Mongolian" rubbed his hands, and smacked his lips exclaiming, "Me know him! me know him!" Ere long, the owner of the pig-tail became sole possessor of the (to him) ambrosial broth, and the author of the official despatch was provided with ocular demonstration that the fungus was edible—in the Chinese quarter. But to return to our Caterpillar, I would refer my readers to any standard work on fungi for a fuller and certainly more scientific description of this interesting *lusus naturæ* Meanwhile this more popular account may provide some instruction as well as interest.



THE VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

It strikes me, first, that we may learn a lesson from the fact that not until it is unearthed does this fungus appear at all remarkable. Here is a little rush shooting up a few inches from the ground, with nothing to invite attention or encourage investigation. There is no comeliness of form, no wealth of foliage, no charm of colour or of scent. It has not a single leaf to bless itself with, much less a fruit or flower. "There is nothing wonderful here," says the tourist in the Hot Lake district (for it was there I first saw the curiosity); "speak to me, if you will, about the choice ferns that flourish by the waterfall of Tarawera, their living emerald ever sprinkled with showers of diamonds. Or I will stop to admire the far-famed Terraces of white and pink silica with their caps of bright blue boiling water. The sulphurous fumes and heaving geysers of Whakarewarewa, or the bubbling mud-holes of Rotomahana, and the beauties of Rotokakahi, the green lake; and Tikitapu, the blue, are what I came for. Hinder me not to gaze at roots, and sticks, and toadstools. Verily, my friend, you remind me of the Egyptians who passed by sun, and moon, and stars to worship cats, and crocodiles, and beetles!"

But wait a while, for the greatest wonder is not the largest one. Animalcules and molecules are as marvellous as mastodons and moas. The microscopic is as wondrous as the telescopic. Some of those subjects, too, which appear least inviting are really the most astonishing. It does not do to judge by outward appearances. We often have to go "under the surface" for the rights of the case and the root of the matter. There are treasures out of sight which must not be out of mind. Let us be prepared to find what is admirable and remarkable beneath what is ordinary and commonplace. The veins of the rough quartz run golden. The opal is buried in a sarcophagus of rock. The precious pearl is hidden by the oyster's shell and by fathoms of deep blue sea. The rush-like fungus is really an extraordinary growth, but the mystery is underground. Who would have thought to find a mummified caterpillar at the root of such an insignificant sprout? You cannot judge correctly of the dead by their gravestones. Neither their gifts nor their graces can be measured by the height of the monument, or the wording of the epitaph. Some wonders of grace lie beneath the weed-grown sod.

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

A "frail memorial" may shadow the remains of one who deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance, and "uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture" often deck the graves of those of whom the world was not worthy. We must not judge our fellows, living or dead, by what we see at first sight of their gifts or graves. What a blessing it would be for the world if the custom of believing in first impressions could be utterly abolished with the other idle fancies! They may, of course, prove correct in certain cases, but oftener they are entirely out. Those who boast that they can read character are oftener deceived than they fancy, and ordinary mortals who cannot lay claim to this sort of second sight, must never conclude on first sight, but take a great many looks

before they leap. If we knew everything about some bodies, they would not be nobodies to us. We have only seen part of them so far, and think them very so-so; but a complete view of the combinations of their character would make us love and honour them. A plant is nothing out of the common—especially a fungus—but a caterpillar plant is a real curio. A caterpillar is an ordinary sight, but a vegetable caterpillar is quite a spectacle.

You cannot form a conception of the underground railway from the smoke that comes up the shafts, nor by the stations above the ground; and since much of a man's life is underground, and out of sight, it is hardly fair to criticise until we have waited on his platform, travelled on his line, and got into his train of thought. As Tupper saith, "Rashly, nor ofttimes truly doth man pass judgment on his brother; for he seeth not the springs of that heart, nor heareth the reasons of that mind."

We have in our curious plant an illustration, too, of how possible it is to live after death, and, indeed, of how it often happens that until death men are not prized and honoured. I like to think that our friend the caterpillar went on living as he was made to live without ever dreaming that he would have a corner in the museum, or a chronicle in *The Sword and the Trowel*,—just went on with his duty, and grew famous by so doing. Nor was it without distress and disease. The fungus spores were anything but welcome, yet they gave the grub its name and fame. Be it mine to work on or suffer on in just that sphere to which my God has called me, assured that I shall not live or labour in vain.

> "I'll tread a righteous path; a good report
> Makes men live long, although their life is short."

And howsoever true it may be that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones, it cannot be denied that that good, in many cases, revives long before the bodies live again. An angel rolls away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and though the body wakes not, a heavenly radiance illumines the grave, and brings the truth to light. The conduct and character which have been questioned and maligned are cleared and cleansed, and thus the promise is fulfilled—"He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

Ay, and if on earth we remain unknown and unhonoured, let us remember that the names of all believers are written in heaven. We may not be recognized as the *élite* of this world (though true Christians are really so), but we are already of the aristocracy of heaven. Many a caterpillar plant grows in the lone bush, curiosity as it is; and none behold it but He who sees all things. And is it not enough that *He* sees and calls it good? Hagar, driven into the wilderness by the tyranny of her mistress, discovers that God sees her and cares for her. He found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, and she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, "Thou God seest me." This fact was like cold water to a thirsty soul, so that while her body drank of the fountain between Kadesh and Bered, her spirit was refreshed by a life-giving draught fresh from the throne of glory. The meeting-place was appropriate, and well did she call it "Beer-la-hai-roi. The well of him that liveth and seeth me."

God reads us rightly when men misread. God judges our hearts when men misjudge our acts; and if he knows us, and is acquainted with all our ways, why need we long to be known and famed amongst men? We can do without the praise of the creature if we are acceptable to the Creator. Better be in Christ's hand, and on his heart, than in the mouth and on the tongue of men.

"What shall I do to be for ever known? 'Thy duty ever!'
This did full many who slept unknown. 'Oh, never! Never!'
Thinkest thou, perchance, that they remain unknown whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown—Divine their lot!"

Epitaph on the Ancient Romans:

A LESSON TO ENGLAND.

BRAVE race of warriors! whose ranks would stand,
Or charge with mighty impulse, as a band
Of dauntless veterans, compact and stern—
Shoulder to shoulder—hard to break or turn;
Whose flashing helmets, battle-axe and shield
Like waves of steel were borne along the field:
All but invincible such legions proved,
And nations *bowed* to lords they never *loved*.

Vast realms were won! Anon, the eagle grasp—
Untempered ever—clutched its prey too fast;
Trampling the noblest of the vanquished foe,
Conciliating none: not wise to know
How subjugated people still can *feel*
And writhe, like worms beneath the iron heel,
An element of weakness, as they wait
For fairer fortune:—to *retaliate*.

These haughty Romans gained imperial sway,
But to *retain* it ne'er discerned the way—
That royal road—pursued, alas! by few—
"Do as ye would have others do to you."
Stability and concord are combined
Where sceptres are with Righteousness entwined,
And thrones on earth become secure and great
As heavenly principles preponderate.

Time came! The mistress of the world was strong,
But arrogance too oft exults in wrong;
Her pinnacle attained—historians tell—
In luxury and vice, abhorred, she fell!
The cup of tyrants captivates them all,
So sweet to sip, so sure it turns to gall;
They mix for *others* bitter draughts of woe;
The *dregs* they drink *themselves*—God metes it so!

99, Amherst-road, E.

Sarah Foster.

DURING her lifetime no one was better known in the North of England, or more highly respected, than Sarah Foster. Some years have passed since her removal from earth to heaven; but survivors who were familiar with her character and manner of life still speak of her with veneration and affection. Once again, as we write her name, we remember the words of Scripture—"The memory of the just is blessed. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Our friend was born at Hebblethwaite Hall, near Sedbergh, a secluded spot in the north-west of Yorkshire, on the border of Westmoreland, May the 9th, 1797. Her parents were members of the Society of Friends, and therefore she was born into the Society, and brought up in its fellowship. We have no means of ascertaining when she became the subject of that change, of which our Lord speaks when he says, "Except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" but that she *was* "born again" at a comparatively early period there can be no reasonable doubt.

In the Society of Friends women have always been allowed to exercise their gifts in preaching and the discharge of the various functions of the ministry. Miss Foster's intelligence, knowledge of the Word of God, gift of utterance, excellence of Christian character, and high standing in the Society were such, that in the course of years she was set apart to the sacred office, the duties of which she continued to fulfil with great efficiency and acceptance till the time when she joined the Baptist denomination.

About the period of middle life she began to feel somewhat unsettled in her views as to the two ordinances of the Christian Church—baptism and the Lord's Supper. Hitherto, she had been content to regard them in the light in which they are generally regarded by the Friends; but now she resolved to learn for herself how far the teaching of her sect agreed with the teaching of the Word of God. She took the New Testament and Robert Barclay's Apology, and carefully compared them with each other. She had not proceeded far before she discovered serious discrepancies; and, as she regarded the New Testament as supreme in authority, it was clear that she was herself living in the neglect of divinely-appointed institutions, and teaching others to neglect them also.

As soon as the path of duty was clear, her obedience was prompt. She felt it painful to leave old friends—to cut herself off from the Society to which she was attached from her birth and by so many ties, where she was so much esteemed and loved, and where her influence was so great. Yet, like Paul, she conferred not with flesh and blood, but followed quickly the new light received from the Lord.

Some years prior to this change in her religious opinions, she had removed to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and now resided in that town. The Rev. Richard Pengilly, author of the "Guide to Baptism," was then pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Tuthill Stairs Chapel. To him she applied for baptism; and on the 1st of June, 1837, followed her Lord in that ordinance, and was received into the fellowship of the church under Mr. Pengilly's care. From this time to the period of her

death thirty-two years after, she continued one of the most consistent, useful, and honoured members of that communion. In the year 1865, when the church deemed it advisable to revive the order of deaconess, she was one of six elected to fill that office.

Although her ecclesiastical connection with the Friends was severed, the mutual affection which had existed between them and herself remained unabated. Indeed, she was on terms of Christian charity with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. While she became a warm and intelligent supporter of the institutions of her adopted denomination, she heartily laboured in all catholic movements for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. As a practical worker, she was always ready and always efficient; and so far as her means would allow she was ever forward to give pecuniary help. Fellow-labourers often consulted her as to the best methods and plans; and she was always able, from her natural good sense and the treasures of her experience, to impart some useful advice.

For many years she devoted herself to the restoration of the fallen of her own sex. She was one of the originators of the Newcastle Female Penitentiary, and long acted as its secretary. Her wholesome and healthful influence in the establishment was supreme. Again and again, when some of the inmates were unruly, and the authority of the matron was entirely set at nought, she was sent for to quiet the storm and bring order out of confusion. Great force of character, a strong will, soundness of judgment, unrivalled tact, tender sympathy, and a patience that never tired in waiting, all combined, admirably fitted her for this service.

Fallen women are often very excitable. This was very manifest during a season in which special efforts were put forth for the spiritual welfare of the inmates of the Newcastle Penitentiary. Frequent meetings were held among them; and sometimes those who conducted the service were more eminent for zeal than for discretion. Great weeping, and shouting, and professions of peace within were encouraged; only to be followed by indifference and hardness of heart. At one of these meetings, six poor girls, amid great demonstration of feeling, professed to be converted. A lady who was present hastened to convey the news to Sarah Foster, expecting that she would share her enthusiastic joy. But our friend knew better. "Six," said she, "converted this afternoon! Wait till to-morrow afternoon; and perhaps thou wilt see that they will need converting again." The lady told the writer, when narrating the circumstance, that at the time she thought the speech very cruel; but that subsequent events proved its wisdom. While Miss Foster thus looked with suspicion on all undue demonstration of feeling, her tenderness to the contrite and humble was great. In the most loving and earnest manner, she would speak to them of the heavenly Father's love and the Saviour able to save even to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. Her interest in the hapless women did not terminate when they left the institution. She followed them in after-life, always rejoiced when she heard of their welfare, and sorrowed much if she learned that any of them had lapsed again into evil ways. By the bed-side of the sufferers in the Lock Hospital, she was a faithful and an affectionate friend—

pointing the suffering and the dying to the Friend of sinners, and entreating them to hasten to his cross.

For several years she was a regular visitor at the Infirmary and at the Gaol; and, in more instances than one, it occurred at the latter place that female prisoners, whom prison discipline had failed to subdue, yielded to her firmness and loving persuasion.

Of the Newcastle Sailors' Society she was one of the earliest and most faithful supporters, acting, so long as her strength permitted, as one of its secretaries, and cherishing to the last the liveliest interest in all its proceedings.

Our friend had great sympathy with ministers of the gospel. It was the privilege of the writer to be her pastor for ten years; and every year, on the anniversary of his settlement, he used to receive from her a letter of congratulation, full of Christian affection and encouragement, of wise counsel and earnest prayer. One of her characteristic excellences was her attachment to public worship. She used to say, "My place shall never be vacant, if I can prevent it, when the doors are open for worship." Her conduct agreed with her words. Another virtue she possessed—she never failed to fill an appointment. One day there was a committee-meeting of some importance in connection with the Penitentiary; but there was such a storm of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, that one of the resident officials remarked, "We shall have no one here to-day." "Oh, yes," said the matron, "Miss Foster will be here!" At the appointed hour she was at the door.

As a Christian friend her society was charming. The influence of her early training, and forty years' association with the Society of Friends, never left her. Through life she retained their forms of speech, always using "thee" and "thou," and calling persons by their Christian names, instead of employing the ordinary titles of distinction. If she agreed with any one who expressed an opinion, she would say, "I am in unity with thee as to that." She had a large share of humour, and a keen sense of the ridiculous; had seen a good deal of life, both in the rural districts and in towns; had been a shrewd observer of men and things; and, as the result of the whole, was a most entertaining and instructive companion. She never married; but continued through life one of a most useful class not seldom found in society and in the church of God, who, unencumbered by family cares, give themselves to Christian usefulness, and expend the wealth of their affections in ministering to the necessities of the suffering and the unfortunate, and seeking to save souls from death.

After a period of great suffering, during which she was supported by divine grace, and exemplified much Christian fortitude and resignation, in February, 1870, Sarah Foster finished her earthly course, and entered upon her heavenly rest.

WILLIAM WALTERS.

Cullercoats, Northumberland.

The Story of a Convalescent Home.

ON a sultry June afternoon, under an overshadowing tree, in the pleasant grounds of a "Young Needlewomen's Home" in London, the matron stood conversing with Mrs. M., the foundress and superintendent of the Home.

"What shall we do with them?" she asked.

"Rest and change they must have, poor sickly girls, or sink into the grave," said the other; "but have they not homes to go to when their services are no longer required?"

"In the case of the majority of the season hands, I fear not," was the reply.

"Have you many of these friendless ones on your books at present?"

"More than I had last year! What is to become of them?"

The lady was silent for a few moments. "I have been thinking," she said presently, "that it would not be impossible to raise a fund sufficient to send the sufferers into apartments by the seaside, where for two or three weeks they could enjoy cool, fresh, health-giving sea-breezes. I could easily obtain a motherly Christian woman who would take good care of them."

The thought was soon converted into action. Mrs. M. set about collecting funds, and was enabled to despatch thirty-four of the most worn-out of these bread-winners to the seaside. This was the beginning of the "London and Brighton Convalescent Home."

We will give the name of this noble-hearted lady before we lay down our pen; meanwhile some of our readers who are acquainted with her Christ-like work will have already recognized who it is of whom we write.

At first Mrs. M. rented a house in Brighton, the funds for which were raised amongst her friends, and by means of a sale of the work of busy hands at home. Accommodation for sixteen toil-worn invalids was thus provided, and was well used for three years; the arrangements of the Home ministering, by Bible-classes and family worship, to their spiritual as well as to their physical need. At the end of that time circumstances compelled her to transfer the management of this first experiment to other hands; but a fresh opening occurred in a very remarkable manner.

Mrs. M. was one day mournfully reflecting on the case of a young shop-girl of seventeen, who was fast sinking from overwork, and on whose behalf a fellow-assistant had made a strong appeal, to which she was unable to respond. She had taken her trouble to the Throne of Grace; and rose from prayer to receive the visit of a friend. The conversation turned upon the Brighton Home, from which she had retired, and the friend urged her to open another.

"Impossible! I have given up the work so entirely that I have neither funds, house, nor matron remaining," replied Mrs. M.

Her friend replied, "So firmly impressed am I with the belief that it is God's will you should continue this work, you must allow me the privilege of presenting the first donation to your new Home;" and Miss D. B. placed a cheque for £100 in her hands.

The following day another friend came to tell her of a large house at Dover which could be had rent-free by anyone disposed to use it as a convalescent home. Overwhelmed with joy, Mrs. M. was soon on her way to Dover, where she found a large house every way suitable for the purpose facing the sea. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, to whom it belonged, granted her the free use of it for a Convalescent Home, subject only to a month's notice to quit when they should require it; and made the further concession of a five shillings monthly return ticket for the guests of the Home. There for seven years the work was carried on with increasing success; for while in the first year one hundred and seventy-two patients were received, the number in the last year was about one thousand two hundred; and it would be an impossible task to record all the blessing conferred in that time on more than six thousand sufferers, and the music of thanksgiving evoked in their glad hearts. Meanwhile, the needful support was forthcoming. Subscriptions poured in from week to week, and hampers of provisions and other acceptable gifts were sent by thoughtful friends.

Very remarkably at times did the supply meet the demand. Late one evening Mrs. M. was surprised to see a larger number of patients arriving than had been expected. There were 87 inmates and only 75 beds! She needed bedding for a dozen more. She went to her room to lay the difficulty before God, and on descending, found a large bale which, when the cords were cut, disclosed a dozen pairs of new blankets and sheets, sent from France from the surplus stores of the Franco-German War.

In 1877 the dreaded notice to quit was given, and the spot consecrated by the memory of so much blessing had to be forsaken. Another house was found in Brighton, large enough for a hundred beds, commanding a fine sea-view, and having a spacious garden shaded by an avenue of trees. The burden was heavier, for rent and taxes must now be paid; but the home worked as successfully as ever.

The following year opened with the alarming intelligence that the premises were to be sold by auction. Mrs. M. pleaded with the owner to no purpose; and on Midsummer day large bills were posted on the house advertising its sale. Mrs. M. had recourse to prayer, and, strange to say, while all the other property advertised was sold, not one bid was made for the Home. At Michaelmas the property was again put up with the same result. And now Mrs. M. resolved to collect a sufficient sum (£5,600) to purchase the house, and in spite of much discouragement from "wet blankets" succeeded within the year. "Crescent House" was thus for ever secured as a wayside rest for worn and weary pilgrims. In that happy Christian Home over-wrought shop-girls, button-makers, governesses, Board-school teachers, seamstresses, many of them orphans, some of them maintaining sick parents, or dependent little brothers and sisters, all of them delicate, dispirited toilers, have found new health; and after the exhilaration of change, sea-air, and sea-side beauty, abundant food and rest, have been sent back strong and hopeful to their work. Last year alone two thousand and fifty-two were received at the Home; and in the thirteen years no less than fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty-nine invalids have enjoyed its benefits either at Dover or Brighton. Do our readers want a glimpse of one or two

out of these thousands? The orphan daughter of a physician writes:—"Dear Madam—You little know from what you rescued me; starvation and despair were my only companions; you sent me to the Home without money and without price; my clothing was restored, my health re-established, and I leave this dear Home again to fight the 'battle of life!'" She obtained a situation as governess with a salary of fifty guineas per annum, and is giving much satisfaction.

"The orphan daughter of a clergyman, aged 23. Bereft of health, friends, and home, a sad prospect was before her. After a month spent at the Home, she entirely recovered, and is now supporting herself and younger sister as a governess."

Read also this suggestive letter. "Honoured Lady—I am a working man with five little children, but you have saved my wife's life; and I must send a week's wages to that 'ere blessed Home. Your humble sarvent ———." The letter enclosed a P. O. Order for £1.

Such work as this is of the very essence of Christianity. Could not some of our readers assist it? There are bereaved families who embalm their memory of "loved ones gone before" by contributing a sum sufficient to set apart an "In memoriam room" in the Home for toilers too poor to pay the eight shillings a week required from those who can afford it. A "Dorcas Wardrobe" at the Home is supplied by ladies who forward their no-longer-required garments, from which many poor orphans have been clothed from head to foot. There are many ways of doing that for which Christ will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. Marshman, of 4, Ladbrooke-square, London, W., is the lady who is the centre of all this benevolent work. The Earl of Shaftesbury is the President of the Home, and it is under a strong committee of management. If our readers wish to possess an account of the work, interesting as a romance, and full of holy encouragement to perseverance in well-doing, let them buy of Messrs. Nisbet a little book by Miss Corke, entitled, "What shall we do with them?" the profits of the sale of which are devoted to the "*Free Fund*" of "Crescent House."

Good turned to Evil.

A GLASS inkstand was placed on the table so that the sun's rays fell upon it. Brightly and cheerily, no doubt, they played upon its facets and angles; but that inkstand affected these beautiful sunbeams in such a way as to extract from them heat in sufficient force to set the table upon which it stood on fire, reducing it, and all it came in contact with, into ashes. What is there more beautiful than the sunbeams? How they cheer, and cherish, and inspire nature all around! Yet there are some objects which can convert this thing of beauty, and health, and life into a consuming fire. So there are moral characters which extract death out of life; transform the loving, life-giving gospel into an instrument of destruction; in short, cause the God of love to become to them a consuming fire.—*From "Phases of Christian Truth": Sermons by A. J. Parry.*

A Rural City Missionary.

ALTHOUGH it sounds somewhat anomalous to talk about a City Missionary working in the country, it is well known that the committee of the London City Mission are willing to appoint agents for any district in the area of Greater London from which a satisfactory local subscription is forthcoming. One of these districts is represented by the parish of ENFIELD, one of the most picturesque and healthy of the Metropolitan suburbs, and one which can boast of a very notable history. Hither the President, tutors, and students of the Pastors' College wended their way at the commencement of the present session to meet a rare band of hearty friends. In the town may be seen one of the most interesting specimens of sixteenth-century domestic architecture to be met with anywhere in England—a portion of Edward the Sixth's palace, which contains apartments that have been little altered since they were tenanted by the youthful King and the Princess Elizabeth. In the garden of this palace stands a cedar worth going a hundred miles to see. Is there its equal in all England? At Whitewebbs we come upon a rendezvous of the Gunpowder Plot Conspirators; and the scholars of the late Dr. Ryland, a Baptist veteran, once played on the ground now occupied by the Enfield terminus of the Great Eastern Railway. Many interesting mansions are scattered throughout the vicinity. The soil of the parish is largely occupied by market-gardeners, who send immense quantities of fruit and vegetables to London. It was a pleasant sight to see the trees so loaded with the ripening apples; the crop would seem to be unusually large this year.

The missionary, Mr. Harris, has been engaged in the work for twenty years, and during that period he has not only borne an irreproachable character, but he has conferred great and lasting benefit on the neighbourhood. He settled at Enfield under inauspicious circumstances, his two predecessors in the work having disgraced their name and profession; and this was the more to be regretted because there are none more quick than poor people to discern flaws in Christian character; and of course when ignorance is great they are sufficiently unreasonable to credit any new-comer with all the misdemeanours of those who went before. It was so in this instance; and a vast deal of prejudice had to be broken down before the work could be carried on with anything like success. To this must be added the opposition of the Ritualistic clergy of the Established Church whose sacerdotal proclivities prevent their sympathizing with any Christian enterprise which does not belong to their own strait-laced sect. Such men in and around London act in the interest of what they are pleased to call "the church," but they cannot for the gospel. They do not so much object to the ignorant poor remaining practical heathens as to their becoming Dissenters. They go about their work with all the bigotry of Romish priests; and teach a good deal of the heresy common to Rome and themselves. Because it is an unsectarian agency, the London City Mission is always an infallible test of the sincerity of the clergy. If a man professing to serve a Protestant Church, and accepting its pay, wilfully obstructs a work like that of the City Mission, we can detect the sacerdotal impostor in spite of all his professions of Reformation principles. In numbers of

parishes at this moment the clergy are among the most active obstructers of those who are endeavouring to reclaim the poor. It is not the popular prejudice, or the opposition of the evil one of which the missionaries have to complain, so much as of that High Church influence which a well-known clergyman lately described as emanating from the devil. Can we, indeed, believe it to be otherwise, when we find the tracts of the Religious Tract Society taken away from children, as we have known to be the case in a country parish? Can we believe it to be otherwise, when even the City Missionary is baffled and balked by bigoted district visitors who even go the length of persuading ignorant cottagers not to attend gospel meetings? "The people are persuaded not to attend with us," once wrote Mr. Harris, respecting one part of his district, "and the result is that many of them do not attend any place of worship." Thus evil triumphs, and Satan uses as his agents people who are professing to do the work of Christ.

The parish of *Enfield* is so large that many separate interests are represented in its different quarters. In one direction there is the Government Small Arms' Factory, near to which Mr. Townsend is working with much blessing; then there is the thickly-peopled manufacturing quarter of Ponder's End, where Mr. Cotton, another of our brethren, is doing an excellent work; while Mr. White, whose people entertained the College, maintains a stronghold of the gospel in Enfield town. The industrial classes of Enfield are largely engaged in agricultural pursuits, although of late years another element has been introduced into the parish by the workmen's trains. As is the case with many other neighbourhoods near London, the general aspect of affairs is altering from rural quiet to suburban growth.

The district is a very extensive one, and includes among its inhabitants many thousands of the poor who habitually subsist from hand to mouth, and live in utter neglect of all religion. There are several Nonconformist chapels, and as many churches scattered about; but these for the most part are attended by the respectable classes, so that the more needy of the people would attend no religious services at all were they not conducted in the open-air during the summer months. In winter an endeavour is made to attract some of these to an afternoon service at the mission-house; but as only few care to come, the evangelist's golden opportunity is to go forth into the worst districts when the weather is fine, and speak to the people near their own doors. Mr. Harris can tell of having met with rough receptions, but we can testify that his adventures also include many fine testimonies to the value of out-door services. The more of these the better.

One rather striking example of blessing was that of an aged labourer who though never able to read the Scriptures for himself, was brought to a knowledge of the truth. The old fellow was attracted by the open-air services, and they were apparently the only religious services he had ever attended. "They make me feel," he once remarked, "as I never felt before. I know that I am a great sinner; but I hope that God will forgive me." The plan of salvation through Christ was then explained to him; and before his death, which took place about two years afterwards, the aged man assured his friend that his only hope of entering heaven was through the merits of Christ.

Sometimes the missionary's adventures in the open-air are of a different kind, as the following will show :—

"During one Sunday afternoon in the month of June, as I was holding a meeting at the end of Old-lane, Enfield Highway, two drunken men came up to within about one hundred yards from where I was standing. One of them, backed by his companion, made his way to me, and tried to create a disturbance, but he soon found that the weapons he used were turned upon himself, so that after several attempts he withdrew to his companion. This brought the people together in much larger numbers, and by the help of God I was enabled to speak boldly to them, and warn them to flee from the wrath to come. I entreated all present to seek the Lord without delay, pointing out to them the only way of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, saying in the course of my remarks that it was quite possible someone might hear the gospel that day for the last time. Such was literally the case; for the man who tried to move others to disturb the meeting was again drunk within forty-eight hours, and while crossing a line of railway he was killed by a passing train."

The open-air work has always been important; and twenty years ago there was a much rougher element to deal with than is the case at present. In those days an orchard was opened on the Sabbath during the fruit season, and this had the effect of attracting from the East-end a large number of visitors who came in a motley set of vehicles ranging from the respectable chaise to the coster's barrow. The sight of these people suggested the inauguration of the open-air services which have ever since been maintained.

In former days not more than half of the common people were able to read; and now, after the Education Acts have been in force for a number of years, there are still numbers of young persons in the parish who have grown up in that blank ignorance which was characteristic of the old days. The moral darkness of many of the homes in which these children are reared is little short of that of heathen climes; the answers of the more elderly people in reply to any inquiries concerning the life and work of Christ being quite shocking.

Great changes have occurred in twenty years. The population is double what it was, and being more migratory it is more difficult to reach. A large proportion of the people belong to the building trades, and the great majority are of that godless class who never think of attending any place of worship. Occasionally among these people may be found those who have come down in the world from good social positions to that of common labourers, and this through sheer misfortune, and not through sloth or dissipation. The world has many mysteries, and not one of the least is seen when the industrious Christian of good character loses his foot-hold and falls to the lowest place in the labour market. Such may be found in the suburbs; and were it not for visitors like the rural missionary no one would know of their existence. They sink out of sight; the ladies and gentlemen who constitute our fashionable suburban congregations having for the most part too many other things to think about to allow of their paying attention to their poorer brethren and sisters.

The condition of the present population is doubtless altering for the

better, although the process is a slow one, and another generation must arise before the reformation we look for assumes enlarged proportions. Market-gardens are unhappily bad schools for those whose lot is cast in them. Do employers as a rule show sufficient anxiety to ameliorate the condition of their dependents? If the labourers have any notion of religion at all, it is expressed in such phrases as "I never did nobody no harm; I always paid my way; God is merciful"; and wherever High Church principles prevail these notions are strengthened by sacerdotal district-visitors no less than by those visitors' local gods, the clergy. In rare instances the darkness is dissipated suddenly by a fitly-spoken word sent home by the Spirit, and the results are startling and gratifying. "It's all new to me, sir," cried one aged man who gladly accepted the offer of salvation made to him in the open-air; "I've lived in the world for eighty years, and have never heard of this before."

Having been familiar with Mr. Harris's work for a number of years we are able to testify to its far-reaching character. In his ragged-school many must have learned to read who otherwise would never have mastered that most valuable art. As an abstainer of nearly thirty years' standing the missionary has always been a persevering advocate of Temperance principles, and many are able gratefully to own what they owe to his teaching. In one instance a lad of twelve years of age signed the pledge; and though he belonged to a drinking family, he had a measure of rugged assistance in keeping to his promise of abstinence, for he was told by his tender mother that if he ever broke the pledge she would break every bone in his body. Happily the threat was never carried out, for the boy kept his bond: he has prospered, and now he is the owner of several horses and carts, and is the principal support of his mother. In other ways, direct and indirect, habits of thrift and sobriety have been encouraged, especially by the establishment of a branch of a benefit society, which in Enfield alone has nearly one hundred and fifty members.

Some years ago our friend, the missionary, passed through a season of affliction very closely resembling that which cast a shadow over the lot of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Whether it enters the house of the ecclesiastical dignitary or the humble evangelist, scarlet fever works equal havoc, and in the course of about a week Mr. Harris buried four of his children. In town and country alike these risks have to be incurred by those who visit among the poor, for the squalid habits of the people generate disease in the country as well as in the narrow London courts and alleys. Thus visitation from house to house often requires a heroism equal to that of marching to a battle, and this has to be exercised calmly and deliberately, and apart from public observation. Let the self-denying men who do such work have more sympathy and assistance; for the harvest is still greater than the ability of the labourers.

Fletcher of Madeley.*

PROVIDED we have read and digested all that has been published on the subject during the last ten years, we probably know about all concerning the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century that the historians can tell us. As a concisely complete account of the whole movement, the brilliant narrative of Dr. Abel Stevens is not likely soon to be superseded; but such is the lasting interest of the subject, that, on the one hand, there appears to be a demand for briefer histories; and, on the other, for elaborate and exhaustive biographies of the more distinguished actors in the Methodist Revival. At this moment, our eye lights on eight substantial octavo volumes, all from the industrious pen of Mr. Tyerman, the publication price of which is £4 10s., and which extend to over 4,500 pages. In contrast to this voluminous method of treating the subject we have the more compact volume of Mr. Daniels, which will be welcomed by those who want a Methodist history of moderate length, which at the same time is tolerably complete. If Mr. Daniels has erred at all, it is in making his book too exclusively Wesleyan, not only by apparently writing for one denomination alone, but by needlessly inserting remarks which are likely to give offence to all others. It ought to be generally recognised that "the people called Methodists" originally included all those who believed in the doctrines of grace, and whose rule of life was the New Testament. Such a critical oracle as Sydney Smith, for example, would have discovered no material difference between Dr. Carey and Billy Bray, who would have been to him equally eccentric Methodists.

The literature of Methodism, taken in its broadest sense, is certainly one of the most curious phenomena connected with English letters; and a racy book on the subject might be written such as would meet with wide acceptance. In the preface to his three volumes, Dr. Stevens mentions that a catalogue of three hundred and eighty-four publications hostile to Methodism, and published between 1729 and 1846, was printed at Philadelphia. "If we add to these the works in favour of Methodism, and others bearing directly or indirectly on its history, the list can hardly be short of fifteen hundred." What curiosities these may contain can alone be known to patient historians who are not content to use second-hand materials.

In his preface, Mr. Tyerman quotes some classic opinions on Fletcher which devout readers of this generation will doubtless fully endorse. Southey says that "no church has ever possessed a more apostolic minister;" Dr. Dixon conceives the vicar to be "the most holy man who has been upon earth since the apostolic age;" and Robert Hall declares him to be "a seraph who burns with the ardour of divine love." Several lives of this worthy have been published since his death, but the only complete one is the ample volume by Mr. Tyerman, from

* I. Wesley's Designated Successor: The Life, Letters, and Literary Labours of the Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, Shropshire. By the Rev. L. Tyerman. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 12s.

II. A Short History of "The People called Methodists." From the Days of the Wesleys to the Methodist Œcumenical Conference held at City Road Chapel, London, in September, 1881. By Rev. W. H. Daniels, A.M. Revised, with preface, by the Rev. Thornley Smith. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 6s.

which probably no facts of importance relating to the champion of Arminian Methodism are omitted.

Jean Guillaume De la Flechère appears to have come of a good French family, his father having been an officer in the army, who subsequently retired to Switzerland. Speaking of his ancestral home, Fletcher says, that the view from the windows is one of the finest prospects in the world; and when it is remembered that the view included Lake Leman, Geneva fifteen miles off, Mont Blanc, and other Alpine peaks, the assertion will not appear inconsistent with fact. What was better, however, the home was one in which God was honoured. "I think it was when I was seven years of age," remarks Fletcher himself, "that I first began to feel the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and that I resolved to give myself up to him and the service of his church, if ever I should be fit for it." At an early age he was a hard student, for, besides some proficiency in mathematics, he acquired the Hebrew, English, and German languages. It was at first intended that he should take holy orders; but he relinquished this notion in favour of the military profession, to find his path hedged up in that direction. Just after coming of age he came to England, in 1752, to perfect his knowledge of our language.

It will thus be seen that the young adventurer visited England just when the Revival was rising to its height; and having been always accounted as a youth very religiously inclined he would naturally be attracted by the preachers. As he listened, he found to his surprise, and probably to his mortification, that something was wrong, and accordingly, like so many have done before him, he began "to strive with the utmost diligence according to his light, hoping by *much doing* to render himself acceptable to God." He then, one day, on hearing a discourse from a Mr. Green, made the further discovery that he was even more ignorant concerning the nature of saving faith than he had suspected. "*Is* it possible," he exclaimed, "that I who have made divinity my study, and received the premium of piety, so called, from the university for my writings on divine subjects—is it possible that I am yet so ignorant as not to know what faith is?" He accepted Wesley's advice, as given in his journal, to go to Christ with all his sins and hardness of heart, and he soon found life and peace. In March, 1757, he was ordained in accordance with the usage of the Established Church, and immediately afterwards he commenced his ministerial work at a Methodist meeting-house in Snowsfields, Bermondsey.

At this time he was tutor to the sons of Mr. Hill, a Member of Parliament, who during each session resided in town, and at other times at Fern Hall, Shropshire. He embraced all the opportunities of preaching that occurred; but when his pupils came to such an age as no longer to need his services, he began to look for other employment. As was usual with gentlemen of his class, Mr. Hill was disposed to act handsomely, and actually procured for him the living of Dunham in Cheshire, which was worth £400 per annum. The offer was a very generous one, for as Mr. Hill remarked, "The parish is small, the duty light, the income good, and it is situated in a fine, healthy, sporting country." The idea of a "sporting country" offering any charms to a man like Fletcher was in itself sufficiently grotesque; but passing that

by, he at once cried, "Alas! sir, Dunham will not suit me; there is too much money and too little labour." "Few clergymen make such objections," added the patron. "It is a pity to decline such a living, especially as I know not that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madeley?" The prospect of Madeley, which would have repelled the majority of men, allured this man in a way that proved the sincerity of his motives. It was a rough, semi-civilized, mining district that needed the gospel more than anything else; and thinking only of his Master's glory, thither the young pastor decided to go. The preliminaries were soon arranged; for as Mr. Hill's nephew was patron of Madeley, an agreement to instal Fletcher in the latter parish was made during a meeting at Shrewsbury races.

The state of this parish when the young pastor first entered upon his life-work was bad in the extreme, but its condition was fairly representative of other mining or manufacturing districts in that day. Always afraid to run, as he expressed it, before he saw an open door, the vicar was at first "greatly mortified and discouraged" by the scant congregations; but notwithstanding that he was denounced on all hands as "a Methodist and a Baptist" the week-day congregations soon exceeded in numbers the Sabbath assemblies of his predecessors. The church filled, branch-meetings were set up in the hamlets of the parish, and in spite of fierce opposition, the work advanced. He touched the sore places in the people's minds when he spoke against drunkenness, bull-baiting, and shows; and when he endeavoured to put down the infamies of Madeley wake. "The publicans and maltmen will not forgive me," he wrote. "They think that to preach against drunkenness, and to cut their purse, is the same thing." And yet the preacher never either spoke or wrote as a teetotaler. His notion of temperance never advanced to total abstinence.

The opposition encountered from the baser sort among the people was not more virulent, however, than that which was offered by the clergy, the magistrates, and the genteel residents of the neighbourhood. There was one clergyman more particularly, who while accusing Fletcher of being a rebel, a schismatic, a disturber of the peace, and a Jesuit, headed the roughs in mobbing the man of God. One magistrate, whose sympathies ran in the same direction, raved against Methodism as though the blood of Jeffreys was in his veins; and this worthy even threatened to put the Conventicle Act in force against the gospeller until he found that that statute was not so accommodating as he had fondly imagined.

What kind of work it was which these people opposed may be learned from the words of Mr. Gilpin, who was well acquainted both with the Vicar of Madeley and the sphere of his labour:—"It was a common thing, in his parish, for young persons of both sexes to meet together for what was called recreation; and that recreation usually continued from evening to morning, consisting chiefly in dancing, revelling, drunkenness, and obscenity. These licentious assemblies Mr. Fletcher considered a disgrace to the Christian name, and determined to exert his ministerial authority for their total suppression. Frequently he burst in upon them with a holy indignation, making war upon Satan in places peculiarly appropriated to his service. His enemies twisted

his words, misrepresented his actions, and cast out his name as evil; but whether he was insulted in his person, or injured in his property; whether he was attacked with open abuse, or pursued by secret calumny; he walked amid the most violent assaults of his enemies as a man invulnerable; and while his firmness discovered that he was unhurt, his forbearance testified that he was unoffended."

The godly vicar was acquainted with Miss Bosanquet—who afterwards became his wife—for twenty years prior to his marriage; but though frequently advised to the contrary, he supposed himself to be necessarily destined to a lot of single blessedness. He even wrote out in parallel columns a set of reasons for and against marriage, and of course in the case of a man whose mind was already made up, the Noes were in the majority. "It is true that the Scripture says that a good wife is the gift of the Lord," he remarked; "and it is also true that there may be one in a thousand; but who would put in a lottery where are nine hundred and ninety-nine blanks to one prize? And suppose I could find this Phœnix, this woman of a thousand, what should I gain by it? A distressing refusal. How could she choose such a man as I? If, notwithstanding all my self-love, I am compelled cordially to despise myself, could I be so wanting in generosity as to expect another to do that for me which I cannot do for myself—to engage to love, to esteem, and to honour me?"

His estimate of the worth of women was manifestly too low; and it is quite possible that many maidens might have been repelled by his eccentric mode of life. Writing in November, 1765, to an expected visitor, Fletcher remarked: "I live here in a little market-town, three or four miles from the foot of the Wrekin, at the south-east of that hill. I live alone in my house, having neither wife, child, nor servant. I can, therefore, without inconveniency, spare you a room in the meantime. If you choose to provide your food, you shall have conveniences for it; if you choose to table with a neighbour, as I do, you may." Though he "tabled" out, however, he breakfasted at home in true primitive style. A lady who had been at a boarding-school at Madeley used to tell of an early morning visit once paid by the vicar to the establishment. Having spoken to each child, the vicar addressed the whole body: "I have waited some time on you this morning, that I might see you eat your breakfast; and I hope you will visit me to-morrow morning, and see how I eat mine." At seven a.m. next morning, the girls were in the vicarage kitchen, and noticed that the only preparations for breakfast were represented by a basin of milk and pieces of bread. When Mr. Fletcher arrived, he seated himself on a bench and said: "My dear girls, yesterday morning I waited on you a full hour while you were at breakfast. I shall take as much time this morning in eating my breakfast as I usually do, if not rather more. Look at my watch." Having despatched the meal the vicar enquired as to the time occupied. "Just a minute and a half, sir," shouted the school; and then remarking that fifty-eight minutes of the hour were left, the pastor gave out a hymn, and spoke of the brevity of life and the value of time.

This example is hardly worthy of commendation; for they who are diligent in business are at least entitled to enjoy their meals in a

reasonable way. It is surely false economy for the earnest workman not to take proper care of his own body, which is none too strong at the best. The vicar's mode of life some years later is well portrayed by John Wesley: "He was more and more abundant in his ministerial labours, both in public and private; not contenting himself with preaching, but visiting his flock in every corner of his parish. And this work he attended to early and late, whether the weather was fair or foul; regarding neither heat nor cold, rain nor snow, whether he was on horseback or on foot. But this further weakened his constitution; which was still more effectually done by his intense and uninterrupted studies, in which he frequently continued, without scarce any intermission fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen hours a day. But still he did not allow himself such food as was necessary to sustain nature. He seldom took any regular meals, except he had company; otherwise, twice or thrice in four-and-twenty hours he ate some bread-and-cheese or fruit. Instead of this he sometimes took a draught of milk, and then wrote on again. When one reproved him for not affording himself a sufficiency of necessary food, he replied, 'Not allow myself food? Why, our food seldom costs my housekeeper and me less than two shillings a week!' Compulsory absence from his flock, consequent on declining health, was a natural consequence of such a course of life; and was at the same time its severest condemnation."

Fletcher was the literary champion of the Arminian Methodists; but though his writings are still widely circulated by that body, it is quite unnecessary for us to touch upon the controversy. We are neither convinced by his arguments, nor charmed by his spirit, and could heartily wish that the controversy had never arisen. Mr. Tyerman has given an account of each publication, and of the various interesting incidents connected with the dispute, which at one time awakened a good deal of unnecessary angry feeling. It is due to Fletcher to say, that so far as keeping his temper was concerned, he showed himself to be a model controversialist; but we should not think that his opponents thought so.

For nearly five years—the last, and probably the happiest of his not very long life—Fletcher's lot was cheered by the presence of the Phœnix, the one of a thousand, about whom he had written or dreamed, without ever expecting to win the prize for himself. For long before she became the wife of the Vicar of Madeley, Mary Bosanquet had become a convert of the Revival, and she had shown that she could renounce all the alluring prospects of the world for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Never were man and wife more congenially matched. By dividing the work at Madeley between them, they must have doubled its efficiency. Though Fletcher was Wesley's designated successor, the latter survived his younger friend for six years; but even if the Vicar of Madeley had lived on to old age, it is hardly probable that he would have shown sufficient administrative ability to have allowed of his taking the leader's place. His rather sudden death in 1785, at the age of fifty-five, occasioned widespread grief, only paralleled by the loss of John Wesley himself; but the pastor's works lived after him; and people still visit Madeley for the purpose of seeing a locality where so eminent a saint successfully laboured through the best years of his

devoted life. He will not be disturbed in his repose though a decided Calvinist thus places a wreath upon his tomb. We admire holiness of life most heartily wherever we perceive it, and we feel concerning this consecrated man of God, that his shoe's latchet we are not worthy to unloose.

Bethel Musings.

BY PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

'THAT on this sinful earth, and amongst defiled multitudes, there should stand the HOUSE OF GOD, is a fact of blessed significance. The Royal Proprietor has not departed, but continues resident amongst men. We could better spare all the palaces of all the kings than that there should be no God's home here. Dear token of mercy, blest trysting place that doth anticipate the life of heaven, most beloved house of God!

"Sabbath,
That almost lonely rivulet which flows
From Eden through the world's wild wastes of sand
Uncheck'd, and though not unalloy'd with earth,
Its healing waters all impregn'd with life;
Who know thee best, love best, thou Pearl of days."

'The songs of Zion for ages have arisen with added volume to the music of thy flowing. Heaven hath oft been mirrored in thy waters. The saints have clasped hands on thy banks in token of eternal union. How amiable is thy course through the holy place, when day, and house, and people are all the Lord's!

Every Christian's home should have some Bethel beauty. In each, as it was in Abraham's tent, both Jehovah and the angels may be; and this is true temple furniture. When thy house is God's house, thou shalt have good housekeeping. But the altar of the home can never usurp the place of the altar of the temple. True family religion fits us for, sends us to, and makes us hunger after the sanctuary services. Prayer in the house wings the feet for the house of prayer.

It will be an ill day for England when her places of worship are deserted. The printing-press may grow mighty, but it will in such an age pour forth a flood of godless literature. Her museums may be full of treasures rich and rare; her recreation grounds, inland and by sea, may afford the perfection of delight; her skill in music may become such as to charm a world; but God did not make the Sabbath for music, for excursion trips, or for museums. He gave it that one-seventh of all time throughout the generations might have an Eden-beauty and diffuse fragrance through the remainder—for restful communing, and holy rest. Should such a woful day of desolate temples come, it would lower dark on the people and on the churches—churches gloomy and repellant, people godless and profane. It can never altogether come while in our assemblies the love of Jesus binds saint to saint, and all to him.

Well speaks Leighton: "Set thee in a palace and all delights about thee, and a crown on thy head; yet if God's love has ceased on thy heart, these are all nothing without him. It was after David was advanced to his kingdom, and is in the Psalm of the dedication of his royal house, that he said: 'Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled. All is dark; all the shining marble, and the gold and azure, lose their lustre, when thou art not here dwelling with me.' So for the church God is a proper light—the beauty, the life of it. Deck it with all this world's splendour, with all the dresses of pompous worship; these are not its genuine beauty. And they provoke him who is its ornament (as in Jer. ii. 32) to depart. Yea, give it the native purity and beauty of holy ministers, and ordinances well regulated, yet even that is but a dead comeliness—proportion and feature without life, when God is absent."

The true house of God is necessarily the resort of Jesus. He is there by appointment, as he met his disciples at a mountain in Galilee. Not only do promises, hopes, prayers, and personal inclination bring him where loving souls await the music of his steps: by a sort of half demonstrated law, the concentration of many minds upon the one Person doth summon him into the midst. This court cannot assemble but the King appears to give it all its grace and greatness. His people's heart-hunger yokes the steeds to his chariot, and brings him on swift wheels to the expectant assembly.

John Huss once had a singular dream. He thought that the powers of evil thronged his chapel of Bethlehem to obliterate the pictures of Jesus upon the walls. But angels of light on the other side with swift hands repainted them in colours richer, and in more entrancing beauty. Such are the powers that contend in the place of our assemblies. But fairer, tenderer, stronger shall the influence of Jesus grow under angel hands. The saints witness its triumphs. The faithful ministry paints Immanuel with impassioned force and many a loving repetition till every stone and beam seem eloquent of his story, and the whole place a monument to his incomparable name.

Of what stupendous events is the sanctuary the constant arena! Here "things not seen," "eternal," fill men's thoughts. The fall, a world in ruins, Golgotha, Immortality, Judgment: themes like these people the place with wonders. How striking the contrast with the trivialities that fret and fume outside! Kingdoms may rise or fall; in God's house the splendour of his throne blinds our eyes to all glory beside: the tragedy of Calvary and the woes of hell draw them dry of tears! Men and women under the spell of the Holy Ghost commune with eternity, and the huge histories that pass within the consecrated walls of the house of prayer, make tame Time's minor scenes. Let the Bible but empty forth its divine treasures, the lowliest barn where saints worship God becomes a grand theatre of marvels.

Solemn obligations are laid upon all Christians in regard to the house of prayer. The walls, the pulpit, the pews are nothing. No episcopal blessing, or other ceremony, can charge them with any new quality. The gathered company of fervid souls—these give the place its

special character. And there is a tremendous power for good in the house which is occupied by a number of earnest prepared hearts. Every such comer strengthens God's cause against evil. The great confluence of love, and pleading desire, and expectant faith, makes a blessed turmoil in the midst, the mingling of sympathies at the throne-foot. Saints owe it to God and to their fellows, saved or unsaved, to meet in the power of the Holy Ghost.

Jeremy Taylor speaks of a patriarch "who ran from the altar in St. Sophia to his stables in all his pontificals, and in the midst of his office, to see a colt newly fallen from his beloved and much-valued mare Phorbante." Somewhat unpatriarchal behaviour, but perhaps not so uncommon as may appear at first sight. God is worshipped by the spirit not the body, and if all who had visited in thought the stables, the shop, or the home during service-time, were suddenly conveyed away as to the body, the remaining congregation might surprise us. Heart-keeping must mark our progress to the holy place, our presence there, and our passage thence, that the inner as well as the outer temple may be luminous with God's indwelling.

There is an atmosphere that appears to be charged with blessing. Unction seems to droop upon its wings. These spiritual waves move not at the impulse of eloquence; they belong to no mere human presence. But consecrated enthusiasm often brings such an atmosphere with it—the breathing of the Holy Ghost. Places thus inbreathed are rare hunting-grounds. The sinner bewildered falls an easy prey to the arrows of the archer. Great grace is upon all the saints, and few altogether escape. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Hallelujah! Word of glory cast to earth from the Holy of holies! A fleck of spray flung from near the golden altar, where beat the waves of Jehovah's praise for ever and for ever. Much defiled and misused in these days, yet with what majesty it swells from the great congregation! Have we not felt on such occasions, in the overpowering joy of worship, as though our very life must rush out at the lips, and chant the Hallelujah at his feet! What will the heavenly assemblies be when we may know such rapture of worship on earth and still live?

If the Hindoos seldom worship their god Brahma because by decree of the gods he is too bad to be worshipped, how shall we come before our thrice holy Lord? If goodness be the measure of worship, what is his due? Ah, Lord God! Thou hast plunged all thy saints for ever into this sweet indebtedness. We cannot overtake thy peerless excellence. We owe thee millions, and come to thy house with a poor barleycorn for payment. What a bewildering sea of beauty and glory art thou to our enchanted eyes! So from Sabbath to Sabbath, and through eternity's unsetting worship, will thy perfection beckon us on.

A touching thing is that which one relates, of lowly reverence for the things of God. A new place of worship was being erected. Under the shade of an old tree in the little churchyard, whose graves had been the

people's only ministry, the walls slowly ascended. A revival had originated the necessity, and many watched the progress of the building with loving eyes. When the autumn came, and the aged tree shook its leaves by hundreds into the roofless building, where the wind gave them wild chase, one old man, bent double with infirmity, visited the spot. And people saw him—it was the utmost service his poverty and weakness could render—gathering up daily with patient effort the litter of leaves, and bearing them away, that from the first God might find no negligent thing in the house dedicated to his praise. But ere with joy the doors were opened, he too fell like a decayed leaf from life's bough, drifting to his grave.—Such reverent regard becomes God's house. It makes it beautiful. "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Be concerned for Jehovah's honour. Regard even the leaves.

Sometimes the sanctuary hour seems too weighted with joy to belong properly to earth. Most highly favoured is that spot where all spirits are in delicious unison, and each thrills to one harmonious name. Love links all with chains of gold to Jesus' feet. Heaven-descended joys arch in the holy place as with a roof of fretted gold, with windows Paradise-ward. The curtains of heaven are rolled back; new Bethlehems arise beneath, where Christ is born afresh in human hearts; and some hear angel-wings. At these seasons heroisms have birth. Sublime consecratory vows made in solemn secret of the soul are registered above. Heaven and Home and House of prayer make a trinity in unity, nor can the saints say which charm predominates; home is no sweeter, heaven can scarce be happier. These are days that indeed do seem "sweet bridals of the earth and sky."

Doddridge, writing on one occasion to his wife, says: "Last Lord's-day was our Sacrament day, and, indeed, it was a most comfortable one to me; my joy at that ordinance was so great, that I could not well contain it. I had much ado to forbear telling all about me, as well as I could—for it would have been but in a very imperfect manner—what a divine flame I felt in my soul. . . . Were it possible to carry such impressions through life, it would give the soul a kind of independence far too high for a mortal existence. It was indeed, in the most literal and proper sense, a 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'" So doth .

"Heaven come down our souls to greet,"

and array the humblest meeting-house in glory.

Bethel memories are choice companions to enforced solitude. And oft they make a dainty bridge from the dying-bed clear over to the city gates. The heart-thrills, the foresights of glory, the noble inspiring sentences, the bursts of song, rich remembrances of golden Sabbaths gone, troop in like melodies from unseen harpers; so that the grimness of death is thrust aside, and Zion-joys bend brightly about the couch of weakness. The radiance strikes a road of light athwart the river linking the celestial Zion with the terrestrial. Heaven now is the truest of certainties, rapturously possible, tenderly near. *So may my soul glide from heaven on earth into the heaven of heavens.*

"A Lively Newspaper, called 'The Sword and Trowel.'"

THE good Bishop of Rochester has described *The Sword and Trowel* to the House of Lords as "*a lively newspaper.*" We are afraid our friend is not so well acquainted with his *Sword and Trowel* as we could wish him to be, for it can hardly be called a newspaper; its shape, form, and monthly period of issue most distinctly place it among magazines. Still, that is near enough for recognition; and the adjective appended is so complimentary that we accept it with pleasure, and consider it rather a feather in our cap. What good can a magazine or any other publication effect, if it is not *lively?* Our trying state of health often makes us fear that we shall grow dull, and we accept the Bishop's kindly criticism as a doctor's certificate that the magazine is up to the mark, is, in fact, a "lively paper." It is all that we can hope if our readers will add, "and so say all of us."

The occasion of the Bishop's criticism is, however, far more important than the remark itself. It arose out of the matter of church lands, and the number of public-houses thereon. Many of our readers are already well acquainted with the incident which connected us therewith, but for the sake of others we must go over the ground again. In the early part of 1882 we received for review a book entitled, "Disestablishment from a Church Point of View." This book is written by Mr. Gilbert, an attached member of the Church of England, whom we hold in very high esteem. He is an indefatigable hunter up or hunter down of abuses of all kinds; unnoticed wrongs he drags to the light, and so assists in their removal. We would take Mr. Gilbert's word without question, whatever he might allege, for we have full reliance upon his honour. He may be mistaken, but he is incapable of a wilful misstatement, or even of an exaggeration. In this book he deals with the Temperance question in connection with the Church of England, and therein makes some declarations which struck us as being nothing less than terrible. We quoted a passage, and said, "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." It will be observed, therefore, that *The Sword and Trowel* is not the source of a single statement upon the matter of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and their public-houses; nor did it even go the length of making a quotation, and asserting it to be a matter of fact. The quotation was given because we wished to call attention to the book, and therefore selected a striking extract; as it involved a very serious matter, it was cautiously guarded with the question, "Is it true?" We do not see how we can review books at all if we are required to investigate the accuracy of every paragraph we quote; life is not long enough for such labour. Neither do we see how we could call public attention to any important statement in a more guarded and judicious manner than that which is conspicuous in this incident. If the case were so, it was time it was looked into.

Our esteemed friend, Canon Wilberforce, saw the aforesaid passage in *The Sword and Trowel*, and straightway, like the bravely honest

man that he is, he addressed a letter to the late Archbishop of Canterbury upon the subject. This was precisely the best thing that could have been done, for there is nothing like appealing to head-quarters when anything is thought to be wrong. The Archbishop was of opinion that some notice should be taken of the Canon's letter. It is clear that a conscience may dwell in a corporation, for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners thought it worth their while at once to appoint a Committee to enquire into the allegations. They could not bear to lie under the imputation that they were the largest owners of public-house property in the world.

The Sword and Trowel never thought itself of so much consequence as to stir the minds of these notables, but the fact that they were so stirred should give the Commissioners a higher place in public estimation. Evidently they are not men inclined to sit down under a charge of complicity with the drink traffic. Be it remembered that *we* never brought this charge, we simply quoted it, and asked, "Is it true?" We were very pleased to find from the report of the committee of enquiry that the mischief was nothing like so great as Mr. Gilbert had supposed. We must leave him to defend his own statements (and we have a lurking suspicion that he can defend them), but at the same time, as far as we are concerned, we rejoice to abandon any share in the charge. We never brought the charge, and, therefore, cannot retract it, but we rejoice to answer our own question—"Is it true?" by saying it is only true in a very small degree. No doubt there are public-houses on church lands, and no doubt in years gone by this was not regarded as an evil, but a change has passed over the spirit of the scene. The Commissioners are evidently anxious to abate the evils engendered by the past as much as they possibly can with due regard to prudence and faithfulness to their trust. They ought not to be charged with the offences of their predecessors. The most earnest abstainer can ask no more than that they should get rid of inherited mischiefs as soon as they can. It is almost impossible to buy ground-rents to any extent without a licensed house being included with them; and so long as the purchaser intends to give up the license the moment he is able to do so we cannot see how he can be blamed for holding the property, especially if he does so as a trustee. It must be exceedingly satisfactory to Canon Wilberforce to observe the zeal with which gentlemen in office endeavour to clear themselves from the charge of making money for the church out of the sale of alcoholic drinks. It is nothing more than they ought to do, but it is cheering that they do it so zealously.

Thus has our "lively newspaper" said its little say upon an important question, and we are sure the Bishop of Rochester will believe us when we say that we are glad that the committee could to so large an extent clear the Commission, and we hope that in the future the Ecclesiastical Trustees will become yet more blameless and harmless, utterly without rebuke.

C. H. S.

Reasons why our Lord Jesus will not Quench the Smoking Flax.

OUR Lord will not quench the smoking flax,

First, *because this little light which is in the smoking flax is of divine production;* it comes from the Father of lights, and the Lord will not quench the work of his own grace. Everything by the instinct of nature will preserve its own: the hen that hatcheth her young will preserve and cherish them; she will not destroy them as soon as they are hatched. God, who hath put his tenderness into the creature to preserve its young, will much more cherish the work of his own Spirit in the heart. Will he light up the lamp of grace in the soul and then put it out? This would neither be for his interest nor honour.

Secondly, Christ will not quench the beginnings of grace, *because a little grace is precious as well as more grace: a small pearl is of value.* Though the pearl of faith be little, yet if it be a true pearl it shines gloriously forth in God's eye: a goldsmith makes reckoning of the least filings of gold, and will not throw them away. The apple of the eye is but little, yet of great use; it can at once view a large part of heaven. A little faith can justify; a weak hand can tie the nuptial knot; a weak heart can unite to Christ as well as a strong; a little grace makes us like God; a silver penny bears the king's image upon it as well as a larger piece of coin; the least dram of grace bears God's image on it; and will God destroy his own image? When the temples in Greece were demolished, Xerxes caused the temple of Diana to be preserved for its beauty of structure: when God shall destroy all the glory of the world, and set it on fire, yet he will not destroy the least grace, because it bears a print of his own likeness upon it. That little spark in the smoking flax is a ray and beam of God's own glory.

Thirdly. Christ will not quench the smoking flax, *because this little light in the flax may grow bigger.* Grace is resembled to a grain of mustard seed: of all seeds it is the least, but "when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree." (Matt. xiii. 32.) The greatest grace was once little; the oak was once an acorn; the most renowned faith in the world was once in its spiritual infancy; the greatest flame of zeal was once but smoking flax; grace, like the waters of the sanctuary, riseth higher and higher. If, then, the least embryo and seed of holiness be of a ripening and growing nature, the Lord will not suffer it to be abortive.

Fourthly. Christ will not quench the smoking flax, *because when he preserves a little light in a great deal of smoke, the glory of his power shines forth the more resplendently.* The trembling soul thinks it shall be swallowed up of sin; but God, by preserving a little quantity of grace in the heart, nay, by making that spark prevail over corruption, as the fire from heaven "licked up the water in the trench" (1 Kings xviii. 38), gets himself a glorious name, and carries away the trophies of honour. (2 Cor. xii. 9): "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

THOMAS WATSON.

How to Pack a Bag.

BY ELIAS NASON.

I ONCE had occasion to visit Europe, and it was not a little amusing, on the eve of my departure, to listen to the opinions of my friends as to the outfit I had better take. One of them advised me to buy a good, stout, leather trunk, and fill it with an ample wardrobe; not forgetting certain articles for the inner man, which might be needed on the voyage. Another intimated that, as clothing might be cheaper across the sea, a small valise would be sufficient for my purpose, adding that I had better put in a flask of brandy, as an antidote against the qualms of sea-sickness. This I did not do. Another said that in addition to my trunk, which should contain a good supply of flannel, I might take a carpet-bag, having in it combs, and brushes, and various kinds of medicines, and carry it in my hand: while another averred that he had made the tour of Europe very comfortably with nothing more than an oil-cloth satchel, which held his under-linen, cap, slippers, guide-books, and all, and which did not, when filled, weigh more than eleven pounds.

Now, being, as you may well suppose, not a little puzzled by these conflicting opinions of my friends, and seeing that I could not hold those who gave advice responsible for the ills attending it, I resolved, as most people do in such cases, to have entirely my own way; to buy just such a bag—for a trunk was out of the question—as suited me, and to pack it as I pleased.

Well, then, I bought my bag, brought it home, and, opening it before me, I considered very carefully—for there was really no space to spare—what articles I had better put in.

"Now," said I to myself, as I looked over my new valise, "here is but little room, to be sure; but as much wit may be shown in packing a valise as in packing a jury. I will do my very best." So I folded up, and introduced, as neatly as I could, a change of linen—shirt, handkerchiefs, collars, and stockings—together with my shaving case, a light silk cap, and a pair of slippers. I also put in some raisins, a small jar of pickles, a box of sardines, and beside them, neatly, my portfolio, containing pens, ink, and paper. A little space was left. "How," thought I, "can I best fill it? Well, let me see; what shall I really need in my peregrinations?" I began to consider very closely. "Yes," I continued, musing with myself, "I shall be a stranger among strange people. I must have a guide-book." So I packed in the very best I had. "Then," thought I, "a lamp will be very convenient to afford me light in dark places;" and so I introduced one, which I afterwards found to be of no small service. It then occurred to me that I should sometimes need a mirror; and so I managed to get in that useful article. I thought, moreover, that I might possibly meet with some minute curiosities in my travels, where a microscope would be of use; and so I found a place for that nice little instrument in one corner of my bag. The thought then came to me that I should want a telescope to look at some distant mountains which I could not easily climb; and so I managed—it is surprising to see how much a bag, rightly packed, will hold!—I managed to find room for that. Now, as I am very fond of poetry, I decided to put in a small volume of very choice poems; and I laid in a *brochure* on morals beside it. Then, to relieve the tediousness of delays at railway-stations, I packed in a drama, and several well-written biographies. I also found a place for sundry old letters, which I value very highly; and being, as you know, a lover of music, I contrived to get in a little book of songs. In short, I succeeded in crowding into my narrow bag—for I learned the art of packing when a boy—as many as sixty-six small volumes; and this, in addition to all the other articles, among which was a very sharp sword—for I cannot use a pistol—to defend myself against such enemies as I might chance to meet. I had then, you see, got into my bag over and above my clothing a cabinet of curiosities, as it were, and a choice library of more than sixty volumes; yet, strange enough to say, the instruments, including the

sword and the books, did not occupy a space of more than three inches long and two inches wide! "But how could you do it?" Well, it was all in the packing. *I put in my Bible.* Here it is, well worn, yet solid and substantial. "Oxford, Pearl, 32mo. *Cum privilegio.* 1849."

Yes, my precious Bible. It is the very best Guide-book any traveller ever carried. It is a Lamp to the feet, as David, in the ancient ages, testified; it is a Mirror, wherein we may see ourselves just as we really are; it is a Microscope, whereby we may detect the secret sins of the heart; it is a Telescope, by which we may look over the Celestial Mountains; it is a Sword, which no adversary can withstand; and its sixty-six volumes, though bound in one, are rich in poetry, history, biography, philosophy, the drama, and music, for the diversion, instruction, guidance, elevation, purification, and salvation of the soul. And oh, the comfort, the consolation, which this sacred volume gives to the weary traveller, when alone among strangers in a foreign land! How sweet, how refreshing its immortal pages, to one tossed upon the lonely ocean, or buried, as it were, and lost among the giddy throngs of London, Paris, Rome, or Naples! But amid the ruins of the Orient, its hallowed sentences seem more precious still, from the very presence of the scenes which they so perfectly describe.

The Bible is the book for home, for school, for college, church and state; it is also, *par excellence*, the book for travel. It braces up the mind for danger; comforts it in distress; refreshes it when weary; raises it when dejected; sustains it when overburdened, and supplies the place of father, mother, brother, sister, country, home.

Pack, then, whatever you please into your travelling-bag, and pack it as you please, but remember that, to pack it well you must put in your BIBLE.—*From an American paper.*

Notices of Books.

The Present Truth. A Collection of Sermons preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

We think our readers will like this volume of Sermons. Of their author we have a very poor opinion, but for the truth which he declares we have a growing veneration. The book is well got up, and will make a pretty present for a friend. May the blessing of the Spirit of God rest upon this new issue. The Sermons have none of them appeared in our regular series, but were preached on Sunday and Thursday evenings. There's the book: we hope our friends will send it forth preaching in ten thousand homes.

Booth of the Blue Ribbon Movement; or, the Factory Boy who became a Gospel Temperance Evangelist. With preface by CANON WILBERFORCE. Passmore and Alabaster.

Very well written. A singular life, revealing the greatness of divine grace. R. T. Booth is one of the truest and most devoted of Temperance Evangelists. It has been our lot to see him near at hand, and to have fellowship with him, and the result is genuine Christian love to him, and esteem for him. Oh, that we could give him a stronger frame! With this exception we have no wish to alter him. Mr. Blackwell, who is Mr. Booth's Secretary, has written this "life" well, and deserves much credit for it. The book is so prettily got up, that it ought to run to a hundred-thousand at the least. It must be popular, or else we are greatly out of our reckoning.

Evangel Echoes. A Collection of Psalms, Solos, and Songs. Compiled and used by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Passmore and Alabaster.

As years roll on evangelists find that they must vary their hymns and gospel songs. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have produced this "Evangel" in lieu of "Flowers and Fruits." It is an

amazing gathering-up of all the good and telling pieces by which gospel singers try to win a hearing. How the penny book is produced at the money we cannot imagine, for we are firmly persuaded that the respected publishers do not steal their paper. Copies with the music, at 1s. and 1s. 6d., are very useful. Friends who have worn-out the various revival hymnals will be surprised to find how much that is new and fresh yet remains. If they invest in this capital treasury of arousing music, they will get along for another year or two, and perhaps by that time the church will be wise enough to come back to our grand old psalms and hymns, and the music of our childhood.

The Universe; or the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. Pouchet, M.D. Blackie and Son.

A book of marvels. Everything singular would appear to be collected here; the work is as comprehensive as its title, and does indeed include the infinitely great and the infinitely little, if such things can be. Rich in finely-executed engravings, of which there are no less than two hundred and seventy, and full of enchanting incidents and descriptions, this work is deservedly a great favourite, and has already passed through seven editions. It is a luxurious volume in all respects, a work of art, and a product of genius. Our engraving of the vegeable caterpillar is borrowed from this book. We have an actual caterpillar in our possession, and were about to have it engraved, when we met with Mr. Blackie's plate, and thought it better than anything our artist would be likely to produce.

Choice Sayings. Being notes and expositions of the Scriptures. Revised by Robert C. Chapman. New edition. Morgan and Scott.

Here we have gold dust, "and the gold of that land is good." We hardly know a man more noteworthy for abounding grace and deep piety than Robert C. Chapman. His name has never been sounded abroad, but those who knew him value him beyond expression. Some of these brief "sayings" contain whole sermons. Personally, we expect to gather many discourses while studying this little book. A dew from heaven rests upon Mr. Chapman's expositions.

The Treasury. A Companion Tune Book to "Psalms and Hymns for School and Home." Compiled and edited by Joseph B. Mead. Haddon & Co., Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

We submitted this tune-book to a judicious leader of singing, and he gave us a verdict entirely in its favour. Old-fashioned people, like ourselves, will be pleased with this Tune Book. Congregations using no organ will find in this book a goodly number of tunes of the old standard type,—tunes that are meant to be sung by the people, and not rattled off by a choir. Mr. Mead's taste is pure, and yet he is free from squeamishness: he likes a musical tune of any sort, and is not too dainty in his selection. We hope he has hit upon a method of collection which will suit the most: to please all is out of the question.

The "Treasury" contains a good number of Sunday-school tunes, and pieces for anniversaries, together with the best of the Revival music. As a whole it is very near perfection. We do not set much store by our own judgment in the matter of music; but we know when we like a tune, and when it helps us to feel the meaning of the hymn. Each one of our tune-books has some specially good tunes, and also a mass of rubbish such as nobody would think of singing: Mr. Mead's book has tried to keep clear of that burdensome accumulation, and yet it contains a host of old favourites. All the critics praise it; therefore, good friends, buy it.

Rob and Ralph; or, a Trust Fulfilled. By Nellie Hellis. Shaw and Co.

A capital story which made us feel quite damp about our eye-corners, and stirred us up to excited interest in the vicissitudes of the two runaway boys. It is a treat to find a new situation in a story-book, and this our authoress has enabled us to do. The boys of to-day ought to be grateful for books such as their fathers never saw. This is healthy and good all through.

Lonely Jack and his Friends at Sunnyside. By EMILY BRODIE. John F. Shaw and Co.

A POOR boy and girl pass through sad experiences, but are landed at last at Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes at Ilford. Mr. Shaw's books avoid the vicious sensationalism which poisons so much of our fiction, and at the same time they exhibit a fair share of interesting incident. This is an average specimen of Mr. Shaw's publications.

Garnered Sheaves: a Tale for Boys. Florence Godfrey's Faith: a Story of Australian Life. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN. Blackie and Son.

Two stories of the best sort. Noble-looking books for 3s. 6d. each, full of the gospel, illustrating faith in God, and in general commending to young minds all that is pure and true. One feels safe with Mrs. Pitman, and that is saying a good deal in these days, when heresy is so continually insinuated where least we should expect it. Either of these books would make a handsome birthday gift.

Mahala, the Jewish Slave: a Story of Early Christianity. By A. L. O. E. *The Queen's Colours, and other Sketches of a Soldier's Life.* Religious Tract Society.

BOTH of these are good, and the second is admirably suited to be given to soldiers. It would be a good deed to place one in each barrack library. Fine large type, handsome binding, and all for one shilling.

Elinor Vincent's Discipline: a Story for Girls.

Roving Robin. By NELLIE HELLIS. Religious Tract Society.

THESE belong to the Society's juvenile shilling series, and may be safely given to our boys and girls.

Nobody Loves Me. By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. Religious Tract Society.

OLD Grumpy is sweetened into an angelic woman by those processes which discover latent affection. She loves, and comes to be loved. The author's name is a prophecy of a good book, and we bear willing witness that the prophecy is fulfilled. This deserves to be popular, and will be so.

Bluebell Talks. Religious Tract Society.

CHEERY chats for those who love flowers, and have ears to hear their voices. Here are snowdrops and crocuses (why not say croci?), violets and wallflowers, daisies and buttercups, roses and chrysanthemums, and indeed all the pretty flowers; and their talk, like their perfume, is sweet and natural. Any little girl will be glad of such a dear little book.

"Clean Money": how it was Made and what it Accomplished; or, the Birthdays of Peter Conyer and Josiah Marten. By Mrs. J. S. COURAN. Jarrold and Sons.

THE merits of this book are either too small or too profound for us to see: we yawned, and then tried again to read, and again we yawned, but at last managed to get through it; but we should require a very tempting bribe to dare to attempt it again. Invalids whose sleep is fitful might use it with advantage, but for the rest of us it is oh, so prosy! so prosy!

The Household Angel in Disguise. By Mrs. MADELEINE LESLIE. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THE cover of this book made us almost fancy that it was one of the novels that are found in such sad abundance on railway book-stalls, but the illusion was soon dispelled. It is a charming American story adapted to English readers, its main purpose being to teach the folly and sin of deception, and the blessing that comes to those who, in humble dependence upon the grace of God, strive to do right under very trying circumstances.

Street Children Sought and Found; and other Stories. By A DELVER. John Heywood.

THREE touching tales by Mr. Alfred Alsop, of the Boys' Home, Manchester. Doubtless in all our large cities and towns there are many poor homeless lads like "Little Boz" and "Scudhill Ned," waiting for some friendly hand to be stretched out to rescue them. We hope this book, like its predecessor from the same pen, will be the means of inducing some good Samaritans to seek and find the lost ones by whom they are surrounded.

The Broken Cactus, and the Fourth Beatitude. Sunday School Union.

Two fair little stories proving the value of truthfulness, the safety of those who trust in God, and the satisfaction of the heart that is set on growing in grace. For children in the middle classes in the Sunday-school it will make an excellent gift.

Mary Burton, and other Stories. By Mrs. Scott. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

Three stories with strong moral purpose, suitable for a gift to girls. There is nothing very sensational or heartrending, but homely truth enforced in plain, clear, interesting language, and with considerable descriptive power. Of their kind, as good a specimen as one could wish.

Neville Hatherley, a Tale of Modern English Life. By Mrs. Lucas Shadwell. With an introduction by S. Eardley, B.A. Partridge and Co.

It would have been a great pity if this thrilling story had not been published. It exhibits the manifold evils of drink in social and public life, and it is, therefore, a powerful advocate of Temperance. There is throughout a thoroughly gracious and godly tone, and the gospel of Christ is clearly stated as the only power to break the thraldom of sin. We give it our heartiest approval.

The Hut in the Bush: a Tale of Australian Adventure. And other Stories. By R. Richardson, B.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

Just the book to fire a boy's heart, and make his eyes flash with delight. It will be devoured eagerly, and is calculated as much to instruct as entertain.

The Morte Stone; or, Caution and Counsel. By Ebenezer Wilinshurst. Houlston and Sons.

None of your nod-your-head-and-go-to-sleep Sunday-school addresses, but all-alive and awake ones. True teaching enforced by crisp, dewy illustrations and anecdotes, and all leading to personal piety and robust godliness. Get it and study it, Mr. Proser, next time you intend to torture the children from the platform, and if they do not open their eyes and keep them open, we shall open ours in surprise.

Quiet Corners. An American Tale. By Howe Benning. Religious Tract Society.

A tale without a love story! An American novel free from sensationalism! Wonders never cease. We do not wish *such* wonders to cease, for this is in every way a right kind of book, fitted to rear and strengthen lives of holy usefulness by the fireside, and to promote godliness in "quiet corners," where it grows best.

Silver Bells. Short Stories for Young People. By "Aunt May," Emilie Searchfield, John Thomas, and others. F. E. Longley.

A pretty little book for a shilling. The numerous engravings are a great improvement upon anything which has been produced by Mr. Longley before. Children, especially little girls, will be much pleased with such a present.

Guy Sylvester's Golden Year. By J. Yeames. T. Woolmer and Co.

A beautiful story of youthful piety, and the blessing it secures. The hero is not immaculate, but human; yet there is a high moral influence pervading the whole record of his doings. Just the book for a boy leaving home and going to school, to reveal the snares besetting him, and to show how they may be escaped.

Not for Him: a Story of a Forgotten Hero. By Emily S. Holt. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Another of this talented writer's semi-historical stories. The "forgotten hero" is Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, the gentle cousin of Edward I., whose name and fame deserve to be remembered by all true Protestants. He was the founder of the English branch of the order of *Boni-Homines*, or good men, the preaching friars who did what they could to keep alive the pure flame of gospel truth amid the darkness of the early Middle Ages. Miss Holt writes her records of love or war in such a way as to bring in much simple gospel teaching, so that her readers may be instructed as well as interested.

Ancient Astronomy, Modern Science, and Sacred Cosmology. By JOHN WOOD. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A LITTLE volume with a big title, and the most daring of theories. Starting with the assertion that electricity, not gravitation, is the potent force in nature's operations, our author endeavours to show that his theory is more consistent with facts and Scripture statements than that commonly received; and upon this he predicts a revolution in the scientific world. We confess to mingled wonder and doubt, but shall not be alarmed at whatever science may say next.

Exposition of the Gospel of St. John. By R. GOVETT. Bemrose and Sons.

WE have before noticed these most precious volumes. The oftener we refer to Mr. Govett's pages the more do we value his exposition. Sometimes we differ from him, but never without owning the weight of his judgment. He is a reverent student of the Word, and is as wide as the poles asunder from critics of the modern school, who seem far more set upon improving the Scriptures than upon expounding them. These two volumes will never become popular; but those who love honest, spiritual exegesis will set great store by them. We only express our heart when we say that we venerate and admire this author and preacher, whose works will be more appreciated by future generations than by this frivolous age.

Abide in Christ: Thoughts on the blessed life of fellowship with the Son of God. By A. M. Nisbet and Co.

A PORTION, for every day in the month, of meditation upon the one subject of "Abiding in Christ." The varied aspects of this practical truth are treated with much freshness, and power, and unction. The writer is evidently one who speaks from personal experience of the delights of fellowship; and hence the stamp of experimental knowledge is clearly seen from the beginning to the end of the book. It cannot fail to stimulate, to cheer, and to qualify for higher service. It is a real *book*.

Sermons and Addresses by the late George Gould, Minister of St. Mary's Chapel, Norwich. Together with a Memoir by his son, GEORGE P. GOULD, M.A. Jarrold and Sons.

It was our privilege to number Mr. Gould among our personal friends. He was a fine man, a typical high-class Baptist minister, and withal a warm-hearted lover of all good men. Our brethren in the eastern counties knew his value, and received good at his hands in many ways. All the Baptist denomination knew him, and gladly honoured him by raising him to the Presidential chair a few years ago. He was not brilliant, but he was solid and true. His death came unexpectedly when he seemed to have much strength remaining for further service. His son has done well to gather up the details of the father's useful life, and to append thereto sundry sermons and addresses. Friends will value the memorial; and George Gould, of Norwich, must have had a wide circle of friends.

Holy Footprints. By the Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THE seven little addresses gathered together under the above title are admirable specimens of Evangelical fervour, and simple earnest statement of gospel truth. There is scarcely a sentence but we might subscribe to, and accept as a statement of our own position. At first, we thought our author must be a Baptist, but we were compelled to believe what the title-page said when describing him as "Vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings." But fancy a man who practises infant sprinkling speaking and writing thus: "He calleth unto *Him*. Not first to the Church, but to Himself. *Not first to the waters of baptism, but to Jesus. Not first to ordinances*, or ceremonies, denominations or unions, but to a crucified and living Saviour. Oh, that ambassadors of religion would bear this in mind in their ministrations in the pulpit and out of it! Jesus *first*—Jesus only. All the others are good *only* when *He* is first." When we hear a vicar talk so we feel inclined to stamp our foot on this poor earth and say, with Galileo, "It moves."

The Upper Springs and the Nether Springs; or, Life Hid with Christ in God. By ANNA SHIPTON. Nisbet.

OUR authoress has a very sweet, tender vision of truth, and abounds in love for a personal Christ; hence her papers are full of savour and unction. She seems specially called to minister to the weak and suffering ones, and she has made good proof of her ministry. We heartily wish for this volume a large sale, for it speaks sweetly of the things "touching the King."

Elisha the Prophet: the Lessons of his History and Times. By ALFRED EDERSHEIM. New edition, revised. Religious Tract Society.

WE mentioned this work with much pleasure in our "Commenting and Commentaries." It is written by one who is familiar with Jewish customs, and also a partaker in all the precious truth which is peculiar to the spiritual Israel. A new edition was needed, and we hope it will be welcomed. The *revision* extends only to the wording: our author has not changed his doctrines, as so many have done. This is a gracious, edifying book, quite worthy to rank with the best comments upon Elisha's life-story.

Christ our Life, and other Homiletical Expositions. By JOSEPH T. WOODHOUSE. Southport: J. T. Marshall, 1, Chapel-street.

THESE are good sober outlines of sermons. They make edifying reading for Christians, and they may possibly be used by preachers who are driven into a corner. These brief discourses are clear in division and sound in doctrine, but they strike us as being somewhat commonplace. The remarks made are such as any pious person would think of, though the arrangement might not so readily occur to him. The sermonettes are so good that we have not the heart to find fault with them, but they seem to us to want grip, or shall we say pungency? A spoonful of mustard or pepper to flavour the ingredients would make the whole affair bite, and leave a memory upon the palate. Without this the dish will remain on hand, good as it is.

A Popular Introduction to the New Testament. By J. RAWSON LUMBY, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 6s.

RATHER "popular" than profound, these essays are written in elegant English. With light hand the author etches the era of the sacred canon when in course of construction; and, in flowing language, he drafts a brief summary of its general purport. It is a scholarly book, built up without any show of scaffolding. The best authorities have been studiously consulted, though they are sparingly quoted. Here a positive fact, there a fair probability, everywhere a felicitous picture, and all so skilfully woven together that you can scarcely distinguish the different shades of colour in the agreeable blend.

Evangelical Classics. Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. Edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by WILLIAM BLAIR, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

REALLY a very pretty book externally. Within we have a full and fair view of Leighton. He needs no letter of commendation from us, or from anyone else. Is he not a master in Israel whom all men reverence? If the rest of the Evangelical Classics equal this, they will deserve a place in every Christian's library.

Notes.

WE feel bound at this, our earliest opportunity, to record our protest against the continued imprisonment of the men who endeavoured to prevent the public breach of the Sabbath at Stromo Ferry. Whatever their error, they meant to do right. No one has ever hinted that they had any selfish or sinister motive: they conceived that God's law was about to be broken, and they stepped in to prevent it. It is true they were violating the law of the land, and going far beyond their province in trying to compel others to be as regardful of the Sabbath as themselves; but surely for this wonderful offence they have already suffered enough. The law has told them that even their religious scruples cannot justify them in riotous behaviour; can the law now

teach them anything more? We consider that a longer imprisonment will answer no good end, but, on the contrary, will arouse indignation against the law which allows men to be thus punished. We wish we had a people in England good enough to be capable of this Scotch crime—the crime of fearing God so much as to use violence for the preservation of the day of rest. Little has been said, but we can assure our rulers that the minds of Christian people, both in England and Scotland, would be greatly relieved if they heard that these mistaken but true-hearted men were at once set at liberty.

Great mercy has mingled in my grievous affliction; for my son Charles, of Greenwich, has been able to preach in my stead on several occasions, and the universal feeling is that the Lord has raised up in him an able and faithful preacher of the gospel. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." Yet would I earnestly pray to be myself restored to former vigour. This cruel rheumatism hung upon me all the time I was in Scotland, and it has kept its fangs in my flesh ever since. It robs the mind of its freshness, and the spirit of its cheerfulness; yet the Lord liveth, and good must surely arise even out of this evil. Is it not a joy that when hardest pressed another helper has been prepared for me by the kind Father of our spirits?

Here we would thank innumerable friends for their prayers and letters of sympathy. We have been refreshed by them, and there was need of such refreshment, for the pain has been violent, and many trials have arisen out of it. Our venerated friend, Dr. Moffat, has fallen asleep; and we were at once asked to speak at his grave. It was a severe mortification to us to be obliged to reply, "too feeble to leave the house." Many other matters of a similar sort have brought us much disappointment and unrest; and all this makes these bouts of suffering doubly trying. Still, "it is well."

Our son Thomas, of Auckland, as usual, contributes an interesting paper to *The Sword and the Trowel*. Might we say a word about him? He is anxious to build a large Tabernacle in Auckland, New Zealand, and he has a considerable sum towards it, BUT he is pledged not to get into debt. It is not easy to see how the needed funds are to be forthcoming. His trust is in the Lord alone, and that is well; but when we come to look around on second causes it strikes us that one of the assets ought to be a good round sum from England. We confess we hoped to receive large help, but it has not come to hand. A few friends sent their gifts to us very promptly, but they were so few that we have retained the amount until it grows larger. The church in Auckland needs a few hundreds from the Lord's stewards, and we hope they will not withhold them, for it is of the utmost importance that these young, growing colonies should be provided with the gospel. If numbers of friends who cannot deal in large figures would forward small sums they would be most gratefully received, and we are sure our son would personally acknowledge the aid thus afforded. We long to hear that he is preaching in his own Tabernacle to thousands of saved souls.

Our best thanks are due to the Committee at Exeter Hall for their kind and courteous reception of us during our month of sojourn there. It is twenty-eight and a-half years ago since first we used that building for our Sabbath congregation, and we returned to it with a longing that former mercies might be renewed. We trust it has been so. Conversions have been met with at each service, and hearts have been stirred up to seek the Lord with deeper earnestness. We bespeak for the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall the prayers and help of all the Lord's people. A great and useful work is being done in that noble building and its many chambers.

The cleaning of the Tabernacle is now finished, and we think all our friends will agree with us that the amount it has cost has been well spent. We shall (D.V.) return to the Tabernacle on the second Sunday in this month (*Sept.* 9), and we earnestly pray that our health may be sufficiently restored to enable us to preach regularly for some time to come. Under ordinary circumstances Sept. 9 would have been the date of our free service, but this must be omitted for the present quarter, as so many of our seat-holders and church-members have been unable to worship with us at Exeter Hall. Collections will be made at the first Sunday services in aid of the cleaning fund, and we shall be very grateful if the balance of the £1,100 required can be cleared off at once. We never have been in debt, and we do not intend to begin that system now. Just now, however, we need special aid for the old house at home. While we are so ill we trust we shall not be allowed to know a care about this matter. If Tabernacle friends are away at the sea-side, or in the country, perhaps they will kindly send up their contributions towards the collection. The Central-house itself must not be neglected; we ought not to need to ask more than this once for the funds wherewith to pay for its restoration. Our confidence is that it will be done before another magazine appears.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Newman Hall and his elders for the use of their noble edifice during our cleaning. These friends are always true neighbours. May the Lord richly reward them according to his grace. We ought to add that Mr. Simon and his friends, at Westminster Chapel, spontaneously offered their spacious building, and Mr. Mills, and the church at Walworth-road, did the same with their chapel. These tokens of brotherly love ought not to be unrecorded. We felt much touched by the kindness which showed itself all round.

OUR REFORMATION PICTURES.—We have received so many applications for the loan of our "Gallery of the Reformation" that we have no vacant dates now until the beginning of next year. We shall probably make some use of them ourselves during the week of the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther (November 10). It will save some trouble if only those friends will apply who have a large room in which the pictures can be properly exhibited; and, as a rule, the exhibition ought to last nearly if not quite a week, or the expenses will prevent either the Orphanage or local funds from being benefited. In the travelling-cases the pictures weigh nearly a ton and a quarter, so friends can ascertain what the carriage and other expenses of fixing, advertising, etc., will be, and then decide whether it will answer their purpose to have them.

On *Wednesday evening, July* 18, a crowded and enthusiastic gathering was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall, on the occasion of the Public Examination of our DAY SCHOOLS, under the management of Mr. S. Johnson. In the unavoidable absence of the Pastor, the chair was taken by Mr. James Stiff, late of the London School Board: the examiners being Messrs. John Birkley and Thomas F. Bowers. A very full programme was presented, comprising anthems, part-singing, and choruses. The singing, conducted by Mr. Johnson, deserves great commendation on account of its sweetness and precision. The readiness and thoughtfulness with which the boys and girls answered the various questions in Grammar, Geography, English History, and Mental Arithmetic, showed that they had been very carefully trained. It was also evident that the children are especially well grounded in Scriptural knowledge. Miss Simpson and Miss Kendall are entitled to the highest praise for the great proficiency shown by their pupils in Needlework and Drawing. The French special class, examined by their master, M. A. Cogery, also proved the excellence of the instruction received by them.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. C. Bryan has accepted an invitation from the church at Bluntisham, but he will continue in the College until Christmas. Mr. A. W. Latham has settled at Lydbrook, Gloucestershire; and Mr. R. Yeatman, who has been for some time labouring at Mrs. Gladstone's Mission-room at Liverpool, has taken charge of the church at Widnes, Lancashire.

Mr. Sidney A. Comber, after completing his course of study at Edinburgh Medical Mission, has gone out to join his brother on the River Congo.

Mr. G. T. Edgley has removed, from Bow, to Hemel Hempstead; and Mr. W. Thorn, from Loose, to the Dover Tabernacle.

Quite a new departure has taken place this year at the opening meeting of the College summer session, which was held on *Tuesday, August* 14, at Enfield, by the kind invitation of Pastor G. W. White, and his generous friends. Everything that could be thought of to make the day enjoyable was provided, and everybody was thoroughly happy. Dinner was served most sumptuously in the schoolroom attached to the Enfield Tabernacle, and at its close the President expressed the hearty thanks of the whole company for the day's entertainment, and then delivered a short address specially to the new students. Mr. White, and his excellent deacons, Messrs. Gibbons and Buck, responded on behalf of the Enfield friends, and after a few cheering words from Professor Gracey, the brethren returned to their out-door engagements. The proceedings of the day were brought to a happy conclusion by an hour's service in the chapel, which was quite crowded by an audience that appeared greatly to enjoy the President's short sermon. Altogether it was a happy idea, most satisfactorily carried out; and we shall be very glad if next year some other brother will imitate the good example that has been set by Mr. White and his willing helpers.

It may save some correspondence if we inform all intending applicants for admission to the College that we have received as many students as we think we ought to admit, and that there will not be any more vacancies this year.

EVANGELISTS.—After their summer rest, Messrs. Smith and Fullerton commenced their Lancashire tour by visiting *Nelson* and various places in the neighbourhood. The work at Nelson is peculiarly interesting to our brethren, for it was in that town that they began work together as members of the College Society of Evangelists. At the end of one week's services, Mr. Smith writes:—"This is the first time we have ever revisited a place for a prolonged stay, and our hearts are made to leap for joy as we see what the Lord did by us when here four years ago. Two nights this week we visited one church where, from our last mission, nearly one hundred members were received. Of these fifteen had died, or left the town, or gone back to the world, but all the rest stand firm in the faith." The Evangelists have good reason to believe that this series of services will be blessed quite as much as their former work was. From Nelson they go on to Colne, then to Lumb, Bury, and other Lancashire towns, finishing up with Burnley, with our Brother Kemp, who is acting as secretary for the whole district, and nobly preparing the way for the Evangelists.

Mr. Burnham goes this month to *Kent* to labour among the hop-pickers, who will soon be streaming down from London in exceptionally large numbers to gather in what is said to be an unusually abundant harvest. Our readers must, by this time, be quite familiar with the work among the hoppers, which has been so often described

in the magazine; and it only remains for us to say that contributions in aid of the expenses will be gratefully received by Mr. Burnham, at 24, Keston Road, Peckham Rye, S.E., while parcels of tracts, left-off clothing, etc., will be heartily welcome, if sent, carriage paid, to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R. Mr. Burnham asks us to mention that he is fully engaged until the end of January, so that brethren who desire his services in the early part of next year had better write to him at once.

Mr. Russell has recently held evangelistic services, or is about to conduct them at *Reading*, *Eastcombe*, *Minchinhampton*, and *Great Grimsby*. He also has made engagements until the end of February. Brethren who wish to invite him for a later date, can apply to him at his new address, 6, Halford Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker send us very glowing accounts of the blessing that has rested upon their services at *Merthyr Tydvil*, *Troedyrhiw*, and *Caerphilly*; and report that this month they are going to Newcastle-under-Lyme and Rushden. They have accepted sufficient invitations to last until the middle of January, but will be pleased to correspond with friends who would like a visit after that time.

It will be evident from the above that the churches are fully alive to the value of the work of the Evangelists, and we have no doubt that if we had twice as many workers there would be plenty of openings for their efforts. Unfortunately, the funds for the support of the brethren do not keep pace with the applications for their services, and for some little time we have been rather anxious lest this account should be overdrawn. A moment's thought will make it clear that many of the places that most need the Evangelists' visits can scarcely pay the necessary expenses. *Just now we have special need of help in this direction.* Are there not some of the Lord's stewards who are looking out for a good investment of their Master's money, and who will entrust it to us for this purpose? We do not know how it could be expended so as to bring in a larger revenue of precious souls saved through the preaching of the everlasting gospel.

ORPHANAGE.—Among the students received into the College this session is Mr. J. Maynard, who was formerly one of the boys in our Orphanage. He has been for some time preaching most acceptably to a church in South Africa, during the absence of its pastor, and he has returned to England in order to avail himself of the advantages of the Pastors' College. Mr. Maynard is the fourth of our "old boys" who are already in the ministry, or preparing for it; and it is with peculiar pleasure that we welcome to one of the institutions under our care another who has already passed with credit through the other institution. We hope these brethren will be the forerunners of a numerous race of orphans who will in due time become leaders and teachers of others. We mention this fact that our Orphanage subscribers may rejoice with us in the joy of having helped to train those who in their turn will train others for Christ.

COLPORTAGE.—The exact number of districts now occupied by our colporteurs is sixty-seven. Two more will be opened this month, and arrangements are pending for two additional ones. Messrs. A. and F. Carter have guaranteed £30 for a man for Mitcham district, and a friend having given £10 through the Secretary, the committee have been enabled to accept this guarantee. We are glad to note this addition to the numbers which had been somewhat largely reduced during the past year by the discontinuance of several districts on account of the failure of local funds.

The Association is still prepared to extend its work if local friends will assist to the extent of £40 a year, which is really a small sum to secure the entire services of a Christian agent, who is at once a distributer of Christian literature, a house-to-house visitor, and, in most cases, a lay preacher. In each of these departments there are numerous tokens of the Divine blessing resting upon the labours of the colporteurs. A few extracts from the agents' letters are appended. Mr. Bellamy, labouring in the New Forest, writes:—"A young man said to me, 'Mr. B—, I shall never forget that night you spoke to me, for you knocked it all out of me, and I went home and read the Bible, and prayed, and now I am a saved young man. I wrote to one of my sisters, and told her all about it, *and asked her to give up reading bad books*, and give herself to the Lord Jesus Christ. In a few weeks, through reading that letter, she did so, and wrote to another sister, who was also led to Christ.' The young man also spoke of other servants who had been brought to Christ through these sisters, 'and,' said he, 'it was all through you.'"

Mr. Allen, of Repton, writes:—"A young man followed me some distance up the street, and at last he stepped up to me, and asked if I remembered above a year ago sheltering under a shed from a storm one night, and selling him a book, and speaking to him about Jesus as the only safe shelter for sinners? I said, 'I remember selling you the book, but I so often speak of Jesus that I have forgotten what I said.' He replied, 'I have forgotten some part of what you said, but you finished by saying, "Seek, and ye shall find." Those words have never left me; I have been seeking, and am seeking still.' I advised him, took him to our house, pointed him to some of the promises, prayed with him, and he prayed. I have seen him a time or two since, and he tells me that he has found the Saviour, and is quite happy. So I thank God for blessing me in leading one soul to Jesus, and take courage."

Mr. Walker, of East Langton, who is regularly engaged in preaching on Sundays, gives several instances of good from his work. He writes:—"In one of the villages, where there was no Sunday-school, and only one service at the church, a friend and I have held an open-air service now for seven weeks regularly, and the dear children gather round, and the people, too, anxious to hear the word. We also give away tracts at each service, which are being anxiously read. I am thankful that I have been able to speak a word for Jesus, and since I held these meetings, and distributed the tracts, I have been enabled to sell good books where I never could before. One man, about sixty years of age, who never would buy anything, has commenced to attend the service, and has now purchased a large Bible that he may learn to read. I hope he will be led thus to give himself to the Saviour."

Here, then, is an instrumentality which God is abundantly blessing to the salvation of souls by the dissemination of his word and good literature. Surely, our friends will begin to realise its importance more largely, and enable us to increase the staff until, at least, one hundred districts are occupied. The work is carried on in an unsectarian spirit in connection with various Christian churches and friends.

The general fund greatly needs help just now, as a glance at the small list of contributions this month will show.

All remittances and correspondence will be gladly acknowledged by the general secretary, W. Corden Jones, Temple-street, St. George's-road, Southwark, S. E.

Personal Notes.—While in *Scotland*, and since our return, many pleasing testimonies of the value of the printed sermons have come under our notice. In many a shepherd's cottage and lonely hut in highland glens they form, with the word of God, the spiritual food of the Lord's hidden ones, while cases of conversion through reading them are constantly being brought to light. In one far-away village in the North the little country shop is opened on Saturdays expressly for the sale of the sermons; and what the customers want is so clearly understood that often not a word is spoken by either buyer or seller, but the people walk in, put down the penny, and march off with the sermon that is to be their Sabbath feast. In a Convalescent Home every Sabbath evening during the winter the matron reads one of the sermons to the inmates, who appear to be very grateful for them. The sermon No. 1,712, entitled, "Filling the Empty Vessels," was specially blessed to two young men, for it led them to decide for Christ.

A Congregational minister in the South of *England* writes:—"I do not know whether in my last letter I thanked you for the sermon on "A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ," which you preached at Cheshunt College anniversary, ten or eleven years ago. I have had to bless God often for that sermon during the last nine years; it has made music for me in many dark hours, and has helped to keep alive my ideal of the Christian ministry. With deep gratitude, and every prayer that you may be strengthened through all suffering, and that you may *wear out* (rather than be worn out by) the malady which thousands would gladly help you to bear if they could, Believe me, yours very truly, ———."

A lady member of the Society of Friends sent the following cheering letter more than a year ago, but it will be quite new to our readers, and it is really too good to remain unpublished:—

"While staying at a 'health resort,' amidst a large company, I placed on the salon table, the 'Twelve Selected Soul-Winning Sermons,' the 'Twelve Striking Sermons,' and some of the sermons in little book-form. Two ladies, who valued them in the old shape, were greatly pleased with these editions, and said that they would at once order some. Many others read them while I remained there; but what I wish to relate arose from a storm of indignation from a stiff, aged Churchman against 'the works of the man who cursed our Church.' He was very indignant at my introducing the sermons, when a sweet Christian lady came to my help, and told him the sermons were so good, that she and her husband regarded the arrival of the weekly one as their Sabbath treat; they read half in the morning, and the rest in the evening, adding that they were very useful in Aberdeen. In her district there lives an old soldier, whose hardened, wretched condition baffled all the Christian labours bestowed upon him until she lent him 'Only trust Him' (No. 1635). This the Lord blessed as the means of his conversion. The change was, and is, marvellous, and now, when a visitor enters, he soon begins to fumble over the buttons of his waistcoat, and thrusting in his hand, he draws forth his beloved sermon, and joyfully tells of what the Lord has done for him by the blessed tidings it contains. Having gained the attention of our offended companion,' she added, 'and there is a Roman Catholic woman also, who *was* one of the most miserable beings I had ever seen. All her confessions and penances went for nothing, her state was really pitiable; when "Jesus Only" (No. 924) was lent to her, and the effect of her cordially receiving the Lord was as marvellous as the old soldier's spiritual transformation. They are living witnesses to the mighty power of divine grace. Instead of hiding her beloved sermon in her bosom as he does, she lends it to all who will read it, and says "That almost her only trouble *now* is that others are not made as joyful by its contents as she is, not yet understanding there must be hunger to appreciate food."' Our aged opposer listened attentively to Mrs. L., and when she left us,

he asked me what she had lent to the old soldier, for he knew as wretched a one, an atheist. I told him that I had the sermon, and asked if I might read it to him. He coolly consented, and fixed a time in the next day. When I had finished, his only remark was, 'Did she not mention another?' I said she did, and asked if I might read that also. Again he consented, and each day that I remained, I read one to him, his brief remarks proving the thaw that was progressing in his mind. I shall just repeat some of them. 'The venom is passing away.' 'I feel it going.' 'I shall buy those sermons, and send them to my Broad Church son, and I hope they will do him and his wife good, and that he will preach them in his church.' I offered to give him the copy I had read from, which he cordially received, and when he took it, he said, 'They have softened an old rebel.' I think that these facts afford too much cause for praise for it to be right to withhold them from *him* whom the Lord employed to preach them to the world. Thy friend affectionately—"

A friend, who has for many years sent eight sermons every week to *New Zealand*, says that the lady to whom he forwards them takes great pains in circulating them, although she is quite an invalid. She has often mentioned cases in which they have been useful, and recently reported the following pleasing instance of the way in which the Lord carries the word home to those whom He intends to bless. Two of the sermons were given to a lady, who sent them back to England to an aged aunt, to whom they brought the message of everlasting life.

The same friend has long supplied the sermons to an evangelist who is now in *Yorkshire*, invalided, but who still finds opportunities of doing good work, as the following letter will show:—

"My dear Sir,—I continue to distribute the sermons in the way which I think most adapted to meet your wishes in sending them, as, indeed, I have from the very first. How long that is I do not remember, but it must be upwards of twenty years since I first received them, without a failure for a single week. I conceived your desire to be not merely to circulate them, which, indeed, I might have done to a few individuals, but to introduce them to as wide a circle as possible. Keeping this in view, I have not only from time to time put one or more copies in nearly every house in this neighbourhood, but have sent them by various agencies for miles around, and by the post have sent them into different districts that I knew in other counties. Here is one plan that I adopted. I know a baker in Norfolk, and to him I send some to distribute amongst the poor families to whom he delivers his bread, as he goes through the villages with his cart. In the same way, by post, and other means, to other individuals, as to so many centres, getting them to lend them from house to house amongst their neighbours. I make a few sermons reach a wide circle, chiefly amongst those who else would never see them. Nor has this been without results, as I have from time to time intimated. Scores have felt in a measure what one woman experienced from reading one; it gave her so much comfort that she told me she had read it a hundred times, and that with undiminished pleasure, and wore it in her bosom till she wore it to tatters. I have been induced to make these remarks by reading the account of Mr. Spurgeon's birthday, which made me think how widely his work has been extended by your liberality."

Our friend does not wish his name to be mentioned, but he has long helped us in our work for the Lord. May he enjoy a rich reward in his own soul. Possibly others might imitate his example, and extend the circulation and usefulness of the sermons.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
The Misses Black	2	0	0
Mr. G. D. Neal	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Miss Helen MacLeod	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bates	5	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	5	0	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson	1	0	0
J. G., Barisal	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	5	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	10	0	0
An aged Believer	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Green	0	6	0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	1	1	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
W. S....	5	0	0
Miss Fairley...	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	10	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
A Friend, Scotland	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	2	0	0
C. R.	1	0	0
Miss F. E. Perrett...	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 15 ... ... 34 0 0			
,, 22 ... ... 36 2 8			
,, 29 ... ... 38 6 0			
Aug. 5 ... ... 22 2 3			
,, 12 ... ... 34 11 9			
	165	2	8
	£259	11	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
Sale of Tatting, per V. J. C.	0	3	3
Mr. J. Cooper 1 1 0			
Collecting Book 0 12 6			
	1	13	6
Proceeds of Children's Bazaar, per Edith Doidge, Truro	1	10	0
Mr. M. J. Scott, per Mr. Ross	1	1	0
Per Mr. Overy:—			
Mr. Akhurst 0 2 6			
Mr. Barwick 0 3 0			
	0	5	6
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
Mr. William Painter	0	7	2
Collection at Entertainment by S. O. Handbell Ringers at Camberwell Green Congregational Chapel Temperance Society, per Mr. Marsh	2	10	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
"Mizpah"	0	2	6
Collection at Brighton Annual Excursion, per Mr. Charlesworth	5	0	7
Willie and Simpson, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Blake	0	5	0
Postal Order, Albany-street, N. W.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Dougal	2	14	6
Mr. S. Dew	1	1	0
Mr. John H. Goldwin	0	10	0
Collected by J. M. Smith	0	15	9
Chipping Norton Baptist Sunday-school Infant-class, per Mr. Burbidge	2	0	0
J. H., Birmingham	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Tom Hughes	0	8	4
The Misses Black	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Beach	1	1	0
Mrs. James Entwisle	1	0	0
Mr. G. D. Neal	1	1	0
Miss Nellie Cross	0	5	0
"In memory of our first-born"	0	10	0
A friend at Thorney, per Mrs. Blake	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. P. Bainbridge	0	10	0
A friend	3	10	0
Miss Wright	0	5	0
Miss Mary Fraser	0	6	6
Mr. G. Harris	0	5	0
Anon., per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	50	0	0
Miss Helen MacLeod	1	0	0
Mr. T. Trotman	0	10	0
A friend, per M. J. Frost	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	6
Mr. W. C. Welling	0	5	0
Mrs. B. A. Williams	0	6	6
T. P.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Clinnic	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Cubey	2	0	0
Mr. James Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0
A well-wisher	0	5	0
J. S.	10	0	0
Mrs. Mary Arthur	10	0	0
Mr. A. C. Barker	1	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Sampson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Mitchell	0	15	0
Dr. Beilby	4	0	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	5	0
Miss Nellie Gray	0	5	0
Friends at Angmering, per J. B.	1	13	0
Scotch note from Biggar	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Potter	0	5	0
J. A. P.	0	1	0
J. N. O., Newcastle	0	5	0
E. Mason	0	1	0
"Our wedding-day"	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pearce	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Merriman	0	1	6
Mr. T. D. Headlam	5	0	0
A hearer at D.	0	2	6
Firstfruits	0	17	3
Mr. E. J. Howell	0	5	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel," Edinburgh	0	4	0
Cairngorm	0	5	2
Miss Fairley	1	0	0
Miss Elizabeth Snell	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	10	0
A shore-labourer, Aberdeen	0	2	6
Collected by the Misses Foster	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rockliff	5	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	0	0
Per Pastor C. J. A. N. Padley:—			
Count and Countess Papengouth 0 9 2			
M. E. P. 0 5 0			
A. F. 0 5 0			
S. G. M. 0 5 0			
Collected on deck of s.s. "Lusitania" 0 19 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Padley 2 16 10			
	5	0	0
Mr. W. C. Maull	5	0	0
Mr. James Toovey	0	5	0
Mr. John Wood	0	15	0
Collected by little girls at school, per Miss E. Hanscomb	1	0	0
Strone House Sunday-school, per Mrs. Moubray	0	12	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. Walter Green	0	6	6
Mr. F. Thornley	0	5	0
Miss A. M. Miller and friend	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Dawson	0	5	0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0
Mr. R. McKinley	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	4	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	4	0	0
Half Collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, on Hospital Sunday	15	0	0
Mrs. Collin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Near	0	2	6
Lisle	0	5	0
Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. E. Jenner	2	2	0
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. T. Milward	6	10	0
	£210	11	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 15th, 1883.—Provisions: A hamper of Apples, Mrs. Bradbury; 5 sacks of Flour, Mr. W. B. Pigg; 3 casks of Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

General:—3 vols. of "Sunshine," Miss Edwards; 12 yards of Tatting, Miss J. Dobson; 2 Balls and 5 Dolls, Mrs. Faulconer; 8 mats and 2 Kettleholders, Mrs. R. Oakley.

Girls' Clothing.—6 Articles, Mrs. H. Miller; 14 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 22 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
Mr. John Reid	2	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. W. Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. S. Symons Martin	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Strawberry-money	0	10	0
	£6	12	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—			
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham District	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, Kingsteignton District	10	0	0
Ludlow District :—			
Two Quarterly Collections, Rock-lane... ... ... 2 12 9			
Two Quarterly Collections, Brimfields Cross... ... 1 10 3			
Mr. Lang, Travelling Trunk 0 3 6			
Subscriptions 8 5 6			
	12	12	0
A Friend, per General Secretary, for Mitcham District	10	0	0
Kettering District...	5	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Bower Chalk District :—			
Mr. Shepphard 5 0 0			
Bower Chalk Baptist Church 5 0 0			
A Friend 0 2 6			
	10	2	6
East Devon Colportage Association, Ottery St. Mary...	10	0	0
	£83	4	6
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—			
"Small savings"	0	4	6
A friend, per Mrs. Bass	0	10	0
Miss Jane Scott	0	5	0
The Misses Black	1	0	0
Mrs. Spreckley	1	0	0
Mr. G. D. Neal	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	5	0	0
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. James Stiff	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Olney...	5	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson (half-yearly) ...	7	10	0
	£35	16	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
The Misses Black	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	18	13	3
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
W. S.	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Grimes	1	5	0
	£39	3	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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1883.

A Prophetic Warning.

A SHORT DISCOURSE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold."—Matthew xxiv. 12.

CHRIST had spoken to his disciples of earthquakes in divers places, famines, and pestilences; but these were only the beginning of sorrows. Such things as these need not trouble Christians, for though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, yet may the believer be confident, and his heart may abide at rest. Even when the Master told his disciples that they should be hated of all men for his name's sake, that needed not afflict them. He had taught them before, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." They were thus braced up to meet the fiery trial. Earthquake, and pestilence, and war, and persecution fail to disturb the serenity of believers in Christ. But the evil spoken of in our text—this is the wound, this is the sorrow! Here is something to tremble at:—"Because iniquity shall abound"—that is worse than pestilence; "the love of many shall wax cold"—that is worse than persecution. As all the water outside a vessel can do it no hurt until it enters the vessel itself, so outward persecutions cannot really injure the Church of God; but when the mischief oozes into the church, and the love of God's people waxes cold—ah, then the barque is in sore distress. I fear that we are much in this condition at the present hour. May the Holy Spirit bless the alarming prophecy now before us to our arousing!

I. Notice, first, THE CAUSE OF THAT GRIEVOUS CHILL OF HEART

which is here spoken of:—"Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." When love grows cold it is a serious sign. Then the heart is affected—affected with a chill! Is not this the forerunner of death? What is the cause of it? According to our text it is the abounding of iniquity.

Sin does its best to destroy grace. So much sin, so much the less of holiness, so much the less of every Christian grace. Sin is like a poisonous atmosphere; if a man has to live in it, he had good need to pray that he may not be overcome by it. You and I, seeing that we are in this world, and cannot go altogether out of it, must come into contact with evil. In our daily avocations, however careful we are, we must encounter this infection. We cannot but feel that the evil around us is a hindrance to our holiness, and a detriment to our growth in grace. When the society around the Christian becomes flagrantly wicked, corrupt, and offensive, it is hard for him to maintain the purity of his life, and the strength of his spiritual character. At this time we live in an atmosphere which hinders our growth; yet in the early days of Christianity the Lord's people had, as a rule, to live in worse society than that which surrounds us to-day. I will not say this without an exception. There are quarters of London, I am told, as vicious as ever existed in Corinth, or in old Rome; and I am afraid that some of the grossest vices, which we dare not even mention, abound in this city. We have a fringe of respectability which barely conceals the licentiousness and abomination which abound. I have been reading to-day some details as to the number of illegitimate births, and I am perfectly astounded at the awful wickedness of this land. We call ourselves a Christian country. Forbear to speak so falsely. This is growing to be a heathen land, part of it bowing before images, another part howling out, "There is no God," and a third secretly revelling in unutterable filthiness.

Still the most of us do not come into contact with vice to the same degree as the first Christians did. Society in the Roman Empire was utterly rotten. It is a wonder that God permitted the world to exist in that loathsome age. It tended greatly to the depression of Christian principle for infamous crimes to be tolerated in the society which surrounded the faithful. Look at those first churches which some think so much of! They were not half as good as the churches of to-day, bad as these are. Take the church at Corinth, for instance. Did you ever hear of a church in our day which allowed drunkenness at the Lord's Supper? Have we personally met with a church which would knowingly allow a person living in incest to remain in its membership? I hope not. But gross offences had become so common in general society in Paul's day that it did not strike even Christian people that some of these things were wrong. Iniquity abounded, and it was greatly detrimental to grace.

Again, *iniquity is especially injurious to the growth of love.* Because iniquity abounded, therefore the love of many waxed cold. Men inside the Christian church found themselves betrayed by other members of the church. Frequently the heads of the brethren were sold to the executioner by hypocrites like Judas. That would greatly tend to injure Christian love. Men began to suspect one another. You did not know

that the man who sat next you at the Lord's table would not to-morrow inform against you, and get blood-money for you; therefore suspicion entered with its wintry breath. It was natural that it should be so: albeit that there was sin in it, yet you and I would have probably fallen into the same. All around men were so loathsome, that Christian love, which teaches us to pity the most degraded, and to do good to the most unworthy, found it a hard struggle to live. Godly men endeavoured to win the ungodly from their lusts, but they found themselves persecuted in consequence: the more they sought to do good, the more they were hated; and this put their love to a severe test.

I think that you can see why our Saviour has given us a warning in this particular form.

Iniquity is naturally opposed to grace, but it is most of all injurious to the grace of love. If sin abounds in a church it is little wonder if the love of many should wax cold. Young members introduced into the church after a short time find that those whom they looked upon as being examples, are walking disorderly, and using lightness of speech and of behaviour. Those young people cannot be very warm in love: they are stumbled and scandalized. Older saints who have for years held on their way in integrity, and by grace have kept their garments unspotted from the world, see those around them who have come into the church who seem to be of quite another race, who can drink of the cup of Belial and of the cup of the Lord, who seem to follow Christ and the devil too; seeing this evil these godly men gather up their garments in holy indignation, and find it hard to feel the love of purer days.

Oh, friends, if the frost of sin rules in a church, every tender flower is injured, and nothing flourishes. Love is a sensitive plant, and if it be touched by the finger of sin, it will show it. The lilies of Love's Paradise cannot bloom amid the smoke and dust of unholiness.

Because iniquity abounds even in the professing church, the love of many is waxing cold to-day. What a sermon one might preach upon this!—but I shall not do anything of the kind. I am not so desirous to deplore the evils of others as to watch against evils within myself. I am not so anxious to make you discover transgression in the church as to make you watch against it in your own hearts; for rest sure of this, if you give sin any license in your heart, your love will wax cold. You cannot walk in love to Christ and yet live in the love of sin. If you to-day have indulged in unholy temper, if you have given way to covetousness, if you have in any way transgressed against the Lord, you will not feel that warmth of love towards Jesus Christ which you felt yesterday. Your life will have lost much of its beauty and its sweetness. Cry to God that he would give it back to you. Do not rest satisfied until it is perfectly restored.

II. Now, let us consider THE SERIOUS CHARACTER OF THIS EVIL.

"The love of many shall wax cold." It is a very dreadful thing that love in any man's heart should wax cold. Observe the bearings of Christian love, and you will see the sin of it under various aspects.

Our love is, first, *a love to the great Father*, our Father who chose us before ever the earth was, by whom we have been begotten again, and received into his family. If our love to him grows cold, what mischief that must bring! Coldness towards the father in a family—do you know

any household afflicted in that way? I should be very sorry to be a member of it. Coldness of love to the father? Why, that household is scarcely a family! It has lost the bond which holds it together, and constitutes it a family. May the good Lord save us from this ruin of all holy unity!

Next, our love is *love to Jesus Christ*, "who loved us, and gave himself for us." If love to Jesus should grow cold the result would be grievous. Is there any spiritual grace within you that can be in a healthy condition when your love to Christ is declining? Are you right anywhere if your heart is wrong towards your Lord? Can you do anything earnestly when love to Jesus is chilled? Can you sing aright? Can you pray aright? Can you live aright? Do not let us dream of fruit if we are severed from the Vine. It is vitally important that we should love Jesus with all our heart, and soul, and strength.

Christian love also embraces *the truth*. They that love God and his divine Son, love the truth which he has committed to them. The church is the trustee of the gospel: she is "the pillar and ground of the truth." And when men begin to play with the truth, and think that one set of doctrines is as good as another, and that nothing is of any particular importance, evil must come. In former days our fathers counted it a small thing to go to prison for a doctrine, or to be burnt to death for a testimony. Look at the multitudes in Holland who were drowned, or who were tied to ladders and roasted to death, for nothing but their conviction that believers should be baptized. Nowadays people consider scriptural views of baptism to be a mere trifle. I question whether our present Broad Churchmen think that there is any doctrine worth a person's losing the first joint of his little finger for: as to burning to death for a truth, that must seem a great absurdity to these liberal theologians. Now that things have reached this pass, need we wonder that heresies and all manner of errors rush in torrents down our streets? When she can afford to trifle with truth, what is the church worth?

Our love is also love to *our fellow-Christians*. This is a vital principle. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." But when members of churches have no love to one another, when a professor does not care at all what becomes of his brethren—has the church any Christianity left then? No, it has a name to live, and is dead. Christianity is gone when the heart is cold; its very life is mutual affection.

Then, again, we are to love *the ungodly and the unconverted*. It is by love that we are to win them to Christ. But if the church has no love to the dying sons of men, what is she worth? Where will be her missionary operations? What will be the use of her ministry? Think of her Sunday-schools without love to the children. Think of people pretending to win souls who have no love for them, and do not care whether they are lost or saved. Can the church sustain a worse loss than the losing of her fervent love to perishing men? And yet iniquity abounds, this is the great risk we run, compassionate love will cease to minister to man's miseries.

Beloved, when we love best, how little is our love compared with what it ought to be for him who left the royalties of heaven for the shame and sorrow of our nature! If we glowed with seraphic fire night and

day, through a life as long as that of Methuselah, our love could not repay the love of Christ. If that love, poor as it is, grows colder, what will it come to? Oh, eyes that are to look upon the Well-beloved for ever and ever, if you cease to see beauty in him now—what has blinded you? Oh, hearts that are to glow for ever with delight in the presence of the Reigning One, who once was crucified—what ail ye, if ye grow chill when most ye need his love, and are receiving most from him? I cannot bear it—that we should love Jesus little. It seems to me horrible. Not to have your heart all on fire for Christ—this is execrable! Let us love him to the utmost. Let us ask him to give us larger hearts, and to fire them with the flame that is in his own, that we may love him to the utmost possibilities of affection.

Ah! then, beloved, think again. Suppose our love waxes cold, do you not see how it paralyzes the entire system? If the reservoir is empty, you cannot expect to get much water from the pipes. If the heart grows cold, everything will be coldly done. When love declines, what cold preaching we have! All moonlight—light without heat; polished like marble, and as chill. What cold singing we get—pretty music, made by pipes and wind, but oh, how little soul-song!—how little singing in the Holy Ghost, making melody in the heart unto God! And what poor praying! Do you call it praying? What little giving! When the heart is cold, the hands can find nothing in the purse; and Christ's church, and Christ's poor, and the heathen may perish, for we must needs hoard up for ourselves, and live to grow rich. Is there anything that goes on as it ought to go when love waxes cold? I should like to act throughout life as I have acted when my soul has been stirred to its inmost depths with affection for my Lord. I would continually act as if I had just seen *him*, and had put my fingers into the print of the nails. I would live as if I had been just sitting at his feet with Mary, ay, and were sitting there still. I would speak for him, and work for him, and give for him as if I had freshly lifted my head from John's place upon his bosom.

III. Thirdly, THE SOLEMN DANGER of the spread of this mischief. I will read you the text translated accurately. "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of *the* many shall wax cold." That is a more saddening expression than "the love of many." It is "the love of *the* many," that is, of the major part of the church—the bulk of it. This supposes a dreadful state of things, because when *the many* have become cold *they keep one another in countenance.* One cold brother says to the other, "What is your temperature?" "I think I am far below zero." "So am I," says the first one, "and we are about right." If the majority are warm, then the cold ones are thawed; but if they are all below zero, then they freeze into a wretched compactness. It is the most sober, respectable church you ever knew: they have no quarrelling, everything is so comfortable, and orderly. Alas! they are frozen together, and their peace is that of death. The love of the many has waxed cold; and they are full of mutual admiration for their quietness.

They have nobody to rebuke them. If the many have waxed cold, then the few among them, instead of being able to rebuke with authority, are themselves snubbed. "He is a terribly fanatical young man! That zealous fellow never leaves anyone alone!" "He will grow out of that,"

says one; "by the time that he gets to my age he will be as prudent as I am." Yonder good woman feels great anxiety for the conversion of souls, and she is making a stir. A lady of repute declares that she is too forward, or has got a bee in her bonnet. Active people are looked upon as rather troublesome when the love of the many waxes cold. The few have a hard time of it; and if they do venture upon a rebuke they are soon snuffed out: this confirms the evil.

And then *the tendency is to grow colder still.* They go on freezing. There is no telling how cold people can be. I have been burnt with cold, and I suppose you have been. I have preached in places whose spiritual temperature was that of an ice-house; and, preach as hard as I could, nothing could possibly come of it, for my words fell to the ground like lumps of ice. Colder and colder, churches become, till at last the great God, who breaks up icebergs in due season, destroys such a church, and its place knows it no more.

IV. In the presence of the danger which is seriously threatening many churches, there is A CALL FOR SERIOUS ACTION ON OUR PART. What is that serious action?

Why, it is, first, that we should remember that if the love of the many may wax cold then *our love may wax cold.* What are we that we should think ourselves secure where others are in danger? If other men, as good as we are, have gradually cooled down, may not we? Let us be watchful and careful, and let us go to God for more grace.

Let us notice, next, that if the love of the many waxes cold it is not much use our complaining about it, but *the few must get together, and pray.* The real vitality of a church seldom lies in the many, but generally in the few. Inside the election there is another election. Do you remember that out of Christ's disciples there were twelve: out of the twelve there were three: out of the three there was one. And so election has rings within rings. Inside the church—(we cannot say whether they are all God's people or not)—the many may grow cold; but there ought to be a remnant who abide in life and love. God grant that we may belong to it. We must at once grow warmer. We must live nearer to Christ. We must be more enthusiastic. Oh, for a band of choice spirits—men fit to walk with Christ in white, for they are worthy—men who will be prepared to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! The Spirit said, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments"; and so in every church there are some that have not grown idle or heretical. Let them get together, and help each other. I thank God for those whom the Lord keeps very near to him: may their number be daily increased! May each one of us be filled with the Spirit! When I hear of one minister after another giving up the old-fashioned gospel, do you know what I say to myself? I resolve that I will stick the closer to it. If many cannot bear Calvinistic doctrine, I will be more Calvinistic than ever. The more men do not like the truth the more they shall have it. Let this be our line of action. If men become worldly, we will become more Puritanical. If professing Christians do not exhibit the spirit of Christ, we will ask our Lord to give us sevenfold of his spirit, that we may maintain the truth. Suppose you expected a famine in London as there was in Paris during the siege. Everybody would get in a hundred-fold supply of provisions.

Every good housewife would lay out every penny that she could get, and fill her cellars full of food. There is going to be a famine, therefore buy the truth, and sell it not. Go to your Lord and get larger supplies from him. Do not go to one another for it. That will be like saying, "Give us of your oil;" and your companions will wisely reply, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you." Go you to your Master, and ask him to fan the fire within you to a great heat, that, if there should be cold everywhere else, there may be warmth in your bosoms. The Lord help you to do this, dear friends, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Old Flowers and Old Faiths.

AS dear familiar fragrant flowers,
That in old gardens bloom,
In these new times and moods of ours,
To foreign plants give room;
So the sweet faiths of former days,
Deep-rooted in the heart,
Beseem no more our fickle ways,
And with old flowers depart.

New dogmas and new doubts replace
The creeds our young lips breathed,
These, heavy with their inward grace—
Those, light with graces wreathed.
These with a mother's love inwrought,
Like violets pure and fair;
Those, with fantastic fancies fraught,
Like orchids fed on air.

Give me the dear old blossoms yet,
The lilac and the pink;
The pansy and pale mignonette,
Whatever others think;
No green-house gives me half the joy
Some old-time garden yields;
And love I still, as when a boy,
The wild flowers of the fields.

And mine shall be the faiths of old
In God and Christ and heaven;
In reason's creeds I am not bold,
But fear their human leaven;
With the old nosegays in my hand,
The old creeds in my heart,
Beside the cross I'll humbly stand,
And thence from earth depart.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

"Isn't it Nice to get Home?"

NOTES OF AN UNSPOKEN ADDRESS.

ON leaving the Tabernacle at the close of the service which celebrated the re-opening, one of the members exclaimed, as we bade each other "Good night,"—"Isn't it nice to get home?"

Had the entire congregation been polled there would not have been one dissentient from the above verdict; for everyone felt that, however interesting the services had been in Christ Church and Exeter Hall, there was no home-feeling possible in either.

To many of the congregation the Tabernacle is a home, because it is *their spiritual birthplace*. Of how many it may be said, "This man was born there," only eternity can reveal. As there is no other building in the world in which so large a number feel as children at home, it would be a unique assembly if the Pastor were to convene a meeting of those who owe their conversion to his instrumentality.

If there is no spot on earth so dear to us as the home where we saw the light, so no building can ever supplant in our affection the one in which we were brought to the Saviour, and received the gift of God, which is eternal life. Our veneration does not depend upon the beauty and symbolism of its architecture, nor upon the fact of its episcopal consecration, nor upon its historical interest as an ecclesiastical structure: it is dear to us from the simple yet sublime fact that it is the place of our spiritual birth. Such being the case, we cannot wonder that the feeling of the heart should find expression in the grateful exclamation—"Isn't it nice to get home?"

The Tabernacle is a home to many because it is *the scene of their holiest and happiest friendships*. The poet of the sanctuary has anticipated the demand for the language which shall prove the exponent of the heart's truest conviction—

> "There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
> There God my Saviour reigns."

The friendships of earth are often of a too mercenary character to be of much worth, but the friendships of the sanctuary, being based on true spiritual affinities, are of more value than fine gold. The mutual helpfulness of spiritual intercourse is a wonderful help to all who are weary with the battles and burdens of life. David never found amongst his courtiers or his warriors such congenial companions as amongst the people of God. What a passionate plea for fellowship breathes through the saintly man's request, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul"! We do not know what chosen spot was hallowed by the gatherings of David's saintly friends, but it must have been endeared to all hearts by a thousand precious memories. It is a firm conviction with me that these veteran saints found a true spiritual home in some obscure spot which was to them as "the house of God and the gate of heaven," wherein they cemented the holiest friendships by the confidences they exchanged concerning the deep things of God, and his dealings with their souls. Equality of rank or attainment was not the condition of their choice familiarity, but the gracious disposition to "abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness."

That any members of our churches should prefer spiritual isolation to the communion of saints is an enigma whose only solution lies in the fact that they themselves are to blame. I shall never forget an emendation of Dr. Watts I once heard in a meeting of church-members, some of whom had complained that nobody spoke to them—

"Whene'er I take my walks to church
How many folk I see;
And 'cause I never speak to them
They never speak to me."

This always appeared to me like hitting the right nail on the head; for those who make no advances to secure Christian friendship have no right to complain of neglect if others suspect them of preferring to be let alone. In so large a church as that at the Tabernacle it is impossible that all should be on intimate terms with each other, but no member needs to remain long without entering into sacred friendship with those of "like precious faith."

Is there any *haven of rest and safety* like that of home? However kind may be the efforts of those with whom we sojourn for awhile to justify their wish that we should "make ourselves at home," it is impossible to command that sense of repose which is so natural to us beneath our own roof. It is the same when we are away from the spiritual house we love. We never can feel quite at home! For a time, perhaps, the change of scene excites pleasure, but we cannot conquer the home-sickness which comes over us. We are "out of sorts," and find it difficult to say what we want unless we out with the honest confession, "We want to get home!" To the pilgrim saint no exclamation breathes a devouter feeling than this—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord!"

Those who have seen a vessel ride through a storm into the harbour, and have noticed the expression on the countenance of the captain, which bespeaks a feeling of gratitude and a sense of repose, may have a true idea of what it is to many a tried member of the church to enter the Tabernacle after a season of conflict with the storms of life. It is a true haven of rest, and no one need wonder at the mutual greeting on returning—"Isn't it nice to get home?"

It is at home we *recruit our wasted energies*, and from which we sally forth with the inspiration of a joyful hope to meet the trials and toils of the day. If we cannot get home when the shadows lengthen—what a sense of weariness takes possession of us! "Isn't it nice to get home?" that we may terminate the unpleasant memories which have haunted our waking hours, and rise on the morrow to a world which looks all the more tolerable because we are braced for its duties and its dangers. The Christian loves the spiritual home where he casts off his weariness, and from which he emerges—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son."

How they fare who are strangers to the solace of the sanctuary may be seen in the defeats they deplore, but which they do not set themselves to remedy.

It is to be regretted that the fashion of the day is fast drifting towards a single visit to the sanctuary on the Lord's-day. Those who are caught in this stream can never be other than spiritual weaklings or dwarfs in grace. A robust piety demands an effort to develop and maintain it, and it cannot afford to miss the ministry of the sanctuary. The national church is based upon the assumption that worship is a universal necessity. A clergyman remarked to me the other day, "What a beautiful thing the parochial system is!" We do not quarrel with the sentiment, provided the parishioners were all equally spiritually minded, and could find in the parish-church all that is necessary to constitute it a true home of the soul. Unfortunately the system assumes too much, and the facts tell against the soundness of the theory. Christians are not more disposed to adopt as their spiritual home the building prescribed by law than a bird can be induced to take to a ready-made nest. A soul divinely quickened will make for itself a home, and then feed the fires of its own piety by habitual attendance upon the means of grace it affords.

When earth's pilgrimage is ended, will it not be the universal exclamation of the redeemed as they reach the glory-land, "Isn't it blissful to get home?" The home-coming of friends long sundered is one of the purest of all social enjoyments; but, at the best, it is only a dim hint of what the blessedness of heaven will be. If there be no hope which carries with it a greater certainty of its fulfilment than the expectation that "We shall get home," so no exclamations will be more likely to leap to the lips of the glorified than these—"How blessed to be at home!" "Isn't it nice to get home?"

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

The Evil of Idleness.

NO man is too noble to have a calling. If iron had reason, it would choose rather to be used in labour than to grow rusty in a corner. By Mahomet's law the Grand Turk himself was to be of some trade. The hour of idleness is the hour of temptation; an idle person is the devil's tennis-ball, tossed by him at his pleasure. Among the Egyptians idleness was a capital crime. Among the Tuscans, he that lent money to an idle person was to lose it, saith Diphilus. By Solon's law idle persons were to suffer death. The ancients called idleness the burial of a living man; and Seneca had rather be sick than idle. Now, shall nature do more than grace? Shall poor blind heathens be so severe against idle persons, and shall Christians embrace them? Shall they not the rather turn their backs upon them, and have no communion with those who think themselves too great or too good to hold the plough?—*Thomas Brooks.*



Martin Luther.

FOUR hundred years ago, on the 10th November, 1483, was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, the poor miner's son that was destined to shake the world. It was St. Martin's Eve, and when, on the morrow, honest John Luther carried his son to St. Peter's Church, to receive what he thought to be the "holy rite of baptism," he named him Martin in commemoration of the day. When he was six years old his parents removed to Mansfeldt, where his father, a hard-working, godly, intelligent, and obstinate man, wrought in the mines. John Luther prospered, established two smelting-furnaces of his own, commanded the esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and was made councillor of Mansfeldt. To little Martin's training he attended with deep solicitude. The father would often kneel at the child's bedside and fervently pray aloud, begging the Lord that his son might remember his name, and one day contribute to the propagation of the truth. He sent him to school to the house of George Emilius, whither he often carried him in his brawny arms. There was a considerable element of severity in the home training, but the discipline of the school was harsher still. His master flogged him fifteen times successively in one morning. "We must," said Luther afterwards when relating this circumstance, "we must whip children, but we must at the same time love them." Martin learned all that could be taught him here; but he received no true knowledge of God. His only religious sentiment was fear. Every time he heard Jesus Christ spoken of he turned pale with affright: for in those popish days the Saviour was represented only as an offended Judge.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to the Franciscan school at Magdeburgh, where, amid much privation, he listened and learned, trembling

in the presence of the masters, and in the hours of recreation painfully begging his bread. From thence he was removed to the school at Eisenach, where he was still forced to beg. There it was that Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, befriended him. One day, after meeting with nothing but repulse, he was preparing to return hungry to his lodgings, and even contemplating the necessity of renouncing his studies and going home, to labour with his father in the mines of Mansfeldt, when a door opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold. She had often noticed the boy in church, and had been affected by his sweet voice and his devotion. She had watched that evening the harsh repulses he had received, and in compassion she beckoned him and gave him a substantial meal. Conrad approved his wife's benevolence, and found so much pleasure in the boy's talk that he took him to live in his house. Under the genial influence of Cotta's home, Luther's mind became more serene, his character more cheerful, his heart more open. He learned to play on the flute and on the lute, and with the latter instrument, accompanied by his fine alto voice, he cheered his heart in the hours of sadness. Down to old age Luther loved music, and composed, as we know, the words and airs of some of the finest hymns of Germany. Of those happy times Luther could never think without emotion; and in after years, when he had become the most famous doctor of the age, he repaid to the son the hospitality of the worthy parents.

In his eighteenth year, at the head of his school, and burning with desire for knowledge, he entered the University of Erfurth, where his genius compelled the admiration of the whole university. The young student spent in the library all the time he could snatch from his academical pursuits; and there, one day, he came upon a book the like of which he had not seen before. He read the title: it was the Bible, a rare book in those days. He was astonished to find in it other matters than those fragments of gospels and epistles which the church had selected to be read on Sundays. With eagerness and emotion he turned over the leaves, and day after day came back to the library to pore over his treasure. This book, deposited upon the unknown shelves of a gloomy hall, was about to become the book of life to a whole nation. In that Bible the Reformation lay hid.

In the same year a dangerous illness, a narrow escape from death by an accidental wound from his sword, and the assassination of his friend Alexis wrought deeply upon his mind. Returning home from a visit to his father, he was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. The bolt fell at his feet. It seemed as if Death, Judgment, and Eternity were upon him. In an agony of fear he threw himself upon his knees, and vowed to renounce the world and dedicate himself to God. Re-entering Erfurth, he abandoned the University with all his brilliant prospects, and entered the Monastery of St. Augustine. His friends were struck with amazement, and besieged the monastery with entreaties that he would reconsider his decision: his father wrote angrily to him: but Luther's resolve was unalterable. He patiently submitted to the severest discipline of the monastery, performed the meanest services, and underwent an extremity of self-mortification which reduced him almost to a skeleton. In this state of exhaustion, and suffering still more acutely under the lash of an accusing conscience, Staupitz, the Vicar-General,

found him. Staupitz knew something of the love of God and of the Saviour's tender compassion for bleeding hearts, and he effectually ministered to this "mind diseased." "Look," said he, "at the wounds of Jesus Christ, to the blood that he has shed for you: it is there that the grace of God will appear to you. Instead of torturing yourself on account of your sins throw yourself into the Redeemer's arms. Trust in him—in the righteousness of his life—in the atonement of his death. . . . There is no real repentance except that which begins with the love of God and of righteousness. . . . If you desire to be converted, do not be curious about all these mortifications and tortures. Love him who first loved you!" Staupitz gave Luther a Bible, and when he quitted Erfurth a new dawn had arisen on Luther. But it was not yet day. His conscience had not found repose, and at length the tension of his soul brought him again to the verge of death. One day as he lay overwhelmed with despair an aged monk entered his cell. Luther opened his heart to him, and the venerable old man, unable to follow up all the intricacies of his doubts, repeated with kind good nature this article of the creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." "You must believe," added the monk, "not only in the forgiveness of David's and of Peter's sins, for this even the devils believe. It is God's command that we believe our own sins are forgiven us." From this moment light sprung up in the heart of the young monk of Erfurth.

He was ordained priest, and in 1508, at the suggestion of Staupitz, who discerned his genius, was invited by the Elector, Frederick of Saxony, to become professor at the University of Wittemberg. Here his daily lectures on the Psalms and on the Epistle to the Romans, where he struck upon the great word, "*The just shall live by faith*," drew crowds to the university. The church at Wittemberg, where he preached out of the fulness of a new-found Christian experience, was thronged with hearers, who were carried away by the resistless torrent of his impetuous eloquence.

It was at this period that he was sent on business connected with his monastery to Rome. On the way he halted at a luxurious monastery at Bologna, where he was taken ill. In the sense of sinfulness which again overwhelmed him the words that had arrested him at Wittemberg, "*The just shall live by faith*," recurred to his mind, and enlightened it as with a ray from heaven. Proceeding on his journey he crossed the Alps. The Eternal City burst into view. Luther fell on his knees, exclaiming, "Holy Rome, I salute thee!" But when he entered the "holy city," its frightful vice and profligacy gave him a staggering shock. Rome's mask was torn off, and he saw the sardonic sneer behind. With genuine sincerity he had given himself up to all the devotions it offered him, and on one occasion, like other devotees, he was ascending Pilate's staircase on his knees, to procure an indulgence promised by the Pope, when a voice of thunder cried again in his heart, as at Wittemberg and Bologna, "THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH." He rose to his feet and fled from the scene of his folly. This was a creative sentence both for the Reformer and the Reformation. In those words God was saying, "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Luther quitted Rome, and returned to Wittemberg, to preach with more fervour than ever the Word of God. His preaching diffused

great light. Men were astonished that they had not earlier recognized truths that appeared so plain in his mouth.

While Luther was thus preaching the doctrine of salvation by the grace of God, the monk Tetzel was commissioned by Pope Leo to travel through Germany to raise money for Roman luxury by the sale, at a reduced price, of the salvation of souls. This man was as licentious in his life as he was impudent in his speech. "Come," cried he, "and I will give you letters, all properly sealed, by which even the sins that you intend to commit may be pardoned. . . . Do you not hear your parents and your other friends who are dead, and who cry from the bottom of the abyss: We are suffering horrible torments! a trifling alms would deliver us; you can give it and you will not!" His hearers shuddered. "At the very instant," continued Tetzel, "that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven." Luther, in his confessional at Wittemberg, found the people sheltering themselves in their sins under these indulgences. He sternly refused them absolution, saying, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The people in alarm hastily returned to Tetzel, who bellowed with rage against the defiant monk, and lighted a fire in the market-place, declaring that he had received an order from the Pope to burn all heretics who opposed the most holy indulgences. Luther replied in ninety-five theses against the abuses of indulgences, which he nailed on the door of Wittemberg church. Bold as was the language of these propositions, they still bespoke the faithful adherent of the Church of Rome. Luther was attacking, not the papacy, but its abuses; but the attack was more penetrating than he knew. The theses spread with lightning-like rapidity. Within a month they had traversed the whole of Christendom. The feeble sounds of his hammer on the church-door of Wittemberg were followed throughout all Germany by a mighty blow that shook the foundations of haughty Rome.

Thus the war began to be declared, Luther ever advancing into the light of truth, and increasing in the boldness of his attacks upon the realm of darkness. He confronted the pope's legate at Augsburg; he disputed with the pope's theologians at Leipsic; and at length, in 1520, the pope, wishing to be rid of this troublesome monk, launched against him, as his final bolt, the famous bull of excommunication. It was not wisely done. It fired the train. Luther looked up to God, and reposed his soul at the foot of the throne. He met the blasting decree by a solemn appeal from the pope to a general council; and, summoning the professors and students of Wittemberg to the eastern gate of the city, he there, on the 10th of December, 1520, publicly committed the pope's bull to the flames. Never had war been declared with greater energy and resolution. The son of the Medici and the son of the miner of Mansfeldt went down into the lists to engage in a desperate struggle that shook Christendom. We know how all Europe looked on with rage, fear, and admiration.

At last Luther was summoned to the Diet of Worms, to appear there before the electors, dukes, archbishops, landgraves, margraves, counts, bishops, barons and lords of the empire, the town deputies, the king's ambassadors, and the emperor himself. The Diet was convened upon imperial matters, but the "burning question" of the hour was the break

between Luther and the pope, the mighty religious revolution which was thrilling the heart of Germany. Luther, provided with a safe-conduct from the emperor, started for Worms. All hearts trembled for him but his own. "There are many bishops and cardinals at Worms," said the people; "they will burn you as they burned John Huss." "Though they should kindle a fire," said Luther, "all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord—I would appear before them." His friend Spalatin, the Elector Frederick's chaplain, sent a messenger to meet him, saying, "Do not enter Worms." Luther, undismayed, turned his eyes on the messenger, and replied, "Go and tell your master that though there should be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops still I would enter it." The throng as he passed through Worms was enormous. Everyone pressed to see the bold friar that dared to defy the pope. Luther himself, in his lonely chamber, as in a Gethsemane, prostrated his burdened soul before God, and poured out broken cries of agony to him that was able to help. Then, before the august assembly which held his life in its hands, he appeared. He spoke for two hours, with respectfulness, wisdom, honesty; and then, to the demand that he should recant, replied: "Since your most serene majesty and your high mightinesses require from me a clear, simple and precise answer, I will give you one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the pope or to the councils, because it is clear as the day that they have frequently erred and contradicted each other. Unless, therefore, I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning, and unless they thus render my conscience bound by the Word of God, *I cannot and I will not retract*, for it is unsafe for a Christian to do aught against his conscience." And then, looking round on the assembly, he said: "HERE STAND I; I CAN DO NO OTHER: GOD HELP ME! AMEN!"

The assembly was thunderstruck. It was one of the sublimest moments of history. Authority on the one hand, and liberty of conscience on the other, had met: the one represented by the empire and the church, the other by this obscure man. The wrestle was over. Authority lay prostrate on the arena; liberty of conscience stood. Four centuries have been the freer for the great triumph of that day. Its consequences will be felt to the end of time.

Luther was condemned, and all men were enjoined to seize him wherever they might find him; but, as we know, he was snatched away by his friends from immediate danger, and hidden in the castle of the Wartburg; and though for years he was in constant expectation of being executed as a heretic, he lived and laboured on for another quarter of a century; gave the Bible to his countrymen in one of the most nervous and powerful translations in existence; built up the church on the glorious foundation of justification by faith in Christ alone; and died peacefully in his native town in 1546. And to-day Germany is rightly celebrating his great achievements, for, by the blessing of God, there is the more light in the world because the poor miner's son of Saxony lived, and lived heroically, four hundred years ago.

C. A. D.

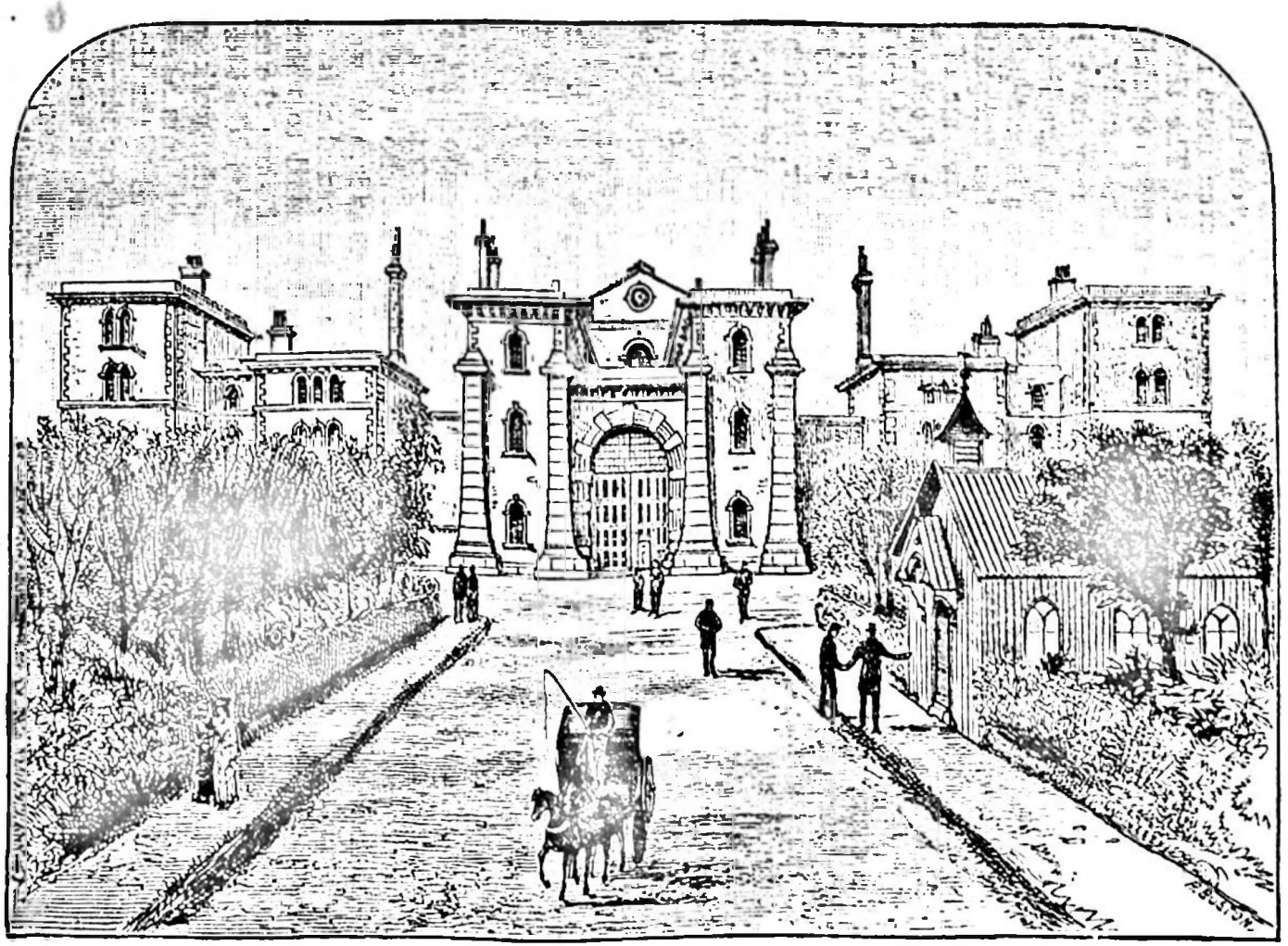
London Thieves.

DURING the present year we have given some account of work carried on in St. Giles's by the friends at Bloomsbury Chapel; and now the appearance of his annual report reminds us that for twenty-three years Mr. George Hatton has conducted a very successful mission in the same neglected neighbourhood. The St. Giles's Christian Mission, however, has a special department for the reclamation of the criminal classes—an outgrowth of the original movement which has conferred incalculable benefit upon London, and indeed upon the nation at large.

Readers of this generation need to be told that the St. Giles's of a former time can at present hardly be said to have any existence, although inexperienced visitors who may be led to explore its rookeries, may be tempted to think that matters could never have been worse than at present. The grinding poverty from which so many suffer, the total neglect on the part of myriads of others of their best interests, and the neglected children who swarm on all sides, make up a picture well calculated to inspire us with despair were we not assured that even in St. Giles's matters are on the mend, the present condition of the people being a marked contrast to the unrestrained savagery of former times. The needs of the people are still in excess of our power to minister to them; but, at the same time, Mr. Hatton says that "the change which has come over the face of the entire neighbourhood is singularly striking." A large proportion of the people appear to be degraded to the last degree; but the dark cloud hanging over the parish is relieved by the bow of promise, and many wonderful trophies of divine grace testify to the power of the gospel to raise the fallen.

For about seventeen years the work continued to be of a general kind; but in the early part of 1877 Mr. Hatton commenced to give a practical answer to the question, What shall be done with the criminal classes? While carrying on operations in St. Giles's, it was discovered that numbers of thieves and their confederates had their headquarters in St. Giles's and similar places around; and some of these, who once demanded help in a very straightforward manner, directed attention to the general subject, and thus led to the formation of the Mission, which has ever since been efficiently maintained. To this department of the work Mr. Wheatley, the secretary, devotes his attention; and what he has done during the past year for the discharged prisoners, who besiege the office of the Mission in Brook-street, is truly astounding, and is sufficient in itself to gladden all humane and sympathetic hearts. "Beyond this," Mr. Hatton adds, "earnest prayerful efforts are made to get the men to surrender themselves to God, and thus lay hold of divine strength, without which it is impossible for them long to withstand the desperate powers of evil both within and without."

The powers of evil referred to are precisely what they are described; they are desperate realities, about which mere sentimental reformers know little or nothing. The men and boys whom Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley seek to reclaim, are persons who, in many instances, have from childhood breathed an atmosphere of crime; and if at any period



WANDSWORTH GAOL AND MISSION-ROOM.

they may have indulged aspirations after a happier lot, the outlook on the horizon has been dark, society has frowned, and all things have been against them. Society had an account to square with them, and accordingly it captured them; after each new offence it meted out punishment proportionate to the crime committed, and, when the debt was paid, turned them loose again upon the world, on the understanding that the penalty would be repeated with even more rigour if they did not behave themselves better in future. The time of leaving prison is the critical moment in a thief's career, especially if he be young and active as the majority of this class usually are. He has passed through a corrective discipline; he may have half repented of the wrong committed; at all events, he may have listened to the chaplain's exhortations until some faint impression is perceptible; but who, save a thief himself, can properly estimate the temptations which confront him immediately on his breathing the free air of the street? He has no money, and not the slightest prospect of obtaining a situation; society has discarded him; what is he to do to procure the next meal for which nature may be already craving? If he purposes turning over a new leaf by following an honest course of life he has to ask himself a good many questions; and in whatever direction he turns, he is almost sure to descry difficulties blocking the way. If, on the contrary, he has not decided; if his mind is in that evenly-balanced state in which a hair, as it were, may turn the scale, he will find that it is an immense deal easier to remain a rogue than to become an honest man. While the path in the direction of respectability abounds with obstacles, and especially with the fear of want, the old broad road offers all the supplies for which the man is pining. Into which road shall he turn? Into which road should we ourselves turn under such circumstances of pressure?

Thoroughly realizing the difficulties which beset discharged prisoners, especially such as were disposed to amend their course of life, Mr. Hatton saw that his opportunity was at the prison-gates. He was well aware that on every week-day morning those who were discharged from the various gaols were met by evil friends, who would ridicule the idea of repentance. Mr. Hatton perceived that it was necessary to have a first word with the criminals he wished to reform; and hence he was led to establish the breakfast which, since the early part of 1877, has been spread every morning at a house near Cold-bath-fields Prison. On finding how well that succeeded, the work was extended to Holloway, and this summer a room has been erected outside of the gates of Wandsworth Gaol, on a site granted by the Home Office authorities. Of this room we give a drawing in our magazine. From that prison alone ten thousand persons are discharged annually; and Captain Colvill, the governor, is stated to be a warm-hearted friend of Mr. Hatton's work. Thus this one Mission will ere long cover the entire ground of the Metropolitan male local prisons.

It may at first sight appear to be a small and simple thing to give criminals a breakfast; but when the meal is regularly spread on every week-day morning outside of three prisons, the undertaking becomes a work of considerable magnitude, and it can only be maintained at considerable outlay. A few figures will best make clear our

meaning. Last year 5,274 persons were let out of Coldbath Fields, and of these 3,121 accepted the invitation to breakfast, while 1,125 signed the Temperance pledge. The work commenced at Holloway on May the 4th, 1882; and in about six months 3,213 were discharged, 1,849 sat down to breakfast, and 369 signed the pledge. The work does not end here, however; for during last year upwards of a thousand cases were dealt with by Mr. Wheatley, who devotes his whole time to the service in the Home at Brooke-street, Holborn. These people are all in one way or another helped to regain respectability. A fair proportion go to sea or to the Colonies; employment is found at home for others; and while some are restored to their friends, the far larger number are sufficiently supplied with money, tools, or clothes to enable them to start afresh in life. At the end of every year, a supper is given to the reformed fraternity of thieves at the Mission Chapel, Little Wild-street, where visitors can see for themselves what kind of work is in progress. The fact is that hundreds of men are now filling comfortable positions in life—many of whom have experienced a saving change through grace—who but for this agency would, humanly speaking, have still been left to prey upon society.

Remarkable in itself, this work is all the more striking when it is remembered that it sprang out of the St. Giles's Mission quite providentially; and neither Mr. Hatton nor any of his associates had any notion as to the magnitude which the work would ultimately assume. What may be called the general work of the evangelistic enterprise has by no means lost any of its vigour; but, at the same time, the Mission to thieves has been so strikingly useful that friends at a distance are beginning to recognize Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley as masters of the art of reclaiming criminals.

A Lost Locomotive.

A LOCOMOTIVE ran through a broken bridge on the Kansas Pacific Railway, across Kiowa Creek, several years ago, sinking into the mud at the bottom, and has never since been heard of, though repeated efforts have been made by digging and boring to recover so valuable a piece of property. The bottom is quicksand, but even quicksands have limits, and it seems very singular that the longest boring-rod has failed to find any trace of the sunken engine.

By-and-by the silent, mysterious operation may drain the quicksand and harden it into rock, and then, long after the Kansas Pacific Road has been forgotten, and the Kiowa Creek has vanished from the map, some future scientist will discover a curious piece of mechanism, undoubtedly the work of human hands, lying under so many hundred feet of sandstone, and will use the fact as a basis for calculating how many million years old the human race must be.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Redoubtable Evangelist.*

SEVENTY-SIX years ago, at Skelmanthorpe, one of the manufacturing villages of South Yorkshire, where the click and rattle of hand-loom weaving might in those days be heard in almost every cottage, was born Isaac Marsden, who lived to become a preacher well known amongst Wesleyans, not only in Yorkshire, but throughout the country. By his rough, powerful preaching he led very great numbers to Jesus. He died at Doncaster in January, 1882, and was attended to the grave by a vast throng.

Isaac was a strong, careless boy, who earned many floggings at school and horsewhippings from his father at home by his heedlessness. He sang and whistled like a lark over his loom, but alas for the web that he produced! It was stiff as a board, the colours were mixed, the stripes broken and uneven; no patience could unpick and mend his spoiled work. But while the loom might take care of itself he was immoderately fond of reading. Over a newspaper or a book he became unconscious of the flight of time, and oblivious of everything around him, till his father brought him to his senses with a horsewhip.

This hard, ste rn father had no love for religion, but the mother was a godly woman, and exerted great influence over her son. She continually prayed for him. Her life was his highest ideal, and in his better moments he longed to be as good as his mother. A revival of religion in the neighbourhood brought blessings to many persons, and Isaac himself was much affected for a time; but the impressions passed away, and he was left to the influences of the public-house and the village-green, where bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize-fighting went on without restraint. The uproar and strife of mountebanks, showmen, gipsies, vagabonds, and thieves, formed a very undesirable atmosphere for a frolicsome, reckless youth of unlimited strength and unbounded love of mischief.

Isaac, though a bad weaver, proved himself a first-rate salesman, and at the fairs and markets of South Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire pushed business to his father's satisfaction. This roving life led him into close connection with public-houses. He became a hard drinker and a ringleader in all kinds of practical joking; and lived a life which in later years he looked back upon with sorrow and shame.

But all this time the mother was praying, "Lord, save my Isaac; he is beyond the reach of any arm but thine." One night, in the agony of prayer, she forgot the flight of time, and continued until four in the morning, when a sudden conviction filled her mind that Isaac would be saved. Very strangely his conversion came about. One of his favourite amusements in the tap-room was to reproduce sermons he had heard, for the delectation of his companions. One Sunday, in the autumn of 1834, the Rev. Robert Aitken was announced to preach in Doncaster. He resolved to go and hear the famous preacher, and pick some fun out of the service. But Aitken was too strong for him. After a keen exposure of such sins as Isaac was guilty of, this Boanerges thundered the terrors

* Reminiscences of Isaac Marsden, of Doncaster. By John Taylor. London: T. Woolmer, Castle-street, 1883.

of the Lord in his ears till he began to tremble. He was baffled and beaten, and to the surprise of everyone remained to the prayer-meeting. Still, he endeavoured to shake off the uneasiness that galled him, and shortly afterwards attended a love-feast in his native village for the old purpose of extracting fun. Here he was again arrested by the Spirit of God, and springing to his feet asked the good people to pray for him, adding, "If ever I do get converted, the devil may look out." He found ready help from earnest men, and after a few days' struggle his soul was set at liberty on Sunday, October 11th, 1834, when alone on his knees in his room pleading for mercy.

He became an "out and out" Christian, and immediately set to work upon the conversion of his old companions, but discovered that it was easier to lead men to ruin than to bring them to Christ. They threw his old deeds in his teeth, and laughed him to scorn; but he faithfully warned them, and continually prayed for them until some of them yielded to Christ, and became his spiritual children.

So incessant were his labours, and so evident his gifts and usefulness, that he was soon made a local-preacher. He had been the means of saving some within a week of his conversion; and throughout the remaining forty-six years in which he lived to preach Christ, his inflexible, unalterable determination was, "*I will save men.*" He quickly became known as a "son of thunder," and a pioneer who prepared the way of the Lord wherever he went. In market-places and on village-greens, at fairs, wakes, and feasts he fearlessly preached the gospel amid opposition which would have quelled most men.

On one occasion, at Wigan, in Lancashire, where he was wonderfully successful among the colliers and cotton operatives, he conducted a service in the market-place. There was an enormous crowd. A champion fighter was put up to interrupt the meeting, and beat the preacher. In the course of the service this amiable man became noisy and demonstrative, assailed Mr. Marsden with oaths and curses, and challenged him to a personal encounter. Mr. Marsden walked up to him, put his arm round his neck, looked steadily into his eyes, and said: "The Lord bless thee, lad! Thou little know'st what thou'rt saying. If it were not for the grace of God I might have been tempted to beat thee within an inch of thy life. I dare let thee tie my right hand behind my back, and I can keep thee at arm's length with my left hand. Thou art challenging a man that has put thy betters up a chimney or behind a fire many a time." Then he began to pray with such earnestness and pathos that the man was moved to tears. When they adjourned to the chapel he still retained his hold of the champion, and never let him go till he had marched him to the penitent-form, and induced him to cry for mercy. Night after night scores of the worst men and women were gathered round the communion-rail in penitence and prayer, some of whom became chosen witnesses for the truth, and noted for piety and usefulness.

There must have been remarkable power about him to enable him to execute successfully a delicate enterprise like the following: "At Accrington he was about to conduct a series of services, when he heard that a grand ball was to be held at one of the principal hotels in honour of a lady and gentleman who had been newly-married. He was afraid

the excitement attending this ball would interfere with the success of his first service; so he said: 'I will go to the ball if some of you will accompany me.' They went with him, and he marched up to the pianist during one of the intervals in the dancing, and said, 'Will you play a tune for me?' He agreed to do so; and while the rest were gazing in blank astonishment he gave out a suitable hymn, and he and his friends sang it. He then gave an address to the newly-married pair, showing them the true way of happiness for time and eternity. His manner was so gentlemanly and courteous that the company listened with respect, and knelt down with him in prayer. He prayed till the Spirit of God touched their consciences, and many of them were in tears; and when he concluded he invited them to his service at the chapel. Many of them accepted his invitation, and several of them found the Saviour, and became members of the church."

Mr. Marsden had a remarkable insight into human nature. He was a shrewd observer of men and things, and could read the looks, and deportment, and forms, and faces of men. He understood a blush, a leer, a look, a sigh. To him men were books to be read and studied. Nothing escaped him. He prayed with his eyes open; for he believed it his duty to watch as well as pray. In addition to this he was a holy man, and the secret of the Lord was with him. He was sometimes conscious of plain impulses from the Spirit of God governing his utterances, or directing him to this or that individual. We must cite, in condensed form, a remarkable instance of this from the capital book before us. It is called, "A raid on a hush-shop." One Sunday morning, staying at a friend's house in a village unknown to him, he started with his friend to chapel. Suddenly he withdrew his arm, and abruptly turned down a narrow passage almost blocked by waggons and farming implements; and finding his way across a yard entered a cottage. His friend had not noticed the quaint old house, but followed him to learn the object of his visit. It proved to be a "hush-shop," where ale was sold without a license, and during the hours of Sunday-closing. About a dozen men were seated round a long table, smoking and drinking. He marched boldly up to the end of the table near the door, and, with his heavy walking-stick in his hand, said in a commanding voice: "Come with me to the Wesleyan chapel; my Master has sent me to call you to his service." Then he paused and waited for a reply; but as no one spoke, down came his walking-stick on the table, and made the mugs and glasses dance again, "Down on your knees everyone of you," said he. Still they moved not; so he began to pray after this fashion: "Lord, I have called them, but they will not obey. As they will not come to thee, do thou in mercy visit them." Then, putting his stick on the man's shoulder nearest him, he said, "Lord, save this poor drunkard! Some of these days he will fall under the horses' feet, and be crushed to death under the cart-wheels, and will find himself in hell. Nothing but thy great mercy can save him from a drunkard's grave. Lord, save him now!" This man was the village carrier, and often his horses had found their way home from a neighbouring town to their own stable-door, and left him drunk and asleep by the roadside. As this extraordinary prayer was being offered, he glanced at the door and would have escaped, but Mr. Marsden's bulky

form blocked the doorway. He heaved a sigh of relief when the stick moved from his shoulders to the next man.

The prayer for the next man was to this effect: "Great God, save this swearing man! He takes thy name in vain; he cannot talk without swearing; every other word is an oath; he is sinking down to hell as fast as time can carry him. Save him, Lord!" The man seemed thunderstruck and confounded. Evidently the preacher had sketched him to the life, for his companions nodded their assent and smiled.

The stick was moved to the third man's shoulders, and then came this prayer: "Lord, save this poor gaol-bird! He has been hunted like a partridge for his sins! He has been a poacher and a thief; but thou canst save him. Lord, seek him and save him now!" This man was the most notorious gaol-bird in the village. He had been out of prison long enough to allow his hair to grow, so there was nothing remarkable in his appearance. His face was livid with rage, but he was so taken by surprise that he knew not how to act; so he resigned himself to his fate.

The fourth was a young man of sallow complexion, and shabby-genteel appearance; and when the stick reached his shoulder, he trembled visibly. "Lord, have mercy on this young prodigal! He has left a pious home, and godly parents, and kind friends; and here he is reaping the wages of sin. He has lost his character, his peace of mind, and his best friends; and soon he will lose all chance of heaven. Save him! Save him!" cried the preacher. A shudder and a groan from the victim confirmed the truth of the preacher's words; and his comrades cast glances of mingled astonishment and approval.

Still, the stick went round the table, resting on each man's shoulder in order; and the preacher gibbeted each man's besetting sin. How he knew the place and the men are mysteries. But there was no escape for them. They were caught redhanded, breaking the law in drinking on unlicensed premises, and during prohibited hours. The preacher did not give any of them the chance to escape; for he looked each man steadily in the face, and prayed with his own eyes open. When he had finished this strange service, he resumed his journey to the chapel, and in his opening prayer pleaded for the drunken revellers who were at that moment desecrating the Sabbath.

The men were greatly enraged, and during the following week endeavoured to interrupt his services, but one or more of them were converted; the "hush-shop" was closed, and the public-house lost some of its old supporters, who became total abstainers and consistent members of society. There was a genuine revival of religion throughout the place, and all the churches and congregations caught the infection. To use the words of a poor old woman at a love-feast afterwards: "The Lord had been makin' new uns, un mending' t'owd uns."

Mr. Marsden was often criticized for his extravagant expressions; but many of his wildest and most random sayings were intended as thought-provokers. He believed if he could set men thinking, he could do them good. He said to a young woman clad in mourning, "You have got the marks of death upon you." She was terribly alarmed, thinking he

meant she would die in a short time, and went at once and made her peace with God. He walked up to a group of idlers in the street, and asked one if he could spell. Then he pointed to the fingers of his right hand, and said, R-I-G-H-T; and then to the fingers of his left hand, and said, W-R-O-N-G. When he had got some of them to spell the words, he said, "Now, lads, which is it you are taking?—the right or the wrong path?" This was made the basis for giving them two or three gospel truths which they would never forget.

Of another group of idlers he asked this question: "Could you find a better place for your nose than where it is?" One suggested one position, another a different one; to which he pointed out some fatal objection, and proved that God was right and they were wrong. Having thus drawn them into conversation, and got them to think, he showed them that God's laws are always in the right and sinners in the wrong. Then he taught them a short prayer, and left them.

A fiddler at Skelmanthorpe used to attend the chapel, and fiddle for the choir; but he had taken offence, left the chapel, and transferred his services to the public-house. Mr. Marsden met him in the street, looked him straight in the face, and said, "Take care you don't fiddle yourself into hell." Not another word was spoken; but that message was a barbed arrow that flew straight to the fiddler's conscience. It led to his conversion.

He was in the habit of writing letters of advice to young preachers, who were his spiritual children. Here is one which has a great deal of pith in it: "Choose suitable subjects, such as repentance, faith, and justification. Work at these truths, and read and write for seven years, and you will become a master. Be not too eager to run at first, but do a little every day. Divide your Bible into three parts, and begin your systematic reading at Genesis, Proverbs, and Matthew; and as it interests you, mark the passage, and write from what interests you. When you have filled your Bible with marks, it will be worth twenty times more to you than ever. When you hear a sermon, by all means take notice of it; if it is a good one, write it down and improve upon it. Work up new sermons out of old ones. Do your best. Lose no time. Remember that if you lose ten minutes in a day you are wasting three thousand six hundred and fifty golden minutes in a year. If you write a page a day, it will be three hundred and sixty-five pages in a year. I have done much more than that on an average for forty-four years. When you preach, be in earnest, and make a good application. Then, at the close, come down and begin a prayer-meeting. Give out a verse or two, and pray in right good earnest, and always to the point. Have a penitent-form out, and invite the friends to help you. Have no silly shame about you—be above it. It may do for a girl of eighteen. Pray much. Pray in private four times a day. Now, my dear friend, be 'out and out,' till people say you are mad. May God bless you every way!"

This was a noble specimen of a man, and he consecrated all his powers to God. He was the means of leading thousands to Christ. But when he reached the closing scene, he said, "I don't feel anything, or think anything of Isaac Marsden; it is all Christ!" "I have been looking back, and reviewing seventy years, but I see nothing but the *Atonement!* —the Atonement at every turn."

The strength of his preaching was its earnestness. His whole ministry was sounded to the key-note of that early resolve, "*I will save men*," and God gave him his desire. Perhaps among the readers of this article, and of the admirable book from which it has been drawn, will be found some who, by the grace of God, will emulate the holiness and usefulness of this Redoubtable Evangelist.

Answers to Prayer.

THE best answers to prayer are those we have to wait and trust for. If we are answered quickly let us be thankful; but let us be assured that by-and-by God will change his method with us, and that we shall be often made to wait.

"I will cry unto God . . . . . that performeth all things for me." (Psalm lvii. 2.) Every such prayer must be answered; but we must wait God's time and ways. The finest fruit of the Spirit ripens the latest; the longer we have to wait for answers to our prayers the richer the blessing: we are blessed while we continue to pray; faith grows by waiting; the blessing is full when it comes, and the time of the answer is seen to be the right time.

Asking of God what is most precious in his sight, we surely obtain all inferior good. Thus did Solomon. (1 Kings iii. 6—14.) All mercies are bound up with God's gift of Christ.

It is not good for us to obtain deliverance and gifts from God until we fully justify him in his way of dealing with us. (Psalm xxii.) The answer to prayer will sometimes come when our patience is spent. "Let patience have her perfect work" (James i. 4), that such rebukes of God's love may not be needful.

Many of God's people pray without waiting for God to work in his own time and manner. Let us not quiet conscience by praying, and then, in fleshly haste, take our own way.

The way wherein it pleases God to answer our prayer, if we have a right mind, will always please us well.—*From "Choice Sayings." By Robert C. Chapman.*

Commonplace.

"A COMMONPLACE life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Preaching to Sinners.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE shall always, I trust, as a church, cultivate an anxious desire for the conversion of all who come within our gates, yea, and of all who dwell around us. Never, I hope, will you wish the pastor to preach so that you shall be fed, careless as to whether sinners are saved or not; nor will you make yourselves into a snug corporation for purposes of profit and mutual admiration. We long to see the wedding furnished with guests, and our Redeemer seeing of the travail of his soul. The public ministry must not be confined to a part of the truth, for it should reflect the whole counsel of God as far as mortal mind can do so. It is my delight to preach the doctrine of election, and all the other grand teachings which declare Jehovah's special love to his chosen; but at the same time I have felt it to be my duty to preach the gospel to every creature. We know no other limit to our invitation than this, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

I have been amused lately with a story told me by a dear fellow-labourer in the gospel. One of his church-members came to him, and said that she was going to unite herself with another church, a church higher in doctrine, and less given to evangelistic efforts. She said, "when you preach the doctrines of grace I am very happy; but when I hear you inviting sinners to Christ, my heart goes down into my shoes." "That is a very sad thing," said the minister, "but I cannot alter my preaching on that account, for I think you are wrong." When our brother met his people at the prayer-meeting in the evening, he told them what had occurred, and said, "I cannot help preaching to sinners as I do; and even if more of you go, it will be the same. I shall preach to sinners as long as there are any sinners left." Our friend then went on to say that the mode of preaching among certain friends reminded him of his school-boy days. A boy had a nice, rosy-cheeked apple, which he tossed up in the air before our friend's eyes, and then he shouted to him, "Do you see this apple?" "Yes." "Well, now, take a good look at it," replied the boy, "for that is your share of it;" and he put it back into his pocket. Another playmate pretended to be more generous, and said, "Oh, give the poor fellow a smell!" Even *his* liberality went no further. Have you never heard preaching of that sort? "Here is a precious salvation! I hope you sinners see how precious it is, for that is your share of it." The minister puts the heavenly fruit back again into his pocket, and the sermon is over: and this is called free-grace! The most liberal of those who dare not invite the sinner, try to give him a smell of the gospel by telling him of the peace and joy which it brings. Now, when I am preaching to sinners, I feel inclined always to beg everyone of them to put the golden apple in his pocket, for this choice fruit of the tree of life may belong to millions, and yet the whole of it will remain for millions more. There is not a sinner in the world who is to be told that he may not come to

Jesus and receive the whole of the blessings of the gospel. What a blessing to have a free salvation to preach as well as a full salvation! At least, I feel it to be so. Everyone must speak according to his light; but while I see clearly the doctrines of distinguishing grace, I see also the universality of the gospel command.

Many years ago I had a good old friend, who, like myself, had a very sweet tooth for Calvinistic doctrine; and I cannot do with any other doctrine any more than he could. He said to me one day, "I love to hear you preach the doctrines of grace, but I feel very uncomfortable when you are giving free invitations to sinners; I feel as if I could not sit in the place." I said to him, "Well, shall I give up inviting sinners in order to please you?" "No," he replied, "by no manner of means; for about a month or two ago my son-in-law, about whom I was very anxious, went to hear your sermon, and you were very persuasive with sinners, and set Christ before them most freely. I did not enjoy it at all; but when I got home I found my son-in-law in tears, and that sermon, by the blessing of the eternal Spirit, brought him to the Saviour. Therefore I think you had better go on in your own style, and don't alter your preaching to please a poor old man like me." I answered, "That is just how I feel; I would gladly agree with you in everything, but I dare not try to appear consistent by leaving out one side of the truth." He said to me afterwards, "If I do not quite agree with your invitations to sinners, it is clear that God blesses them; and therefore I must look into the matter, and see whether I am right or not. You have declared the doctrines of grace, yet you have freely given the invitations of the gospel; and I hope, my dear sir, you will long continue to preach what you feel you have learned in your own soul." I have followed his advice, and I hope to do the same as long as the Lord spares me. We shall proclaim the doctrine of God's sovereignty without toning it down, and electing love without any stuttering over it; but we shall have the other also.

Those who differ from us in one direction ought also to remember that there are others who differ from us on the other side. A sister has written to me saying that even if I do believe in election she would not have me preach it, but keep it in my own mind, and get comfort from it for myself. I do not know who the friend is, for she forgot to put her name to her letter; but I would like her to know that I cannot accept her idea for a moment. I feel sure she does not expect me to do as she says, for if I did I should act like a Jesuit: I should say one thing and believe another, and that be far from me. I hope that no earthly power could bring me to do that; no, not even an anonymous letter from a good lady. Everything that I believe to be in God's word I shall preach, whether my hearers accept it or not. It is to me a great comfort that such numbers do receive my teaching; and I never feel surprised when I meet with those who do not. I do not expect everybody to eat everything that I put on the table. I may flavour a dish with too much salt or too much pepper at times, but your own prayerful judgments will guide your tastes. We must preach all the truth; and this one thing is certain, we shall never give up loving the souls of men, or cease from trying to bring in the lost from the highways and hedges. We

shall throughout life echo that blessed call of our Lord Jesus—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Labourers and burden-bearers shall hear continually that gracious word; and if they do not come to Jesus, their blood shall be upon their own heads, for the invitation is as free as the blessing is full. The gospel trumpet rings out clearly over hill and dale. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." We cannot make men come; that is the work of the Holy Spirit; but we can persuade them by the love of Jesus and by the terrors of the Lord. We can preach Christ to sinners if we cannot preach sinners to Christ; and we know that the Lord's word shall not return unto him void.

"Rescue the Perishing."

LESSONS LEARNED ON A HOLIDAY TRIP. BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

THE following incident happened several years since, but all the details are as well remembered as though they had been witnessed only an hour ago, and the lessons that the occurrence seemed to teach are as striking and worthy of attention to-day as they were when first conveyed to those who were affected by them. They are here recorded in the hope that they may be of service to some Christians who have hitherto neglected an important part of their duty.

I had been for the benefit of my health for a voyage along the southern and eastern coasts of England, in a collier-brig, of which one of the members of my church was the captain. We had arrived safely in Shields harbour, discharged our chalk ballast, taken in our cargo of coals, and were all ready for sea. I was down in the cabin writing to tell the dear ones at home that we were about to weigh anchor for the return voyage, when an unusual commotion overhead made me rush on deck to ascertain what was the matter. I reached the ship's side in time to see several of our crew pulling away in a boat in the direction of an excited crowd that had gathered on the bank of the river. For a while it was not quite clear what was amiss, but presently the heads of a couple of children appeared above the surface of the water, and then, amid the most heart-rending shrieks of their companions on the shore and of the women who were close by but unable to reach them, they sank again into the river. Some young girls had been bathing together, and two of them suddenly getting beyond their depth, were in imminent danger of being drowned. The men who were coming in the steam-tug, which was about to take us out to sea, rescued one of the little lassies; and as soon as our ship's boat approached the spot, one of the brave sailors plunged into the water, in search of her sister. We anxiously watched for his reappearance, and when he emerged we were grieved to see that he was *empty-handed*. Without a moment's hesitation he dived a second time, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, and continued until it was quite hopeless to search any longer for the lost little

one. If he could have saved her he would have done so, but alas! she was beyond his reach, and her body was not recovered until life was extinct.

That evening, when we were out at sea, I had a talk with the noble-hearted fellow who had hazarded his life in the endeavour to save that poor girl. It was a midsummer night, and by the light of the moon I could see how he had bruised his face and cut his hands upon the rocks against which he had struck himself. I think I shall never forget his answer to one of my questions. I said to him, "What made you take such pains and run such risks in trying to save a child whom you had never seen?" He replied, "*I felt just as if it had been my own sister.*" And that, I thought, is the kind of spirit that ought to actuate Christians in their efforts to

> "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
> Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave."

Is not every sinner my sister or my brother? Are we not all children of Adam, and was not Eve the mother of us all? God hath made of one blood all nations of men; and without at all endorsing the erroneous notion that some would teach concerning the universal Fatherhood of God, there is a sense in which the whole human race may say with the ancient Greek poets and the Apostle Paul, "We are the offspring of God." If every Christian could realize this truth there would be more earnest and self-denying labour for the souls of those who are sinking all around us, without a hand stretched out for their rescue. What is it that has helped the great soul-winners of all ages to put forth all the energy of which they are capable if it has not been the motive which stirred the pity and nerved the arm of my sailor-friend? They have felt just as if each lost man or woman was their own brother or sister, and therefore they have consecrated themselves to the work of trying to save them.

The drowning of the little girl in Shields harbour was a sad affair, but it seemed still more sad when I learned that, humanly speaking, it might easily have been prevented. Close by the fatal spot *a watchman* was stationed in a boat, by order of the local authorities, on purpose to render help in cases of accident or need of any kind. Although it was his bounden duty to go at once, and seek to save the children from a watery grave, he seemed for a while utterly unconcerned about them, and altogether indifferent to their agonizing cries, or the appeals of the people who stood on the bank. When he did awake to a sense of the real state of affairs, he was so bewildered and confused that, if it had not been for the exertions of others, not merely one life, but two precious little lives would have been lost. *Yet he was put there in order that he might rescue the perishing*, and if not legally blameworthy he was certainly, through his neglect, morally guilty of the death of the child that was drowned. I could not help praying, "Lord, hast thou made me a watchman unto the house of Israel? Am I one of those whose duty and privilege it is to watch for souls as those that must give account? Then, keep me faithful to my trust, let me not neglect any opportunity of saving a soul from death, and let it never be said that any have perished within reach of my arm, or within sound of my voice, unless I have done all in my

power to rescue them from ruin. Let me be able truthfully to say with the Apostle, 'I am pure from the blood of all men.'"

But are not all Christians set as watchmen? Surely, if the Lord has saved our souls, one reason why we are not at once taken to heaven is that we may be instrumental in the salvation of others. What is the use of a watchman who does not watch? Isaiah draws a true picture of the contrast between the faithless and the faithful watchmen. The former, he says, "are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber;" but God's true watchmen "never hold their peace day nor night." The Lord's twice-delivered charge to Ezekiel must ever remain as a solemn warning to all soul-watchers: "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."

The Rev. Edward Judson, of the Berean Baptist Church, New York, prints the following note at the end of a list of the services of his church:—"A Christian man, deeply devoted, and wise to win souls, made it a rule to speak to some one unconverted person every day on the subject of his soul's salvation. One night, as he was about retiring to rest, he bethought himself that he had not fulfilled his vow that day. He immediately put on his attire, and prepared to go in quest of a soul. But where should he go? was the question. He concluded to make a visit to a grocer with whom he was in the habit of trading. He found him engaged in closing up his store. When the errand of his customer was made known, he was surprised. He said all sorts of Christians traded with him, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., but no one had ever spoken to him about his soul. The night visit of his customer and his earnest pleadings made such an impression upon his mind that it led to his speedy conversion. Reader, go thou and do likewise! There are many souls that sit in darkness, waiting for light from above. Can you not lead some of them to see the light of life?" Let no relative, or friend, or neighbour of ours, or anyone who comes within reach of our influence, ever be enabled truthfully to say, "No man cared for (*i.e.* sought after) my soul."

Sacred Sites and Scenes in England.*

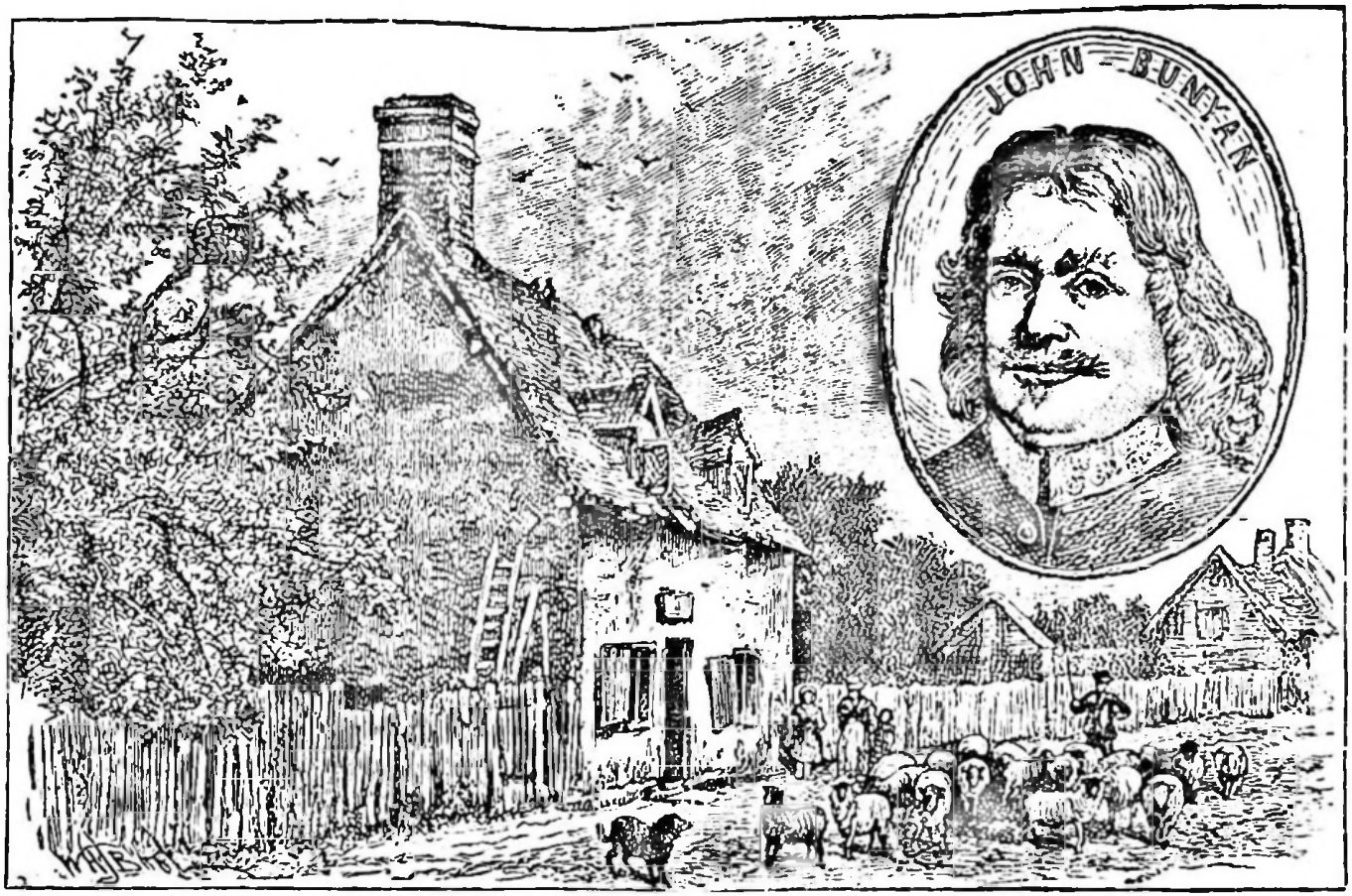
THOUGH we do not believe in buildings or particular sites being holy or sacred in themselves, there is still a charm attached to certain places from their old-time associations. Spots which have become associated with some striking episode in our own experience are necessarily more to us than they were before; and in something after the same manner, localities memorable in history are more to a nation than anything in their actual surroundings would seem to warrant. Elstow is more than an old-fashioned village, because the shade of Bunyan is still there; imagination peoples the busy area of Smithfield with those who suffered in the martyr fires; while in scores of other places we see more than hoary fortresses, weather-beaten monuments, or lonely rooms, for we picture in imagination those actors, whether good or evil, whose deeds are associated therewith.

The volumes of "Our Own Country," published by Cassell & Co., do not profess to give views of every pretty landscape or memorable site in the British Islands; but the selection made is probably more complete and more interesting than anything of the kind which has been attempted before. The engravings are not only numerous, but they are of a standard sufficiently high to win the approval of connoisseurs; while the descriptions are of a character to beguile many a leisure-hour. The authors have not attempted any regular topographical arrangement according to former precedents; but they have sought to augment the interest of the volumes by a more varied distribution of subjects. They have, however, sought to make their work thoroughly representative; and have abundantly proved that "no part of Great Britain is without its own interest;" for "where the scenery is least attractive, the district itself may have a history, or a connection with important events, sufficient to induce us to linger on the flattest plain, or to penetrate the recesses of the dreariest marshland." To the English, England is one of the most interesting of countries, and the wonder is, that the natives do not spend more of their holiday hours at home instead of judging it to be the correct thing to go abroad. Our country becomes more interesting the more thoroughly it is explored; we never realize that the half is not told us until we come across a book like "Our Own Country," in which the most taking things are gathered together so that we are enabled to travel in a few hours from the Land's End to John O'Groats. In a rapid kind of fashion, let us notice one or two birthplaces of great preachers. We will begin with a description of—

Elstow as it is.

"The cottages mostly have their walls covered with rough cast, and their roofs with thatch or tiles. In many of these, in the centre of the village, the upper floor projects above the lower, and is supported by strong beams; here and there may be seen a house of brick and timber. Time seems to have passed gently over this quiet village, and left but little mark of its progress; generation after generation has grown up in these old houses, has played on the village-green, and gone to rest under the churchyard grass, while the houses have changed but little. . . Bunyan's cottage is the second on the right-hand side of the road, as Elstow is entered from Bedford; as is common, its walls are rough cast, its roof is tiled, but it has evidently been somewhat modernized. It is a very small building, suited to the tinker's humble estate—two windows and a door looking into the street on the ground floor, two dormer windows in the roof above, and a single chimney. The village-green, where Bunyan shared in the sports as child and youth, is a few yards to the west of the main

* "Our Own Country. Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial." Illustrated. London: Cassell and Company. Six vols. crown quarto. Price 7s. 6d. each.



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE AT ELSTOW.

From "Our Own Country."

street. Here, also, the changes since his day cannot have been great. It is an oblong area, running parallel with the churchyard wall; a bit of uneven ground, better suited for tip-cat and prisoner's-base, than bowls or the more modern cricket. On the higher ground, near the western end, is the stump of an ancient stone cross; facing this, at the eastern end is a brick-and-timber-house—once the old market-hall, now of rather dilapidated aspect, though the upper floor is still in use as a chapel. The houses round the ground retain an old-world aspect; on the edge of the churchyard are three broken trunks of great elm-trees, still putting forth tufts of branches, which must have been well-grown even in the days of the Restoration. The church, too, has been but little changed. It stands on the further side of the churchyard; at the north-west angle is a massive tower, with windows in the upper story, looking strong enough to be used as a place of refuge against marauding bands. The bells date from the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and it is said that number four in the peal is the one which Bunyan used to ring."

It is assumed by the author that the old prison on the bridge over the Ouse was the "den" in which Bunyan was confined; but it is now well known that this is one of those popular errors which linger long and die hard. In regard to the cottage of the allegorist having been modernized,—the house has evidently been rebuilt, so that while the same site is occupied, the rooms are not the same. It is also stated that the church "would be the better for a careful restoration," but this has been already carried out, and a quantity of old oak from the building was purchased by a London firm to be used as covers for their edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." One of the pleasantest of summer holidays may be passed in and about Bedford and Elstow visiting the shades of the illustrious departed.

Whether Exeter is more beautiful for situation than the county of Bedford may be a matter of opinion; but a suburb of the western city was the birth-place of Richard Hooker. Hooker (1553—1600), who died in middle life, was in some respects the very opposite of Bunyan; for care-worn, half-blind, and ungifted in speech, he was simply a writer, although in regard to visiting and other matters he was probably a devoted village pastor. According to Walton, Hooker was slovenly in his dress. It was his unhappiness to be the husband of a shrew, and at the same time he was not far removed from an ascetic mystic. There may perhaps be some over-colouring in this view, and the judicious Hooker was, at all events, a God-fearing man, unworldly in his aspirations, and simple in his tastes. As a preacher, according to his quaint biographer, "he may be said to have made good music with his fiddle and stick alone, having neither pronunciation nor gesture to grace his matter."

Whether it be true or not, the story of Hooker's indebtedness to Bishop Jewell at least reflects the simple manners of a former age. In those days even students at the great universities were accustomed to walk from college to their homes in distant parts of the country; and in passing through Salisbury *en route* from Oxford to the west, Hooker called for the last time upon his patron. It is one of those old English stories which are everybody's property, and which hardly seem to lose their novelty by being repeated. Placing his favourite walking-stick in Hooker's hand, the bishop said: "Richard, I do not give, but lend, you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter, and here are ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with them, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college, and so God bless you, good Richard."

Hooker expended his energy on one work, the *Ecclesiastical Polity:* but after publishing its first five books, strange vicissitudes appear to have befallen the other divisions of it. A considerable portion of the MS. of the remainder

appears to have been lost; and in addition to lacking their author's final revisions, the later parts are by one authority suspected of having been "manipulated for theological purposes."

Though we have but little sympathy with Hooker, we rejoice that he was far removed from the exclusive and anti-Christian sacerdotalism which characterizes so many of the Anglican clergy of the present day. According to one able critic the *Polity* is "a remonstrance against the narrow ground chosen by the Presbyterians for their basis of attack, Hooker's exact position being that 'a necessity of polity and regimen may be held in all churches without holding any form to be necessary.'" It is added that "his principles are only partially, and in some degree, only capriciously wrought out—that if he is not under the dominion of intellectual tendencies tending to opposite results, there are occasional blanks and gaps in his argument where he sometimes seems to be groping after a meaning which he cannot fully grasp; but he is often charged with obscurity simply because readers of various theological schools, beholding in his principles what seem the outline and justification of their own ideas, are disappointed when they find that these outlines instead of acquiring as they narrowly examine them, the full and definite form of their anticipations, widen out into a region beyond their notions and sympathies, and therefore, from their point of view, are enveloped in mist and shade."

Hooker died at Bishopsbourne, Kent, in 1600, at the age of forty-seven. He caught a cold on the Thames while travelling to Gravesend, but his real ailment was a worn-out system. "It is thought he hastened his own death by hastening to give life unto his books." His own and the succeeding age was a time of giants, so that, with master-minds ranged on either side, there was little prospect of the nation arriving at the ecclesiastical peace and unity for which so many ardently sighed. It was necessary that less attention should be given to outward forms of government, and more attention to the living oracles of God.

The places which have been rendered sacred by the labours of the godly in our comparatively small country, are happily more numerous than the majority of us suspect. At Arnsby there are the shades of the elder and the younger Robert Hall; at Hebden-bridge we perceive the foot-prints of John Foster and Dr. Fawcett; and at Haworth the apostolic Grimshaw has left traces of his work, having after conversion "lived constantly at the gate of heaven." The Wesleys, Whitefield, Fletcher, Hervey, Rowland Hill, and scores of others not so renowned, are still talked about by country people who have received traditions respecting them from predecessors who formed a part of their road-side congregations. In other places there are memories of persons like Raikes, of Gloucester, who engaged in the work of religious education when such work was not fashionable; or of philanthropists like Hannah More, who, in the face of difficulties, laboured to raise the degraded poor around her from their sottish ignorance. We honour the memories of the greatly good, and reverence the spots whereon they set their feet. Our noblest way of honouring them is to follow their example. Let us trust their Saviour and serve their God. Let us feed on those glorious doctrines which were their spiritual meat, and then let us give ourselves to labours such as theirs. Should this involve us in similar trials let us cheerfully endure them, hoping to share in their triumphs as well as in their conflicts.

Notices of Books.

"A Drug in the Market:" being some of the Songs of Zion that are not wanted. By Jaconus. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

This author ought to succeed. He has a spirit of his own, and he is not to be put down by anybody. The publishers told him that religious poetry was "a drug in the market," and so he bravely adopts the phrase as his title: they also warned him that he would lose money by printing his "Songs of Zion," and so he determined to lose it in no petty manner, but to bring out his book in the best possible style. The binding of this work is a real work of art. The cover is enriched with well-chosen emblems in gold, so that the work would be a pleasing ornament for a drawing-room table even if it were never opened. As to the contents, we feel that we can speak favourably. There is some true poetry here, and much pleasing verse. We are edified by the holy sentiments of the writer, and gratified by the happy expressions which he frequently employs. He does not rise to the high level of Miss Havergal, and he too often limps in his rhyme; but still he has produced stanzas which should be read and sung for many a year to come.

Cruden's Complete Concordance to the Old and New Testaments. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster-buildings.

What a boon to poor preachers of the gospel! This large and most useful book for five shillings! Evidently Messrs. Morgan and Scott have bought the plates which have long been in use, and having thus saved the expense of composing they are able to issue so large a volume at so small a price. Even with this advantage, the profit must be small, and the publishers must have issued the edition rather for the benefit of others than for their own emolument. We are glad that the Concordance to the Apocrypha is omitted; it is disgraceful to associate mere human writings with the divine Word. The revised translation of the proper names is valuable, but it will ruin some of those fanciful sermons which are based upon a word. We need not say a word to commend Cruden's priceless work. Young men can now for a crown purchase a new copy of the best Concordance, whereas not long ago we thought ourselves fortunate if we could pick up a second-hand copy at that rate.

The Pulpit Commentary, — Jeremiah. Vol. I. Exposition by Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A.; Homiletics by Rev. W. F. Adeney, M.A. Kegan, Paul.

We cannot read through such a voluminous commentary, but it seems to us to be worthy of the series in which it is found, and this is saying a great deal. The Homiletical help is of a high order; and the sermon matter appears to be original, useful, scholarly, and yet popular. We know of nothing upon Jeremiah to compare with it. Half the prophet's book is here expounded in some six hundred large octavo pages, and the second portion will, we suppose, be discoursed upon at equal length. Length would be a disadvantage if it were not all so exceedingly good. We have ourselves commenced to expound this prophet after the manner of the "*Treasury of David*," but we must reconsider our resolution. Meanwhile we would heartily commend this volume.

Influence of Mind on Mind. By John Bate. T. Woolmer.

A thoroughly weighty and instructive work, written in a clear and attractive style. We were a little frightened from the volume by its portentous size, for, though it is not the very largest of folios, yet it is quite sufficiently bulky. However, we found it none too large, for it is full of life, and contains specimens of rich, full, vigorous writing. Mr. Bate has a good theme, and he makes the best of it. He will need many readers, or his labour will be his loss; but we expect that those who read for themselves will introduce the work to others, and so the mind of Mr. Bate will influence the minds of thousands. We do not endorse all his stories of visions, and apparitions, and faith-healings—though even these "tales" make the book all the more interesting.

Boons and Blessings: Stories and Sketches to Illustrate the Advantages of Temperance. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. National Temperance Dépôt.

We have so often felt compelled to complain of the wretched woodcuts and execrable engravings with which temperance tales have been adorned (!) that we are glad to have before us a book in which artists of high rank have worthily illustrated the stories of such an accomplished writer as Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work might be placed on the table of any drawing-room in the kingdom, and no other volume need be ashamed to be seen in its company. At the same time, its teaching is so clear and simple that cottagers and children would have no difficulty in understanding it. Some of these stories are now published for the first time, but others of them have long been effectively bearing their testimony against intemperance, and in favour of religion, total abstinence, kindness to animals, and other matters of good report. There is a strong Irish flavour about this savoury dish, though it is neither a hash nor a stew; and, while this makes it slightly distasteful at times to English and Protestant palates, it may give it more acceptance in the Emerald Isle, where it is greatly needed. Taking these "Boons and blessings" as a whole, we can truly say of them what the advertisers boast concerning the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen—

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,"
These temperance stories from Mrs. Hall's pen.

Hints and Topics for Temperance Speakers. By the Rev. J. M. Morrell. Introduction by the Rev. Canon Ellison, M.A. National Temperance Publication Dépôt.

A treatise of much practical value to speakers of all sorts. Sound common sense is abundantly manifest in it. To temperance speakers it will be of much service. Here are a few extracts from this cheap shilling's-worth :—

"Telling Testimony.—A poor working man, who had recently been rescued from the deepest degradation was pressed to speak at a meeting. He rose and said, 'I was once a great drunkard, and now I ain't; and I likes it better.' At the next meeting he was called up again. He said, 'I knew another fellow as was a great drunkard, and now he ain't; and he likes it better.' A few weeks after again they would have him on the platform. Tremblingly he mounted to say, 'That fellow as I told you about last time, he knew another fellow as was a great drunkard, and now he ain't; and he likes it better.' Of course it was rude in speech, but it was rich with a thankfulness to God, for the benefit he had received; rich, as showing work done, and worth a hundred gilded orations which produce no conviction, and tell of no result."

"A man cannot make worse preparation for a speech than reading a lot of facts, which he has not time to digest; it usually results in a jumble, causing a remark similar to one I once heard at the end of a long speech—'I don't believe that gentleman had any idea of what he was going to say when he stood up, and nobody has any idea of what he has said now he has sat down.'"

"Politeness.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in a speech at Bristol, gave the following: 'A stout landlady coming into the bar saw a poor, half-clad, miserable-looking wretch lounging near the door, and cried out to the waiter, "William, turn that fellow out." "But, missus, I know he has fourpence in his pocket." "Oh! then what will the gentleman take?" We see that fourpence may make all the difference between a gentleman and a wretch. Yet there are publicans who honestly wish, and honestly try, to keep their houses respectable, and deal fairly with everyone.' I knew a publican who, whenever he observed one of his customers given to excessive indulgence, would go and tell an abstainer to try and get him to take the pledge. Even publicans must not be judged by their black sheep."

The National Temperance Reader. 2nd Series. National Temperance Publication Dépôt.

This is a well-selected series of recitations, readings, dialogues, etc., exceedingly well suited for juvenile temperance meetings.

Genesis the Third History not Fable. By Edward White. T. Fisher Unwin, 17, Holborn Viaduct.

We have here a series of lectures in connection with the merchants' lecture for last March. That such a subject should have been deemed suited to such an occasion is certainly not one of the best signs of the times. This lectureship was designed, we presume, for such doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness as the citizens of London in the midst of their mercantile pursuits most required. If for controverted subjects, it could not have been for those that are within the denomination to which the lectureship belongs, and much less for those in which the lecturers themselves do not agree. We are told, indeed, that "the lecturer alone is responsible for the doctrine and exposition here set forth;" but this does not suffice to remove the impression that a considerable part of the responsibility rests with those by whom the lecturer was appointed, well knowing his peculiar sentiments and his conscientious zeal in making them known, and the responsibility also rests in some measure upon the Congregational body.

In advocating the historic fidelity of the Mosaic record of the creation and the fall of man the lecturer is in harmony with general belief. In the degree of the fall, and consequently by implication, of redemption from the fall, in the interpretation of life and death, he seizes upon the opportunity of reiterating his own peculiar views.

This is not the place in which to discuss the theory of conditional immortality, and especially as it is not argued, but assumed only, in these lectures. We must be permitted, however, to record our deliberate conviction that its constant and confident assertion has introduced a disturbing element into Christian belief, not upon this only, but upon the whole system of revealed truth, and is accountable in a great measure for the loose and limited views both of law and gospel that are prevalent both in the church and in the world at the present day. There is no need for men to think less of the justice and more of the mercy of God. They are too much disposed already to disregard the one and to presume upon the other. Diminution of the fear of punishment has a tendency to ruin rather than to save souls. We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. "How be it," Mr. White "meaneth not so, neither doth his head think so, but it is in his heart" to save, not "to destroy and cast off nations not a few." His own evangelical views, which were of deep and early growth, are less affected by his new theory than those of others are influenced by it. The old truths, which by him may be only stated with more guarded phraseology, may gradually lose their entire hold upon others. Judged by its effects, the new gospel is no improvement upon the old. We lose in depth what we gain in breadth. This is one point of view from which to look upon these lectures. There is another point of view, we are well aware, from which they will be regarded as bringing the hidden truths out of darkness that are to illuminate and renovate the whole world of mankind. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

Footsteps of Truth. (September.) Edited by C. Russell Hurditch. J. F. Shaw.

This is a spiritual monthly, richly stored with good things. "Sanctification," by A. A. Rees, is far more to our mind than the novelties and braggings which meet us on all sides. Saints used to be humble, but modern saintship cannot open its mouth wide enough in self-glorification. Mr. Hurditch gets together much instructive matter.

History of the Reformation, in Germany and Switzerland. By Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This is a standard work. We hardly know of any book better calculated to help a lecturer upon Luther and the Reformation. We purposely mention it at this time when the birth of Luther is to be so widely commemorated. Many facts which have not yet been so often repeated as to have become hackneyed will here be supplied to the speaker. To quote from this work will be like going to original sources of information, and handing out waters from the fountain-head.

Echoes from the Welsh Hills; or, Reminiscences of the Preachers and People of Wales. By Rev. David Davies. Alexander and Shepheard, 21, Castle-street, Holborn.

This volume is got up both within and without after the manner of Daniel Quorm. It does not quite rival the genius of our friend Mark Guy Pearse's volume, though it has charms of its own. The life-like characters created by Mr. Pearse are the charm of his books, and we find no such striking personalities here. Still Mr. Davies, whose sermons we well remember, has produced a remarkable book, full of fine specimens of Welsh oratory:—aforesaid specimens being rather flowery and high-flown, at times, though as often memorable and instructive. Our brethren of the Principality are as good sermon-hearers as any people under heaven, and their ministers, encouraged by their enthusiastic appreciation, are urged on to excel in pulpit eloquence. Moreover, as their language is according to their own judgment—and they ought to know—so heavenly, so divine, it is no great marvel that those who use it are able to produce extraordinary results. As we see it in print, we feel that our friends are right; it is an unearthly language, and to us unutterable. Ll and a w, double l again and a y, and then the rest of the alphabet shot down like a load of coals. What can this muddle mean? The man who can pronounce these jumbles of consonants must be a born orator. But, all mirth apart, one is made by these "Echoes" to fall in love with Welsh piety, and to long for its like in our English villages. Who but Welshmen would get into such a holy excitement under a sermon? Where else shall we find an Association regarded as a festival? What other people are excited to a delirium of joy by the prospect of hearing discourses? Our Scotch friends take things more coolly, but Welsh religion is all on fire. We shall not be surprised to hear that Mr. David Davies' book obtains a high meed of praise from his own countrymen, and that it interests many readers in other lands. We know of no volume which gives so good an idea of the power of the living ministry of Wales. Our Welsh brethren are highly favoured to have such teachers among them: if they do not profit under such ministers what is to become of them? We wish they did profit more.

The Westminster Assembly, its History and Standards. Being the Baird Lecture for 1882. By Alexander F. Michell, D.D. James Nisbet.

A work of special interest to the "remnant" which yet believes in Puritan theology. Here we have a succinct account of English Puritanism from its origin to the meeting of the Assembly; and details of that great convocation whose Confession has never been excelled. With its seriousness and purity the doctrine of our forefathers still leavens religious society, and we are greatly mistaken if there be not ere long a sickening of men's minds of the modern sillabubs, and a return to the substantial meat of the good old times. Meanwhile this lecture is welcomed by us with great heartiness. Thank God for Scotland: the plague of doubt is not yet so current among her churches as it is south of the Tweed. The land of Knox yet holds to the old faith. God grant that the caterpillars which are beginning to breed on Scotland's Kail may not be multiplied till they eat up every green thing.

The Student's Encyclopædia. Vols. V. and VI. Hodder and Stoughton.

During the progress of this work we have again and again called the notice of our friends to it. As a brief but thoroughly usable encyclopædia it is worthy of commendation to all whose pockets are not deep, or if deep are empty. The price is remarkably low for a good work. By purchasing six volumes at 7s. 6d. each, a young student will have a wealth of information—a little of everything, and the keys to much more. We have tried this cyclopædia on many test-words, and found it up to the mark, and we do not hesitate to say that it is as good at the close as at the beginning. If any library of reference lacks a cyclopædia, and has not funds sufficient to procure a copy of the large ones, this may very well supply the lack.

Memorials of the Life and Ministry of Thomas Main, D.D. By his Widow. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Dr. Main was one of those solid and gracious ministers who are the strength of the Presbyterian churches. In his younger days he was amongst the noble 474, who, headed by Dr. Chalmers, came out at the Disruption, and formed the Free Church. His ministry was exercised at Kilmarnock and Edinburgh. He did much for foreign missions and for Sunday-schools; was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1880, and died within a few days of vacating that chair of honour. This "life" of a good and able man is enriched by twenty-two of his sermons, sound, fresh, and full of Christ.

Introduction to the Critical History of Philosophy. By Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., LL.D. London: Elliot Stock.

Here we have a clear and concise survey of the entire field of philosophy. It is many a day since we have met with so much common sense compressed into so small a compass. The fact is, President Mahan has proposed to himself, and promised to the public, "a critical history of philosophy in two volumes, demy octavo." In this work he intends to classify and analyze the character and claims of all the systems of philosophy that have ever been generated by human intellect, or evolved out of personal consciousness. Foremost among them are the Oriental types, such as Hindu, Buddhist, Chinese, Persian, and Egyptian; later on the Grecian development; then follow the early Christian fermentations, and those of the Middle Ages; and these lead up, one and all of them, to the latest phases of modern thought. So magnificent an enterprise is admirably foreshadowed in this preliminary dissertation, which justly pretends to be a treatise complete by itself, although it is designed ultimately to figure as a preface to the whole cyclopædia. The plan our author pursues is to reduce the facts known, or knowable, to four classes, and to show that from four germs all the philosophies of the world have sprung. With these premises he proceeds to expose the hollowness of the hypotheses on which spurious systems are based. By the help of this primer we believe that any young man of average ability may in a few hours master the rudiments of philosophy, acquaint himself with the axioms and postulates of sound reasoning, and learn on safe lines to distinguish between positive science and the paradoxical subtleties of "science falsely so called." Of course, it is easy to imagine both specialists and sciolists to whom these generalizings will be peculiarly distasteful. For such the charm is dissipated if the cloud is dispersed. Science itself ceases to enchant them when its choice secrets are clothed in simple language.

George Whitefield: a Light Rising in Obscurity. By J. R. Andrews. Morgan and Scott.

It was a great refreshment to our heart to read Mr. Andrews's book many years ago, and therefore we feel right glad to see that what cost us five shillings can now be had by anybody and everybody for sixpence. We cannot imagine a better sixpennyworth of human authorship. Oh, that every minister in the three kingdoms possessed this life of Whitefield, and would read it through! Why, it would set the church in a blaze! It would be a noble thing if some wealthy man would see to it that this biography was placed in every manse in the United Kingdom. The book would be equally valuable to non-preaching people. Let our readers send for it and see. In cloth, with portrait, it costs only one shilling, and we think the extra sixpence will be money well invested, since it will preserve the book.

Drops and Rocks, and other Talks with the Children. By E. R. Conder, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

It is seldom that one person can speak equally well to philosophers and children, but this Dr. Conder manages to do. His "basis of faith" is one of the most masterly pieces of philosophical argument that has come from the modern press, and the present little volume from the same pen is yet as simple, clear, and illustrative as children's talks should be. The tiniest prattler will appreciate these talks, and yet there is no "*baby*" in them. They are models in their own line.

George Fox, the First of the Quakers. A Popular Sketch of his Life and Work by the Rev. B. Rhodes. Nisbet and Co.

This pamphlet is properly described as "a popular sketch." It is, however, by no means a hasty, undigested affair, but exhibits every mark of careful reading and thoughtful writing. Having gone over the ground personally, we can say with confidence that this brief outline of Fox's life and work is well done. The price is sixpence.

Preaching Tours and Missionary Labours of George Müller, of Bristol. By Mrs. Müller. Nisbet and Co.

This narrative contains the only real portrait of George Müller that we have ever seen, and a most admirable one it is. Mrs. Müller, in very simple language, describes the journeys of her husband and herself, from place to place, all round the world. It is very wonderful to think of this beloved servant of God thus itinerating, like an apostle, in his advanced age. It was a great joy to us to encounter him at Mentone, and we observe that the fact is kindly recorded in its proper place. Concerning the portrait we have mentioned, the reason for its insertion is worth noticing. It appears that Mr. Müller has steadfastly refused to be photographed, although he has often been entreated to sit. "And what has been the result of all this?" says Mr. Müller. "In consequence of my steadfast refusal to be photographed, several *representations* of me (for *likenesses* they cannot be called, as I never sat for one of them) have been published, without my knowledge, and against my will. A religious periodical, extensively circulated in America, containing one of these portraits, has gone all through the United States. An enterprising photographer tried once to secure my likeness, too, by an instantaneous process, as I was driving in an open carriage, up a hill, but was foiled in the attempt. A portrait of George Müller also, with a *most doleful* expression of countenance (conveying not the slightest idea of the happy man he really is), has been going the round, and occasionally has come before me, even in the houses of my best friends. In the fear of God, therefore, I have come to this conclusion: since the public *insist* upon having a portrait of me (whether I like to give it, or whether I do not), let my beloved Christian friends at least have a photograph that is a *real* and not a false representation of their unworthy brother in Christ; and especially, let it be one with a pleasant, cheerful expression of countenance, that will glorify and not dishonour the Lord I love; for our very *faces* even should show forth his praise."

A Soldier's Experience. By one of the Royal Fusiliers. 4s., or post free 4s. 6d. of T. Gowing, Leiston, Suffolk.

This good brother tells the story of his adventures as a soldier in a straightforward way, adding notes upon all sorts of things, and his opinions as to matters military, civil, and religious. The writer is evidently no maker of books; but he means well, and interjects a gracious word when he sees a fair opportunity. He has doubtless been a good and well-deserving soldier, and has not forgotten his Bible or his love to Christian people when far away from his native land. Those who know the author will read his book with much interest. We shall not criticize the honest soldier's attempt at a book: he has done his best to fill the volume with information which he thinks it important for us to know, and we hope he will be profited by his endeavour.

Boy Life; or, Notices of the Early Struggles of Great Men. By Wm. Winters. Elliot Stock.

With much diligence our author has collected a mass of valuable materials. We might criticize the style in which these materials are arranged, and the ekeing of them out with the last sayings of great men; but there is no need. So much of capital stuff is here put within reach that any teacher may feel grateful that he is so liberally helped in preparing addresses. The design of the book is to stimulate the young to noble lives, and it is adapted to its purpose. On the whole, it is a volume which we are glad to have met with: an important addition to the school-library: a good book, in every way worthy of a wide circulation.

A History of Christian Doctrines. Vol. III. By the late Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

In a former number of our magazine—November, 1881—we noticed the issue, in "Clark's Foreign Theological Library," of this famous contribution to sacred classics. Only the first and second volumes were then published. This third volume brings the work to completion. In its entirety it is a little library of itself, and it is a key to larger libraries than any of us are ever likely to find access to. The majority of our readers would soon lose themselves among the valiant authors who have fought in the arena of theological controversy from generation to generation for nineteen centuries. We read the titles of their voluminous tomes as we could imagine ourselves reading the epitaphs on their tombs, with transient emotions of living sympathy for those who once lived amid scenes of strife; not therefore to be pitied, because they themselves helped the commotion. Doubtless we have a few savants among our subscribers who will sympathize with us when we say, that the book-market will never grow dull so long as a vigorous defence is maintained for the faith once delivered to the saints. We like to know a little about the exploits of our forefathers. Not that we are particularly anxious to fight their battles over again. With fresh foemen to encounter, we are always ready for the fray. It is indifference that arouses our indignation. What does our Lord himself loathe more than lukewarmness? A treacherous calm makes no progress. Stirring times furnish all the material for history. Our author has surveyed a troubled sea, and he has tried to count the tidal waves. In truly artistic, and therefore in thoroughly arbitrary, fashion he has succeeded in mapping out five periods. From the apostles' age to the death of Origen, A.D. 70 to 254. Onwards thence to the demise of a certain Greek monk, notable in his day, John Damascene, he conducts us to A.D. 730. His third epoch brings us to the Reformation, somewhere about A.D. 1517. Our second volume leaves us in the middle of mighty conflicts over manifold confessions of faith, and the opening pages of Volume III. wind up that narrative with the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The times that succeed, furnishing the fifth division, fall of course more within our own cognizance. Very cleverly has he classified them, though his description, far from flattering, may well spoil our conceit. Ours, it would appear, is the era of criticism and speculation. What fools we must be then in comparison with the true men and tried martyrs of yore! To-day we are reviewing our predecessors; to-morrow our posterity will be reviewing us; but the day after that morrow, he that holdeth the scales in equity will weigh us all.

Pictures from the Holy Bible, with Descriptive Text. Edinburgh: M. and A. K. Johnston.

We cannot say that we greatly admire these monochromes, but they make up an attractive volume. There are fourteen Bible pictures more or less accurate, with brief explanations, printed upon the finest paper, for six shillings. We wonder whether Solomon was dressed as in this volume: if so, in the matter of array "all his glory" was little enough. If Adam and Eve were at all like the picture here given of them we do not wonder at the fall. Tastes will differ as to this work.

Advanced Thought in Europe, Asia, Australia, &c., &c. By the Rev. Joseph Cook. R. D. Dickinson.

The reviewer is a little puzzled. He does not see why these lectures are entitled "Advanced Thought." He is a great admirer of Joseph Cook, but he is not quite clear upon one matter—either the reviewer is rambling in his own brain, or else Mr. Cook's utterances are rather disconnected, or else, thirdly, the string has slipped out of the pearls of thought, and the necklace of argument is broken. We like Mr. Cook even when we have to take great jumps to keep up with him, but our mind gets a little out of breath. We feel after reading parts of this volume that we are in a mixed condition, and don't know where we are, or what we are, only we see Joseph Cook's burly frame towering over all, and feel that everything is safe, even if it is a little cloudy. A man may answer Germans till the smoke from their big pipes gets down his own throat.

Notes.

THE great event of our church for the past month has been the return to the Tabernacle, which has been thoroughly cleaned and renovated. Our sojourn in other places has brought salvation to many of whom we have heard, but we pray to hear of many more. Those converted under our ministry are seldom of the "after-meeting kind," excited, and over-persuaded. They usually go their way, and think the matter over, and come forward to confess their faith when they have tried themselves, and tested their conversion; hence we believe that we have as yet seen only the advance-guard of the army of converts. We feel very grateful for the friendly shelter of Exeter-hall and Christ Church, and to the authorities in each of those notable places we are under great obligations; but we were glad to get home where there is more room. Those who worshipped in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall spent very happy and profitable Sabbaths under the ministry of Mr. Harrald; and the Sunday-school and other agencies were kept up vigorously, but still we were all glad to be on our own ground again.

The reopening service was held on *Thursday evening, September* 6, when there must have been nearly four thousand persons present, and on the following Lord's-day every available inch of space was occupied. In the evening nearly as many people were shut out as were accommodated in the building. The Pastor had written to the members of the church and seat-holders, asking as a special favour that the whole of the £1,200 expended in the renovation might be raised by private contributions and *one collection*, and when this had been made after the Sunday morning service he was very grateful to find that the required sum had been given, and something more, for other needful expenses. Thus, at one stroke, all shade of debt was averted.

On *Wednesday evening, September* 12, a social tea was held in the schoolroom, and afterwards a public meeting in the Tabernacle for the purpose of thanking God and congratulating one another that the money to pay for the work had been so promptly and freely given. Addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon; Mr. A. Burson, of Exeter-hall, who mentioned several interesting cases of conversion that he had met with after Mr. Spurgeon's services; Mr. J. W. Harrald; Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel; and two of our good deacons, Messrs. Thomas Olney and J. Stiff. During the evening the orphanage children and Mr. Chamberlain sang several anthems and sacred songs. It was a great family reunion, full of gratitude for the past, joy in the present, and hope for the future. The Pastor was never more cheered in his life than when he received letters from rich and poor, all expressing their love to him, and enclosing liberal aid. To God be all the praise that a church exists which, without pressure, would at once respond to the pastor's call, and immediately and ungrudgingly raise more than was requested of it.

On *Monday evening, September* 17, Mr. S. A. Comber, M.B., C.M., who was formerly in the College, then at the Edinburgh Medical Mission, and who has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo, came to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting to say farewell, and to ask for the prayers of the church for his safety and success. He is a fine young man, of a solid, gracious spirit, and like his brother, he will be heard of in the dark continent.

On *Lord's-day evening, September* 23, our beloved brother, George Müller, of Bristol, worshipped with us at the Tabernacle, and joined with us at the Communion Table. We mention this because this man of God left immediately after for India. He has heard the entreaties of many that, at his advanced age, he should not run the great risk of India; but he feels a call from the Lord, and therefore his face is steadfastly set for Madras. All after that journey remains with the Lord, to whom our honoured friend looks up for guidance with a childlike confidence seldom seen in these days of doubt.

Lest our absence from the Baptist Union Meetings at Leicester should be misinterpreted, we beg to say that prudence restrains us from engagements outside the Tabernacle for the present, and that we think it wise on the part of the brethren to bring new men to the front, and not call upon any one man to preach at each succeeding autumnal gathering. We declined firmly, but with hearty gratitude for the kindness which pressed us to accept the proffered honour. A complaint has been made that new brethren are not asked to appear at our great meetings; but the boot is on the other leg—the younger brethren who are entreated to come forward are so overdone with modesty that they decline to take prominent places. We know that this has been the result of the secretary's applications. Personally, though we make no claim to excessive modesty, we also shrink from being too conspicuous. The Committee will bear us witness that we should not have preached at the Autumnal Session so many times if they had not pressed us beyond measure owing to the wishes of the local friends. For once we have been firm, strengthened therein by conscious physical weakness.

As we have received one or two letters requesting information as to Mr. R. T.

Booth, the Gospel Temperance Lecturer, we would say most heartily that he has our fullest confidence. There is no truth in the statement that he made a heavy charge for his services at the Tabernacle. The matter was left entirely in our hands by the Committee of the Temperance Society, and we gave Mr. Booth what we thought was both just and generous. He received what we tendered with sincere gratitude, and whether it was much or little ours was the sole responsibility. If anybody wishes to pay others meanly they will be good enough to find another paymaster; skinning flints is not in our line. It is not true that Mr. Booth has made his fortune: poor man, he needs help wherewith to get out to Australia, for he has nearly killed himself by his exertions, and our fogs will end him unless he gets away soon. We have lived in the same hotel with him, and seen him from day to day, and we judge him to be a man of God, of a child-like spirit, who marvels at the usefulness which the Lord has granted him. We do not deny that he is an American. Is that come to be a crime? We do not see how the unfortunate individual could have avoided such a calamity. If his detractors had been Americans we might never have heard of them, and that might have been no loss. Mr. Booth is not a man of brilliant talents. What then? He has moved the hearts of thousands as they were never moved before, and the great-talent-people cannot make it out. Does that matter much? We wish him God speed: though we often fear that his work will bring him to a speedy grave, unless he can restrain his intense enthusiasm.

Here is the place to note our sense of personal bereavement in the death of our friend Mr. T. B. Smithies, the editor of *The British Workman*, and of a host of first-class serials, full of all that is good. Has any man in modern times done a better day's work than this amiable and earnest gentleman? We think not. His mourning friends may well be comforted by remembering his fruitful life. Our hard-working neighbour, Mr. Lloyd Harris, of the "Help-my-self-Association," has also fallen on sleep suddenly. Thus the earnest workers are called home one by one: the demand upon those who survive is heavier, and the need for recruits increases. "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock."

College.—Mr. W. J. N. Vanstone has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Hay and Bronith, South Wales. Mr. C. E. Stone has removed from Lammas Hall, Battersea, to Chatham-road, Wandsworth Common; Mr. J. J. Fitch, from Nottingham to Houghton-street, Southport; and Mr. C. D. Crouch is leaving Shoreham, Sussex, in order to try to revive the church at Worthing. He will at once begin collecting funds for the erection of a new chapel, which he pledges himself will not be opened until the whole cost is raised. He has done a good work in his previous pastorates at Bulwell and Shoreham, and we admire his heroism and self-sacrifice in leaving his present position for one which must entail much self-denial and arduous toil.

Mr. W. V. Young, of Tring, expects to leave England on the 18th inst., by the s.s. *Liguria*, for Queensland, where he is going to take the oversight of the church at Ipswich. Mr. A. J. Clarke, who has been eminently successful at West Melbourne, has resigned his pastorate in order to give himself wholly to evangelistic work, for which he has aforetime proved himself to be singularly qualified.

Evangelists.—Messrs. Fullerton and Smith report that the first month of their Lancashire campaign has been as successful as could be expected, seeing that it was the season when feasts, holidays, and excursions attracted great numbers in other directions rather than to the services. Still, good meetings have been held in all the places visited, and many have found the Saviour through the preaching and singing of our brethren in Barrowford, Haggate, Nelson, Brierfield, Colne, Lumb, Waterfoot, and Bury. In the last-named town most of the Nonconformist ministers were on the committee, and united prayer-meetings were held in several of the chapels, so that when the evangelists arrived they received a most hearty welcome, which augured well for the success of the services. Pastor W. L. Mayo, writing at the end of the first week, says—"There is a certain quiet power about the evangelists which keeps down undue excitement, and tends to make the work real and deep rather than noisy and evanescent. We have refrained from calculating the amount of good done by the number of professed penitents, but we have had proofs at all the services that the Lord has been answering our prayers by bringing sinners to his feet." Pastor H. Abraham, of Lumb, writes—"Mr. Fullerton's earnest, thoughtful, well-illustrated, and pointed addresses, and Mr. Smith's cheery singing and graphic anecdotes, will be cherished in the memories of the people for many a day to come. We had sensation without sensationalism, and the excitement of religion as distinguished from the religion of excitement. *We had expected a blessing, and therefore we got it.* Just as we prepared for its coming, so also have we endeavoured to follow up the work since the brethren left us."

After leaving Bury, our brethren go to Blackburn, and this month they are to be at Burnley and Preston, beginning on Nov. 4 a month's services with Brother Medhurst at Landport, where they are certain to have a very cordial reception. There we bespeak for them the enthusiastic co-operation of our numerous warm-hearted friends.

Mr. Burnham has been spending the whole of the past month among the hop-

pickers in Kent. Contributions amounting in all to about £15 have reached us in response to his appeal, and these have enabled him to carry out various plans for getting at the poor hoppers which otherwise would not have been possible. He and his co-workers are deeply grateful to all who have helped them. This month Mr. Burnham pays his second visit to Walton-on-the-Naze, and afterwards goes for the third time to Holbeach.

Mr. Russell has had much blessing upon his labours at Reading, Eastcombe, and Minchinhampton, the news from the last place being especially cheering.

COLPORTAGE.—The following extracts from the last Annual Report of the Worcestershire Colportage Association deserve the careful attention of those who are seeking to evangelize the remote country tricts. They are written after nine years' experience of the work:—

"Ten years ago to-day the ministers and delegates met at Alcester, and talked over the sad state, religiously considered, of the village population, and decided upon the employment of colporteurs. The step can now be reviewed with satisfaction, as having met a great need, and there is reason to be very thankful to God that he has enabled us to continue the employment of four colporteurs, and that they have been, and still are, well received by all whom they visit. Past success must not close our eyes to the fact that our work is as much needed to-day as ever it was. Earl Shaftesbury, at the annual meeting of the Bible Society, referred to the many efforts now made for the welfare of the people; and he added most truly, 'That never were the emissaries of infidelity more busy among the masses than now;' and this is not merely in our large towns, but in the villages. Our work is peculiarly adapted to meet the missionaries of error, to create a taste for good reading, and to supply books which will benefit those who read them. By means of this agency the people are not only forewarned but forearmed, and we have no reason to fear the result of the conflict between truth and error. It will perhaps surprise some to learn that, out of 195 villages worked by our colporteurs, there are 42 villages, containing a population of 3,983, without any religious services whatever; and there still remain 120 villages, with a population of 20,000 to 30,000, in which no Protestant Dissenter is at work. These figures must speak for themselves; they require no comment."

But not only in Worcestershire does this lack exist; there are many other districts equally needy. Here is an agency confessedly adapted to meet the necessity, and it can be utilized for about half the cost of most others, as only £40 a-year is required from any district towards the colporteur's support. Is there not a Christian lady or gentleman in thirty different districts who will take this matter up, and collect the £40 needed? Those who cannot do this, might aid the General Fund by collecting small sums. Books ruled for the purpose can be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones; and additional donations will be very thankfully received.

ORPHANAGE.—Our next *Collectors' Meeting* will be held at the Orphanage, on *Friday evening, Oct.* 12. Tea will be provided at five o'clock, and afterwards the President hopes to preside at the meeting, for which an interesting programme will be arranged. Will those of our collectors who cannot be present kindly send in their boxes or books, with the amounts they have collected? This will also be a good opportunity for fresh friends to join the noble army of those who serve the orphans by soliciting subscriptions and donations for their support. As our numbers increase, we want our list of collectors to grow at the same rate; and we continually need extra helpers to take the place of those who are called home, or who are no longer able to assist us.

Will friends be so good as to notice that our income for August and September for most of our Institutions has been far below the expenditure? It is almost always so during the holiday season; but in every preceding year, as in this, the Lord has provided, and therefore we are sure that he will still provide. When good people get home from the sea-side they will think of us again.

Mr. Charlesworth asks us to mention that he has arranged to take the Orphanage choir to the following places this month:—Oct. 8, Leyton; 9, Walthamstow; 16, Paddington Chapel; 18, Belle Isle Mission, Camden Town; 23, High Wycombe; 24, Aylesbury. Meetings may also be held at Oxford and Reading. The other evenings in the month are free for engagements in London. We shall be very grateful to all who by helping this work will bring grist to the Orphanage mill, which is for ever grinding.

PERSONAL NOTES.—In a recent number of *The British Messenger*, there appeared the following pleasing testimony to the usefulness of an extract from one of our sermons, which had been published in the series of Floral Tracts issued from the Stirling Tract Dépôt:—

"Calling upon Mr. George Heath, of Canterbury, a truly devoted Evangelist, he gave me the following interesting account of what recently occurred at one of his meetings. A woman attended one of the meetings, listened to an earnest address by Mr. Heath, came under distress of soul on account of her deep-dyed sins, she being a sinner of no ordinary character. She was spoken to, directed to the Saviour, and prayed with; but no relief of mind came. As she left the hall, Mr. Heath gave her one of your little tracts, entitled, 'Welcome to Jesus, His Blood cleanses from all Sin,' ad-

vising her to read it, and pray over it, which she promised to do. A few days afterwards she went to Mr. Heath with a radiant countenance, and in reply to the question, 'How are you now?' she said, 'Oh, sir, I am so happy; the little book you gave me did it!' Abundant evidence of the genuineness of the change has since been furnished."

One of our own colporteurs writes—"Dear Sir,—It should encourage you to know that not only are your large volumes being blessed, but so also are your leaflets. I sold a poor old woman one pennyworth of your 'Illustrated Tracts,' telling her to begin, and do something for the Lord. Some time after, when visiting the same village, a man asked me if I had the tract entitled, 'Our Father holds the rope.' He said, 'Poor old Mrs. —— gave me that tract, and it has been a blessing to me. I was anxious for a long time, but the tract removed all my doubts and fears. I cannot read, but I got it read to me four times. It is worn out now, and I want a new one just like it. This has encouraged me to go on sowing the good seed of the kingdom; and it should encourage some to spend their money to spread the gospel, believing that not even a penny shall be spent in vain."

A warning to story-tellers and scandal-mongers.—We fancy that there must be many people who might be benefited by reading this letter which we have recently received:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—As I see that you are still occasionally put to the trouble of answering enquiries as to the truth of various anecdotes, &c., concerning yourself, I thought the following brief statement might interest you, or some of your numerous readers, if you think it well to publish it. About seventeen years ago I was for some time at a well-known health-resort on the South Coast. At the *table d'hôte* I sat next to a young married lady, who was, alas! consumptive, and of that temperament which is so common in such cases, *très spirituelle*, and very learned and accomplished. You may be sure she never lacked auditors for her lively conversation. At dessert one day she was 'telling stories' (in the literal and juvenile sense of the phrase) about yourself. I let her go on for some time, until I thought the fun was getting a little too fast; and then I said, 'I hope, Mrs.——, you do not believe the stories you are detailing, because, I assure you, I heard nearly all of them in my childhood, before Mr. Spurgeon was born, and that most of them were then attributed to Rowland Hill — doubtless with equal lack of authenticity.' She looked me calmly in the face, with a very comical expression, and replied, 'Oh, Mr. ——, we never ask whether such stories are true; it is quite sufficient if we find them amusing.' 'Well,' I said, '*so long as that is understood all round, by all means keep on.*' The poor, brilliant, thoughtless woman and her husband also have many years since passed away; but she has many, many successors, who are without her wit, and not quite so good-humouredly candid as to their practice. If only you can get it '*understood all round*' that such folk really do not consider whether their 'anecdotes' are true or not, it might save you some trouble.

"Yours faithfully ——."

This is quite true, but it is a pity that people should lie in jest. The lady was let off very easily. Our friend has touched the root of the matter. It is not malice, but the passion for amusement, which creates the trade in falsehood, which never seems to decline.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
A friend, per Mr. Cottam	1	1	0
"Adelphi," 3 months	1	10	0
Abbey-road Chapel, per Rev. W. Stott	2	8	6
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
A saved sinner	0	10	0
Two ladies in Edinburgh	0	7	6
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Collected at Drummond-road Chapel, per Pastor B. Brigg	6	0	7
Scotch note from Inverness	1	0	0
Mr. John Scivwright	7	10	0
M. W., a sermon-reader	0	10	0
Rev. J. E. Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Chamberlain	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ball	5	0	0
Miss Woods	0	10	0
E. B. A.	0	2	0
M. P., per Mr. Passmore	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Short	2	2	0
Mr. A. O. Charles	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Mrs. Websdale	2	0	0
Per Pastor R. S. Latimer:—			
Mr. T. Woolstenholmes ... 0 5 0			
Mr. E. Ingle 0 3 4			
R. S. L. 0 5 0			
	0	13	4
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 19 ... ... 49 4 0			
,, 26 ... ... 33 10 0			
Sept. 2 ... ... 17 10 0			
,, 9 ... ... 36 6 3			
	136	10	3
	£184	18	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss L. Hubbard	0	4	0
Stamps, "A. G." Kilmarnock	0	2	6
Miss Rooke, per Mrs. Musenhelder ...	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. Smith	2	15	0
Mr. W. Garvie	1	0	0
Friends from Oldham, per Mr. Hyde ..	0	4	0
Miss H. Colenso	1	0	0
Per Mrs. V. J. Charlesworth :—			
Mrs. Malone 0 10 0			
Mr. James Jackson ... 1 1 0			
	1	11	0
Stamps	0	1	1
Exhibition of Mr. Spurgeon's Pictures of the Reformation; and sale of Catalogues, June 20th to July 5th, at the Orphanage	6	15	11
Box-Crow Trees	1	10	0
Mr. G. Fawcett	1	0	0
John Philip, Mary and Flora Smith ...	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. T. Goslin	1	7	0
Mr. A. Smith	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Tilly	0	7	5
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	15	2
Mr. H. Sadler	2	0	0
Sale of Clothing, per Miss Higgs ...	0	11	9
A Christian Brother, per Miss Allen ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Parker	0	2	10
Rosa and Frank Nye, collections at Sunday dinner table ... 0 15 0			
From Weighing-machine at Salfords Sunday-school treat 0 5 0			
	1	0	0
Joey Wood 0 6 11			
Florrie Wood 0 6 7			
Louie Wood... ... ... 0 6 0			
Gertie Wood 0 5 10			
	1	5	4
Marion Helen Bett	0	6	9
Stamps from Berwick	0	9	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, July	2	2	0
Ditto ditto August ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Eldridge	0	5	0
Allan and Percy White	0	10	0
Mrs. H. O. Adams...	1	1	0
A lady in Edinburgh	0	2	6
Mrs. E. A. Martin...	1	0	0
A friend, Newington Bagpath	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Stevenson	5	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
J. A. M., Nairn	1	15	0
Juvenile Missionary Society, Myrtle-street Chapel, Liverpool	5	0	0
A young mother	0	2	0
Contributed at children's service at Strone Hall, per Mrs. Moubray ...	0	14	0
A friend, per Mr. William Dorward ...	1	0	0
Miss Annie Green	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Fergus...	5	0	0
P. H....	1	0	0
J. T. P.	0	2	6
H. N., half proceeds of sale of gold watch sent to Mr. Müller	2	12	6
Mr. N. J. Petris, per Mr. B. W. Carr...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Everett	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. U. E. Cooper	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Walter	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	15	10
"For the Lord's orphans"	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Adkins	0	2	8
The late members of the Thornhill Hall Baptist Mission	2	0	0
M. W., a sermon-reader	0	10	0
A thankoffering	2	0	0
Mrs. Ashworth	0	5	0
Rev. James Williams	0	2	6
The Misses Smith, per Mr. David Taylor	3	0	0
Mr. John Scivwright	7	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Briginshaw :—			
Mr. Denning (1882) ... 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Heelas, sen. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Heelas, jun. ... 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Weeks 1 1 0			
Mrs. Skerritt 1 1 0			
Mrs. Wright 0 10 0			
	5	13	0
Rev. G. G. Mac Donald, per Miss I. Gardiner	0	2	6
Mr. John Duffus, sen.	0	5	0
Mr. George Scivwright	0	5	0
W. A. M.	0	2	6
D. Wallis	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	15	6
Miss S. Ellis...	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Abstainer from Wales	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Ewart	1	1	0
Miss A. K. Walker	0	0	6
Miss R. Dodwell	0	1	0
A. C. K., Perth	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
W. and F. B., thankoffering	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Balls ... 0 5 0			
Found in little Nellie's money-box 0 1 6			
	0	6	6
Miss Ann Whatley	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Ward	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Copping	1	11	6
S. and N.	10	0	0
A gift from the sea	1	0	0
W. S.	1	0	0
Mr. John German	5	0	0
K. A....	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collis	0	7	6
Mrs. Websdale	1	0	0
Mr. E. Wilkins	1	0	0
"Every little helps"	0	5	0
Mr. John Atchison	0	10	0
Mr. J. Perry...	0	5	0
Master S. L. Fletcher	0	1	2
Per Pastor R. S. Latimer:—			
Mr. T. Woolstenholmes 0 5 0			
Mr. E. Ingle 0 3 4			
Mr. S. Jeeps 0 2 6			
R. S. L. 0 5 0			
	0	15	10
Miss M. Brown	0	7	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Pastor W. Giddings	0	15	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. W. J. Palmer 3 0 0			
Mr. A. Richardson ... 1 1 0			
Mr. Joseph Long 1 0 0			
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
James Withers 0 5 0			
H. Cooper 0 1 1			
	5	7	1
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per list	45	3	1
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as per list	27	7	0
	£234	9	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 16th to September 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: A sack of Flour, M. H. A.; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Pringle; a Sheep, Mr. A. Seal Haslam; 23 jars Rhubarb Jam, and 2 jars Honey, The Misses Harris and Jefferys; 28lbs Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a box of Apples, Mrs. Plummer; 4 stones Wheat Meal, Mr. R. M. Scott; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a sack of Cabbages, Mrs. J. Walker; a sack of Apples, Mrs. W. Mills.

GENERAL.—A quantity of useful Books, Mr. W. Smith; 30 pieces Chamois Leather, Messrs. J. Beach and Son, per Mr. W. Olney; 2 dozen reels Cotton, Mrs. R. Oakley; a load of Firewood, Mr. Jonas Smith; 2 Riding Habits, Mrs. Brown.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—5 Articles and a parcel of Haberdashery, Mrs. R. Oakley; 20 Articles, Ladies' Working Society, Burwell; 59 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 52 Articles, Mrs. Haxley; 8 Articles, Mrs. A. Green; 10 Articles, Mrs. J. M. Keat.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—3 Day Shirts, Miss E. Raven; 9 Articles, Ladies' Working Society, Burwell, Cambridgeshire, per Mrs. D. Morgan; 3 pairs of Knitted Socks, "M." Dumfries; a Suit of Clothes, Messrs. A. Cowan and Son; 3 pairs of Knitted Socks, A. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Angell, A. F., 6s; Bryant, B., 2s 2d; Bush, R., £1 1s; Brooker, G., £1 1s; Brown, A., 13s; Barrett, J., 6s 2d; Belcher, S., 3s; Britton, G., 5s 6d; Bowles, J. N., 7s 6d; Bishop, H., 7s 9d; Banyard, H., 6s 3d; Bell, H., 4s; Bridges, C., 2s 10d; Barrett, G., 4s 6d; Barnes, O., 5s; Bailey, F., £1 1s; Bailey, A., 5s; Brown, E., 3s 9d; Bentley, E., £1 1s; Banyard, S., 11s 7d; Charter, J., 7s 4d; Crabb, A. J., 4s 6d; Cartland, S., 2s 2d; Crouch, H., £1 1s; Chamberlian, W., 9s; Clinker, H. T., 6s 1d; Cornford, R., 12s; Cozens, B., 4s 6d; Cheek, D. and Helen, 6s 7d; Dillon, W. G., 2s; Duff, E., 10s; Dimond, J. W., 6s; Dean, W., 3s; Edgeley, 6s; Farr, E., 4s 1d; Fitch, E., 8s; Foster, A., 3s 3d; Fieldwick, S., 1s 4d; Grimmond, A., 5s 3d; Golding, H., £1; Green, S. T., 3s 3d; Game, L., 4s 6d; Gladwin, W. F., £1; Gardner, A. H., 5s; Hinchley, J., 6s; Hill, C., 2s; Hall, G. S. P., 8s 6d; Hobbs, H., 10s; Hamment, G., 1s; Hopcroft, A., 2s 5d; Harris, 2s; Imeson, C., 11s 1d; Jennings, A., 11s 9d; Jarvis, H. H., 5s 7d; Jones, C., 2s; Kibble, G., 6s; Kemp, G., 3s 6d; Lawrence, H., 3s 9d; Lister, V., 7s; Miller, R. L., 5s 6d; Maxted, G., 3s; Marenduz, F., 6s; Moore, A., 7s; Miller, C., 4s; Martindale, £1 1s; Morrish, £1; McDoual, R. W., 10s; Oakley, W., £1; Price, S., 2s; Poole, T., 7s; Pritchard, G., 5s 7d; Powell, A., 3s 2d; Pascall, J. H., 10s; Pearce, J., 8s 4d; Philipps, R. J., 2s; Rathwell, H., 5s; Reed, F., 5s; Roff, L. P., 5s; Rees, B., 4s 3d; Smith, E. H., 10s; Spurgeon, H., £2 1s 6d; Spurgeon, W., £1 19s 2d; Styles, M., 5s; Small, A., 4s 6d; Smith, Henry, 5s 9d; Smith, Herbert, 12s 3d; Smith, Percy, 4s; Sully, H. A., 7s; Sargent, E., 3s 2d; Smale, W., 2s 6d; Switzer, E., 1s 4d; Symmonds, Y., 8s; Snow, W., 3s; Stickland, E., 5s; Stroud, W., 7s; Schofield, F., 5s 6d; Trolley, R., £1 0s 6d; Tilly, Thomas, £1; Talbot, E., 10s 10d; Usher, C., 2s 7d; Vardill, W. H., 4s; Walker, A., 8s; Westbrook, H., 12s 7d; White, A., £1; Wakerill, H., 8s; Weller, W., 5s; Whiter, H., 4s; Wills, F. G., 18s 8d; Willis, William, 15s.—Total Boys' Cards, £45 3s 1d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Andrews, E., 2s; Appleyard, A., 6s. 9d.; Adams, N., 10s 3d; Ayling, E., 4s 3d; Bartlett, C., 1s; Bullock, L., £1 3s; Beck, M., 4s; Bridgford, A., 2s 6d; Broadhouse, N., 5s; Bardens, E., 6s 1d; Burrows, F., 1s 6d; Bishop, L., 1s 9d; Beith, A., £1; Bates, M., 4s 1d; Conyard, E., 7s 6d; Cluse, F., 6s 9d; Cousins, L., £1 2s 8d; Donelly, G., £1 6s 4d; Epps, F., 4s 7d; Edwards, H., 1s 6d; Eagle, S., 6s; Fairbank, A., 1s; Griffiths, L., £2 1s 6d; Gray, M., 2s 6d; Gort, G., 15s 6d; Green, G., 14s 3d; Gilmour, C., 4s 1d; Gould, L., 10s 1d; Howell, L., 6s 2d; Hart, L., 4s 8d; Haydon, E., 5s; Howell, R., 1s 2d; Hicks, E., 15s; Hickey, M., 6s 2d; Ive, E., 1s 6d; Johnson, K., 2s 1d; Jones, E., 16s; Kingaby, A., 9s; Long, M., 5s; Lawrence, M., 5s 4d; Ladbroke, J., 8s.; Martin, A., 7s 7d; Newton, A., 1s 4d; Oakey, F., 10s; Orridge, A., 6s; Olden, P., 9s; Poole, A., 1s 7d, Pope, L., 2s; Player, E., 8s 9d; Puck, E., 2s 6d; Rowell, E., 4s 8d; Richards, L., 5s 4d; Runnacus, A., 13s 8d; Smith, L., 9s; Shipway, G., 7s 6d; Slipper, A., 5s 10; Thomas, Ellen, £1; Tilly, Grace, 10s 7d; Thompson, L., £1 8d; Unwin, M., 5s; Veryard, Rose, 4s; Wellington, M., 5s 6d; Williams, A., £1 4s 3d; Williams, Nellie, 3s; Wood, J., 4s 10d; Webley, E., 9s; White, H., 3s 11d.—Total Girls' Cards, £27 7s 0d.

ERRATA, AUGUST "SWORD AND TROWEL."—"Mr. Brownrigge, 10s." should be Mr. and Mrs. Brownridge; Collecting Boxes, page 469, "Mr. Newman, 3s. 3d." should be Mrs. Newman; "Mr. J. Jackson, £2 4s. 11d." should be Miss Lillie Jackson; "Mr. G. H. Field, 2s. 1d." page 468, should be Gerty and Kate Field, £2 1s., difference included in "Donations without names, £7 9s. 6d." page 471. Omitted, Mrs. Jane Evans, £1 14s., also included in same item.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Stamps, per W. O.	0	2	0
Mr. Fluck, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Miss Mayhew	0	5	0
Miss Frost	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. U. E. Cooper	0	15	0
Mr. John Aggett	0	2	6
A young mother	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Allan and Percy White	0	10	0
Mrs. Gimblett	0	10	0
Mr. Mingins, per Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Some bricks for the Orphanage, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	0	0
M. H....	2	10	0

Collected by Mrs. James Withers, for "The Reading House":—				£	s.	d.
Mr. R. J. Grubb, Oxford	1	1	0			
Mr. S. J. Collier	1	1	0			
Mr. Beecroft	0	5	0			
Mrs. Cox	0	2	6			
Mr. Stainford	0	2	6			
Mr. Holms	0	2	0			
Quarterly Subscriptions:—						
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0			
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6			
				3	1	6
				£15	13	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Great Totham	10	0	0
Bethnal Green:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Sellindge District	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Thornbury District	7	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for three districts	30	0	0
East Langton District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Mr. J. E. Taylor, for Aylesbury District	27	8	10
Grosvenor Square District	6	5	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
E. S., for Burton-on-Trent and Gresley Districts	40	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Tittleshall District	10	0	0
Oxford Association, Witney District ...	10	0	0
Waterlooville District, per Mr. G. Lancaster	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham District	20	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington District ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Draper, for Stow and Aston Districts	0	5	0
	£245	18	10

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Stamps, per W. O.	0	1	0
Mr. W. Fox...	10	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	10	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	10	0	0
Mr. J. Roberts	0	10	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6
Mr. G. A. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	5	0	0
W. S.	2	10	0
Mrs. L. Wheatley	0	16	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier	0	10	6
Mr. Thomas H. Olney, balance	5	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
Mrs. E. H. Tucker	0	10	0
The Hon. Mrs. Howard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Rodgers	1	1	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	0	10	6
Miss Penstone	0	10	6
Messrs. W. Kent and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Tritton	5	0	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. Dugdale	0	5	0
	£71	13	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to Septmber 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
M. C. S.	0	10	0
"Every little helps"	0	5	0
An invalid in Aberdeen	0	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at Eastcombe	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
K. A.	10	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale	1	0	0
	£13	12	0

Received for Auckland Tabernacle.—Mrs. Berry, 2s. 10d.; Frodsham, 10s.; Mr. William Higgs, £10; E. M., 10s.; Mrs. Walker, £1; Mr. W. Johnson, £10; Mr. G. A. Calder, £20.

£5 Bank of England note from C. and T. M. has been placed in the Weekly Offering. £2 for the Orphanage, in memory of an old Collector, arrived too late to be included in this month's list.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

A Practical Discourse.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"A month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home."—1 Kings v. 14.

IT was right that when a temple was to be built for the Lord God of Israel the Israelites should take their fair share in the building of it. Therefore a levy was made, and a certain number of men were chosen to work in Lebanon. It was, however, most fitting that work for a gracious God should be joyful work; not the bondage of slaves, but the delight of sons. Solomon did not demand that any Israelite should toil in the mountains and quarries for years together, and leave his own fields to lie waste; but he decreed that the workers should have one month in Lebanon at work for the temple, and two months at home for their own affairs. Our God is not a taskmaster, and sacred service should not sour into forced labour. Self-sacrifice is the soul of true religion; but we must not demand of others that which would turn religion into slavery. Solomon knew that the common people would grow weary, of working even for Jehovah himself, if they were taken away from their own families and inheritances altogether; and therefore in his wisdom he put it so—"One month in Lebanon, and two months at home."

I am about to draw from this text two lessons. They are these—first, that *you and I ought to be rendering service to the Lord our God*, and assisting to build up his spiritual temple; but secondly, that while we labour abroad, *we must be doubly careful to watch over our own households and our own souls.* Marthas must also be Maries. We are bound to serve, but we must not be cumbered with much serving.

We must work with Martha and yet sit with Mary at the Master's feet: there must be one month in Lebanon, and two months at home.

First, then, WE ARE BOUND TO DO SERVICE FOR OUR KING—service for the living temple of our God. It is not enough for us to say, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore I am saved;" that is not the end of it all, else religion were a grand piece of selfishness. Our souls may not be hooped in within our own ribs. Absorption in our own safety and neglect of others would betray a spirit directly opposite to that of Jesus and his true disciples. No, brethren; as the Father sent his Son into the world, even so has he sent us into the world, that we may be made a blessing to our fellows. Our life-work is to prepare living stones which may be built upon the one foundation to be a habitation of God through the Spirit. We are to be hewers of timber and squarers of stones for the house of our God.

Lay home to your hearts, your *obligations to the Lord Jesus Christ.* "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price;" therefore no man liveth unto himself. Your own salvation is of the utmost importance to you; but an essential part of it is salvation from selfishness. If you begin and end with your own interests, you are the servants of self and not of the Lord Jesus. We owe our all to the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, and henceforth his business is our business; and what is his business but to seek and to save that which was lost? We are now the life-long servants of him "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." Shall we grudge our month in Lebanon? Nay, rather will we not see to it that the whole twelve months of the year are dedicated to temple-service, since he has called us to be priests, and therefore we always dwell in his house?

Remember also our *obligations to others.* How were we converted? Was it not through the instrumentality of some Christian man or woman? Directly or indirectly it was so in every case; for those who have gone to glory long ago have left us debtors for the knowledge of the gospel which they handed down to us. Most of us were blessed by direct agency: a good book was quietly placed in our way, a kind word was gently spoken, an earnest sermon was aimed at us; a holy example was set before us: by such things as these we were drawn. By the tears and prayers of others we were brought to the Saviour's feet. Some owe their conversion to their parents, others to Sabbath-school teachers, others to preachers of the word: the bulk of us were brought to Jesus by some one instrumentality or another. Pay your debt, then. You also are to bring another to Jesus as a recompense to his servants. A certain generous man used to give liberally to the poor, but he did it in this fashion: he said to each one, "I only lend this money to you, and you are to pay it back to me, when you are able to do so, by giving as much as this to some other poor person." That is the method of our Lord Jesus Christ: he grants us a knowledge of his gospel under bond that we tell it to others. Brethren, we are debtors; if we are built up a spiritual house, let us gladly give our month in Lebanon that other stones may be builded into the heavenly temple.

Besides, there is *a life within every Christian* which is the best prompter to holy service. My brother, if you are born again, you cannot be idle, for the life of God is never sluggish. Did not Jesus say, "My

Father worketh hitherto, and I work"? If you are not diligent in sacred service, you will soon be afflicted with doubts and fears, for this disease attends on spiritual sloth. The month on breezy Lebanon is for your soul's health. To be idle is to sicken; but to serve God is health and delight. It is like swimming to a strong swimmer, he delights to breast the waves. It is like flight to the condor of the Andes, who joyfully spreads his wings towards the sun. Tell the eagle that it is a toil to mount into the ether, and his joyful flight replies, "Toil to me to fly? I was made on purpose to dart among lightnings, and to be at home amid tempests. My eye can even dare to gaze upon the sun." Oh, brothers, it is not slavery to serve Christ: even when it involves stern effort, the labour brings its own refreshment. The more we can do for Christ, the more are we indulging those sacred instincts which regeneration has implanted in us. Let us shoulder the axe and spend our month in Lebanon. Felling trees is fit work even for premiers, and preparing stones for the spiritual temple would be an honourable occupation for angels.

This work is *most beneficial to ourselves.* Those Christian people who do nothing are usually troublesome, for they are at leisure to find fault with those who are doing their best. Many can see exactly how it ought to be done, and yet do nothing. They discover where the worker fails; they detect the little crochets and peculiarities which reveal themselves in his service. The minister would preach so much better if he did it in the patent way which his critics have invented. Why do not these fellows attempt the work themselves? No, they are too fine for that; their high vocation is to review the defects of their brethren. I am sick of them. Is not their Lord weary of them, too?

Working for the Lord necessitates prayer, and this is a great blessing to us. If a man wholly gives himself to soul-winning, he must be much in prayer, for he will be all at sea without help from heaven. If he tries to comfort the downcast penitent, how readily will he be baffled! How soon will he cry to the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to do the work effectually. Every grace which a Christian man possesses is bettered by its use in heavenly service. The practical value of the gospel will soon strike you if you labour among the fallen, the ignorant, the infidel. Does anybody know how precious the gospel is till he has seen it light up the eye that was dim with despondency? Does any man know how the joyful sound of the name of Jesus can charm a heart till he has seen the smile of newborn faith? I do not see how our coming memories can minister to our eternal happiness unless we earnestly labour to bring sinners to the Saviour. Let us up in earnest and win jewels for Jesus and happy reflections for ourselves. Will it not enlarge our heaven to see those in glory who were saved by our word? Was Rutherford wrong when he said, "Oh, to see the people of Anworth in heaven shall be seven heavens to me"? I can truly say of my hearers that the heaven of each one shall be another heaven to me. For this joy let us each one gladly take his month in Lebanon. Let those who have begun to loiter arouse themselves. It ill becomes any of us to be hearers of the word for ourselves, and never publishers of it to others.

It remains that I now remind you that if we take our month in

Lebanon in active service for the Lord's house WE MUST TAKE SPECIAL CARE TO SPEND OUR TWO MONTHS AT HOME. *Our own households must have special attention.* The first duty of a Christian man is within his own heart, the second is within his own house. Teach children? Yes, by all means, but begin with your own. Convert sinners? Yes; but labour first to win those who are round about you. Religion must begin at home. The apostles were to begin at Jerusalem, because Jerusalem was their home. If we care not for our own households, we shall be worse than heathen men and publicans. I am afraid that many professing Christians will have the doom of Eli pronounced upon them. Eli's sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. He said a gentle word to them—"Do not do so, my sons;" but he did not put his foot down, and tell them plainly, "This shall not be done in my house. You shall not profane the sanctuary of God by open sin if I can prevent it. I am resolved upon that." The end of his indulgence was their destruction, and you know how sorrowfully the old man ended his days, and what a curse fell upon his household in after-generations. God grant that it may never be so with one of us. If anybody should ask me whether I know an Eli, I fear I could put my finger on several. I do not say that I can see one here—I will not look that way, but let each one ask, "Lord, is it I?" Rest assured that all our talk about religion, and all our public labours will go for very little if our own families run wild. It is a horrible thing in Israel when the children of godly men are the sons of Belial. Such cases do occur, and then they say to me, "It is written, 'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it:' how do you make it out when So-and-so's son is such an open rebel?" I answer, whenever I have been able to lift the veil, I have invariably found a reason for the children's non-conversion in the mismanagement of the household, or in the inconsistent conduct of the parents. I suspect that we may generally say, "Is there not a cause?" I will not say "*always*," because singular things do happen; but yet if God gives his people grace to walk uprightly before him, and they pray for their children, and instruct them, and set them a godly example, the children usually follow in their father's footsteps.

Take heed, then, that you spend your two months at home. Do not offer to God the sacrifice of public service smeared with the blood of your home duties. Do not diminish your care in your own house; for the neglect of domestic piety will prevent the acceptance of your public service. God forbid that when you talk to outsiders they should reply, "Look at your own children." Our own offspring must be prayed for; and we must do more than that—we must correct them for sin, instruct them in the Scriptures, and pray with them personally till we weep over them. Family prayer must be maintained in a devout and interesting manner, and our young people must go with us to the sanctuary and be trained to treasure up what they hear. I know the Spirit of God alone can renew their hearts, but he is not backward to bless the means.

If the Lord helps us to be earnest with our children, what a blessed reward awaits us! "I have no greater joy than this—that my children walk in the truth," every Christian parent may say this of his offspring. Oh, the delight it is to look upon sons and daughters all in Christ!—to

hear and know that they are as earnest for the Redeemer's kingdom as we are! All the honour must be given to the sovereign grace of God; but the comfort is ours. I am sure that when my mother pleaded with me she was doing better than if she had addressed large assemblies. I am equally sure that when my father knelt down with me alone and pleaded with God for me, and besought me to pray for myself, he was doing a better day's work than when he was preaching, though in that he has had great blessing. Who knows what your son may be? Who knows what usefulness God may give to your daughter? Surely, if Dr. Busby used to take off his hat when he went into the school-room because he did not know who the boys might be, for they might turn out to be great statesmen or judges, you might take off your hat to your children, for you cannot tell what God may make of them. Pray for grace to look well to the ways of your household, that they may bring no discredit upon the cause of Christ. Use well those two months at home.

Lastly, I change the run of thought to reach another point. There is a home that is nearer home than our own homes; and that is the state of things within our own breasts. If we give a certain care to the service of God publicly, *there must be double attention to the work of grace within.* We must not neglect the cultivation of our own heart. We must watch our own growth in grace, our own communion with Christ, our own faith, our own hope, our own love; for if we do not, we shall be in great danger. I fear that many Christians are busy here and there, and their own spiritual life is withering. They accomplish little because their spiritual money is put into a bag which is full of holes. They work hard, but take no fish because they never mend their nets. If we neglect our private prayers, we shall not "so run that we may obtain." In some cases the neglect will prove to be fatal. I do not mean in the case of the genuine child of God, but I do mean in the case of many whom we take to be such. They keep the vineyards of others, but their own vineyard they have not kept. They urge repentance, but they have not themselves repented: they teach faith, but they have not themselves believed. The work of the Holy Spirit within them they forget in their zeal for their own fussy endeavours to outdo others. If you neglect your own souls, and hope that you will get right by performing Christian duties, you are grievously mistaken. If you try to shine and have no oil in your vessels with your lamps, your lamps will go out, and you will die in the dark. If you try to tell others what you do not know, and speak to them of a Saviour in whom you have never trusted, your life will be a dreadful failure. You will preach and teach your own condemnation; what else can come of it? Do see to it that if you go up to Lebanon the axe is first laid to the root of your own sins.

Supposing the professor to be a real and true Christian, yet, if he is always active and never contemplative; if he spends much time in working and none in prayer and Bible reading: it will be very weakening to himself and damaging to his work. A weak hand may wield a good tool, but it cannot do much with it. When you are sickly, ailing, out of sorts, as to body, you cannot do your work well. It would be a foolish thing to put a

poor consumptive man to labour like a strong navvy on the railway; he would weary himself and do little with great pain. Fussy work that is done for Christ without communion with Christ comes to nothing because it is not wrought in the strength of God. O, my brethren, nothing can come out of us if it is not first wrought in us by the Holy Ghost. It is essential that a Christian worker should himself be the workmanship of God. If we would heal, we must be healthy. If we get out of fellowship with Jesus, it will lead to innumerable evils; and the more we try to do, the more those evils will show themselves. We shall grow proud of our doings, and we shall censure others till we grow unbearable. We shall become self-confident; and the more we attempt, the more self-confident we shall become. Or else we shall take to murmuring and grow displeased because God does not prosper our work; and feel like Cain when the Lord had no respect to his offering. You must walk in the light as God is in the light if you are to enlighten a dark world and glorify your Lord.

Especially let me say to you, dear friends, there must be the two months at home as to *prayer*. Do not forsake the mercy-seat. Be in the frequent practice of prayer, and—what is better—be in the spirit of prayer always. May the Holy Spirit lead you to baptize every duty into the pure stream of grace, and to do the same in every lesson in the school, every sermon you deliver, and every tract you give away. Pray over the whole business. Prepare for the one month in Lebanon by the two months at home, spent in pleading with God for a blessing.

Be much in *Bible reading*. We do not read the Bible half as much as we should. Look how the Puritans searched it from end to end. How familiar they were with every book! What blessed family prayer there must have been in the household of Philip Henry since it led Matthew Henry to write that famous commentary! Oh, that we had more Bible searching and Bible preaching! Talking about the Bible is well enough, but searching the Scriptures is better. Feed on the word yourselves, or else your teaching will be thin and watery.

So, too, as to *self-examination*—a duty much neglected; let us not fail in it. How few there are that look over the actions of the day before they fall asleep at night; but how well it would be to revive the practice!

Repentance, too, that sweet grace with the diamonds in her eyes—sweet tears of holy grief for all that has been amiss—is not this pushed on one side? This must not be.

And *faith*, also, the constant trusting the Saviour—should we not exercise it more continuously? Oh! to have times of quiet for the exercise of faith and the growth of love!

As for *communion with God*—oh, that we lived in it always! But we do not get time enough. We do not take time enough to get near our God. We are like men who eat their meals in a hurry, for business calls them away. If a man has no regular meals, but gets a snack here and a snack there, he soon gets out of sorts. He needs time for regular food and its mastication and digestion. We want the same for our holy feasts upon the heavenly food, and to this end I would urge Solomon's rule—one month in Lebanon, but two months at home. A word to the wise is enough, and therefore I say no more.

Illuminated Texts.

PASSING quickly along the street the other day, there caught our eye, amongst a multitude of other announcements in a bookseller's window, "A large stock of Illuminated Texts kept within." The sentence seized us in its grasp, and, as we strolled along, compelled us to muse in this strain. Surely, that ought to be the condition of every Christian man and woman who has known, even a few years, of divine love and tender care. "A large stock of Illuminated Texts kept within!" Even in the most prosaic, humdrum life there are facts which will help to illuminate and expound the truth of God's word. If we were wise, if our eyes were anointed by the Spirit of God, our personal history, our individual experience would, if told out for God's glory, help to confirm the faith of believers in the truth of the Scriptures, and, who knows? perhaps make even unbelievers see that the God of the Bible and the God of human life are one, and that the precepts, the promises, the loving invitations of the Book are expounded, enforced, and applied by the events of men's history.

In the incidents that here follow, the strictest adherence to facts has been preserved, and it is because these facts have given in the mind of the writer bright burning beauty and vivid forcefulness to the Scripture teaching, that he relates them in the hope that they may help to establish the faith of some, and create, under the blessing of God, the same faith in others.

It was Wednesday night. On Saturday at two o'clock the men must be paid, and though there was plenty of work in hand, it so happened that on none of it could a "draw on account" be made. The young master was much perplexed and troubled, for hitherto he had been helped to keep things going for his mother, who had been bereaved of husband a year since; but now it began to look like disaster and defeat. True, he had often prayed about other things; but was prayer any use in such prosaic matters as finding workmen's wages? He would try. Laying bare the case before God, he earnestly pleaded that somehow, he knew not how, the needed money might come. Thursday came and still no answer was seen: faith began somewhat to waver, whilst Satan whispered, "God hath forgotten you." But with desperateness born of dread, prayer was offered again. Friday came, and still no reply, whilst the thought of Saturday two o'clock and the file of men waiting for their wages began to loom up as a chilling, ghostly possibility. By Friday night torturing fear and tossing doubt struggled with a weak hope that yet God might hear and send relief in time; and again with much of trembling distress he prayed that help might be sent. By the last post on Friday night there came a letter in strange handwriting and with foreign postmark. Glancing at it with curiosity, he saw that it had come from Sweden, and had been five days on its way: but when he opened it and saw the contents, what was it that made him go deathly pale and then flush with excitement, his eyes filled with tears? Listen! An order for goods from a perfect stranger of whom he had never heard, and enclosed was a draft for payment beforehand, more than sufficient to cover the wages of the men on the morrow. Was it any wonder that as it flashed upon him that *the money had started on Monday, though his first prayer for it had not been offered until Wednesday*, there burned into

his soul as with letters of fire, photographed on his heart as with words of tender, pearl-like light, this text so richly illuminated by the divine faithfulness?

"BEFORE THEY CALL, I WILL ANSWER; AND WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING, I WILL HEAR."

As the pastor sat in his study busy with letters and thoughts about his work, the cloud of care and sometimes fear might have been seen passing over his face: whilst now and again, as though agitated by some special anxiety, he would rise from his chair and pace the room, half muttering to himself, half praying to God, "I hope the Lord will overrule all this, and work good out of seeming evil." But what was the matter? What has often been the matter, and we suppose will yet be. One of his congregation, taking sudden offence at too-outspoken a declaration against sin, too Nathan-like a home-thrust about wrongdoing, had gnashed his teeth in anger, and roundly asserted that the minister "should repent of having so attacked him." Had he left the place and renounced his sitting, there might have been pain at his departure; but it would soon have been over: but no, his power to wound, to malign, to annoy by his very presence would have been gone had he left; and so he stayed listening only to carp and criticize,—stayed to mingle with the people only to undermine the preacher's influence. It was this that sent the spectres of anxiety flitting over the pastor's face, and often the shadows of foreboding falling on his spirit.

It was bad enough for Hezekiah to have Rab-shakeh's letter; but to see Rab-shakeh in the pew, and to know that he mingled with the people, wounding by tongue, and look, and hint, the pastor's character and influence was no small trial. What should the preacher do? Preach at him, and make it too hot for him? Or, remembering his Master's precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in doing so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head": should he bear and endure, leaving his defence in Christ's hands? He resolved upon the latter course, and waited the result.

One day, meeting another member of the congregation in the street, the pastor was shocked to learn that his old enemy was lying seriously ill, having met with a terrible accident, which it was feared would prove fatal. He hurried away to the house, and was admitted, but the sick man was too feeble and prostrate to be seen; so a message was left promising to call another day. He went with curious, half-fearful feelings, wondering how he would be received, and to his joy found the old anger and hatred were gone, killed by his readiness to help in time of distress. Do you marvel that now the pastor says that in all the Book there is no word, even to him, more lovingly true, more glorious with divine brightness than this—

"WHEN A MAN'S WAYS PLEASE THE LORD, HE MAKETH EVEN HIS ENEMIES TO BE AT PEACE WITH HIM."

"She will be saved to-night." How did he know? *He* couldn't have told you, except that in that secret mysterious way by which God makes known his confidences to his friends, it had been laid upon his heart not only to pray, but also firmly to believe, that that night she would be led to trust the Saviour and so find peace. Hers had been a hard case. For

two years she had been convinced of sin and had longed for salvation; but though a member of a Christian family, and from her earliest years saturated with divine truth, she was kept in bondage of Satan, and could not seem to abandon herself to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Times out of number had she seen the pastor; he had urged, pleaded, entreated; prayed with her and for her, and enlisted others' prayers on her behalf, and for it all she seemed rather the worse than the better. But there were some evangelistic services being held, and with much fervour and earnestness the word was preached, and souls on every hand were being saved. The minister was led to make special intercession for this special case, and went away to the meeting firmly impressed with the truth that believing prayer would now be answered.

Whilst the evangelist preached, the minister was praying; and when, at the close, invitation was given to all anxious ones to stay behind for conversation, so assured was he that his pleadings had been answered that he turned to her father, who was near, and said, "She will be saved to-night." Evangelist and pastor both retired to the enquiry-room, and whilst the latter was seeing to Christians and seekers being paired off, a messenger came to say, "She is in the lobby, but won't come in unless you will come and fetch her." He hurried away, and when he reached the door, found her looking more like a statue than a human being; her soul seemed frozen into dumb agony, and her very body, by its weakness, reflected the exhausting conflict that had gone on in her soul. Gently leading her to a seat away from the rest, he began to urge upon her the necessity for immediate decision, for to-night was the best time, perhaps the only time, for her to find the Saviour; and whilst pointing out to her that all that was needed was to be willing to let Christ save, the truth seemed suddenly to flash into clear, plain force and reality; the face changed and became aglow with joy, angels' faces seemed to take the place of clouds and terrors and stony fears, and she was at peace, for she had just simply trusted Christ. Is it strange that when after the meeting was over, and it was his unspeakable joy to lead that child to father and mother and deliver her to them as more theirs than ever, because one with them in Christ; that ever since, as he recalls it to memory, that one text should find richer, deeper, fuller, heavenlier meaning to him than ever it bore before?

"WHAT THINGS SOEVER YE DESIRE, WHEN YE PRAY, BELIEVE THAT YE RECEIVE THEM, AND YE SHALL HAVE THEM." TERTIUS.

How to Read the Bible.

1. READ the Scriptures through regularly. Read, alternately, portions from the Old and New Testaments. Begin at the beginning of each. Mark where you leave off, and begin there next time. When you have finished each Testament, begin it again.

2. Read with prayer. You cannot by your own wisdom understand the word of God. In all your readings of the Scriptures, seek carefully the help of the Holy Spirit. Ask for Jesus' sake that he will enlighten you.

3. Read with meditation. Ponder over what you read. You see now the deeper meanings. It is better to think over a little than merely to read a great deal. GEORGE MÜLLER.

Glimpses of Nonconformist Church Life at Rothwell, Two Centuries Ago.*

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES KIRTLAND.

No. I.—Richard Davis, Pastor and Evangelist.

IF the reader has at hand an English County Atlas, and will turn to the map of Northamptonshire, he will find, four miles north-west of Kettering, a village named Rothwell, locally Rowell.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, this town was the seat of a large and flourishing Independent Church. The pastor was Richard Davis, a Cardiganshire man. He was born A.D. 1658, and grew up under the demoralizing influences of the period which followed the overthrow of the Commonwealth. Anxious to make his way in the world, he removed to London, and being a man of superior abilities and good education, he was elected to the Head Mastership of a school in the metropolis. Here he attracted the notice of Dr. John Owen, from whom he received personal attention and useful advice. At that time the learned Mr. Thomas Cole, formerly Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, was pastor of an Independent Church in London. Davis became a member of this church; and having gained some reputation as a public speaker, he was encouraged by judicious friends to devote himself wholly to the ministry. The church at Rothwell was then without a pastor, and having heard a good report of Mr. Davis, they invited him to preach "with a view." The result of his probationary visit was "a solemn invitation and call of the whole church to Mr. Richard Davis aforesaid to the office of pastor," which he accepted. The date of this invitation is March 3rd, 1690; and on the 22nd of the same month, "the said Mr. Davis, by fasting and prayer of the whole church, and imposition of hands of the Eldership in the name of the Church, was set apart, and installed in the office of pastor and bishop of the said church of Christ at Rothwell, being the answer of many prayers of the said church." The imposition of hands by the Elders was a departure from established order, and gave such offence to the ministers present, that several abruptly left in the middle of the service. This was a significant hint to the new pastor of other troubles which were shortly to follow.

Davis was one of comparatively few men in any age who combine the qualifications of pastor and evangelist. As a preacher, he had power with men. He could move great masses of people. *Joseph Perry*, of Ringstead, one of his "lay preachers," and afterwards pastor of a church at Flower, makes the following reference to the ministry of his former pastor :—

"Dear Lord, thought I, what a man is this! I was ready to look upon him as if he had been an angel come from heaven: I thought the

* The materials for this and the following paper have been collected from sundry books in the British Museum Library, and from Mr. Norman Glass's "Early History of the Church at Rothwell," published by Taylor and Son, Northampton.

majesty of God shone in his countenance: his words seemed to stick like arrows upon my soul!"

Dr. Robert Vaughan, in his "English Nonconformity," bears honourable testimony to the Rothwell pastor:—"Mr. Richard Davis, a Welshman, possessed the spirit of a Whitefield, and surrendered himself to the promptings of his generous nature." Dr. Gill, who when a youth knew Mr. Davis, says: "He was a Boanerges, a son of thunder, when he delivered out the law in its proper place and manner; and a Barnabas, a son of consolation to distressed sinners and drooping saints." Two centuries ago the spiritual condition of England was deplorable. A thick darkness rested on the land. Few and feeble were the checks which enlightened teaching and holy living imposed on the prevailing ignorance and immorality of the age. The harvest truly was plenteous, and the labours were few. Davis saw before him a great opportunity, and he was just the man to make the best of it. His zeal was no intermittent flame, but a glowing fire that spread light and heat over wide regions that sat in darkness. Under his inspiration and guidance a band of "lay preachers" was organized, and sent about Northamptonshire and the neighbouring counties to proclaim the good news of God, the pastor taking the lead in these itinerant labours, traversing the country on horseback, and extending his journeys eighty miles in every direction round his own abode. Congregations were gathered, and in several places—notably in Wellingborough, Needingworth, Kimbolton, Guyburn, Thorpe, Waterville, and Ringstead—churches were formed, some of which continue to this day.

The Rothwell Evangelist prepared the way for Whitefield and the Wesleys, whose labours forty years later wrought such a revolution in the spiritual life of England, and opened a new era in the religious history of our land. Bogue and Bennett (in "The History of Dissenters") say that with Davis "itinerating zeal seems to have died, and to have been buried with him, till it was raised from the grave by the apostles of Methodism. Let posterity hail Richard Davis as the morning star of propagation." And Dr. Vaughan (in "English Nonconformity"), referring to the fierce opposition to which Mr. Davis was exposed, expresses the opinion that "under wiser influences the great evangelical revival in England might have dated from the former half of the eighteenth century instead of the latter."

The success of Mr. Davis and his zealous co-workers was so great that, at one time, the church-roll contained nearly seven hundred members, the greater part of whom were drawn from one hundred and forty places in the counties of Cambridge, Bedford, Bucks, Huntingdon, Leicester, and Northampton. Keen was the appetite of these homely people, and long the distances not a few of them often travelled, to feast on the provision of God's house. There were Nonconformist meeting-houses within reach of many; but no spiritual food was so sweet and nourishing as that which they found in the home-pastures at Rowell. This was the common centre to which on Lord's-days goodly companies were attracted from many miles round. In the winter months they set off before dawn. Hail, rain, or shine, it was all the same to those hardy wayfarers. Staff in one hand, and dim horn-lantern in the other, they trudged on—often through rain and snow, mud and slush, till their

weary feet rested in the courts of the Lord's house. Some interesting details of these Sabbath-day journeys are given in Mr. Glass's book. "Clusters of them leaving their homes before daylight, and passing through Ringstead, they increased and gathered as they went. They left their lanterns at Cranford, and went on to Rowell to worship God. Returning after the afternoon service, they again lighted up their lanterns at Cranford, and so reached their homes after sunset, and thought it no toil." From Oundle, Kimbolton, Higham Ferrers, and other places, similar bands of pilgrims might be seen pressing forward to the venerable meeting-house at Rowell. What our rude Nonconformist forefathers lacked in culture and refinement, was made up in their earnestness and zeal. They had been trained in a hard school, and partook of the stern, unbending character of the times. Beneath the slouch-hat and smock-frock, the ungainly walk and the uncouth manners of these ancient men, there was plenty of the grit of which their suffering forefathers were made. That these qualities should have been reflected in their church-life, need not occasion the least surprise. The line of separation between the church and the world was then more sharply drawn than at the present time. The doctrinal views of the period under review were very pronounced. A fixed standard of faith and order was set up, and rigidly maintained; and conformity to this by other churches was a condition of holding communion with them. In 1691 the church at Rowell declined "to hold communion with any of the church that formerly Mr. Dunn was pastor of, unless they renewed their covenant, *and got into gospel order*." In the following year they refused to dismiss members of the church at Oundle, "till better satisfaction concerning their faith and order." And soon afterwards at a church-meeting it was resolved "to enquire whether the church at Kettering be a right constituted church or not." Practically, the claim to infallibility is not confined to the church of Rome. The *discipline* of the church at Rowell was severe, and, in some respects, drastic. A watchful eye was kept on the personal conduct of the members, and jurisdiction claimed over their social and family life, and business transactions. Offenders were first admonished. If this proved ineffectual, a second admonition was given; if they remained obdurate, expulsion followed. They were "excommunicated for the destruction of the proud flesh, that their souls may be saved, if the Lord will." One Simon C., of Kettering, is summoned before the church for "withdrawing from the private meetings;" also, "for spending a day in an ale-house, and going away without paying his reckoning." Ruth W., of the same place, was charged with the following falsehoods—"1. For saying there was not a drop of drink in the barrel. 2. For saying her mistress wore her clothes. 3. For saying her mistress sent her to take clothes for her on the tick." Neglect of public worship was visited with the censure of the church. Two sisters are brought up on the charge of "going to milking when they should have been at a meeting;" and Bro. D. "for staying with his relations on the afternoon of the Lord's-day, and not coming out to the meeting." "October 13th, 1694, Sister C. was put under admonition for going to publique place* to hear a

* The name given in those days to the Established Church.

sermon." "Borrowing a pillion and not returning it," was an offence sufficiently grave to bring a Mrs. W. before the church. Amusements and recreations which in our day are regarded as not only harmless but healthy, were looked upon by the worthy people at Rowell as sinful conformity to the world; hence, Thomas F. had to answer before the church for "singing vain songs;" Bro. F., "for encouraging fiddling;" and Bro. M., "for playing at nine-pins." At one meeting, there was "a debate about singing, when it was agreed that any tune may be sung provided it be grave." Offences against persons and property came under the notice of the church. Bro. B. is publicly reprimanded "for assaulting and riding over a poor shepherd in the fields;" and Bro. C., "for riding over unmown grass." But the most difficult and delicate matters the church had to deal with were those relating to courtship and marriage. There were "flirts" of both sexes, and Bro. H. is required to answer the charge of "stealing away a maid's affections," and then transferring his attentions to others. The members were expected to "marry only in the Lord," a rule which consigned to celibacy all who could not get properly "mated." This interference with individual liberty sometimes placed the church in a difficulty, and obliged it either to connive at an irregularity, or to "cut off" the offending member. The remonstrances of the church were sometimes met by open defiance. There is the following entry in the minute-book—"October 23rd, 1698. Messengers that were sent to admonish Sarah U. a second time, brought her answer, which was to this effect, that if the church would provide her an honest man, she would possibly renounce the company of the worldly man, but she thought there were but few honest men in the church."

The above cases have been selected at random out of a very large number. In these days such interference with the freedom of church members would be resented; but the fearfully low state of morals which succeeded the restoration of the Stuarts; the profligacy, licentiousness, and general lawlessness that pervaded all classes, called for extraordinary vigilance on the part of the church towards its members. It was engaged in a fierce, hand-to-hand conflict with the basest passions of human nature; and if the discipline of the church at Rowell appears to us too austere, we must admit that it was a great effort to maintain its internal purity, and to "escape the corruption which is in the world through lust."

Other troubles are on the road. A storm is gathering at a distance, which will soon break on the devoted pastor and his flock; further particulars, however, of our worthy and his work we must reserve for another brief article.

A Neglected Part of Education.

THE Persians were said to teach their youth three things: to ride, to draw the bow, and *to speak the truth*. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization."—So says *The New York Examiner*, and we may add that there is certainly no need of further instruction in the drawing of the long bow.

Judson, the Apostle of Burmah.*

IN the Baptist Meeting House at Malden, Massachusetts, is a marble tablet bearing the following inscription:—"*In memoriam. Rev. Adoniram Judson. Born August* 9, 1788. *Died April* 12, 1850. *Malden his birthplace. The ocean his sepulchre. Converted Burmans and the Burman Bible his monument. His record is on high.*" The missionary impulse which bore Judson, first of American missionaries, with the precious freight of the gospel to the dark shores of heathendom set in motion a train of beneficent influences which have never died away, but are still operating with augmenting vigour and increasing success. He lived not only to give to Burmah the complete Bible in one of the most masterly translations of the East, and to see planted on those shores sixty-three churches, in which over seven thousand Burmans and Karens were gathered in Christian fellowship, besides hundreds who had died in the Christian faith, but to behold the great Missionary Societies of America, everyone of which sprang directly or indirectly from his labours, assailing the kingdom of darkness at a thousand points. These successes were the result of a life of indomitable perseverance, of almost unparalleled suffering, and of heroic endurance, which forms one of the most affecting chapters of missionary story.

Judson's father was a Congregational minister, an inflexible, stern man of the old Roman sort, who used every effort to stimulate his son's ambition. The boy was intellectually acute, and his mind responded to the father's prompting like tinder to the spark. Vague dreams possessed him of future greatness as orator, poet, or statesman. But one thought embittered his musings. Suppose he should attain the loftiest pinnacle; what then? Could he hold his honours for ever? His favourites of other ages had long since been turned to dust, and what was it to them that the world still praised them? What would it be to him a hundred years hence that America had never known his equal? He did not wonder that Alexander wept when at the summit of his ambition: he would have wept too.

During his college course he became infected with sceptical views. French infidelity was sweeping over the land: free thought on religion was supposed to be essential to every young man of spirit, and Judson did not escape the contamination. In the class above him was a student of the name of E——, talented, witty, agreeable, and a confirmed Deist, with whom he formed a strong friendship. They discussed together their plans for the future, and debated the respective attractions of the roads to fame offered by the law and by dramatic authorship. On one occasion during college recess Judson set out on a tour through the Northern States, and, partly from curiosity and love of adventure, joined a band of strolling players. One night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was apparently dying; but he hoped it would occasion him no uneasiness.

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* Adoniram Judson, D.D. His life and labours. By his son Edward Judson. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1883.

Judson assured him that beyond pity for the poor man he should have no feeling whatever ; but he passed nevertheless a restless night. Alone and in the darkness, he could not quiet his thoughts. The stranger, the landlord had said, was probably dying: was he prepared? He felt a blush of shame steal over him at the mere question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intelligent, witty E——, how would he treat such childishness? At last with the morning light his "superstitious illusions" vanished, and as soon as he had risen he went in search of the landlord, and enquired for his fellow-lodger. "He is dead," was the reply. "Dead!" "Yes, he is gone, poor fellow!" "Do you know who he was?" "Oh, yes; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow, his name was E——." Judson was completely stunned. One single thought occupied his mind, and the words "Dead! Lost! Lost!" continually rang in his ears. He abandoned his journey, returned home, entered the Theological Institution at Andover, dedicated himself to God, and in a few months, at the age of twenty-one, joined the church.

His conversion involved in itself a consecration to the Christian ministry ; and soon afterwards the reading of a missionary sermon by Claudius Buchanan determined the particular destiny of that ministry. It kindled within him an excitement which dissolved the bonds of attachment to home and country, and, after a prolonged mental struggle, he came to the full decision during a solitary walk in the woods to obey in spite of all difficulties the command of Christ, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The fire within his soul communicated itself to five other young men in the college, who agreed to meet at night under a haystack to pray for the conversion of the world. Judson declined a tutor's appointment at Brown University ; he declined the position of colleague with Dr. Griffin in "the largest church in Boston;" and, disappointing his father's ambitious hopes, set himself resolutely to accomplish his purpose of carrying the gospel to the heathen.

No Foreign Missionary Society existed at that time in America. He therefore in the first place wrote to Dr. Bogue, President of the Missionary Training Institution at Gosport in England, offering himself as a missionary student, and while awaiting the reply his like-minded student friends joined him in a memorial to the General Association of Congregational Churches in Massachusetts, in which they enquired whether they ought to renounce the object of missions as either visionary or impracticable; and if not, whether they might expect support from America, or must commit themselves to the direction of an English Society. This memorial resulted in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a society justly revered at the present day as the missionary organization of the Congregational Churches of America and the mother of American Foreign Missionary Societies.

The new Commissioners, not sure of their ground, sent Judson to England to secure the aid of the London Missionary Society. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and he was subjected to a short imprisonment in France. Arriving at length

in London, he was courteously received by the directors, who however wisely declined to relieve the American churches of their proper responsibility. Judson was at this time under twenty-three: his small, delicate figure and rosy face gave him an appearance of extreme youthfulness; but his voice usually took listeners by surprise. An instance of this occurred in London. He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman noted for eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman rose, and introduced him to the congregation as a person who purposed devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen, adding, "And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India."

The American Board, thrown upon their own resources, resolved in September, 1811, to send Judson and three other men, Nott, Newell, and Hall, to labour in Burmah, Surat, or elsewhere, as Providence should open the most favourable door. On the 5th of the following February he was married to Ann Hasseltine (heroic woman), and on the 19th embarked with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Newell for Calcutta.

He sailed from America a Congregationalist; he landed in India a Baptist. The task that lay before him of founding a Christian church among the heathen forced on his attention the mode of admission to the church. When an adult heathen should accept Christ, he must, of course, be baptized; but what of his children? This was a practical question, and his study of the Bible on the subject convinced him of two things—1. That faith must precede baptism; 2. That baptism is immersion. But the wrench involved in yielding to this conviction and acting upon it was tremendous. He represented in his own person the first missionary enterprise of the Congregational churches of America. Was he to dash their high hopes to the ground? Would the Baptists of his native land, at that time weak and scattered, be able to keep on the great work? Might he not find himself flung on an inhospitable heathen shore to fight his way alone or die? Could he contemplate without pain the disappointment of his venerable parents, or the necessary separation from the college friends with whom he had originated the great scheme of American foreign missions? And the principles themselves, were they of sufficient importance to require these sacrifices? These difficulties faced him, but only one course was open to him. If faith must precede baptism, he had no warrant for baptizing an unconscious infant. Prompt, straightforward obedience to Christ was the keynote of his life. On landing in Calcutta, he applied to Carey, Marshman and Ward for baptism; wrote home to the American board to break to them the startling news that he must cease to be their missionary; and addressed to the Baptists of America a letter which not only brought into existence the American Baptist Missionary Union, but started that denomination on a career which has brought it into the very front rank of the religious bodies of that country. Thus Judson's fidelity to conviction, while it entailed immediate loss and pain, brought in its track the formation of another missionary society with a great increase of missionary labour, and the awakening into more vigorous life of a whole denomination.

We have not space here to chronicle the weary journeyings to and fro

to which the narrow policy of the East India Company compelled the missionary and his wife before they could be permitted to live their lives of self-sacrifice for the heathen, undisturbed by Christian authority. They were summoned from Serampore to Calcutta, thence ordered back to America, which sentence they got transmuted to Mauritius, but no vessel speedily offering, they were ordered to England, and eventually, after much harassment and pursuit of Government despatches and officials, found themselves ashore in Mauritius, where they laboured amongst the men of the English garrison. But this was not the work to which they were consecrated, and they left for Madras, intending to take ship thence for Penang, in the Malacca Straits. But no vessel thither bound was in the harbour, and in fear of being transported to England they took refuge in a crazy old vessel bound for Rangoon, in the territories of the despot of Burmah. This place they reached, after a horrible voyage, ill and wretched, and received possession of the English Baptist mission-house from Felix Carey, who was relinquishing mission work for the service of the Burman Emperor as interpreter.

It was nearly eighteen months since Judson had left his native land; thirty-two years were to pass by ere he should again behold it, years of toil and suffering, but nevertheless, thank God, of success. There, then, they stand, this man of twenty-five and his young wife, amid the level rice-fields of Burmah, their faces turned landward towards towns and cities teeming with idolaters, and hill-tops crowned with Buddhist temples. What do they propose to do? To undermine an ancient religion. To lay hold of these millions of Burmans one by one, subdue their wills, and transfigure their characters by the religion of Christ. And their prospect of success? It was, in Judson's own noble language, "as bright as the promises of God." He relied on the word, "Lo, I am with you alway." He believed Christ was in the heart of the heathen, opening the door from within.

To learn the language was the first task—hard enough without grammar, dictionary, or English-speaking teacher. As Judson gradually mastered it, he wrote and circulated condensed statements of Christian truth, and prosecuted the translation of the New Testament. His preaching, when at length he was so far master of the language as to attempt it, was illustrative, vivid, intensely earnest. A missionary thus described its impression on himself:—"True, he preached in Burman; but though I did not know the meaning of a single sentence he uttered, still my attention was never more closely riveted by any sermon I have ever heard. Were I to fix upon any characteristic of the preacher which more than any other rendered his discourse interesting and impressive, I should say it was *earnestness of manner*. His whole soul was in the work. Every tone, every look, every gesture spoke out in most emphatic language to tell us that the man was in earnest to make us believe the truths he uttered. And every hearer sat motionless, every eye was immovably fixed upon the preacher, every countenance seemed to change with each varied expression of sentiment; now beaming forth joy; now depicting a feeling of anxiety as though their mortal all were at stake; and next, of deep solemnity, as though standing before their final Judge."

Most of the preaching at first was to individuals: it was a process of

spiritual button-holing. Mrs. E. C. Judson contributes a reminiscence of his vivid method of imparting truth. "A native Christian woman told me that she was at one time about to engage in something which Dr. Judson considered not conducive to her spiritual good. He sent for her and remonstrated, but she would not give up her darling project! 'Look here!' said he, eagerly, snatching a ruler from the table and tracing a not very straight line on the floor, '*here* is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure —out of the path half of the time; but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads; and you have—not so much as you might have done, mind, but still to a certain extent —grown in grace; and now, with all this growth upon your heart and head, in the maturity of your years, with ripened understanding and an everyday deepening sense of the goodness of God, here,'—bringing down the ruler with emphasis to indicate a certain position,—'*here you stand.*' You know where this path leads. You know what is before you—some struggles, some sorrows, and finally eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left branches off another very pleasant road, and along the air floats rather temptingly a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in fifteen years—fifteen long years—altogether; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and think you will come back again; but *you never will.* Woman, think! Dare you deliberately leave this straight and narrow path drawn by the Saviour's finger, and go away for one moment into that of your enemy? Will you? *Will you?* WILL YOU?' 'I was sobbing so,' said the woman, 'that I could not speak a word; but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt down and prayed that God would preserve me in my determination. I have made a great many crooked tracks since,' she added tearfully, 'but whenever I am unusually tempted I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed on the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life, his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible 'Will you?' coming from his lips as though it was the voice of God; and I pray, just as Peter did, for 'I am frightened.'"

Here we have the magnetism that made him a power among the Burmans. In a white heat of fervour, his great nature palpitating with solicitude for men, his soul glowing with love to God, himself "offered upon the sacrifice and service of their faith," the Burmans were made to feel he loved them, and so after long effort he began to win them to Christ. On June 27th, 1819, six years after he landed in Burmah, he baptized his first convert. In the following November two others were baptized. It was after sunset when the little band went down to the water. "The sun was not allowed," Judson wrote, "to look upon the humble, timid profession. No wondering crowd crowned the overshadowing hill. No hymn of praise expressed the exultant feelings of joyous hearts. Stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene. We felt, on the banks of the water, as a little, feeble, solitary band. But perhaps some hovering angels took note of the event with more interest than they witnessed the late coronation; perhaps Jesus looked down on us, pitied and forgave our weaknesses, marked us for his own;

perhaps, if we deny him not, he will acknowledge us another day more publicly than we venture at present to acknowledge him."

Persecution now began to darken around them: the governor was hostile; the infant church was threatened with destruction; and Judson resolved to go to Ava, the capital, and procure toleration if possible from the emperor himself. A five-weeks' boat journey up the Irrawaddy brought him and his colleague, Mr. Colman, to the royal city, where after much ceremony they were presented to the "Golden Face." This modern Ahasuerus received them in a magnificently domed and gilded hall. He was accompanied by a few great officers of state. He came forward in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. The missionaries were on their knees —all other persons were prostrate. He asked a few questions, read their petition, disdained to notice the splendid copy of the Bible in six volumes which they had brought as a present, strided on to the end of the hall, and threw himself down on a cushion there to gaze at a military parade which was going on. After such an ominous reception the missionaries were immediately hurried away without much ceremony. Returning disheartened to Rangoon, Judson was overjoyed to find his converts firm and resolute. "Do not leave us," they said. "Stay at least till a little church of ten is collected, and a native teacher is set over it, and then, if you must go, we will not say nay. This religion will spread of itself. The emperor cannot stop it." Within five months seven more converts were added to the little band.

We must not think of Judson's work as smoothly accomplished. Illness frequently interrupted labour, and painful voyages across those Indian seas had to be taken for the recovery of sufficient health to work. In 1821 Mrs. Judson, at death's door, was sent home alone to America as her only chance of life. The voyage saved her, and she returned to her husband after two years' absence to accompany him to Ava on that ill-fated errand the harrowing details of which we can scarcely bear even to read, and in which her heroism and fortitude shone with a greatness only equalled by that of her husband. Dr. Wayland said of her, "I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance even unto death. Among friends who were interested in the Burman mission her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women." This was the woman who was doomed now to pass through a bitter experience to which perhaps no parallel can be produced in the history of missions.

During his wife's absence in America, Judson and Dr. Price, a medical missionary, had been summoned to Ava on account of the fame of Dr. Price's medical skill; and now the emperor had invited them to live in the capital city, and had assigned them ground for a mission-house.

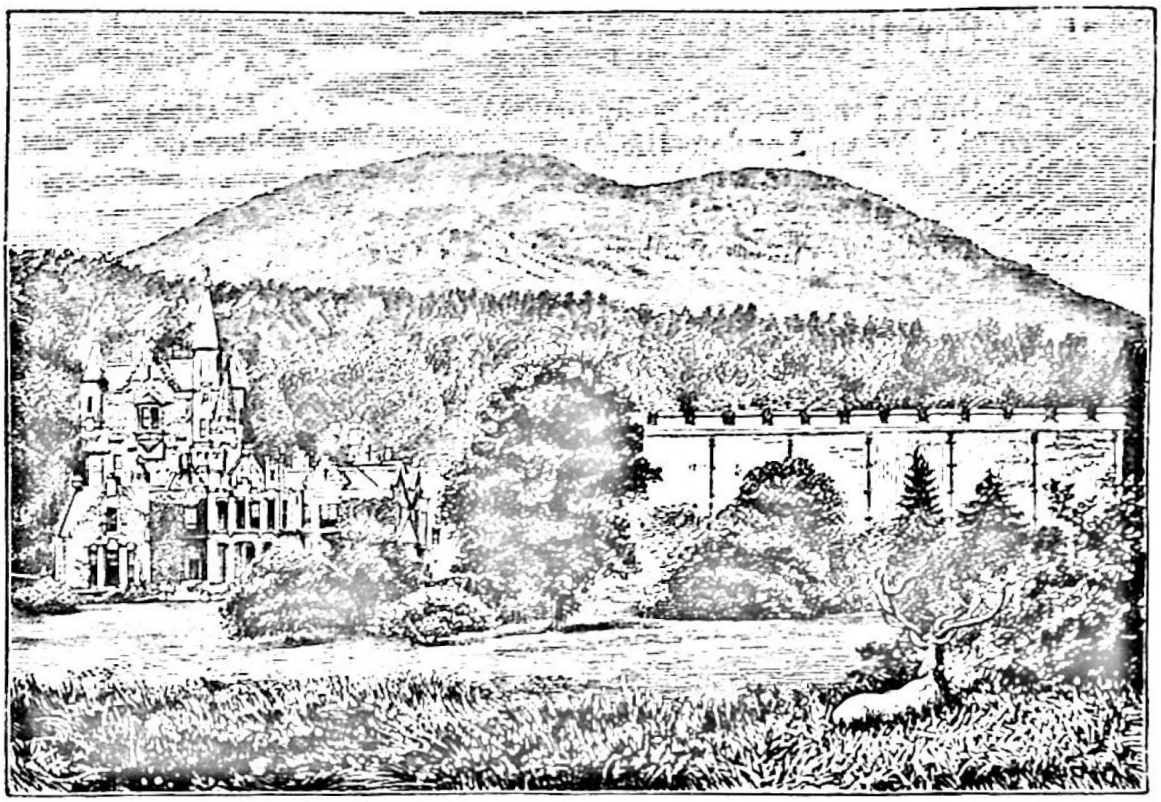
Leaving behind in Rangoon a church of eighteen members, under the care of missionaries, they entered Ava with high hope to plant Christ's standard in the very heart of the country. These hopes were blighted. Scarcely had they reached the city when war broke out between Burmah and the English Government: all white foreigners in Ava were immediately treated as spies—arrested, fettered, and thrown into the death-prison.

The story of that frightful imprisonment, and the noble record of Judson's subsequent career, must be reserved for another paper. Meanwhile, we take leave for the present of the book which has been lying before us, and which is a full and every way worthy biography of one of the noblest of missionaries.

C. A. D.

In Days Gone-by.

"UPSTART preachers swarmed in the churches, who taught the people that 'true religion is not a doctrine, but a life,' as if there could be a life, spiritual life, without 'a belief of the truth,' and as if the real mission of the true preacher and member of the body of Christ were not to 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.' One of the leading themes of those preachers was a denunciation of creeds. When I listen to such teachings, I say within myself, 'The preacher has in his mind an unevangelical creed, which he intends to insinuate into the churches,' and I never yet found myself mistaken in any such case. For the spirit of exclusion and disfellowship, 'which made a man an offender for a word,' there thus obtained, in the reaction under consideration, a miscalled 'charity,' which fellowshipped anything that bore the name of religion, and prepared the way for the introduction into the churches of a semi-Unitarianism, universalism, and infidelity. In the place of the clear, discriminating, and heart-searching teachings, the thundering appeals to conscience, and the impressive calls to 'repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ,' there followed a form of teaching which did, in deed, select texts from the Bible, but chose subjects which lay as far outside of the heart and life of the gospel as can be conceived. I once, for example, listened on a Sabbath evening to a discourse from a very popular preacher of this school. The text was 2 Cor. iv. 6: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," etc. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'we shall have a "feast of fat things," the true wine of the sanctuary.' What was the subject of that discourse? The preacher selected from the text the term 'light,' and, without an allusion to any gospel truth whatever, gave a very impressive and instructive scientific analysis and exposition of the properties of *natural light*. 'That man,' I said to myself, 'is a bastard preacher of the gospel of Christ.' Subsequent events verified that judgment. After utterly ruining two of our evangelical churches in two of our cities, he presided for a time over a Unitarian church in a third city, where he was known as a most bitter reviler of revivals of religion, and of the evangelical faith. After a few years he left the ministry, which he should never have entered. The object of such preachers was, not the conversion of sinners, nor 'the edification of the body of Christ,' but *sensation*, saying something which would excite the wonder, surprise, and admiration of the hearer. Thus was originated a form of teaching which had great popularity for a time, and which a leading member of the secular press rightly denominated 'the Gospel of Gush.'"—*From Dr. Asa Mahan's Autobiography.*



Benmore.

PERHAPS some friends may like to see the place of our usual summer-retreat. Here dwells our generous friend, James Duncan, Esq., and here for many summers he has given us the boon of change of scene, fresh air, quietude, and rest. The sermons on the lawn in front of the house have proved a pleasant labour of love: it has stirred one's heart to see the thousands flocking into that out-of-the-way place to hear the gospel, and, better still, to mark the devout attention of the assembled multitudes. But our great object has been to let the brain lie fallow that it may not refuse a harvest in due season. Here we can "go into the desert and rest a while." Out of doors there are all sorts of refreshment for the wearied mind—noble scenery, well-stocked gardens, rivers, lochs, glens, mountains, and woods; and when it rains, and it does rain in Scotland occasionally, there is the great picture-gallery, about as large as the Tabernacle, where art displays her priceless treasures. Surrounded with affectionate kindness, and enjoying perfect repose, we can have no better opportunity for recovering mental vigour; though, alas! even this cannot ward off the attacks of hereditary disease. Yet, as we sometimes groan in pain, we will also sing of mercy, and bless the Lord, who hath dealt so graciously with us.

If our readers will breathe a prayer for the owner of Benmore, they will do *us* a true service, for our gratitude invokes every blessing upon his head. "Gaius, mine host," was remembered of an apostle; much more may ministers of lower rank be grateful to their entertainers.

"Suffer the Children;" the Saviour's Appeal.

OF all the sad scenes continually presenting themselves in the various conditions of London life, perhaps none are sadder or more touching than those in which little children most prominently figure. In all classes of society, whether it be in the luxurious nurseries of lordly mansions, or down among the lanes and alleys where the little ones seem to grow and flourish like the country weeds, there are sights to be daily witnessed which may well make every thoughtful Christian pray and ponder, earnestly pleading for the light and love so necessary to the rescuing of these poor stray lambs.

It is difficult to escape the recollection of one of these strange, sad pictures, seen many months ago, but as vivid to-day as when first it stamped its image on the eye. There was a little narrow street where stood one of the dingiest of our London workhouses. Only a few yards from the entrance was a young man trying to drag along a woman who seemed little more than twenty years of age. Though impossible to tell the cause of the commotion, it appeared that he was, for some reason, trying to take her to the workhouse, to which she evidently refused to go. Her struggles were very violent, and the man, getting desperate, began to strike her. But clinging to his coat was a child, ragged and dirty, but pretty—fresh-complexioned and fair-haired—crying, oh, *so* piteously, "Don't, father! Father, don't! You sha'n't hit mother so!" At first he took no notice, but, becoming exasperated, he suddenly turned round, took hold of her, and flung her from him into the middle of the road. There stood the little, tender child, sobbing with grief and rage, owning as parents those who with rough hands were leading her into dread paths of sin and misery. And was this a solitary case? Were there not hundreds such? Are there not to-day thousands of little ones perishing all for the want of a helping hand and a loving heart?

And why is this? Is it *all* the work of the arch-enemy? Dare we say that it is *all* the result of the sinner's own folly and sin? Must we not own that too much of it lies at the door of Christ's disciples, who have frequently and in many ways been unmindful of his gentle precept, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"? If, instead of the perplexities and anxious questionings which have disturbed the passing centuries, men had hushed the discords of their own wrangling voices, and had listened to the echoes of that Living Voice, would there not be rejoicing where now there is cause for mourning; victory, where now there is nothing but defeat? Be this as it may, do not our consciences condemn us, telling us that we at least have been cold and careless, and far too negligent of the claims which children undoubtedly have upon the church of Christ?

Although such self-examinations must lead to confession of failure, let us not, while bewailing the shortcomings of the past, fail to keep in mind the privileges and possibilities of the future. And as there is nothing so calculated to restore the flagging energies, and to stimulate the zeal of the half-hearted, as a deep draught from the fountain of the Living Truth, let us go there, and learn from the lips of Christ himself

something of what he meant when he said, "Suffer the children to come unto me." The incident which called forth these words was apparently a very simple one. A few women, in accordance perhaps with a custom prevailing among Jewish mothers of taking their children to the Rabbis in order that they might receive their blessing, took their little ones to Jesus, who was generally recognized as a teacher in Israel, and of whose miracles and ever-ready sympathy they had undoubtedly often heard. As usual, he was surrounded with those who delighted to ply him with many questions, and the disciples quickly rebuked the women, evidently regarding their appearance as an impertinent intrusion. But he who never yet refused a blessing sought, turned, and, with an almost beseeching tenderness, told them to make way. "*Suffer* them," said he, "Suffer them to come unto me." "I have had to *draw* you, to exercise long patience with you, and even now ye are but poor, dull scholars; but *these* are young and teachable, and in their simple faith will learn to trust me better than you have ever done. Drive them not away, for too soon will that little Jewish boy, with his dark, expressive eyes, be taught the pride and prejudices of his stubborn race; and the empty forms and false teachings of a hypocritical priesthood will, like deadly creepers round a sapling tree, destroy the living impulses of that warm young heart. Let them come to me, for I am their nation's hope, their Great Deliverer;—to me, for the dark days are coming, which some of them may see, which shall bring destruction to a rejected people;—to me, their only shelter in the time of storms;—to me, the meek and lowly one, more humble than the lowliest child."

Thus it seems that these words had a deeper significance than, perhaps from their very familiarity, men have been wont to attach to them, and we would ask how far, in the ages that have passed since Jesus uttered it, the church of Christ has heeded this message of its Lord, or how far it is heeding it in this our day? It would take too long to inquire fully into the special importance men have attached to this message during all that time; but it will be admitted that, in the Roman Catholic church, the "little ones" have been led anywhere but unto him, and thousands of young lives that might have been brought under the quickening rays of the Sun of Righteousness, have been smothered and stunted in the thick darkness of a confused idolatry. But, putting aside such things, has it been, is it now, always the aim of the true disciple to bring the little ones to Christ? In these days of Orphanages, Sunday-schools, Children's Services, Bible Unions, etc., is there never the danger of forgetting the voice that pleads so earnestly, "Suffer the children to come *unto Me*"? Are Christian parents, whose lawful desire it is to see their children well-clothed, trained and educated, never apt to lose sight of the fact that they themselves may become so engrossed in these minor matters as to lead the young ones to conclude that the knowledge of Jesus Christ himself is not so all-important a matter after all? Are Christian ministers, in their desire to interest and instruct the grown-up folks, never heedless of the possibility that there may be in the congregation no more attentive hearer than the child of ten or twelve? Under an earnest gospel ministry many a child has listened while Christ has been lifted up as the Saviour, the Sacrifice, the Judge, until it has been a hard matter to keep back

the tears, which would try to force themselves through; and if Christ's ministers would only remember this, would they not more often preach the truth as it is in Jesus, so that not only these, but also "children of a larger growth" might more easily learn that the way of life is only in the personal acceptance of a living Saviour?

And the Sunday-school teachers, too, what of them? Surely, *they* can have no other aim than to lead their classes straight away to Jesus. Is it so? If Christ were to come and speak to each of the teachers in all our schools, would he not have to remind too many of them that the object of their work was unachieved until each little scholar had "been to him"? Has not every teacher felt how easy it is to grow too satisfied with having gained attention, good behaviour, the love of the children, well-known lessons, and examination prizes? If they had thought less of such things as "seeing the children become members of *our* church, or at least belonging to *our* denomination," if they had always put aside petty jealousies, and had made the actual conversion of the little ones through the power of the Holy Spirit the one desire of their hearts, would there now be so many hardened sinners among those who once were numbered as Sunday-scholars?

It is well, indeed, to make home bright and attractive, to see the children growing into useful, well-educated members of society, to teach thoroughly and clearly the various forms of truth; but let all Christians everywhere remember that on all may be written "Failure," unless the little ones have been first to Christ. And let them see to it, that it is indeed to him they take them. To him as the gentle Jesus, the Good Shepherd, the Bleeding Sacrifice, and to him also as the King of kings, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and the one who cometh as the Judge of all. Let them teach of him that he is Son of man, but let them not forget to show that he is also Son of God. So, every obstacle cleared away, and the children suffered to go unto him, he will himself do all the rest, and taking them into his arms, will touch and bless them, giving them joy and safety for ever in the sweet shelter of his love.

W. D.

Corrected Text.

"Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age."—Genesis xxxvii. 3.

JOSEPH was born when Jacob was ninety years old; but as Benjamin was born sixteen years later, there would be 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, Joseph was as grave and discreet as an old man, and as wise as a senator. Wisdom is a quality that makes parents partial to their children, and prefer them to their brethren who are not so wise. —"*Mistranslated Passages in our Bible.*" *By Rev. J. H. Murray.*

Separate Thoughts on the "Altogether Lovely" as the Preacher's Theme.

BY W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

CHRIST is the Altogether Lovely, and Christ is the appointed, compelled theme of the preacher.

The consummation of all human loveliness is Jesus Christ; but the consummation of all the Christ-loveliness was Christ crucified. Then was the supreme moment of each good in him. Every sweetness on that day of seeming shame wore a crown of majesty.

All-loveliness we see in Christ; on every side, in every aspect, inexhaustibly, entrancingly. And the indivisible soul of all this is *love*. We cannot see love; but when she puts on all her beautiful garments we see the Altogether Lovely.

The gospel minister comes to the world with the best of the best. What is more charming than true beauty? What is better than virtue? What is more regal than love? For centuries the world's wisest and best men were trying to galvanize beauty, virtue, love into vital moral forces —in vain. Lo, Jesus appears, and they in him, living, radiant, crowned A voice from heaven speaks in the ear of apostles, missionaries, preachers, evangelists, saying, "Go, cry to earth, Behold your King!"

It is not the beauty of Christ that saves; but he was supremely beautiful in saving. That exceeding fairness was wrought in the fires of anguish for sin—such good can God educe out of such evil. Who seeks a Saviour finds—how much more than a Saviour!

Olden prophets began their career with a vision. This is still the true inauguration of a ministry. A soul-illuming view of Jesus is at once a call and an inspiration. From out of that high radiance the slow-speeched Moses comes to make the wilderness rejoice with odes of triumph and hope.

The tissues of many plants are steeped in precious essences, whose perfume lades the air and betrays their presence afar off. Such is all that is of Christ. Fragrance exhales from all his titles, offices, words and works. Sweetness exudes at every pore of the Plant of Renown. "All over glorious" is he; what tongue shall do him justice?

Christ's beauty is the salvation of the world from final hideousness. Nothing else saves or could save it. Like a once-fair vessel that, shattered and dismasted, sinks away from a bright bending heaven of stars into the ravenous flood for ever, the world had sunk in night but for the arresting presence of Jesus. Himself is the living germ of the new heavens and the new earth.

In Christ nothing disappoints. No side fails the preacher. The depths are always fathomless, it is always "altogether" loveliness. Like the stellar universe that is ever unfolding deeper depths peopled with new and brilliant orbs to the astronomer's better vision, the measure of the preacher's possession of his theme is the measure of his courage, love, and spiritual skill. Jesus is illimitable.

While Creation's poet finds an audience amongst men, or the student of the kingdom of Flora has companions in enthusiasm; while there

are natures left on earth that mirror things beautiful, and translate their rapture for others' ears: the representatives and interpreters of the Altogether Lovely shall hold their place. Even infidelity confesses unwillingly such perfections. When the sons of science have multiplied the riches of knowledge a hundredfold, they will but have peered in a little at the gateway of the lodge of his royal estate—the Universe. And he is so much greater and lovelier than all. Science by her appliances succeeds in detecting, mayhap, at infinite distance the trailing fringe of his robe; but the head of spirit-created love is immediately in his bosom. *Is there nothing then to tell?*

Who speaks of the All-lovely in the pulpit must first have spoken *with* him in secret Eye must have met eye. "And the Lord *looked* upon him and said, Go in this thy might." We see not the panoplied angel under Jericho's walls, unless we have first seen the flaming angel at solitary Horeb.

To speak of Christ, *love* is the great qualifier. Love is best visioned of the spiritual faculties. No diviner like love. Of all the vessels that ply the sea of Christ's infinity, love dares the farthest and brings home the costliest cargo. For Egyptian corn, they said, "Go to Joseph." For treasures of Christ, go to love.

Love waits on the Altogether Lovely, and the handmaid of love is lowliness. Lowliness stoops and carries the more. Thus the tale of beauty is better told.

Christ's beautifulness never enters the life but by the gateway of the heart. There is an artifical depicture as if one should describe a landscape from a description, or a person from a portrait. This is the head doing the work of the heart. The heart aflame, the intellect soon catches, and the holocaust is complete.

Sweet is prayer in presence of the All-beautiful. Beauty, like majesty, when it is divine awes, and compels to prayer. The heart pines with tender anguish before Immanuel. His humblest spokesman steeped in his beauty has materials for eloquence if the tongue so weighted can discharge its office.

There are dumb moments born of excess of discovery. As Dante sang of the ideal charms that lured onward his life, so may one see Christ:

> "Mine eyes did look
> Upon such beauty! . . . . .
> . . . . Up to that view
> Have I with song applausive never ceased
> To follow, but now follow it no more;
> My course here bounded, as each artist's is,
> When it doth touch the limit of his skill."

"We must die to speak of Christ."

When men would survey and measure the sun, the entire earth was found to afford a poor cramped base-line for the process. So does the transcendant character of Christ surpass all mortal conceptions. We are without base-line, lost in the immensity of his perfections.

Says Rutherford—captive hand and foot to his Imperial Lord: "When I have worn my tongue to the stump in praising Christ, I have done nothing to him; for my withered arms will not go about his high, wide, long, and broad love."

Heart-room is the great necessity of those who essay to represent Christ. Another is heart-unison. Christ is not seen *without*, but *within*, in the mirror of the soul. The same incomparable charms come to all; but as the mirror is large, clear and true does the soul see. Better hearts would bring more of Christ to earth, and Christ would make better hearts.

To swear, under compulsion of beauty, fealty to the Altogether Lovely, and to follow him spell-held in silken chains for ever, is a slavery from which Christ's servants supplicate no redemption. No Moses can arise that would lead them. They attempt no escape from the taskmaster love.

> "It may not be
> That one who looks upon that light can turn
> To other object willingly his view.
> For all the good that will may covet, there
> Is summ'd; and all, elsewhere defective found,
> Complete."

The royal gift of speech receives no nobler consecration than to the service of exhaustless grace. Materials lie about in embarrassing profusion. Golconda had brought less to a miser's hand, or Eden to a poet's fancy, than the wealth and delightsomeness of Jesus to the tongue of the speaker. So the heart have the key, the tongue has a luxurious competence for both the life that now is and the life which is to come.

He who has the Altogether Lovely as his constant theme and thought, has *distinction* as *valet de chambre* to graces so exquisite; has *felicity* for so much duteous nearness; suffers *transformation* in the service as he whose toil is amid sweet essences is always companied by their perfumes; and becomes a singular *authority* as to the mind of Christ, and as to "whatsoever is lovely."

While some strong-pinioned inhabitants of the aërial region sweep a whole hemisphere at their pleasure, and others voyage to far lands, a certain family of the humming-birds, content to be untravelled, lingers in one tiny circle, "with only a rosebush for its universe." The preacher that has built his nest hard by the fragrant petals of the Rose of Sharon needs ask no vaster worlds. For him there is no universe beyond the Altogether Lovely.

Among the blisses of the service of Jesus must rank high that belonging to the process of acclimatization in Christ-land, till one is as at home with Jesus as a honey-bee in the perfumed bosom of the rose.

There is no good that is demanded of man that is without sufficient example and analogy in Jesus. For centuries men have rifled the life of Christ, and still his all-sided purity affords model and stimulus for human living. Christ has arrayed all virtue in living beauty, that before us in every effort we make towards good, there may be present its perfect and delightful embodiment. And ever we are stepping Christward, and wooing others thither.

Provence, devoted to the culture of sweet-smelling plants of all countries, is a storehouse of fragrant delights, and is called "the garden of Europe." Such is Jesus. His life is redolent with the best things of earth and heaven. His altogether beautifulness is the Eden of the nations. The sacred merchants of the world must do all their business with him.

This charming note of the preacher's—how it flows out upon the world! Sounds of discord, of strife, of war, and march and counter march of armies, of voices in the senate, in the market, in the pleasure-halls: contending with them all, this music of the altogether-loveliness is heard. Let the pulpit keep persistently to the front this name and "perfection of beauty." It has repose for the weary, new and true satisfaction for the sated, peace for the world-distracted; it rests the eyes from the world's whirl; it is calm amid panic, bliss amid racking griefs, beauty triumphant and heaven-lighted, radiant above scorn and hate and fear: like the still bright heaven above the reeking slaughter of war.

When the kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, beauty's victory shall be won. It steals silently, sweetly, irresistibly on, from heart to heart, from life to life, from land to land. Christ will fling his altogether-loveliness over the world, and then how fair it will be! This One of beauty shall be *the* joy for ever. The light that transfigured Tabor's soil whereon Jesus stood shall wrap the world in loveliness. It is decreed. It advances to rapturous fulfilment

"by the love impelled
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

Seeing in a Fog.

A FRIEND of ours, sailing down the coast last March, came on deck one morning to find the air pervaded by a fog so thick as to shut off the vision for even a few yards from the steamer. He had been aware during the night of a peculiar vigilance and activity on board, and ascertained that the fog had lasted since the previous evening. On inquiring of the captain concerning their whereabouts, he was told that they had passed Cape Hatteras in the night. "How did you know that? Could you see the light?"—"Oh, no; not in a fog like this."—"Well, you certainly could take no observations without a star in sight."—"No; but we have other ways of seeing where we are than those you have mentioned."—"How?"—"By the lead. Our soundings told us that we were off the Cape, and when we had passed it." The spiritual have other means of seeing than what we call our sight. They see by the lead. That lead is faith. All distinctively Christian seamanship consists in the use of this "vision and faculty divine." There are nights when the heavens seem walled above our heads, and no light shines from the shore; when through the moaning and midnight seas we pass the stormy and perilous crises of our life. But we go on, sounding the depths that encompass and imperil us, and finding the rocks and shoals themselves our chart and our security. "For we walk by faith, not by sight."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Fearful Condition of London.

LET our subscribers read the following extract from the *London City Mission Magazine*, and weigh it well. It describes not one street only, but hundreds. Far worse things than this might be written, but then they could not be read. Our great capital is becoming a heathen city. Its vice is indescribable, and its poverty inconceivable. Oh, that the church of God felt the burden of London, and laid itself out to cleanse its Augean stable of filthiness! Multitudes in London are no more reached by the gospel than by Confucianism. How long is this to be? It ought to break our sleep at nights that men are perishing without the knowledge of the gospel at our very doors. Here is the extract:—

Of the people in general, I will refer to C— Street as an illustration. In this street there are fifty-five houses (each house having four rooms), containing about two hundred families. On an average, a man, his wife, and three, four, or five children are to be found in one room. A neglectful landlord and filthy occupants give some of these houses an awful appearance inside. Dirty ceilings and walls are to be seen in a great many of them, the flooring and stairs are as treacherous as quicksand, and at times you need great care lest your foot should go through into the coal-cupboard below. Where the sweeping-brush or scrubbing-brush is seldom used, the unwholesome atmosphere is not only smelt, but tasted. I have known some cases where father and mother, together with sons and daughters in their teens, to the number of six or seven, sleep together in one room.

Out of the nearly two hundred families in this street I do not know of one where father and mother attend the house of God together. Moreover, I only know of one mother who is identified with a Christian church. Some parents cannot read, others are able to read a little, but the greater part of them have been sadly neglected as to their moral and religious training.

Thus they have been allowed to grow up ignorant of the elementary principles of Christianity, and, led by their corrupt passions, they give way to unbelief, stolid indifference, habits of intemperance, and, filled with false superstitious ideas, they treat with contempt the gospel message.

It is sad to behold the intemperance amongst the females. I often find the mother out with a companion or two, her rooms in a dreadful state of filth, and it may be two or three little children left at home, not dressed. Their faces and bodies look as though they had been bathed in a pail of muddy water and left to dry without being wiped.

"Where's mother?" enquires the visitor. "Out, sir." "When will she be home?" "Don't know," replies one of the poor little neglected things.

Standing opposite the Cow-shed, as it is called—viz., the —— public-house —one foggy day, for five minutes, I saw five-and-twenty females and three men go into that house. This gives an approximate estimate of the stream of females from day to day, and explains, at once, the cause of a great deal of the wretched condition and poverty that one sees from day to day.

In the summer, you may see in this street the little children running about all day in the dirt, lads gambling, young girls skipping, and mothers and fathers at their doors gossiping. If any persons living in this street wish to go to the house of God at this season, they have to pass through a fire of derision. These people seem to act as though God had said, "Do all you can on this day, and keep holy six days," for week-days are a great deal quieter, as a rule, than Sundays.

The Signs of Old London.

IN looking at the title-pages of the older editions of our Puritan authors, we are always interested in learning at what signs the publishers carried on business; for, to borrow the words of Addison, who wrote in the reign of Queen Anne, those were days when the streets were "filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than those in the deserts of Africa." In our superior wisdom we are naturally disposed to ask,—What could be the use of the costly and heavy signboards with which our forefathers darkened their streets, obstructed the free passage of air, and even endangered life? Signs are little better than toys to the modern tradesman; but they were formerly most important objects. "At a time when few persons could read or write, house-signs were indispensable in city life," for they indicated the shops where certain goods could be procured. "As education spread they were less needed; and when, in the last century, the system of numbering houses was introduced, and every thoroughfare had its name painted at its beginning and end, they were no longer a positive necessity—their original value was gone, and they lingered on, not by reason of their usefulness, but as instances of the decorative humour of our ancestors, or as advertisements of established reputation and business success."* At the present moment there would seem to be a tendency to reproduce the old signs; and perhaps it may render our streets all the more interesting. We do not take kindly to "Forty-ninth Street" and "Twenty-third Avenue," it savours too much of our slate-and-multiplication-table days. Addison complained of tradespeople not adapting their signs to the nature of their business; but originally this was aimed at. In some instances, among bootmakers and ironmongers, for example, their trade is still shown by the symbols which they display. An old preacher exclaimed, "It is to be feared that many a time when an angel is hung up without, the devil lives within." Signs must have been as handy things for preachers as they still are for temperance lecturers. Either a man or a moral might be hung from many a village sign-board.

It is both pleasing and suggestive to find, that *saints* which had been popular with the booksellers before the Reformation, were almost in every case superseded by *the Bible*, after England had broken off her connection with Antichrist. Saint Blaze went into the fire, and St. Catherine wheeled off when the priests were sent packing. Observers of old title-pages will have noticed how frequently the Bible enters into the publishers' signs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. On every succeeding 24th of August, the Scriptures were exhibited by all the London stationers, so that "Like a bookseller's-shop on

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* The History of Signboards, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By J. Larwood and J. C. Hotten. With one hundred illustrations in fac-simile. Eighth edition. (Chatto & Windus. Price 7s. 6d.) The standard book on the subject, full of curious and out-of-the-way pieces of information, illustrative of the social life of a past age.

Bartholomew's Day" must have passed into a proverb; and the "What do ye lack?" of the apprentices might have been translated into "Do you want a Bible?"

This preference of booksellers in the old times for the Bible might be curiously illustrated by examining the title-pages of an author, such as John Bunyan, whose books were originally issued by a variety of publishers, whose places of business ranged from old London Bridge to some distance westward. Thus, "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved" was "Printed for Elizabeth Smith at the Hand and Bible, on London Bridge, 1691." The "hand" may have signified the hand of the preacher pointing to the truth, or the hand of faith grasping it. "The Angel and Bible in the Poultry" was kept by Benjamin Alsop, who had the honour of publishing the allegorist's "Greatness of the Soul" in 1682. After Bunyan's death, when a proposal was sent out to collect and republish his works at ten shillings each folio volume, or two shillings extra if "well bound in good calves leather," the publisher was "William Marshall, at the Bible in Newgate-street." This sign does not appear to have been appropriated by any other calling; and probably it would have been regarded as akin to sacrilege if it had been so used. It is true we have once or twice found good entertainment at "The Old Bible" in Amsterdan, but we always regretted that a Bible should be the sign of an inn, especially a Bible opened at 1 Timothy v. 23: "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." However it lets all the world know that Timothy was a teetotaler, and was very slow to take even a little wine medicinally when it would have been of use to him.

There was evidently plenty of entertainment for keen observers who walked abroad in London two centuries ago. The signs were originally intended for the convenience of ignorant persons; but those who put them up at so great a cost were often more unlettered than their patrons, as when La Belle Sauvage was changed into *Bell* Savage, or a wild man standing beside a bell. Some read it as "the Bell and Savage" just as "the Satyr and Bacchanals" became Satan and the bag of nails. It seems to have been half believed by many that signs without were an index of character within; and there is a sense in which this will be true of people in every age. "I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door," writes Addison: "A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a Bear; as men of milder disposition frequently live at the Lamb." We wonder whether quiet wives were found at the sign of the Headless Woman, and domestic discomfort under the sign of "the Man loaded with Mischief," who was represented as carrying his spouse on his back.

Because it was so *frequently* appropriated as a sign, the Bible was necessarily associated with various objects, or qualified with divers adjectives, so as to make the sign distinctive. The Blue Bible was one of the most common signs in the old city. At first such a symbol might appear devoid of meaning, or even grotesque; but as one explains it—"This blue doth represent the sky on a clear, sunshiny day, when all clouds are exiled. Job, speaking to the busy searchers of God's mysteries, saith (Job xi. 17), 'Then shall the residue of their lives be as clear as the noonday.' Which to the judgment of men (through the

pureness of the air) is of *azure* colour or light *blue*, and signifieth *piety and sincerity*."

The Bible and Key, and the Bible and Sun were also common combinations two hundred years ago. "The Sun was the sign of Wynkyn de Worde, and the printers that succeeded him in his house," so we are told by Mr. Larwood. "It may, however, in this combination have been an emblem of the Sun of Truth, or the Light of the World. It was the sign of John Newberry, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the publisher of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield;' also of C. Bates, near Pie-corner, and of Richard Reynolds, in the Poultry, both ballad printers in the times of Charles II. and William III. Then there is the Bible and Ball, a sign of a bookseller in Ave Maria Lane in 1761, who probably hung up a globe to indicate the sale of globes and maps; and the Bible and Dial, over against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, in 1720, was the sign of the notorious Edmund Curll, who was pilloried at Charing Cross, and pilloried in Pope's verses. The dial was in all likelihood a sun-dial on the front wall of his house." We see from this that the sign of the Bible was no guarantee of the bookseller's integrity, nor of the quality of his wares. We should like to see the Bible and the Open Hand; the Bible and the Weeping Eye; the Bible and the Bended Knee; and the Bible and the Burning Cards. These be the signs of New London and a new world.

A Storm of Grasshoppers.

IN the morning I was surveying my most abundant promise of a rich harvesting, devoutly thankful that I had escaped the dreadful calamity of the plague of grasshoppers which had fallen upon some other portions of the State. I had ample promise of plenty for my own wants, and enough to spare in generous supplies to the afflicted ones—a thought which gave me great pleasure. Alas! how soon the vision changed! About the middle of the afternoon a sudden dimness appeared in the north-west, which I at first mistook for a rising cloud. Anon it grew darker and darker, and came on apace with the noise and gloom of a thunder-cloud; and, alas! with more fatal effects than had ever followed the rush of the hurricane. It was the terrible army, or rather the living storm of grasshoppers. The cloud was so fast and thick that the sun was obscured, and fate so ordered that they should settle upon my fields. They covered the ground in such numbers that they could be shovelled up as one would shovel grain. All weapons were powerless against such a foe, and we could only seek shelter from personal harm, and despairingly witness the destruction of all our hopes; and a completer ruin was never inflicted. When another morning returned, nothing remained of the rich promise of the day before; all was gone, stalk and branch, leaf and ear, and my fields were as bare as the desert of Sahara.—*From "The Beautiful Ladder," by Sidney Dyer.*

Stitch it on!

A BLUE-RIBBON RHYME, BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

OH, if I could, I gladly would, sing sweetest of the bards,
In honour of the bravest one amongst the Coldstream Guards.
I laud the exploits of a lad whose name is Henry Brown,
He'll ever have a palm in hand, and on his head a crown.
From conquering he'll to conquer go, he'll climb the highest hill,
Though he will still his standing keep, he'll not keep standing still.

This lad once ventured to his school decked in the Temp'rance Blue,
The fellows felt for him at once—'twas fellow-feeling, too!
They made him well-nigh black and blue, you'd scarcely call him Brown,
But though he coloured up, he would not pull his colours down.
They badgered him about his badge, and raised a cry and hue;
They gave him not a bit of peace, and stole his piece of Blue.

He therefore to his mother went—"*Oh, stitch it on!*" he cried;
"They do not care a pin for pins—untidy 'tis if tied!"
"My buoyant boy," she fondly said, "you are your mother's son,
In right good soil the Blue is sown, so I will sew it on!"
The needed needle's work was done, Blue on his blouse he bore,
A man, though but a year ago he wore a pinafore.

He went to lessons as before (his ribbon now was taut),
Determined if they took to fight, they shouldn't take the fort.
His mates designed to checkmate him, but found his colour fast,
For he to master them had nailed his colours to the mast.
They blew him up about his Blue, but goading was no go,
And when they saw it was so sewn, they also looked so so.

He cared not for their chaff a straw, he scorned their every scoff,
For having donned the Blue, he was too much a Don to doff.
They tried to pluck it from his coat, but he had pluck and grit,
And when they called him "Rechabite," he did not reck a bit.
Well done, brave boy, you did them Brown, young hero of the Blue;
I hail you Blucher, and your fight a second Waterloo!

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1884. *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for* 1884. Containing Articles by the Editor and other Writers. Texts of Scripture selected for Meditation for every Day in the Year, Metropolitan Tabernacle Directory, &c. Passmore & Alabaster. 1d. each.

THOSE who have for years purchased Mr. Spurgeon's two Almanacks will not think the issues of this year inferior to their predecessors The Sheet Almanack is as good as good can be. It must have an immense circulation. We know of nothing which can rival it for vivacity and force.

The Prices of Sins in the Church of Rome. By A. H. GUINNESS, M.A. Protestant Alliance Offices, 9, Strand.

AN opportune publication. If our friends can read the Latin portion of this work they will discover the price to be paid for absolution for all sorts of sins. The trade is no doubt a brisk one, and as it is all profit, the article sold costing the dealer nothing, the Romish court ought to be wealthy!

Lays for Leisure Hours. By MARGARET RUSSELL DOW. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

Too good to censure and too weak to commend. The gracious authoress has no cause to be ashamed of her poetic efforts, but she does not display enough of original thought to secure a large audience. Still, as her efforts are all for the truth, and for the good of her readers, we wish her more success than we dare expect for her.

Thoughts in Rhyme; or, A Blind Man's Poems. By JESSE CRUSE, late a London Postman. Houlston & Sons.

THESE poems are sent us for review; but we have no heart for such cruel work when we find that the writer is a blind man, and that friends have written out his verses, and aided him in preparing them for the press. It only remains for the same kind friends to sell them for love's sake among their own acquaintances. They are well-meaning verses, containing nothing to which any right-minded person can object.

The River of Life: an Allegory. By WEBSTER STRELLEY. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, and Chrystal.

A BRIEF but pleasing allegory upon the salvation of the world by the gospel, as imaged in the cleansing of the Dead Sea by the Jordan's flowing into it. It is a grand scriptural figure turned into verse; and it embodies itself in a tiny work of art, carefully elaborated by its author.

Summer Dreams. A Vacation Reminiscence. By H. ROSE. Isbister.

THESE poems, although not of the highest order, are not without a certain measure of music and beauty. Imagination, and a considerable power of description are joined to an instinct for metre which makes them pleasant reading. Whether they are worth the price charged for them we hesitate to say; but they are much better than some costlier and more pretentious volumes it has been our sad penance to review. "Did you read that poem in last night's paper?" asked Smith. "Read!" exclaimed Sniffington, "no, sir; I never *read* poetry. I write it!" "Oh, I see," said Smith, demurely. "You are to be congratulated." So we think.

Ferndale: or, The Blue Ribbon Boy. By W. FRITH. With preface by W. NOBLE. Partridge and Co.

THE Gospel Temperance movement has created a literature of its own, the work of the platform being consolidated and confirmed by the press.

This little story is likely to deepen convictions in young hearts in favour of Temperance principles, and, above all, in gospel principles. If there is any drawback to the book it is its too palpable preaching, and quotations from speeches and addresses: still even with this fault it is a readable and interesting book, and we believe will be useful.

Luther Anecdotes: Memorable Sayings and Doings of Martin Luther. By Dr. MACAULAY. Religious Tract Society.

A CAPITAL collection of Luther anecdotes; most useful and seasonable at this moment. Many will read these stories who would never wade through a biography. We bespeak for the book a hearty welcome.

A Bird's-eye View of English Literature from the Seventh Century to the Present Time. By HENRY GREY. Griffith and Farran.

THIS is what it professes to be: all that but no more. The eye of the particular bird which received the view here presented to us could not see Howe, or Owen, though it could see Taylor and Barrow. We fear the dear little fowl has roosted in church-steeples more often than is good for it. Still, it is a bright-eyed bird. The information is greatly condensed in order to get it into a shilling hand-book. It is exactly the thing to meet the wants of thousands who do not wish to be entirely ignorant as to the great English authors: here they can learn their names and the titles of their works.

Jack's Heroism: a Tale of Schoolboy Life. By E. C. KENYON. S. W. Partridge and Co.

PLENTY of adventure; probable and improbable. "Up in a balloon, boys," and—what is more wonderful—down again to the same spot from which they started! Very likely (?).

"All of Blue," or, "The Body is of Christ." By FRANK H. WHITE. Second edition. Partridge and Co.

WE have before commended this precious little treatise, and we are glad to see that it commends itself to the people of God so much as to create a fresh demand for it.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Bible. Together with a Life of the Author. By the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. Ward, Lock, and Co.

OUR Wesleyan friends must be delighted to see their great commentator's work issued in this popular form. We greatly appreciate the exposition for its learning, though we do not accept all its theology. In thirty-nine shilling parts this Commentary will be complete, and, after paying a fair price for binding, the purchaser will possess six handsome volumes which will be a bargain to him. No Methodist should now be without his Adam Clarke.

Covenant Names and Privileges. By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. R.D. Dickinson.

DR. NEWTON'S style is most fascinating, and his matter is sound and Scriptural. We commend his book to all who like plain, short, instructive sermons, full of vivacity and force.

Companions for a Quiet Hour. A Companion to the Lord's Table. The Religious Tract Society.

WE are not by any means enamoured of this kind of manual. Sorrowful, pensive, morbid spirits may revel in these subjective dreamings, but the great facts of Gethsemane and Calvary are to us better preparations for fellowship with Jesus. The introductory essay on the meaning of the Lord's Supper is worth all the book: the rest is of small account.

The New and Comprehensive Scripture Catechism: designed for the use of Schools, Bible Classes, and private families. By CHARLES BRIDGMAN. Bible-Christian Book-Room, No. 26, Paternoster-row.

SINCE the Catechism has reached a third edition, we suppose that some people think highly of it. To us it seems to abound in words which children cannot understand. Here are a few questions upon the Book of Job:—"On what occasion was his piety tested? What effect had this deprivation upon Job? Who opened the discussion?" Surely, any teacher could put these questions into a simpler form, and could ask them himself without the help of a book.

By the way, we should like to know whether a statement is true which is given in the preface as a quotation. Will some reader who knows give us some information one way or the other? "The number of immoral books published annually is more than the total issues of the Christian Knowledge Society, Religious Tract Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, Trinitarian Bible Society, and some seventy religious periodicals."

Devotional Manuals. Self-Employment in Secret. T. Woolmer.

A REPRODUCTION in pocket size of a little manual written by John Corbet, in 1680, on the subject of self-examination. The get-up of the book is quaint and antique, and if the subject were as good it would command our hearty commendation. We are afraid, however, that this morbid self-analysis is likely to depress and make self-reliant, instead of leading to trust wholly and simply in Christ. "Know thyself," was the heathen philosopher's advice; "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent," is the Christian's motto.

From Cana to Bethany; or, Gleanings from our Lord's Life on Earth. By Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A. Nisbet.

MR. WHITFIELD modestly calls these addresses "Gleanings" only: to many they will be as rich harvests. With all the interpreting power of true love, he expounds the life and teaching of Christ so as to compel both wonder and worship in the reader. There is unction and savour from the beginning to the end of this book, and the person of Christ is exalted to the chief place in the reader's affections. This little volume has been to us a veritable Nazareth-home, where we have seen Jesus in sacred and familiar forms. May many read and be influenced with love to Christ by it.

The Bible: its Revelation, Inspiration, and Evidence. By Rev. John Robson, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

There is freshness and fervour in this treatise. We meet with too many books nowadays that are manufactured out of other books; "a spurious brood that fills the press, laboured effects of idleness." The plan our author has proposed to himself and propounded to us is to seek in the pages of the Bible for a solution of the problems suggested by the Bible. His method may be traced in some measure to his career as a missionary. Discussions with Brahminical and Mahometan apologists over the inspiration of *their* sacred books seem to have sharpened his wits and whetted his appetite for the finer subleties of criticism. Nor is this his first adventure. An able work on "Hinduism" has proved his acquaintance with "Comparative Theologies." This is a fashionable study. We suppose it supplies the dilettante disciples of "modern thought" with light literature for leisure hours. Let us borrow a sentence of his own to indicate the spécialité of his book. It occurs towards the close ot the volume. "The science of religion is taking the place of the philosophy of religion. We are now learning that in the study of religion, as in other studies, we must accumulate and classify facts if we would arrive at certain knowledge." That is the point. Dr. Robson will sometimes startle the casual reader. He brings facts to the front which many of our friends will feel that they ought to have known because of the familiar source from which they are fetched, but somehow or other they had escaped their notice. Then, again, he sifts those facts, and separates them from the fancies that we are apt to blend with them. Passed through the crucible of a sound criticism, our reason must obviously bow before the Bible, in full view of its positive revelation, its peculiar inspiration, and its perfect authentication.

Christ the Way, and other Sermons. By Rev. A. Furst, D.D. R. A. Dickinson.

Thoughtful, experimental, and practical, but not of the purest evangelical type. Once in the whole volume Christ is spoken of as "suffering the innocent for the guilty, the just for the unjust, and occasionally it may seem to be implied; but more frequently we meet with such sentiments as these—"If praying in the name of Christ means anything it can only mean that in his Spirit our prayers are to be made." "The philosophy of the cross of Christ enables men to live a godly and useful life." "Saving (of life) will be effected if we not only restrict its natural power and inclinations, but allow it to be inspired by the spirit of abnegation, devotion, and self-surrender." Self-sacrifice in us, after the example of Christ, will, it is supposed, be most pleasing to God in us as it was in him. Though delivered in Germany, these sermons are in the best strain of that which is peculiar to German theology. More moral than evangelical, they are, nevertheless, not without a tendency to lead thoughtful and enquiring minds to feel a want which further gospel knowledge will be needful to supply. If they do not contain savoury truth they may lead to its discovery elsewhere.

Simplicity in Preaching. By J. C. Ryle, D.D. W. Hunt and Co.

Whatever Dr. Ryle touches is sure to be made plain and luminous; but this out-Ryles anything we have ever read for raciness and direct home-thrusting power. If after hearing this the members of the Homiletical Society did not learn how to preach it was not for want either of telling or showing. It is worthy not merely of study, but we had almost said of being memorized by every student or preacher, so full of wisdom and power is it. Dr. Ryle has not been spoiled even by being made a bishop!

Leaflets for the Sick and Suffering. By Rev. W. E. Haigh, M.A. R. and A. Suttaby.

Just the very thing that has long been needed. Some short, pointed, spiritual appeals which could be read by the sick without tiring, or be read to them without weariness. Jesus and his saving love is the Alpha and the Omega in these leaflets; and hence they are the right literature for the chamber of sickness. We gladly recommend this effort to comfort and bless the afflicted.

Baggage and Boots; or, Smith's First Peep at America. An Instructive Tale of Travel and Adventure. Sunday-School Union.

A THOROUGHLY readable account of a trip through the United States. We have read "Smith's" book in company with a gentleman who has lately made the same tour, and he has testified to the general accuracy, vivacity, and comprehensiveness of the log. Personally we had no notion of the States at all fixed and definite, until we looked through "Baggage and Boots;" but now we feel as if we had done the great republic. We recommend our friends who are going to America to read this book before they start; and as very likely the great majority of our readers will never cross "the herring-pond," they will not do amiss if they read it and do not start.

Christopher Crayon in Scotland: from the Strand to Stornaway. James Clarke and Co.

CHRISTOPHER CRAYON writes like an old hand, accustomed to observe and jot down all he sees. He has journeyed to Scotland, and taken a trip in a yacht as far as Stornaway, and here are the notes which he made. The book will amuse travellers over the same ground, and it is just the thing for them to buy at a railway bookstall It is the journal of a man out for a holiday, written for others who are in like case.

Cassell's Saturday Journal for the homes of the people. One penny weekly. No. 1. Cassell and Co.

A LAUDABLE attempt to supply cheap and pure literature. We should not personally care to read the tales; but if people will have stories it is good that they should be clean and sweet. Cassell and Co. may be trusted to keep out all questionable matter.

Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers. By HARRIETT WARNER ELLIS. Tract Society.

THE author of this book has proved her competency to write on the subject she has now chosen by previous works on missionary themes, and we shall best praise the present effort by saying that it is likely to stimulate the cause of female education by bringing home to the hearts of English readers the vast need that exists for Zenana work in India. There are forty millions of girls and women who require attention from the church, and large numbers of these are shut up in prison-like homes, from which all glimmer of hope is excluded until the light of the gospel enters That something has been done is testified by the fact that 70,000 native girls are now found in mission-schools in India: but still there are in the Madras Presidency alone 2,800,000 girls who are not taught at all. It is the avowed policy of Paganism to leave the weaker sex in total ignorance, and to make woman altogether an inferior being. In one heathen district only one female in 1900 was found able to read, while in certain Christianized villages about half were mistresses of the art. The authoress gives details concerning other countries besides India—Egypt, China, Burmah, Persia, Palestine, &c., so that her pages form a tolerably complete hand-book on the subject.

The Willow Pattern. By the Rev. HILDERIC FRIEND. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster-row.

A NEW story of the Willow Pattern Plate, written by one who knows all about the Chinese from having lived among them. It is designed to inform the reader of the manners and superstitions of the dwellers in the land of pigtails, and it ingeniously weaves this information into a story. The writer hopes to fan the feeling of interest in China's millions, and we should not wonder if he should be in a measure successful. The tale will be popular. It is well illustrated, and will take with young people. It costs half-a-crown.

Natal, its Early History, Rise, Progress, and Future Prospects as a Field for Emigration. By WILLIAM KERMODE. Trübner and Co.

THIS handbook is somewhat out of our line; but if any of our readers think of emigrating to Natal, they will find all the information they need in these pages.

His Handiwork. By LADY HOPE. Partridge and Co.

IN Gospel Temperance work Lady Hope is an enthusiast, and hence these sketches are full of life and point. Some of the incidents are thrilling; whilst others of them touch us by their tender pathos. We hardly know whether most to admire the zeal of the worker or the skill of the narrator; but since they both are combined in one person we are safe. Such a little book as this cannot fail to encourage and stimulate Temperance workers everywhere, and hence it has our sincerest commendation. It is worth a hundred works of feeble fiction: it is the romance of Christian service.

Legion; or, the Modern Demoniac. By WM. GILBERT. Tinsley Brothers,

This is a tremendous indictment of drink. It might be thought to be sensational did we not know that the evils of drunkenness are incapable of exaggeration. Within that one vice it is not difficult to see a whole herd of demons; there is no crime which the drunkard is not prepared to commit. The author of this book is our old friend Mr. Gilbert, who charged the Church of England with having so many public-houses upon its lands. He still retains the conviction that he rather understated than over-stated the facts of the case, and he is carefully investigating a question which has not, after all, been satisfactorily answered, as he judges.

Francis Wetherall, and his Work in Prince Edward's Island. By JOHN HARRIS. 26, Paternoster Row.

THIS is the history of the Bible Christian Church in Prince Edward's Island. While it will have a measure of interest for all who love to see our common Christianity extended, it is not sufficiently full of incident to be likely to circulate to any great extent beyond the borders of the denomination of whose pioneers it speaks. The book is neatly fashioned.

Universal Instructor; or, Self Culture for all. Ward, Lock, and Co.

WONDERFUL! Very wonderful! After looking over these surprising monthly sixpenny works of science we stand amazed. How can it pay? If any man be ignorant in these days it serves him right; for, with such an instructor, his lack of knowledge will be his own fault. Ward and Lock worthily follow Knight and Cassell, and deserve to be ranked among the benefactors of the age. There are now two volumes complete at 7s. 6d. each, and another is nearly finished. Everything is taught, and taught well: so far as time allows us to examine the contents, we have been greatly pleased with "The Universal Instructor."

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Containing Three Hundred Engravings, by J. E. MILLAIS, J. TENNIEL, J. D. WATSON, T. DALZIEL, etc. Ward, Lock, and Co.

The Arabian Nights can hardly be said to come under our order of literature; but as our readers intermeddle with all knowledge, it may be useful to them to be informed that this marvellously cheap work still maintains its high-class style of engraving and letter-press. We have no idea how these parts can be issued at sixpence, containing, as they do, such numerous engravings by masters of the illustrative art. Fourteen parts have been issued, and the work now nears completion; it will make a noble volume.

John Wesley, the Church of England, and Wesleyan Methodism. Their relation to each other clearly and fully explained, in two dialogues. Wesleyan Methodist Book-room.

IN the form of a dialogue between an Episcopalian rector and a Wesleyan minister the question as to Wesley's churchmanship is in this little book again threshed out.

We do not suppose for a moment that Churchmen will be convinced by these arguments, but some wavering Wesleyans may have their Nonconformity strengthened and made sturdy by them. After Dr. Rigg's book on this same subject little remained to be said: but that little is here uttered. Unless we are greatly mistaken, our Wesleyan brethren have too keen a sense of spiritual liberty ever to go back to the bondage of State Churchism, even though the fetters should be golden ones. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of the bird."

Those Watchful Eyes. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. T. Woolmer.

A TOUCHING and instructive story, well and pleasantly told. The book has a worthy aim, which gives it a healthy tone. God's watchful care is illustrated by the life of an interesting little character called "Funny Jemmy," and in such a way as to move to tears, excite smiles, and compel pity.

John Winsome's Home; or, Hints and Helps to Christian Parents. By Rev. J. E. SAMPSON. Partridge and Co.

THIS little book is evidently written by a worthy man, desirous to do good to his parishioners in instructing them in domestic duties and in the training of children. With much that he urges we most cordially agree; yet we cannot but be grieved as well as amused at his trivial and paltry bolstering up of the rites of infant sprinkling and confirmation. It is a most lame and pitiable affair, and forms an exception to the rest of the book, which is fairly robust. When will teachers of the Scripture accept its teachings honestly and fairly?

First Steps to Temperance: for Young Children in Schools, Families, or Bands of Hope. National Temperance Dépôt, 337, Strand.

IN this little handbook youthful readers are furnished with intelligent reasons for being total abstainers from intoxicating drinks. The chemical action of alcohol upon the human system is so simply explained that even young children may understand how the evil works. At the end of each chapter there are questions upon the subject discussed. Conductors of Bands of Hope ought to be very grateful for this book.

Notes.

IN answer to anxious enquiries from some friends who feel themselves aggrieved, and from others who go further, and are greatly indignant, I can only say that I think they have grave cause for their regrets. With the heartiest wish to see all things in a favourable light, I must confess that I cannot interpret certain parts of the sayings and doings of the Baptist Union at Leicester.

The welcome given to a denier of our Lord's Godhead, I am informed by the best authorities, was accidental, and it is distinctly repudiated, if it be called an act of the Union itself. So far I unreservedly believe the statements of those most concerned, and I am silent, after earnestly protesting against any construing of the matter into a fraternizing with those who reckon our Lord Jesus to be no more than man, if even a perfect man.

It is also asserted, by brethren in whom great reliance may be placed, that the loudness of loose thinkers in the meetings was no index of their number or their weight; and this I hope is correct, but no one can be sure. Certainly the bonds of unity have suffered a severe strain. In all Christian associations there should be sufficient opportunities for differences of opinion upon matters not essential; and I trust that I should be the last to complain of the unrestrained use of this liberty; but when truths which are viewed as vital by a large portion of any society are trifled with by others, there is so far an end of fellowship, or else of conscientiousness. I, for one, have no Christian fellowship with those who reject the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, neither will I pretend to have any.

Every one in a society must be prepared to bear and forbear; but it should always be remembered that this is a lighter task for those who have no fixed principles than for those who are firm in their convictions. It is not always easy to balance the requirements of charity to men with those of faithfulness to truth. This much is very clear to me,—there is a point beyond which association may not be carried, lest it become a confederacy in disloyalty. This point can be speedily reached, if it be not felt by all that the unwritten law of the Baptist Union takes it for granted that its members adhere to those grand evangelical truths which are the common heritage of the Church. We cannot remain in union on any other basis. Creeds are of little use as bonds; for men have learned to subscribe to words and to interpret them in their own sense; but there can be no real union among Baptists unless in heart and soul we all cling to the Lord Jesus as our God, our Sacrifice, and our Exemplar. We must be one in a hearty love to the gospel of his grace, or our unity will be of little worth.

It is my own personal belief that no number of men under heaven are heartier in love to Christ crucified, and to one another, than the great majority of our brethren of the Union: with them I am heartily at one, and in writing these lines I fear lest I may cause them pain; but I can

say no less if I am to bear a conscience void of offence towards God. I may only add that these lines are not written without much careful thought and earnest prayer. God grant that they may for the present suffice as a protest, not for myself alone, but for the many who share my anxiety.

In the death of Mr. John Houghton, of Liverpool, we have lost one of our kindest friends and most liberal helpers. Hundreds of the poor and needy will miss him, and there is scarcely any part of the Lord's work which will not suffer through his departure. His bereaved wife and children have our loving sympathy and prayers. Our deceased friend was 71 years of age. He was a merchant, a philanthropist, an eminent Christian, and a minister of the gospel. There are few such. He took the chair at our last College meeting. He seemed then to be failing, but we did not think that he was so nearly home. The Lord has done it. "It is well."

In the month of June last we received the following letter from Mr. Houghton, and it is too good to be lost:—

"I have read the story of the Old Sexton, in *The Sword and the Trowel* of this month, with pleasure and profit. Truly there is power in the consistent walk of Christians before the world and the church. Unbelievers say, 'Whence comes this power?' They are abashed, and ofttimes many are converted, as in the case of the lawyer referred to, while lukewarm Christians are ashamed, and led back to their first love. Such testimony is always needful, particularly in the present day; for while many souls are being led to Christ by the earnest teaching and preaching of godly ministers and evangelists, many are likewise won by the holy and consistent lives of the Lord's people in every sphere of life, rich and poor. As Dr. Watts beautifully says:—

'So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.'

It is like Zion awaking and putting on her beautiful garments, attracting the world by the loveliness of her attire, and many are drawn to Christ saying, 'We will go with you, for we perceive that the Lord is with you.' O my soul, seek earnestness for Christ with the adornments of the Spirit."

On *Tuesday evening, Sept.* 25, the annual Conference of the pastors and church officers connected with the LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Pastor J. P. Chown presided, and Joseph Tritton, Esq., the esteemed treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, introduced a discussion upon the present position and claims of the foreign work of the church. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and other speakers followed, and a profitable evening was spent. It was an exceedingly happy, hearty, and holy meeting, and the speeches were full of practical hints for helping the divine work of missions. Mr. Tritton's address was so chaste, so gracious, so intense, that it struck the right key, and gave a hallowed tone to the whole meeting. Oh, that all the churches owned the claims of the heathen, and practically responded to them! The heathen are perishing! Shall we let them perish?

On *Friday evening, Sept.* 28, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. This Association is quite distinct from the College Society of Evangelists, the brethren and sisters who preach and sing the gospel in connection with this branch of our church work being all unpaid, and as a rule their services are limited to London or its immediate neighbourhood. Some idea of the work accomplished by the 109 members of the Association during the past year may be formed from the following statistics:—560 Sunday services have been held at the mission stations under the control of the Association, and 730 at other mission stations; 459 supplies have been sent to various churches, 459 special evangelistic meetings have been conducted, 520 open-air services, 14 children's services, and 955 that are described as "miscellaneous," making a total for the twelve months of 3,697—an increase upon the previous year of 370. It is impossible to estimate the blessing that must result from such continued and wide-spread sowing of the good seed of the kingdom. The year's expenditure for travelling expenses, rent, gas, printing, postage, &c., has been only £227 4s. 8d.—rather more than one-half of which has been contributed by the churches visited, or by donations and collections, and the balance of £100 has been provided by the Pastor. Various agencies are constantly needing help from us, and we are glad, therefore, when the Lord's stewards entrust funds to our discretion.

Pastors J. Chadburn, of Trinity Chapel, Poplar, and F. A. Jones, of Cross-street Chapel, Islington, gave very generous and grateful testimony to the usefulness of the Evangelists who had visited their churches. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Elvin, Shurmer, Howard, and Biss. Hymns and choruses were sung by representatives of the various mission stations. Altogether, it was a grand meeting, full of fire and fervour, and yet at the same time free from all unhealthy excitement. We cannot see how money could be better expended than in supporting such an agency as this, which is often hindered by lack of funds from extending its beneficent operations. The Association is ready to undertake missions in

any churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. Any contributions will be gratefully received, and all information will be gladly furnished by Mr. G. E. Elvin, 30, Surrey-square, Walworth, S.E. This worthy elder of our church not only arranges all the work of the Association with consummate skill, but he takes a large share of it himself.

On *Monday evening, Oct.* 1, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, the director of the CHINA INLAND MISSION, came to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting to ask the prayers of the church for two brethren and one sister who were about to sail for China, and also for several others who had already left for their field of labour in the Celestial Empire. It was stated that during the months of September and October twenty missionaries would be going to China in connection with this one mission; yet what are they among so many millions who know not the name of Christ? Brethren, pray for China.

We rejoice that one of our brethren has been moved to give £500 to the Baptist Mission on the Congo. It seems a fitting sequel to the going forth of our brother Comber from our College.

The numbers attending our Monday prayer-meetings continue to increase, and the interest of the gatherings is well-sustained. We calculate that from twelve to fifteen hundred are present at the ordinary meeting for prayer. There is a constant variety in the form assumed by the meetings, but we never leave them without blessing God for the spirit of prayer that has been poured out, and for the evidence that those who meet to pray expect to receive gracious answers to their petitions. Our Thursday evening prayer-meeting for one hour before the preaching-service is very sweet, and full of pleading power: the congregations at the Lecture are most wonderful for numbers, while on Sundays the crowds are greater than ever.

On *Monday evening, October* 15, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall. A large number of ladies met for tea, and afterwards addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. W. Olney and J. W. Harrald. According to the report, 234 boxes, each containing 28 articles of clothing, have been lent during the year, and more than 400 articles of clothing have been given, in addition to £37 8s. 6d. presented in money to the poor women relieved by the Society. This help has been greatly appreciated by the recipients. and in many instances has just saved them from absolute despair. The total cost of the year's work has been under £90, and the small balance in hand will soon be expended. If any Christian ladies are looking out for a field of usefulness they cannot do better than present themselves at the Ladies' Room on the second Tuesday after the first Sunday in each month, and ask what they can do in furtherance of this generous ministry.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle the same evening there was a pleasing presentation to our esteemed elder, Mr. G. Goldston, in memory of seven years' valuable service as President of the SATURDAY EVENING TRAINING-CLASS, for the members of the Evangelists' Association and Country Mission. He has been obliged, on account of ill-health, to resign his position. The members of the class, therefore, presented him with an illuminated address, expressive of their gratitude. Mr. Elvin, who has taken the post of President, read the address; the Pastor, after referring to the assistance rendered by Mr. Goldston in the formation of new churches in various districts, presented the testimonial. Many who are now useful preachers of the word have been greatly benefited by attending the class.

MR. SPURGEON'S PROTESTANT PICTURES.—Since the exhibition was closed at the Orphanage, the collection of engravings, etc., illustrating the history of the Reformation, has been on view at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, and during the past month at Gipsy-road Chapel, Norwood, where Pastor W. Hobbs and his friends have received a large number of visitors. All who have examined them have been pleased and instructed with this unique pictorial representation of the great struggles of the Reformation. From Norwood the gallery has been removed to Southend, from there it comes to Kilburn, and from *November* 5 *to* 8, the pictures will be on view at the PASTORS' COLLEGE. They are then to be exhibited at EXETER HALL, under the auspices of the Luther Commemoration Committee, from *November* 10 *to* 14, after which they are promised to friends in Middlesbrough, Stockton, and Grantham. The pictures return to London for the last few weeks in the year. On *Sunday evening, November* 11, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon will take his share in the Luther Celebration by preaching a special sermon to Young Men at Exeter Hall, his place at the Tabernacle being supplied by his son Charles, from Greenwich.

COLLEGE.—Mr. E. Dyer, who has been the means of forming a new church at Hornchurch, Essex, has now completed his College course, and settled at Atherton, near Manchester.

Mr. W. Townsend is removing from Enfield Highway, to Canterbury; and Mr. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S., formerly of Drummond-road, Bermondsey, has become pastor of Cottage Green Church, Camberwell.

From Australia we learn that Mr. Harry Wood has become pastor of the church at Longford, Tasmania; and that Mr. McCullough, whom he succeeds, is devoting himself to evangelistic work in the same colony. Messrs. Harrison and Isaac have been visit-

ing several of the Victorian churches with most gratifying results, and Mr. A. J. Clarke is doing the work of an Evangelist with marked success.

Mr. Stead, by whose earnest, self-denying labours the church in Worthing was commenced, is about to travel in the southern part of the United States, and we commend him to the Christian courtesy of our brethren in that region.

Our Baptist friends at *Eastbourne* are greatly in need of a better chapel. They have been worshipping for the last twelve years in an iron building, which is too small for the work of the church and school, and most unsuitable as a place for worship. The chapel which Mr. Osborne and the friends are about to build will cost at least £3,000, towards which the Duke of Devonshire has generously promised £100. The building will not be commenced until half the amount has been subscribed. Eastbourne should possess a comfortable Baptist chapel, both for the sake of its greatly-increasing population, and for the benefit of visitors. The members of the church and congregation are doing what they can, and earnestly appeal to other Christian friends to assist them. Donations will be most thankfully received by Pastor W. Osborne, 89, Pevensey-road.

On *Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, September* 25 *and* 26, Mr. Thomas Cooper, our venerable Professor of Apologetics, delivered two farewell lectures to the students of the College and Evening Classes. The first evening Mr. Cooper's subject was "Charles Darwin," whose theory of "natural selection" was conclusively refuted. The next night the lecturer discussed the question, "*Is life worth living?*" and answered it in the affirmative. All the brethren who had heard Mr. Cooper before were glad to renew their acquaintance with him, and those who had not previously listened to him regretted that in all probability it was the last as well as the first time they could sit at the feet of such a valiant champion of the faith. May the closing days of our honoured brother's life be bright with the coming glory.

EVANGELISTS. — Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have now completed their three months' tour in Lancashire. We referred last month to the beginning of the work at *Bury*. At the close of the mission there we were delighted to receive the following cheering letter:—

"Bury, Sept., 1883.

"Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,

"Dear Sir,

"As members of the Bury Ministerial Union we desire to express our warm appreciation of the services conducted in our town by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith.

"The gospel has been faithfully and earnestly proclaimed by them, and the good hand of our God has been upon them, so that our churches have been quickened, the halting led to decision, and indifferent ones to enquiry.

"We have much reason to thank God for their labours, and would also express our gratitude to you as the means of their coming.

"May we hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be favoured with another visit from our brethren, in which case they would receive more hearty help both from ourselves and the members of our churches.

"We are, dear Sir,

"Your brethren in Christ,

"——."

Here follow the signatures of nine ministers.

Pastor M. H. Whetnall writes concerning the services at *Blackburn*:—"A week prior to the coming of the Evangelists we sought to obey the Master's word, 'Prepare ye the guest-chamber.' As a church, we desired that the Master of the house should be present in our meetings, and as individual Christians we longed for more of his presence in our hearts. Our gatherings for prayer were seasons of great refreshing, and our expectations were raised very high. . . . . The meetings have been well attended, and large numbers have been brought to decision. Not only has our own church been enriched with blessing, but many belonging to other congregations in the town have professed to find the Saviour during the mission. The brethren have endeared themselves to many by their desire to set forth the Lord Jesus. The clear, striking, and effective manner in which the way of salvation has been shown, has not only been blessed to the unsaved, but also to those engaged in Christian work. One said to me, 'I am so glad of the addresses of Mr. Fullerton. I am sure my teaching will be more pointed, and scriptural, and successful than it has been. I seem to have such a grasp of the gospel as I never had before.'"

The work at *Burnley* was especially interesting to the Evangelists, as that town was the first they had ever revisited. Our good friend, Mr. A. Altham, who resides there, has been the Treasurer for the whole of the meetings of the district, and Pastor J. Kemp has acted as Secretary, and while they have done their best for their neighbours, they have not neglected their own corner of the field. The ground was so well prepared before the Evangelists arrived that they started under most favourable auspices, and the interest was maintained until the closing Sabbath, when no less than seven crowded services were held. Mr. Kemp says:—"Mr. Fullerton has preached the gospel with great clearness and force. He has been enabled to ring out grandly the old doctrines of salvation by the grace of God. I am not sure that this has pleased everybody, but it seems to have pleased the Lord, for believers have been refreshed by it, careless ones have been compelled to pray for mercy, and not a few have, we trust,

been quickened into newness of life. Mr. Smith is a great favourite with the children, and, indeed, his singing is pleasing to all, while his racy and instructive talks add not a little to the interest of the meetings." Mr. Altham confirms Mr. Kemp's testimony to the spiritual results of the services, and on behalf of the committee sends us the noble thankoffering of £200, one half of which is from Burnley, and the balance from the other towns visited during the three months' campaign. This grand contribution has come just at the right time, for the funds of the Evangelists' Society were nearly exhausted. We are thus saved from the slightest anxiety as to the support of the brethren who are in this way so greatly owned of God wherever they go; and we are deeply grateful to Burnley friends, and all others who have thus for a season removed the burden that would otherwise have rested upon us.

This month is to be spent by the Evangelists with our good Brother Medhurst, at Portsmouth, and next month they go to St. Leonards and Hastings.

We have received the following note from Pastor J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst, concerning *Mr. Burnham's* work among the hop-pickers:—

"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me to thank you for sending Mr. J. Burnham to help our evangelistic work among the hop-pickers in Kent? We have had a most blessed series of services, which were continued all through the month of September. These services were attended by large numbers, many of whom never hear the gospel except at these hop-pickers' meetings. In all the villages around, open-air services were held every night in the week, and a great spirit of hearing was manifest in every assembly. On Sundays the meetings were held at the hop-pickers' camps, Mr. Burnham and a band of helpers going from one to another during the day, and finishing up with a large open-air service. Very many have been seen to weep as 'The Old, Old Story' was told or sung by Mr. Burnham and his co-workers. We have been greatly encouraged by the funds which you so kindly sent to help us, and we should like to tender through you our hearty thanks to all who have aided us in this blessed and much-needed work."

Mr. Russell has recently held successful services at Great Grimsby, and has also done good work at some of the village stations connected with Mr. Stone's church at Nottingham. This month he goes to Leeds and Attercliffe.

Messrs. Matcer and Parker have conducted missions at Newcastle-under-Lyme, Rushden, and Sutton-in-Craven, and in each place large numbers have gathered to hear the word preached or sung, and many have professed to find the Saviour.

ORPHANAGE. — Our good friend, Mr. James Toller, of Waterbeach, has again sent up the proceeds of the "Orphanage acre." This year the yield is three tons of potatoes, and three sacks of flour. We are very grateful for this regular and welcome help for the commissariat of the institution, and our joy would be doubled if we could hear of another acre consecrated in the same way. We had the produce of this acre when we had only *boys* in our Stockwell family: surely there is, somewhere or other, an acre of good land that might be set apart for the girls' side of the houshold. Do not all write at once, dear friends in the country, but do not all miss this golden opportunity of serving the Lord by helping the widow and the fatherless.

On Friday evening, October 12, a large number of the collectors brought in their boxes and books, with the amounts contributed; and after tea assembled in the dining-hall for a meeting, at which the President occupied the chair. There was an interesting programme, consisting of recitations and singing by some of the children; music by the Orphanage hand-bell-ringers; addresses by the President, and Messrs. Charlesworth and Harrald; and the presentation of Bibles to the first girl who was leaving the institution to go to a situation, and to three boys who were also beginning life on their own account. Before the proceedings closed, Mr. Ladds announced that the total brought in during the evening amounted to £86 6s. 10d., or about £16 less than the receipts at the corresponding meeting last year. The President said that if anyone present wished to make up the deficiency he would be most happy to accept it, and one generous lady promptly contributed the required amount.

Several friends who could not be present sent their amounts by post, and others are, we trust, keeping their boxes and books until they have done a little more begging. *There is still room for additions to our collectors' list.* Boxes or books, leaflets, and all information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham-road, London.

COLPORTAGE. — Arrangements are nearly complete for an additional colporteur to begin work at Aughton Moss, near Liverpool; and another has already commenced operations in the neighbourhood of Peckham and East Dulwich.

The Colporteur on Board Ship.—William Salter, colporteur in Cowes district, Isle of Wight, has, through the liberality of a friend, been provided with a boat, by means of which he is enabled to visit the various ships lying in the harbour. He reports that he has been well received by the sailors. He found a demand for the Scriptures in French, German, and Norwegian. May this work be as "bread cast upon the waters, found after many days."

The ingenuity of some of the colporteurs is very great in adapting their remarks to

the passing circumstances of the people. One recently asked at a cottage door for a drink of water, and with the cup in his hand discoursed to the cottager upon the water of eternal life, "for which," he writes, "she seemed to be thirsting as much as I was for the natural water."

Another writes that he and several young men went to a neighbouring village where no Sunday-evening service of any kind was held. They got 150 to 200 people at their open-air services to listen to the gospel. He concludes his report thus:—"What is to be done for the people in the winter I know not, as there is no chapel and no house large enough to hold them. One man offers to give a piece of land to build a chapel upon, but we cannot see our way clear as to what we ought to do. Will the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* remember us in their prayers to God that he will bless us very richly?"

We want to see at least one hundred colporteurs at work. Who will help to extend our operations? All information can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, Temple-street, St. George's-road, London, S.E.

On the first Sabbath of October fifty-five persons were received into church-fellowship at the Tabernacle, and there are so many coming forward to confess Christ from week to week that we expect a like addition in November. The pastor feels that he will be pretty well worn-out by the time of his retirement for rest, and the weather will also have become severe enough to try him, so he has arranged to leave for six Sabbaths in December and January.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 27, seventeen; October 4, twenty-six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	10	0
Mr Spriggs	0	5	0
Thankoffering from an old sailor ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	10	10	0
Mr. W. Fowler, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Miss Poole	1	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0
A thankoffering	0	10	0
Victoria Baptist Church, Wandsworth, per Pastor E. Henderson	5	0	0
Mr. De K——	0	2	6
Collected at Baptist Chapel, Toowoomba, per Pastor W. Higlett ...	3	0	0
Miss A. Green	0	6	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
S. W. J.	5	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
H. I., Malta...	1	0	0
A friend in Caithness, per Mrs. Thorpe	1	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	3	0	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Miss Newbold	0	3	6
X., Norwich...	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. W. Cowey	3	0	0
Mr. John Franco	0	5	0
Mrs. Pole	0	10	6
A thankoffering from a friend	10	0	0
Mrs. James Withers, profit on sale of books	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 16	43	5	2
,, 23	31	11	11
,, 30	75	15	0
Oct. 7	80	0	0
,, 14	31	14	8
	206	6	9
	£381	6	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Wild	0	10	0
S. L. E.	0	5	0
Mr. F. Holden	0	10	0
Mrs. Leaver...	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	5	0
Fordyce Band of Hope	0	10	8
Part collections at Sabbath afternoon meetings at Bogmuchals	0	9	4
Mr. J. C. Merrick	2	0	0
T. S.	10	0	0
Mr. W. Butcher	1	0	0
Mr. A. G. Wyatt	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Hughes	0	10	0
Mrs. Cane	1	3	8
Executor of the late Mary Trowbridge	9	0	0
Mr. W. F. Keeble	5	0	0
M. F. E. K. H.	0	5	0
Half Bank of England note from Glasgow...	2	10	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Emmanuel Church, Brighton	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs Allen	0	15	10
Farley Green Mission-room (H. T.) ...	0	15	6
The Rookery children's box	0	4	6
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Hamilton...	1	0	6
Mrs. Allan	10	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. Enoch Taylor	8	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Quarter's rent of a house in Lincoln ...	4	10	0
Miss Garland	20	0	0
H. I., Malta...	1	0	0
M. B.	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Bradbury, per Mr. Clee ...	0	5	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	5	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
A thankoffering from a friend	10	0	0
Mrs. R.	2	0	0
Mr. C. McConechy	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Norris	1	1	0
Mr. F. C. Pratt	0	2	6
Pastor W. Burnett's collecting-box ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Burnett's collecting-box	0	12	8
Collected by Mr. George Anderson ...	0	10	0
Miss Bennett	0	5	0
A., Margate...	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. Pole	0	10	6
"Hearty thanks"...	3	0	0
Mr. W. Howard	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Heys, per Mr. W. Cowey	10	0	0
Miss R. Dodwell	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Weston	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood ...	1	15	0
A friend, per Mrs. Gladwin	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Brooks	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown...	1	10	0
Mrs. Brown, thankoffering	10	0	0
Mr. George Tomkins	2	10	0
Mrs. Marshall, thankoffering for election of a boy	25	0	0
Collected at Irvine Band of Hope meeting	0	3	0
Friends in Caithness, per Mrs. Thorpe—			
S. Manson 0 2 0			
J. Cook 0 2 0			
J. Bain 0 1 0			
A. Reid 0 2 6			
J. Miller 0 2 0			
D. Cormack... ... ... 0 0 6			
R. Mowat 0 3 0			
J. Mackenzie 0 2 6			
G. Manson 0 10 0			
William Bain 0 1 0			
G. Miller 0 10 0			
K. A.... ... ... 0 1 0			
F. Reid 0 2 0			
D. Bremner... ... ... 0 1 0			
J. Inrig 0 1 0			
J. Reid 0 1 0			
D. Bremner... ... ... 0 1 0			
	2	3	6
Thankoffering from an old sailor ...	1	0	0
In memory of an old collection ...	2	0	0
Mr. H. Gifford	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Thomas...	4	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper...	2	10	0
S. H....	0	2	6
Mr. Collier	1	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Davcis	1	0	0
A humble thankoffering from two grateful hearts for gracious answers to prayer	5	0	0
Readers of the "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
Miss M. Shearer	0	10	0
Postal Order from Cheltenham... ...	0	1	0
A Thankoffering from T. W. and M. S. P.	4	0	0
Mrs. H. Clarke	1	0	0
Cambusnethan Free Church Sunday-school children	0	15	4
Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	9	0
Messrs. Higgs and Hill	0	5	0
Proceeds of Entertainment by Orphanage Handbellringers at Lewisham-road Band of Hope	2	0	0
A Friend, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Collected by Master A. Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Willis	0	8	4
Mrs. Green, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Collected by Master W. Oakley ...	0	3	0
Westmoreland-road Sunday-school, per Mr. Monro—			
Boys 0 10 5			
Girls 0 19 7			
	1	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Warren	0	14	0
Young Women's Bible-Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	14	0
Sale of Clothing, per Ladies Committee	2	11	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Miss B. Bamber	2	5	0
Mr. Robert Wilson...	0	10	0
Mrs. Henry Tasker	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage Gates	0	11	5
Collected by Mrs. J. Harriman ...	0	10	0
Collected in 5s. subscriptions by Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	2	6
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	3	0	6
Mr. John Frankerd	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Chamberlain ...	1	7	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg... ...	3	0	0
Mr. C. Minter	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Olden	0	11	6
Collected by Mr. A. Sinclair	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Oakley	0	16	0
Collected by Mrs. Edmonds	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Booker	1	0	0
Collected by A. S. Barter	1	0	0
"Saxon"	1	0	0
Miss Pattie Bomford	0	2	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Mary Holmes ...	1	5	0
Collected by Master Bell	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	9	0
Collected by Miss F. Boyle Charles ...	0	11	6
Collected by Mrs. J. Lord	0	6	0
Collected by J. Walker	0	7	8
Collected by Miss A. Baker (Presentation Almanacks)...	0	7	0
Collected by Master A. Scales	0	12	9
Collected by Mr. Franham	0	2	4
Collected by Miss G. Hunt	0	3	1
Erith Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. T. F. Squire	0	7	0
"B. S.," Great Yarmouth	0	1	2
Mrs. S.	0	1	0
Mr. Eley, per J. T. D.	0	19	6
Mr. J. G. Taylor	0	6	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Sept. 30 ...	2	2	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per List...	1	18	4
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as per List...	5	9	7
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss Watts	5	5	0
Mr. James Ward, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0
Collecting Books received at the Orphanage, October 12:—			
Alderton, Miss 0 14 0			
Ashwell, Mrs. 0 15 6			
Brewer, Mrs. 0 15 0			
Bonsor, Miss 0 9 6			

	£	s.	d.
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	0	0
Brown, Miss...	0	13	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	16	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Cunningham, Mrs. ...	2	0	0
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	7	7
Day, Miss	0	13	0
Ewen, Mrs.	1	11	8
Evans, Mrs.	1	10	0
Fryer, Miss S.	0	16	0
Fisher, Mrs....	0	6	0
Good, Miss A.	0	6	0
Hinton, Miss E.	0	13	0
Hobbs, Miss...	3	3	4
Jephs, Miss	1	12	6
Jones, Misses A. and E. ...	0	10	0
Lawson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Livett, Mrs.	0	12	6
McDonald, Mrs.	0	15	0
Mackerill, Mrs.	0	7	0
Millar, Mr. C.	0	16	6
Pope, Mrs. (donation) ...	1	1	0
Paine, Mrs.	0	3	6
Priestley, Miss	0	6	6
Porter, Miss...	0	6	0
Ryan, Mrs.	0	9	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	3	10	0
Tyrrell, Mrs.	0	7	6
Whitehead, Mrs.	0	12	4
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0
Webb, Mrs.	0	7	7
Wilks, A.	0	2	0
Omitted name	0	3	0
Leyton Baptist chapel, per Mr. Cunningham, found in boxes after entertainment by Stockwell Orphanage Handbell ringers	0	13	6
Sale of tea tickets	1	12	6
			33 11 6

Collecting Boxes received at the Orphanage, October 12:—

Allen, Miss	0	12	5
Antill, William	0	4	6
Bull, Henry	0	1	7
Bartlett, Miss M.	0	4	5
Bowden, Miss A.	0	5	1
Brice, Florence	0	3	7
Bendall, Mrs.	0	8	10
Brook, Miss	0	3	4
Butler, Miss E.	0	3	8
Bailey, Mr. G.	0	2	8
Buswell, Mrs.	1	13	10
Burton, Mrs.	1	17	4
Butler, Mrs....	1	10	8
Brewer, Alice and Lillie ...	0	6	0
Boswell, Mrs.	0	3	6
Bates, Miss M.	0	12	4
Bogson, Mrs.	0	15	8
Briggs, Miss...	0	6	7
Barnden, Mrs.	2	5	0
Bunn, Miss J.	0	2	7
Bartlett, Miss	0	5	0
Beale, Miss	0	2	7
Bowser, Miss A.	0	5	3
Barrett, Miss E.	0	14	10
Cousins, Leonard	0	1	5
Culver, Mrs,...	0	11	2
Carter, Mrs. E.	0	3	7
Cook, Florence	0	1	1
Chard, Mr. T. P.	0	1	8
Crane, William	0	3	5
Crew, Miss	0	11	8
Cook, Ernest	0	2	4
Cousins, Ernest	0	6	3
Charlesworth, Kate ...	0	1	6
Clark, Mr.	0	1	7
Cairns, Mr. Edward ...	0	5	4
Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	0	6	7
Canston, Emma	0	10	10
Chiddock, Mrs.	1	5	3
Dale, Miss Cissie	0	8	11
D'Argent, Miss	0	5	2
Davis, Mrs. M.	0	9	9
Dockree, Miss	0	3	2
Davey, Master S.	0	3	3
Dee, Mrs.	0	5	7
Debenham, Alfred... ...	0	1	2
Douglass, Alice	0	2	5
Dalton, Alfred	0	6	10
Dawes, Miss M. M. ...	0	8	6
Evans, Miss...	0	0	6
Everett, Miss E.	0	5	3
Earl, Miss E. A.	0	4	0
Ellston, Miss A.	0	0	9
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	6	0
Fuller, Miss L.	0	3	9
Fortman, Charles	0	2	10
Frisby, Miss F.	0	10	2
Frisby, J. T....	0	4	0
Fielder, Mrs.	0	6	7
Field, the Misses G. and K.	0	18	0
Groves, Master	0	2	3
Goslin, Miss	0	1	9
Griggs, Miss A.	0	2	7
Grant, Miss C.	0	5	1
Greenwood, Mrs.	0	3	2
Groves, Beattie	0	4	3
Goodeve, Miss S.	0	4	0
Gibbs, Miss E.	0	5	4
Gilletts, Miss	0	6	1
Groves, Miss	0	4	1
Gray, Miss A.	0	8	0
Gray, Mrs.	0	9	7
Hawgood, Miss A.	2	3	0
Hancock, Miss	0	10	0
Harbison, Matthew ...	0	1	8
Hodby, Ernest	0	5	0
Hambiin, Caroline ...	0	4	1
Harbison, Miss M. ...	0	1	9
Hillen, Mrs.	0	13	10
Howlett, Miss A.	0	3	7
Hudson, Miss	0	8	2
Hay, Miss J.	0	8	4
Hockey, Mrs.	0	10	3
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	7	1
Hardy, G.	0	19	3
Hunt, Miss	0	14	5
Jones, W.	0	3	2
James, Mrs....	0	3	3
Kerr, Miss J.	0	2	1
Knight, Mr....	0	14	3
Kemp, Miss...	1	7	6
Leach, C. H.	0	3	9
Larkman, Miss	0	6	0
Lambert, Nellie	0	5	1
Lucas, Miss F.	0	1	9
Miles, W.	0	2	3
Mills, Mr. W.	0	2	6
Matthews, Margaret ...	0	3	11
Merritt, Mrs.	0	7	1
Messent, W. and A. ...	0	7	10
Messent, F. and C. ...	0	2	9
Messent, Miss G.	0	0	10
Messent, Florence	0	1	11
McNicoll, Miss	0	10	4
Miles, Frederick	0	1	8
Moore, Alice	0	4	5
Middleton, Mrs.	0	2	7
Musk, Mark	0	3	3
McNeale, E....	0	4	2
Mackey, Mrs.	0	10	0
Newark, Elenor	0	2	11
Northcroft, Mrs.	0	6	9
New, Miss A.	0	4	10
Newman, Mrs.	0	6	6
Norton, Miss M.	0	4	4
Offer, Edith	0	7	6
Payne, Mrs.	0	3	9
Pitts, Miss V.	0	3	11
Powell, Miss...	0	4	10
Perryman, Master H. ...	0	13	5

	£	s.	d.
Pash, Henry...	0	7	9
Perkins, Miss W. K. ...	0	1	0
Pain, Miss C.	0	3	4
Peters, Miss F. W.... ...	0	12	11
Patten, Mrs....	0	6	11
Prebble, Mrs.	1	13	3
Rawlinson, J.	0	0	5
Rose, Albert...	0	3	2
Ransom, Mr. H. A. ...	0	2	0
Russell, Miss E.	0	5	3
Roberts, Mrs.	0	8	10
Richardson, Mrs.	0	5	7
Rauford, Mrs.	0	1	9
Reading, Mrs.	0	9	5
Revell, Miss H.	0	9	1
Spanswick, Mr.	0	1	10
Syrett, Mr. A.	0	2	7
Salmon, Miss F.	0	3	8
Smith, Miss Ida	0	8	2
Swain, Mr.	0	5	5
Skinner, Miss	0	5	6
Slater, Miss	0	2	0
Sutherland, Miss Dora ...	0	6	9
Smith, Mrs.	0	3	4
Skipper, Lottie and Willie	0	3	2
Sentance, Miss	0	9	4
Scudder, Miss J.	0	8	3
Smith, J. M.	0	12	6
Smith, Miss Gertrude ...	0	1	7
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	1	3
Simmons, Miss	0	3	6
Short, Mr. H.	0	0	6
Simmons, Master George...	0	4	1
Thomas G. E.	0	3	9
Thomas, Mrs.	0	2	11
Tarry, Wm....	0	12	9
Vero, Miss Maud	1	7	10
Waud, Miss Florrie ...	0	3	5
White, Miss E.	0	2	6
Weare, Mrs.	0	4	8
Webb, Elizabeth	0	1	6
Whiting, Miss K.	0	1	3
Watson, Mr. W. J. ...	0	4	6
Witt, Miss	0	6	3
Whiting, Miss M.	0	2	3
Whiting, Master T. ...	0	2	8
Wells, Mrs.	0	4	4
Watkins, Miss A.	0	5	0
Weekes, Misses J. and F....	0	4	3
Wheeler, Miss E. A. ...	0	7	10
Weekes, William and F. ...	1	3	5
Willard, Mrs.	0	1	6
Wade, Miss Agnes Kate ...	1	13	3
Younghusband, J.	0	6	10
Odd farthings and half-pence	0	3	2
			62 14 1
			£369 17 10

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Croucher, W. H., 12s 6d; Brown, H. N., £1; Hewett, L., 3s 6d; Davis, W. H., 2s 4d.—Total Boys' Cards, £1 18s 4d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Tollworthy, E., £1 2s 2d; James, Fanny, £1; Burns, Rosa, 1s. 6d.; Cowlin, Emma, 6s 2d; Oakey, Fanny, 8s 3d; Moore, Emily, £1; Chamberlain, Martha, £1 3s 6d; Stevens, Mabel, 8s.—Total Girls' Cards, £5 9s 7d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 16th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: Twenty-three quarterns of Bread, Mrs. Unstead; a sack of Flour, and a sack of Potatoes, M. H. A., "First Fruits, go and do likewise;" a sack of Potatoes, Mr. G. A. Veasey; a cask of Apples, Mr. Overy; a firkin of Butter, W. B. L.; a Sheep, Mr. A. Seal Haslam; three sacks of Flour, and 35 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Toller; produce of "Orphanage Acre," Waterbeach; 2 sacks of Apples, Mrs. C. F. Allison; 2 cwt. Jam, A Friend; 6 bags Potatoes and 9 barrels Apples, Mr. Chesterman; a dozen Stilton Cheeses, Mr J. L. Crosher; 10 lbs. genuine Arrowroot, Mrs. Austin.

GENERAL.—A Doll, Basket, etc., "Anon."; a Scrap Book, Miss E. Leaver; Wool Goods for Bazaar, Mrs. E. Figg; 12 yards Calico and Sundries, from the Tabernacle; a cask of Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 42 lbs. Coloured Wool, Mrs. Mitchell and The Misses Appleyard and Cousins; 27 vols. Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, Mrs. E. A. Heale; 10 Articles for Bazaar, Mrs. C. Gatward; 20 copies "George Fox, his Life and Work," Mr. B. Rhodes.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—10 Articles, "Anon"; a Skirt and Polonaise, Mr. W. Smith; 72 Articles, Miss Dawson; 2 Articles, "a Friend," per Pastor C. Spurgeon; 193 yards Material for the Orphanage Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Mrs. Allison's "Bees"; 171 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—4 Boys' Suits, Mr. W. Smith; 4 Day and 4 Night Shirts, Young Girls' Working Meeting, Brookside, per Mrs. Henry Tasker; a pair of Knitted Socks, Miss Kirtley; 82¼ yards of Narrow and 33 yards Wide Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Hawkins	10	0	0
Stamps from Ballymena	0	3	0
Mr. William Paddy	1	0	0
Miss E. Heap	1	0	0
Miss A. Heap	0	10	0
Miss Heap	0	10	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
E. E.	5	0	0
Half Bank of England Note from Glasgow...	2	10	0
L. T.	0	2	6
S. L. E.	0	5	0
W. B....	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Birrell	0	19	5
Mr. A. H. Beard	0	5	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
M.B.	1	1	0
Collected for "The Reading House," by Mrs. James Withers:—			
A widow's mite 0 1 6			
Mr. E. G. Oakshott ... 0 10 0			
Mr. C. B. Bartlett (Gloucester) 0 5 0			
Mrs. Wilson... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Hill 0 5 0			
Mrs. E. Deane 0 2 6			
	1	9	0
	£27	9	11

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge District	7	10	0
A friend, for Kent	33	18	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	2	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings District	7	10	0
Mitcham District, per Messrs. Carter...	20	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Sandown Districts	30	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Sevenoaks District...	10	0	0
	£191	8	0

N.B.—Amounts as above received for Districts have to be supplemented from the General Fund.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
One absent from the Annual Meeting ..	2	0	0
Mr. M. Frost	0	1	6
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
T. L. W.	10	10	0
Mr. Samson Lucas...	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Miss E. Rooke	1	0	0
S. W. J.	5	0	0
J. H. and E. J. D....	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
A friend, per Mr. J. Nutsey	0	10	6
Small savings	0	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
H. I., Malta...	0	10	0
Mrs. R.	1	0	0
Thankoffering from a friend	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Woollard	1	1	0
Miss Frances	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. C. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. G. Tomkins	2	10	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
H. M.	20	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£92	5	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
S. D.	5	0	0
E., L., and G. James	0	5	0
G. C., Cheltenham...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0
A Ross-shire man	0	4	0
Mr. W. Mainwaring	0	10	0
Mr. Ezra Horn	0	5	0
S. W. J.	10	0	0
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Widow Chesterman	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mrs. R.	1	0	0
Thankofferings for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at—			
Haggate	21	1	4
Nelson	10	0	7
Colne	8	11	2
Lumb	11	15	0
Bury	17	5	0
Blackburn	15	10	0
Burnley	100	0	0
Preston	15	16	11
	200	0	0
	£274	4	0

Received for Auckland Tabernacle.—Miss A. Descroix, 1s.; Miss Skinner, 2s. 6d.; Miss Caulfeild, £2; Miss E. P. Hinton, 5s.; E. B., £25; Dr. Joseph Plimsoll, R.N., £1; Mr. S. J. King, £5; Mrs. Macquine, £1; Miss Campbell, 5s.; Mrs. Ganoway, £5; H. I., Malta, 5s.; Mr. John White, £1; Mr. E. Mounsey, £3 3s.; a Churchwoman, 5s.; Miss Mayse, 5s.; a young sailor's thankoffering, 10s.; Mr. Charles Mackinnon, £3; Miss Jephs, 2s. 6d.; given to Mr. Spurgeon, at the Orphanage, by a lady, 5s.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1883.

The Well-beloved's Vineyard.

A COMMUNION ADDRESS TO A LITTLE COMPANY OF BELIEVERS IN HIS OWN ROOM AT MENTONE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill."—Isaiah v. 1.

WE recognize at once that Jesus is here. Who but he can be meant by "My well-beloved"? Here is a word of possession and a word of affection,—he is mine, and my Well-beloved. He is loveliness itself, the most loving and lovable of beings; and we personally love him with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength: he is ours, our beloved, our well-beloved, we can say no less.

The delightful relationship of our Lord to us is accompanied by words which remind us of our relationship to him, "My well-beloved hath a vineyard," and what vineyard is that but our heart, our nature, our life? We are his: and we are his for the same reason that any other vineyard belongs to its owner. He made us a vineyard. Thorns and briars were all our growth naturally, but he bought us with a price, he hedged us about, and set us apart for himself, and then he planted and cultivated us. All within us that can bring forth good fruit is of his creating, his tending, and his preserving; so that if we be vineyards at all we must be *his* vineyards. We gladly agree that it shall be so. I pray that I may not have a hair on my head that does not belong to Christ, and you all pray that your every pulse and breath may be the Lord's.

This happy afternoon I want you to note that this vineyard is said to be upon "a very fruitful hill." I have been thinking of the advantages

of my own position towards the Lord, and lamenting with great shamefacedness that I am not bringing forth such fruit to him as my position demands. Considering our privileges, advantages, and opportunities, I fear that many of us have need to feel great searchings of heart. Perhaps to such the text may be helpful, and it may not be without profit to any one of us, if the Lord bless it.

I. Our first thought, in considering these words, is that OUR POSITION AS THE LORD'S VINEYARD IS A VERY FAVOURABLE ONE,—"My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill." No people could be better placed for serving Christ than we are. I hardly think that any man is better situated for glorifying God than I am. I do not think that any women could be in better positions for serving Christ than some of you, dear sisters, now occupy. Our heavenly Father has placed us just where he can do the most for us, and where we can do the most for him. Infinite wisdom has occupied itself with carefully selecting the soil and site, and aspect of every tree in the vineyard. We differ greatly, and need differing situations in order to fruitfulness: the place which would suit one might be too trying for another. Friend, the Lord has planted you in the right spot; your station may not be the best in itself, but it is the best for you. We are in the best possible position for some present service at this moment; the providence of God has put us on a vantage ground for our immediate duty: "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill."

Let us think of *the times in which we live* as calling upon us to be very fruitful when we compare them with the years gone by. Time was when we could not have met thus happily in our own room: if we had been taken in the act of breaking bread, or reading God's word, we should have been haled off to prison, and perhaps put to death. Our forefathers scarcely dared to lift up their voices in a psalm of praise lest the enemy should be upon them. Truly, the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage, in a very fruitful hill.

We do not even live in times when error is so rampant as to be paramount. There is too much of it abroad; but taking a broad view of things, I venture to say that there never was a time when the truth had a wider sway than it has now, or when the gospel was more fully preached, or when there was more spiritual activity. Black clouds of error hover over us; but at the same time we rejoice that, from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End, Christ is preached by ten thousand voices, and even in the dark parts of the earth the name of Jesus is shining like a candle in the house. If we had the pick of the ages in which to live, we could not have selected a better time for fruit-bearing than that which is now occurrent: this age is "a very fruitful hill."

That this is the case some of us know positively, *because we have been fruitful.* Look back, brothers and sisters, upon times when your hearts were warm, and your zeal was fervent, and you served the Lord with gladness. I join with you in those happy memories. Then we could run with the swiftest, we could fight with the bravest, we could work with the strongest, we could suffer with the most patient. The grace of God has been upon certain of us in such an unmistakable

manner that we have brought forth all the fruits of the Spirit. Perhaps to-day we look back with deep regret because we are not so fruitful as we once were: if it be so, it is well that our regrets should multiply, but we must change each one of them into a hopeful prayer. Remember, the vine may have changed, but the soil is the same. We have still the same motives for being fruitful, and even more than we used to have. Why are we not more useful? Has some spiritual phylloxera taken possession of the vines, or have we become frost-bitten, or sun-burnt? What is it that withholds the vintage? Certainly, if we were fruitful once, we ought to be more fruitful now. The fruitful hill is not exhausted; what aileth us that our grapes are so few?

We are planted on a fruitful hill, *for we are called to work which of all others is the most fruitful.* Blessed and happy is the man who is called to the Christian ministry; for this service has brought more glory to Christ than any other. You, beloved friends, are not called to be rulers of nations, nor inventors of engines, nor teachers of sciences, nor slayers of men; but we are soul-winners, our work is to lead men to Jesus. Ours is, of all the employments in the world, the most fruitful in benefits to men and glory to God. If we are not serving God in the gospel of his Son with all our might and ability, then we have a heavy responsibility resting upon us. "Our well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill:" there is not a richer bit of soil outside Emmanuel's land than the holy ministry for souls. Certain of us are teachers, and gather the young about us while we speak of Jesus. This also is choice soil. Many teachers have gathered a grand vintage from among the little ones, and have not been a whit behind pastors and evangelists in the glory of soul-winning. Dear teachers, your vines are planted in a very fruitful hill. But I do not confine myself to preachers and teachers; for all of us, as we have opportunities of speaking for the Lord Jesus Christ, and privately talking to individuals, have also a fertile soil to grow in. If we do not glorify God by soul-winning we shall be greatly blameable, since of all forms of service it is most prolific in praise of God.

And what is more, *the very circumstances with which we are surrounded* all tend to make our position exceedingly favourable for fruit-bearing. In this little company we have not one friend who is extremely poor; but if such were among us I should say the same thing. Christ has gathered some of his choicest clusters from the valley of poverty. Many eminent saints have never owned a foot of land, but lived upon their weekly wage, and found scant fare at that. Yes, by the grace of God, the vale of poverty has blossomed as the rose. It so happens, however, that the most of us here have a competence, we have all that we need, and something over to give to the poor and to the cause of God. Surely, we ought to be fruitful in almsgiving, in caring for the sick, and in all manner of sweet and fragrant influences. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is a prayer that has been answered for most of us; and if we do not now give honour unto God, what excuse can we make for our barrenness? I am speaking to some who are singularly healthy, who are never hindered by aches and pains; and to others who have been prospered in business for twenty years at a stretch: yours is great indebtedness to your Lord: in your case,

"My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill." Give God your strength, and your wealth, my brother, while they last: see that all his care of thee is not thrown away. Others of us seldom know many months together of health, but have often had to suffer sorely in body; this ought to make us fruitful, for there is much increase from the tillage of affliction. Has not the Master obtained the richest of all fruit from bleeding vines? Do not his heaviest bunches come from vines which have been sharply cut and pruned down to the ground? Choice flavours, dainty juices, and delicious aromas come mostly from the use of the keen-edged knife of trial. Some of us are at our best for fruit-bearing when in other respects we are at our worst. Thus might truly say that whatever our circumstances may be, whether we are poor or rich, in health or in affliction, each one of our cases has its advantages, and we are planted "in a very fruitful hill."

Furthermore, when I look at *our spiritual condition*, I must say for myself, and I think for you also, "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill." For what has God done for us? To change the question—what has God *not* done for us? What more could he say than to us he hath said? What more could he do than to us he hath done? He hath dealt with us like a God. He has loved us up from the pit, he has loved us up to the cross, and up to the gates of heaven; he has quickened us, forgiven us, and renewed us, he dwells in us, comforts us, instructs us, upholds us, preserves us, guides us, leads us, and he will surely perfect us. If we are not fruitful, to his praise, how shall we excuse ourselves? Where shall we hide our guilty heads? Shall yonder sea suffice to lend us briny tears wherewith to weep over our ingratitude?

II. I go a step further, by your leave, and say that OUR POSITION, as the Lord's vineyard, IS FAVOURABLE TO THE PRODUCTION OF THE FRUIT WHICH HE LOVES BEST. I believe that my own position is the most favourable for the production of the fruit that the Lord loves best in me, and that your position is the same. What is this fruit?

First, it is *faith*. Our Lord is very delighted to see faith in his people. The trust which clings to him with childlike confidence is pleasant to his loving heart. Our position is such that faith ought to be the easiest thing in the world to us. Look at the promises he has given us in his word: can we not believe them? Look at what the Father has done for us in the gift of his dear Son: can we not trust him after that? Our daily experience all goes to strengthen our confidence in God. Every mercy asks, "Will you not trust him?" Every want that is supplied cries, "Can you not trust him?" Every sorrow sent by the great Father tests our faith, and drives us to him on whom we repose, and so strengthens and confirms our confidence in God. Mercies and miseries alike operate for the growth of faith. Some of us have been called upon to trust God on a large scale, and that necessity has been a great help towards fruit-bearing. The more troubles we have, the more is our vine digged about, and the more nourishment is laid to its roots. If faith do not ripen under trial, when will it ripen? Our afflictions fertilize the soil wherein faith may grow.

Another choice fruit is *love*. Jesus delights in love, his tender heart delights to see its love returned. Am I not of all men most bound to

love the Lord? I speak for each brother and sister here—is not that your language? Do you not all say, "Lives there a person beneath yon blue sky who ought to love Jesus more than I should do?" Each sister soliloquizes, "Sat there ever a woman in her chamber who had more reason for loving God than I have?" No, the sin which has been forgiven us should make us love our Saviour exceeding much. The sin which has been prevented in other cases should make us love our Preserver much. The help which God has sent us in times of need, the guidance which he has given in times of difficulty, the joy which he has poured into us in days of fellowship, and the quiet he has breathed upon us in times of trial—all ought to make us love him. Along our life-road reasons for loving God are more numerous than the leaves upon the olives. He has hedged us about with his goodness, even as the mountains and the sea are round our present resting-place. Look backward as far as time endures, and then look far beyond that, into the eternity which has been, and you will see the Lord's great love set upon us: all through time and eternity reasons have been accumulating which constrain us to love our Lord. Now turn sharply round, and gaze before you, and all along the future faith can see reasons for loving God, golden milestones on the way that is yet to be traversed, all calling for delight in God.

Christ is also very pleased with the fruit of *hope*, and we are so circumstanced that we ought to produce much of it. The aged ought to look forward, for they cannot expect to see much more on earth. Time is short, and eternity is near; how precious is a good hope through grace. We who are young ought to be exceedingly hopeful; and the still younger folk, who are just beginning the spiritual life, should abound in hope most fresh and bright. If any man has expectations greater than I have, I should like to see him. We have the greatest of expectations. Have you never felt like Mercy in her dream, when she laughed, and when Christiana asked her what made her laugh she said that she had had a vision of the things yet to be revealed?

Select any fruit of the Spirit you choose, and I maintain that we are favourably circumstanced for producing it; we are planted upon a very fruitful hill. What a fruitful hill we are living in as regards *labour for Christ!* Each one of us may find work for the Master; there are capital opportunities around us. There never was an age in which a man consecrated to God might do so much as he can at this time. There is nothing to restrain the most ardent zeal. We live in such happy times that, if we plunge into a sea of work, we may swim, and none can hinder us. Then, too, our labour is made, by God's grace, to be so pleasant to us. No true servant of Christ is weary of the work, though he may be weary *in* the work: it is not the work that he ever wearies of, for he wishes that he could do ten times more. Then our Lord makes our work to be successful. We bring one soul to Jesus, and that one brings a hundred. Sometimes when we are fishing for Jesus there may be few fish, but, blessed be his name, most of them enter the net; and we have to live praising and blessing God for all the favour with which he regards our labour of love. I do think I am right in saying that for the bearing of the fruit which Jesus loves best our position is exceedingly favourable.

III. And now this afternoon, at this table, OUR POSITION HERE IS FAVOURABLE EVEN NOW TO OUR PRODUCING IMMEDIATELY, and upon the spot, the richest, ripest, rarest fruit for our Well-beloved. Here at the communion-table, we are at the centre of the truth, and at the well-head of consolation. Now we enter the holy of holies, and come to the most sacred meeting-place between our souls and God.

Viewed from this table, *the vineyard slopes to the south*, for everything looks towards Christ, our Sun. This bread, this wine, all set our souls aslope towards Jesus Christ, and he shines full upon our hearts, and minds, and souls, to make us bring forth fruit. Are we not planted on a very fruitful hill?

As we think of his passion for our sake, we feel that *a wall is set about us to the north*, to keep back every sharp blast that might destroy the tender grapes. No wrath is dreaded now, for Jesus has borne it for us; behold the tokens of his all-sufficient sacrifice! No anger of the Lord shall come to our restful spirits, for the Lord saith, "I have sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." Here on this table are the pledges of his love unspeakable, and these keep out the rough winds like a wall. Surely we are planted on a very fruitful hill.

Moreover, *the Well-beloved himself is among us.* He has not put us out to husbandmen, but he himself doth undertake to care for us; and that he is here we are sure, for here is his flesh, and here is his blood. You see the outward token, may you feel the unseen reality; for we believe in his real presence, though not in the gross corporeal sense with which worldly spirits blind themselves. The King has come into his garden: let us entertain him with our fruits. He who for this vineyard poured out a bloody sweat, is now surveying the vines; shall they not at this instant give forth a good smell? The presence of our Lord makes this assembly a very fruitful hill: where he sets his feet all good things flourish.

Around this table *we are in a place where others have fruited well.* Our literature contains no words more precious than those which have been spoken at the time of communion. Perhaps you know and appreciate the discourses of Willison, delivered on sacramental occasions. Rutherford's communion sermons have a sacred unction upon them. The poems of George Herbert, I should think, were most of them inspired by the sight of Christ in this ordinance. Think of the Canticles of holy Bernard, how they flame with devotion. Saints and martyrs have been nourished at this table of blessing. This hallowed ordinance, I am sure, is a spot where hopes grow bright and hearts grow warm; resolves become firm and lives become fruitful, and all the clusters of our soul's fruit ripen for the Lord.

Blessed be God, *we are where we have ourselves often grown.* We have enjoyed our best times when celebrating this sacred eucharist. God grant it may be so again. Let us in calm meditation and inward thought now produce from our hearts sweet fruits of love, and zeal, and hope, and patience; let us yield great clusters like those of Eshcol, all for Jesus, and for Jesus only. Even now let us yield ourselves up to meditation, gratitude, adoration, communion, rapture. Let us spend the rest of our lives in glorifying and magnifying the everblessed name of our Well-beloved whose vineyard we are.

Glimpses of Nonconformist Church Life at Rothwell, Two Centuries Ago.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES KIRTLAND.

No. II.—Richard Davis, his Sufferings for Christ, Triumphant Vindication, and Death.

(*Concluded from page* 581.)

MR. DAVIS had scarcely settled down to his work at Rothwell, when grievous troubles began to threaten his peace and usefulness. The favourable impression made by his ministry, and the remarkable success with which, from the first, God had honoured it, provoked strong opposition, and raised up many adversaries. The local prejudice against him was bitter and powerful. Ease-loving ministers, who drawled out dry sermons fifteen or twenty minutes long twice a week, were reproved by the new preacher's zeal, and became jealous of his influence. The most absurd stories were put into circulation, which thousand-tongued rumour repeated and exaggerated. He was accused of "drunkenness, disaffection to the government, jesuitism, conjuration, heresy," and other crimes. The gentry regarded him with pious horror, and protested that such a "pestilent fellow" ought not to be tolerated, "no, not for an hour." Accordingly, some charges were trumped up against him, and on these he was arraigned at the Northampton Spring Assizes in 1693. One of the "lay preachers," a Brother Rowlatt, was the pastor's "companion in tribulation." A day of fasting and prayer was observed by the church. The witnesses were worthless men who swore falsely. Their evidence was rejected, the case broke down, and Davis and Rowlatt were "publicly and honourably acquitted." But while his private character was triumphantly vindicated, his public teaching and movements were assailed in the coarse and virulent language of the times. Ministers from their pulpits denounced the Pastor and his fellow-workers, as intruders into pastures over which they claimed an exclusive monopoly. Further, they sought and obtained the sanction and assistance of a powerful body, calling itself "*The United Ministers in and about London.*"

This body consisted of Presbyterians and Independents; and if it had confined its functions to the defence of religious and ecclesiastical rights, it would have done useful service. But the "United Ministers" went beyond this limit. They claimed authority over churches of the same faith and order. Toleration came in with William, Prince of Orange; but old intolerance survived the penal laws of the Tudors and Stuarts, and found an asylum in Christian bodies that had been long contending for religious freedom. Its iron hand was raised to strike down the man whom providence had placed at the head of the great evangelical movement that had taken such a firm hold on several of the midland counties. Garbled statements of his doctrines and work were sent to London. On hearing these calumnious reports, Mr. Davis undertook two journeys to London to lay his view of the case before the united

assembly. On the first occasion—in 1691—the Rowell business was not brought on; but the following year, in the summer of 1692, various questions were put to him concerning assumed irregularities, which he answered from memory. No departure from sound doctrine was proved, but no deliverance was given by his judges. The conduct of Dr. Williams was unworthy of his standing and reputation. "He said openly that he had many things against Mr. Davis in matters of faith, but he had not his witnesses ready to prove them." Davis proposed another meeting, but the doctor backed out of it by saying it was "not possible." The matter was not suffered to rest here. With the true instinct of persecutors, his enemies were determined to hunt him down. The Press united its anathemas with those of the pulpit. Here is a specimen:—"A plain and just account of a Most Horrid and Dismal Plague, begun at Rowell, alias Rothwell, in Northamptonshire, which hath Infected many places round about. Or a Faithful Narrative of the Execrable and Noisom Errours and the Abominable and Damnable Heresies vented by *Richard Davis* pretended Pastour to a People at Rowell: and by his Emmisaries, the *Shoemakers, Joyners, Dyers, Taylers, Weavers, Farmers, etc.* By Mr. P. Rekakosht, etc., *Inhabiting the East side of the Seat of the Plague.*" London: Printed for the author, 1692. [4to. 24 pages.*]

The crisis came in the autumn of 1692. On Mr. Davis's return from a preaching tour, he received a summons to attend a "visitation" at Kettering to enquire into certain errors and irregularities said to be held and practised by the pastor and church at Rothwell. The church was hastily summoned, and resolutions passed, emphatically denying the authority of the "United Ministers" to call their pastor before them to answer any charges concerning his doctrine and practice. 1.—"That the appearance of their pastor at Kettering would be owning the authority of the United Brethren, which was none." 2.—That it would acknowledge "the authority of their deputies, which was less, if possible, than nothing." And, 3.—"The owning of, and submitting to all the (assumed) irregularities they had committed contrary to the word of God, and the principles of Congregational churches." Notwithstanding this manly protest, the "visitation" was held. The conclave consisted of Dr. Williams—who posted it from London in his private carriage—Mr. Goodman of Deptford, and thirteen local ministers, among whom were some who figured in the ecclesiastical changes of that troubled period, *i.e.*, Robert Billis, the successor of Dr. Bates of Hackney; Samuel Blower, Northampton; Ebenezer Chandler, the immediate successor of John Bunyan, who had been in his grave scarcely four years; Joseph Hussey, Hoghill, Cambridge; and John Maydwell, rector of Kettering before the ejection in 1662. There were also sixteen "Lay witnesses." That men who had suffered from ecclesiastical tyranny should seek to put a yoke on their brother which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear, shows that they had not yet mastered the alphabet of Religious Freedom.

Mr. Davis declined to appear before this formidable assembly, and he was tried in his absence. The personal charges were discreetly kept in

* A copy of this pamphlet is preserved in the Library of the British Museum.

the background. The offences preferred against him related chiefly to questions affecting doctrine and ministerial practice. The following are examples—"Holding meetings in or near places where Dissenting ministers have their stated congregations and churches." "Administering the Lord's-supper in places far distant from each other." "Taking in members of other churches without any dismission." "Breaking churches, and causing divisions and confusions." "Sending forth many illiterate and ignorant preachers without advising with neighbouring ministers." "Pretending to visions." "Anointing the sick with oil," etc. The employment of "Lay Preachers" was a bitter pill for ordained ministers, some of whom had exercised their ministry in the Established Church until the Act of Uniformity drove them out. One of the United Brethren, *Giles Firmin*, in a review of Mr. Davis's "Vindication," denounces the pastor's unpaid helpers. "As for your *Mechanicks*, which you have sent out as your Apostles, I look upon them, as I do upon all these *Lay Preachers in England*, now risen up in this boundless Liberty, to be but the Devil's design, first to Debase the Ministry, and then to *overthrow it*." Although Mr. Davis did not obey the summons of his Inquisitors, he once entered the meeting, delivered his protest, and then left them to proceed against him in his absence. They received reports—all adverse to the accused—and took evidence, all *ex parte*, but postponed their judgment till later in the same year, when, at a meeting in London, he was condemned by his judges, and his name cast out as evil; but with a well simulated charity they declared—"We shall earnestly pray for his repentance, and (in the meantime) that the Scripture may be verified in him—2 Tim. iii. 9.—He shall proceed no further, but his folly shall be manifested to all men."* But the moral effect of the verdict was greatly weakened, if not destroyed, by the internal quarrels of the Inquisitors. "Animosity and contention about doctrinal matters broke out amongst them, and such heats arose, as exposed them justly to the censures of standers by."† Culpable as Dr. Williams and his London colleagues were, the chief blame rests on the local men who, according to Bogue and Bennett (History of Dissenters), imposed on their brethren "by blundering hearsays and inaccurate reports." By the same authority we are told, that "When Mr. Davis is heard in his own defence, as every man ought to be, the accusations of his adversaries, as to the erroneousness of his doctrines, dwindle into a point." The pastor's published "Vindication"‡ is a noble defence of his work, and a triumphant refutation of the charges so recklessly made against him. "We carry the gospel," he says, "into dark groves and places, out of mere bowels of pity and compassion to poor souls. We obey the Lord Jesus Christ, who commanded his servants to go and teach all nations, by offering his grace to sinners as far as we are able." In a strain of righteous indignation, he rebukes the United Ministers for their neglect of their country, and boldly challenges them to take up the work of Evangelization. "Why do not they, if they pretend to authority, thrust out some of that great swarm they have at London (that eat the fat and drink the sweet) to

* Calamy's Life of Baxter, vol. i. 512—514. † Ibid. vol. i. 515.
‡ "Truth and Innocency Vindicated against Falsehood and Malice." By R. Davis, a poor despised servant of Christ.

offer the grace of Christ to the poor country people?" The concluding words of the "Vindication" deserve to be written in letters of gold. "If there be any errors I maintain, I care not how soon they fall, though I fall with them. It is not my honour I seek, but the honour of him that sent me; and I hope I am always ready to bury my own honour in shame, provided I could secure thereby his name from dishonour and contempt. If it be the truth of Christ I am assaulted for (as thereto I am persuaded it is), then all the attempts against it will be in vain: his truth is like himself, eternal, and will abide steadfast, bright, and insuperable, when I and my opposers are mouldered to dust and ashes." The estimate formed of Mr. Davis's character by all impartial and unprejudiced persons, is well expressed in the words of one who knew him well. Dr. Gill remarks:—"His great usefulness raised him many enemies: never was any man more traduced, reproached, and calumniated; and never did any less deserve it, being eminent for humility, piety, and an unblemished life and conversation."

The baptism of fire through which this servant of Christ had passed, gave strength and purity to his character. He exemplified the truth of Job's words—"The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." A calm succeeded the storm, and brought with it "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." "Then had the churches rest, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." Mr. Davis settled down to his work, and continued during many years to go in and out among the people; in all things showing himself "a pattern of good works." But the good ship was not always in smooth waters. Troubles sprang up within the church which disturbed its unity. Ungodly men "crept in unawares," and severe discipline had to be exercised. On giving evidence of repentance, the offenders were restored; but against this action of the church some members rebelled. Then came "debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults."

These dissensions continued from 1704 to 1707, when peace returned to the distracted household. Seven years later, and only a few weeks before the death of Mr. Davis, there were ominous signs of a speedy revival of the persecutions of former days. The reactionary ministers of Queen Anne, led by the notorious Bolingbroke, passed the "Schism Bill," the object of which was to throw the education of the whole country into the hands of the Established Church. It enacted that "no one should keep a school, or act as tutor, who had not first subscribed the declaration to conform to the Church of England, and obtained a license from the Bishop." The bill passed both Houses, but in the Lords the majority was only five, and this was secured by the creation of Tory peers. There were dark forebodings of troublous times, and in these the dying pastor at Rothwell fully shared. But the divine Protector of our liberties interposed. The poor queen died the very day (Aug. 1, 1714) on which the act was to take effect, and it fell to the ground. Then had the Nonconformists "light and gladness, joy and honour." Mr. Davis was approaching the end of his journey, and when the news reached him, he realized the force of the promise, "At evening time it shall be light." He lingered till the 11th of

September, and then "fell asleep." A modest tomb marks the resting-place of this godly and devoted man. On one side is the following inscription :—

HERE
Lyeth the Body of that Holy Able and Faithfull Minister of the Gospel Mr. Richard Davis, who departed this Life the 11th of September 1714 in the 57th year of his age.

On the other side are the following lines which he composed for the purpose :—

Here lyes the meanest Dust
Whom God of his own good pleasure
Out of his rich glorious Treasure
Of grace did ere entrust.

His wife survived him eleven years, and died at the advanced age of eighty-one.

"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."—Daniel xii. 3.

The Ghostly Noises.

MAKING towards home with all possible speed, it was nevertheless quite dark when the new clearing was entered in the centre of which our house stood. Just as the opening was reached, at a point where a number of fallen trees were yet lying, a hoarse sound seemed to come from near one of them that fairly curdled my blood. It seemed to the startled imagination like the suppressed groan of some one in great distress, or the dread wail of some imp of darkness. Startled by the dread sound, a furtive glance was cast behind, when another groan sent my feet flying homeward with all possible speed. When safe within doors, a graphic account of the dread encounter was given, but, instead of getting the expected sympathy, a hearty laugh at my expense only added to my distress. After a tantalizing of sufficient length, my more experienced father said that the dread ghost would likely turn out to be only a harmless night-hawk which had a nest near at hand, and took this method to frighten away the intruder: in this the bird certainly was pre-eminently successful. An examination on the following day proved the truth of my father's surmise. Near one of the old logs a rude nest was found, containing the usual two handsome speckled eggs. This fright by the poor night-hawk has been of great use to me throughout life; for ever after, any unusual occurrence which might be tortured by ignorance into something dread or supernatural was carefully searched into, and generally with the same easy solution.—*Sidney Dyer, in "The Beautiful Ladder,"* 1881.

Leaves from a Pastor's Note-Book.

AN unexpected letter moved me to re-open communication with days gone past, and my Note-book was brought into requisition. It was dusted, the leaves were turned over, and then how apparent was my want of order! Where were the dates? Why did I write so much with lead pencil? What wretched pens I must have used in those days, even when I did write with ink; for I could scarcely read my own handwriting—significant fact to him who thinks. But a word here and there was all that memory asked, and page after page stood revealed. I lived over again the old days, my heart throbbed with the old emotions, the old hopes were reinspired, and men and women who by distance, and silence, and death, seemed to have been cut off from me, again lived and spoke and influenced me. The opening of the Note-book was, indeed, to me a quickening of the dead past.

Being a pastor, it was natural that I should append appropriate texts of Scripture to striking events, not only because the mysterious law of association would surely lead one to find mottoes in the book he knows best, but also because one forms the habit of making all streams flow towards the pulpit. Very interesting it was to find the following under the heading—

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

Mr. B. was a very earnest Christian, eager to win souls. Never did he cause me a moment's regret; but often by his godly conversation, earnest prayers, and self-denying efforts for the good of men, has he filled me with joy. He came to us in quite a strange manner. By some mistake he received notice from his employers to go to our district instead of to another at some distance from us, and when here they wisely confirmed the appointment rather than move him again. He always considered his coming a special providence, and so did I. My friend was engaged with about twelve others, all of whom were moral men, but only one or two of the number were Christians.

It was winter, and the weather was exceptionally severe. A heavy snowstorm had set in, and the frost had welded the innumerable flakes into a crisp mass, which lay a sparkling covering over all the land; except, indeed, the main roads, where the traffic of many wheels had ground it into fine dust. The calling of the men exposed them to the inclement weather, and one poor fellow suffered much in health, and was at length completely broken down. Mr. B. was very anxious about the spiritual condition of his companion in labour, and after earnest prayer, resolved on the following course: he selected two or three of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, inclosed them in an envelope, and sent them to his friend with a note, in which he told how deep was his sympathy with the sufferer, and how great his desire to help him bear his affliction. The sermons, he added, were interesting reading, and might do him good if he would give them a trial. This little act, born of love, was accepted with gratitude, and the reading of the sermons commenced. Now, the doctor had said the sick man was suffering from weakness of the heart, if not something worse. One of the discourses contained a

very powerful appeal, based upon the uncertainty of life, and the weak heart responded to it, until all the man's pulses were thronged with anxiety. The bodily weakness was nothing, the soul disease the one all-momentous concern. The man was professedly a Churchman. In his case this meant that, if on any special occasion—such as a wedding, a christening, or a funeral—he attended a place of worship, it was one connected with "the Church as by law established." In his distress he went to the rector for advice. He was welcomed kindly, and encouraged to tell his story. "Have you been confirmed?" asked his spiritual adviser. "No, sir." "Then you had better prepare for confirmation; and in the fulfilment of that duty you will find rest of mind." The man returned from his visit deeply saddened, for he discerned that no outward application could touch his deep-seated disease. He was at length introduced to us, and was pointed to the Crucified Saviour, whose merciful pardon he eagerly received. His whole life was transformed, well-nigh transfigured, for his joy was so great that he could not refrain from telling everywhere what Christ had done for him. He even greeted the rector, on an accidental meeting, much to that gentleman's astonishment, with the simple statement, "I'm saved." He was now most anxious for the salvation of his wife, and induced her to attend chapel with him. She became impressed, and found the Saviour. Her conversation interested a neighbour in our work, who also became an attendant at all the services, and was converted. The husband of the last was far from the kingdom, but after many anxious prayers and much gentle endeavour he was led home, and it was my joy to baptize and receive into the church the two men with their wives. We were so deeply impressed with the abundant fruitfulness of one little act that we resolved on organizing a regular tract-distribution society, and now some two hundred homes are visited weekly, and the inmates shown the way whereby they may be saved.

The following incident is further away in the past. It must have happened in quite the early time of my ministry, but it is very distinct in my remembrance. I recall perfectly the kind of holy triumph I had in hearing the story. The text above it is—

"HE HATH HIS WAY IN THE WHIRLWIND AND THE STORM."

One Sunday morning I noticed a strange face in the congregation. (The only advantage I know in having a small congregation is that the strangers cannot escape you). The countenance of the man was striking, and evinced his great sensitiveness to the touch of truth, and his deep interest in the whole service. Indeed, it was one of those faces which no minister can look into without receiving fresh impulse. I sought conversation with my new hearer after the service, and in response to my question, "Are you a Christian?" he told the following story:—

"Yes, thank God! I am a Christian, though until recently I was as far from that as a man could well be. I was for many years an atheist. I had studied the best books on the atheistic side, and had argued myself into a thorough-going asserter of negations. 'Tis true I was never sure, as no man on that ground can be, for atheism is the sup-

pression by argument and force of will of the strongest intuitions of the human soul, and you never know when they may respond to some circumstance, as gunpowder to a spark, and send your logic to the winds. Well, not long since I was crossing the Atlantic; for several days the weather was fine, and everybody on board was full of spirits, but a storm came on, and increased in violence until a deep gloom settled on every heart. Many of us crowded on deck, and clinging to whatever we could, watched the waves which rose like great mountains, and ever and anon seemed to open as though they would engulf us. The crowning moment, however, arrived, when the captain ordered us into the cabin. 'We did assist the storm,' he told us. If we would keep calm he would do all he could, but we must be ready for the worst, for seldom had he witnessed such a tempest, and few ships could live through it. After this speech there was silence, save for the thundering of the elements; but one after another crept as best he could to his berth, and returned to the saloon—for the solitude was unbearable—with a Bible.

"My godless creed had been trembling from the first; but when I saw strong men bowed in agonies of prayer, and weak women calm through trust in God, it fairly gave way, and my Bible, which had long been used for other purposes, was brought out and read, that I might find some ray of hope to guide me into the unseen. By God's mercy we were spared. The storm abated; but when the good ship dashed through a smooth, sunlit sea, a tempest raged within me that knew no abatement till I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Peace; be still!'"

Deeply solemn to me and useful was the following: its lesson is still with me. What a speaking text, too!

"WHILE THEY WENT TO BUY, THE BRIDEGROOM CAME."

I had been for my holiday, and returned on the afternoon of a sultry day in August, thoroughly weary. I was preparing for a quiet hour, when a messenger arrived from a sick man with a request that I would visit him. It was a momentary temptation to postpone the visit till my hour of rest had been realized; but often since have I been thankful that in resistance to that suggestion I took my Bible and proceeded immediately to the house indicated.

My messenger had barely entered when I arrived. We were met on the threshold by a weeping woman, who uttered brokenly the appalling words, "Too late, sir, he's gone!" "Why did you not send for some one before?" I asked; for the man had lived a reckless life, and I was shocked to think he had gone to his account without hearing of Jesu's power to save. "He would not hear of it," she cried, "until just now, and the messenger had hardly left the house when he died."

I know not if these leaves will be of use to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel;* but this I know, that if any one of them should be led to call to mind the little histories which have been recorded in his experience, and investigate them prayerfully, he will find them written with the finger of God.

The Humble Expositor.

THE first time I ever knew the meaning of Rom. v. 5 it was conveyed to me under circumstances I can never forget. I was called to visit a poor creature dying of a fever, in a hovel on a mountain side in Wicklow. The door leading from the miserable chamber to the kitchen (the only other room in the habitation) was built up to prevent infection, and the only entrance was through a window about a foot and a-half square, out of which the frame had been taken for that purpose. In the corner of that wretched apartment, on some straw, lay a young man of twenty-one dying, but in the fullest possession of his faculties. A few moments' conversation convinced me that I was there, not to teach, but to learn, in witnessing the triumph of a believer over sin, death, and hell.

The young man was rejoicing in Christ, and as a passage of Scripture which seemed appropriate to his state of mind, I opened the 5th of Romans, and began to read it, applying each successive sentence to the young man, as according with his experience, to which he gave a most cordial response. When I reached the 5th verse I said,—"Now you feel how true this is—you have that blessed hope which maketh not ashamed, for you feel such love to God shed abroad in your heart, that it must be by the Spirit of God which is given to you."

"Ah, sir," said he, "that is not the meaning of that text at all!"

"What!" said I, "not the meaning?" And I looked at the verse again, never having thought that any other could be attached to it: "What meaning, then, do you give to it?"

"Ah, sir," he replied, "it would be a poor hope I should have if it was derived from any love I feel to God. When I think of what he has done for me, and how I ought to love him, I feel so cold and dead compared to what my love ought to be, that I would be in despair, instead of having a hope that maketh not ashamed. Read on, sir, and you will see how it is."

I read on, and the next three verses convinced me that I had taken an erroneous view of the text, which, of course, I immediately acknowledged, and never can I forget either the comment or the commentator: both may well serve to illustrate this passage. [Eph. iii. 17: "That ye being rooted and grounded in love."]

That poor youth had, not many months before, been brought to the knowledge of the gospel through my cottage lecturing. Too poor, too old, and too much engaged in labour to go to school, he had learned from a young companion to read, in the evenings when his work was over, that he might read that Book which had revealed a Saviour to his soul. He had read, and had been taught by him who can teach not as man teacheth. I had not known him, I had not to my knowledge seen him before, though God had taught him under my ministry. I saw him but once again—the next day—entering into "the valley of the shadow of death," and fearing no evil. His name was never printed in this world before; but as certainly as it is recorded here, so surely in "The Lamb's Book of Life" is written the name of CHARLES ARMSTRONG.—*R. J. Mc Ghee.*

Judson, the Apostle of Burmah.

Second Paper.

(*Concluded from page* 588).

WE left Judson at Ava, whither he had been invited by the Emperor, but at a most inauspicious juncture. In the midst of illness and discomfort, he was hopefully preaching the gospel at last in the capital; his wife had gathered a few native children as the nucleus of a school. Persons in high rank seemed favourably disposed towards the new religion, when the outbreak of war with the English suddenly swept like a tempest over the smiling scene and wrapt it in night. Refugees from the cruel Burmese despotism had been accustomed to take shelter in the British territory of Chittagong, and when the English authorities refused to hand them over the Burman Emperor went to war. The white foreigners in Ava—Judson, Dr. Price, three Englishmen, one American, and one Greek—were seized as spies and thrown into the death-prison, where they lay eleven months heavily fettered. Thence they were removed to a prison ten miles away, under circumstances of such brutality that the Greek died on the journey, and Judson himself scarcely reached it alive. It was the intention of the Government to have them sacrificed there to ensure victory over the English; the execution of this measure was only prevented by the disgrace and death of the adviser. In this second prison Judson lay in fetters six months, and was thence dispatched to the Burmese head-quarters to act as interpreter. Two months more of almost equal wretchedness followed, when the victory of the English released him and his fellow-prisoners, and he took his departure from Ava.

Judson wrote no detailed account of this imprisonment, scarcely more than this modest note:—"The scenes we witnessed and the sufferings we underwent during that period I would fain consign to oblivion." But his noble wife, in a letter to her brother, has left a narrative which, in the tragic interest of the story itself and in the dignity and pathos with which it is told, is perhaps the most thrilling recital in the annals of missions. We should be thankful to transcribe it entire, and our readers would be equally glad to read it; but it would more than fill the present number of this Magazine. It should be circulated far and wide, to kindle everywhere a flame of interest in missions.

The death-prison was a wooden den that would contain about one hundred victims; with roof too thin to form a protection against tropical heat; no window, no door. A sliding board served for admission. Within were gigantic rows of stocks, which opened and shut their jaws on their prey like huge alligators. A tripod in the centre held an earthen lamp, and a long bamboo suspended by ropes from the roof was used to string up the fettered feet of the wretched prisoners at sunset, to a height which left only head and shoulders resting on the ground. In this state of misery and stagnated circulation, and exposed, helpless, to the maddening attacks of mosquitoes, they were left to pass the night. The prison was never cleaned, or even swept: its very floors reeked with fetid odours: the filth lived and crawled (pardon, reader!), and abominations unmentionable made it a dismal death-cell

ndeed for the hapless, half-naked, half-famished wretches that lay stretched on its horrible floor. A loud gong sounded at three o'clock every day, and ushered in the hideous figure of a spotted man, who walked in grim silence to one of the prisoners, and led him away to death. This was the executioner. No one knew whose turn would come next. Add to these horrors the agonized roaring of a huge lioness caged in the prison yard, sentenced to death by starvation as suspected to be in league with the British, whose standard was a lion, and it is difficult to conceive a position more weirdly horrible.

During all those dreadful months, while Mr. Judson and his companions lay there, Mrs. Judson, outside, was using every effort to procure their deliverance, or at least a mitigation of their sufferings. She interceded with the sister of the king; she bribed the officials; she bribed the gaolers, who were all branded felons; she brought food to the prisoners; and as with the intrepidity of a martyr and the zeal of an angel she passed through the streets of Ava on her mournful labour of love, she became an object of sympathizing admiration, and was surrounded with a halo even in the eyes of the brutal Burmans. Even this angel ministry she was not able to continue unbroken. Overborne by wearying anxiety, disheartening toil and rebuff, and stricken down with spotted fever, her life hung for weeks in the balance, and her Burman neighbours came in to see her expire, though, as it proved, she recovered.

Amidst her husband's anxiety for her and for their only child, who was born shortly after his seizure, another object occasioned him much solicitude. This was the translation of the New Testament. Part of it was printed; but if the remaining manuscript should be lost, and his own life should be taken, many years must elapse before another missionary could reproduce it. To relieve his mind Mrs. Judson had stitched it up in a little mean pillow, too hard to tempt the gaolers; and as long as Mr. Judson could rest his head on it he felt that the New Testament at least was safe. But one day a band of men rushed in, seized the white prisoners, added two pairs of fetters to the three they already wore, and thrust them into an inner dungeon. Thus the precious pillow was lost. But when the one-and-twenty months' imprisonment was over, Mr. Judson, to his inexpressible delight, found it safe in his own house, to which a faithful attendant, not knowing what it was, had carried it as rubbish from the death-prison.

No tongue can tell the joy with which the missionary and his wife returned, free and unfettered, to their work. They found the mission in Rangoon dispersed by the war, and they set it up again at Amherst, on territory newly ceded to the English. Before missionary operations were fairly begun, however, Judson was reluctantly compelled to visit Ava as interpreter to an English embassy; and while there he received intelligence of the death of his noble wife. He returned to his desolated home to allay his grief as best he might by devotion to his work and by the prattle of his infant daughter, but soon the child also died, and he was left alone—but alone with God. His piety, always elevated, grew wonderfully spiritual and heavenly. He spent all the intervals of labour in solitary fellowship with God. Let none think he strove "to wind himself too high," or that, rapt in a refined mysticism, and

utterly weaned from the world, he gave himself too fully to a life of self-denial. It is only an exalted spiritual life that can lift a heathen race out of its degradation. Resolutely he set himself to "crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts." The private money he possessed, about £1,200, he presented to the American Board for mission work. Noticing the lowness of the missionary treasury he voluntarily surrendered, first a twentieth, then a tenth, then a fourth of his own mission salary. He cut to the quick the passion for fame, so carefully instilled into him by his father, declining the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him by the Brown University, and destroying his correspondence, which included flattering communications from the Governor-General of India and others in high position. He denied himself even the social intercourse for which he had so keen a relish, and in which he was eminently fitted to shine. Ascetic and hermit he was not. "His ready humour," Mrs. Judson wrote, "his aptness at illustration, his free flow of generous, gentlemanly feeling, made his conversation peculiarly brilliant and attractive, and such interchanges of thought and feeling were his delight." Very touching and beautiful was his bright, wholesome, domestic life. His surviving wife, Mrs. E. C. Judson, thus describes it:—"He was always planning pleasant little surprises for his family and neighbours, and kept up through his married life those little lover-like attentions which I believe husbands are apt to forget. There was a kind of *romance* about him (I use the word for want of a better) which prevented every-day life with him from ever being common-place. If he went out before I was awake in the morning, very likely some pretty message would be pinned to my mosquito curtain. . . . . He was always earnest, enthusiastic, sympathising; even in the smallest trifles, tender, delicate, considerate—*never moody*, as he has sometimes been described, but equally communicative whether sad or cheerful."

Transplanted from Amherst to Maulmain, a more rapidly growing town, the Mission, under the shield of British protection, entered on a career of unexampled prosperity. Judson worked at even higher pressure; made long preaching expeditions up the great rivers, and penetrated into the very heart of Burmah. Ere long the whole land seemed to be pervaded by a spirit of religious thirst. The ears of the heathen, to use their own vivid expression, had become *thinner*. Judson was thronged with enquirers. His Burman tracts, distributed in Rangoon, sped up the Irrawaddy to Ava. The awakening was very widespread. "Some come two or three months' journey, from the borders of Siam and China—'Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.' Others come from the frontiers of Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava—'Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die!' Others come from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus Christ is a little known—'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.'" Perhaps the most interesting branch of the work was that amongst the Karens, a wild, inferior race, commenced by Mr. Boardman, whose brief, heroic campaign among that people has

rendered his name illustrious. Death-stricken with consumption, that young missionary penetrated the thickets of the Karen jungle, and gathered the people round him to hear the Word of God. He died amongst them in the Karen wilderness, and when he fell, Judson took up the work in person, carrying with him his Burman assistants, who were held to their intrepid leader by his magnetism of character as with hooks of steel.

Eight years after the death of his beloved wife he married the widow of Mr. Boardman. He found in her a kindred spirit. She had spent the three years of her widowhood in heroic toil among the Karens, for whom her husband died, refusing the urgent appeals of her friends to return with her child to America. About the same time Judson finished the first draft of the Burman Bible. The New Testament had long been in circulation. By repeated revision (for like another great missionary he could plod) he brought it to the acknowledged position of being the most perfect of Eastern translations of the word of God. In addition to this colossal work, he had prepared a Burman grammar, pronounced in Calcutta to be the ablest as well as briefest Oriental grammar in existence; and besides a number of Christian books and tracts, he undertook and carried out the gigantic task of a Burmese Dictionary in two Parts, Burmese and English, and English and Burmese.

At length, worn down by thirty-two years of labour and privation, and in feeble health, he set out in company with three of his children and his wife, who also was in a state of dangerous illness, for his native land. They embarked together; he landed without her. On the way she died on board ship, and was buried at St. Helena. She was a woman of remarkable power and beauty of character. She acquired an uncommon mastery of the Burmese language; her translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is one of the best pieces of composition in that tongue, and her hymns in Burmese, about twenty in number, are the best in the Burmese hymn-book. She, moreover, translated the New Testament, and the principal Burmese tracts into Peguan; and her labours amongst the Karens, in which she made toilsome journeys amongst the mountains, sometimes amid drenching rains, and always with many privations, showed the apostolic ardour of her love to Christ and the heathen.

The veteran of fifty-seven met with a noble reception in America, where he attended many gatherings, but was too weak to make himself heard in large assemblies. His appearance was an inspiration, and he gave a mighty impetus to the cause amongst the churches at home. During this stay in America he met with Miss Emily Chubbuck, well known as an authoress by the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forester, a graceful, exquisite nature, of bright genius and rare literary charm, whom he married and took back with him to Burmah, where she irradiated the last four years of the great life with which she had linked her own. He found the work flourishing under the care of the missionaries left in charge. He took up his part once more, and buckled to with a will, working like a galley-slave, till at length, when the thought that had germinated in his heart nearly forty years before had become a powerful mission, shaking a nation's superstition to its centre, he lay down to die.

Inexpressibly pathetic and hallowed is his wife's description of his last illness. His life was not withered and exhausted. "It is the opinion of most of the mission," she said to him, "that you will not recover." "I know it is," he replied; "and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least, in that sense; you know I am not. Oh, no man ever left this world with more inviting prospects—with brighter hopes or warmer feelings—warmer feelings!" he repeated, and burst into tears. "His face was perfectly placid, even while the tears broke away from the closed lids and rolled, one after another, down to the pillow. . . . To some suggestions which I ventured to make, he replied, 'It is not that—I know all that, and feel it in my inmost heart. Lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had such views of the loving condescension of Christ and the glories of heaven as I believe are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I wish to live, neither is it because the ties that bind me here, though some of them are very sweet, bear any comparison with the drawings I at times feel toward heaven; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I can well afford to spare them both for your sake and for the sake of the poor Burmans. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school.'"

A voyage was considered to offer the only hope of life, and as a last resource he was taken from his wife's side and placed on board a vessel. On that vessel he died within a week from the parting with his wife, and was buried at sea. Four months afterwards the intelligence reached her of her loss. The deep wail of fathomless grief that rose in her heart found expression in the poem to her mother, the agony of which is only equalled by its clinging trust. It begins:

"The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
On broad gray wings of gloom,
While here from out my dreary prison
I look as from a tomb—alas!
My heart another tomb."

Well! and is such suffering worthily expended on such a cause as formed the engrossing object of Judson's life? His achievements transcended the wildest aspirations of his youth. The outermost limit reached by his strong-winged hope in those early years was, that he might before he died build up a church of 100 Burmans, and translate the Bible into their language. The sixty-three churches he left behind him, with their 163 missionaries and native preachers, and their 7,000 members, showed that he had laid the foundations of Christianity too deep in the Burmese heart to be ever washed away.

His first wife from her tomb at Amherst, his second from her resting-place on the rock of St. Helena, and himself from his billowy bed in the Indian Ocean, cry to the Christian Church everywhere to see to it that the work of carrying Christ's gospel of love to the heathen shall never, never flag.

C. A. D.

How poor Women Cleared the Debt.

CALLING one day at Betsy Taylor's cottage, and talking of our heavenly Father's constant care of his children, she said, "I would not have a thousand pounds for all the world." "Why not, Elizabeth?" "Why, because I should never know where my mercies came from. You see, if I am laid up for a day or two, I soon lose my meal's meat for want of wages; so, as God keeps me in health to work, I see who it is that from day to day provides my food; but if I had always a deal of money in my hand, I should forget the Giver of all my mercies;" and then, after a pause, she added, "Oh, yes, I think I should like to have it, for I know what I would do with it." "What would you do with it, Elizabeth?" "Why, I would give it all to the chapel debt." That I truly believe she would, as the sequel may show. Mrs. Turner and Betsy Taylor were great friends, and were accustomed to talk over all their concerns together. It happened that a rather heavy debt was remaining on the chapel. I had been from home some weeks to recruit my health. Mrs. Turner, who got a scanty livelihood by mangling, called one day on her friend, in low spirits. "Betsy," she said, "I have had something on my mind that I want to speak to you about. You see, minister has been away some time in bad health; but I have been thinking it is not so much his health, but that there is something on his mind." "Do you—why what can it be? I have not heard of anything; and all things, as far as I know, are comfortable in the church." "Why, you know, they say there is a great debt on the chapel, and perhaps it is a burden on Mr. Griffin's heart, and that makes him ill." "Indeed! I never thought of that," said her friend, "but what can such poor bodies as we do in it? I am told it is a great deal; how can we be of any use?" "I can't say," answered Mrs. Turner, sadly, "but I have been reading in the forty-first of Isaiah, where it says, 'They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil.'" "You see," said she, "they were working people, so I have been thinking that working folks like us ought to try and do something." Mrs. Turner had thought that the passage referred to the building of the Temple, not having noticed the end of the verse. But it had suggested a principle, and she ran away at once with that to her friend Elizabeth. Betsy was silent a while, and Mrs. Turner, too, for both were downcast. At last she looked up and replied, "I tell you what, you go home, and make it a matter of prayer for a week; I will do so, too; and then we can meet after that and talk over it again."

So they parted, and at the end of the week they returned to the subject. "I have been thinking what to do," said Betsy. "I will put my name down for a shilling a week; Henry shall put his name down for a shilling a week; Mrs. Jones"—a widowed sister—"shall do the same. You put your name down for the same." And then mentioning the names of others of their friends, of the same class, who were members of the church, she added, "I am sure they will do so, too." They accordingly set about it at once. But after a short time it reached the ears of the deacons, and one of them called on Elizabeth. "We understand, Betsy," said the good deacon, "that you are trying to do something for the chapel debt. It is very good of you and your friends, but surely you cannot know how large it is. We never heard of Mr. Griffin being anxious about it; you had better give it up, and at the proper time we will attend to it." Poor Betsy and her friends were woefully discouraged. It happened, however, that about this time she was engaged with some work in the house of a generous friend, Mr. Edward Wood, a member of the church. Passing through the room where she was at work, he saw that she looked dejected, and seemed hardly inclined to speak. "Why, Betsy, you seem down in the mouth this morning; is anything the matter?" "Well, I suppose I must out with it;" and then, telling what she and Mrs. Turner and the friends were wishing to do, she

added, "But the deacons have throw'd cold water on it, and stopped it." "Why, Betsy, I didn't think you were such a chicken-hearted woman. Put my name down for £50, and go on." Looking up with amazement, she said, "But do you mean it?" "Did you ever know me to say anything of the sort without meaning it?" "No, that I never did; then blessed be God," she cried, clapping her hands, while the tears streamed down her face, "the work is done!"

And done it soon was. Those two poor women brought in to the deacons £750; for "their zeal had provoked very many," and all liked to give their contributions by the hands of these generous women. In a short time a list of subscriptions was sent to me at Clifton, by the deacons, amounting to more than £1,100; and by-and-by, the whole debt of nearly £3,000 was cleared off; and so the good women had a rich answer to their prayers, and a full reward of their self-denying love to the "house of their God."—*From "Memories of the Past: records of Ministerial Life." By James Griffin, of Hastings.*

Plain Talk on Anger.

BY A SOMERSETSHIRE LABOURER.

MARTIN TUPPER says that anger is known in heaven. And why not? for it is possible to be angry and sin not. God is angry with the wicked every day. Christ was angry with the Pharisees for the hardness of their hearts; and Moses was angry with the Israelites for worshipping the golden calf. Anger may be heavenly, earthly, or hellish. It is heavenly when it is exercised against nothing but sin; it is earthly when things temporal are its cause; it is hellish when it rises against that which is good. Thus anger in itself does not imply sin. There is a righteous indignation that all should cultivate. It is no recommendation to gunpowder to say that it will not explode when a spark touches it; or of a house-dog that he will not bark at the footsteps of an intruder; or of a husband that he will not fight for his hearth and his home. In like manner it is a compliment to no man to say that he is never angry. If that spirit is to be in us which was in Christ, we must carry Heaven's smile for that which is good, but Heaven's anger for that which is bad.

Now, it is a sinful anger that a Somersetshire Labourer would caution his readers against. And at the outset he would tell them plainly that if they are to flee from this kind of anger there are many bitter things in life which they must swallow in silence. It is hard work to get children to take pills without chewing them; but even that is easier than to get our passionate natures to swallow insults without rebutting them. Yet we are bound to do it, else we shall continually be in hot water. The moon does not stop to notice every little dog that barks at it, and if our course on earth is to be worthy of a Christian, we must allow little minds to gossip while we pursue our mission.

If we strike fire at every thing that crosses our path, we shall soon become as pugnacious as Pat at Donnybrook Fair, when he cried, "Tread on the tail o' me coat, then." The enraged bee will lose its sting to get revenge, and, if we will allow it, our fiery nature will destroy our souls to spite our enemies. When the fire burns hot within us, and we feel like saying or doing something terrible, our best remedy is that adopted by Ahasuerus before he condemned Haman—take a walk in the garden.

All natures are subject to anger, though in some it is more easily kindled than in others. Some men are like a bundle of dry thorns, soon in a blaze, but soon out again; whilst others are like a tiled house, they are long before they catch fire; but once in a flame, it is hard work to get near to them to put it out. The anger of one is like the beacon-fire on some mountain height, it is seen by all; the anger of another is like the secret fire of some volcano, it is felt

by all, but seen by few. In every instance he is a fool who allows anger to *rest* within his bosom; but he that is slow to wrath is of great understanding.

Anger is generally the mark of a little mind. The little pot boils over before the great furnace has felt the heat; the little pool is lashed into fury by a breeze that is not felt by the ocean; the little boat is upset by that which would not be noticed on a great ship. So a little mind becomes irritated and enraged by that which a great mind would scorn to notice. Thus Solomon says, "A fool's wrath is presently known."

Christ, who was more God-like than men believed, was so transfigured that his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment as white as the light. Men who are more evil than they are willing to acknowledge are often disfigured: anger turns them into the image of their father. Their countenance becomes a window, through which Satan looks In the time of anger the colour changes, the tongue stammers, the teeth gnash, the feet stamp, the pulse quickens, the heart pants, the whole man is enraged like the demoniac when the Evil Spirit cast him oft into the fire. If it could be used properly, a most effectual remedy for anger would be a looking-glass. If it failed to cure anger, it would certainly not fail to cure pride; for no man could fall in love with himself if he could see his own face when he is in a rage.

The kindest act that we can show to an angry man is to leave him alone. "The churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife." To meddle with an angry man is to take a dog by the ears. Contentious people, like mad dogs, are apt to make others as querulous as themselves; the essence of wisdom, therefore, is to avoid them.

"A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both." He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls. And now let me ask, "Doest thou well to be angry?" Solomon shall answer for you, "He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly." Therefore, cease from anger, and forsake wrath, is the closing advice of

LEVI PALMER, *Taunton.*

Little Bob.

A CHAPTER FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

HE was one of the most insignificant in size and appearance of all the boys who have entered the Orphanage. When he came before the committee for election, the wisdom of receiving such a frail child was challenged; and when the Master was appealed to as to how the other boys would treat him, his reply was that he would either become a hero or a martyr, and that his belief was that he would be regarded as a hero. Within a few hours of his arrival such proved to be the case, and he was soon in danger of being petted and spoilt. His matron, while granting him exceptional privileges, treated him, however, very judiciously, and Bob is now as big a little man as any of the rest, and holds his own with some amount of boyish dignity.

Though he could neither read nor write, he proved to have a very good memory, and as he hopes to be a minister some day, he occasionally tries his hand at a sermon. His matron has reported one of these juvenile productions, delivered with no little tact and earnestness, and as it may interest some of our young readers who collect for the Orphanage, we give it *in extenso*:—

"ADAM AND EVE.

"Adam was made out of the dust. God said to him, 'You shall have somebody to talk to you; lie down, and go to sleep.' God took a bone out of Adam's side, and made Eve; then Adam woke up. God said, 'There is somebody for you to speak to, there is Eve;' so 'em walked about the garden, and watered

the flowers. God said, 'You may eat of every tree of the garden, excepting one, that is the tree of knowledge of good and evil; you mustn't eat of that.' Then Satan came in, and said to Eve, 'You *may* have some if you like.' So Eve had some, and gave some to Adam; then 'em got behind the trees, and hid so that God couldn't see 'em, but God said, 'I know where you are, come out!' so 'em had to come out! God put two angels at the gate with flaming swords, and if 'em went back they would be cut to pieces. Well, then 'em couldn't get any work to do so 'em could get something to eat, then 'em died."

I hope all our young readers will pray for little Bob, and for all the other boys, that they may grow up to be good men and true, and tell to others the good news about Jesus.

When little Bob first came to the Orphanage, he was somewhat puzzled at finding so many other boys, and he wondered in what relationship the President and the Master stood to them. When his matron told him they were as fathers, he said, with a feeling of astonishment, "What, to all the boys?" On hearing this was so, he said, very thoughtfully, and with a tone of earnest sadness, "I had a father all to myself once, and I liked that best." Do you wonder at this, dear reader? I am sure you do not, whether you have felt the loneliness of being fatherless in the world or not! What a mercy there are so many nice homes to shelter these poor orphan children, and that all may do something, if it is ever so little, towards their support!

A poor man once went to tell his minister of the birth of his thirteenth child. "Well," replied the minister, "God never sends a mouth without sending the bread to fill it." "That is my own belief," said the man; "but he has sent me the mouth, and I think he has sent you the bread," and they both enjoyed a hearty good laugh together.

In the Stockwell Orphanage there are nearly four hundred little mouths which God has sent to Mr. Spurgeon, and every day he sends the bread to fill them. We hope every little reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* will be amongst the number who send to Mr. Spurgeon something towards feeding and clothing his large orphan family.

Although little Bob is full of fun, and enjoys a romp with the other boys, he loves to pray. One evening he was sitting with his matron, who was darning stockings, and after a little conversation, he said to her, "Now let's pray to the Lord Jesus." As she was very busy, she said, "You kneel down and pray, and I will go on mending the boys' stockings." Bobby knelt down, and this was his prayer—

"I pray to God for all the food we want, morning, dinner-time, and tea. Amen.

"I pray for my auntie and my little Alice coming to-morrow. Amen.

"I pray for Miss S., doing all the needlework for all the boys and me. Amen.

"I pray to God for Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Spurgeon, the two great fathers of all the boys. Amen."

On another occasion, when the matron told the boys Mr. Spurgeon was too ill to preach, Bobby's prayer was—

"I pray to God for Mr. Spurgeon, who is ill in bed to-day, and couldn't preach. I pray for the man that preached for him. Jesus, give Mr. Spurgeon strength to preach next Sunday. Amen."

Each day during that week he concluded his evening prayer with this petition—

"I pray to God for Mr. Spurgeon, to let him get well on Saturday, so he can get up to preach on Sunday. Amen."

Very simple as are these prayers, they show a sweet spirit of simple trust, and our hope is that little Bob may always love to pray, and that his prayers may be answered by our kind and gracious Father in heaven. V. J. C.

Notices of Books.

The Watchtower. Six choice designs by E. de C. W. 2s. These may be had for Christmas, New Year, or Birthdays.

Wonderful Words of Life. Large Type Gospel Texts (17¼ by 7⅞ in.). 2s. the set of six.

The Everlasting Hills. Two choice large Illuminations with Texts, illustrating Mont Blanc and the Staubbach Fall. By E. de C. W. 2s.

Choice Silver. Twelve Text Cards. The same with Christmas Mottoes. 6d. *Rubies*, another set. 6d.

Little Folks. Packets of Twelve Cards for Christmas, New Year, or any season. 6d. J. G. Wheeler, 88, Mildmay Park, N.; and Partridge and Co.

THESE are the publications of our esteemed Mildmay friends. The cards in the packet Watchtower strike us most: they are very artistic. "Everlasting Hills" beautiful; "Little Folks" cheap and in brilliant colours. "Wonderful Words" are wonderfully cheap. The other packets are good, but they are not very remarkable.

The Child's Own Magazine for 1883. Sunday School Union.

THE Annual volume is a triumph of taste as to binding. It must be popular among the little ones.

The Rosebud Annual (1883). JAMES CLARKE and Co.

FOR the tiny tinies this is the very thing; only they must mind they don't tear it: it is ever so lovely, and quite a big book for 4s.

The National Temperance Mirror for 1883. Temperance Depôt, 337 Strand.

FAIRLY good, with room for improvement. Temperance folk should patronize it into a better thing.

The Infants' Magazine. The Children's Friend. The Friendly Visitor. Vols. for 1883. Seeley and Co., and Partridge and Co.

ALL perfect. Up to the mark, perfectly reliable, first-rate in all respects.

The Quiver for 1883. Cassell and Co.

MAINTAINS a first-class position among the best of the monthlies. Is always instructive, stimulating, and entertaining. May its arrows never grow less!

Young England for 1883. Office, 56, Old Bailey.

THIS magazine improves. We have nothing to do but to commend it. Religion is not thrust into a corner, neither is it dragged in neck-and-heels. Boys must like it.

Onward for 1883. Partridge and Co.

VERY good. "Onward" may still go onward, and improve. Still it has made such an advance that we are bound to praise it. Earnest abstainers, support it!

The Onward Reciter. Vol. XII. Partridge and Co.

THE compilers of *the Onward Reciter* are wise in their generation, and select the liveliest and most telling bits. It is a pleasure to look through this useful selection.

A Key to Tennyson's In Memoriam. By ALFRED GATTY, D.D. David Bogue.

DR. GATTY certainly affords great help to the wanderer among the dark places of *In Memoriam*. It would have been well had this "Key" been issued sooner, for many a reader has given up this great poem as utterly inexplicable. Now let him reach down his dusty copy, and, with Dr. Gatty at his elbow, he will see wonders. Like some old Roman lamp shining in a sepulchre, this metaphysical poem has a mild radiance which is lovely in the eyes of grief.

Nearly Lost, but Dearly Won. A Tale. By Rev. T. P. WILSON, M.A. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A Temperance tale of more than average interest.

The Sevenfold Gift; or, the Power of the Spirit. By Rev. JAMES GOSSET TANNER. John J. Shaw and Co.

THESE well-studied sermons are well suited to meet the enquiries of those who desire wisdom and seek instruction. Each in succession is bright and beautiful. What a fine motto for a faithful preacher we find in those words o the Psalmist—"While I was musing, the fire burned, then spake I with my tongue"! It were a pity if such words fell to the ground.

Science Primers for the People. Botany, by G. T. Bettany, M.A. *Physical Geography*, by Professor P. M. Duncan, M.B. *Physiology*, by W. B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D. Ward, Lock, and Co.

These are primers of first-class character; but think of their being only sixpence each. It is like giving them away. Who would be ignorant of Botany or Physiology when he can get such sixpennyworths to start with?

Personal and Family Names. A Popular Monograph on the origin and history of the Nomenclature of the present and former times. By Harry Alfred Long, Glasgow School Board. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A volume which must have cost its author a world of research. We cannot say that we agree with all his derivations; on the contrary, we should trace several of the surnames to very different origins; still we should in each case pay much deference to Mr. Long's judgment, for he is evidently a learned pundit in the lore of names. This book deserves to have a place in all libraries of reference, for it is a standard work in its own department.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. With 12 illustrations.

The Ocean Wave. By Henry Stewart. John Hogg.

An exceedingly handsome edition of the immortal Robinson Crusoe. The great power of this story is seen in the fact that it entices so many lads to sea. This is frequently a great grief to parents, but it must also aid in the naval predominance of the nation. There is so much salt in the Saxon blood that it readily responds to the call of the sirens of the deep. The second book contains a series of narratives of discoveries, battles, mutinies, &c.; in fact, a *résumé* of nautical history. The books at 3s. 6d. each are memorably cheap.

Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. Ward, Lock, and Co.

It would be a deed of supererogation to review the standard work of Mr. Motley. Every educated man has read it. This edition is singularly low in price. In one magnificent volume it gives for three half-crowns the whole of this great history—the history of one of the most eventful eras the world has ever seen.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Illustrated by David Scott, R.S.A. Nelson and Sons.

A noteworthy edition of Coleridge's weird rhyme. No artist is more the master of expression than David Scott. His pictures to adorn "The Pilgrim's Progress" have never been excelled. This edition of "The Ancient Mariner" contains a very wonderful set of illustrations, which once seen will never be forgotten. The descriptive notice by Dr. Simpson greatly enhances the value of the book, and throws a singular interest over the engravings. Poetry took a heavy dose of opium and dreamed this romance of the sea; and then in the person of David Scott art lay on the same couch, beheld the same vision, and sketched it to the life.

Standard Popular Dialogues. Suitable for home, social, and public gatherings. By John W. Kirton, LL D. Ward, Lock, and Co.

We cannot accept the sub-title of this little volume as a correct description of its contents, for after struggling with difficulty through it we have come to the conclusion that there is hardly one of the dialogues that could do any good either in home, social, or public gatherings. Surely Dr. Kirton need not waste his time and that of other people with such a mixture of slang, bad grammar, and mispronunciation as we have here. If these are "Standard Popular Dialogues," then the popular standard has been grievously lowered since our friend gave us "Buy your own cherries." Surely he has not been spoiled by having LL.D. added to his name!

The Practical Manual for the forming and working of Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies. By Rev. W. L. Lang, F.R.G.S. 337, Strand.

A penny pamphlet containing useful information for those who have not had much experience in temperance work. The same rules will not be adapted to all places, but Mr. Lang's suggestions will be of service to those who would like to commence and continue a Band of Hope or Temperance Society, but do not know how to set about it.

Lectures on the Ephesians. By R. W. Dale, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A course of lectures upon any subject from Mr. Dale will suffice to command public attention, and will be found to be well worthy of thoughtful and candid consideration. In endeavouring to expound the Epistle to the Ephesians, it was impossible to avoid coming into conflict with Calvinism, which is frankly acknowledged, and the challenge is readily accepted. For the Calvinism of Augustine and of Calvin himself, so far as predestination to condemnation is concerned, we have no defence to offer; but to the Calvinism that attributes the salvation of all who are saved to the grace of God alone, the Calvinism that maintains the disastrous effect of Adam's sin upon all men, the Calvinism of particular as well as of universal redemption, and the Calvinism of "whom he predestinated them he also called," we strenuously adhere. Upon all these subjects, though assuming at times a defiant attitude, Mr. Dale is more in accordance with us than his words might seem to imply. He avoids as much as possible systematic theology, that full scope and play may be given to his own reason and imagination, and is therefore unconsciously brought into collision with what he has previously asserted or denied. All men, for instance, are said to have been predestinated by God to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, to himself, and to have been chosen in him before the foundation of the world; and yet it is admitted to be effectual in some only. The effects of original sin are admitted, while original sin itself is denied. If indeed it were unjust that the sin of Adam should descend to his posterity, it could hardly be less unjust that innocent babes should be appointed to be trained and educated by ungodly parents, healthy children put out to be nursed by diseased parents. The atonement, too, in the Calvinistic sense, is virtually implied. In expounding the seventh verse of the first chapter, where redemption first comes into notice, after as clear and consistent a description of the forgiveness of sins as could be desired, its relation to the death of Christ is admitted to be indispensable, but obscure. Substitution is discarded; and yet we are unable to comprehend how certain declarations can be understood without it. As, for instance, "That God should forgive sin apart from a real and effective submission to the expression of his just condemnation of sin is inconceivable." Again, "It appears to be in harmony with the fundamental conception of the relation between the human race and Christ, that his submission to the pain and loss which came upon the race as the result of sin should be the reason and ground of the divine forgiveness." Again, "Unless by a supreme act of humiliation, and sacrifice, and love, Christ descends from his glory, and stands by our side; unless the dark and awful shadow of our sin falls upon him; unless he freely consents to have brought home to his very heart the guilt of the race; unless he submits to some experience of the woe and loss by which the guilt of the race is punished: his moral relations to the Father will not be the perfect expression of the relations which must exist between us and God if we are to receive the pardon of sin." Speaking of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler of the human race, we are told that, "Instead of inflicting suffering, he has elected to endure it, that those who repent of sin may receive forgiveness, and may inherit eternal glory." Again, speaking of the death of Christ, "It was an act in which there was a revelation of the righteousness of God, which must otherwise have been revealed in the infliction of the penalty of sin on the human race." Again, "Christ had never sinned, but he had come into the world to make the sorrow, and, as far as he could, the very sin of the world, his own." It is in our relation to the death of Christ rather than in its relation to us that substitution is virtually denied. Faith in the death of Christ is affirmed to be a submission on our part to the just condemnation of sin as exhibited in the sufferings and death of Christ. "We find in Christ the ideal submission of the race to the justice of the divine vengeance against sin." We do not see how an ideal submission to the justice of the divine vengeance against sin could avert the reality either from Christ or from us.

Imputation either of the sins of men to Christ, or of his righteousness to them, is emphatically disowned, and declared to be an intolerable fiction. The transfer of the effects both of sin and righteousness is admitted, but not of their causes. Yet effects follow their causes, and cannot be separated from them. Causes may be imputed, but not effects. They may be so far imputed as to carry their effects with them, and yet be imputed only. There is no fiction in the case. Neither Christ nor man is supposed to be in reality what he is not. The imputation itself is not a fiction, but a reality. The principle of suretiship is admitted in men's relation to each other, and why not in their relation to God? The justice of imputation on the part of God ought not to be questioned by man, while the grace of imputation is its chief glory. The predestination of all men to an ideal righteousness in Christ, which is obtained by some only, and the attainment of that righteousness by submitting to its ideal manifestation in the person of Christ, is surely not less fictitious than the so-called intolerable fiction of imputation.

While we object to many of the doctrinal statements as indefinite, and studiously avoiding the old evangelical terms while unconsciously retaining their signification, we are bound to acknowledge that, in the exposition of the experimental and practical parts of the Epistle, there is much not only to gratify a literary taste, but to profit all classes of hearers; to do good to all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

The Life and Words of Christ. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are right glad to see a cheap edition of Geikie's "Life of Christ." It is as good as any; perhaps better than any other. No "Life of Christ" is satisfactory; none ever will be. Four inspired Evangelists would not have been employed by infinite wisdom to write our Lord's story if one uninspired man could have done it. The gospel narrative answers all purposes. Still, these compilations have their uses, and if they do nothing else, they at least go to show how impossible it is for an earthly pencil to draw a portrait of the Son of God. We prefer Dr. Geikie's work to that of Canon Farrar, and we are glad that the two volumes can now be had for 16s.

The number "Seven" in Scripture. Compiled by S. A. Blackwood, C.B. Morgan and Scott.

The passages in which the number seven occurs throughout the Scripture are here arranged. Some useful end may be answered thereby, but we do not quite see it. The little book will, however, be valued by those who delight in the curiosities of holy literature.

A Practical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. By James Morison, D.D. New edition, revised. Hodder and Stoughton.

We could not too warmly praise this exposition. It is thoroughly learned, deep, clear, suggestive, and full. No one ever suspected us of Morisonianism; but we are most grateful to Dr. Morison for his Matthew and Mark, and we never hesitate to say so. Why should we? The price is fourteen shillings, but the work is invaluable.

Crumbs from the Master's Table. By a Gatherer. Partridge and Co.

These scrappy notes on the New Testament books are more valuable than at first sight would appear. Their brevity is the brevity of knowledge and study; and though they will teach the Bible student little, they may greatly help the ordinary reader who has little time or facility for fuller research.

Christ and Criticism. The Witnesses Examined and Cross-examined. By H. Sinclair Paterson, D.D. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Putting into forensic form, and examining as in a court of law, the witnesses for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, Dr. Paterson most successfully proves the reality and credibility of this great gospel fact. His logic is keen and trenchant, and whilst enthusiastic he is yet judicial. We should like to see this pamphlet in the hands of our young men of to-day, that they may not be seduced by the demon of "modern thought." This book stands high in the ranks of Christian evidence.

Words of Life and Love: a Monthly Gospel Magazine for Everyone. Edited by ROBERT BILKE, 18, Greenhill Park Villas, Harlesden, N.W.

USEFUL for gratuitous circulation. If not first-class in ability, yet highly commendable for earnestness and a desire to honour the Lord by testifying the gospel of his Son Jesus.

Baptist Worthies: a Series of Sketches of Distinguished Men who have held and advocated the Principles of the Baptist Denomination. By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

THE Baptist Tract Society is somewhat emerging from its hiding-place, and publishing works which are likely to sell. This useful institution deserves a wider sphere of action, and we trust that the appearance of this volume is a token that its conductors think so. Dr. Landels has special gifts as a lecturer, and he has in this volume subjects to his mind, and therefore we see him here at his best. Roger Williams, Milton, Bunyan, Fuller, Carey, and Hall are noble subjects, and it would be impossible to give better praise than when we say that they are worthily handled. Here and there the doctor gives us a form of theology to which we demur; but, on the whole, when phrases are laid aside we see little to protest against and much to admire. Let Baptist worthies purchase this selection of "Baptist Worthies," or else they will be worthy of reproach.

Memories of the Past. Records of Ministerial Life. By JAMES GRIFFIN, Hastings. Hamilton, Adams.

DEAR, good Mr. Griffin is a lump of love. His recollections have no trace of bitterness in them; on the contrary, he has seen much to admire and praise. His record is perhaps hardly so piquant as sensation-loving readers might desire, because it reveals no secrets, retails no scandal, and abuses nobody. We have had enough of bullying biographies to last us through the rest of this moribund century, and are glad to see writing of quite another kind. In Mr. Griffin's long life he has come across quite a variety of notable men, from Edward Irving and Rowland Hill to Charles Dickens. He relates incidents about all these folk, and keeps his reader interested by his modest, gracious talk. Hastings will be sorry when the good old man is taken home, and so shall we; meanwhile, we rejoice that he has prepared these "memories of the past."

Household Management for the Labouring Classes. By H. L. HAMILTON. Partridge and Co.

OUR Household Manager says that this little book is capital. Full of shrewd, common-sense hints as to economy and increase of comfort. Best of all, she assures us that the precepts are different from those found in many books of advice, for they are thoroughly practicable. We do not think we could write a better review than this, for it has been dictated by our "better half."

Our Mother: a Life-Picture. By M. K. Translated from the German by X.Y.Z. Edinburgh: Gemmell.

A DELIGHTFUL little book concerning the wife of F. W. Krummacher, author of "Elijah the Tishbite." It is written by one of her children in a naïve, quaint, home-like style peculiarly charming. Krummacher's fine character shows to advantage, and his wife was a gem. Read the book, and you will like it.

Babies: how to rear them in health and happiness. By F. A. FAWKES, F.R.H.S. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

CONTAINS a large amount of information which will be useful to mothers who have no mothers to instruct them. Considering the way in which babies are treated, it is wonderful that so many survive. Our author will be content if one infant is made healthier or happier by his book: he will get that, we have no doubt, and much more. We do not presume to say that everything he has written is quite as wise as Mrs. Grundy's advice would have been. The last time we met with Mr. Fawkes in print he taught us how to build hot-houses; he has now gone in to the nursery business in quite another direction. Baby-rearing is thought to be an occult art, but perhaps Mr. Fawkes may suggest an idea or two even to the most experienced. At any rate, 6d. will not impoverish the purchaser.

A Critical History of Philosophy. By Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D. Two vols. London: Elliot Stock.

This comprehensive work was heralded by the separate publication of the Introductory chapter in a small volume to which we have already invited attention. Turning back to the October number our readers will notice that we described it as a survey of the entire field of philosophy. Such a review of the philosophies of the world is peculiarly opportune. Curiosity has been so stimulated by modern researches that old-world mythologies find a place in current magazines. Comparative religions, too, are discussed with fervour by those with whom no religion obtains much favour. And once again, to be still more practical, candidates for all the most important stations in our Foreign Mission enterprise have been shown the necessity of acquainting themselves with the creeds of those ancient races whom it becomes their life's aim to convert to a purer faith. On this last point, Dr. Robson, in his able treatise on "The Bible; its revelation, inspiration, and evidence" bears striking testimony. He points out that the religions of the west, such as Nineveh and Egypt, Greece and Rome, succumbed before the first attack of Christianity; while those of the east, to wit, Confucianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mahommedanism, survive to dispute with Christianity its claims to be the sole religion suited for man. For these reasons we hail a work which may serve as a handbook on subjects which in one form or another are constantly cropping up. The method pursued by our author is alike instructive and interesting. He has mapped out his programme in a masterly style. *The Oriental systems* lead the way. Then comes *the Grecian Philosophy*, not omitting to take account of the Grecian religion, with its two distinct characters — Polytheism and Monotheism. Next in order we get a disquisition on *the early Christian Era*, and are shown the curious relations of Theism proper and Christian Theism; supernatural events in connection with acknowledged laws of nature; and much besides that we have not space to allude to. These melt into the Scholasticism of the Middle Ages, when Anselm, Thomas Aquinas, and Roger Bacon flourished. Those were the days of the Doctors, "the Angelic Doctor," "the Universal Doctor," and the like. Here endeth the first volume. We then leave the antiquities behind us, and begin with "the Modern Evolution in Philosophy," as we open volume two. Between these tomes an interval of about three centuries must be imagined; that is to say, between the time that old Roger Bacon died and the time that Sir Francis Bacon began to bloom. Our author has cleverly bridged this interval in a single sentence, and that sentence a quotation from the elder Bacon. "Experience alone," said Roger Bacon, "gives accurate knowledge. Experiment proves and verifies the highest propositions which the other sciences can present." The later Bacon gave a formal announcement of the doctrine which the spirit of his own age was prepared to receive. As this chapter reconnoitres Hobbs, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Reid, our friends need not be told that it is a record of some lively speculation in philosophy. Presently we reach the German evolution. Names as notorious as Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz (one of these, by the way, a Frenchman) pass before us in ten pages, and all of a sudden we find ourselves in the vortex of modern thought. The *idealism* of Kant and Hegel and *the materialism* of Comte and his disciples roll down in torrents. Dr. Mahan surveys the scene with equanimity. He is on the Christian side.

In this department he attempts succinctly to explain the fundamental doctrines of Modern Naturalism; and comments on the dogmatism of Modern Naturalists — Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin being the representatives. In his closing chapter, which covers nearly a hundred pages, he scrutinizes "the New Philosophy," of which, as he alleges, "Spencer is universally acknowledged to be the leading advocate and expounder." There is, however, an appendix or supplement. In it our author expatiates at some length upon what he deems to be *the true Philosophy*. In his own judgment it "fully explains the errors of all other and false systems, and vindicates for itself an exclusively scientific basis." Common sense, or the

organ of intuitively implied knowledge enters largely into his reckoning. After thus describing the treatise we have little more to say. Taken as a popular survey of the philosophies of the world, it is readable and refreshing all the way through. It is lively in the extreme. The strictures generally culminate in satire; but the humour rather provokes a smile than a sneer. Taken on the other hand as a veritable history, we confess that we are out of court as critics. The Vedas or the Shasters we have never read. Neither Kant nor Comte are on the shelves of our library. Our information on these subjects is all second-hand. Here, if anywhere, is Dr. Mahan's vulnerable point. Experts may demur to his exposition of the views that his adversaries entertain. Our suspicions were aroused when casually dipping into his estimate of Hegel. It is in volume ii. Compare page 158 with page 161; does he not flatly contradict himself? Yet flaws are not fallacies. If this work is worth anything to anybody, it must be of use as a class-book in our colleges and schools.

Does Science aid Faith in regard to Creation? By Dr. Corterill, Bishop of Edinburgh.

Life: is it Worth Living? By J. Marshall Lang, D.D.

Are Miracles Credible? By Rev. J. J. Lias. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. per vol.

These small volumes are designed to review and defend the doctrines of Christianity. Though severally complete in themselves, a series is projected with the view of forming a modern theological library. In size, type, and binding, they are uniform. But this uniformity penetrates deeper than the outward appearance. Each author is presumed to be an expert, apt to teach those who are themselves teachers of the gospel, and capable of appreciating and discriminating the positive discoveries and the debateable problems of modern science. One by one these brethren tell us in their own terms that they address themselves to a limited circle of readers. It is to instruct those that believe, not to convince those that believe not, that they lay down their plan. Mr. Lias informs us that this is the design of the whole course. Why so? our friends will ask. The answer, we suppose, is this. If you are a true Christian, you may be a Sunday-school teacher, or you may have a class of young people to train, or you may be thrown into society where you have often to speak up for the old faith against the scepticism of the day. Essays like these will keep you abreast of the times. They are wittingly condensed that you may expand upon them. You get a supply of arrows for your armoury, and arguments that will foil your adversaries. Such text-books ought to do good service. Their value depends on the use you make of them. The best piano that was ever made will be mere lumber in your house if your fingers have no skill to fetch out its melodies.

Christian Charity in the Ancient Church. By G. Uhlhorn, Translated by Sophia Taylor. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This learned work cannot fail to interest all Christian philanthropists. It is a full history of the conduct of the Christian church to the poor throughout all ages, and it enables the student to see wherein benevolence has been made a blessing or a curse according to the method of its dispensation. The whole question of almsgiving is beset with difficulties, and such a work as this is one of the best helps towards a wise solution of the intricate problem. We may at some future time give a *résumé* of the history, but we hasten to notice it because it may be of immediate service to some who daily care for the poor.

Christ in the Tabernacle. By Frank H. White. Fifth edition. Partridge and Co.

It is a good sign that spiritual life is still among us when so good a book as this secures a large and continuous sale. Our beloved brother, Frank White, writes very sweetly and sensibly upon the great types of the ancient Tabernacle, its vessels, and its priests; and there is a holy unction upon every sentence.

Widow Wiselad's Son: a Story of Village Life. By G. H. Elvidge. Elliot Stock.

A fair specimen of its kind. Temperance fiction is apt to be highly coloured, and this is no exception to the rule. There is little need to manufacture heart-rending stories of the drink and its doings. An unvarnished record of some homes where it has come would be lurid and ghastly enough to make the flesh creep and the blood to curdle in the veins. Still, if fiction is to be used, we would rather read this volume than some we have known: though we still prefer hard, literal fact in fighting this terrible evil.

Aldersyde: a Border Story of Seventy Years Ago. By Annie S. Swan. Edinburgh: Anderson and Oliphant.

This is *the* story-book of the season for Christian families, and no better gift for son or daughter could be chosen. We should like every copy to be cleared out and read by this Christmas-tide. Our authoress has an unusual genius for this type of writing, and we are delighted to find that she regards it as a solemn trust, to be used only for the highest purposes.

Burton Brothers: a Temperance Story Founded on Fact. By Laura L. Pratt. Partridge and Co.

A thoroughly orthodox temperance story. Nothing very startling or thrilling, yet strongly in favour of total abstinence. The style is defective, and would be much improved by pruning. Still, with all these abatements, it speaks decisively, and we can commend it.

My Battle-field. By M. A. Paull. Bible Christian Book-room.

An excellent temperance tale.

Spoilt Guy: the Story of a Child. By Darley Dale. Nisbet and Co.

A pretty story of a spoiled child. It reads as if it had actually happened. It is a notable book, quite out of the common run; we could hardly have imagined that a spoiled boy could be so interesting. *Cissy's Troubles*, by the same author, is a telling story: we fancy the law of the case is not quite accurate, otherwise the tale has a special degree of lifelikeness.

Tina and Beth; or, The Night Pilgrims. By Annie E. Courtenay. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A sweet little story, somewhat after the manner of *Jessica's First Prayer.* Likely to excite compassion for poor children. How much of this is needed! Price of the book, 2s.

How the Battle was won; or, Walter Trevellyan. By Louis Bouchier. Gall and Inglis.

A well-written story of a boy's struggles with pride, his besetting sin. In this book he is supposed to have lived to a good old age, and to narrate to his grandchildren the details of his early conflicts. Many a lad would be delighted to have this beautifully-bound volume for a Christmas or New Year's present, and few will read it without being benefited by it; or if they are not, it will not be the fault of the authoress.

Stephen, M.D. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." Nisbet and Co.

The name of the author will sell the book, and those who purchase it the wide world over will be fascinated.

Fighting an Omen; or, Happy is the Bride that the Sun shines on. By E. Henderson Smith. Religious Tract Society.

It rained at a wedding, and the young couple found rainy weather in their circumstances; but it turned to sunshine in the end. This is the fifty-first of a capital series of tales, nicely bound and illustrated, and sold by the society for 1s.

Dusty Diamonds cut and polished. A Tale of City-Arab Life and Adventure. By R. M. Ballantyne. Nisbet and Co.

A splendid book to excite pity for the London poor, especially the little Arabs Miss Macpherson, Dr. Barnardo, and all the good friends of the waifs and strays, ought to derive large sums from pleas put thus forcibly, and illustrated so pleasingly. The book is also a grand commendation for our good policemen who are often abused, but deserve many thanks from us all. Well done, Mr. Ballantyne: this is turning story-telling to the best possible use. Not a copy of your book ought to remain on the publisher's shelves.

The Sword and the Trowel. Volume for 1883. Passmore and Alabaster.

Our volume is always worth preserving. A complete set of the work is very rare. We believe that no periodical in the world is of more enduring interest than *The Sword and the Trowel* in its annual form. The price of this handsome book is five shillings.

Blue Ribbon Gems. A choice selection. By Richard T. Booth. Passmore and Alabaster.

A good sixpenny-worth of stories connected with the Blue Ribbon movement. These are anecdotes which Mr. R. T. Booth has used with thrilling effect.

Anecdotes of Luther and the Reformation. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Pike has collected a great many interesting anecdotes, facts, and remarks concerning Luther and the Reformation, and these are presented in capital form in a book at 3s. 6d. We rejoice to see several similar works in the market, but this will hold its own among them, and prove of service to lecturers upon the subject. *Table Talk of Luther*, published by T. Fisher Unwin, is an imitation of old type and binding, and may suffice to give a little taste of the Table Talk, certainly no more than a taste.—*Martin Luther, the Reformer.* Partridge. Very good for popular and juvenile reading.—*Martin Luther, the Reformer.* By Julius Kœstlin. Cassell. A superior production. Will be best appreciated by the educated, but may be read with interest by all.—*Martin Luther.* By John H. Treadwell. Marcus Ward. Is perhaps superior to any of the Luther books. It is worthy of a careful reading.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. With Illustrations and Maps. In four volumes. Edited by Philip Schaff, LL.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This Commentary has been produced by certain of the ablest men in the Christian churches of England and America. It is intended for the use of non-professional readers, and we believe it will greatly minister to their understanding of the New Testament. Here we have scholarship popularized, and exposition applied to all passages which to the common reader would be hard to be understood. These four noble volumes at 18s. each will be a mine of wealth to many Bible students who are not reading in order to make sermons, but to feed upon the gospel for themselves. We welcome the work as filling up a gap in religious literature.

Emblems of the Holy Ghost. By Rev. P. Norton. Nisbet and Co.

Clear as crystal, fresh as a morning in Spring, full of the savour of Jesus: this little book has fairly taken us captive. It would make a splendid textbook for a series of "Bible studies" or a course of sermons, whilst it is popular enough in style for universal reading. We have felt our hearts kindling with love to the Holy Ghost as we have read, and feel sure it will be a blessing to many others who know the Divine Paraclete.

Bible Partings. By E. J. Hasell. Blackwood and Son.

There is a vein of rich suggestiveness that might be worked to great profit in these "Bible Partings," but Mr. Hasell is not the man to do it. He indulges very much in prosy paraphrase of that which the Scripture has already told in forceful language, and then adds a few pious platitudes by way of application. The only thing we feel grateful for is the searching out and tabulating this list of "Bible Scenes" from the Bible: the book itself rather suggests, by way of warning, how not to do it, than shows how to do it.

We have received some specially good cards from *Nelson and Sons* upon *Eastern Manners and Customs*, and *Plants and Flowers of the Holy Land.* They will make a pleasant variety among these Christmas elegancies.—*The National Temperance Publication Depôt* issues capital cards with a temperance bearing. Teetotalers should patronize their own establishment.—*The Sunday School Union* makes a fair advance upon its last year's position in the card market.

Spiritual Gleanings from Creation and Daily Life. By the Rev. W. H. Wheeler. Jarrold and Sons.

Very gracious reflections, although they do not contain much that is striking. Being printed in good type, and being full of holy reflections, the book will suit the aged Christian, and the more so should he belong to the Church of England, to whose condition a closing chapter is given.

Notes.

When this magazine reaches our readers we shall be packing up for our six weeks of rest. It is to us a re-filling time when we are well. We have to pour out fresh teaching all the other days of the year, and now we try to receive by quiet meditation that which we hope to preach afterwards. In our absence we shall be much cheered if friends will remember our work. College, Orphanage, Colportage, Evangelists,—all these are great devourers; but if the Lord's people give to them conscientiously there will be no lack. By faith we commit all these works to the great Father's care.

The preachers at the Tabernacle on Sundays during our absence will (D.V.) be as follow:—December 9th, R. H. Lovell; 16th and 23rd, W. Y. Fullerton; 30th, J. Jackson Wray; January 6th, Morning, A. G. Brown; Evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 13th, C. Spurgeon.

Christmas-day comes round again. Please, dear friends, do not forget to make good cheer at Stockwell Orphanage. Gifts specially suited for the season, such as boys and girls delight in, will be heartily welcomed. Loud were the cheers for our good helpers on the last Christmas occasion. Send on your gifts, dear friends, and thus renew your care for the fatherless: let nothing induce you to forget Christmas, it comes but once a year. The President will be away, for which he is sorry; but it cannot be helped. It would fret him very much if he thought his dear boys and girls were stinted at Christmas. Contributions may be addressed to Mrs. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Presents of provisions, &c., should be directed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

We are sorry that our good friend, *The Christian*, should have misunderstood us. We did not even *think* that which he imputes to us, being misled by an ill-report of a fragment of our speech. We were talking of those who teach, not the doctrines of Christ, but a certain colourless, indefinite nothing, which they call Christianity. Our desire was that teachers should declare the whole counsel of God, and so far from urging this in a denominational spirit, we expressly urged the believers present to teach that which they believed, and keep back nothing which they held to be revealed in the word. Our undenominationalism is not that which would make any man to be gagged on any truth of the word, but that which would urge each believing teacher to be true to his convictions, and to keep back no profitable truth from the children. Had our brother of *The Christian* been there we think he would have said "Amen." We were not likely at a united meeting of Sunday and Ragged-school teachers to have wished them to divide themselves into parties. The whole truth is very dear to us; bodies of men formed into denominations cannot enslave us so as to make us prefer them to the truth of God, or confine our Christian love within lines which are faint indeed compared with the life of the Spirit, whereby the saints are made one in Christ.

Certain letters in *The Christian World* require no answer from us, they sufficiently betray their own spirit. If we could put the clock back to the right time, as shown by our Lord and the apostles, we would gladly do so; but this is beyond our power. The pretended advance is evil, and only evil. Each man must, however, answer for himself unto God. All we ask is to be clear of complicity in this boastful progress beyond what is plainly revealed. What next is to be done we cannot yet tell; but it would be idle to pretend to a fellowship which we do not feel. We do not regulate our theology by a clock, but by eternal truth. We may not know what's o'clock in the Christian world, but we believe in "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The following letter will, we believe, open up a new form of holy service. May the Lord prosper the effort.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Do you not think a fund could be started to send the *weekly* sermon to missionaries in heathen lands? I would earnestly plead for it on two grounds:—

"1. For the missionaries themselves. They have given up all, and are shut out from fellowship and communion; and it would be of immense help to many of them thus to get such a portion of meat weekly as that your sermon supplies. I speak from experience, as one of these shut-out ones, and as one who for years has been helped by this sermon. Brethren and fellow-workers at home, you to whom the Master has given the power to help thus, will you not do it?

Why, for a few pounds a-year, you can send comfort to many a sad, but true, heart, and strength to many a weary, but earnest, worker!

"2. I would plead for the sake of the work in which these missionaries are engaged. There are passages and thoughts in the sermons which are admirably adapted for translation (again I speak from experience; in the land where I am working some of these translations are amongst our most popular and useful tracts), and if the missionaries had these sermons regularly, they could use them to a greater extent than they have ever been used.

"I enclose £5 towards starting such a fund, for I feel sure it only requires beginning to go forward and do a mighty work. If the Master permit, I will gladly contribute towards the fund from time to time. Oh, that he may stir up the hearts of his people, so that hundreds of his faithful servants may be thus helped! The last day only can show how truly blessed such help is.

"This letter is written to the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* more than to you personally, dear sir. If you think it well to insert it, I will sign myself,

"A WORKER WHO LONGS FOR OTHERS TO BE HELPED AS HE HAS BEEN."

Mrs. Spurgeon has undertaken this extra service. She will begin at once by supplying one hundred missionaries, and she will increase the number as funds are forthcoming. It is an admirable proposal, and must be carried out at once; we hope that some few liberal friends will think so, and supply the means, so that nothing will be taken from poor ministers at home.

THE MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY, which under the careful management of Mrs. Evans provides clothing for the families of poorly-paid pastors, is just now short of funds and materials. This work is so much needed, and is carried out so efficiently, that we hope cash and remnants will be speedily sent in. Direct to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE COLPORTEURS' CLOTHING SOCIETY has been commenced by Miss Hooper and friends. When a colporteur has a large family he must be kept very poor, for his wages are small; and the matter of clothing his children must be a great difficulty. It was found impossible to continue to include colporteurs under the society for ministers, and therefore this fresh work has been inaugurated. Funds or material should be addressed to Miss Hooper, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

There are many labours of love everywhere; but we trust our good friends will give *our* many institutions a share of their help. If the Lord did not touch the hearts of so many, and incline them to aid us, we should soon be in the saddest condition of any mortal that ever lived; but the Lord faileth not.

We have been deeply grieved to learn that our esteemed brother, W. POOLE BALFERN, of Brighton, after a long season of painful affliction, has been obliged, through complete prostration, to give up his pastoral charge. For thirty-five years he has earnestly laboured, in the pulpit and by the press, to extend the kingdom of Christ; and many saints have been refreshed, and sinners won to the Saviour, by his loving ministry. He has only been able to make very inadequate provision for himself and his wife, and therefore an effort is being made to increase the amount, so that in his old age and sickness he may not be reduced to want. We have promised help, and hope that the thousands who have profited by our worthy friend's preaching and publications will do the same. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Rev. J. Bigwood, Copford Lodge, Chesham Road, Brighton. A few friends have started the fund with promises amounting to about £120.

The past month has been a very busy time with us at the Tabernacle, but having to devote eight pages of the present magazine to the preface and index of the volume, we can only briefly refer to the various meetings which have been held.

On *Friday evening, October* 19, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided at the annual meeting of the workers connected with the GREEN WALK MISSION, which will be transferred early in the new year to the handsome and commodious premises now being erected in the Bermondsey New Road. Mr. William Olney, junior, the manager of the Mission, reported that there were 110 workers on his staff, services on Sunday and Thursday evenings in the hall, eight prayer-meetings, and seven open-air services every week, 29 Tract-distributors, 459 children in the Sunday-school, Mothers' Meetings, Bible-classes for young converts, a Benevolent Fund, Dorcas Society, Missionary Society, and all the other appurtenances of a vigorous home-mission work; and he stated that he believed that all the agencies had been instrumental in leading souls to the Saviour. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Pastors W. Williams, G. McAll, and B. Brigg, and Messrs. W. Olney, sen., W. C. Murrell, J. W. Harrald, and W. Hill. If such Missions as this were planted wherever they are needed, "The bitter cry of outcast London" would be robbed of much of its bitterness. About £1500 will still be needed before the new buildings will be free from all incumbrance, and Mr. Olney will be happy to hear from anyone who will help to reduce the required amount.

On *Sunday and Monday, October* 21 *and* 22, the time set apart for special prayer on behalf of SUNDAY-SCHOOLS was observed at the Tabernacle. Extra meetings for both teachers and scholars were arranged, with the most encouraging results. The Pastor's

Sunday morning sermon entitled, "Abijah, or some good thing towards the Lord," can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. In another column reference has been made to the Address delivered in the Tabernacle on Monday evening to Sunday and Ragged-school Teachers, of whom many were present.

On *Friday evening, October* 26, Mr. Spurgeon addressed the annual meeting of the MEDICAL PRAYER UNION, in Exeter (Lower) Hall. Dr. Thorne Thorne was in the chair. Please pray for medical students.

On *Monday evening, October* 29, the seventeenth annual meeting of the TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting. Mr. Woods, the energetic Secretary, reported that about four thousand families were supplied with the Pastor's printed sermons every week, by one hundred and three distributors; and that during the year seventeen persons had professed to be converted through the messages left at their homes. Earnest prayer was offered by several brethren for the success of the work, and addresses were delivered by the Pastor and Elder Hill. This useful Society carries on its operations at a cost of only about £25 a year, and effects incalculable good. In addition to the special effort of spreading the sermons, there are Mothers' Meetings, a Maternal Society, and a Relief Fund for the Sick and Poor, by which material aid is rendered to those who without it would be beyond the reach of the more distinctly spiritual portion of the Society's work.

On *Friday evening, November* 2, the sixth annual meeting of MRS. STIFF'S BIBLE-CLASS was held at the house of the esteemed teacher of the class, under the presidency of the Pastor. Mrs. Stiff commenced with eighteen young women, and she now has fifty-two upon her roll of membership. Being connected with nine different churches it is appropriate that the meetings should be held at the Orphanage, which in its turn has received substantial help, both in contributions and clothing, from the class. During the year ten of the members have joined various Christian churches. The Pastor expounded the miracle of the healing of the deaf and dumb man, and applied it to the cases of those present who were spiritually in a similar condition. It was a happy, holy gathering, full of promise of blessings to come, and of gratitude for favours already received.

On *Sunday morning, November* 11, the Pastor preached "A Luther Sermon at the Tabernacle," and in the evening delivered a special discourse to young men at Exeter Hall in connection with the Luther celebration. The sermon has been published under the title of, "A Luther Sermon at Exeter Hall." It is most pleasing to have already received intimation of several conversions which attended the Exeter Hall discourse. Some twelve came forward spontaneously, and avowed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God is at work, though the devil rages.

On *Monday evening, November* 12, the annual UNITED COMMUNION SERVICE for churches in connection with the London Baptist Association, was held at the Tabernacle, under the Presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Several of the neighbouring ministers had previously taken tea together, and spent an hour in happy Christian intercourse. Pastors W. Williams, W. P. Cope, W. J. Mills, S. H. Akehurst, and J. T. Swift took part in the communion, and many of our fellow-believers joined with us in remembering our Lord in his own appointed way. It was good to be there.

On *Friday evening, November* 16, a large number of the friends of Mr. R. T. BOOTH assembled in the Tabernacle to bid farewell to him, and Mr. T. W. Glover, who is about to sail with him to Australia. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. Canon Basil Wilberforce and Forbes E. Winslow, the Earl of Lichfield, Messrs. R. T. Booth, T. W. Glover, and Joseph Malins, Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England. The meeting was a grand testimony to the success of the Gospel Temperance movement, of which Mr. Booth has been so earnest an advocate. We fervently pray that his health may be restored by his visit to Australia, and that he may be spared for many years to carry on his great work of rescuing drunkards, and turning sinners to the Saviour. Nothing could be more delightful than to see the intense unity which was manifested by Christians of various denominations, who had met with the common desire to fight the dragon of drink by the weapons of the gospel.

On *Monday evening, November* 19, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon delivered an address at the opening of the CENTENARY MEMORIAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, Mansion House-street, Kennington. This is a joyous event. Heartily do we rejoice in every new Sabbath-school which is opened—a new fortress for keeping back the enemy.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates during the past month:—Mr. J. Briggs has gone to Shoreham, Sussex, to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Crouch's removal to Worthing. Mr. J. Cottam has taken charge of Mrs. Gladstone's Mission, Broad Green, Liverpool; and Mr. J. T. Frost has settled at Ashton-on-Ribble, Lancashire.

Mr. H. Knee has left Peckham Park-road to become pastor of the church at Counterslip Chapel, Bristol; Mr. H. C. Field has

removed from Stalybridge to Milnsbridge, Yorkshire; Mr. G. H. Malins has settled at Bouverie Road, Stoke Newington; and Mr. H. Tarrant at Whitebrook and Llandogo, near Monmouth.

Our generous friend, Mr. Wm. Gibson, who has already erected at his own expense three tabernacles in Tasmania, is now building a fourth, which is to accommodate one thousand people, at Launceston. He has sent to us for a minister for the new place, and after much prayer and consideration we have selected Mr. A. Bird, who has been raising a church at Sandown, Isle of Wight, and who has arranged to sail for Tasmania early in the new year. We cannot too heartily bless the Lord for inclining the Messrs. Gibson to spend their wealth for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and on behalf of the whole denomination we thank them most cordially for their princely liberality.

Mr. F. J. Feltham, of Winslow, will take Mr. Bird's place at Sandown, where we trust he will be as successful as he has been in Buckinghamshire.

Other items of information connected with the College, which we can only mention, are the opening of the new chapel at Orpington, Kent; and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Battersea Park Baptist Tabernacle. Funds are specially needed by Mr. Lardner to enable him and his friends to carry out their building operations without burdening the church with a heavy debt. Mr. Barrett's work at Cornwall Road, Brixton, has been greatly helped by the bazaar opened by the President, and made successful through the earnest efforts of many friends from the Tabernacle and elsewhere. We must add that friends do not quite so often remember the College as they used to do, although in these days of declension it is more than ever needful to maintain a school of the prophets for the teaching of the orthodox faith.

On *Friday afternoon, Oct.* 19, the half-yearly meeting of the STUDENTS' MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION was held at the College. The President occupied the chair, and Dr. Llewellyn Bevan delivered a powerful address on the call to missionary work, and the kind of man required for it. We rejoice in the missionary spirit that pervades the College, and hope that members of this Association will be found in every quarter of the globe preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and leading multitudes to the Saviour's feet. Additional interest is always given to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting on the first Monday evening in the month by the presence and prayers or addresses of students who are preparing for foreign work. At the last monthly meeting the claims of home missions were brought before our notice in a very interesting speech by Pastor A. A. Harmer, of Dolton, Devonshire.

EVANGELISTS.—After leaving Lancashire, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith conducted a month's mission at Lake-road Chapel, *Portsmouth*. At the end of the first week's services Pastor T. W. Medhurst reported that each night the attendance had increased, and there had been many anxious enquirers. At the Sunday afternoon service for men, the spacious building was crowded in every part, and, at the request of the audience, similar gatherings were held on succeeding Sabbaths.

From Dec. 1 to 14, the Evangelists are to visit Cambridge; they will then return to London, as Mr. Fullerton preaches at the Tabernacle on the 16th, 20th, and 23rd inst. In conjunction with Mr. Smith he will conduct special meetings on the 17th and 18th, and they will also take charge of the prayer-meeting and watch-night service on December 31. Mr. Marsack Day has secured their help for Jan. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and on the 6th they commence a mission in Leicester, to which we look forward with many prayers.

Mr. Burnham's services at Walton-on-the-Naze and Holbeach have been blessed to the conversion of many souls, and the encouragement of the pastors and churches. This month he goes, for the second time, to Peterchurch and Ploughfield. He has a few weeks open for engagements in the new year. Brethren desiring his help should write at once to 21, Keston-road, East Dulwich, S.E.

Mr. Russell's labours at York-road Chapel, Leeds, have been crowned with extraordinary blessing. Mr. Kitchener and his people had waited upon the Lord in prayer, so that when the Evangelist arrived he found warm hearts and willing hands ready to welcome and assist him. The number who professed to be converted was very large, the Pastor's Bible Class, some of the elder scholars, and many of the inmates of a Girls' Industrial Home receiving a goodly share of the gracious work. From Leeds Mr. Russell went to Attercliffe, where the first services gave promise of another happy time of "bringing in the sheaves." He asks us to mention that he is fully engaged until the end of May next.

The report of *Messrs. Mateer and Parker's* meetings might be in the same words as those above-written, for at Sutton-in-Craven, Scarborough, and Keighley, many received the word which they spoke or sang. This month they are to be at Leamington and Rawtenstall, and they have no vacant dates until the end of February.

ORPHANAGE.—Since our last notice Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have visited the Field Lane Ragged School; Paddington Congregational Chapel; Belle Isle Mission; High Wycombe; Aylesbury; Oxford; Brixton Hall; Denmark Place Chapel; Victoria Park Tabernacle; Tring; East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth; and Clapham Wesleyan Chapel. In some instances the

Orphanage funds are not directly benefited by the meetings held, but information is disseminated, and fresh friends are enlisted, and in due season the institution is remembered and helped. It will be seen from our list of contributions that the four evenings in the country brought in more than £100. We are deeply grateful to all who in any degree contributed to the success of the meetings, and pray that the Father of the fatherless may richly reward them. While the magazine is being printed, meetings are being held at Ashford and Folkestone; and this month the boys are to go again to Portsmouth, Gosport, Ryde, Cowes, Southampton, and West Croydon, where they are sure to have a most hearty reception.

It is our duty to intimate that the stream of contributions runs rather low at this time. It will afford us much rest of heart if it is increased during our absence. Still, we are sure that the Lord will provide.

Those who desire to aid the Orphanage are continually finding out new methods of obtaining contributions. Our beloved sister, Mrs. Jackson, of Waltham Abbey, with the help of a few friends, recently secured a number of harvest thankofferings, in the shape of flour, fruit, vegetables, and bread, which were sold at the close of a week-evening service, and realized eight guineas. In forwarding the amount, Mr. Jackson writes:—"Purchasers were just as earnest as givers, and everything was disposed of during the evening. All the friends seemed thoroughly pleased to have an opportunity of expressing sympathy with you in your philanthropic work." God bless them all!

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Oct. 22, twenty-three; Nov. 1, twenty-five.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Campsbourne Chapel, Hornsey, per Pastor J. S. Bruce ...	1	0	8
M. A. P., per Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Mr. E. O. Brown	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	12	6	7
Leam	5	0	0
F. G. W.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Adelphi	2	0	0
A lady at Oxford, per Mr. Charlesworth	1	1	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0
"A well-wisher"	0	5	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Rev. Thomas King (annual subscriptions for 1882 and 1883)	40	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	3	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	5	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Dalston Junction Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton ...	10	0	0
A debtor to grace	2	0	0
Mr. F. Howard	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	4	0	0
Stamps from Melrose	0	3	6
A reader of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	1	0	0
Friends at Farness, Invergordon, N.B.	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 21 ... ... 12 1 1			
„ 28 ... ... 35 8 0			
Nov. 4 ... ... 23 18 1			
„ 11 ... ... 31 13 0			
	103	0	2
	£225	16	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
A Christian friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Butler	1	0	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Annette	0	5	0
M. A. P., per Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Cope	10	0	0
Miss F. Cope	0	4	0
A country minister	0	3	0
A Christian friend in Macduff	1	0	0
Miss Cochrane	10	0	0
L. K. J.	5	0	0
Miss E. Bowden	0	5	0
Birds from Paradise	1	10	0
H. L. J.	1	0	0
Mr. William Woolidge, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	7	6
A sermon-reader	1	1	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
H. J. W., a thankoffering	5	0	0
Miss A. Green	0	10	0
Collected by Rev. J. S. Barker, B.A. ...	0	10	0
Leam	1	0	0
Mr. P. Adams, per Mr. J. Best, J.P. ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Browne	0	5	0
Mr. E. Brown, firstfruits	1	0	0
J. S., Weybridge	0	2	0
J. C.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Shumshon	0	5	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	5	0
A friend of orphans, per Rev. B. Yates	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.
H. J. D., Truro	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Hall	2	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	4	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wren and friend	0	5	0
Proceeds of harvest thanksgiving, cash and produce, at Waltham Abbey, per Pastor W. Jackson	8	8	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. D. Humphreys	1	0	0
Mrs. George Wheeler	0	10	0
Miss Collis	0	2	0
"The Lord bless you"	0	5	0
A lady at Oxford, per Mr. Charlesworth	1	1	0
J. S., and friends, Buckie	0	15	0
Harvest thanksgiving offerings from friends at Cheam, per Mr. W. G. Clow	0	6	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0
A friend getting up early in the morning	0	2	0
A servant	0	5	0
Miss E. B. Thorne	0	10	0
Offerings from friends at Windmill-street Chapel, Gravesend	3	17	0
Pastor N. Heath	1	8	0
	5	5	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Stiff	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0
Part collection at Hanover Chapel, Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley	5	5	0
X. S.	10	0	0
An invalid	0	7	6
Mrs. Jamieson	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Keys	3	0	0
W. T. v. S.	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wilson	20	0	0
Rev. J. G. van Rijn	2	0	0
Mr. David Foord	5	0	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0
Proceeds of entertainments by Orphanage Choir :—			
High Wycombe, per Mr. D. Clarke	26	6	4
Aylesbury, per Mr. H. Gunn	33	5	0
Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	24	6	0
Tring, per Mr. A. Mead	23	15	7
Denmark-place, Camberwell, Band of Hope	4	1	8
Mr. J. Cook	2	0	0
Simpson, Susie and Mary	1	0	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Two friends, Abingdon	3	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell's Bible-class and a friend, Rye	0	10	0
Mr. John Green	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Saunders	100	0	0
Rev. S. O. Garrison	0	4	0
Mrs. Janet Tait	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Harriden	0	10	0

			£	s.	d.
A. H.			1	0	0
In memory of sister Annie			0	5	0
Mr. T. North			0	2	8
Collected by Miss Jesson :—					
Mr. J. E. Pickard	0	10 0			
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10 0			
Mrs. Eames	0	5 0			
Miss Eames	0	5 0			
The Misses Bennett	0	5 0			
Miss Baynes	0	2 6			
			1	17	6
Mr. John France's children			0	5	0
Mrs. Monnery			1	1	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—					
J. B. K. (two quarters)	0	5 0			
Mr. W. F. Masters (two quarters)	1	1 0			
Miss Arkill (two quarters)	0	10 0			
			1	16	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class :—					
Miss Allen	1	15 6			
Mrs. Wilson	0	9 4			
Mrs. Podmore	0	2 0			
			2	6	10
A reader of John Ploughman's Almanack			1	0	0
Mr. John Mee			0	2	3
Mrs. Ferguson			0	3	0
Collected by Mr. E. Potter			0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Ellis			5	0	0
Mr. John Lamont, per Mr. Murrell			2	0	0
Mr. A. Gibbs, per Mr. R. Adcock			0	10	0
Mrs. Reed			2	5	0
Mr. G. Richmond			0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff			1	2	8
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman			1	0	0
The Reynes Trust Fund, per Mrs. Grant			10	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Oct. 31st			2	2	0
Sale of clothing			3	0	0
A well-wisher, Newcastle-on-Tyne			0	5	0
Two friends at Hove			0	12	6
T. G. E., Tring, per V. J. C.			1	0	0
Messrs. Toovey, Watts, Woods, and James, amount of a disputed account			92	0	6
Amy Nihell (Girls' card)			0	1	1
Collected by Miss M'Arthur			1	4	6
Mr. Ray, per J. T. D.			0	2	6
Mr. W. W. Pocock, B.A.			1	0	0
Mrs. Munday's box			4	6	6
Annual Subscriptions :—					
Per F. R. T. :—					
Miss Winckworth	0	5 0			
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	0	10 0			
			0	15	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.			50	0	0
Mr. H. Young			2	0	0
Mr. E. Porter			1	0	0
The Baroness de Rothschild			2	2	0
			£600	5	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 16th to November 15th, 1883.—PROVISIONS: 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 2 sacks of Potatoes, a member of Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. G. Clow; 10 sieves of Scarlet-runners, Mr. Shrimpton; a quantity of Fruit and Vegetables, thankofferings for the harvest, from a few friends at Cheam; a New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a hamper of Ripston Pippins, Mr. Cooper; a quantity of Bread, Mrs. Unstead; a sack of Potatoes and a sack of Cabbages, Mr. J. Norkett.

GENERAL:—19 Articles for Bazaar, Mrs. R. Oakley; 8 dozen vols. "Richard Slade," Mr. R. Hayward; 75 copies "The Little Gleaner," and 25 "The Sower," E. Wilmshurst; a Knitted Quilt, for "The Infirmary," Miss Burnett.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—54 yards of Material and 2 boxes of Ties, Mrs. S. J. Wainwright, sen.; 53 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 21 Articles, Miss E. Webb; 18 Articles, Mrs. Bryan; 64 Articles, Miss Dawson; 6 pairs of Stockings, Miss Allen.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—14 Flannel Shirts, Miss M. A. Holcombe; 5 pairs Knitted Socks and 2 pairs Stockings, etc., "Anon," per parcels post; 6 Under Shirts, Mrs. Bryan; 8 Flannel Shirts, Miss Dawson; 6 Comforters, Miss Allen.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
A Christian friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	5	0
Mr. Lucas Collins	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Howe	4	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Miss E. Mitchell	0	10	0
A lady at Oxford, per Mr. Charlesworth	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. G. Greenwood	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
T. L. W.	5	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
A New Year's offering, F. K. K.	0	2	6
A friend, Dumfries	1	0	0
A reader of John Ploughman's Almanack	1	0	0
	£15	18	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1883.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Lancashire and Cheshire Association	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Horley	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Kettering District	10	0	0
Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association	30	0	0
Minchinhampton District	7	10	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association	15	0	0
Mrs. Dix, for Maldon	30	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association	30	0	0
Kettering District, per Mr. T. Jones	5	0	0
Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge District	7	10	0
	£215	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. M. D. King	1	1	0
Mrs. Napier	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Green	0	5	0
Rev. J. G. Scott	0	10	0
Mr. James Tooney	0	2	6
S. G. S.	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	1	0
M. A. P., per Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Rev. Spencer Murch	5	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Haynes	0	16	0
Mrs. C. Sargeant	0	2	6
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
A lady at Oxford, per Mr. Charlesworth	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Pocock	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Miller	2	10	0
W. J. v. S.	5	0	0
H. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. Kitchiner	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	4	0	0
W. M., Belfast	0	5	0
Daphne, Garnet, Strawberry, and Dot	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Gregory	1	1	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
	£60	1	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1883.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Walton-on-the-Naze	2	11	0
M. A. P., per Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Rev. Spencer Murch	5	0	0
N. M.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	2	10	0
Mrs. Pool	2	2	0
Miss C. Nunneley	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	4	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Pole-street Chapel, Preston	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at York-road Chapel, Leeds	1	13	0
	£21	11	0

Auckland Tabernacle.—Mr. J. Pentelow, £1; Mr. Thomas Scoular, £5; Mrs. Rainbow, £1; H. S., £1; Mrs. H. Keevil, £4.

Received from a friend in Owen Sound, Ontario, ten dollars for Pastors' College.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.