THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1887.

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

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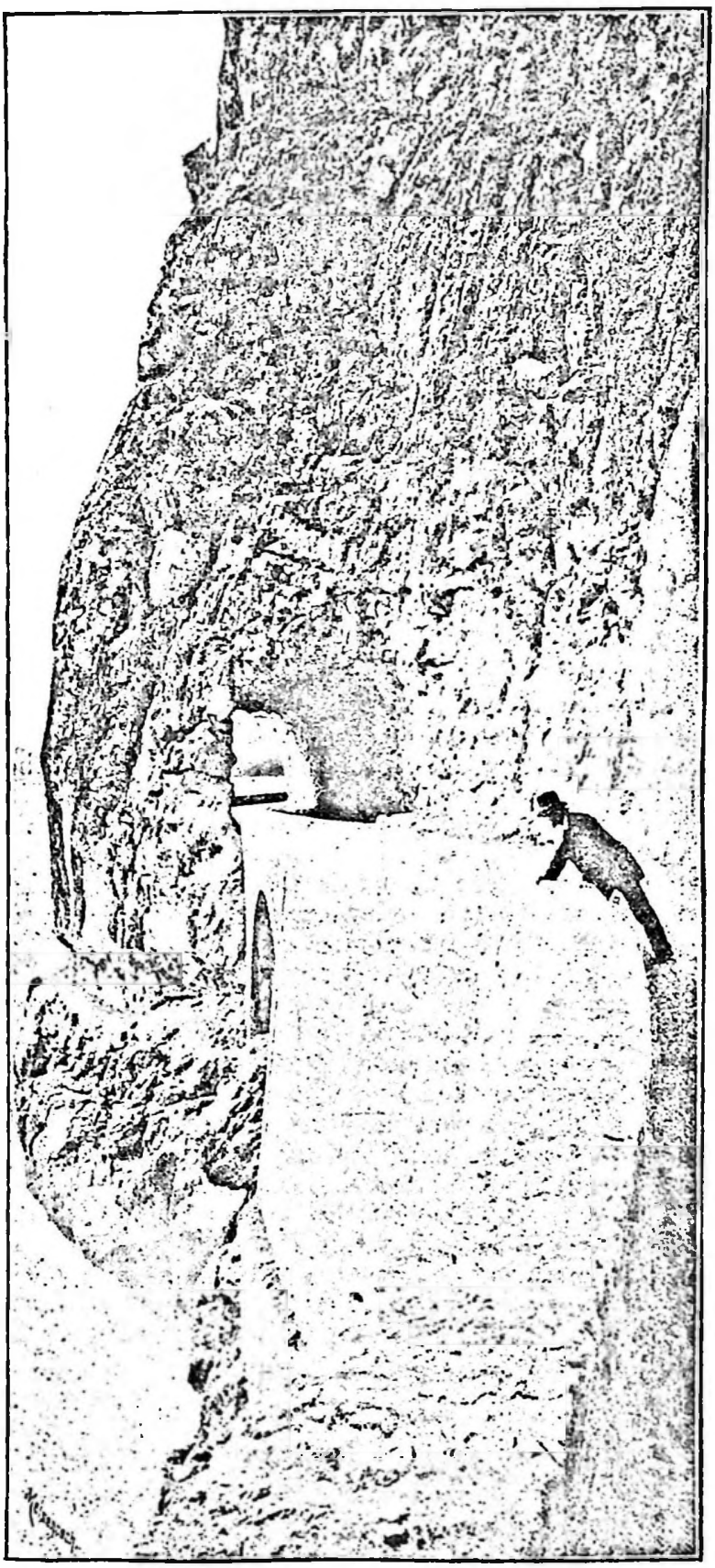
Yrs most affectionately

Stambourne

C. Spurgeon

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

	Year	Page
Genesis i. 7	1871	399
„ viii. 11	1879	153
„ xv. 1	1884	566
„ xlii. 22	1877	541
Exodus viii. 8	1884	3
„ xxxiii. 14 ...	1884	613
Leviticus xxvi. 4 ...	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	172
Esther vi. 6	1865	2
Job xxxii. 7	1878	1
„ xxxvii. 7	1883	3
„ xxxviii. 23	1878	212
Psalm xvii. 3	1886	609
„ xl. 17	1871	5
„ xl. 17	1885	201
„ 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	207
„ xliii. 10	1875	501
„ lii. 13, 15	1885	153
„ liii. 12	1882	49
„ lviii. 8	1869	460
Isaiah 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	1866	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
Mark iv. 38, 39	1885	1
Luke viii. 46	1873	407
„ viii. 49	1885	561
„ xi. 5, 6	1886	1
„ xi. 21, 22	1887	49
„ 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
„ xix. 19	1884	472
„ xxi. 16	1877	289
Acts ix. 18	1877	97
„ xii. 18	1873	362
„ xxiii. 10-13 ...	1881	201
I. Cor. iv. 1, 2	1887	255
„ „	1887	325
„ x. 16, 17	1883	53
Eph. ii. 8	1887	3
„ 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 2	1868	462
Rev. i. 17, 18	1882	505
„ v. 9	1876	447



PREFACE.

When the reader receives this number of the magazine, the Editor hopes to be travelling along the Corniche Road, which in some places winds its wondrous way far above the sea. One gazes down from above, and draws his breath. During the past year we have often had to look down from the royal road of the truth upon those craggy paths which others have chosen, which we fear will lead them to destruction. We have had enough of *The Down-Grade* for ourselves when we have looked down upon it. What havoc false doctrine is making no tongue can tell. Assuredly the New Theology can do no good towards God or man; it has no adaptation for it. If it were preached for a thousand years by all the most earnest men of the school, it would never renew a soul, nor overcome pride in a single human heart. We look down into the abyss of error, and it almost makes our head swim to think of the perilous descent; but the road of the gospel, to which we hope to keep by divine grace, is a safe

and happy way. Oh, that all would travel it! Oh, that our earnest pleadings, which have brought upon our devoted head so much of obloquy, would recall the churches to the good old way!

Many of the papers in this volume have been reprinted, because friends have thought them specially useful, and many more have been translated to other magazines, which annexation we accept as a compliment, even where the name of *The Sword and the Trowel* has been inadvertently omitted. At the same time, borrowed articles should be acknowledged as distinctly as possible, and the paper in which they first appear should have the credit of them. In America, in all sorts of newspapers and magazines, we find pieces of our work, and we think, therefore, that our subscribers are not badly catered for.

Our band of friends and helpers has suffered serious diminution by death during the last few months. The gaps in our ranks are many and wide. We earnestly pray that others may be moved to take the places of those who have gone home. Of course, our unflinching faithfulness may have driven away a few friends, though we are sure it has brought us more. Hitherto nothing has flagged. The Orphanage, and its half a thousand children, has had its table always supplied; the College has gone on educating men to preach the faith once delivered to the saints; the Evangelists have travelled from place to place, and God has made them as clouds that water the earth; the Colporteurs have kept steadily to their useful toil; and Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund has stocked poor ministers' libraries in thousands of cases. To a large extent, these works are kept going by the generosity of friends who read the weekly sermons and *The Sword and the Trowel*. Thanks, hearty and many, to them all for their loving aid. They would do us great service if they could increase the number of our subscribers, by inducing friends to take in the magazine. Ask them to begin in January.

The sword and trowel have both been used this year with all our might. We have built up the wall of the city, and we have tried to smite the King's enemies. How could we help it? No loyal soldier could endure to see his Lord's cause so grievously wronged by traitors. Something will come of the struggle over *The Down-Grade*. The Lord has designs in connection therewith which his adversaries little dream of. Meanwhile, it behoves all who love the Lord Jesus and his gospel to keep close together, and make common cause against deadly error. There are thousands who are of one mind in the Lord; let them break through all the separating lines of sect, and show their unity in Christ, both by prayer and action. Especially do we beg for the fervent prayers of all the faithful in Christ Jesus.

If our readers have hitherto counted us worthy, we again beg for their loving, practical sympathy, as we have enjoyed it these many years. The relationship between us and many of our readers is such as will outlast life itself. Very tenderly have our friends loved us. In the cup of human sympathy our God has brought us draughts of heavenly consolation. The Lord recompense our faithful helpers, and grant them mercy in that day!

So prays the reader's willing servant,

C. H. SPURGEON.

INDEX.

PAGE

Andover Theology 274
Angry People 477
Answer to Prayer, An 581
Avoid Cynicism 410

Baptist Chapel, St. Helier's 358
Bible ever New 342
Black Member of the Royal Family 161
Brave Singing 616
Breakfasts for Poor Children 114

"Cannot Preach to a mere Handful" ... 184
Charlesworth V. J.—
  Love is All 10
Colportage Association, Receipts, 48, 102, 152, 204, 252, 304, 389, 444, 508, 556, 604, 648; Report, 381.
Cumming, Morison—
  About Clocks 531

Dann, James—
  Ministerial Reserve... 172
Davies, T. Witton—
  Decline of Rationalism 174
Davis, C. A.—
  Bishop Hannington 446, 520
  "From this Day will I Bless You" ... 11
  William and Gavin Martin... 337
Decline of Rationalism... 18
Definition of Evolution 267
Diogenes and Jesus 273
Doctrine Taught in Iona... 226
Don Quixote in Religion... 212
"Down-Grade" Joke 561
Down-Grade, The... ... ... 122, 166

Eloquence, Source of 263
Experience of the Organ, Dr. Alexander's ... 187

Faith is not Credulity 571
Fear of Man Rebuked 616
Female Doctors in India... 163
Finding Signs 585
Fixity and Progress 627
Four Baptisms, The 416
Fullerton, W. Y.—
  "Lift up Your Eyes," &c.... 350
  Steam Engine in Nazareth... 583
  S. O. 607

Gain by Loss 424

Hackney, M. A. Walter—
  Life Discipline, &c. 401
Harmer, A. A.—
  "Show Me Thy Face" 475
Harrald, Joseph W.—
  Welcome to New-comers 75
  Shepherd with a Whip 218
Higlett, W.—
  Bush Work in Queensland 539
Hint, A 132
Holmes-Forbes, A. W.—
  Touches of Nature in the Gospels ... 340
Hop-Pickers' Mission 427
Hop-Pickers' Sayings 537

Illustrations:—Babies' Castle, 478; Chapel at St. Helier's, 358; Grove of Olive Trees, 106; James A. Spurgeon, 254; James Spurgeon (Stambourn), 2; Jordan and the Bathing-place, 56; Pastors' College, 305; Ranges, Auckland, 332; Stockwell Orphanage, 456; Surrey Square Hall, 82; Thornton Heath Chapel, 183.
Internal Evidence... 121
In the Highways 423
Irish Archdeacon, An 578

PAGE

Jerry McAuley 23
John Stanger, of Bessels Green 230

Keep out of Debt 229

Luff, William—
  A Village Mission 117

Mackey, H. O.—
  Gipsies' Friend 12
  Romance of Mission Work... 564
  Student, Preacher, &c. 407
Mary Prior 421
Medical Missions 75
Meldrum, Robert—
  Passing the "Dudgeon" 535
Mission Hall, Surrey Square 82

Needham, G. C.—
  Conversion of Satan... 30
Norton, J. H.—
  Worldly Amusements, &c. 629
Notes—Allahabad, 551; "All of Grace," 41; Almonte (Canada), 197; Ampthill, 42; Angus, Death of Colonel, 368; Annual Church Meeting, 147; Appledore, 42; Ashford, 295.
Balfern, Death of Mr. W. P., 437; "Baptism Discovered," 368, 550; Baptisms at the Tabernacle, 45, 149, 199, 249, 298, 372, 441, 506, 553, 600, 645; Baptist Messenger, 196, 294; Baptist, 503; Bartlett's Bible-class, Mr., 42; Stiff's Bible-class, Mrs., 642; Bath (Manvers Street), 295; Bellshill (Glasgow), 295; Bideford, 551; Bilborough, Death of Mr., 550; Billesdon, 643; Birmingham, 439, 504, 600; Bishop's Stortford, 643; Blisworth, 643; Blue Ribbon Mission, 438; Book Agency, Toronto, 196; Bournemouth, 504; Bovington, 247; Bradford, 42; Brisbane, 91, 504; British and Foreign Sailors' Society, 294; Brixton (Wynne Road), 197; Buckmaster, Death of Mr., 41; Burnham, Mr., 44, 92, 147, 148, 198, 248, 298, 370, 440, 505, 552, 600, 644; Bury, 439.
Calcutta, 42; Carrollton (Missouri), 42; Cheddar, 42; China Inland Mission, 42, 439, 504, 600; Christchurch, N.Z., 147; Christian Police Association, 247; Cole, Death of Mr. J., 147; Colombo, 42; Columbia, 42; Columbus, 197; Colportage, 44, 199, 298, 505, 552; Comber, Death of Mr., 503; Compton, Death of Mr., 599; Conference, The, 147, 197, 248, 295; Congleton, 551; Congo, The, 42, 147, 197, 369, 438; Coventry, 91; Croyde and Georgeham, 551.
Darjeeling, 42; Day Schools, 438; Denominational Chapels, 503; Downington and Brandywine, U.S.A., 439; Down-Grade, The, 195, 503, 550, 598, 641, 642.
Eaglehawk (Victoria), 91; Earl Soham, 147; Earthquake, 196; East Dereham, 42, 247; Edgware Road, 643; Electoral Privileges, 246; Enfield Highway, 551; Evangelists' Association, 599; Excursion to Loughton, 439; Eyres, Mr., 298, 370, 505, 600.
Falmouth, 369, 643; Fanaticism, 90; Finchley, 247; Fleet, 504; Tritton, Calder, and Court, Death of Messrs., 294; Fullerton and Smith, Messrs., 43, 91, 147, 197, 248, 297, 370, 439, 505, 551, 600, 643.
Gambling, 196; Geelong, 504; Golden Alphabet, 504; Gospel Temperance Society, 146, 246; Gracey, Prof., 197, 295, 369; Great Broughton, 369; Great Grimsby, 504; Great Shelford, 369; Greenwich, 439; Greenock, 551.
Haddon Hall, 42; Hatherleigh, 42, 295; Harmer and Chamberlain, Messrs., 248, 440, 505, 552, 600; Harmer, Mr., 44, 92, 148, 198, 298, 370, 552,

Notes (*continued*)—
644; Helston, 197; Hillsley, 247; Holbeach, 42; Home Rule, 90; Hooper, Death of Mrs., 437; Hornsey Rise, 91, 404; Hospital Sunday Fund, 389; Huddersfield, 504; Hugglescote, 91.
Information for Emigrants, 550; Illinois, 42; Inglis, Death of Mr. W. J., 147; "Interpreter, The," 41.
King's Cross, 551; Kingsgate Street, 247; Kingston (Ontario), 295; Kyneton (Victoria), 91.
Ladies' Working Society, 196; Leeds, 389; Pilgrim Tracts, 437; Liverpool, 295, 643; Loan Tract Society, 642; Lord Shaftesbury's Diary, 146; London and Timbuctoo, 40; London Baptist Association, 643; London City Mission, 295; Longton, 643; Loose, 147.
Macclesfield, 167; Maidenhead, 42; Mateer and Parker, Messrs., 198, 440, 600; Melbourne, 643; Melbourne, 42; Men's Bible-class, 438; Millwall, 439; Minnesota, 295, 504; Murfield, 389; Mission to Jews, 504; Murphy, Death of Mr. G. M., 437; "My Sermon-Notes," 504.
New Members' Meeting, 42; Newspapers and Immorality, 90; New York, 551; New Zealand, 197, 295, 551; Norbiton, 42; Nova Scotia, 551; Novelties in Religion, 90.
Old Buckenham, 147; Old Southgate, 146; Open-Air Mission, 598; Orillia, 643; Orphanage Choir, 44, 440; Oxford, 504.
Pastor and Deacons' Prayer-meeting, 146; Pearce, Testimonial to Mr. S. R., 247; Peckham, 91, 439; Penknap, 295; Pennsylvania, 599, 643; Personal Notes, 45, 92, 148, 199, 248, 371, 441, 553, 644; Piqua, 504; Pompey (N.Y.), 197; Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, 294, 438; Prayer for Sunday-schools, 599; Prayer Meetings, 439, 504, 551, 643; Preachers at the Tabernacle, 598.
Queen's Jubilee, 368.
Reading, 42, 369; Richmond Street Mission, 196, 247; Rockhampton, 504.
St. Helen's, 295; St. Helier, 437; St. Helena, 439, 503; Samaritans, 246; Sandgate, 91; San Salvador, 42; School for Ministers' Daughters, 41; Sermons Tract Society, 368; Sevenoaks, 295; Seville (Ohio), 197; Shepperton, 91; Shepton Mallet, 643; South Africa, 197, 247, 505; Southern India, 600; Southgate, 294; South Norwood, 247; South Yarra, 91; Spaldwick, 91; Sparta (Ontario) 147; Spurgeon and Advertisements, Mr., 550; Spurgeon at Mentone, Mr., 91, 146, 597, 641; Spurgeon, Jubilee of Mr. J. A., 368; Spurgeon's Dog, Mr., 41; Spurgeon's Illness, Mr., 40, 597; Stanwick, 91; Stanningley, 439; Stockwell Orphanage, 92, 148, 198, 248, 298, 370, 440, 505, 552, 600, 641, 644; Stoke Newington, 295; Stratford, 369; Stroud, 42; Students at Westwood, 369, 551; Students' Missionary League, 43; Sunday School, 196, 247; Surrey Square Mission, 41, 145, 550; Swansea, 295; Sword and Trowel, 550, 641.
Tabernacle Services, 504; Tasmania, 197, 247, 295, 504, 599, 600; Teddington, 369; "Ten Years of My Life," &c., 41, 91, 145; Thaxted, 295, 551; Thornton Heath Chapel, 246, 294, 295, 550, 643; Thornton Heath School, 145; Torrington, 42; Tring, 295, 643; Trowbridge, 504.
Unemployed, The, 91; Union, 91; Unity, 196.
Ventnor, 295; Victoria, 247, 295.
Walthamstow, 504; Waterbeach, 42; West Brighton, 294; West Malling, 147; Weston, 643; Westrop, Death of Mr., 41; Wintry Weather, 91; Wood-green, 42; Work in Australia, 147; Wotton-under-Edge, 439.
Zenana Mission, 643.

Notices of Books—
Al, a Weekly Paper, 597; Abba Father, 84; Abbey Road Baptist Church, 542; Abraham, 86; "Acceptable Words," 593; According to Promise, 83, 238; A-Fa, 545; After Work, 83; All for the Best, 596; All of Grace, 238; Almost a Wreck, 365; Always in Trouble, 365; Amateur Work, 35; American Commentary, &c., 193; Among the Hop-pickers, 543; Annals of Early Friends, 139; Annals of Secession Church, 241; Another King, 367; Apocalyptic Jesus, 85; Apologetics, 88; Apostolic, and Post Apostolic Times, 142; Arcady, 594; Atonement, The, 362; Attraction of the Cross, 543; Autobiography, of a Scotch Lad, 293.
Band of Hope Review, 636; Bells of Dumbarton, 192; Bethlemites, The, 244; Bibles, 633; Bible Topography, 433; Bible Warnings, 245, 496; Bible Work, 436; Bill Sims, 144; Bits about America, 549; Blessings of the Tribes, 549; Books and Booklets, 637; Books which have influenced me, 638; British Messenger, 40; British Workman, 35, 636; Broken Glass, 144; Brother Freeman, 246; Buy your own Cherries, 501.
Cambridge Bible for Schools, 85; Carthage, 499; Catechisms, &c., 194; Century of Village Nonconformity, 548; Changed Scenes, 292; Changing Places, 244; Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 137; Children for Christ, 496; Children of Madagascar, 591; Children's Friend, 636; Children's Hosannas, 38; Children's Treasury, 36, 636; Child's Book of Poetry, 245; Child's Companion, 36, 636; Child's Pictorial, 35; Child Without a Name, 367; Chips from the Earth's Crust, 242; Christ and Christianity, 591; Christian Age, 633; Christian Baptism, 589; Christian Childhood, 545; Christian Classics, 143; Christian Evidences, 193; Christian Revelation, 543; Christian Year, 141, 287; Christ in the Tabernacle, 595; Christmas Cards, 33, 597, 637; Christ of God, 143; Christ's Coming Kingdom, 84; Church, &c., The, 592; Church of our Fathers, 242, 542; Clevelands of Oaklands, 291; Climbing Higher, 291; Coming Kingdom, 592; Commentary on I. Corinthians, 239; Commentary on the Psalms, 360; Common Accidents, 38, 639; Common Praise, 494; Communion and other Sermons, 433; Congregational Church Hymnal, 590; Contemporary Pulpit, 137, 589; Consider the Lilies, 364; Cooking Primer, 501; Coral and Beryl, 291; Cottager and Artisan, 35, 636; Covenanters of Ayrshire, 633; Cruden's Concordance, 137, 239; Cry from the Land of Calvin, 364.
Dado, 501; Daily Fountain, 496; Daniel's Mysteries, 432; Days of Blessing, 591; Derry, 639; Dickie's Attic, 366; Dickie's Secret, 640; Dictionary of Philosophy, 499; Dictionary of Religion, 287; Dinah Mite, 365; Discoveries of Science, 240; Disease and Sin, 500; Diseases of the Bible, 634; Divinity of Christ, 633; D. L. Moody at Home, 436; Dogs and their Doings, 639; Door of Hope, 596; Domestic Animals, 293; Dottings of a Dosser, 37; Dragon, Image, and Demon, 139.
Early Days, 33, 636; Early English Voyages, 83; Earnest Life, An, 593; Echoes from a Village Church, 496; Echoes of the Word, 432; Edwin Paxton Hood, 362; Electricity, 145; Elijah, 595; Enchiridion of Augustine, 590; Encyclopædia of Theology, 190; Encyclopædia of Living Divines, 436; English as She is Taught, 500; English Men of Letters—Keats, 435; Epistles of St. Paul, 360; Epistle to Ephesians, 360; Everlasting Salvation, 544; Eversley Secrets, 39; Evolution Hypothesis, 361; Expositor The, 364.
Fairy Phœbe, 292; Family Friend, 35; Family Prayers, 85; Family Text Book, 137; Fantasias, 188; Father Fervent, 549; Few Good Women, A, 140; Fireside Annual, 36; First Epistle of Peter, 362; First Epistle of St. John, 193; Flight with the Swallows, 37; Forbidden

Notices of Books (*continued*)—
Fruit, 137; "For Further Consideration," 293; Forkett's Poems, 141; Frank Weatherall, 39; Frank's Life Battle, 291; Freedom's Sword, 192; Friendly Words to Young Women, 90; Friendly Visitor, 85, 638; Fritz of the Tower, 596; Future Probation, 191.
Garland from the Parables, 496; Gates of Eden, 367; Gems from the States, 365; Gleanings from Ruth, 595; God Within Us, 431; Golden City, 549; Golden Counsels, 359; Golden Land, 194; Golden Mottoes Series, 144; Good Company, 137; Gospel Magazine, 85; Gospel of Luke, 498; Gospel of Union, &c., 138; Grace Montrose, 39; Grannie Tresawna's Story, 238; Great Britain and Her Queen, 431; Great Britain and Ireland, 500; Great Waterfalls, &c., 500; Greenland's Icy Mountains, 543; Growth of Church Institutions, 544; Guardian Angel, 144; Guide to Health, 594.
Hagar's Reparation, 596; Haifa, 195; Happy Holidays, 37; Harmony of the Gospels, 545; Harrold and his Sisters, 194; Head of the House, 367; Henry's Commentary, 595; Herald of Mercy, 636; Hero of Brookleigh, 39; Hester's Home, 293; Hints on Spectacles, 500; His Master, 366; History of Pudsey, 503; History of Satan, 291; History of the Baptists, 242; Homely Talks, 239; Homilist, The, 288; Hooks and Eyes, 245; Hope of the Forresters, 596; How a Farthing made a Fortune, 244; How to Study the Bible, 363; How to use our Eyes, 293; Hungary, 547; Hymns for Infant Minds, 245.
Ida Nicolari, 292; Illustrations, 638; Imperial Bible Dictionary, 85, 288; In Defence of the Faith, 142, 432; Infants' Magazine, 35, 636; Inspiration, 88; Inspiration of Scripture, 363; In Sympathy, 594; Introduction to Catholic Epistles, 239; Iona Books, 431; Irish Presbyterian Church, 436; Israel, 494.
Jack Hooper, 144; Jerry's Little Nell, 596; Jerusalem, &c., 434; Jerusalem the Golden, 543; Jesus, 141; Jewish and the Christian Messiah, 138; Jews, The, 359; Jitana's Story, &c., 192; John Murton's Anchor, 245; John Ploughman's Almanack, 542; John's Revelation, 81; Jonas Haggersley, 365; Jottings from Jail, 195; Josephine Butler, 548.
Ker's Sermons, 590; Kingdom of Heaven, 498; King's Message, 245; Knowledge and Faith, 362.
Ladybird's Tea Party, 245; Land, Labour, and Liquor, 594; Land of Little People, 38; Land of the Pharaohs, 547; Launch of the Lifeboat, 36; Lead, Kindly Light, 501; Lectures on Philippians, 193; Led and Fed, 633; Leisure Hour, 33; Letters from Birdie Land, 640; Letters to a Mother, 544; Life in Palestine, 361; Life of C. H. Spurgeon, 589; Life of Charles Wesley, 243; Life of Coleridge, 502; Life of Dr. Kennedy, 242; Life of Ellen Shaw, 548; Life of Longfellow, 502; Life of M'Gavin, 502; Life of Queen Victoria, 434; Life on the Congo, 593; Light by the Way, 364; Light for the Last Days, 189; Lights of the Western World, 245; Little Folks, 499; Little Gleaner, 288; Little Folks, 636; Little One's Text-Book, 543; Little Pilgrim Tracts, 359; Little Star, 37; Little Woodman, &c., 244; Living it Down, 291; Loving Counsels, 592; Low in a Low Place, 39.
Madge Hardwicke, 141; Maggie Dawson, 366; Maggie's Mistake, 238; Maggie's Name, 640; Making of the Home, 38; Manliness and Womanliness, 138; "Manners Makyth Man," 141; Man of Science, &c., 635; Manual of Faith and Practice, 289; Martyrs of Gilbanti, 243; Masters of the Situation, 434; Memoir of R. Carr, 635; Memoirs of T. S. Thomson, 548; Messianic Prophecy, 286, 589; Methods of Church Work, 590; Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, 33; Miraculous Element in the Gospels, 84; Miss Hallingford, 90; Mission Life in South Africa, 40; Modern Sunday-school, 436; Monsters of the Sea, 36; Mornings at Mildmay, 498; Moses, 491; My First Curacy, 39; My Later Ministry, 432; My Sermon-Notes, 542, 589.
Names and Titles of our Lord, 595; National Temperance Mirror, 636; National Temperance Reader, 243; Nature and the Bible, 194; Nearly in Port, 640; Neville Trueman, 640; New Year's Cards, &c., 542; Nineteenth Century, 434; Nonconformity at Bluntisham, 493; Nora Lang, 366; North Indian Tune-Book, 31; Notable Workers, 435; Notes of Sermons, 595; Notes on Revelation, 497; Notes on the Early Church, 592; Not Thrown Away, 291; Not very Long Ago, 366.
Old Christopher's Bible-class, 287; Old Church Life in Scotland, 195; Old Fairy Tales, 192; Old Gospel and the New, 360; Old Jonathan, 33; Old Manuscript, 291; Old Violin, 640; Oliver Cromwell, 501; Only a Factory Girl, 501; Onward, 35; Onward Reciter, 35, 636; Organs, Organists, &c., 590; Orient, 140; Our Darlings, 35, 636; Our Junior's Library, 144; Our Little Lady, 596; Our Own Monthly, 437; Our Pets and Companions, 290; Our Sea Coast Stories, 245; Our Soldier Hero, 244; Our Sovereign Lady, 285; Our Winnie, 37.
Page, Squire, and Knight, 244; Palestine Exploration Fund, 289; Papacy of Modern Time, 433; Parables Expounded, 289; Parental Don't, 38; Penny Library, 144; People in our Circuit, 517; Peter the Great, 435; Phantom Picture, 292; Philosophy of the Gospel, 591; Pictures and Rhymes, 37; Pictures for our Pets, 365; Pictures of St. Peter, 239; Pictures from Holland, 639; Pilgrim's Progress, 194, 287, 363, 638; Pitt's Israel, 548; Plea for Puritanism, 40; Poems, 365; Praise, 494; Preacher's Pilgrimage, 239; Present-Day Tracts, 145, 635; Psalms in Metre, 34; Psalms in History, &c., 193; Pulpit Commentary, 359; Persia, 139. Queen Victoria, 290; Quiver, 639.
Rainbow Round the Throne, 593; Ray of Sunshine, 640; Rays from the Sun of Righteousness, 496; Rays of Messiah's Glory, 433; Res Religion, 188; Records of Jesus, &c., 592; Re Enlisted, 549; Reformation Heroes, 436, Reformation in France, 140; Rest and Victory, 40; Revelation of Christ, 634; Revised Version Compared with Ancient Versions, 86; Rhoda's Reward, 238; Rhymes for the Nursery, 36; Rifted Clouds, 40; Rinalpho's Dream, 546; Ripples in the Twilight, 498; Rip Van Winkle, 37; Road to the North Pole, 290; Robert Browning, 635; Robert Martin's Lesson, 39; Robert Moffat, 548; Rob Roy on the Jordan, 83; Roger's Travels, 293; Romanism and the Reformation, 634; Rooksnest Abbey, 640; Rosebud Annual, 38, 636; Royal Year, 638.
St. Bernard's, 640; St. Paul, &c., 87; Samuel Johnson, 548; Saracens, The, 639; Scotch Sermons, 86; Scottish Nation, 241; Scottish Nationality, 436; Self-Will and God's Will, 589; Sermon Pictures, 595; Sermons for Young Men, 595; Sermons in Coloured Wrappers, 238, 285; Seven Years for Rachel, 144; Shadow and Sunlight, 594; "She Spake of Him," 243; Short Biographies, 593; Short Sermons, 191; Sickness and the Gospel, 294; Similes of the Christian Life, 360; Solomon, 494; Some Aspects of the Blessed Life, 288; Some of our Fellows, 246; Something New, 293; Songs for Special Services, 188; Song of Ascents, A, 193; Songs of Spiritual Thought, 365; Songs of the Woods, 34; Spanish Armada, 140; Spurgeon's Almanack, 589; Squire of Sandal Side, 366;

Notices of Books (*continued*)—
Stories for Little Ones, 192; Stories of Invention, 137. Story of the Evangelists, 360; Story of the Life of Queen Victoria, 431; Straight Paths, 336; Sum of Saving Knowledge, 498; Sunday at Home, 33; Sundays at Balmoral, 431; Sunday Book of Biography, 145; Sunday School Union Publications, 632; Sundial Court, 367; Sunny Sundays, 496; Surpassing Fable, 433; Survival of the Fittest, 361; Swallow-tails and Skippers, 141; Sword and the Trowel, 33; Symington's Poems, 31; System of the Christian Certainty, 240.
Tales of Captivity, &c., 140; Tales of Mandarins, 245; Temperance and Jubilee, 638; Temperance Mirror, 36; Temperance Progress, 290; Temperance Pioneers, 635; Temperance Stories, 640; Temple's Trial, 365; These Seven Years, 502; Those Two, 89; Theism and Evolution, 495; Things of Glory, 37; Thirty Thousand Thoughts, 498; Through Dark to Light, 188; Through Storm to Sunshine, 90; Through Stress and Strain, 596; Through Trial to Triumph, 366; Through Unknown Ways, 83; Tied and Bound, 367; Time is at Hand, The, 592; Time of Tribulation, 89; Tithe Question, 542; Tom Larkins, 493; To-morrow, 238; Tom's Benefactor, 292; Tract Magazine, 35; Tract Society's Pocket-book, 37; Travels in the Eastern Hemisphere, 290; Treasury of Scottish Covenant, 241; Treatise on Reason, 501; True Royalty, 434; Truth and Trinity, 592; Two Dispensations, 497.
Unbelief, England's Sin, 591; Under Bayard's Banner, 89; Untrue to his Trust, 246.
Valleys and Villages of the Bible, 595; Vicar of Wakefield, 89; Victoria, R. I., 290; Victoria, Queen and Empress, 290; "Verily Verilies" of Christ, 363; Vision Stream, 365; Vita Vinctis, 493; Voyage to the Cape, 141.
Waking Dreams, 639; Ward and Lock's Popular Library, 38; Watching for Souls, 519; Wayside Chimes, 86; "Way to Win" Series, 192; Weekly Pulpit, 288; Welcome, The, 33; What are we to Believe? 545; Wherein Millenarians are Wrong, 497; Wild Lottie, 596; William Carey, 548; World of Girls, 89.
Yensie Walton's Womanhood, 238; Young Carthagenians, 367; Young Communicant, 40; Young Ishmael Conway, 292; Young People's Prayer Meeting, 496.
Not Your Own 157

Odd Incidents in Scotch Struggles 527

Palmer, Levi—
Robert Bolton... 624
Parker, A.—
Lord Cromwell 533
Parry, W.—
The Way the Deacon Looked at it ... 587
Miner's Plan of Prayer 628
Pastors' College, Account for 1886, 106; Receipts of, 45, 94, 149, 199, 249, 299, 372, 441, 506, 554, 601, 645; Report of, 305.
Peal and the Knell 157
Pike, G. Holden—
Anti-Christian World, The, 19; Emigration and the East End, 181; Evening at Costers' Hall, 411; Facts Worth Noting from New Books, 79; Gospel on the Race-course, The, 470; Good Earl of Shaftesbury, 61; Home for Babies, 479; Lord Shaftesbury's Missions, 127, 153; Notabilia, 183, 281, 356, 429, 499; Preaching at Fairs, 611; Protestant Succession, The, 343; Tract Distribution at Swansea, 221; Wit and Humour in Puritan Times, 216; Work at Haddon Hall, 186.
Poetry: Constraining Love, 28; Love is all, 10; "'Tis well that Something Sings," 57.
"Power of a Godly Life" 164
Preacher and His Work 481
Pressed into Service 627
Professor Bruce 220

Queen's Jubilee Procession 348

Roberts, E.—
Wholeheartedness in Our Ministry ... 572

Salter, J.—
The Mohurrum in London 569
Shindler, R.—
How a Sunday Fair was Stopped, 58; James Shelbourne, 268.
Small, J. G.—
Constraining Love 28
Smith, J. Manton—
A Hap'orth o' Cherries, 134; What can you See? 528.
Society of Evangelists, Account for 1886, 104; Receipts of, 48, 102, 152, 204, 252, 304, 380, 444, 508, 556, 604, 648.
Spoiling a Child 74
Spurgeon, C. H.—
All of Grace, 3; Banker's Experience, 27; Biography, &c., A, 264; Case Proved, The, 509; Down-Grade, The, 397, 559; Earthquakes Improved, 153; Gambling, 71; Getting at the Soul of the Matter, 577; Haunts of my Childhood, 425; "Here's a Big 'un," 469; In an Olive Garden, 107; John Ploughman to Sam Slowman, 282; Let all the Plants be Watered, 582; Minister's Equipment from the Congo, 133; More about Gambling, 110; My Brother, J. A. Spurgeon, 272; Parable of the Foolish Children, 62; Pastors' College, &c., 205; Putting in the Rousing, 63; Rebellious Delay, 26; Reply to Sundry Critics, 461; Restoration of Truth, &c., 605; Shadow without the Tree, 62; Stewards, 255, 325; Story of a Duel, 49; Story of Grabbington Grange, 486; Taking Possession of the Promise, 76; Two Dangers, &c., 213; Wimbledon, 490; Wise Silence, 280; Young Dutchman, 480.
Spurgeon, Robert—
Sunken Boats, 211; Helpful Burdens, 281; Not Worth Praying for, 489; Better than Pearls, 568.
Spurgeon, Thomas—
Communion Meditation, 417; How we Kept the Jubilee, 516; "'Tis Well that Something Sings," 57; Over the Hills, &c., 332.
Stockwell Orphanage, Receipts of, 46, 94, 149, 200, 250, 302, 373, 442, 506, 554, 601, 645; Report of, 445.

"Thay Amen and Thit Down" 420
Thornton Heath Chapel 182
Townsend, C. W.—
Patentee and the Preacher... 336
Trials of Sincerity... 165
Trotman, Herbert—
Spiritual Condition of our Hearers ... 176
Triumphs of Christianity 519

Uncle Tim's Talent 162

Wall, Mrs.—
Medical Missions in Rome 588
Wayland, Dr. H. L.—
Correction of an Old Proverb 585
White, F. H.—
Meetness for the Master's Use 617
"Who can Tell?"... 586
Wise Fox, The 63
Work and Weal 536
World's Attraction 260

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1887.

All of Grace.

NOTES OF A SERMON DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS GOING ABROAD.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."—Ephesians ii. 8.

OF the things which I have spoken unto you these many years this is the sum. Within the circle of these words my theology is contained, so far as it refers to the salvation of men. I rejoice also to remember that those of my family who were ministers of Christ before me preached this doctrine, and none other. My father, who is still able to bear his personal testimony for his Lord, knows no other doctrine, neither did his father before him.

I am led to remember this by the fact that a somewhat singular circumstance, recorded in my memory, connects this text with myself and my grandfather. It is now long years ago. I was announced to preach in a certain country town in the Eastern Counties. It does not often happen to me to be behind time, for I feel that punctuality is one of those little virtues which may prevent great sins. But we have no control over railway delays, and break-downs; and so it happened that I reached the appointed place considerably behind the time. Like sensible people, they had begun their worship, and had proceeded as far as the sermon. As I neared the chapel, I perceived that some one was in the pulpit preaching, and who should the preacher be but my dear and venerable grandfather? He saw me as I came in at the front door and made my way up the aisle, and at once he said, "Here comes my grandson! He may preach the gospel better than I can, but he cannot preach

a better gospel; can you, Charles?" As I made my way through the throng, I answered, "You can preach better than I can. Pray go on." But he would not agree to *that*. I must take the sermon, and so I did, going on with the subject there and then, just where he left off. "There," said he, "I was preaching on 'For by grace are ye saved.' I have been setting forth the source and fountain-head of salvation; and I am now showing them the channel of it, through faith.' Now you take it up, and go on." I am so much at home with these glorious truths that I could not feel any difficulty in taking from my grandfather the thread of his discourse, and joining my thread to it, so as to continue without a break. Our agreement in the things of God made it easy for us to be joint-preachers of the same discourse. I went on with "through faith," and then I proceeded to the next point, "and that not of yourselves." Upon this I was explaining the weakness and inability of human nature, and the certainty that salvation could not be of ourselves, when I had my coat-tail pulled, and my well-beloved grandsire took his turn again. When I spoke of our depraved human nature, the good old man said, "I know most about that, dear friends"; and so he took up the parable, and for the next five minutes set forth a solemn and humbling description of our lost estate, the depravity of our nature, and the spiritual death under which we were found. When he had said his say in a very gracious manner, his grandson was allowed to go on again, to the dear old man's great delight; for now and then he would say, in a gentle tone, "Good! Good!" Once he said, "Tell them that again, Charles," and of course I did tell them *that* again. It was a happy exercise to me to take my share in bearing witness to truths of such vital importance, which are so deeply impressed upon my heart. While announcing this text I seem to hear that dear voice, which has been so long lost to earth, saying to me, "TELL THEM THAT AGAIN." I am not contradicting the testimony of forefathers who are now with God. If my grandfather could return to earth, he would find me where he left me, steadfast in the faith, and true to that form of doctrine which was once delivered to the saints.

I preach the doctrines of grace because I believe them to be true; because I see them in the Scriptures; because my experience endears them to me; and because I see the holy result of them in believers. I confess they are none the less dear to me because the advanced school despises them: I should never think it a recommendation of a doctrine that it was new. Those truths which have enlightened so many ages appear to me to be ordained to remain throughout eternity. The doctrine which I preach to you is that of the Puritans: it is the doctrine of Calvin, the doctrine of Augustine, the doctrine of Paul, the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. The Author and Finisher of our faith himself taught most blessed truth which well agreed with our text. The doctrine of grace is the substance of the testimony of Jesus.

I shall handle the text briefly, by way of making a few statements. The first statement is clearly contained in the text:—

THERE IS PRESENT SALVATION.

The apostle says, "*Ye are saved.*" Not "ye shall be," or "ye may be;" but "ye are saved." He says not, "ye are partly saved," or "in the way

to being saved," or "hopeful of salvation;" but, "By grace are ye saved." Let us be as clear on this point as he was, and let us never rest till we know that we are saved. At this moment we are either saved or unsaved. That is clear. To which class do we belong? I hope that, by the witness of the Holy Ghost, we may be so assured of our safety as to sing, "The Lord is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

Upon this I will not linger, but pass on to note the next point.

A PRESENT SALVATION MUST BE THROUGH GRACE.

If we can say of any man, or of any set of people, "Ye are saved," we shall have to preface it with the words, "By grace." There is no other present salvation except that which begins and ends with grace. As far as I know, I do not think that any one in the wide world pretends to preach or to possess a present salvation, except those who believe salvation to be all of grace. No one in the Church of Rome claims to be now saved—completely and eternally saved. Such a profession would be heretical. Some few Catholics may hope to enter heaven when they die, but the most of them have the miserable prospect of purgatory before their eyes. We see constant requests for prayers for departed souls, and this would not be if those souls were saved, and glorified with their Saviour. Masses for the repose of the soul indicate the incompleteness of the salvation which Rome has to offer. Well may it be so, since Papal salvation is by works, and even if salvation by good works were possible, no man can ever be sure that he has performed enough of them to secure his salvation.

Among those who dwell around us we find many who are altogether strangers to the doctrine of grace, and these never dream of present salvation. Possibly they trust that they may be saved when they die: they half hope that, after years of watchful holiness, they may, perhaps, be saved at last; but, to be saved now, and to know that they are saved, is quite beyond them, and they think it presumption.

There can be no present salvation unless it be upon this footing—"By grace are ye saved." It is a very singular thing that no one has risen up to preach a present salvation by works. I suppose it would be too absurd. The works being unfinished, the salvation would be incomplete; or, the salvation being complete, the main motive of the legalist would be gone.

Salvation must be by grace. If man be lost by sin, how can he be saved except through the grace of God? If he has sinned, he is condemned; and how can he, of himself, reverse that condemnation? Suppose that he should keep the law all the rest of his life, he will then only have done what he was always bound to have done, and he will still be an unprofitable servant. What is to become of the past? How can old sins be blotted out? How can the old ruin be retrieved? According to Scripture, and according to common-sense, salvation can only be through the free favour of God.

Salvation in the present tense must be by the free favour of God. Persons may contend for salvation by works, but you will not hear anyone support his own argument by saying, "I am myself saved by what I have done." That would be a superfluity of naughtiness to

which few men would go. Pride could hardly compass itself about with such extravagant boasting. No, if we are now saved, it must be by the free favour of God. No one professes to be an example of the opposite view.

Salvation to be complete must be by free favour. The saints, when they come to die, never conclude their lives by hoping in their good works. Those who have lived the most holy and useful lives invariably look to free grace in their final moments. I never stood by the bedside of a godly man who reposed any confidence whatever in his own prayers, or repentance, or religiousness. I have heard eminently holy men quoting in death the words "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." In fact, the nearer men come to heaven, and the more prepared they are for it, the more simple is their trust in the merit of the Lord Jesus, and the more intensely do they abhor all trust in themselves. If this be the case in our last moments, when the conflict is almost over, much more ought we to feel it to be so while we are in the thick of the fight. If a man be completely saved in this present time of warfare, how can it be except by grace? While he has to mourn over sin that dwelleth in him, while he has to confess innumerable shortcomings and transgressions, while sin is mixed with all he does, how can he believe that he is completely saved except it be by the free favour of God?

Paul speaks of this salvation as belonging to the Ephesians—"By grace are *ye* saved." The Ephesians had been given to curious arts and works of divination. They had thus made a covenant with the powers of darkness. Now, if such as these were saved, it must be by grace alone. So is it with us also: our original condition and character render it certain that, if saved at all, we must owe it to the free favour of God. I know it is so in my own case; and I believe the same rule holds good in the rest of believers.

This is clear enough, and so I advance to the next observation:

PRESENT SALVATION BY GRACE MUST BE THROUGH FAITH.

A present salvation must be through grace, and salvation by grace must be through faith. You cannot get a hold of salvation by grace by any other means than by faith. This live coal from off the altar needs the golden tongs of faith with which to carry it. I suppose that it might have been possible, if God had so willed it, that salvation might have been through works, and yet by grace; for if Adam had perfectly obeyed the law of God, still he would only have done what he was bound to do; and so, if God should have rewarded him, the reward itself must have been according to grace, since the Creator owes nothing to the creature. This would have been a very difficult system to work, while the object of it was perfect; but in our case it would not work at all. Salvation in our case means deliverance from guilt and ruin, and this could not have been laid hold of by a measure of good works, since we are not in a condition to perform any. Suppose I had to preach that you as sinners must do certain works, and then you would be saved; and suppose that you could perform them; such a salvation would not then have been seen to be altogether of grace; it would have soon appeared to be of debt. Apprehended in such a fashion, it would have come to you in some measure as the reward of work

done, and its whole aspect would have been changed. Salvation by grace can only be gripped by the hand of faith: the attempt to lay hold upon it by the doing of certain acts of law would cause the grace to evaporate. "Therefore it is of faith that it might be by grace." "If by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work."

Some try to lay hold upon salvation by grace through the use of ceremonies; but it will not do. You are christened, confirmed, and caused to receive "the holy sacrament" from priestly hands: does this bring you salvation? I ask you, "Have you salvation?" You dare not say "yes." If you did claim salvation of a sort, yet I am sure it would not be in your minds salvation by grace; for those who are most addicted to the performance of outward rites are usually the last persons to enjoy any assurance of being saved by grace: they do not even look for such a thing. The more they multiply their rites and ceremonies, the more they quit the notion of grace, and the more they lose the true idea of salvation.

Again, you cannot lay hold upon salvation by grace through your feelings. The hand of faith is constructed for the grasping of a present salvation by grace, but feeling is not adapted for that end. If you go about to say, "I must feel that I am saved. I must feel so much sorrow and so much joy, or else I will not admit that I am saved," you will find that this method will not answer. As well might you hope to see with your ear, or taste with your eye, or hear with your nose, as to believe by feeling: it is the wrong organ. After you have believed, you can enjoy salvation by feeling its heavenly influences; but to dream of getting a grasp of it by your own feelings is as foolish as to attempt to bear away the sun-light in the palm of your hand, or the breath of heaven between the lashes of your eyes. There is an essential absurdity in the whole affair.

Moreover, the evidence yielded by feeling is singularly fickle. When your feelings are peaceful and delightful, they are soon broken in upon, and become restless and melancholy. The most fickle of elements, the most feeble of creatures, the most contemptible of circumstances, may sink or raise our spirits: experienced men come to think less and less of their present emotions as they reflect upon the little reliance which can be safely placed upon them. Faith receives the statement of God concerning his way of gracious pardon, and thus it brings salvation to the man believing; but feeling, warming under passionate appeals, yielding itself deliriously to a hope which it dares not examine, whirling round and round in a sort of dervish dance of excitement which has become necessary for its own sustaining, is all on a stir, like the troubled sea which cannot rest. From its boilings and ragings, feeling is apt to drop to lukewarmness, despondency, despair, and all the kindred evils. Feelings are a set of cloudy, windy phenomena which cannot be trusted in reference to the eternal verities of God.

We now go a step further.

SALVATION BY GRACE, THROUGH FAITH, IS NOT OF OURSELVES.

The salvation, and the faith, and the whole gracious work together, are not of ourselves.

First, they are *not of our former deservings:* they are not the reward of former good endeavours. No unregenerate person has lived so well that God is bound to give him further grace, and to bestow on him eternal life; else it were no longer of grace, but of debt. Salvation is given *to* us, not earned *by* us. Our first life is always a wandering away from God, and our new life of return to God is always a work of undeserved mercy, wrought upon those who greatly need, but never deserve it.

It is not of ourselves, in the further sense, that it is *not out of our original excellence.* Salvation comes from above; it is never evolved from within. Can eternal life be evolved from the bare ribs of death? Some dare to tell us that faith in Christ, and the new birth, are only the development of good things that lay hidden in us by nature; but in this, like their father, they speak of their own. Sirs, if an heir of wrath is left to be developed, he will become more and more fit for the place prepared for the devil and his angels! You may take the unregenerate man, and educate him to the highest; but he remains, and must for ever remain, dead in sin, unless a higher power shall come in to save him from himself. Grace brings into the heart an entirely foreign element. It does not improve and perpetuate; it kills and makes alive. There is no continuity between the state of nature and the state of grace: the one is darkness, and the other is light; the one is death, and the other is life. Grace, when it comes unto us, is like a firebrand dropped into the sea, where it would certainly be quenched were it not of such a miraculous quality that it baffles the water-floods, and sets up its reign of fire and light even in the depths.

Salvation by grace, through faith, is not of ourselves *in the sense of being the result of our own power.* We are bound to view salvation as being as surely a divine act as creation, or providence, or resurrection. At every point of the process of salvation, this word is appropriate—"*not of yourselves.*" From the first desire after it to the full reception of it by faith, it is evermore of the Lord alone, and not of ourselves. The man believes, but that belief is only one result among many of the implantation of divine life within the man's soul by God himself.

Even the very will thus to be saved by grace is not of ourselves, but is the gift of God. There lies the stress of the question. A man ought to believe in Jesus: it is his duty to receive him whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation for sins. But man will not believe in Jesus, he prefers anything to faith in his Redeemer. Unless the Spirit of God convinces the judgment, and constrains the will, man has no heart to believe in Jesus unto eternal life. I ask any saved man to look back upon his own conversion, and explain how it came about. You turned to Christ, and believed on his name: these were your own acts and deeds. But what caused you thus to turn? What sacred force was that which turned you from sin to righteousness? Do you attribute this singular renewal to the existence of a something better in you than has been yet discovered in your unconverted neighbour? No, you confess that you might have been what he now is if it had not been that there was a potent something which touched the spring of your will, enlightened your understanding, and guided you to the foot of the cross. Gratefully we confess the fact; it must be so. Salvation by grace,

through faith, is not of ourselves ; and none of us will dream of taking any honour to ourselves from our conversion, or from any gracious effect which has flowed from the first divine cause.

Last of all,

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH; AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES : IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD."

Salvation may be called, *Theodora*, or God's gift: and each saved soul may be surnamed *Dorothea*, which is another form of the same expression. Multiply your phrases, and expand your expositions ; but salvation truly traced to its well-head is all contained in the gift unspeakable, the free, unmeasured benison of love.

Salvation is the gift of God, in opposition to a wage. When a man pays another his wage, he does what is right ; and no one dreams of belauding him for it. But we praise God for salvation because it is not the payment of debt, but the gift of grace. No man enters eternal life on earth, or in heaven, as his due : it is the gift of God. We say, "Nothing is freer than a gift." Salvation is so purely, so absolutely a gift of God, that nothing can be more free. God gives it because he chooses to give it, according to that grand text which has made many a man bite his lip in wrath, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." You are all guilty, and condemned; and the Great King pardons whom he wills from among you. This is his royal prerogative. He saves in infinite sovereignty of grace. At the same time the Lord himself declares that "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." This wide statement in no degree conflicts with the statement that none receive this salvation except as a gift. You must stand obliged to God's mercy for it, or else die without it. To pretend a right to it will be to insult God, whose heart is set upon the exercise of his free bounty. He will not barter and bargain with you. So much grace for so many tears, so much mercy for so much repentance, so much love for so many works ! The idea is contemptible. Salvation is not in the market except on these express terms—"Without money and without price." Freely may you be saved if you will cast out of your soul the last thought of making God your debtor.

Salvation is the gift of God : that is to say, completely so, in opposition to the notion of growth. Salvation is not a natural production from within : it is brought from a foreign zone, and planted within the heart by heavenly hands. Salvation is in its entirety a gift from God. If thou wilt have it, there it is, complete. Wilt thou have it as a perfect gift? "No, I will produce it in my own workshop." Thou canst not forge a work so rare and costly, upon which even Jesus spent his life's blood. Here is a garment without seam, woven from the top throughout. It will cover thee and make thee glorious. Wilt thou have it ? "No, I will sit at the loom, and I will weave a raiment of my own !" Proud fool that thou art ! Thou spinnest cobwebs. Thou weavest a dream. Oh, that thou wouldst freely take what Christ upon the cross declared to be finished.

It is the gift of God : that is, *it is eternally secure, in opposition to the gifts of men, which soon pass away.* "Not as the world giveth,

give I unto you," says our Lord Jesus. If my Lord Jesus gives you salvation at this moment, *you have it*, and you have it for ever. He will never take it back again; and if he does not take it from you, who can? If he saves you *now* through faith, you are saved—so saved that you shall never perish, neither shall any pluck you out of his hand.

Love is All.

COULD I command the boundless lore
Of human and angelic speech;
And, on the wings of language, soar
To heights nor men nor angels reach—
Entranced, my flight would only prove
That words are empty without love.

If I could grasp the subtle thought
Each mind has cherished or revealed;
And hold the key the sages sought
Till prophecy its secrets yield:
And if my faith could mountains move,
My gain were nothing, failing love.

Should thought enrobe itself in deeds;
And I should consecrate my store
To satisfy each sufferer's needs,
Or solace grief, or bless the poor—
No record would be made above
Of deeds which lack the soul of love.

Should I a full surrender make
Of self, and all I count most dear,
And burn, a martyr, at the stake,
Without the tremor of a fear—
From darkened skies no heaven-sent dove
Would cheer me, should I fail in love.

As God is love, love must be all—
Heav'n's choicest gem, earth's brightest crown;
Then, till our breath he shall recall,
And bid us lay life's labour down,
Wherever we may rest or rove,
Let words and thoughts and deeds be love.

When dawns the glad eternal day,
And God hath perfected his plan;
Love all our powers shall bathe and sway,
And glory crown what grace began—
Where saints and angels ever prove
The blissful ministry of love.

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

"From this Day will I Bless You."

BY C. A. DAVIS.

GOD'S blessings are not so rare as to make the day on which they come stand out from the rest like an oasis in the desert. Every day the Lord appears to be anew beginning to bless us. The life of man is a garden of the fruits and flowers of divine love; and in this garden each plant bears its fruit every month. Evermore "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Every moment of time is made to serve as the date of a thousand acts of grace. Some do not perceive that God is always blessing them. The finger cannot find the iron filings in the sand where the magnet will detect them; the unthankful heart sees no mercy where a grateful soul can discover nothing else but mercy. The way in which blessing is received goes far to determine whether it shall prove a blessing or not. The same wind speeds the ships in different directions, according to the position of their sails: the same advantages will accelerate the progress of men towards heaven or destruction, according to the attitude they themselves assume. It is solemn as well as delightful to live under continual influences from God: responsibility is involved equally with privilege.

When God, however, indicates an epoch, and says, "From this day will I bless you," *something beyond the ordinary run of divine beneficence must be intended.* If blessing is now to become so positive in character that what has gone before is no blessing in comparison—if the light is to be divided from the darkness, and yet the darkness behind was radiant with constellations of heavenly grace—the coming day must be a warm noontide of joy. This is what we want. Much has been given, but we are ambitious of more. With our backs to the starlight, and our faces to the sunrise, how gladly will we set out on the year's journey!

But what is to mark the specially happy day that initiates the delightful change? We reply, the subordination of even lawful affairs to the supreme matters which concern our labour for God. The day referred to by Haggai was that which saw the foundation of the temple laid. Enforced captivity was at an end, and for a considerable period the returned Jews had occupied themselves in building and fortifying their own dwellings, while the temple lay waste. God's house might wait their convenience. They sought first "these things," and expected the kingdom of God and his righteousness to be added unto them. Famine brought them to their senses: they cleared the rubbish from the sacred site, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the temple was made the starting-point of new prosperity. The temple grew, and the blessing of God grew with it. The people were diligent in labour, God abounded in grace. In the shrine they erected he descended to dwell; under the shadow of his temple their homes enjoyed immunity from evil. So it will be with us. If, in this time of gracious visitation, we take up God's work with sevenfold zeal and prayerfulness, "from this day will God bless us": if any among us consecrate themselves irrevocably this day unto the Lord, body, soul, and spirit, from this day will they be blessed.

Is not God's favour attractive enough to cause us one and all to set apart a day for special prayer to obtain it? Shall we not allow our souls a season of such close neighbourhood with God as to hallow our whole after-life? I confess to an intense longing that this should be the experience of us all, a sacred avarice possessing us till we have become enriched with all the fulness of God. Dear friends, what is the response of your hearts? What say you to a personal day of prayer, known only to yourself? Fix it, and heartily observe it.

"Bless" is an affectionate word: it sounds like music on the lips of God—"I will bless you." We would live in the light of the smile with which the Father makes the gladdening revelation. Is thine eye on us, O God, as thou utterest this gospel? Pass us not by in thy progress of mercy. Is there any Esau amongst us, who exclaims, as he contemplates the portion of the children of God, "Bless me, even me, also"? Let him not be dismayed. God is wealthier than Isaac. He can bless Jacob and Esau too; and can give the blessing of the firstborn to both. The bestowment of one portion does not empty his treasury. The beneficence of God embraces all the hungering and thirsting: nay, "He is found of them that sought him not, and made manifest to them that asked not after him." Dear friend, if thou obtainest pardon at his hand, all thy succeeding days will be a commentary on this word—

"FROM THIS DAY WILL I BLESS YOU."

No sweeter word can you have as your New Year's portion. Dear reader, will you take it to yourself by the grasp of faith, and press it to your bosom by the two hands of prayer? Be this for all *Sword and Trowel* subscribers the special sentence from the mouth of the Lord to be pleaded at the mercy-seat, and relied upon in daily life!

The Gipsies' Friend of Fifty Years Ago.

BY PASTOR H. O. MACKEY, PECKHAM.

MUCH interest has been awakened in modern times in the wandering tribes of gipsies who live in England. Schemes for their physical comfort, their mental uplifting, and their spiritual enlightening, have, thanks to Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, and others, been devised of late years; and these attempts at their improvement have been followed with considerable success. But, whilst we gladly acknowledge this, we must not forget the pioneers in this work, the men who, in a time of indifference, if not opposition, to any such efforts, still bravely persevered in their endeavours to elevate this degraded and despised race. A hundred years ago little was known by the Christian church of these tribes of wanderers, and even less of concern was felt in their temporal and spiritual welfare. It may not be without benefit, therefore, if we tell briefly the story of the early attempts which one devoted man made to elevate them, and bring them to a knowledge of God's salvation.

In 1774, at the town of Wilton, in Wiltshire, was born, on the 13th of April, James Crabb, the third son of a clothier in extensive business

there. He is said to have been of an ardent character, with much reverence for divine things, and at a very early age was wont to meet his playmates in a wood near his home, and there turn a hollow tree into a pulpit, from whence he discoursed to them of their duties and behaviour. His early tastes, however, soon vanished; and, when at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a Socinian shoemaker, at Salisbury, he was no longer swayed by religious desires or aspirations. But God is wondrous in counsel, and from out the darkness can make light to spring. Surrounded by evil companions, young Crabb gave way to youthful corruptions and sins. One night in November, 1790, a violent thunderstorm passed over the city, startling many of the inhabitants, who rushed from their beds, thinking the last day had come. Amongst these was James Crabb, who, filled with terror and dismay, cried out to God for mercy, and rose from his knees to give up his ungodly associates, make a profession of Christ, and bear his reproach, if need be. The new life made him no longer content with the travesty of a gospel at the Unitarian chapel; and he now craved for something better. In answer to an earnest request to his father, he was allowed to attend the Wesleyan chapel. In January, 1791, he was, though but seventeen years old, admitted as a member, and soon associated with other godly youths who attended the early prayer-meetings held before the day's business began. There is a quaint flavour of antique earnestness in his description of calling his companions in the dim hours of dawn to get away to the prayer-gathering. "I used," he says, "to tie a string to my wrist, and then fasten it to a wire leading to the street, so that the watchman might call me; but, finding this expensive, I adopted the plan of lying down on a stick, full of knots, knowing I should not lie there too long; and sometimes tied a weight to one of my feet, and let it swing at the end of the bed, sure that this would wake me"! Whatever we may think of the methods, we must admire the zeal which prompted them. Prayer was then regarded as a necessity, not a luxury, of the soul. Young Crabb did well to be a learner before he attempted to be a teacher. Two years of getting kindled in him the desire to give, and gave him the capacity to do so: an unquenchable desire to tell others of Christ and his salvation now flamed in his soul; and so, when between eighteen and nineteen years of age, he was found preaching in a chalk-pit at Coombe, and then at Hannington, where the parish minister and the leading farmer threatened to put him in the stocks if he dared to come again. To add to his difficulties, his father became incensed at his zeal, ceased all intercourse with him, and withdrew his small allowance of pocket-money. Nothing dismayed, feeling that he must obey a higher law, he continued to preach, his fame spread, and at length, to his great joy, the parental opposition was removed.

In 1795, though eighteen months of his apprenticeship were still unexpired, he purchased his release with a bonus of twenty pounds, was accepted as a preacher by the Wesleyan Conference, and appointed to the Poole, Swanage, and Portland district. Some idea of his hardships and his abundant labours may be gathered from extracts from his diary. "I preached every morning at five, and every evening, besides five times on the Lord's-day, exclusive of the seven o'clock prayer-meeting and

the love-feast." Another day he writes, "I rose early, went to the prayer-meeting, at nine o'clock preached out of doors, at half-past ten in the chapel, at one o'clock at Portsmouth-point to sailors and harlots, at half-past two in the chapel, and at six in another chapel, and afterwards met the society." Another entry runs: "What with the wind, rain, dirt, and want of food, I was so worn with weakness that I was obliged to rest by leaning against a gate. *I searched the almost barren hedges for provisions, and when I could find any it was very acceptable.*" With deep gratitude, he once writes: "Just as I was setting off, the Lord, by his providence, mercifully sent me a horse"; and then naïvely adds, "I find it better to ride than walk through water and dirt." Worn out with his tireless labours, he returned home to Wilton, in August, 1795, but was recalled to his circuit for another year, at the earnest request of the people to whom he had ministered.

It was soon clear that the fatigues of his former circuit were no longer endurable; he was accordingly appointed to the Salisbury district. His father now provided him with a horse for travelling, and, with a stock of drugs for the use of the sick, he entered again upon his labours. Such were his toils and vicissitudes, that again he was often near to physical collapse, and at last he was obliged to resign his office, confining himself to teaching, preaching, and visiting in his native town of Wilton. He opened a room for worship, which was soon crowded; and here he had the joy of seeing his own father, mother, brother, and sister led to the Saviour under his ministry. Perhaps he was intended, like another who had known Christ's healing power—to "*go home* and show what great things God had done for him." In April, 1798, he was married at Gillingham, a neighbouring village, to Miss Martha Raddon, an intensely godly woman, who sympathized with, and seconded his efforts to bless the souls of men. Though renouncing the office of preacher, he had not forsaken the work, and by his efforts a new chapel was built, where he preached with great acceptance, while he supported himself by joining his father and brother as a partner in their clothing business. Here began a series of disasters: business fell off, debts were made, bankruptcy followed, and James Crabb retired to Salisbury, there to carry on a struggling existence, alternately as dyer and seller of broadcloths. Another removal to Romsey followed; then two years' work as a traveller for a cloth firm, and at last came the opening of a boys' school at Romsey. During all this time, so far as opportunity served, Mr. Crabb persistently preached. Amongst the places he visited was the shipping town of Southampton, which was destined to become the scene of his finest and most successful labours. It was the most populous place in the district, and, probably, the most wicked and degraded, a very den of iniquity. One of the local clergy, struck with its terrible spiritual needs, had opened the large assembly-rooms for Sabbath services; but these being now discontinued, Mr. Crabb wrote to the Wesleyan superintendent, suggesting that the services should be resumed, another room in a dense district opened for a weekly service, also one for the sailors and custom-house officers who were obliged to be on duty on Sunday. After prolonged discussion, his proposal was icily shelved; but, nothing daunted, and fired with the conviction that he was called to evangelize the people of Southampton, Mr. Crabb

renounced his connection with the Wesleyan body, handed over his school to his grown-up sons, took the Assembly-rooms on his own account, and announced two services for the Sabbath-day. Large and increasing congregations were gathered; open-air services were held—a thing hitherto almost unknown—and much blessing was seen. In a very few weeks an incident occurred which greatly helped to make known the services, and to bring in multitudes hitherto listless to all religion. At the close of one of the Sunday-evening services, Mr. Crabb was asked to go and see a poor woman who was dying. She turned out to be a woman of terribly immoral life, but who now, under deep anguish of spirit was crying, "I want to go to Christ." The preacher was enabled, by the Holy Ghost, to convince of sin, to lead the penitent to the Pardoner, and so to bring peace and joy to her guilty soul. In her last hours she was visited by her former companions, to whom she testified of Jesus, earnestly imploring them to flee from the wrath to come. Closely following upon her death, Mr. Crabb preached upon her conversion, more than a thousand persons were crowded into the rooms, and hundreds went away. The service was repeated the following Sunday, and created a great sensation among the lower classes. A tract was published telling the story of "Jane Thring," which, though published at sixpence a copy, quickly ran through seven editions.

This very success caused embarrassment, for in a few days no less than eleven well-known women of sinful life came begging to be delivered from their evil condition. A house was hired for them, and endeavours were made to interest the religious bodies of the town in their rescue. Mr. Crabb's diary tells of the heartburnings that were caused by their selfish apathy or sectarian bigotry. He says: "The clergy have deserted me in the matter of the intended Asylum. They will not follow a Methodist, although I propose to them to frame the whole plan according to their views." A little later he writes: "All day in Southampton, canvassing among the rich for a petition to the Mayor for a public meeting on behalf of the Penitentiary. No success: all asleep or dead. *A magistrate pleads the necessity of prostitutes, that our daughters and wives may not be insulted in the streets!*" Undeterred by this indifference, Mr. Crabb went on with the project, finally getting the Penitentiary erected at a cost of £2,200, most of which he himself collected. The tract led to other penitentiaries being founded at Salisbury and Portsmouth, and many have there been saved from sin and hell. Soon after this, Mr. Crabb had his heart stirred on behalf of the sailors who frequented the docks of Southampton: special services in the open air and on board ships were held, whilst schools for the wastrels and street children were built, in which they might hear Christian teaching.

But the main and unique work of his life was yet to be performed—the work which has endeared his name to those Esaus of modern society (the gipsies) who remember, or have heard, of his Christ-like efforts to bless and uplift them. The mightiest rivers have their rise in tiny springs.

During the Winchester Assizes of 1827, Mr. Crabb having occasion to see the Rev. H. Thompson, the sheriff's chaplain, happened to enter the court whilst the judge was passing sentence of death upon two criminals, one being a gipsy who had been convicted of horse-stealing.

With earnest entreaty the young man fell upon his knees and implored the judge to spare his life, but the prisoner was dragged away to be executed. Leaving the Court with sorrowing heart, Mr. Crabb saw outside an old woman and a very young one, the latter the wife of the condemned man. She had two children, one three years old and the other fourteen days. Mr. Crabb spoke kindly to them, going his way to brood over the whole sad incident, his soul being roused with a desire to help these despised and degraded people. Going to Winchester a few weeks later, he met the grandmother, and invited her to come and bring her widowed daughter-in-law to his house at Springhill, Southampton. They came, and after conversation agreed that Mr. Crabb should have the eldest child, together with the child of another daughter, whose husband had been transported, that he might instruct and train them. Having won their confidence by his kindness, three other gipsy children were soon entrusted to him, and then Mr. Crabb began to yearn to bring these outcasts, adults and children too, under religious influences. After talking over the matter with some Christian men in Southampton, a committee was formed to consider the gipsy race, and devise means for their moral and spiritual improvement. They drew up a circular inviting information and suggestions as to how to promote their object. Among the replies, as showing the general feeling of the religious world at that time, is the letter sent at the direction of the Rev. Rowland Hill, in which he says: "Mr. Hill knows nothing of those roving tribes called gipsies, but generally supposed them to be an idle, worthless set of wanderers, that are a reproach to the police of the country, and ought first to be brought under the cognizance of the civil magistrate *before any effectual means can be provided for their religious improvement or future spiritual good.*" Mr. Crabb was too used to being wet-blanketed to be discouraged by this mingled indifference and selfishness; so, learning that there was a gipsy encampment on Shirley Common, he induced the committee to appoint an earnest, godly man to visit them. Success so far followed that some twenty adults and children were brought under moral and spiritual instruction, six women were induced to reside permanently in the town, and secured employment, whilst four boys were apprenticed to different trades. There were deep-rooted habits of restlessness, sloth, and dishonesty, which could only very gradually be overcome; whilst the instilling of habits of industry and frugality necessarily required great patience and perseverance. At the end of five years they were able to report that forty-six gipsies had given up their vagrant and predatory manner of life, having settled in Southampton and the neighbourhood. Longing to extend his usefulness to other places, Mr. Crabb visited Epsom race-course in May, 1831, being introduced to the gipsies there by his Scripture-reader employed among the Southampton tribe as the "Gipsies' Friend." There was a great number present to meet him, and after fixing a wash-tub upside down, and covering it with shawls as a seat of honour for him, they listened as he spoke to them of his desire to help and raise them socially and spiritually. The news of his visit and purposes quickly spread amongst them, and when an occasion came for showing their gratitude it was eagerly seized. An annual meeting was summoned at Mr. Crabb's house and grounds at Springhill, near Southampton, in December, 1829.

A brilliant gathering of gentry and Christian philanthropists was seen; but, most striking of all, was the crowd of gipsies that came from all parts of the country with caravans and carts, drawn by horses, ponies, and donkeys. In the field adjoining the house a camp of one hundred and fifty persons was formed. The meeting opened with a hymn and prayer. Mr. Crabb prayed and read the Scriptures. An address was given to the gipsies, showing the advantages of a settled life over a vagabond and wandering one; and then Jesus was earnestly set forth as the hope of the sinful soul. A dinner followed, and after this a distribution of blankets to the needy, and Bibles to those who had none.

One of the results following the meeting was the removal of prejudice amongst the gipsies, whilst another was the stirring up of other Christian men to "go and do likewise."

The difficulty of mingling gipsy children with the ordinary scholars in the parochial schools led to a school for their own special use being built, and on 24th July, 1845, the foundation-stone of such a school was laid at Farnham, near Blandford. The central figure on this occasion was not some great or rich one, but an aged and reformed gipsy, who spoke with great emotion and power to the audience. Mr. Crabb gave a short speech explaining the object of the schools, and the proceedings were closed by a touching address from an old female gipsy. For eighteen years the annual meetings were held at Springfield, but on the last occasion, in 1848, Mr. Crabb was unable to attend, sending a message from his sick room. During all the years the meetings were in existence the gipsies conducted themselves with the utmost decorum when present; and one of the county magistrates asserted that, whereas before Mr. Crabb's labours never a quarter-sessions or assizes had been held without a gipsy prisoner, since that time there had not been one on trial. With the withdrawal of Mr. Crabb's presence the work flagged, no more annual meetings were held, and the gipsy race would again have been neglected but for the advent of Mr. George Smith in these later days.

In his declining days Mr. Crabb was saved from need by the generosity of private friends, who secured him an income sufficient to meet his humble wants. The helper and solace of his labour was removed in March, 1849, when Mrs. Crabb was called to her reward, and two years later the "Gipsies' Friend"—for such was his delight to be called—left the "earthly house of this tabernacle" for the heavenly temple.

A large concourse of people followed him to his grave. The Corporation of Southampton, with tardy repentance for their former apathy, passed a resolution extolling his memory, and acknowledging his services to the town; and, amidst the sincere sorrow of thousands who had learned to love and revere him, they laid his body in the town cemetery, there to await the day when "He shall come to be glorified in his saints and admired in them that believe."

Of all the historic names and heroic lives that Southampton can boast, none stands higher in the Divine judgment for lofty devotion and undaunted perseverance, as well as for saintly piety, than that of James Crabb, the "Gipsies' Friend."

Decline of Rationalism in German Universities.

GERMANY has the most learned universities that the world now contains. The German Empire has five young men in a course of university education where England has one. In the theological faculties of the German universities are found the acutest modern experts in the study of the historical and philosophical proofs of the divine origin of Christianity. As all scholars know, there has been in these faculties in the last fifty years a great reaction against infidelity and unbelief. Fifty or eighty years ago the evangelical lecture-rooms in the theological departments of the German universities were empty, and the rationalistic were crowded. Now, as I know from personal observation, the evangelical are crowded, and the rationalistic empty. Out of the thirty prominent universities of Germany, only three are under predominantly rationalistic influence. Of these three, Heidelberg is the most important; but Professor Christlieb, on the banks of the Rhine at Bonn, told me not long ago, that this university lately had seven theological teachers and only seven theological pupils. It has not had over forty pupils at any one time in its theological department for many years. On the other hand, the number of theological pupils at evangelical Halle is from two hundred to three hundred; at evangelical Berlin from three hundred to four hundred; at evangelical Leipzig from four hundred to five hundred. I was lately at Leipzig, and heard Luthardt, Kahnis, and Delitzsch lecturing to immense classes of three hundred pupils. At Heidelberg I have heard the leading theological professors often, and never saw more than five, seven, or nine pupils before any one of them at once. Lord Bacon used to say that the best material for political prophecy is to be found in the unforced opinions of young men. It is a most suggestive sign of the times that in Germany young men give their patronage to evangelical rather than to rationalistic professors in the proportion of ten to one. There is, of course, rationalism enough left in Germany among the peasants and merchants, and in certain medical, legal, and philosophical faculties of the universities where theological science has not been studied as a specialty; but the experts always ultimately lead thought in Germany, and the experts in the theological faculties have fought a great battle with unbelief in the last eighty years, and have defeated doubt on all central points. Two generations since, rationalistic commentaries used to come to us from the Elbe and the Oder; but now, the best evangelical commentaries come from the most learned universities of the world.—*Joseph Cook.*

[We have inserted this paragraph for the special delight of those "advanced brethren" who have of late so sagely picked up what the Germans have thrown away. By the time they have got the old Teutonic small-clothes comfortably fitted upon themselves, the Germans will all have become orthodox; and then our learned brothers will have to strip again, and get into the new fashion just as it is waxing old. Very funny these twistings of the infallibly wise! Very wicked of these Farder-landers to lead our witless sophists into ditches, and then leave them there!—C. H. S.]

The Anti-Christian World.*

THE five half-crown manuals which were some time ago issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will enable careful readers to obtain clear views of that great mission field in which all denominations of the church are now engaged. We are much impressed with the utility of these handbooks; for the more we know the Pagan and Semi-Pagan obstacles which stand in the path of the gospel, the less shall we be discouraged at their apparent strength and magnitude. Saddening as it may be to traverse in imagination vast regions which are still blighted by superstition, we shall yet learn from the exercise more ardently to long for the glorious appearing of the Sun of Righteousness, and the more confidently shall we look for it. Every non-Christian system contains within itself seeds of decay, since there is nothing in it to satisfy the cravings of humanity. The huger the fabric of error the greater will be its fall. The want of the world is the living bread from heaven: how long will men vainly seek to satisfy the soul's hunger with the devil's counterfeits? For certain they will not do so for ever.

According to some calculations made by Mr. Davids the 500,000,000 of *Buddhists* represent forty per cent. of the entire population, the 7,000,000 Jews represent a half per cent., and the 227,000,000 of nominal Christians show a proportion of twenty-six per cent.

Thus we get some idea of the numbers who are under the shadow of the most widely extended Pagan system. "To trace all the developments of Buddhism," remarks Mr. Davids, "from its rise in India in the fifth century B.C. through its various fortunes there, and its progress in the countries to which it spread, down to the present time, would be to write the history of nearly half the human race during the greater part of that period within which anything worthy of the name of history is possible at all."

Gautama, who lived about 2400 years ago, was the founder of the system; but little is known concerning his life. It is quite uncertain whether writing was understood at that remote period in the valley of the Ganges; but his teachings are supposed to have been orally handed down from one generation to another by disciples whose memories were strengthened by practice. It is difficult to separate the real from the fabulous in the history of a man who is now worshipped by a host of admirers. What we know of a certainty is that, having been born in the midst of debasing Brahmanism, Gautama before he reached thirty years of age abandoned home and friends, and adopting the life of a hermit, professed to have discovered truth by the light of reason alone, apart from the Vedas. At first the enthusiast taught all who came, then he became an itinerant preacher, appointing his disciples to teach likewise. Buddhism was rather supplementary to, than a revolt from, Hinduism; for the philosopher, if we may call him such, lived and died a Hindu, though many of his teachings were opposed to the ancient absurdities of the Brahmans.

* Non-Christian Religious Systems. I. Hinduism, by Professor Monier Williams. II. Buddhism, by T. W. R. Davids. III. Confucianism, by Professor R. K. Douglas. IV. Islam, by J. W. H. Stobart. V. The Coran, by Sir W. Muir, LL.D. (The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

We see in such a man the best that Hinduism could produce; and his gropings in the dark, in spite of a few passable moral aphorisms, serve to show how impossible it is for man to discover God without a revelation. He professed to have come forth from a sore spiritual conflict as "the enlightened;" and Mr. Urwick, in his "Indian Pictures," says that "the secret of Gautama Buddha's success was the truth which his teaching affirmed, namely, the overthrow of caste, the equality of Sudra, if just and holy, with the Brahman; the law of conscience or responsibility, that what a man sows he must reap; the law of justice and of kindness; and Nirvana, the cessation of all causes of sorrow to be attained by the practice of virtue." In time even such teaching as this degenerated into grossest superstition, and being grounded in nothing better than elaborate atheism, Buddhism was at length exiled, so far as India is concerned, by its rival Brahmanism. Having taken refuge in Ceylon, Burmah, China, and some other places, it is now a complicated ritualism: in Thibet especially, we find a pope, cardinals, priests, rosaries, holy water, monasteries, and nunneries, and much more of the same kind. The system bears a hideous resemblance to popery, which, after all, is paganized Christianity.

The great mission field of India, which seems to have been given to England in a remarkable manner, embraces a population of two hundred and forty millions; and as Professor Williams remarks, "so immense an assemblage of beings does not, of course, form one nation. India is almost a continent, like Europe." He is able to specify as many peoples as constitute what are virtually fourteen nationalities. Hinduism, as the prevailing creed, is described as being "based on an original, simple, pantheistic doctrine, but branching out into an endless variety of polytheistic superstitions . . . an exuberant outgrowth of monstrous mythology." *The Brahmans* are, according to their own showing, the only real lords of creation, and being at the head of the castes they are chiefly responsible for the awful bondage in which the nation is held. One writer, describing the Brahmans generally, speaks of them as "corpulent, self-indulgent, immoral, worldly-minded men." With such for leaders, what can be expected of the enslaved masses, who are sunk deep down in degrading superstition, too complicated for comprehension, and too abominable for minute description? While the stock idols remain still in ascendency, minor gods are multiplied so fast that, as Professor Williams says, "there is no country in the world where so many shrines dedicated to gods and goddesses under different forms, images, symbols, and names meet the eye as in India. In large towns temples are reckoned by hundreds, and even by thousands." However it may have been modified by Buddhism, the entire system of Hinduism has receded from bad to worse, until it is now as loathsome as it is insulting to ordinary reason or common sense. Animals, clean and unclean, and even reptiles, with plants of the field and the forest, are objects of reverence, while the obscenity of the temples and the mummery daily enacted before the idols constitute a sickening counterpart to the miseries of daily life. Should it not be something to inspire devoutest gratitude that the gospel has entered India; and that the great fabric of oppression is shaking to its very foundations? It is not so very long ago since the vast country was all dark, with no city of refuge to

receive those who wished to escape from the captivity of Paganism; but now there is at least a land of Goshen accessible to all who prefer its gospel light to the death-shade of the surrounding Egypt. Thus we see in Buddhism and Hinduism two giant impostures which the gospel has yet to overthrow and supersede.

Coming to China, with its millions, we are confronted by *Confucianism*, which, properly speaking, is not a religion at all, but a code of morals. Unlike Buddha, with whom he was probably contemporary, Confucius preferred to be a transmitter of others' aphorisms rather than an original producer. Considering the age in which he flourished, we do not wonder that his teaching was faulty; it was the product of a master mind, but it could not redeem the race from the power of evil. "Confucius was an enthusiast," says Professor Douglas, "and his want of success in his attempt completely to reform the age in which he lived never seemed to suggest a doubt to his mind of the complete wisdom of his creed." Of course, he made false calculations regarding human nature, and after indulging in what we should now call Utopian aspirations, he must have died disappointed. Little regarded in life, he has now for more than two thousand years been regarded by his countrymen as the greatest teacher that China has ever produced. His teaching was purely secular. "The questions whence man came? and whither is he going? never troubled him; he simply looked on man as a member of society, and strove to work out for himself by the light of ancient records how he might best contribute to his own happiness, and to that of the world in general." What is purely human, however, is sure to degenerate, and this is notoriously true of this philosopher's system. Confucius is no longer the mere moral teacher of the Chinese, he has been made into a god: the country contains many hundreds of temples wherein his image is enshrined and worshipped.

Laou-tsze, the contemporary of Confucius, was in his way an ethical teacher, a searcher for what was hidden; but at the present time *Taouism* might safely be named as the sum of all those abominations which the natural man is able to heap together. In one passage of Professor Douglas's book we notice with regret (p. 145) that the teaching of Moses seems to be unreasonably matched against the ethics of the Chinese sage; but if there was aught in the doctrine of either Confucius or Laou-tsze which was capable of permanently benefiting man, it ought by this time to have displayed its power. After doing all we may to get away from the Scripture doctrine of man's total depravity, we need only to go to China to find that doctrine proved to a demonstration before our eyes. It is even proved by what Professor Douglas himself says of the native priests: "By the educated classes they are looked down upon with supreme contempt, and only such of their beliefs as have received the approval of the Government at different times for various causes are in any way recognised by any but the most ignorant of the people. By law candidates for the priesthood should go through a course of study extending over five years, at the end of which time they take the vows, and receive a license from the local mandarins; but practically their novitiate is spent in serving the priests, who impart to them only such knowledge of chicanery and fraud as they themselves possess, and a smattering of ethical science to enable them to

prompt the oracular responses of the gods to the enquiries of the sick and dying. The social morality of the priests is of the most degraded kind, and the nunneries, which in imitation of the Buddhists they have established throughout the empire, are by common report described as the haunts of every vice. Without a belief in any god apart from deified men, without the purer motives which influence the Buddhists in their endeavours to reach a higher life, having drifted century after century farther and farther away from all that is noble, unselfish, and true, the modern Taouists have sunk lower in the estimation of their fellow-men than any but the most degraded of idolaters." Surely no platform rhetoric can equal in force a plea like this for giving the gospel to China. Idolatry has confessedly lost its hold on those who possess knowledge and common sense, and the country groans to be delivered from the bondage of the evil one.

Mahometanism was also bad enough in its beginnings; but, like the utterly Pagan systems which it sought to supplant, even this system has degenerated from its original standard, until Sir W. Muir, in contrasting the false prophet with his modern followers, feels bound to write—"*He* professed to make the sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments the foundation of his claims and his pillar of support when attacked; *they* spend their days in the impious attempt to subvert the authority of those very Scriptures." The teaching of the Koran breathes neither peace nor goodwill to men: its directions for carrying on ruthless war against unbelievers—the men to be killed, the women and young persons to be enslaved—have occasioned untold misery in the world. Mr. Stobart well says that "darkness and retrogression are engraved on every page of the 'preserved book.' God's gracious fatherhood is ignored, and in place of the finished sacrifice the sinner is bid to plunge into the dark future, trusting in his own righteousness; in the service of the All-merciful the fetters of a minute ritual are substituted for that worship which we are taught is to be in spirit and in truth." Islam represents one of those giant impostures which will inevitably collapse before the advance of the gospel. The Koran itself, in the best translation, is hardly readable; but a short and easy road to a knowledge of its contents will be discovered in Sir W. Muir's concise volume, while the story of Mahomet's life is quite as succinctly told by Mr. Stobart.

False systems must fall, and, already undermined by the teachings of such messengers of the cross as have given their energy to the work, the citadels of heathenism are crumbling. A fuller knowledge of the subject would enable Christian people more properly to estimate the full weight of that horrible superstition from which Christian missions seek to deliver the dark places of the earth. Since the Lord uses human agents, the foul growths of thousands of years will not be uprooted at once; yet the wonderful success which has already crowned missionary endeavours shows that the divine blessing is with the enterprise. Let the facts be known in their unvarnished simplicity—what has been done, and what in God's strength remains to be done—and the era of missionary enthusiasm will fully return. At all events, let prayer move the arm which moves the world.

Jerry McAuley.*

JERRY McAULEY was one of the most remarkable men in New York. He had been a river thief, one of a gang, that is to say, who prowl about on the river at night, stealthily boarding vessels, and stealing whatever they can lay their hands on; and in the day-time sell their ill-gotten goods in the city, dress gaily, and spend their time, as long as the money lasts, in the vile dens of Water Street. This man, a ringleader in such nefarious work, was, by the grace of God, converted into one of the most useful men in the city. For sixteen years he lived and laboured for Christ as few have done; and, when he died, in 1884, Broadway Tabernacle, and the streets and square in front of it, were filled with a vast throng, that testified how wide a gap his removal had made in the ranks of Christian service.

His story is one of romantic interest. He was born in Ireland. His father was a counterfeiter, and was obliged to flee the country before the child was old enough to know him. The boy was never sent to school, but left to have his own way, roam about in idleness, get into mischief, and suffer from the cruel treatment of those who had the care of him. At the age of thirteen he was sent to America, to his married sister, in New York; and there, finding he could live by his own wits, he left the home and took to river-thieving and prize-fighting, making such rapid progress in vice, that he became a terror and nuisance even in the lowest quarter of the city. At nineteen he was arrested for a highway robbery of which he was innocent; but the very rumsellers hated him for his evil ways, and swore the robbery on him, and he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. "I burned with vengeance," he says; "but what could I do? I was hand-cuffed, and sent in the cars to Sing-Sing. That ride was the saddest hour of my life. I looked back on my whole past course, on all my hardships, my miseries and sins, and gladly would I have thrown myself out before the advancing train, and ended my life. Fifteen years of hard labour in a prison to look forward to, and all for a crime of which I was innocent. I knew I had done enough to condemn me, if it were known; but others as bad as I were at liberty, and I was suffering the penalty for one who was at that hour roaming at will, glorying in his lucky escape from punishment, and caring nothing for the unhappy dog who was bearing it in his stead."

When he had been in prison four or five years, a former confederate in sin, a man named Orville Gardner, familiarly known as "Awful Gardner," gave an address one Sunday in the prison chapel. He had been converted, and was filled with desire to tell his glad story to prisoners. He stood on the floor amongst the men, and the tears rained down from his eyes as he spoke; and when he knelt, and prayed and sobbed, there was not a dry eye in the prison chapel.

McAuley went back to his cell to take down his dust-covered Bible, for a Bible is placed in every cell. He began to read at the beginning. How interested he grew! It was better than any novel he had ever read.

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* "Jerry McAuley: his Life and Work." With an introduction by Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., and personal sketches by A. S. Hatch, Esq. Edited by Rev. R. M. Offord. New York. Ward and Drummond.

He could scarcely leave it to go to sleep, and he told his mates it was "a splendid thing, that Bible." Months passed, and a great struggle arose in his mind. At length one night he fell on his knees on the stone floor of his cell, resolved to stay there, whatever might happen, till he found forgiveness. He was desperate. If he must perish, he would perish praying. What followed shall be told in his own words. "All at once it seemed as if something supernatural was in my room. I was afraid to open my eyes. I was in an agony, and the sweat rolled off my face in great drops. Oh, how I longed for God's mercy! Just then it seemed as if a hand was laid upon my head, and these words came to me, 'My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.' I do not know if I heard a voice, yet the words were distinctly spoken to my soul. Oh, the precious Christ! How plainly I saw him lifted on the cross for my sins! What a thrill went through me! I jumped from my knees. I paced up and down my cell. I did not know if I was living or not. I clapped my hands and shouted, 'Praise God! Praise God!' One of the guards was passing along the corridor, and called out, 'What's the matter?' 'I've found Christ,' I answered; 'my sins are all forgiven. Glory to God!' He took out a paper and wrote the number of my cell, and threatened to report me in the morning. But the next morning nothing happened to me, and I think the Lord made him forget it."

It would be absurd in the last degree to criticize a conversion, a conversion in prison, the conversion of a life-long thief. Whatever the outward form of such a change, it is in itself so good and divine a work that we should as soon set up as a judge of rainbows, or a critic of tempests. The mixture of the human, and even the devilish, with the work divine makes it strange and singular; but so far as it is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes.

Jerry immediately began to labour for the conversion of his fellow-prisoners, whom he met daily in the workshop. Half an hour was allowed for talking, and this interval he covetously used for Christ. His cell was like heaven to him, and he cared little whether he ever came out of it or not; but at the end of seven and a half years he received a pardon and was set at liberty.

His liberation was at first no blessing to him. He fell through drink, and resumed his old courses; and once, when fearfully drunk, and engaged in river thieving, he tumbled from his boat into the water, and was nearly drowned. As he rose to the surface for the third time, the boat floated near him, he seized it, and managed to get in; but a voice seemed to say to him: "God has saved you for the last time. If you ever go on the river again, he will let you drop into hell." He was not softened; it made him angry, and he drank, and drank, to rid himself of the reproaches of the inward voice. Three or four times he was recovered to a better mind, and fell again, till at length the battle between grace and sin was won, and he made a full surrender to Christ.

The beginning of his mission-work was on this wise: "One day," he says, "I had a sort of vision. I was singing at my work, and my mind became absorbed, and it seemed as if I was working for the Lord down in Fourth Ward. I had a house, and people were coming in. There was a bath, and as they came in I washed them outside, and

the Lord cleansed them inside. They came at first by small numbers, then by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands. Before I came out of this vision I was in tears." He spoke to Christian friends of his desire to work for the lowest of the low, and to bring them to Christ, and soon held in trust 450 dollars. Then a gentleman allowed him the use of a house in Water Street, which had formerly been a notorious dance-house, and here he started his mission. He laid out his 450 dollars in cleaning and repairing the house, and put up a sign, "Helping Hand for Men." It was in the very citadel of vice, where Satan's seat was, and he encountered tremendous opposition. The publicans opposed him, the roughs opposed him, and, shameful to say it, the police opposed him. Few can have any idea of the dens of Water Street. "The basements were specially loathsome, several having particular names, such as 'The Well,' 'The Man-Trap.' They were merely holes in the ground under the houses, where the tide backed in twice a day at high water. In each of these dark holes from four to six girls or women, and as many men, used to live. From these death-holes the girls would come out and button-hole men as they passed by; sometimes they would snatch the hat off a sailor's head and dart back into their den. If he were wise he would keep right on, and let his hat go, for if fool enough to go inside it would be the worse for him; he would most likely be thrown out after being beaten and robbed, if not murdered, for sometimes men never came out of those holes alive. The inmates of these holes died off rapidly, but their places were filled right away by others."

In the mission the work of soul-saving went on, in spite of opposition, with wonderful success. There would be as many as twenty-five or thirty forward for prayers at one time, while the aisle would be crowded with those unable to get seats. The hardened men groaned, and wept, and prayed for themselves. "O Lord! O Lord!" said one, "scratch out my sins, *and keep them scratched out.*" "It seems to me," said another, describing his conversion, "the Lord just took something like a barnacle-scraper, and *scraped my heart out all clean*, and I haven't felt anything wrong there since." Surely this kind of experience might suit our Perfectionist Brethren. We perceive that uninstructed zeal raves in much the same way on both sides of the Atlantic.

Jerry's plan was to give a meal to every one that wanted it, and to preach the gospel out of his very heart, telling his own story and his experience of the grace of God. The tramps got to know all about it. Said one to his fellow-tramp, "Where can a fellow get something to eat? I'm dead broke, and have had no food for days." "Why, don't you know? Go up to Jerry's, of course. It's a big lay-out about ten o'clock Sunday morning. Yer get a *good* bowl of soup and a chunk of bread; and say," he continued, as he smacked his lips in anticipation, "the soup's got meat in it, *too!*" The man thus enlightened went to Jerry's. He proved to be a gentleman who had left his home, and was squandering his money and strength in dissipation. He was led to Christ and restored to his home; his wife also was converted through the mission, and she died a believer in Jesus.

Ladies hearing of the wonderful work went to see for themselves, came under the power of the mighty influence, and were led to the

Saviour. Little wretched forsaken children found there happiness and home. Drunken mothers were reclaimed. Hardened captains, mates, and engineers wept and believed, and sometimes a vessel would leave the river with nearly the whole crew converted. The rabble did their utmost to molest; brickbats were sent smashing through the windows, fire-crackers were used to make a racket to drown the speaker's voice. Jerry's native shrewdness stood him in good stead, but he felt the need of wisdom from on high, and prayed to the Lord for help.

Sometimes a great bully would come into the meeting to upset it, and a little muscular Christianity was needed to get him out, for if once such an attempt was successful there would be an end of the meetings. He had a tremendous grapple once with a gigantic fellow who had been yelling out in the meeting like an Indian, and whom he found it necessary to put out. "I felt the God of battles was my helper, and I was bound to win. It was like a battle between the kingdoms of good and evil. By the time we got to the door we were in such a fearful struggle that when we struck the doors we carried them clean off the hinges, and split one door all up. By this time he was black in the face from my grip on his throat, and he gasped 'Let go! L-e-t g-o! I'll be—have: l-e-t g-o, J-e-r-r-y.'" When McAuley returned to the meeting he joined in singing "Rock of Ages," which they had been singing all through the row. The disturbers were a little more careful after that, for fear of meeting a similar defeat, for this man Jackson was one of the worst men in that worst of streets, and if Jerry knocked him into a cocked hat it was plainly safest to keep out of Jerry's way. We never feel able to form a judgment as to these acts of the Church Militant, because, in the first place, we have never been called upon to fight, and in the second place, we could not have fought if we had been. We dare say Jerry knew his own business better than we could have taught him.

So successful was Jerry's work that another building was opened—the Cremorne Mission—where a similar work was carried on. Tidings of it have gone out into all the earth; and fruits of grace gathered in the slums of New York are to be found in all quarters of the globe. Gems for the Saviour's crown were obtained not only from the neighbourhood, but from all parts of the world, brought thither by the ships that constantly pass and repass. Mrs. McAuley bravely carries on the mission now that her husband has gone to his rest, with equal consecration, and scarcely inferior success. May the Lord be with her! The book from which this article is culled is one of the most interesting records of Christian labour we have ever read.

Rebellious Delay.

IF a father should bid a child do such and such a thing, would he answer him, "I hope to do so after a while"? What would the father say to him if he did? What could he do but punish him for impudent disobedience? And you who put off the Lord Jesus till a more convenient season, what are you doing? Is not your procrastination flat rebellion? I cannot make anything else out of it. Do you think that God will?—C. H. S.

The Banker's Experience and the Sermon.

IT is very delightful to hear testimonies from actual life confirming the witness which the preacher bears from the pulpit. We have just received one which is well worthy of being preserved in this magazine of facts.

In our sermon published for November 21st occurs the following passage:—

"*If it be true that you are willing thus to follow Christ,* reckon upon deliverance. *Nebuchadnezzar may put you into the fire, but he cannot keep you there, nor can he make the fire burn you. The enemy casts you in bound, but the fire will loosen your bonds, and you will walk at liberty amid the glowing coals. You shall gain by your losses, you shall rise by your down-castings. Many prosperous men owe their present position to the fact that they were faithful when they were in humble employments. They were honest, and for the moment they displeased their employers, and in the end earned their esteem. When Adam Clarke was put out apprentice, and his master showed him how to stretch the cloth when it was a little short, Adam could not find in his heart to do it. Such a fool of a boy must be sent home to his mother; and his godly mother was glad that her boy was such a fool that he could not stoop to a dishonest trick. You know what he became. He might have missed his way in life if he had not been true to his principles in his youth. Your first loss may be a life-long gain. Dear young fellow, you may be turned out of your situation. but the Lord will turn the curse into a blessing! If all should go softly with you, you might decline in character, and by doing a little wrong learn to do yet more and more, and so lose your integrity, and with it all hope of ever lifting your nose from the grindstone. Do right for Christ's sake, without considering any consequences, and the consequences will be right enough. If you take care of God's cause, God will take care of you. Rest assured that uprightness will be your preservation, and not your destruction. It will be your highest wisdom to let all things go that you may hold fast your integrity, and honour the name of the Lord.*"

Immediately after the issue of the sermon, we received the following letter from a gentleman who has been our friend and helper all along:

"21*st November,* 1886.

"*Dear Friend,—I have just read your sermon, 'Is it True?' No.* 1,930. *Referring to the latter portion of page* 635, *I wish to send you the following statement of facts:—Just forty-six years ago I was in a situation, and I was called upon to do that which I believed to be wrong. I was compelled in conscience to decline, and ultimately I received three months' notice to leave. I had a wife and one child, but no property. My father asked me if I was bereft of my reason for acting as I did, and I had no idea what I should do, or where I should go. I mentioned my case to a dear Baptist minister, and his reply was, 'My young friend, "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."' The result was that, in a most marvellous way (I will not weary you with details), before the three months expired, the Lord gave me a new appointment at exactly double the salary I lost; and that double has since been trebled: and here I am to this day! All praise*

and glory be to his great name! He is true and faithful! If you think well, you can make what use you like of this statement."

We have not given the writer's name, but it is one which is deservedly honoured. The writer is a man who could not mis-state or exaggerate: what he here records is the bare, unvarnished fact. How it ought to encourage every young Christian to "dare to be a Daniel"! The Lord has delivered, does deliver, and will yet deliver. A man may lose *for* Christ, but in the long run he shall not lose *by* Christ. The tempted servant of the Lord should make a note of the incident here recorded, remembering that the Lord is the same to all who put their trust in him.—C. H. S.

Constraining Love. [2 Cor. v. 14, 15]

BY REV. JAMES G. SMALL, BERVIE.

THY love, O Christ, constrains us—
It bears our souls away,
As bounds a vessel onward
'Neath some strong breeze's sway;
Or as the flooded river
Sweeps down to ocean's tide
The barques that on its bosom
In sunshine gleam and glide.

It needs no stern compulsion
To urge our steps along;
Thy service is our pleasure,
Thy statutes are our song.
No glittering lure can hold us,
No terrors can restrain,
From following him who loved us,
And died and rose again.

Thy love, O Christ, constrained thee—
From heaven it bore thee forth,
To dwell, a Man of Sorrows,
On this polluted earth.
Not all the radiant glories,
Not all th' angelic train
That compassed and adored thee,
Thy footsteps could detain.

Amidst the hallelujahs
That hymned thee in the skies,
Thou heard'st a cry of anguish
From this lost world arise.
No penitential sorrow
Was breathed in these loud plaints;
They rose from stricken sinners,
And not from suffering saints.

In them no meek entreaty,
No prayer for grace was heard;
And yet to deep compassion
Thy heart by them was stirred.
The souls that sought not found thee;
Thou gav'st thyself for those
Who not as friends had loved thee,
But hated thee as foes.

Thou laid'st aside the garment
Of light that robed thee round,
The diadem of beauty
Wherewith thy brow was crowned.
Yea, lower than the angels
Thou stoopedst to be made,
That men with robes more radiant
Than theirs might be arrayed.

And deeper still, and deeper,
Didst thou for us descend;
For, having loved th' unworthy,
Thou lov'dst them to the end.
And still didst thou, unshrinking,
Thy rugged path pursue,
The cup of anguish drinking
That to our sins was due,

Till thou couldst cry "'Tis finished!"
And, 'stead of wrathful gloom,
Shone forth the light of gladness,
Thy spirit to illume.
And though thy love constrained thee
In the dark tomb to lie,
'Twas but that they might triumph
Who in thee live and die.

Thou art the resurrection;
And, crucified with thee,
To new life we are risen,
From sin's dark bonds set free.
In him who loved us living,
Ourselves to him we give:
We cannot choose but love him;
We love because we live.

And, living thus to praise him,
To him, too, we shall die;
For over death his dying
Gives us the victory.
Nor shall the grave detain us;
But we, like him, shall rise,
To enter into glory
With him beyond the skies.

The Conversion of "Satan."

ON a beautiful evening in the summer, I took my stand on the wharf of a large English seaport village. Having made arrangements previously for an open-air service, the announcement brought a large number of people together. Soon as I had opened the service, several boats drew near the shore. After having announced my text, a "lighter" came into view, and was slowly gliding past. There were two young men on board, one of whom began to mock and mimic the preacher. Immediately my attention was given to him, and I shouted out a few words of earnest entreaty and gospel expostulation, closing with the solemn query—"*Where, oh, where will you spend eternity?*"

Not many minutes had elapsed when, lifting my eyes and again looking in the direction of the boat, I noticed only one of the young men on board, in the act of throwing a rope overboard. Instantly it flashed across my mind that the comrade had fallen into the water and had sank out of sight. Calling the attention of the people to the scene, and giving the note of alarm, a boat was quickly pushed to the rescue. As he did not rise again they threw out the grapnel, and soon dragged him to the surface; but our efforts to restore him proved useless, for he had passed into *eternity*. It was a solemn moment. Old and hardened sinners were melted to tears as they gazed on the face of the dead. Among them was one man who had intended on that evening to play a practical joke on the evangelist by suddenly pushing him into the river. He had engaged a trumpeter to give the signal, who had lifted the trumpet to his mouth, when both were speedily checked in their evil design by the appalling calamity which befell the scoffer.

The man who had planned the scheme of bringing me to grief, so soon as I should become absorbed in preaching, was a very notable character in the town and neighbourhood. Being a sailor by profession, he had visited many countries, and had accumulated a fund of information. Added to this, he was of a quick, shrewd, lively disposition—full of life and repartee, and much given to tales and merry-making. His chief delight on shore was visiting the "Tom and Jerry," the "Black-boy," the "Greyhound," or some such place of rendezvous. Here he would gather his "chums" around him, who, with accordion and song, drink and dance, would spend the hours of night, till early morning found them reeling home to meet the rebukes of patient wives and mothers, to whom, again and again, they made promises of amendment. Such, however, was the influence of this man over them that promises were unkept, and resolutions continually broken, he enticing, night after night, from their peaceful homes and distracted families, these unhappy men. And this was why he earned for himself the unenviable nickname of "*Satan.*"

From the evening in which the above-mentioned solemn event occurred, "Satan's" efforts to resist the servants of God in their work came to a standstill. (I heartily wish a complete check had been put on the great original; but his time will soon come, when the God of peace will bruise the Evil One under our feet.)

Having sailed soon after with a young convert, this human "Satan" for some time sought to disturb him, but finally renounced his

persecutions. In a few days, the ship having arrived in London, and he, being now under deep conviction of sin, earnestly implored the Christian shipmate to take him where he could hear of Christ. Only once before in nineteen years had he entered church or chapel, that being on the day of his marriage.

The young believer, rejoicing in his shipmate's appeal, led him to Mr. Spurgeon's church, knowing, if anywhere, surely there, from the lips of this earnest man, he would hear words whereby he might be saved. But it was needful that he should be brought through deeper waters still; and when Mr. Spurgeon announced his text, "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness" (Ps. li. 14), he literally fell from his seat. The words, "like a dart striking through the liver," pierced his soul; and at the close of the sermon his comrade George, still watching over him like a mother at the bedside of a sick child, led him to a sailors' Bethel, where the poor, weary, burdened sinner heard, with fulness of joy, God's message to lost man: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." In a moment he saw the gospel plan—nay, more, he beheld the Saviour—and, just as he was, he rested his soul on the blood and merits of Christ for pardon and salvation. That same hour he also recognized his place among the believers gathering at the table of the Lord, and sat with them "breaking bread with gladness and singleness of heart."

Oh, what a change was this!—from darkness to light; from the power and *name of Satan* unto God—the burden gone, sin blotted out, guilt cancelled, and his name enrolled with the blood-washed throng in the Lamb's book of life! The lion is changed to a lamb, and this saved drunkard now yearns to

> "tell to all around
> What a dear Saviour he has found—
> And point to his redeeming blood,
> And say, Behold the way to God."

The writer was preaching the Sunday evening following, when, at the close of the sermon, this newly converted sailor walked up to the pulpit and asked for an opportunity to address the meeting. This being his native town, and the scene of his former life of sin, also many of his old comrades being present, he asked permission to tell them what God had done for his soul. The congregation being ignorant of his conversion, surmised evil on seeing him on the platform; but very soon their fears were dissipated. Opening the Bible he read a few passages, and then commenced, in a voice nigh choked with emotion:

"Mates, you all know me; you all can bear testimony to my sin and ungodliness, yet you know not how *very* wicked I have been; but this night I stand before you a sinner saved through the blood of the Lamb, and I invite you all to this Saviour." Then followed an account of his conversion, as given above—how despairing he was on the Saturday night of ever receiving pardon; how keen his anguish was on Sunday morning, and how it increased during Mr. Spurgeon's preaching: and, finally, how he found peace and joy through believing in Jesus Christ alone. Many cheeks were wet with flowing tears while the people listened to the story of his experience; but when from the open Bible

he read those verses which comforted him, and appealed to all his "mates" to turn to Jesus Christ, and believe in his dying love, and finally requested the congregation to join him in singing—

"I thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there."

there was scarcely a dry eye in the house, and audible sighs could be heard breaking forth now and again, to give vent to the pent-up feelings of those present. It was, indeed, a night to be remembered, for he whom no man could tame was now in our midst, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."

Soon it spread like prairie fire through the neighbourhood that "*Satan*" was converted, and the effect was electrical. The next day he visited many of his old haunts and associates, giving personal, earnest, faithful and loving words of warning to all to "flee from the wrath to come."

Great was his joy when Mr. Spurgeon asked him, some weeks afterward, to address his large congregation; and with what different feelings did he look the people in the face this time, as he pointed to the very seat where the enemy thrust sore at him; but now he could truly say, "Jesus is mine and I am his."

Dear reader, let me ask, is there any difference between your condition and that of the subject of this narrative when a poor intemperate man? If you are out of Christ, most assuredly not. You may be more amiable, more refined, more respectable, than he was; and before *man* this would make a vast difference, but before *God,* you are no better. Do not deceive yourself with vain pretensions to goodness. You "must be born again." We hear the cry around us, "Be good, live uprightly, love your neighbours, support the church, and you will have a share in the kingdom." But you cannot, poor soul, do the first good thing until you come as a good-for-nothing sinner to Christ Jesus, and be saved by him from your sins. Then, receiving pardon, life, salvation, peace through faith in the Son of God, your love for your neighbour will be demonstrated as in the above case, for you will feel constrained to tell others that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Oh, do be entreated to turn to Christ now! Perhaps, like "Satan," you are a drunkard, and you know not how to become free from the captivating power of this sin. With you we truly sympathize; but to you also we preach the only remedy for your sin—for every sin. You need a friend, a helper, a Saviour. Let the Son of God be such to you. Only trust him. Your bonds he will burst, your fetters break, and give you deliverence. You have trusted other remedies: now trust him. You have trusted your own will, your own resolve, your own strength, and you have discovered your folly in so doing: now trust his power and grace to conquer your desires and free you from your oppressor. Trust in his blood to cleanse you: trust in his Spirit to renew you and make you whole.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv. 10).—*From "Salvation Stories," by G. C. Needham.*

Notices of Books.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. By C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. XXXII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 7s.

With fervent gratitude to God we issue our thirty-second volume of sermons. May they find as much acceptance as their brethren which have preceded them! Should we be spared to produce one more volume, we shall have issued two thousand sermons in regular weekly order.

The Sword and the Trowel. Edited by C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. XXII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 5s.

Those who have not preserved their monthly numbers should purchase the volume while our publishers have any on hand.

The Mildmay Park Cards have about them a special charm from their origin and their spiritual character. There is nothing very new about them this year, and novelty is not needed, for the designs are good enough to be perpetuated. The three large cards, entitled, *Gifts of the Spirit*, please us greatly, as also those which depict *Life's Voyage*. The twenty-four cards entitled *Light and Love* are more for general use, and we do not see how they can be improved upon, much less surpassed. *The Calendar* which folds up is remarkably good, and so is the monthly *Almanack*, intended for the table. We wish these goods had arrived earlier, for we would have noticed them last month. We shall be glad to have our friends assist all Mildmay work: by purchasing these cards they can gratify themselves, and help good objects.

Wheeler Brothers, 88, *Mildmay Park*, sell most of the above articles, and also some of their own, which are very well, but not *so* good as those produced by the deaconesses. *Joyful Service*, twelve choice cards for 1s., will please many, and so will *Golden Light*. *Jewels*, twelve for 6d., are very taking. *Ruby Mottoes for* 1887 excellent. The *Gem Leaflets*, fifty for 6d., deserve honourable mention.

Raphael Tuck and Sons, 72, Coleman Street, E.C., will not allow any to excel them in the line of Christmas cards, &c. There is a force and an originality about their issues which prophesy great things. They have done wonders; and although some of their productions sent to us are rather crude as yet, others are unsurpassable. The set of *Old English Markets* is specially good; and all the others have life in them, but require a certain mellowness and delicacy to put them into the very first places of the front rank. Into that position we believe that they will speedily come, and Raphael Tuck will furnish another instance of enterprise rewarded.

The Leisure Hour, 1886. *The Sunday at Home*, 1886. Religious Tract Society.

Two handsome volumes, as usual. We have annually asked ourselves, "How doth the busy R.T.S. improve *The Leisure Hour?*" If we could see the minutes of the editor's hours, we might get at the secret; as it is, we can only note the fact that *they do* improve.

We are quite as much abroad as to *The Sunday at Home*. May the esteemed editors have more leisure hours for hard work, and may they and we see many more Sundays at Home!

The Welcome. A Magazine for the Home Circle. Vol. XIII. Partridge.

To none of our New Year visitors do we accord a heartier *welcome* than to the annual *Welcome* volume. It is not a "little stranger," but a grand old friend. Its size, and the panel picture of Watergate Street, Chester, on its handsome cover, make it quite a piece of furniture.

Old Jonathan; the District and Parish Helper. Vol. XI. Third series. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

A happy new year to you, old friend; and you deserve it, for you have helped to make eleven happy years for many old and young Jonathans, and Davids too! Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen is to the front in the volume.

Early Days, 1886. "Early Days" office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and Paternoster Row.

Not so big, of course, as the old gentleman above, though, like most youngsters, it appraises itself at quite as much—eighteen-pence. Full of pictures for the little ones. It is worth the money.

The Book of Psalms in Metre, according to the Version Approved by the Church of Scotland. Revised by DAVID M'LAREN. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

THIS may interest the tens of thousands to whom the Scotch Psalms are as their meat and drink; but on our side of the Tweed it will be hard to find purchasers. Our author thinks with Dr. Cunningham, that the authorized Scottish version is the best poetical translation of the Psalms which English literature can boast; "but," he adds, "it has very grave and glaring defects," and therefore he endeavours to remove its greater blemishes. Before his labours can become profitable he must accomplish the far more difficult task of persuading many good people to allow a line of the dear old songs to be altered in the least degree. When the divisions of the Kirk are all healed, and one united Presbyterian church is blessing all Scotland, an early endeavour will be made to produce a more perfect version of the Psalms; but at this present it is neither to be looked for nor to be desired.

Songs of the Woods: a Gift from the Poets. With a hundred illustrations by GIACOMELLI. Nelson and Sons.

OH, it is sweet to plunge in summer into the endless mazes of a vast and antique wood, or in the autumn to throw up with every footstep the red leaves which lie ancle-deep in your path! To come to a deep lawny dell, sit down on the stone seat beside a spring, and watch the rabbits as they peep in and out from the undergrowth of the columned wood—this is as balm to the heart after being smothered in the murk of this vast prison of a city.

Giacomelli is *the* delineator of nature. On the wood he draws the wood and all the dwellers therein in a charming manner, and thus creates a poetry of form which fitly accords with the music of the choice verses of the great masters of song. This book contains a fine collection of thoughts which have come to great minds when they have roamed through the woodland enchanted.

"Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious courts?"

The North India Tune-book. By Mrs. J. D. BATE, Allahabad. Alexander and Shepheard.

THE object of the North India Tune-book is to assist those who may give missionary addresses on India. To those who know the language, and are familiar with the tunes, this book will possess a peculiar charm: to others, the pronunciation is rendered easy by simple rules given in the introduction. This book contains seventy-eight "Bhajans" and "Ghazals," with native tunes; any one of these would much enliven a missionary address.

Poems. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. Alexander Gardner, Paisley, and 12, Paternoster Row.

WHY do good men spend their time in weaving words into garlands? Are they only grown-up children playing with buttercups and daisies in sheer joy of heart? A friend suggests that the poets cannot help it; they were born so. Doubtless that is the explanation in the case of Dr. Symington; and so we put up with the hard fate which has made us a critic at the same time that it has made him a poet. If the good man will only *never do it again*, we will allow that he has done it very well this time. His heart flies often to Goatfell's purple peak; nor do we wonder that he sings, "Arran for me!"

"Isle where the plover's low, tremulous cry,
Whir of the grouse, drowsy hum of the bee,
Float o'er the heather, and fade in the sky:
Fair Isle of Beauty, Arran for me!"

Looking up at her splinter'd crags, and peering into her corries from our barque, which hovered near her coast, we could appreciate our poet's declaration—

"Isle where the gorse and the bog-myrtle grow;
Where, by clear torrents, the wild deer roam free;
Life I inhale from each wind that can blow—
Mountain or sea-breeze—Arran for me!"

The Cottager and Artizan. Religious Tract Society.

Cottagers and artizans cannot take in a better magazine. It is all that can be desired. Spread it then, and let it circulate through every part of our vast empire.

Onward. A Band of Hope, Temperance, and Family Magazine. Partridge.

Faithful to its object, and calculated to confirm abstainers, and win converts to the Temperance cause.

The Onward Reciter. Vol. XV. Edited by T. E. Hallsworth. Partridge.

These volumes of recitations, of which there are now fifteen, must be invaluable to those who get up juvenile Temperance entertainments. The selection is well and practically made.

Amateur Work. By the Author of "Every man his own mechanic." Vol. V. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Such a work as this has an influence far more beneficial than might at first sight appear. We commend it, first, on the lowest ground: we doubt not that many a man has been kept out of the public-house by being occupied at home with pleasant amateur work which he has learned from these pages. Many more have been aided in their endeavours to master some mechanical art so as to earn their livings. Still further, inventive genius must, in some cases, have been developed and stimulated by such instruction as this serial affords. It is first-rate. You can learn almost everything from it, and learn it thoroughly. It does not make a pretence, and then mock the reader; but its teaching is real and practical. We have heard the warmest praises of this work from those whose knowledge of useful and ornamental workmanship is far greater than our own.

The Child's Pictorial. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue.

This serial is intended for the juvenile members of the Church of England. It is prettily illustrated with a great number of coloured designs, and is well adapted to amuse and instruct its youthful constituents.

The Infant's Magazine. Seeley and Co.

A sweet face on the cover, beautiful pictures inside; fine type, moreover; what do you want beside? A lovely book for Tottie at 2s. 6d.

The Friendly Visitor. Seeley and Co.

In what respect could this magazine be improved? We cannot tell. Working people cannot take a better periodical. We admire the genius which produces such a stream of pure literature.

The British Workman. Band of Hope Review (yearly parts). Partridge.

These are as good as ever. Almost unrivalled, and altogether unequalled.

"*Our Darlings,*" *the Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories.* Edited by T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Dr. Barnardo *can* edit a magazine. He has many competitors as a writer, but as an editor he beats all. With its innumerable woodcuts, and its marvellous oleographs, this juvenile magazine is made to take a high place in the literary world, though its matter is very fragmentary and composite. At three shillings it is the cheapest Christmas book for little children as yet known to us; but it is a good deal disfigured by its advertisements. Could not these be kept on the covers and wrappers? This, however, is kindly criticism, not fault-finding: the book is worth twice the price asked for it. We do not envy any one; but when we indulge that vice we shall concentrate it upon Dr. Barnardo. What that one man accomplishes for the good of his fellows only the great day will declare!

The Family Friend. Vol. XVII. Partridge and Co.

A specially useful magazine for the family. The yearly volume is a prize indeed.

The Tract Magazine. Religious Tract Society.

Displays a deal more talent than people give tracts credit for. The editor who keeps such a magazine as this going does good service to his times.

The Child's Companion and Juvenile Instructor, 1886. Religious Tract Society.

Yes, our old friend of forty years ago; but what a change! How resplendent our companion has grown, and, like ourselves, he is a deal bigger and broader! Whatever may have come into the market, "The Child's Companion" has kept its place, and has always been a fit, a safe, a genial instructor to the merry ones. May it be the companion of our grandchildren's children!

The National Temperance Mirror. An Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

The volume is most handsomely bound. The intent of this serial is commendable in every way, but we make the reflection that the "mirror" would stand a good deal of polishing and brightening, and then be by no means intemperately attractive.

Favourite Rhymes for the Nursery. Nelson and Sons.

We should think this must be a complete collection of nursery rhymes. It is well illustrated, and sent out to the world in most appropriate apparel. Simple and childish as these rhymes are, it would puzzle a very wise man to write even one more. The following sounds to us rather unlike the rest, but good in its own way:—

"Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

"Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

"You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home!"

The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories. 1887. Nelson and Sons.

Work executed by the Messrs. Nelson is always so superior in the direction of neatness and taste that we cannot do otherwise than speak to its praise. This volume of a charming juvenile serial is got up to perfection, and is good in all respects. Just the thing for a present to a child. We suppose the price to be one shilling, or eighteenpence.

Monsters of the Sea, Legendary and Authentic. By John Gibson. Nelson and Sons.

A complete account of sea-serpents, krakens, and other monsters of the deep. That terrible creature, the octopus, comes in for its share. The Indians eat these horrors as aldermen eat turtle, only they roast them instead of boiling them. The fisher-folk at Mentone eat the small ones alive: we have seen them enjoying this dreadful feast upon the beach. It is horrible to see a man begin at the end of a long arm of an octopus, and keep on eating till he nears the centre, while a friend is doing the same thing with another arm. We pity the octopus, and we do not envy the fisherman. There is no accounting for tastes; perhaps they both like it! But we must return to our review before the octopus gets too fast a hold upon us. This exquisitely-printed book gives engravings and descriptions sufficient to set any man up with complete information in the direction of sea-wonders.

Launch the Life-Boat! By Mrs. C. F. Walton. The Drawings by H. J. Rhodes. Religious Tract Society.

We hardly remember to have seen a more striking book. The coloured pictures and the india-ink drawings are works of art of a high order. The whole book is a grand tribute to the Life-boat Society. Mr. Rhodes has done his work gloriously. The book is worth its price, if it were only for the drawing copies which could be made out of it. It is a glorious Christmas picture-book, worthy of the drawing-room.

The Fireside Annual, 1886. Conducted by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

Our church friends are happy in having such literature as is provided by our beloved brother, Charles Bullock. All his serials are full of the gospel, earnest in spirit, and lively in tone. We include in this commendation *Home Words*, *The Day of Days*, and *Hand and Heart*. *The Fireside* volume is a noble one.

The R. T. S. Pocket Book and Scripture Calendar for 1887. 1s. 6d.
The Young People's Pocket Book for 1887. 1s. Religious Tract Society.

These two pocket books are very good, but we except the coloured pictures of Her Majesty. Surely it is constructive treason thus to depict the well-beloved Queen. Certainly in this case we have seen the worst that Van Daub can do. The artist ought to be compelled to draw his own likeness. This would be capital punishment for him.

Pictures and Rhymes for Holiday Times. Pictures by L. V. Kramer, and Rhymes by R. P. Scott. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

> Every child will like to look
> Into this pretty picture book.

Little Star. Edited by W. E. Whittemore, D.D. G. Stoneman, 67, Paternoster Row.

Very like "The Infant's Magazine": indeed, it is an infant's magazine. Rich in pictures. Printed in big type to suit the little types of humanity.

A Flight with the Swallows; or, Little Dorothy's Dream. By Emma Marshall. Partridge and Co.

A pleasant description of a child's journey to San Remo, and the discipline which helped her to overcome her selfishness. Nothing very striking, but yet good. Price 1s.

Our Winnie; or, "When the Swallows go." By Evelyn Everett Green. Shaw and Co.

When the swallows went a dear child went away also, not to the sunny South, but to the land where they need not the light of the sun. Children will be all the better for reading this touching tale. Price 1s. 6d.

Rip Van Winkle: a Legend of the Hudson. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Blackie and Son.

This edition is worthy of the quaint old story. Gordon Browne in his illustrations pairs well with Washington Irving in his imagination. The dreamy Rip went to sleep in good earnest, and kept at it for twenty years. When he awoke the world was changed indeed. America had broken off from Britain, and had become a Republic. We wonder what another Van Winkle would see if he were to doze into 2007. What changes he would mark! Would he know himself? As a facetious and fictitious history, well depicted by brush and pen, and so bound as to be fit for the drawing-room, we would introduce this fine volume to our richer readers.

Gleams of Glory from the Gospels: being a Sixth Series of Something for Sunday. By C. Shaw. Shaw and Co.

Friends who have tried these arrangements with young servants and children report their pleasing success. They do not strike *us* as very wonderful, but on wet Sundays they are said to furnish suitable and instructive employment for youth. This must be a great boon. Anything which leads to greater familiarity with Scripture is good.

Happy Holidays: outline Illustrations for Colouring and Stories. By C. Shaw. Shaw and Co. One shilling.

Another way of interesting young folks when it rains, or the evenings are very long. A box of paints and this book will certainly be great aids to a quiet holiday.

Dottings of a Dosser: being Revelations of the Inner Life of Low London Lodging Houses. By Howard J. Goldsmid. T. Fisher Unwin.

If these revelations are correct, it is time that Christian philanthropists set about providing cheaper lodging-houses for those who can only pay for a bed night by night. For those who cannot pay at all, there should be at least a shelter from the elements. If human beings do herd together as here described, the wonder is that a pest does not break out; and it is equally marvellous that the poor creatures who have to live in such stenches do not make riots and upset everything and everybody. Those who think that all things are well enough only prove their own ignorance of horrible facts. Those who invent exaggerated stories are guilty of a superfluity of naughtiness, for the truth is bad enough in all conscience.

Common Accidents, and how to treat them. By Dr. Andrew Wilson and others. Chatto and Windus.

Very useful. It ought to be studied at once, so that when need arises the reader may be prepared to act. One may here get for a shilling information which may save precious life.

Ward and Lock's Popular Library of Literary Treasures.

Surely the publishers must be trying to ruin each other. They are producing books at *threepence* which once cost shillings. Our young men ought to be well read. No working man needs to be without a library when he can get a standard book for less than the price of a pot of beer. The type in this case is necessarily rather small for our eyes, but youth can get on well with it. We only need to mention the names of some of these books. They are such as these: Plutarch's "Lives," Macaulay's "Essays," Emerson's "Representative Men." Bacon's "Essays," Locke's "Thoughts on Education," Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," &c.

The Parental Don't; or, Warnings to Parents on the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Training of their Children. By Serious Senior. Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane.

This little book wisely says, "Don't forget the physical and moral training of your children." In a succession of *Don'ts*, it shoots arrows at many of the serious neglects of the day by which children are injured. At the same time, this line of things is pretty well traversed, and we would say to writers, "Don't give us any more of your don'ts."

The Making of the Home. A Reading Book of Domestic Economy. By Mrs. S. A. Barnett. *The Citizen Reader.* By H. O. Arnold Foster. Cassell and Co.

These are most useful manuals. For the home Mrs. Barnett writes most sensibly: every girl should be made to go through this book at school. For our boys who are to be citizens so soon, the "Citizen Reader" will be of inestimable worth, for it tells them all about their native land, its institutions, and its claims.

Rosebud Annual. James Clarke and Co.

For the youngest of the household this is a darling book. Three hundred illustrations, and all sorts of rhymes and tales! Truly it requires a special gift to produce such a delight. Very few roses bring forth rosebuds so beautiful to young eyes.

The Land of Little People. By Frederic E. Weatherly. Illustrated by Jane M. Dealy. Hildesheimer and Faulkner.

We thought we had seen the best of the Christmas books for the juveniles till we saw this very very best. It is artistic to perfection, and the whole style of production makes us feel that no child ought to be allowed to have it to tear in pieces. We can imagine the Emperor of all the Russias ordering it for all the little Imperial Highnesses, and then locking it up in his drawer until he could have another look at it while they were in bed and asleep. The book costs six shillings, and is worth it as a work of art. The song of the little Communist to her kitty is capital. It ends thus:—

"If the world were ours, my kitty,
Don't you think we'd make it pretty?
Every one should live on honey,
Have a farm, three cows, and money,
And all the people laugh and sing,
And everyone have everything!"

Children's Hosannas. A Choice and Original Collection of Anniversary Music. Seventy-nine Tunes and Anthems. Compiled by John Burnham. London: W. Nicholson and Sons, Warwick Square. John Burnham, Brentford. First and Second Series, 6d. each; combined, 1s.

Children's voices are made for music, and the more they are employed in such songs as these the better. Gospel truth and sweet melody are here joined together, and the melody helps to impress the truth on the young memories. Superintendents and teachers will thank Mr. Burnham for such a rich repository of anniversary music. All the pieces will be popular; many of them are of a high class.

Robert Martin's Lesson. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

"Is there any grace in it?" said a Christian lady, the other day, when offered a "tale" to read. The reply was unsatisfactory. Had this eighteen-penny book been in question, the reply would have been, "Yes, decidedly; it is saturated with Christian truth, and embodies more than one important 'lesson' bearing upon the life and work of a young minister." We hope that not any, or not many, of our own denomination would need *the* lesson. Towards the end the print seemed determined to play tricks with us, by indulging in great irregularities. We wiped our glasses, and then our eyes, and at length the type put on its best behaviour. N.B.—The faculty of any college anxious to fill a vacant lady's chair of Pastoral Theology are advised to note the name on the title-page.

Frank Weatherall; or, Life in the Merchant Marine. A Sea Story for Youth. By WILLIAM C. METCALFE. J. and R. Maxwell, St. Bride Street.

WE take it that the writer here records his actual experiences as a middy on his first voyage to Australia and China. Doubtless, to add a spice of sensation, he has incorporated later experiences and yarns of shipmates. His motive is to disenchant boys who think a life on the ocean wave is very jolly; for he found, as all will who try it, that it is a very arduous life, full of danger, discomfort, and temptation. This does not pretend to be a religious book: a truthful narrative of ordinary seafaring life can seldom afford much spiritual instruction. But boys will like the story, and we hope they will follow its good advice.

The Heroine of Brookleigh. By EDITH C. KENYON. Sunday School Union.

IN books intended mainly for our young people, it is a mistake, to say the least, to introduce such matters as the elopement of a married man with his paramour. Some speciously argue that we may err by keeping our children in ignorance of "the abominations of modern society"; but we reply that we may make them too wise, *if* such knowledge be wisdom. Our Sunday School Union friends should hardly issue a book about which such a remark can be made.

Low in a Low Place. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK. Partridge and Co.

WE should not class this story low in a low place, and we cannot put it high in a high place; for we found it rather laborious reading.

The Eversley Secrets. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Blackie and Son.

OUR author evidently studies with great care the characters and dispositions of her acquaintances, old and young, and transfers the results to her pages in a style at once lively and solid. The two youngest of this Eversley family, Roy, the brave little sufferer, and little Susy, with her pet pussy Requies*cat*, will have a special charm for the youngsters.

My First Curacy: the Story of a Quiet Cornish Parish. By TREGELLES POLKINGHORNE. Christian Commonwealth Publishing Company, 73, Ludgate Hill.

WE suppose this novel is intended to present a portrait of a model orthodox clergyman (the curate), and to contrast him with the churchydox hunting parson (the vicar) of the Jack Russell type, who was not long since glorified by the daily and sporting papers. We hope they ne'er will look upon his like again. Mixed up in the book with what is "Christian" there is an un-"Commonwealth" of what the insatiate maw of novel readers greedily devours. They will find four love affairs, a wreck, arson, suicide, murder, and sudden death. What more could, would, or should you have in a *religious story?* It is clever, but will do nobody any good.

Grace Montrose. An Unfashionable Novel. By THOMAS GREENWOOD. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

REMARKS upon various subjects strung upon the filmy thread of a story. Our author writes like one of those "who know, you know." All that is necessary for putting the world square and straight would be forthcoming immediately if only parsons would preach "modern thought," and leave off warning men concerning the Second Advent. Sheer fiction.

The British Messenger, 1886. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depôt. London: Partridge. Stiff cover, 1s.

Simple, sound, gracious.

A Plea for Puritanism. By the Rev. Charles Williams. *The Best Means of Maintaining the Spirituality of our Church Membership.* By the Rev. J. T. Briscoe. *The Best Methods of Using the Power of our Churches.* By the Rev. J. R. Wood. *The Spiritual Harvest of the Sunday School.* By the Rev. George White. And *The Training of Sunday-school Teachers.* By Alfred Sindall. Papers read at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union, 1886. Alexander and Shepheard. Twopence each.

These papers are all good. Mr. Charles Williams will bring down the Philistines upon him for his bold advocacy of Puritanism; not that he cares a fig for all the Philistines. We should like every Christian man in the world to study this address. We take it as a prophecy of brighter days for the Baptist Union; for the future lies with those Christians who will best keep to purity of doctrine and of life.

Another Williams, namely, our own William Williams, *of Upton Chapel*, made a telling speech at those memorable Bristol meetings; and this can be had for One Penny, of *J. Lovejoy*, 28, *Southampton Buildings, W.C.* It is equal to any one of the others, and is earnest, energetic, and bold.

Rest and Victory. By W. Spencer Walton, Missioner. Marshall Bros.

Mr. Walton is fervently devout, and writes well. We could criticize but we shall not, for we have a tender respect for earnest, holy words; and, moreover, for a first book this is exceedingly good. The verses are far more poetical than most that we see, and we see far too many. Mr. Spencer Walton has aimed to honour his Lord, and therefore we honour *him*.

The Young Communicant. A Simple Explanation of the Lord's Supper, and of the Communion Service. By Rev. J. E. Sampson, Vicar of Barrow-on-Humber. William Hunt and Co.

Most excellent. No priestcraft or superstition. Evangelical clergymen will find this an excellent help for their communicants. In paper 3d., and in cloth 6d.

Fifty Years of Mission Life in South Africa. By Rev. John Edwards. T. Woolmer, Castle Street, City Road.

A live book, with plenty of adventures in it. Mr. Edwards tells, in his own chatty, racy fashion, the story of his labours among the Barolongs, Griquars, Basutos, Mantatees, and other tribes near the Transvaal River. The boys will like to read it.

Rifted Clouds; or, the Life Story of Bella Cooke. A Record of Loving-kindness and Tender Mercies. Written by Herself. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

A book by a sufferer who has lain for 30 or 40 years on a sick-bed, which her friends call her throne, but whose bright spirit of trust in God and faith in prayer exert an influence that draws many visitors to her bedside, so that she sometimes receives 3,000 calls in a year: and though poor herself, collects as much as 2,000 dollars a year for the poor around her home. It is a gracious book, and very prettily got up.

Notes.

An idle paragraph in a newspaper complains of our saying that *God is more dishonoured in London than in Timbuctoo.* Now, this is so self-evident that we marvel that any religious man, who can hold a pen, should question it. Where there is so much light to sin against, sin is, in itself, greater; but even apart from this, the unspeakable vices of our great city place it below heathen lands in the depth of its depravity. London is better and worse than ever it was: both the wheat and the tares are ripening. Of the growth of the tares, revelations might be made, which would give us another banquet of horrors, such as was served up by *The Pall Mall Gazette*, not long ago. We trust no such disclosures will be forced upon the public gaze; but let no

one flatter himself that the evil is not there. The Stygian bog is still undrained; we do not talk at ramdom. Let no Christian man in London imagine that he lives in the New Jerusalem, for the name of that place might rather be Sodom than Salem. Causes for prayer and humiliation abound on all sides.

No, we do not take gloomy views of things because of our illness, but yet that illness has been very heavy upon us, and turned our smooth and sunny seas into tempestuous deeps. It is clear that we must both serve and suffer; and we ask for grace to do both in the best manner. Labouring with diligence, and enduring with patience, it will be *The Sword and the Trowel* again in another fashion.

We are rather astonished at professedly religious papers inserting a silly story about a dog belonging to Mr. Spurgeon being used upon the stage. If it were so, what would be the benefit of retailing the story? But there is not a jot of truth in the matter. Mr. Spurgeon never possessed a Mont St. Bernard dog; he never committed any dog of any sort to the care of a nephew; and he has no nephew who has any acquaintance with gentlemen of the theatrical profession. We can understand the motive for inventing a tale to advertise a play; but why a Baptist paper should give it currency we cannot tell.

The erection of the SURREY SQUARE MISSION HALL and THORNTON HEATH SCHOOL-CHAPEL is proceeding; but, up to the time of writing, we have reports of only two small amounts received during the month, in aid of the building fund of either of these much-needed places of worship. We confess we are somewhat disappointed. Our own word is pledged for payments, which, we doubt not, the Lord will enable us to make; but in our time of sickness we need no other trial.

Death has been spoiling us again. From our brethren at the Tabernacle one good friend, Mr. BUCKMASTER, has been taken. He was a pillar in the house of our God below, and we doubt not he is the same in the temple above. A calm, steadfast, intelligent faith so upheld him that he found it no hard matter to ford the shallow current of the dividing stream.

From our greater church we have lost the venerable Mr. WESTROP, of Bures, long a liberal helper of all our works. His pastor, Mr. Monk, writes of him, that his death was occasioned by a fall upon the steps of a railway station. He adds: "The Wednesday evening before leaving home he listened to the reading of your sermon, No. 1,928 ('Our Ascended Lord'), with rapt attention, and intense delight. I may say that his cup ran over with joy. A few evenings previous, at his request, I read to him your sermon upon Child Conversion (No. 1925), and one of his last acts was to order a number of copies of this sermon for distribution."

For many years it has been on our heart to establish a school for the sons of Baptist ministers, similar to that of the Congregationalists, at Caterham. The Lord has not seen fit to entrust us with the means, and so the project has had to remain unborn. We are right glad to see that our beloved brother, Mr. Vivian, of Loughton, has broached the idea of a school for Baptist ministers' daughters. The parents are to pay £20 per annum, and the school is to be of the same high class as Milton Mount. This is a most desirable institution. We should like to see the possibility of its being carried out discussed in our newspapers. To us it seems that those ministers who could *not* pay £20 are the most urgently in need, and we should like to see good schools for both boys and girls quite free. This would not render Mr. Vivian's project unnecessary or undesirable. Both things are greatly wanted, and would be remarkable boons to those benefited by them. The matter deserves immediate, careful consideration. It is rather for the whole body than for any private persons.

We hope soon to publish a shilling book similar in form to "All of Grace." It will be entitled "According to the Promise", and will set forth the way in which the Lord deals with his people by giving promises and fulfilling them to their faith.

During the past month we have given permission for the translation of "All of Grace" into the Italian language. We are glad to know that the German edition is selling well, and that it is being favourably noticed by the reviewers of the Fatherland. One German writer says:—"This book is in very truth a precious case of jewels, in which the reader will find all teaching necessary for salvation." Another writes:—"The book deserves to be spread far and wide, and is sure to become a blessing to many; it is written from rich experience, and is full of genuine strength and striking illustrations, coming from the heart, and going to the heart."

"The Interpreter", which we prepared long ago for use at family prayer, had a good sale, and still sells; but it is comparatively little known. Our departed friend, Robert Hanbury, Esq., of Ware, was accustomed to use it every day; and he told us with great joy that when he visited Earl Cairns, at Bournemouth, he was glad to find "The Interpreter" read at family prayer by his lordship. We are cheered to see that an American publisher has worked up much of our work into a volume for the family altar, which his firm has just issued. He has added prayers, but in the manufacture of these we have had no share.

A very beautiful and acceptable New Year's present would be Mrs. Spurgeon's book, "Ten Years of my Life in the Service

of the Book Fund." For this purpose a part of the second edition has been specially prepared, in superior binding, with gilt edges, and containing a new portrait and autograph of the authoress. The price of the volume is 5s., or in the same binding as the first edition, and without the portrait, &c., 3s. 6d. Friends will be helping a good work by purchasing the best copies.

On *Tuesday evening, Nov.* 23, the friends at HADDON HALL held the annual meeting of their Tract Society and Benevolent Fund. Although a dense fog shrouded London in the early part of the evening, preventing many from coming, the meeting was most successful. Mr. Renton Barrow, who presided, Mr. G. E. Morgan, Mr. E. Crisp, and others, spoke encouraging words to the tract-distributors. Over £110 was raised for the Benevolent Fund, exceeding the amount given last year under more favourable circumstances. Thus does the Lord continue to prosper and bless the work.

Friday, Nov. 26, being the fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of Mr. E. H. BARTLETT, a meeting of the members of his Bible-class, and representatives of his work at the Orphanage and the Almshouses, was held in the evening, in the ladies' room at the Tabernacle. Mr. Charlesworth presided; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Beecliff, Hibbert, and Bell; and numerous tokens of gratitude and esteem were presented to Mr. Bartlett and his wife and daughter. It was a meeting of much interest and great profit to all who were present.

On *Monday evening, Dec.* 6, most of the brethren and sisters who had joined the church during November and December met Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Mr. W. Olney, and the elders, for prayer and conference. It was thought that it must be helpful to new members to have some explanation of the privileges and responsibilities connected with their new position. The principal speaker at the meeting was Mr. W. Olney, but brief addresses were also given by Messrs. Payne, Pearce, Dunn, Gwillim, Beecliff, and Peden. Some of the new members gave additional interest to the gathering by relating the story of their conversion, and all pledged themselves to seek to lead others to the Saviour. The meeting was so thoroughly successful that it is proposed to hold a similar one every two months. Those who newly join our churches need to be instructed in the duties of members to each other, to their pastor, and to the Lord's work; and every church should hold meetings with them that they may receive such instruction.

COLLEGE.—The following students have completed their course with us, and accepted the charge of churches:—Mr. D. Chinnery, at Ampthill, Bedfordshire; Mr. Joseph Clark, at Bunyan Chapel, Norbiton; Mr. F. Thompson, at Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire; and Mr. J. C. Travers, at Holbeach, Lincolnshire. Mr. F. Durbin sails this month for Colombo, Ceylon, to become pastor of the English Baptist Church, Cinnamon-gardens.

Mr. J. L. Bennett, late of Wood Green, has settled at East Dereham; Mr. T. B. Field is leaving Appledore, to become pastor of the Cheddar associated churches; and Mr. W. T. Soper is removing, from Hatherleigh, to Stroud.

Mr. C. A. Davis, of Sion Chapel, Bradford, who is well-known as a welcome and constant contributor to *The Sword and the Trowel*, is going shortly to King's-road Chapel, Reading, as successor to his late beloved friend, William Anderson. We are sorry that Bradford should lose Mr. Davis, but we rejoice that Reading has secured a pastor who will so honourably maintain the reputation of his justly revered-predecessors at King's-road. This most important church will, we are sure, find in our specially-beloved brother the very man whom the Lord has ordained to bless among them.

Mr. J. J. Irving, of Maidenhead, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Morris, Illinois, U. S. A.; and Mr. G. Boulsher has removed, from Carrollton, to Columbia, Missouri, to be the missionary of the Little Bonne Femme Association. Mr. S. B. Drake, who was for several years in China, in connection with the China Inland Mission, has returned to the province of Shan-tung as the representative of the Baptist Missionary Society. Mr. R. J. Middleton, of Torrington, hopes to sail for Melbourne, by the SS. *Orient*, early this month. Our brethren, Billington, Phillips, and Graham, report their safe arrival on the Congo "in splendid health and spirits." We pray that their lives may be precious in the sight of the Lord, and that they may long be spared to labour on the banks of the great river where so many of their comrades have fallen asleep in Jesus. Mr. Weeks writes from Maderia, where he and his wife had to go to escape from constantly-recurring fever, that he hopes shortly to be well enough to return to San Salvador. Mrs. Weeks has been obliged to come back to England for a season. Our friends had the great trial of losing their little baby boy soon after they reached Madeira.

Mr. H. Rylands Brown sends us an exceedingly interesting and cheering report of his work in connection with the Darjeeling Union Church and the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society. Every department of the work appears to be prospering; and at the Autumnal Social Meeting in October, the Treasurer was able to report a balance of 700 rupees in the bank on the church funds, and the receipt up to that time of over 6,000 out of the 8,000 rupees required for the erection of the manse for the minister and his bride, for whom we wish the best of

blessings. Mr. Brown has drawn as little as possible from our Indian Evangelists' Fund, but grants have been made from it to other brethren, so that we shall be grateful to any of the Lord's stewards who are moved to help the work of spreading the gospel among the English-speaking people of India.

We have received the following interesting letter from four of our brethren in India:—

"Calcutta, October 25th, 1886.

"Beloved President,—We have met here in connection with our Baptist Missionary Society Conference; and as it is the only occasion in the year when our men can possibly look each other in the face, we cannot let this opportunity pass without sending you a few lines.

"We are sure you will be rejoiced to hear that our brethren Dann, Mitchell, and Stubbs have all passed the first examination in the vernacular *in the first class*, and that the two former have passed well in the same class in their second examination as well. Brother Stubbs will have passed his second also soon after this reaches you.

"We are all very sorry to lose brother Martin from our ranks, but glad that he returns to England with unabated zeal for our Master, though much shaken in health. We hope and pray that his future may be a noble and useful one at home, and that he will not suffer in any way through his short residence in India.

"Our brother Wood also goes back to England with our sincerest prayers for his future, and we trust that he may speedily obtain a sphere of great usefulness. We feel that these brethren need the churches' prayers and sympathy perhaps even more than we do. Yet we earnestly ask that special requests may be made for us at some Monday evening gathering, because we feel more intensely every year the great responsibility that rests upon us, the innumerable difficulties that confront us, and our utter inability to stand our ground and labour zealously for Christ without God-given power and wisdom. We are not half so successful as we would be, nor so true, and zealous, and loyal to our Lord as we desire. But we work in faith, ever looking up to our Master for guidance, and blessing, and approbation; and so we plod on, and continue steadfast in our spheres, however vast or circumscribed they seem at times.

"We unite in sincerest love to you, dear Sir, and would ever remain, faithfully yours in the Master's service,

"Robert Spurgeon,
"Geo. J. Dann,
"John Stubbs,
"W. S. Mitchell."

On *Friday evening, Nov.* 26, the annual meeting of the Students' Missionary League was held at the Pastors' College, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. The league comprises the students of Cheshunt, Hackney, and New Colleges (Congregational), Richmond (Wesleyan), Queen Square (Presbyterian), Regent's Park and Pastors' College (Baptist), and Harley House, Bow. About 240 were present to tea; and at the meeting afterwards prayer was offered by Dr. Graham (Queen Square), and addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by the Revs. J. W. Brown (from Fiji), and R. Wright Hay (of the Cameroons), Dr. Maxwell (of Formosa), and Professor Barfield, of Harley House. The proceedings throughout were of a most enthusiastic character, and must have helped to increase the missionary zeal of the students who were present.

Evangelists.—According to promise, Pastor G. Wainwright sends us a report of the later services of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* at Manchester. He says:—

"The Evangelists commenced their work in the Circus on Oct. 16, and continued there until the end of the month. The meetings increased in numbers, and both brethren seemed to be increasingly full of power. The last meeting was remarkable beyond any, and the enquiry-room was too small for all the anxious souls to be dealt with in it.

"On Monday, Nov. 1, closing services were held in Cavendish Chapel. In the afternoon, Mr. Fullerton gave his delightful allegory on the 'The King's chambers.' At seven, the chapel was well filled in every part, not less than 500 persons being in the centre, which was reserved for those who had been in the enquiry-room during the mission. Farewell messages were delivered by both Evangelists; but the most delightful feature of the meeting was the testimony borne by many to blessing received during the mission.

"If I were to attempt to give any details, I should require more space than you could spare. Suffice it to say that conversions of the most remarkable character have taken place; prayers of parents have been answered for prodigal sons; as many as five members in one family have been saved; backsliders have been reclaimed, and some of those just brought to Christ have, like Andrew, gone in search of their unsaved friends, and have brought them to Jesus. Best of all, the work continues and deepens. Our own services at Coupland Street are more than ever full of spiritual power, and the attendance is continually increasing. Christians have been quickened, and led to a fuller consecration to Christ; and there are many indications that a great blessing is coming upon all the churches in the city. We thank God for the visit of our friends. They have won the affection of many hearts; and when they visit us again, they will receive a hearty welcome."

Mr. Fullerton remained in Manchester for another day in order to speak to the students at the Lancashire Independent College. Three of the professors were present, and at the close of Mr. Fullerton's

address the students put to him for about an hour various questions relating to evangelistic work. It is hoped that this meeting will be of great service to those who were present.

On Nov. 13, our brethren commenced a three weeks' mission at Cheltenham, in connection with the Baptist, Independent, and Presbyterian churches. We have not yet received full reports of the services, but from various quarters we have had tidings of a most cheering character. Every place in which the meetings were held was filled, the word preached and sung was listened to with great attention and interest, and it is believed that large numbers of persons have been truly converted.

After a brief rest, the evangelists paid short visits to Gloucester, Ross, and Hereford. The close of the year was spent, as usual, at the Tabernacle; Mr. Fullerton being announced to take the absent Pastor's place on Dec. 26 and 30, and the morning of Jan. 2, and Messrs. Fullerton and Smith conducting the Watch-night service on New Year's eve. This month our brethren are to be at Westbourne Grove Chapel, next month at Nottingham, and in March at Leicester.

Mr. Burnham visited Cleckheaton during the first week in November. The weather was very unfavourable for special services, but those who attended were interested, and it is believed that some were savingly impressed by the truths to which they listened. The following week Mr. Burnham was at Princes Street Chapel, Northampton, where again almost perpetual rain prevented large gatherings. The meetings were, however, pervaded by a hearty, earnest, prayerful spirit, which greatly helped the Evangelist, and prepared the way for blessings upon his unconverted hearers. Moving northward, Maryport and Grasscot were next visited. The services were very encouraging, but the time fixed was too short to be divided between two places. The first week in December was spent at Great Broughton, where the chapel was filled with eager listeners, but there was not much immediate fruit from the services: it may be that it will be seen "after many days."

Mr. Harmer has had successful services at Newbury, West Croydon, and Chelsea. At Croydon he had the help of Mr. Chamberlain on two evenings, and at Chelsea Pastor F. H. White gave an address at one of the meetings. Mr. Harmer has since visited Orpington. This month he is to be at Southend, Redditch, and Swaffham; in February he goes to Slawston and Market Harborough; and afterwards he is to visit churches in the Bristol district, under arrangements to be made by Pastor W. J. Mayers. Mr. Harmer asks us to intimate that he is fully engaged until the next College Conference, but he will be glad to hear from brethren who desire his services during the coming summer.

ORPHANAGE.—These "Notes" have to be printed too early for us to give any account of the Christmas festivities at the Orphanage, or to acknowledge the receipt of the presents, which will, doubtless, as in former years, gladden the hearts of our orphan family at Stockwell. Next month we shall be able to thank our friends with the full knowledge of their generous deeds; so we must leave till then a further reference to the matter. We shall also by that time learn all the particulars of the tours made by Mr. Charlesworth and his choir in Norfolk and Suffolk in November, and in Hants and Dorset in December. The highest municipal and ministerial representatives of the various towns and cities visited united with great crowds of friends in helping to raise funds for the maintenance of the institution which has so large a place in our heart. To one and all we tender our heartiest thanks even before we are in possession of the full facts of their hospitality and liberality.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, sends us the following jottings from recent reports by Colporteurs:—

Mr. Gilpin, of Ironbridge, has sold books, &c., during the year, to the value of £141 19s. 6d., and his sales of 38,457 publications in five years amounted to £712 13s. 2d. He has also held 920 gospel services, and given away 22,500 tracts.

This Colporteur writes concerning a case which he has watched since 1883:—"The family sold rags and bones to buy books, and the visits of the agent were made a blessing. The husband, formerly a drunkard, has been for two years a local preacher, and during that time has purchased from me a nice little library, book by book, as money could be spared. Family worship is observed daily in this home, and the children are instructed in the Scriptures by their parents."

Mr. Eyres, of Cambridge, writes:—"Called at a farm-house, the servant, a girl about seventeen, know me, though I did not recognize her until she made herself known. About two years ago, she was living at H——. One day, when she was living there, I called at the house, and spoke to her about her soul; she seemed at the time thoughtful and concerned. To-day she told me that the words I then spoke were a great help, and that now she was happy, and trusting in the Saviour. She appears to be a bright Christian, and says she is such. It is cheering to find fruit from seed sown two years ago." This Colporteur has been discontinued because the local association could not continue the necessary subscription.

These extracts will show the value of Colportage work. It is hoped that in this new year many new districts will be opened. The amount required for a Colporteur is £40 a year. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage

Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A clerical friend informs us that a Reformed Church clergyman in *Hungary* preaches our sermons, and translates them for others to read. Not being a Baptist, he leaves out those portions of the sermons which are not in harmony with his own views. "Still," as our correspondent concludes, writing to our son, "your father speaks in Hungary, though part of the voice is lost."

A grateful friend writes from *Georgia* :—"Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the comfort which your sermons afford to a lonely heart and a desolate home, which night and day rejoice in the comforts which can be found only by the indwelling of the Master and the Holy Spirit. Every Saturday I receive the paper containing one of your sermons, but early that morning, before sunrise, I go out into the woods, or fields, or on the high hills, and ask that the Lord may bless you, and put the words in your mouth, and the thoughts in your heart; and then, when I read your sermon, it does look as if you had had a talk with me, and found out what I needed, and had brought the very balm that could soothe my wound. Besides many other of your sermons that have done me much good, I will especially mention those from Romans viii. 1 ('In Christ no Condemnation,' No. 1917), and Ezekiel xxxvi. 25 ('Cleansing: a Covenant Blessing,' No. 1921)."

Mr. Whitmore, the sailors' missionary at Ramsgate, sends us the following interesting note:—While supplying the fishing-smacks with parcels of literature—every packet containing some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons—one of the harbour officials came to me, and entered very heartily into conversation, in the midst of which he said, "You remember giving to me two copies of Mr. Spurgeon's little blue book, 'The Sea! the Sea! the Wide and Open Sea'?" I replied, "Yes." "Well, I am happy to tell you that I received much good to my own soul from reading it. But I want to tell you about a veteran admiral, an old ship-mate of mine, for whose salvation I felt the deepest concern. From long service, and infirmities of age, he has lost his sight. The thought came to me that when I wrote the blind admiral, I would enclose the little book, with the earnest prayer that the Lord would make it useful in enlightening his dark understanding; and, though he had lost his natural vision, he might receive spiritual sight. On receiving the little book, the gallant old admiral had it read to him three times. The truth contained in it took hold of his heart, so that he was led by the Holy Spirit to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' Now he is rejoicing in hope of the glory of God: and is able to say with the blind man spoken of in the gospel, in reference to his spiritual sight, 'One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.'" Here is another trophy won to Christ through scattering the truth contained in these precious little books. Our earnest desire and prayer is, that they may be carried on the wings of the wind, on board every ship that floats the main, to every port of the habitable globe: that all admirals, officers, and seamen may experience the power of saving grace.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—December 2, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 13th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bell, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Collection at Catford Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Greenwood ...	5	0	0
Mr. William Griffiths	0	2	0
Miss Dixon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Woollard	0	5	0
Mrs. Crabb, per Pastor G. W. White...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. R. Mackinnon	50	0	0
"Ashford"	2	0	0
Mr. R. Miller	5	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	5	0
Mr. W. Elmslie	1	0	0
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Appledore, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	6	6
Miss M. Fergusson	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	0	10	0
Thankoffering from a friend at Burnt Ash Chapel, Lee, per Mr. J. W. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spleight	1	0	0
Mr. Hector	2	0	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6

				£	s.	d.
Mr. W. N. Finlayson				0	10	0
Mrs. L. W. Pole				1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Tidwell				0	10	0
Mrs. C. Robertson				0	10	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—						
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ...	1	1	0			
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0			
Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0			
Mr. P. Davies	0	10	0			
				3	2	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—						
Mr. R. J. Beecliff				0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Seard				0	5	0
Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—						
November 14	261	0	0			
,, 21	23	6	3			
,, 28	22	17	3			
December 5	20	0	0			
,, 12	36	5	0			
				363	8	6
				£446	10	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 13th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Box at Orphanage gates	0	7	7
Messrs. Bailey and Leetham	2	0	0
Collected by Masters A. and G. Crisp...	0	12	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Band of Hope Concert, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, half share, per Mr. W. J. Evans	3	9	6
A cheerful giver, per Dr. Barnardo ...	0	15	0
A friend at Norwich, per V. J. C. ...	1	1	0
A friend at Norwich, per V. J. C. ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Shayes	0	5	6
Mrs. S. R. Reed	3	0	0
Mr. J. Woollard	0	10	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Executrix of the late Miss Savage ...	17	2	0
Bank Note, as acknowledged in "The Christian Age"	5	0	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	4	0
Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Brown	0	5	0
Miss Kate Johnston	1	0	0
Mr. R. Millar	5	0	0
Maggie	0	2	0
Miss Castle	1	0	0
Mrs. Leask	0	10	0
Mr. W. Elmslie	1	0	0
Mr. E. Brown, per Pastor R. Spurgeon	4	0	0
A small gift for the orphans	0	10	0
Reading Artisan	0	0	6
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
Mrs. Orr	5	0	0
Mr. Albert Langton	1	0	0
A widow's mite, Phil. iv. 6	0	5	0
Mr. W. Martin	0	8	1
Mrs. H. Crawford, per Mr. W. Martin	0	4	0
Mrs. Veale	2	2	0
Mrs. James McIntyre	0	5	0
Mr. F. Braby	5	0	0
"Haven of peace"	5	0	0
Mr. J. Bibby	0	5	0
Mr. W. Mercer	5	0	0
Part collection at Hanover Chapel, Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley ...	6	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Appledore, per Pastor T. B. Field	0	6	0
Mrs. Bowman	0	2	6
Miss Brown	0	1	0
Mr. F. C. Neve	3	0	0
Miss M. Fergusson	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Holcombe	0	2	6
Miss Jane Todd	0	1	2
"A dear one in America"	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Watson	0	2	0
Mrs. Macfadyen	1	0	0
Two friends...	0	10	0
Miss B., per Miss L. Spencer	1	0	0
Miss J. B., per Miss L. Spencer ...	1	0	0
W. S. S.	0	5	0
Pastor W. Parry	0	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Y. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. R. Sherringham	0	5	0
Registered letter from Ulceby	0	2	6
Mrs. Gough	0	1	0
Mr. James Spence...	0	3	0
Miss Dixon	0	10	0
Mr. A. Ballard, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Payne	0	0	8
Pastor Thomas Greenwood	2	0	0
Children of Sighthill Free Church Sunday-school, per Mr. T. Morrison ...	1	6	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	16	7
W. S. C.	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Baker (with a parcel of books)	0	10	0
The Working Men's Mission, per Mr. Young	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Duff	0	8	0
Collected by Amy Carr	0	9	6
Collected by Master W. Francis, per Mr. W. Cubitt	1	17	6
Mr. W. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. Verry	0	7	6
Mr. E. L. Best	0	5	0
In memory of Mrs. Eliza Hooley ...	2	2	0
S. S., Camberwell	0	2	6
Mr. William Paine...	2	2	0
Sixpence per week...	1	6	0
Sale of S. O. tracts, W. D. F.	0	3	0
Mr. D. Campbell	0	10	0
A friend, per Chrissie Murrell	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Norton...	0	10	0
Proceeds of bazaar, per the Misses Norah and Milly Sandes	5	5	0
The widow's mite, per The Editor of "The Christian Herald"	0	5	0
Mr. J. Harvey	5	0	0
A pilgrim	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Hoghton	0	10	0
Mr. F. G. Young	0	10	0
The Christian Policemen's Association, per Mrs. Dorin	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell, per C. H. S. ...	2	0	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown	1	1	0
Miss G. Hayes	0	11	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
E. R. W.	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	10	0
"The Lord will sustain"	0	5	0
Stamps from Exeter	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Davies	5	0	0
Mr. Hector	2	0	0
Mr. James Slater	1	1	0
Miss Scott	0	10	0
Mrs. Manson, per Rev. W. Poole ...	20	0	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6
Mr. E. M. Absolon...	0	3	6
The Misses Caffyn	1	0	0
J. J., Harrogate	1	0	0
Miss Jessie Clark	0	5	0
The late E. Akrill	5	0	0
Mr. Nairn and scholars of Clepington Mission Sabbath-school	2	15	9
Mrs. Janet Scott	2	0	0
Mrs. Downing	2	2	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Westbourne Grove Chapel	1	1	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	18	0
Postal order from Portsmouth	0	10	0
Mrs. L. W. Pole	1	1	0
Mr. A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
Miss Jackson	0	10	6
Mr. Charles Barker	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Benet	1	0	0
Miss E. B. Green	1	0	0
Miss I. England	0	5	0
Mrs. M. McKenzie	0	10	6
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Beakin	0	5	6
A. H., Aberdeen	0	2	0
A. M. ,, ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. W. Carluke	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	10	0
Mr. T. Rose	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss I. C. Lister	1	0	0
"Farley Green," harvest thanksgiving	0	10	6
"Rookery" children's box	1	0	0
Mr. S. Belsey	5	0	0
Mrs. Slater, per Mr. Eustace	1	0	0
M. N. W., Berbice...	1	5	0
Mrs. Hutchison	1	0	0
Mr. F. J. Ackland	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	0	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore	2	2	0
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ...	1	1	0
Mr. P. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	10	0
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
Mr. James Bourne ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hammond	0	10	0
Mr. Warrick	0	10	0
Mrs. Poulton	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier, sen.	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Ward	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Oakshott ...	0	10	0
	10	7	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Queen's Road, Peckham:—			
Tickets and programmes...	5	4	11
Collection	3	4	0
Donations:—			
Mr. Edwin Jones	3	0	0
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke ...	0	5	3
	11	14	2
Eastbourne	10	0	0
Swaffham	14	10	0
Yarmouth	15	10	0
Burnley:—			
Collection at Haggate ...	20	0	0
,, Zion	7	16	1
,, Mount Pleasant	3	14	1
,, Ebenezer ...	10	6	9
,, Angle Street	21	6	4
Receipts at Mechanics' Institute	32	7	0
Sale of programmes ...	2	13	9
Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Altham	2	2	0
Mr. G. W. Oldring ...	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Procter ...	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith	0	10	0
Mr. H. Riley	0	2	6
	101	18	6
Less local expenses ...	9	1	4
	92	17	2

	£	s.	d.
Stowmarket...	32	14	3
Donations:—			
Mr. Laukester Webb ...	5	0	0
Mr. M. Chapman	2	2	0
Mr. Goaring	1	10	0
	41	6	3
Kenyon Chapel	1	1	0
Watton	12	0	0
Mr. Kendall	2	0	0
	14	0	0
Haddon Hall	5	5	0
Salisbury	11	1	10
Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington	3	3	0
Sale of programmes:—			
Norfolk tour	5	13	5
St. John's Wood	0	18	1
Vernon Chapel	1	0	6
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. H. J. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per Miss C. Jesson:—			
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Mrs. Eames...	0	5	0
Miss Eames...	0	5	0
The Misses Bennett ...	0	5	0
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
	1	7	6
Mrs. Bagster	1	1	0
Mattie Seaton	0	10	6
Mr. Ranford	2	0	0
Christmas Festival:—			
Allan and Percy White ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Cornborough ...	2	2	0
C. P., Brixton	0	2	0
Archie and Colin Grant ...	0	1	0
An old shepherd	0	10	0
Pastor J. F. Avery... ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Virtue	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Clover	0	5	0
Mr. S. Belsey	1	0	0
Miss R. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. I. Knott	1	0	0
Mrs. Warmington	1	0	0
Mrs. Jane Matthews ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Shearman	2	0	0
Miss Carrington	0	5	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mrs. W. Appleton ...	1	1	0
	13	16	0
	£185	11	9

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 13th to December 13th, 1886.—Provisions:—91 tins of Jam, Mr. and Mrs. Ladds, of Natal; 12 quarterns Bread, Mr. H. Judkins; 60 bags Turnips, Mr. W. Mead; 14 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 sack Savoys, Messrs. C. and A. Parker; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 20 lbs. Raisins, 20 lbs. Currants, Mrs. C. Reynolds; 1 bag Carrots, 2 bags Potatoes, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Watts; 720 Eggs, for the Christmas Puddings, Messrs. Ward and Stedman; 1 box Pears, Mr. G. E. Arnold; 1 case Raisins, Mr. J. Silcocks; 1 Cake, Miss Dawson.

Boys' Clothing.—12 Mufflers, Mrs. Gaskell; 3 Overcoats and 2 Suits, Mrs. A. Cogswell; 1 pair Trousers, H.; 1 Knitted Scarf and 20 small Bows, Anon.; 11 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. M. A. Childs; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Ostler; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Anon.; 1 dozen pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 8 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Davies; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, The Misses M. and C. Sherwood; 2 pairs Knitted Stockings and 2 Scarves, Mr. J. Calver; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; 6 Flannel Shirts, Miss E. Baxter.

Girls' Clothing.—12 articles, Mrs. Bull; 1 parcel Worn Stockings, Miss Dickson; 17 articles, Miss Dawson; 6 Crochet Caps, Mrs. Thomson; 4 articles, Miss A. Leeder; 6 articles, Mrs. H.; 93 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 pairs Girls' Boots, from Burnley; 8 articles, Mrs. F. Thompson; 21 articles, Mrs. E. M. Lott; 1 length of Woollen Material, 1 Jersey, 1 Jacket, A Dorset friend; 10 articles, Mrs. Nutsey; 8 articles, Mrs. Tidswell; 20 pairs Knitted Cuffs and 12 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Mannington; 12 articles, for No. 6 House, Girls, Mrs. Moss; 5 articles, Miss F. Leeder; 6 articles, Miss E. Baxter; 15 Aprons, Mrs. Mackenzie.

GENERAL.—4 Books, for the Children in the Infirmary, Miss E. M. Wheaton; 1 pair Boots and 1 Scrap Book, Miss Dawson; 1 box Toys, Mrs. R. Dodwell; a quantity of Books and Magazines, Mrs. A. Baker; 10 Dolls, Mrs. Mackenzie; 13 fancy articles, Mrs. E. M. Lott; 1 packet fancy Cards, Mrs. Bagster; 2 dozen Dressed Dolls and 2 dozen fancy articles, Miss Descroix.

Errata, December "Sword and Trowel."—Orphanage Choir Meeting at Brixton Hall, donation, "Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce," should be "Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pearce, £2 2s."; Collecting Books, "Mrs. Evans, £1," should be "Mrs. Ewen."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 13th, 1886.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Borstal District	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	7	17	6
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. A. Maw	15	0	0
Southern Association, per Mr. Beer ...	50	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R—— ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for James Street, St. Luke's...	20	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhiewceiber	20	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown... ...	10	0	0
Aylesbury and Wendover, for Mr. J. E. Taylor	30	0	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Cambridge Association	90	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Ludlow District:—			
Rock Lane collection ... 3 18 0			
Brimfield Cross 2 5 3			
Sunday subscriptions ... 8 15 9			
	15	0	0
Mr. H. Tasker, for Andover	15	0	0
Mr. T. Childs, for Thornbury	5	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Dorking District, per Mr. Drane ...	15	0	0
Crosby Garrett, per Pastor Macdonald	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£107	17	6

The above subscriptions usually have to be supplemented from the General Fund.

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Legacy, the late Mr. C. A. Windeatt ...	50	0	0
J. F. C., Newbury	0	10	0
Miss Matthews	2	0	0
Mr. W. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Miss Price	0	4	0
Miss Castle	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hunt...	2	10	0
H. M., Brixton Hill post-mark... ...	10	0	0
Mrs. B——, per Mr. Waller	0	10	0
Mrs. Arthur...	0	10	0
Widow Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Hector	2	0	0
The Misses Kirtley	5	0	0
Mr. John Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£90	14	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 13th to December 13th, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services:—			
Mr. O'Hanlon's Ragged-school, Ancoats 5 0 0			
Coupland-street Baptist Chapel, Manchester ... 29 13 5			
	34	13	5
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Northampton	1	15	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Rendham	1	0	0
Balance of collection after Mr. Burnham's services at Great Broughton ...	1	6	0
Mr. Elmslie	1	0	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. Hector	2	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
	£42	9	5

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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 13th 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.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

The Story of a Duel.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."—Luke xi. 21, 22.

CHRIST means victory, and the victory is to be won by fight. That is clear enough. Our Lord fights not with sword and spear, with the carnal arm and the temporal weapon; still he fights. He has a duel with the strong man armed, and drives him out by force. Let that be remembered; for here is a notion abroad that the church is to conciliate the world, and Christ is to persuade the devil. They say that by degrees the world is to grow better, and the church is to include it within its pale. Do not believe it. No theory can be more mischievous. If such conciliation and compromise are to be carried out by all as some are now trying, the result will be ruinous. The Christ of God proclaims himself the adversary of sin, and he has come, not to fascinate by sweet siren notes, but to carry on open war with evil till he has made an end of it. Jesus declares, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Christ wars against war, anger, impurity, and every sin; and he does it openly and above-board. He does not invent soft methods, but he styles himself the Stronger Man, who has come to overcome and despoil that strong man armed, who at this hour still keeps men's hearts, and makes them his stronghold.

I. I invite you, then, first of all, to BEHOLD THE ADVERSARY IN HIS STRONGHOLD. That fortress is our humanity. The Lord Jesus calls it a palace, and so it is.

What a royal thing is manhood! However poor, or uneducated, or sinful, man may be, that same divinity which doth hedge a king, according to the courtiers' talk, surrounds every man. Remember that the text which saith, "honour the king," also saith, "honour all men." Nothing in the shape of a man is to be despised; for the mind of man, the heart of man, man himself, is comparable to a palace. Was not man originally made to be a dwelling for God? When he came fresh from his Maker's hands, did he not bear the very image of God? Was he not a most fit place for God to manifest himself in? And was there ever such a manifestation of God in all ages as in the Man Christ Jesus? There is something suitable in God's ideal of a man for man's being a palace of the Great King. This makes it a horrible thing that the devil should have entered there: that he could not be content to dwell in the Garden of Eden, but that he must dwell in the man for whom God made that Paradise. Satan could not be satisfied to abide in his own evil nature, and rebel against God; he must enter human nature, and make of it a den for himself. Think over it a minute, and let hot drops lift your eyelids, to think that God should make so extraordinary a being as man, and give him dominion over all the works of his hands; and then that the foul fiend should seize upon this royal being, and enter into him to dwell there.

The soul of man is also called a palace because *a king has come to live in it*, for this strong man armed is a king. He is the prince of the power of the air—"the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." He lords it within our nature at a great rate. Full of pride and impudence, he dares play the king at such an imperious rate that he defies God, and denies his sovereignty. How often have I seen him use man for distinct rebellion against God! He has made the mouth that ought to praise God to utter horrible errors and blasphemies against him; the eyes that ought to look up to heaven he has filled with the bale fires of lust; and the heart which ought to be tender toward God he has turned into stone.

It is more than dreadful that Satan should enter into man at all, and worse that he should enter there to reign as king. It is surprising, this wonderful sway of the devil over the men in whom he dwells. We have read in Eastern story of the Old Man of the Mountain: a certain monarch, who had servants about him, who did his bidding in a moment, whatever that bidding might be. Old travellers tell us of having seen his soldiers climb to the top of the rampart, and at the word of command they instantly threw themselves over the battlements to certain death. The sway that the Old Man of the Mountain had over his troop of assassins was a picture of Satan's supremacy over the minds of men. They will do anything for him, and call it pleasure. Look at the foul stuff they drink, which degrades them below the level of the swine, and they think this a joy. Never king had such subjects as Satan has when he enters into men's souls; so readily does man's nature become to Satan a true palace. The fiend is never so well accommodated as when he enters into a man. When his legions went into the swine, they were not in a palace; for the whole herd ran violently down a steep place, into the sea, and were choked in the waters. When the devil is outside of a man, he is not in a palace: "He walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none;" but when he rules within the heart

of man, then he feels himself every inch a king, well housed, in a suitable abode. He makes himself so much at home in man's nature, and acts the monarch so thoroughly, that he dares to do in our humanity what else he might not have been able to do. But what a shocking sight it is! I feel ready to sit down and weep over this foul degradation of our humanity into a palace for the abominable prince of darkness, who is the arch-enemy of God.

You have seen this king in his palace, but observe that *he is there as a strong man armed.* He knows that he has no right to be there. That is the one gleam of light that I see about the picture; for if he knew that he had a right to be there, he would not carry arms about him. Evidently he has a dread that the God who made man does not mean to leave him to be a habitation of Satan; and so the enemy sojourns within man, not as an owner in his home, but as a pirate in his den, armed to the teeth, expecting to be disturbed. He treats his palace as a fortress; and though a prince, he bears arms like a common soldier.

It is wonderful how Satan is armed. What a strong hand he has! What force and power over the human soul! It is a great mystery, but though a mystery, it is certainly true, that he knows how to master men, and to put down the uprise of a rebellion right speedily. He is no weak monarch: "he keepeth his palace." He rules his house within, and guards it from assaults without, so that in both senses "his goods are in peace." But still there is a fear within him. "The devils believe and tremble." He believes that the Christ is stronger than he, and therefore he trembles lest the Christ should come to dispossess him: therefore is he always armed. Some of you that are living in sin have your trembling fits at times; and these are hours in which the clash of arms is heard from the castle walls. After you have gone farther in sin than ordinarily you feel uneasy. You can scarcely endure to be alone in the dark, for conscience doth make cowards of you. Hence, he that has usurped possession of the nature of man, never puts off his armour, or lays down his sword. That he may keep what he has captured he is always "the strong man armed."

But notice, while he is thus armed himself, what comes of it: "His goods are in peace." *The ungodly man is undisturbed.* Satan has taken possession of him, and he is at ease. He loves pleasure, and he goes after it, and he will not indulge himself in a thought that might cost him unrest. He speeds on from sin to sin, and will not think, for fear that thought should be troublesome to him.

Satan keeps his goods, and his goods are in peace. Sometimes it is the peace of self-righteousness. The man is living in sin, and forgetting God, and yet he thinks that he is as good as anybody else; in fact, he is a little better. Or else the sinner is utterly indifferent to religion. Perhaps he says that he is a working-man, and he has no time to think about such things; or he is a rich merchant, and he cannot bother his head with ecclesiastical matters: he has enough to do to look after the main chance. Possibly he pleads neither excessive occupation nor abundance of cares, he does not condescend to offer any excuse: he is indifferent, and means to be so. He has no doubt that all things will come right somehow or other, and he quotes sayings of poets and divines of modern times which help to make him lay down his head on

his pillow, and sleep on. The strong man armed keepeth his house, and his goods are in peace.

This is our difficulty, my brethren—that the men around us who have the least right to peace are most in peace. Consider the ungodly, and you will have to say of them as David, "they are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." They do not seem even to be troubled when they come to die: "they have no bands in their death, but their strength is firm." The prince of darkness has such power over them that you cannot disturb them. I heard of one who took a certain drug for a medical purpose, but he took too much. His friends did not know this, and they said, "He sleeps very beautifully: do not disturb him." In the middle of the day he still slept, and then they said, "Is it all right?" They fetched a surgeon. "Get him out of bed," said he. "Here, get the porter of the hotel, and walk him up and down the corridor, or he will sleep himself to death." He would have died if they had not used vigorous methods to arouse him. This is the way with many men: they have taken the devil's drug, and it has sent them into a horrible sleep, out of which we cannot wake them. Only God can arouse them.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." You contented people, who have no Saviour, do you see where you are? Do you see to whom it is that you owe your dangerous peace? I would to God that I could throw a bomb-shell into the very centre of your consciences, that it might destroy your peace, and drive you with tears and cries to seek mercy through a bleeding Saviour.

II. I ask you now to BEHOLD THIS GIANT ADVERSARY ASSAILED. He has no right to be in this palace; and he is doomed to be hurled out of it by sheer force, however much he may resist. Some of us know this, and so we begin to assail him. We attack this strong man armed with all the force we can bring to bear upon him. It is implied in the parable that this happens: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come" —and so on. It is evident that there may come a great many assailants before the Stronger than he arrives. I have besieged this palace, and I have tried to discharge my poor artillery against the prince of darkness and his palace; but his goods have still been in peace. I have sometimes succeeded with the big cannon of the gospel in throwing in a hot shot or two; but the capture of the palace of Mansoul is not to be made by any arms of mine. The man has been awakened for a minute; he has looked at my cannon-ball, and he has said, "A faithful preacher that," and there has been an end of my firing. Driven to his knees for a moment, the startled hearer has risen half ashamed of his own fears, and been as brazen as ever. No, the strong man armed laughs at us. If we come alone to the siege of this stronghold, we come in vain. You of the Blue Ribbon, and others of us who, with you, contend against drunkenness, and fight for Jesus, must be well aware that ribbons, and pledges, and persuasions, do not conquer the heart. Satan knows that it is very little that we can do if we come without our Master, and consequently he lets us do our little best. If our Master shall go up with us, we shall see some glorious fighting. When he comes with his servants, then it is a hand-to-hand battle.

The Lord Jesus is stronger far than the powers of darkness. Is he not the everlasting Son of God—by nature, therefore, stronger than any creature, however crafty or mighty? Did he not meet this enemy in the wilderness, and stand foot to foot with him, and overthrow him thrice? Did he not meet him again in Gethsemane when he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, while he tugged with this great adversary? Did he not at last overthrow him, and lead him captive, fastened to his chariot-wheels? Yes, the Seed of the woman has bruised the serpent's head. He is stronger than Satan—this King and Lord of ours; and when he comes, the enemy feels that his time is short, and straightway his goods are no more in peace. The palace, which seemed lit up as for a marriage festival, is now darkened; its halls, formerly so gay and brilliant, ring with the noise of arms, the crash of armour, and the clash of swords. The man who before had been at peace starts up, and cries in dismay, "Where am I, and what shall I do?" He is distressed, amazed, alarmed. He is like a man who had been sleeping heavily, but is startled from his bed with the cry of "Fire!" He does not know whether he is dreaming or awake, but he leaps out of bed in his confusion, and shouts, "What must I do? How can I escape?" Many a time have I heard this cry. The Stronger than the strong man armed has come home, and no sooner has his presence been perceived than the long peace has been broken, and a conflict has begun.

When once the Lord Jesus Christ has put his foot inside this palace, which is really his, he bids the enemy clear out. The enemy does not like to go, and straightway he commences to do grievous damage. You remember the story of the demoniac child: when Jesus bade the devil come out of him, the evil spirit began to tear him. A malicious tenant, if he must leave the house, will damage it all he can. Perhaps some of you are feeling the fury of the enemy: the evil one is under orders to come out of you, but before he does so he fills you with despair. Perhaps he makes you worse than ever you were in your lives. I heard of one who was asked, "Have you heard Mr. Spurgeon?" and he replied, "Yes, I am sorry that I have, for I am now the most wretched man on earth." I was neither surprised nor sorry. When Christ in the gospel manifests himself to a chosen soul, then the enemy has met more than his match, and he must quit his abode. Oh, the glory of that day when Christ ejects him! "I saw Satan," says he, "as lightning fall from heaven." The power of the evil one is broken. He has no more authority over the spirit, for a Stronger than he has fought with him, and has overcome him.

Some of you will see in this the explanation of your present soul-trouble. When you had no religion at all, you were pretty peaceful, but now you are plagued with doubts, and fears, and griefs. I sympathize with you. When a soul becomes the battle-ground of two such champions as Christ and Satan, believe me, it will be ploughed up very deeply. Oh, the noise of the cannonading! Oh, the terror of "the garments rolled in blood"! Oh, the dust of battle which beclouds the intellect, and makes the soul feel as though it must be choked with horrors! It is not so with all, but it has been so with some of us out of whom the strong man armed has been ejected by main force of omnipotent grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

III. We will suppose that this is all over with some of you, and that the "stronger than he" has overcome the "strong man armed." Now, BEHOLD THE ADVERSARY SPOILED. "He taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."

My eye sees with delight the Blessed Lord of the pierced hands, the Knight of the Shield of Love, who has vanquished the cruel usurper. I see him, first, *taking from him the armour wherein he trusted.*

Here in my parable I cannot distinguish between the degraded palace and the accursed king: between man and Satan. I will briefly describe the kind of armour which Satan uses: he puts it about every heart while it is resisting the Lord Jesus. There is the ancient and well-known armour of *doubt.* The man does not believe in God, nor in the divinity of Christ. He does not believe in the evil of sin, nor in the depravity of our nature, nor in the doctrines of grace, nor in the terrors of the world to come. When Christ wins the victory, he tears off this armour. "Take off that helmet," says he; and it is taken from the head. He tears off his breastplate, and makes the man stand naked to his shame. He has no heart-doubts now: he also believes and trembles. A convinced sinner has something else to do besides doubting. He cries, "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!" He is full of trembling and tears; but his scepticism is all gone. "He taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted."

Having taken away the doubt, the Lord Jesus also removes the scales of *delusion.* The man was covered with the mail of self-righteousness, or false religion, or idle speculation. These kept off the darts of conviction. They are all off now. "God be merciful to me a sinner," is his language. He has given up all his philosophy, and his wisdom, and his sarcasms at Scripture, and his trust in creeds, and the like; and he stands, with all his armour gone, a prisoner before his Lord.

There is another bit of armour which Satan puts on a sinner: it is called *delay.* How many of my congregation wear it! Satan has clothed them in it. It is always—"When I have a more convenient season I will send for you." When Jesus conquers the devil, delay is disowned. Then the cry is, "Lord, save, or I perish! Make haste to deliver me!" This coat of mail is hung up for a trophy.

Another common panoply is called *despair.* How many has Satan clothed with this armour! "There is no hope. I am doomed to be lost. I may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. I have lived in sin; and I know I shall die in it. Let me have a short life and a merry one." Thus they plunge into deeper sin. But oh! when Christ puts his foot on the neck of the devil, he takes away all this armour. Then the man hopes in God's mercy, and finds forgiveness.

I wish I could take away the sinner's armour; but though I cannot, Jesus can. He can strip the arch-fiend, and leave him not so much as an inch of steel with which to protect himself. May he do so now! O my Lord, come forth from thine ivory palaces! Mount thy chariot! Use thy two-edged sword! Cast thine arrows afar! Hell trembles at thee! Heaven adores thee! The hearts of men cannot stand against thee! Ride forth prosperously in the garments of salvation, and win renown this day!

When the Conqueror had stripped the vanquished, *he divided the*

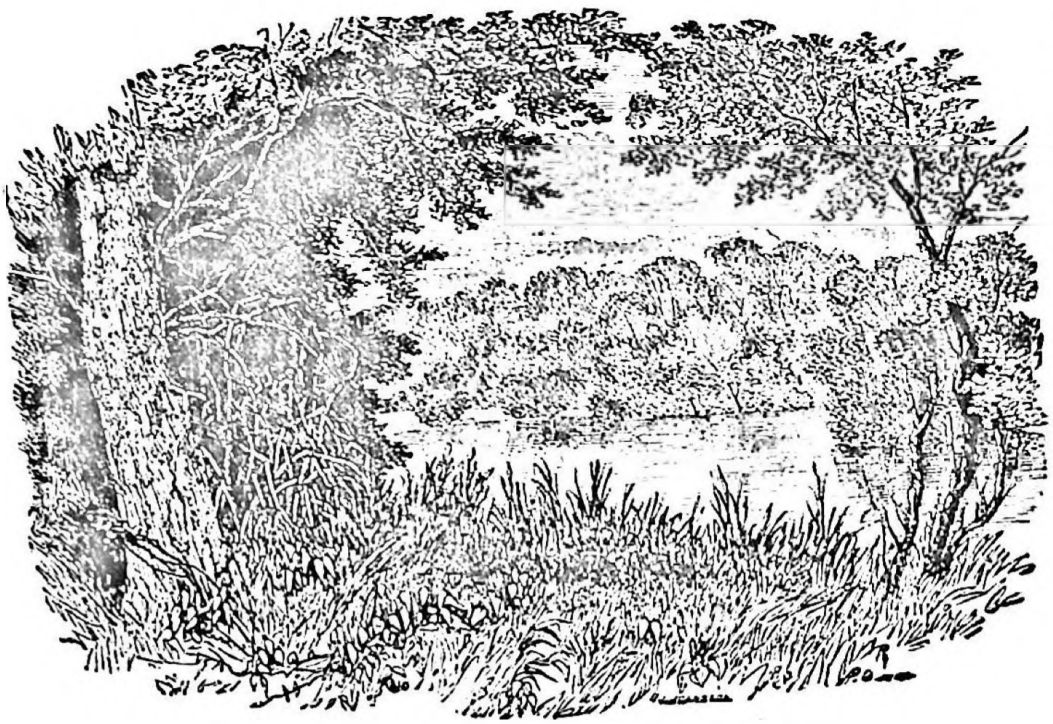
spoil. Satan had never any right to the treasures of the palace which he captured. By right of conquest, by right of creation, by right of a more ancient possession, and by right of a full redemption, Jesus justly claims the whole of manhood, and takes it to himself. How completely our Lord takes sinners to himself when he has conquered Satan! "They shall be mine," says he. "I have fought for them, and I have won them." Speak of consecrated faculties, powers, and abilities! We are altogether the Lord's. I thank God that some of us know what it is for Jesus to possess our purse, our tongue, our thought, yea, our very breath. Thine are we, O Jesus, and all that we have! We render the members of our body, and the powers of our mind to Jesus: these are David's spoil. I remember a man who used to walk a very long way to hear the gospel, and somebody asked him, "How is it that you can walk so far?" "Well," said he, "when I served the devil, I walked many long miles to a horse-race, or a theatre; and, therefore, when my old legs say to me, 'We can hardly manage so many miles on a Sunday,' I tell them, 'I mean to make you do it, for he that has redeemed me has redeemed me legs and all, and you shall carry me up to the house of God.'" Sometimes, when you are busy in the Master's service, your head begins to ache, for you are weary; and then it will be a fit thing to say, "My head used to ache a deal worse when I enjoyed the wine-cup. I was much more weary when I spent long nights in sin, and I do not mean to spare myself now in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has bought me with his blood." The Champion who has released us from the tyrant deserves from us all that we can give. If there be any treasure hidden away, let us bring it out. Fetch out every piece of tapestry, or metal work, or jewellery, or art, which can be found in the palace of manhood. Let our King Solomon receive the whole as his just prize, for "he shall divide the spoil with the strong." Lay yourself out for the Lord with all your heart, and soul, and spirit, as a testimony of what you owe to him for having freed you from the dark prince who made your soul his den.

Dear Christian brethren and sisters, long for the palace of humanity to be the King's! Pine because it is not. Pray that it may be.

Next, Break the world's peace. Do not be ashamed to sound the clarion, and bring on war. Be outspoken against sin of every sort. Be afraid of nothing except being afraid. Be soldiers of the cross, crusaders against evil. Your Master means fighting. You must fight too.

Furthermore, Take care that you never go to battle without your Lord. If you do, the devil will laugh at you. If you go with your Lord, sheltering behind him, your victory is sure.

Lastly, Believe in success. Ever be this your war-cry, "Victory! Victory!" Do not believe that lust, or error, or drink, or oppression, can always hold the field. Do not believe that any form of sin can stand against Jesus. In the name of God we will destroy all that is evil. Hath he not called us to it if we are indeed his followers? O ye young Jethers, who are half afraid to draw your swords against a foe so gigantic, pluck up courage, for you are ordained to conquer! Omnipotence is with us; who can be against us?



Jordan and the Bathing-place.

THROUGHOUT the East ablution at set times and places has always been a religious ceremony.

Every synagogue and mosque was furnished with a spring or cistern; and of this strongly implanted sentiment John availed himself when he addressed the multitudes who assembled on the banks of the rushing stream. With strong prophetic voice he proclaimed the advent of Messiah, crying, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"; and numbers confessed their sins and were baptized in its waters, as was also our Saviour himself; and thence began the sacred rite of baptism.

At Easter, each year, great numbers of pilgrims flock to Jerusalem, and sometimes six hundred or seven hundred go down on the Monday in Passion week to wash themselves in the waters of the Jordan.

They are accompanied by a band of armed Turkish soldiers as a protection against the robbers, who, as in Bible times, still molest unguarded travellers on the road where the good Samaritan once tended the wounded and bleeding sufferer.

At the bathing-place the river is from sixty feet to eighty feet wide; on it rushes through a thicket of tamarisk, willow, poplar, and other trees, whilst high reeds wave to and fro, swayed by the wind.

When the pilgrims reach this spot, they all dismount from their camels, mules, asses, or horses, and, clothed in white, walk silently and solemnly into the stream. The garment then worn is afterwards carefully kept to serve as their shroud.—*H. Tien, in "The Friendly Visitor."*

"'Tis Well that Something Sings."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

DARK is the room, but deeper gloom
Enshrouds the stricken hearts:
The stifled sighs and streaming eyes
Tell how the spirit smarts.
'Tis silence all! though on the wall
The songster's cage is hung,
'Twould seem as if the whelming grief
Stayed e'en that tireless tongue.
But, suddenly, rich melody
From yonder prison springs:—
Yes, golden bird, thou must be heard!
"'Tis well that *something* sings."

"'Tis well," we own, although alone
From thee the anthems swell;
But yesterday he passed away,
Whom we have loved so well.
Our eyes are dim, we must miss him,
For though death tarried long,
The stroke seemed swift: our hearts we lift,
But cannot raise a song:
So would not stay thy roundelay,
Thy bliss a blessing brings;
Oh, do not cease, sweet cantatrice!
"'Tis well that *something* sings."

And, even so, in sorest woe
Some music may be heard.
"How sad thy lot!"—but hast thou not
At least one singing bird?
Hast never seen the rainbow sheen
Begem the thunder-cloud?
And flowerets bloom about the tomb,
And glory gild the shroud?
Bright roses glow 'mid Alpine snow!
Fruit from the bramble springs!
Cool waters rise 'neath burning skies!
Thus ever "*something* sings."

List, mourner, list! a vocalist
Salutes thy heart just now!
Some joy remains to lull thy pains,
Some music soothes thy brow!
Thy heart attune; for, very soon,
Thou'lt with the angels stand,
Thy songs as sweet, thyself as meet
As any in that band.
To this aspire. Oh, grasp thy lyre,
Replace its broken strings!
Though grieving too, with heaven in view,
Be known as "*one who sings.*"

How a Sunday Fair was Stopped.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

THREE miles from Rhyl, the growing watering-place of Flintshire, stands the town of Rhuddlan, one of the Flint boroughs. It is situated in a low, flat district, deriving its name (Red) from the original colour of the soil. It is in the Vale of Clwyd, near to the confluence of the river of that name with the Elwy. Three miles further inland, in the same vale and county, is the quiet city of St. Asaph, the seat of a bishopric. Denbigh is on the western side of the river and valley, at no great distance.

The Vale of Clwyd has been greatly praised—some have thought over-praised—for its beautiful scenery. The difference of opinion in this, as in many other matters, may arise from the difference as to points of observation. To see the charming vale to advantage, you require to ascend one of the numerous eminences which rise on each side of it. Towards Rhuddlan the valley expands, and the hills disappear, and the country as far as the sea-coast is low and marshy.

Though an inconsiderable place as to trade and population, Rhuddlan figures rather prominently in history. It was once a place of great importance, and still possesses, in addition to its ruined castle, several remnants of antiquity. The most remarkable is the small remnant of the house in which Edward I. held his parliament or council, in 1283, when the Welsh were induced to acknowledge his infant son, born in Carnarvon Castle, as Prince of Wales. The castle, dating back to the tenth century, or even earlier, has been the scene of many fierce conflicts, from a period a few years before the Norman Conquest, when it was in the possession of Gryffydd ap Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, and was attacked and burnt by Harold of England, down to the date of its surrender by the Royalists to the Parliamentary General Mytton, in 1646.

But it is not of any of these fierce encounters and bloody contests that we propose to write, but concerning another conflict, hot and fierce indeed, but altogether bloodless, and having a peaceful issue—a contest in which, on one side at least, only those weapons were used which are not carnal, but mighty through God. This contest was entered upon by one man, who alone faced all the forces of the enemy, and won a victory at once complete and final, and in every respect highly beneficial. This single-handed combatant was the Rev. John Elias, one of the princely preachers of the Principality, who passed to his long and large reward almost half a century ago. The events here described occurred in the summer of 1802.

There were still, at that time, some places in North Wales where iniquity abounded without apparent hindrance. Of such places even a loving John might have said, "where Satan's seat is." The inhabitants seemed to have been given up to ungodliness, and to sins of the basest kind. The Holy Sabbath was desecrated in the most shameful manner, and all God's laws were trampled on with impunity. No day in the week was so thoroughly devoted to the service of Satan as the Lord's-day. This was notably the case in Anglesea, but in other parts of North Wales there were places almost equally bad. The clergy, as a rule, were either

asleep or too indolent to interfere, and other preachers generally considered the matter as fraught with such danger that they forbore to attack the evil. Rhuddlan was one of these places. Previous to harvest-time there was a kind of fair there for the sale of scythes, reaping-hooks, and other agricultural tools and implements, continued over several Sundays, when hundreds, if not thousands, of people assembled. Sunday was the chief day. Then farmers hired their labourers; and then drinking, gaming, fighting, and every species of nameless vice were indulged in without blushing or restraint. During harvest, too, it was a place of general rendezvous on each returning Sabbath, if a wet season did not lead the farmers to compel their men to continue their work; and then sin was indeed rampant, and Satan seemed to reign undisturbed. Such was the state of things where, to use phrases not then coined,

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

John Elias was then a young man of not more than twenty-eight. He was already a highly popular and very useful minister of the Calvinistic-Methodist body, and had spent a few years in the Isle of Anglesea, as his principal sphere of labour, though he itinerated in other parts of the Principality, especially in the north. In Anglesea his success had been great, in leading many to Christ, and in turning many from their sins to righteousness. His preaching took a very wide scope. He assailed all things which he deemed contrary to God and the progress of true religion among the people, no matter who favoured or upheld them. Nothing could stand before his powerful preaching. Anglesea was not the same place when he left it as it was when he first settled there. Once the gentlemen of the county intended having races. Elias heard of it, and buckled on his armour. He went through the isle preaching so powerfully and alarmingly that the people were afraid to proceed, and the races were given up. Stage-players were driven quite out of the island by his sermons. They held him up to ridicule on the stage, but it was no use; their occupation was gone, and they were compelled to beat a retreat.

He was moved with compassion concerning Rhuddlan, and he was determined to make a raid on the hateful wickedness which was practised there, destroying so many souls. He would go and preach the gospel there when their wickedness was at its height. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him, knowing the danger that would attend such an attempt, about the success of which they had grave doubts. But it was laid on his heart to do it, and he did it.

The Sabbath came when, as he had announced, he would make the attempt. There were thousands of people present, a large number of whom were favourable to his design. When Elias arrived the fair was in full swing. Men were walking about with their hooks on their arms, and their scythes upon their shoulders. The harpers and fiddlers, many of them the worse for liquor, were attracting vast crowds. The preacher's spirit was stirred within him. He appeared very thoughtful, grave, and full of compassion. In the midst of the men with the sickles and scythes he mounted the steps of the New Inn, and gave out a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm to be sung:—

"Yr Arglwydd biaw 'r ddaear lawr,
A'i llawnder mawr sydd eiddo;
Yr Arglwydd biau yr hollfyd,
A'r babl i gyd sydd ynddo."

The following is not an exactly literal translation, but it embodies the sense:—

"The earth's the Lord's, the land, the sea,
The countless tribes that in them dwell;
He is the Lord, our Maker; we
Should therefore love and serve him well."

"I never," says one who witnessed the scene, "heard more serious and impressive singing." As to the preaching, he adds, "The sobriety and awe in Elias's voice were very impressive. Such effect was produced shortly on the people, that not a hook nor a scythe was to be seen. Nothing but opposition and persecution was expected, but scarcely anything of the kind was experienced, for they all put their implements out of sight very soon."

After reading a chapter from the Bible in the most solemn and impressive manner, he proceeded to pray very earnestly and importunately, even as Jacob when he wrestled for a blessing. "His heart," says the same eye-witness, "was in a very melting frame, from which his words flowed, and the tears ran profusely down his grave and serious countenance." The people were apparently seized with awe, and every face wore a sober aspect, as the minister repeatedly thanked the Lord that he did not suffer the earth to open and swallow all up alive. He prayed earnestly several times that the Lord would incline the hearts of the respectable and influential men in the neighbourhood to regard the Sabbath, and to prevent its wholesale desecration. He prayed for the farmers, for the labourers, for servants, publicans, and for men of all classes, who had helped in the general profanation. His prayer produced effects which no one looked for. All was calm.

The text led him straight to the point of Sabbath desecration. "Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest." His spirit was soon greatly stirred within him, and the words came from his lips with amazing force, carrying light and conviction to the hearts of very many. When he came to deal with his subject in detail, he made some very pertinent and homely observations, in a manner as suited to his audience as they were fitly and powerfully uttered.

"Should we," he supposed some asking him, "rest on the Sabbath-day if it were a fine day, the harvest being very wet and bad, and the corn much injured?"

"Yes," said he, speaking in a voice which reached far and wide, "Yes, you should obey the Word of God at all times. It is said, 'In earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest.' The Lord had rather send a legion of angels to manage your harvest than that you should disregard his holy day."

More than once, in the course of his sermon, he exclaimed, with wonderful force and power—the tears running down his face, and his arm lifted up, as if he would call God to witness to what he said: "O robbers! O robbers! O thieves! Alas! stealing the day of the

Lord! What! robbing my Lord of his day? O robbers the most vile and abominable!"

Then he would meet another objection:

"What if one should suffer, and be unable to pay his way, having not made all exertions, even on the Sabbath, when it is a wet harvest?"

To this he replied:—

"Thousands that keep the Sabbath at all times have been enabled to live far better than you, and certainly die infinitely better than you are likely to do." He then observed the threatenings of God for abusing the Sabbath, enlarging on Jer. xvii. 27: "But if ye will not hearken unto me to hallow the Sabbath-day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the Sabbath-day; then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched." He then dwelt on the promises made in the Bible to those that keep the day holy.

The people soon became much alarmed, and seemed as if smitten with the arrows of conviction. There was not a word of reply or opposition. All the men of war lost their courage, and appeared to lay down their weapons. They seemed panic-stricken, and a feeling of seriousness seemed to possess the whole multitude. Many were heard to say that they would on no account go again to such a place to do business on the Sabbath-day. And they kept their word; for never again was the fair held on a Sunday, and throughout the whole of Denbighshire and the neighbourhood sin seemed with shame to hide its hateful head.

One man was so alarmed at hearing the terrible judgments of God against Sabbath-breakers that, on his way home, he imagined the arm on which his reaping-hook rested was really withered, and when the hook fell to the ground he feared to pick it up, lest his other arm should be withered. He lost his hook, but his soul was saved. His arms were not withered, but he became a decided Christian, lived a godly life, and died in the faith of Jesus Christ.

In his prayer after sermon Elias again entreated the Lord to put it into the heart of some in authority to act on behalf of his holy day and the cause of his dear Son. The scene of all this Sabbath-breaking was only three miles from the bishop's palace at St. Asaph, and Elias's sermon made such a commotion that the dean of St. Asaph sent a threatening message to the town. But the flood of evil had been stemmed, not by the arm of the civil power, but by the power of the word of God, faithfully proclaimed by his heroic and zealous servant.

It is interesting to notice in what a humble, unostentatious spirit he records the incident:—

"The Lord supported and strengthened me to preach at Rhuddlan during a fair on a Sunday in the harvest-time. There was much opposition and contention at the commencement, but the Lord overruled it, and blessed the word. The victory was gained, and the evil practice was given up."

North Wales has vastly improved as to morality, sobriety, intelligence, and true piety since the time of the above incident, and nowhere in England is the Sabbath regarded and observed as in Wales, where the attendance at public worship, in some places especially, is almost universal.

In England, especially in and near London and the large towns, the tendency to desecrate the Sabbath seems to be greatly increasing. Many professing Christians, even, are very lax in their habits, and equally loose in their notions as to the claims of God's day. Some ministers, too, openly contend for the throwing open of museums, picture-galleries, and other places of instruction and amusement, to the public on God's holy day! But before we yield what they ask, we require to learn in what part of God's holy Book he has told us that he has abolished the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" and even if this were forthcoming, which it is not, we should still regard a weekly rest as a physical necessity, and a priceless boon to the toiling millions of our beloved country. May every Christian be truly alive to the claims of the Lord's-day, and ever set a faithful example of obedience to him who has said, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord"!

How can you have the Shadow without the Tree?

WE hear great talk of the value of the practical spirit of religion, and of the evils of *theology*. That poor word *theology* is in for a bad time just at present: every fool is making fun of it. "We want the life, and not the doctrine," is the parrot cry on all sides.

These people seem to forget that you must have religion before you can have the influence of religion. Surely there must be truth before there can be the life which grows out of that truth, and is nourished by it. Joseph Cook, upon another matter, uses an illustration which well befits this subject:—"Cut down the tree. It is of no use to us; in fact, it is a good deal in the way. All that we need is the shade which it casts." Those who would do away with Christian doctrine are, whether they are aware of it or not, the worst enemies of Christian living. The godliness of Puritanism will not long survive the sound doctrine of Puritanism. The coals of orthodoxy are necessary to the fire of piety.—C. H. S.

Parable of the Foolish Children.

CERTAIN silly children, having only a short candle, must needs be at their games when they ought to have minded their lessons. Taking no heed to the burning away of their light, they played on, and on, till at last their candle was out, and they were forced to go to bed in the dark. Many such children are to be found who are of the size and age of men and women. Their time is spent in trifling, or in seeking worldly ends; and when their candle of life is out, as it soon will be, they will have to die in the worst kind of darkness. Reader, are you one of these? Let me assure you, from what I have personally seen, that it is an awful thing to quit this life without having a clear light upon the world to come. I beseech you, do not take that last dread leap in the dark!—C. H. S.

Putting in the Rousing.

A NEGRO preacher, when he was asked what was the secret of the great success of his coloured brethren, replied, "We 'spounds, and we 'splains; and then we puts in the rousin'." In answer to a further enquiry, as to why so many other preachers failed to influence their hearers, the good man said: "They 'spounds, and they 'splains away; but they forgets to put in the rousin'." Most true, beloved brudder! We fear it is getting more true every day. What truth is there which is not now explained away? Heaven may, perhaps, be left us; but the preacher's tender sensibilities and refinement prevent his mentioning hell, and the wrath of God against sin, of which it is the expression. The difference between saint and sinner is in vast numbers of pulpits altogether ignored; the precious blood is not mentioned in ears polite; and regeneration is covered up under the pretence of a ceremonial change accomplished in infancy. The fact is, the powder and the ball are stolen from the gospel cannon, and the fire is also carefully kept away, and how can any execution be done? The spirit and soul of the gospel are 'splained away, and nothing is left but the pretence of charity.

The more of culture and education the better, but if these are perverted, and produce a hollow faith in God's revelation, and a mealy-mouthedness in declaring the gospel, we should be a world better without them. Let the fishermen learn Latin if you will, but if this puts them above their work, and prevents their catching fish, let the Latin be pitched into the sea. Let my minister be a scholar by all means, but if he shows his cleverness by spiriting away the gospel, and preaching me to sleep, I had rather go and hear an honest local preacher who speaks nothing but the plainest English, yet tells me the truth of God, and rouses me to hearty enthusiasm while he is doing it.—C. H. S.

The Wise Fox.

IN the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. At length one of them said to the other: "Let us quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear brother; but how shall we set about it?" "Oh," said the first, "it cannot be difficult; two-legged people fall out, and why should not we?" They tried in all sorts of ways, but could not succeed, because one would always give way to the other. At last one of them brought two stones. "There," said he, "you say they are yours, and I will say they are mine, and then we will quarrel, and fight with each other. Now, I will begin: '*Those stones are mine!*'" "Very well," said the other, "you are welcome to them." "But we shall never quarrel in this way," said the first: "don't you know it takes *two* to make a quarrel?"

If we all this year would do as the wise fox did, what peace, love, and harmony would prevail! Be as wise as the fox.—*Fireside News.*

The Good Earl of Shaftesbury.*

ON a certain piercingly cold evening, in the early part of 1886, we visited the author of "The Life of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury" in his study at Willesden; and in that snug retreat we found our friend surrounded with materials for his great work, the like of which we had never set eyes on before. The archives of the ancestral house of the Ashley-Coopers, in Dorsetshire, had yielded up their treasures without stint; the voluminous diaries, which the seventh Earl had kept from an early period of his life, were all there; and, in addition, there were letters from royal personages at home and abroad, as well as others from a host of the world's principal literary or political celebrities, such as would have caused any eager autograph-hunter to have gone beside himself with excitement. The vast amount of the material thus brought together, as well as its richness, threatened to embarrass the author. Having thus seen for ourselves the difficulties which Mr. Hodder's Herculean task would involve, we are the better able to congratulate him on its accomplishment. The general verdict will be that the book is in all respects well done, and that the great and good nobleman, who was content to forego ease and impair his health for the sake of the suffering and the ignorant, is portrayed as he really lived and laboured. It is a narrative of singular interest; and we advise all who can do so to read the three ample volumes for themselves.

When, in the reign of James I., John Cooper, of Rockborne, in Hampshire, married the daughter and only child of Sir Anthony Ashley, of St. Giles's House, Cranborne, Dorset, the two families became united, from which sprang the lamented philanthropist who has just left us. The son of Lady Anne and Sir Anthony Ashley was the erratic first Lord Shaftesbury of Puritan times, whose uncertain advocacy, first of one party, and then of another, was a source of perplexity to his friends, and of bewilderment to his biographers. The second Earl was of handsome features, but not remarkable either for strength of body or of mind, and his eldest son, the third Earl, was the celebrated author of the "Characteristics." The fourth Earl was a cultured man in the uncultured age of George II.; he was the friend of Handel, the manuscript of whose oratorios he possessed, and of Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, whose writing-table is still preserved at the family seat of St. Giles's. Possessing means which the family could at a later date have used with greater advantage, this enthusiast in art expended thousands sterling on a grotto in the park, made of foreign shells. This is thought to be one of the finest things of the kind in existence. The fifth Earl died in 1811, and was succeeded by his brother, Copley, the sixth Earl. He was the father of our own Lord Shaftesbury, the seventh and the best. Eighty years ago *The Gentleman's Magazine* referred to "a benevolence that is hereditary in the Shaftesburys": but it was the seventh Earl who best displayed that family feature.

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* "The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G." By Edwin Hodder. With portraits. Cassell and Co. Three volumes, 8vo. Price 36s.

The childhood of the seventh Earl was a time of suffering such as he ever afterwards looked back upon with horror. He received no sympathy from his parents, his mother having been devoted to fashion and pleasure, and his father to public affairs. "It is clear," remarks Mr. Hodder, "that Lord Ashley and his brothers and sisters, when they were young, experienced unkindness almost amounting to cruelty from both parents, but especially from the mother." Our good Earl himself wrote: "The history of our father and mother would be incredible to most men, and perhaps it would do no good if such facts were recorded."

Of the school to which he was sent at Chiswick, he added: "The memory of that place makes me shudder: it is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

As a little child he had found a faithful friend in Maria Millis, the housekeeper at St. Giles's, who had been lady's-maid to his mother at Blenheim. This happy Christian woman was his first religious teacher: it was she who first interested him in the Bible, and taught him to pray in words which he continued to use until his old age. The death of this family servant was a severe trial to the child so unhappily circumstanced; but he bore up bravely, never forgot the lessons she had taught, and her own gold watch, which she bequeathed to him, appears to have been the only watch which the Earl wore till the end of his long life. Let godly servants note how great may be their power to influence those around them: Maria Millis did great service in having helped to give the world the good Lord Shaftesbury.

His transfer from "Dotheboys' Hall," otherwise the Manor House, at Chiswick, to Harrow, was a grateful change so far as outward surroundings were concerned. Young Ashley had an ardent yearning after spiritual things, but he was not sufficiently settled in his opinions to think for himself until he was twenty-five. While his mother neglected him, his father was content that he could give correct answers to the questions of the Church Catechism. The religion of the household did not rise above the cold Anglican formalism of the time, having been warm in nothing save its prejudices. It was thought meritorious to hate Dissenters; and the Bible Society was denounced as an institution dangerous alike to Church and State. "It was not till I was twenty-five years old, or thereabouts, that I got hold of Scott's Commentary on the Bible," said the Earl in later days; "and, struck with the enormous difference between his views and those to which I had been accustomed, I began to think for myself." He does not mean that he became converted at that time, for he always held that he commenced his spiritual life at seven years of age, under the Christian teaching of Maria Millis. His first aspirations to become a philanthropist came at Harrow, when he was about fourteen. He was one day startled by seeing five drunken men carrying a coffin to the grave. Shouting certain Bacchanalian lines, they allowed the coffin to fall to the earth. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the horrified school-boy to himself, "Can this be permitted simply because the man was poor and friendless?"

According to his own confession, he learned very little while at

Harrow, having been too fond of amusement to make the most of his opportunities. He next passed some time with a relative, who was a clergyman in Derbyshire. Here he indulged in various out-door sports, and in visiting a neighbouring family who were glad to entertain him. "Perhaps no two years were ever so misspent," said the Earl. "I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing; nevertheless, there were constantly floating in my mind all sorts of aspirations, though I never took a step to make their fulfilment possible." The next stage, in 1819, took him to Christ Church, Oxford, where one of the greatest surprises of his life occurred, when, in 1822, he took a first class in classics. Thus he came to the end of his student days. "And now I am twenty-five years old," he wrote, on April 28th, 1826, "a great age for one who is neither wise, nor good, nor useful, nor endowed with capability of becoming so."

Viewed from a temporal standpoint, his situation at this time was not altogether an enviable one; for he wanted to find a vocation, and as the heir of a leading peer of limited means he was not so free to choose as young men of humbler station. He had his ambitious dreams, days when he had "thought of nothing but fame and immortality," and when he altogether resented "the idea of dying and being forgotten." When he was twenty-six, however, he had quite sobered down, and desired above all things to be useful, and in every situation to exemplify true Christianity. "Whether I shall ever be well off or not, God alone knows," he wrote about this time; "but this I pray that, never asking for wealth, should it be sent to me, I may receive at the same time a heart and spirit to lay it out for men's happiness and God's glory." Should he take to a political career? Or should he give his energies to science and literature? In any one of these pursuits he might, probably, have made his mark; but his life-work was opening in another direction. For a short time he held office under the Duke of Wellington as Commissioner of the India Board of Control; and under Sir Robert Peel he was engaged at the Admiralty Board, in 1835; but he soon turned aside from the arena of party politics to fight the cause of the oppressed.

It was Lord Ashley who led the way in promoting the reform of the Lunacy Laws; and truly there was urgent need of such reform. Since the Act of Edward II., in the fourteenth century, which provided that the king should "have the custody of the lands of natural fools," the lot of deranged persons had been a cruel one. As late as the reign of George III., the unhappy inmates of "Bedlam" could be seen as one of the sights of London for a small charge; and the horrible severity with which they were treated was supposed to be most proper and commendable. The Quakers set the example of other methods in their asylum at York, at the end of the last century. The exposure of the atrocities practised at Bethlehem Hospital made a sensation in 1815; but it was not until Lord Ashley took up the subject with determination that better times for the insane really came. He retained his interest in this department until the last, and showed it by remaining for fifty years Chairman of the Lunacy Commission.

It was chiefly as the friend of the industrial classes in the great

centres of manufacture that Lord Ashley was destined to make his mark, however; and those alone who are capable of realizing in some degree what the condition of the common people was half a century ago can estimate what a task the reformer took in hand. The accumulated evils of generations of neglect and indifference were seen on every hand to inspire dismay and alarm. When he visited the worst parts of Glasgow, in 1839, Lord Ashley found it "intersected by small alleys, like gutters, crammed with houses, dunghills, and human beings"; and the condition in which the people lived was said to be the cause of nine-tenths of the crime and of the disease which abounded. The unhappy people who herded in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green were in a similar plight; and, after exploring those districts for himself, Lord Ashley intimated that neither pen nor pencil could describe the filth and degradation as they were, adding that "one whiff of Cow Yard, Blue Anchor, or Baker's Court outweighs ten pages of letterpress." The almost universal ignorance of the poor was quite in keeping with their physical ills. A few charity schools were found here and there, but in one instance, at Oldham and Ashton, an area eight miles long and four miles broad, containing a population of 105,000, there was not a day-school at all for the poor. No wonder that the evils of popular ignorance, about which John Foster had so pathetically written, were showing themselves in many aggravated forms. Crime was so rampant that the brutally severe laws framed for its repression seemed to be ineffective; and when times became bad, in consequence of the disturbed state of trade and agriculture, the suffering people, who were too ignorant to see what the causes were which led up to their trouble, vented their wrath in a savage manner.

Riots and incendiary fires were the order of the day; and the country was fast approaching an outbreak which would repeat the horrors of the French Revolution. In such a state of things Lord Ashley sacrificed his own interests for the sake of fighting the cause of the poor.

The development of the factory system in England had led to many changes, and especially to an amount of suffering among child-operatives which was disgraceful to the country. In the olden time, the spinning-wheel used to be part of the furniture of an ordinary peasant's home; and it was not until after the middle of the last century that the primitive mode was superseded by the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, a Lancashire man, whose contrivance for working a number of wheels at the same time so enraged his fellow-operatives that they broke his machines, and drove him from the county. Further advances were made by the invention of Arkwright; water-power was utilized, and factories sprung up in rural districts, with houses attached for the unhappy "apprentices," who, for the chief part, were supplied from the workhouses of London and the large towns. The parish guardians were glad to be thus relieved of a burden which weighed heavily upon the rates. Such was the avaricious anxiety of mill-owners to make their machines as profitable as possible, that their engines worked by night as well as by day, and the atmosphere of the work-rooms was deadly. We can judge of the hardships of the workers by the fact that an attempt to restrict their labour to ten

hours a day should have been so fiercely opposed by the mill-owners. The appointment of a Royal Commission, in 1833, to enquire into the condition of the juvenile operatives was resented by the reformers, because it was thought that no further evidence was needed in respect to the disgraceful abuses which abounded. The commissioners with their own eyes, however, saw enough to touch their hearts when, at Leeds, "three thousand ragged, wretched little ones," and five times as many spectators, came to the hotel to plead for consideration, the children having "Ten Hours' Bill" printed on slips of paper in their hats. How the battle, stage after stage, was fought and won, is far too long a story to be told in this place; but the struggle, from first to last, was one of the most exciting passages of our social history. The Earl has been thought by some to have been at times injudicious in his public utterances; but, however this may have been, he won the battle of the poor. He carried on the warfare from the dark opening days, when not two mill-owners were on his side, to the triumphant close, when not two were against him.

The atrocities brought to light, in connection with the employment of women and children in mines and collieries, were appalling; and the sufferings of the child chimney-sweeps were a standing disgrace to a civilized country. To these our hero gave his earnest attention. In one instance after another evils were removed; and at length the Christian nobleman who was the chief agent in effecting their removal, was recognised and honoured as the great benefactor of the working-classes.

To fight such a battle, and to win such a series of victories, with few, save the poor, for his allies, was an achievement to be remembered. Meanwhile, as we look back on the conflict through the long vista of an entire generation, the question, "Who helped the Earl in his work, and who opposed him?" becomes fraught with uncommon interest. Here is what our late venerated friend himself wrote on this subject, not very long before his departure:—

"I started to assail home interests with every one, save a few unimposing persons, against me. O'Connell was a sneering and bitter opponent. . . Bright was ever my most malignant opponent. . . Cobden, though bitterly hostile, was better than Bright. He abstained from opposition on the Collieries Bill, and gave positive support on the Calico Print-works Bill. Gladstone is on a level with the rest; he gave no support to the Ten Hours' Bill; he voted with Sir R. Peel to rescind the famous division in favour of it. He was the only member who endeavoured to delay the Bill which delivered women and children from mines and pits; and never did he say a word on behalf of the factory children, until, *defending slavery in the West Indies*, he taunted Buxton with indifference to the slavery in England! Lord Brougham was among my most heated opponents. He spoke strongly against the Bill in 1847. Miss Martineau also gave her voice and strength in resistance to the measure."

Long before this, or in 1841, Lord Ashley had asked, "To whom should I have naturally looked for the chief aid? Why, undoubtedly to the clergy." From these, however, with some bright exceptions, he "received no support, or next to none"; and this was

the rule throughout his earlier career. Probably this shows how great have been the strides made in public morality. If the flagrant abuses in question were in existence now, the clergy would certainly be found on the right side: at least, we hope so. We give these extracts merely to show the Earl's own view of the situation.

In our limited space it would be impossible to give even a brief summary of the many reforms and controversies in which Lord Shaftesbury took part in his earlier days; and we will, therefore, take notice of a few things which help to portray the man, and enable us the better to understand the reasons of his success.

He was always extremely careful about his facts, never having been content to accept anything at second-hand. He says: "In factories, I examined the mills and the machinery, and saw the workers and their work in all its details." "In collieries, I went down into the pits. In London, I went into lodging-houses and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves, which were invaluable to me."

In the Continental tour, which he took with his wife in 1833, he carefully noted the contrasts met with in the cantons of Switzerland. "This contrast is very remarkable throughout the Confederacy," he says; "everywhere the Protestant cantons exhibit a picture of order, cleanliness, and taste. Dirt and discomfort are the guardian spirits of the Roman Catholic."

His family relationships were peculiar: helpful to the last degree on the one hand, and depressing on the other; at least they were so for a lengthened period in the earlier part of his life. His wife—a daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, of Panshanger—was in all respects a model countess, and to her, under God, much of the great philanthropist's success was due. This is how he wrote about her in 1839: "Took a walk with Minny. Much interesting conversation with the darling. It is a wonderful accomplishment, and a most beautiful answer to one's prayers, to have obtained a wife, in the highest matters and the smallest details, after my imagination and my heart. Often do I recollect the very words and sentiments of my entreaties to God, that he would give me a wife for my comfort, improvement, and safety. He has granted me to the full *all* that I desired, and far *more* than I deserved. Praised be his holy name!" This devoted woman was spared to her husband for forty-one years, and when, on the 15th of October, 1872, she departed hence, "almost her last words were, 'None but Christ, none but Christ!'"

His relationship with his father was far less happy; but a reconciliation took place in the fall of 1839. For ten years Lord Ashley had not crossed the threshold of the ancestral home. He had gone forth a young man, whose aims and sympathies were uncongenial to his parents; he returned with a wife and six children. This estrangement had, for years, been one of the chief crosses of his life, and when it was ended, the removal of such a weight from his mind called forth many expressions of gratitude. We find him writing, "I do most entirely thank God for his mercy in softening my father's heart, and pouring therein the sympathies of charity and truth. Not only in great things, but in the smallest, there is a wonderful and a complete change."

This will help us to realize at what a cost to himself Lord Ashley carried on the work to which he had set his hand. With his opportunities, what a position of ease and affluence might he not have won had he chosen to go with the stream, and to leave the suffering and the poor to themselves! What he endured from nervous excitement, from overwork, from attack and misrepresentation, and even from poverty, one can learn, in some measure, from Mr. Hodder's volumes. In regard to straitened means, we find him writing in 1841: "My finances are low, very low, but I and mine have yet, blessed be his name, the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil!" During the greater part of his life it was a serious trial to him to be presiding at public meetings on behalf of great charities, and to have so little to give from his own purse. Few can appreciate this but persons of large heart and delicate sensibility: we know that it was often *the cross* of his life, and only splendid self-forgetfulness could have enabled him to work on as he did with this drawback hindering him.

The appointment of Dr. Alexander, a converted Jew, as Bishop of Jerusalem, was an exciting incident in 1841, and one that brought Lord Ashley into close contact with the good King, the late Frederic William of Prussia. The High Church party, and the Puseyites, though willing to make great advances towards Rome, were averse to joining hands in any work with the Lutheran Church. In the following year, the Tractarian controversy broke out; and we see in what things Lord Ashley differed from Dr. Pusey—his old college comrade and life-long friend. "You speak of 'abhorring our principles'; are you quite sure that you know them?" wrote the churchman. "I may reply," returned the philanthropist, "Are you quite sure that you know them yourself?" Lord Ashley soon afterwards ventured a prophecy, which is even now in course of fulfilment: "The issue I have long foreseen is approaching; a collision between the clergy and the mass of the people. The Church will destroy itself."

What Lord Ashley did in opposing the opium traffic, and in promoting the establishment of Ragged Schools, is told at length by Mr. Hodder. He was, perhaps, more than anything else, the friend of poor children. The work of the Ragged School Union may, in some respects, be regarded as his greatest work. What London was in those days, few really knew, save the friend of the poor himself, and the few heroic souls who were then associated with him in what was really a service of danger. With what holy elation did the grand old man speak of the stirring days when myriads of children were saved from the gutter, from homes of infamy, and from schools of crime—the total in about forty years having amounted to 300,000! If this had been the whole of his life-work, he would have lived in history as one of the greatest benefactors of his country.

In one other paper we hope to depict the latter part of our late venerated friend's career—the days in which he lived and worked as Lord Shaftesbury.

Gambling—a Common Snare.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

GAMBLING, in all its forms, is a sort of beehive of sins. It breaks the command which forbids us to covet, and it verges closely upon a violation of that which forbids us to steal; it has a peculiarly hardening effect upon the heart, and it renders its votary more or less a partaker in a multitude of wrongs. The term which Wesley applied to slavery, when he called it "the sum of all villanies," might with great justice be transferred to many of the various shapes of gambling. All who pursue it are not equally guilty; some, indeed, follow it as a mere pastime, and are hardly aware of the criminality of which they become partakers; and it may be admitted that very few would knowingly perpetrate those ills which, nevertheless, are the immediate and inevitable consequences of their actions.

Take a glaring case of gambling on a large scale—the gaming-hall of Monte Carlo. Here many are ruined day by day: families are reduced to poverty, creditors deprived of their lawful due, and men who were once respected are turned penniless upon the world. Are not those who join in the play partakers in the system which produces these mischievous results? The wives and children reduced to beggary—may they not accuse the gentlemen and the ladies who sat at the table with the foolish head of the household, and assisted at the emptying of his purse? Apparently they merely sported with a few gold pieces, which they could afford to risk; but in truth they helped at the spoliation of a family. Worse than this, those suicides! Those who fly from the consequences of their infatuation, and rush red-handed into their Maker's presence! Who slew all these? The keepers of the gaming tables? Assuredly. But others are in the ring of manslayers. There would have been small lure to the tables if persons of cooler head and calmer blood had not taken their places there, and staked their moderate amounts upon the red and black. Every person uniting in the game has contributed his share to the dread catastrophe. Would not the reader's conscience prick him if he had happened to be one of such a party? And if any have been there, and their consciences remain at ease when they know that numbers every year destroy themselves because they are beggared at those tables, then their play has done for them the worst of mischief, for it has deadened their moral sense.

A man frequenting a gaming-table becomes a partaker in all the sins and crimes which are known to come out of the system, and will always come from it as a matter of course. Hence, blood-guiltiness may now be lying upon skirts little suspected of such a stain. It is not probable that any practised gamester will own this; or that, if he did own it, he would feel alarmed by the confession, for this sin steels the heart. None but men accustomed to games of chance could have rattled the dice-box at Calvary, and played for the Redeemer's vesture. We remember well the story of a city missionary, who found men playing at cards upon a box, covered with a white cloth, which turned out to be a coffin; and we were prepared to believe his statement, because of kindred instances

of callousness caused by the same pursuit. A gambler can do anything. We were being startled by the story of a suicide, who had blown out his brains in a gaming-house, when our horror was overpowered by a deeper emotion as we heard a frequenter of such places say, "It was very disgusting on the part of the man! Why could he not have gone out of sight?" Self-murder was nothing to him; but the indelicacy of shocking ladies and gentlemen provoked his virtuous indignation! Once let the mind be saturated with gambling, and it is rich soil, well prepared for the production of any crop of vice which the prince of darkness may see fit to sow therein.

What we have said of gambling is meant to apply to the habit in general, and not to public and professed gaming only. The things differ only in degree and in name; but in their essence they are fraught with the same evils. Whether a man gambles with Government stock, or cotton, or wool, or wheat, or merely risks his cash upon the cast of dice, or the turn of a ball, is of small consequence to the moral quality of the action. At the present time temptations to this vice are everywhere: the young man confronts them at the club, in the billiard-room, and in the columns of the newspaper—yes, the religious newspaper; and worse still, he is invited to gamble for the benefit of a church or a meeting-house. Gentlemen are ready to send you wonderful gains from investments which they will themselves recommend to you: they know how to make thousands, but instead of using their superior knowledge for their own welfare, they generously give it to their clients for a percentage too small to be worth mentioning. Send on the money with which the speculation can be commenced, and your downward course has begun. You do not mean it, but you may be taking a fatal step, and like multitudes of others you will throw your money, your position, and your reputation into the vortex of speculation.

"Speculation is not gambling." Perhaps not; but we leave far wiser men than ourselves to draw the line. A measure of risk attaches to all trading, and even the highest risks may be unavoidable in certain legitimate pursuits: this is one thing; but to go out of one's way, and stake one's possessions upon a chance, is quite another. Definitions are not needed where a thing is perfectly well understood by all but mere cavillers. There is a clear line of demarcation between the necessary speculation which attends all commerce, and the wild, illegitimate risk-mongering, which is essentially gambling in the garb of trade—gambling often of the worst kind.

The friend of his fellow-men should be earnest to dissuade them from the beginning of the habit of gaming, since it has such a powerful fascination about it that, once entangled by it, its votary appears to be unable to escape. The following instances we know to be true in substance, though the details are purposely obscured:—

A clergyman came to a certain hotel, and thought that he would ride over and see the Casino. He had no inclination to sit at the gaming-table; indeed, he would have spoken of it with disfavour. He was interested by the play; he risked a few francs; he staked more; he lost all his gold and silver; he changed his notes; he left himself penniless, and was obliged to walk home—a weary march—for lack of means to pay his railway fare. He raised more cash, and was for a long

time habitually in the rooms of the Casino, forgetful of the dignity of his profession, and the claims of his position. The basilisk had fixed its eyes upon him, and he could not resist.

A gentleman, in moderate circumstances, came to a health-resort, with a sum of money sufficient to meet his charges during the few months which he hoped to spend by the sea for the restoration of his strength. He also went to the tables out of sheer curiosity. It was his first visit; he was caught in the snare, and came forth from the room without a pound. He wrote home, and procured a hundred pounds. One would have thought that, once bitten, he would have been twice shy; but no, he was bent upon replacing his lost gold, and so resorted to the hall hard by the spot where pigeons are shot, and there, of course, he was plucked of every fragment of his last remittance, and was compelled to lose his holiday, quit the salutary air, and return home immediately. What an infatuation! He is a happy man if he has taken warning, and has henceforth abjured the all-devouring habit.

Many who have fixed incomes remain for years, and even for life, chained to the tyrant's chariot-wheels. When the first of the month, or the quarter-day arrives, these moths flutter to the candle. It is only a matter of time: their wings are singed; and they pine in obscurity till the next season of renewed cash. Some even mortgage their allowances, and so in the midst of plenty are ground down by perpetual poverty. They are always going to strike the golden number! They have a sure system: they will yet astonish their friends, and justify their years of failure. Reason has long since ceased to affect them, and their long and bitter experience is equally lost upon them. The instances are many: the fact of the infatuation is undeniable.

But our readers are secure against such dangers. Are they? In these times practices which concealed themselves in the darkness are now braving the light. Ministers are named who attend the theatre and remain pastors of Nonconforming congregations; games of chance, which our Puritan forefathers abhorred, are tolerated in professedly Christian families; and our rising youth, first at boat-races, and then at horse-races, become familiar with the prevalent practice of betting. Then, as we have already observed, certain advertising brokers continually bait their traps, and persuade young tradesmen and others to try their luck upon the Exchange. Frequently we hear of tradesmen and private individuals brought to grief in ways which are, in plain English, a form of gambling: they meddle with matters which they do not understand, burn their fingers, and become the prey of designing men, who know their way about among stocks, shares, mines, and bubble companies.

Verily, "he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," and "the love of money is the root of all evil." There would not be half the distress in the world that there now is if men did not hunger after the meat from other men's plates. To be satisfied with a moderate allowance prevents the grasping mode of business which devours the income of others. There is room for fair enterprise and honest energy, but greed and hard-heartedness find no space for themselves except by swallowing the feebler folk around them. Nothing short of ALL will satisfy some people, and to get this all they risk what they have. If

they lose, the misery falls upon their families, and those who trusted them; and if they gain, it generally leads to the eating up of others as men eat bread. Whole trades have been tightened down to bondage for the workers and straits for the smaller men, by some one greedy individual whose methods of action have put on the screw, and caused thousands to suffer not for a day, or a year, but in perpetuity. They were able to do this by a speculation which was not one whit superior to a throw of the dice. Among men they may be had in honour so long as wealth is worshipped; but when true philanthropy and righteousness become the basis of renown they will sink into contempt. Political economy is pleaded, and we know enough of its iron laws; but at the last great day men will not be judged by the philosophy of Adam Smith, but by the laws of the Eternal. That gambling on a very large scale has ossified the public heart might be asserted with no small measure of truth, and proven from the fact that the terrible poverty of the age excites small compassion in many minds, for they meet it with the inevitable Political Economy argument, or else declare that *statistics* prove something or other, which neither fills the hungry nor clothes the naked.

Keep from the enticements of gambling in any and every form. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." May no one to whom these words shall come be bird-limed by this pernicious practice; but avoid the evil even in its most harmless shape, if harmless shape of it there be!

Rules for Spoiling a Child.

WE are indebted to *Public Opinion* for the following well-devised rules for spoiling a child:—1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for. 2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable. 3. Tell him he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him. 4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother. 5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping-machine. 6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother. 7. Do not know or care who his companions may be. 8. Let him read whatever he likes. 9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes. 10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart, and habits in the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend. 11. Be not with him in hours of recreation. 12. Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice. 13. Let him run about from church to church; eclecticism is the order of the day. 14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulders, touch not with one of your fingers. These rules are not untried. Many parents have proved them, with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.—*From "Manners Makyth Man." By the Author of "How to be happy though married."*

The Need of Medical Missions Abroad.

NOT unfrequently, the natives of the Friendly Islands, in order to check any spreading ulceration or disease, hack off the limb at a joint, working a sharp shell to and fro, and making a horribly jagged wound. In cases of delirium, the patient is invariably buried alive; and it is related how a young man, in the prime of life, was twice buried, and in his frenzy twice burst up the grave; he was afterwards lashed to a tree, and allowed to die of starvation.

Among the natives of the South Pacific Islands, "cutting" is the universal remedy for every ailment. If pain in the head is felt, then an incision, or perhaps two, are made over the part, "to let the pain out"; if diarrhœa is the complaint, then cuts are made over the abdomen; if rheumatism, deep incisions are made over the part affected; if fever, various parts of the body are cut.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the ignorant, barbarous, and superstitious notions of the people in all heathen lands, with respect to the nature and cause, the treatment and prevention, of disease; but the foregoing will give some conception of the need there is for the beneficent ministry of the missionary physician. No friend of humanity, and surely no friend of missions, can think of such heathenish rites and ceremonies performed over the sick and dying, of the cruel ordeals imposed upon them, and the untold sufferings inflicted, and of the holocausts of victims thereby consigned to an untimely death, without endeavouring to stretch forth a helping hand to ameliorate their sad condition.—*From "Medical Missions: their Place and Power."*

Welcome for New-comers.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

AT the Paris hotel at which we stayed on our way to Mentone, we noticed that all fresh arrivals of guests were heralded by the ringing of a bell, which summoned the manager, secretaries, porters, errand-boys, &c., to give the new-comers a hearty welcome. We had been duly honoured in this manner when we first passed the guardian at the gate; but whenever afterward, during our stay at the hotel, we came in, no notice was taken of our entrance.

This custom seemed to us to set forth the manner in which new converts are, or ought to be, received by the church. It is when sinners are saved that the joyous shout ascends—

"Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day."

Those who have long been the sheep of the Good Shepherd go in and out, and find pasture, and he rejoices over the safety of each one, and provides for all their wants; but when he brings home the sheep which had been straying away until he found it, then the music begins. Then he says, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." The elder brother mentioned in the parable was at home, though apparently not much at home, and nobody appears to have been greatly

delighted when *he* came in from the field; but when the prodigal was brought back by his father, "they began to be merry," and, as Christmas Evans well said, of that joy there was no end. As we behold the armies of heaven, on their white horses, following their glorious Leader and Lord, we may well bring forth our grandest martial music; but when one ragged, raw recruit is enlisted under his banner by any officer of Prince Emmanuel, there is a deed done which calls for the hallelujahs of all the inhabitants of heaven, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

It is the "little stranger" that has the "Welcome" daintily pricked out with pins upon a cushion curiously designed, and chastely adorned. The big boy of the family is just as welcome in the house as the baby, but all the wealth of love, for the time being, is lavished upon the new-comer. The son can take care of himself, but the infant must be taken up tenderly, and nourished with care. It would be a holy service if certain brethren and sisters in our churches made a point of looking after all the new-comers. Might not this be a suitable sphere for one who is reading this paper?

As the new-comers at the hotel arrived, and were welcomed, we were not at all jealous of them, for there was plenty of room for them as well as ourselves, and after their first welcome they were on the same level as we were. Instead of trying to keep any away from the great gospel-hotel, or caravansary, we cry with the Jubilee Singers:—

"O sinner, don't stay away,
Sinner, don't stay away,
Sinner, don't stay away,
Don't stay away.
For my Lord says, 'There's room enough,
Room enough in the heavens for you';
My Lord says, 'There's room enough,'
Don't stay away."

There was no room for Christ in the inn at Bethlehem, but there is room for *you* in his heart of love, in his heaven above, and in his church below.

"There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour!"

Taking Possession of the Promise.

"I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it."—Genesis xxviii. 13.

TIMOROUS souls find much difficulty in laying hold upon the promises of God as being made to themselves: they fear that it would be presumption to grasp things so good and precious. As a general rule, we may consider that *if we have faith to grasp a promise, that promise is ours.* He who gives us the key which will fit the lock of his door intends that we should open the door and enter. There can never be presumption in humbly believing God; there may be a great

deal of it in daring to question his word. We are not likely to err in trusting the promise too far. Our failure lies in want of faith, not in excess of it. It would be hard to believe God too much: it is dreadfully common to believe him too little. "According to your faith be it unto you," is a benediction from which the Lord will never draw back. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." It is written, "they could not enter in because of unbelief"; but it is never said that one who entered in by faith was censured for his impertinence, and driven out again.

Jacob, according to the text with which we have headed this chapter, took possession of the promised land by stretching himself upon it, and going to sleep. There is no surer way of taking possession of a promise than by placing your whole weight upon it, and then enjoying a hearty rest. "*The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it.*"

How often have I found the promise true to my own self when I have accepted it as truth, and acted upon it! I have stretched myself upon it as upon a couch, and left myself in the hands of the Lord; and a sweet repose has crept over my spirit. Confidence in God realizes its own desires. The promise which our Lord made to those who seek favours in prayer runs thus—"Believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." This sounds strange, but it is true; it is according to the philosophy of faith. Say, by a realizing faith, "this promise is mine," and straightway it is yours. It is by faith that we "receive promises," and not by sight and sense.

The promises of God are not enclosures to be the private property of this saint or that, but they are an open common for all the dwellers in the parish of Holy Faith. No doubt there are persons who would, if they could, make a freehold of the stars, and a personal estate out of the sun and moon. The same greed might put a ring-fence around the promises; but this cannot be done. As well might misers hedge in the song-birds, and claim the music of lark and thrush as their own sole inheritance, as propose to keep promises all to themselves. No, not the best of saints can, even if they wished to do so, put a single word of the God of grace under lock and key. The promise is not only "unto you, and to your children," but also "to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." What a comfort is this! Let us take up our common-rights, and possess by faith what the Lord has made ours by a covenant of salt.

Words spoken to Jacob belong equally to all believers. Hosea says of him, "Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed: he wept, and made supplication unto him: he found him in Bethel, *and there he spake with us.*" So that Jehovah spake with us when he spake with the patriarch. The wonders which God displayed at the Red Sea were wrought for all his people, for we read, "*there did we rejoice in him.*" (See Psalm lxvi. 6.) It is true we were not there, and yet the joy of Israel's victory is ours. The apostle quotes the word of the Lord to Joshua as if it were spoken to any and every child of God—"He hath said, I will never leave *thee*, nor forsake *thee*" (Heb. xiii. 5), the fact being that no word of the Lord ends with the occasion which called it forth, or spends itself in blessing the individual to whom it was first addressed. All the promises are to believers who have faith enough to

embrace them, and plead them at the throne of grace. What God is to one who trusts him he will be to all such according to their circumstances and necessities.

The Bible has its eye upon each one of us as it utters its words of grace. A Bampton lecturer has well said, "We, ourselves, and such as we are, are the very persons whom Scripture speaks of: and to whom, as men, in every variety of persuasive form, it makes its condescending though celestial appeal. The point worthy of observation is, to note how a book of its description and its compass should possess this versatility of power, this eye, like that of a portrait uniformly fixed upon us, turn where we will."

"Eye of God's word! where'er we turn,
Ever upon us thy kind gaze
Doth all our depths of woe discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze.

"What word is this? Whence know'st thou me?
All wondering cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart."

This singular personality of the word to each one of a thousand generations of believers is one of its greatest charms, and one of the surest proofs of its divine inspiration. We treat our Bibles, not as old almanacks, but as books for the present, new, fresh, adapted for the hour. Abiding sweetness dwells in undiminished freshness in the ancient words upon which our fathers fed in their day. Glory be to God, we are feasting on them still; or if not, we ought to be; and can only blame ourselves if we do not!

The wells of Abraham served for Isaac, and Jacob, and a thousand generations. Come, let us let down our buckets, and with joy draw water out of the old wells of salvation, digged in the far-off days when our fathers trusted in the Lord, and he delivered them! We need not fear that we shall be superstitious or credulous. The promises of the Lord are made to all who will believe them: faith is itself a warrant for trusting. If thou *canst* trust, thou mayest trust. After being fulfilled hundreds of times, the words of promise still stand to be yet further made good. Many a time and oft have we stooped down to the spring-head in the meadow, and quaffed a cooling draught; it is just as full and free, and we may drink to-day with as much confidence as if we now stooped for the first time. Men do not keep their promises over and over again: it would be unreasonable to expect it of them. They are cisterns, but thou, O Lord, art a fountain! All my fresh springs are in thee.

Come, reader, imitate Jacob! As he laid him down in a certain place, and took of the stones of the place for his pillows, so do thou. Here is the whole Bible for a couch, and here are certain promises to serve as pillows; lay down thy burdens, and thyself also, and take thy rest. Behold, this Scripture and its promises are henceforth thine—"*the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it.*"

From "According to Promise; or, the Lord's Method of Dealing with his Chosen People." By C. H. Spurgeon. To be published immediately. Uniform with "All of Grace." Bound in cloth. Price one shilling.

Some Matters worth Noting from New Books.

A POPULAR LIFE OF WESLEY.

THERE have been many lives of Wesley since the great evangelist died, in 1791; and when Mr. Tyerman brought up the rear of the long procession of biographers, we began to be tired of the subject, and were disposed to think that the theme was exhausted, and the readers also. "The Life of John Wesley," which Mr. John Telford has just issued through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, will command readers, however; for the author tells his story in a good style, in one handy volume; and he has even succeeded in finding "some important and interesting particulars" which others have failed to give. Thus, although a new life of Wesley at this time of day may have been undesired, it will not be unwelcome.

One of the most remarkable things about Wesley was his utter ignorance in early days of the true way of salvation, when by his careful attention to every Christian duty he would have been taken by the majority of observers to be one of the most earnest Christians in the country. At times, he appears to have suspected that there was something in religion beyond what he had discovered. This was especially the case when he once spoke a few words to a pious porter at Oxford, who was in deep poverty. "You thank God when you have nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. What else do you thank him for?" asked Wesley. "I thank him that he has given me my life and being," the porter replied, "and a heart to love him, and a desire to serve him."

If we ask Wesley, "Which is the best commentary on the Bible?" his answer is, "The Bible itself. For the several paraphrases and translations of it in the Polyglot, compared with the original, and with one another, are, in my opinion, to an honest, devout, industrious, and humble man, infinitely preferable to any comment I ever saw." This word was well spoken: it is true to this day,

Ask him again, "How shall a pastor become most useful?" He answers, "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness."

When a young man, in 1728, he discovered a sovereign cure for lying awake in bed, which he turned to account for sixty years—he retired to rest at ten and rose at four. Would this answer for everybody?

He and his preachers travelled on horseback, and Olivers travelled on one faithful animal during a quarter of a century no less than a hundred thousand miles. When shall we have a book of martyrs for Methodist horses? On one occasion a preacher halted at York for the Sabbath, and delivered his message. "On Monday he had to find eighteenpence for his horse. He had no money, nor had the stewards any funds, so the horse was detained. In this emergency the steward's daughter took the ribbons out of her Sunday bonnet, sold them for more than was required, paid the bill, and gave the balance to help the preacher on his way."

THE QUAKERS IN DUBLIN.

In "A Christian Philanthropist of Dublin: a Memoir of Richard Allen," which Hannah Wigham has just issued through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, we have some glimpses, which are very welcome, into the social and commercial life of the Irish capital in bygone times. A genuine old Quaker tradesman like Richard Allen, who lived for others, saw something of the world, and at last died rejoicing in his Saviour, is necessarily a pleasant study.

Richard Allen was born in 1803, and in the days of his youth Dublin seems to have been a great centre of Quaker influence. The mansion in which he was born is now used as an orphanage; and we are reminded by this and other changes how greatly the every-day life of the city has altered since the earlier

part of the century. Seventy years ago "hundreds of the large, old-fashioned houses, now let in tenements to the poorest of the population, were then inhabited by friends; their shops were close at hand, and various members of the family, not only the father, but sometimes also the mother and young people, took their turn in the business." Thus there then existed "a kind of hearty fellowship and sociability among the members" which has, of course, not been maintained now that other modes of life have found favour.

"The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm, and firm, and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through."

When Richard was worried in his business by the trade guilds, he warned them that they had better be quiet: he not only threatened to have them swept out of existence, but actually persevered until the feat was accomplished. Such, indeed, was "the irony of fate" that Tailors' Hall was afterwards used by Mr. Allen for Sunday-school and other purposes.

The Allens were famed for the quality of their goods, and their mode of doing business was a pattern for all time: "The worthy substantial friend, under the shadow of his broad brim, whose name was another word for honesty, standing behind his counter, gave a guarantee for the excellence of the article sold; and probably instances frequently occurred, as is related in at least one case, of the shopkeeper carefully fingering the material lest any little defect should escape the eye of the customer, with the remark, if found, 'We must make an allowance for that.'" How many tradesmen talk in that fashion nowadays?

Mr. Allen went among the poor, and wished that others would do the same to a greater extent than they did; for in proportion as their temptations and disadvantages were understood, he thought that allowances would be made for their shortcomings. In advocating the Maine Liquor Law, he said: "The temptation of the blazing public-house fire, and the love of the stimulating poison are so strong, that it is little short of Utopian to hope that a population so much neglected, so little educated, so much under the influence of adverse circumstances, can ever be made temperate except by removing temptation out of their way." Is there not common-sense in this?

A LOW LODGING-HOUSE ADVENTURER.

Our friend, Lord Shaftesbury, was the principal framer of the Common Lodging House Acts of 1853, and he always spoke in grateful terms of the good which had been accomplished in the interest of the poorest of the population by those measures; nor was the good Earl singular in that opinion. Nevertheless, in the "Dottings of a Dosser," which Mr. H. J. Goldsmid has issued through Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the law as it now stands is held to be inadequate; and, if this is so, there is no reason why there should not be amendment. Mr. Goldsmid went through the ordeal of taking his bed with the ordinary lodgers at a number of houses, and he gives sketches of their daily and nightly life. The details are sufficiently sickening; and if further legislation could do any good, by all means let another Bill be drafted. We are told that "the law is bad, and its administration worse"; but Lord Shaftesbury, who understood this subject as well as any man of his time, always thought the Acts to be good ones; and we have ourselves heard him speak of the immense improvement caused by their operation. Still, a good law badly administered may be somewhat equivalent to a bad law; and it is probably here that the shoe pinches. One of the sorest wants of these times is well looked after and wholesome lodging-houses, in which, for threepence or fourpence a-night, decent sleeping accommodation could be had. While such a provision would constitute great charity the enterprise would be almost certain to pay a higher dividend than the most prosperous railway in the land.

DECLINE OF RELIGION IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Princeton Review, which is now published bi-monthly in London, by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is an old favourite with many in this country, and when bound, the numbers for each year contain a summary of current events which is very useful for reference.

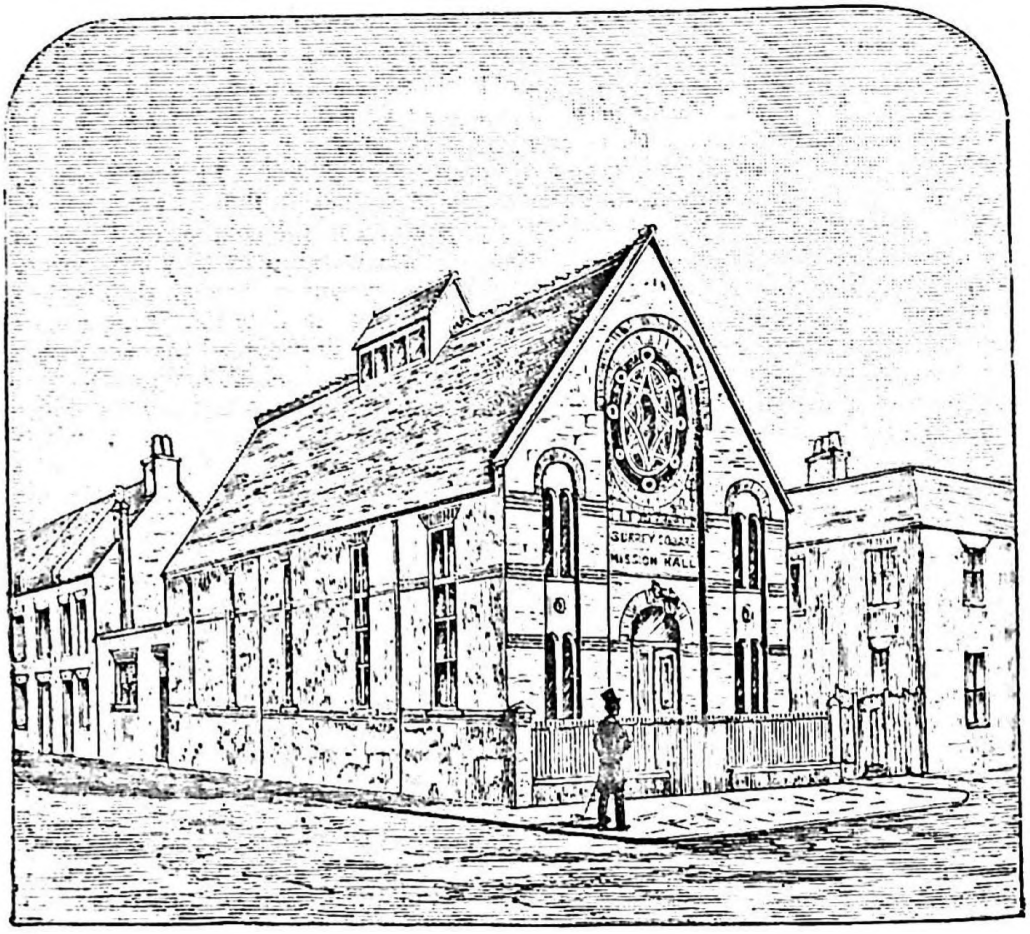
We are sorry to learn from an article on country churches in New England, in the September number, that the religious outlook in that part of America is somewhat gloomy. We are told that population in the country districts has decreased, and that people do not attend public worship as they used to do. Mr. Primo, the writer, has been in the habit of travelling through the districts he describes; and he found places erected to accommodate the two, three, or four hundred who once attended them, now so scantily occupied that the people are said to be losing the habit of attending public worship. Fifty persons in a congregation are now rarely found. "I have counted ten congregations of less than forty-five where I have counted one of a larger number," it is said. "The women always out-number the men, in all kinds of weather. Children form a large part of every assembly." It is added that, "One of the most significant sights we meet with—a very common sight—is a large country church, behind which are rows of sheds for horses, once built because they were needed, but now in ruins."

If that is the case of the congregations, what about the pastors? "It is now widely the custom in these New England congregations to hire a minister from year to year. His business is to run the machinery of the church, whatever that may be. Like any other 'hired man' he is expected to do the work for his employer. His chief duty is to preach one or two sermons on a Sunday. The business contract is often made a very close one. The people get the minister as cheaply as they can; and, paying low, in general get their money's worth. After this we are prepared for the further revelation that the people do not "always find the clergyman inclined to help them against unbelief. Many young men, and some mature men, in the pulpit, are so fond of their own speculations, and of preaching their own notions about religious things, that they are unsettling instead of grounding firmly the faith of their young hearers." Thus, we see the disease, and are able to trace its cause.

DRINK *versus* THRIFT.

Dr. Gordon Stables wields both pen and pencil with good effect; and in "The Cruise of the Land Yacht *Wanderer;* or, Thirteen Hundred Miles in my Caravan," just issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, he has given a series of chapters on English and Scotch scenery, manners, and customs, which will charm many a reader. A man who can thus travel in his own house, and is able to go along byroads, and to penetrate into little-known villages, enjoys an immense advantage over railway tourists, who merely rush along the beaten ways, and "do" the most possible in the allotted time. Such a traveller discovers that the British Isles are more beautiful than he suspected, and are not in reality so small as they look on the map of the world.

In such a tour many contrasts are met with. Thus, at Durham, "Miners going home from their work passed us in scores. . . Many of these miners, washed and dressed, returned to this public-house, drank and gambled till eleven, then went outside and fought cruelly." Drink is the curse of their existence; and the women and children are miserable and neglected. The poor fisher folk of Musselburgh made up a happier picture. The houses are described as being tidy and wholesome inside; and the children, who "look healthy and happy" on week-days, "are always clean and tidy on the Sabbath-day." It is a good sign, when work-people have self-respect; and something which happened on the 12th of August, after drenching rain, shows the difference between some English districts and others farther north. *The Wanderer* stuck fast in the mud at Chryston, and was brought safely out by a troop of miners, who looked for no reward for their services. "To offer these men money would have been to insult them—*they were Scotch.*"



Mission Hall, Surrey Square.

LONDON must be evangelized. To build mission halls and chapels is of small use if the people cannot be induced to enter them. Where a congregation of real working-people is collected, and they are earnestly at work for the Lord, it is wise to aid their efforts. In Surrey Grove, Old Kent Road, we have a case in point. There a considerable company of godly people met, and formed themselves into a community in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Their converts are received into membership with the mother-church, which has all along, through the Pastor, fostered this hopeful child. All sorts of good work has been carried on by the Mission, which has been wisely led by Mr. C. A. Pavey: many have been saved, and others have found a home, and place of fellowship.

Now comes the tug of war in the building of a chapel upon a front site in Surrey Square. A generous friend has helped us grandly, and Mr. W. Higgs has built the hall at a very low price. Still, to pay for the building, law expenses, furnishing, &c., we shall need some £300. It would be a great joy to us if this amount were forthcoming at once. We desire to open the building soon after our return, early in February. Prompt aid would be specially valued. It is the Lord's work.—C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

According to Promise; or, The Lord's Method of Dealing with his Chosen People. A Companion Volume to "All of Grace." By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 1s.

On all hands we have received testimony to the good accomplished by "All of Grace," and therefore we have prepared a companion book. Here also we aim at conviction and conversion through teaching the doctrine of grace. The price is very low, that many may read; and the truth taught is clearly put, that all may understand. We should not wonder if some are offended by our Free Grace doctrine and its startling consequences: but there are others who will be gladdened by it.

After Work; an Annual for all Readers. G. Stoneman.

The "Tales, Anecdotes, Stories, Entertaining, Scientific and Useful Papers" of which the annual volume of "After Work" is made up are short, lively, and plainly-written, just the sort for the little time the labouring man is able to spend at his fireside at night. There are plain gospel pieces among the rest. A quiet word with the good editor—Forget to put in your poets' (?) long lengths of jingle, and give more space for your pithy prose.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan. A Canoe Cruise on the Nile, Red Sea, Gennesareth, etc. By J. Macgregor, M.A. John Murray.

We do not wonder that this book is in its seventh edition. It must always command admiring readers. The writer himself is a powerful part of the attraction; he is so cool, so collected, so utterly free from fear. Whether a crocodile fixes his eyes upon him, or Arabs carry him away, boat and all, he is quite at home, and all there. Therefore we feel bound to listen to his smallest adventure to the end. Next to this, the manner of his travel, in the minute canoe, *Rob Roy*, holds the reader spell-bound. We all want to know how it fares with so small a craft, and its crew of one. But probably, chief of all, in point of charm, is the fact that Mr. Macgregor's canoe voyages recorded in this volume were upon the Jordan, the Abana and Pharpar, and the Kishon. One rejoices that an English Christian man has rowed on these rivers, and floated on the waves of the Sea of Galilee in his own little craft. We have been charmed with these pages, and thousands more will confess the same. Long may "the crew" be spared for much holy service; and may edition after edition of this book be brought down to date by the captain, mate, steward, and able-bodied seaman rolled into one!

Through Unknown Ways; or, the Journal Books of Dorothea Trundel. By L. E. Guernsey. John F. Shaw.

We have seldom met with a sweeter and purer story, which, nevertheless, has the charm which we look for in the historical tale. This should be one of the leading books of the season. Novel readers cannot desire more incident, and those who are readers of a higher order will be equally well satisfied. The gospel is clearly set forth without being dragged in; and a great deal of deep spiritual instruction is introduced in the most natural manner possible.

Early English Voyagers: the Adventures and Discoveries of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier. Nelson.

It is very proper that Mr. Nelson should publish lives of great admirals and other warriors: for, after all, there is something in a name. Nelson should publish the glories of the sea. All the fighting blood which we inherit from the common stock of the old sea-lions is stirred within us as we read how Old England baffled and battered the haughty Spaniard. May the valour of our race be seen on other fields: may barbarous tribes continually be unearthed, and their spoils laid at the feet of our great Prince of peace! This book, all bedight with green and gold, is one of the most taking of the productions of the season. It will make a splendid school prize or birthday present.

Christ's Coming Kingdom; or, the Lord's Reign on Earth. By HENRY VARLEY. Whiting and Co.

A SINGLE phrase, well known in certain religious circles, may suffice to introduce this volume to our friends. Here we have thirty-eight short chapters of Scripture exposition on what is ordinarily called "Dispensational Truth." Were we going to the Engadine, or on any other Continental trip, especially if it were a district we had not previously visited, we should procure a "Baedeker's Guide," peruse it before we started, and consult it at every stage of our excursion. In like manner, did we purpose to attend a series of private prophetical Bible-readings, culminating in the more public Mildmay Park Conference, we should supply ourselves with Mr. Henry Varley's book as our *vade mecum*. It contains much that is edifying, and little that is extravagant. We find here, of course, peculiarities of thought and expression which are the distinguishing tokens of a school; but for these we cheerfully make allowance. Marginal readings and alternative versions are constantly flooding the souls of these dear students with light. While we, in our poor way, are ploughing, sowing, and reaping harvests from the upper soil, they are exploring the deep places of Revelation for hidden treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Mr. Varley, however, like Mr. Guinness, is diligent in both departments. These brethren supplement honest labour with studious enterprise.

The Miraculous Element in the Gospels. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN confronting the modern denials of the miraculous, Dr. Bruce set himself no small task. The form these denials assume varies continually: driven from one stronghold, their champions fly to another, and yet another. At one time the universe is said to make the miraculous impossible; at another, God's government of the universe by unchanging law makes it absurd; or again, the testimony on which the miraculous is founded makes it unworthy of our acceptance.

These fallacies have been exposed again and again; yet, dressed up in new guise of language, they come to the front as wondrous discoveries of this marvellous age. The more often the hydra is beheaded the more heads seem to spring into existence.

But Dr. Bruce has not merely managed to meet the different anti-Christian theories with relentless logic: he has shown in his book how utterly feeble and unsatisfying is any explanation but the Christian one. No part of the subject has been forgotten or slurred; difficulties have been bravely faced and fought; and after an exhaustive examination of the various rationalistic theories, he gathers up his whole force for one Titanic blow at the finish in a marvellous picture of "Christianity without miracle." This chapter is in itself one of the finest pieces of condensed Christian evidence and argument that we have ever seen.

The whole volume is worth close study, and should be quietly mastered by the student and pastor. We should like to see it in a cheaper, popular edition, and we have little doubt it would sell quickly. Twelve shillings is more than most ministers can afford for a handbook on "Miracles": a reduced price would mean a tenfold constituency. The book is too good to be monopolized by a select few.

A New Solution in Part of John's Revelation. By Rev. R. GASCOYNE, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is rather a fragmentary treatise. New solutions of the Apocalypse are plentiful just now. Shall we find the right one among them? We observe that we have here "a third edition, corrected and enlarged." Some people, therefore, are charmed by the hope of "a new solution." Possibly such may be found among our readers. In the preface we are favoured with a dozen canons as a preamble to the study; and then follows an arrangement of the theory of interpretation. One half of the work describes the apostasy; the other deals with the true church.

Abba, Father: Helps to Prayer and Meditation. By Rev. C. G. BASKERVILLE, M.A. Nisbet.

GOOD in its way: but very little of it for the money. Hints, such as would suggest themselves to any devout mind.

The Apocalyptic Jesus: being Notes on Revelation. By JAMES CUMMING. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

IT is quite refreshing to get a fresh view of the Apocalypse. "How readest thou?" is a question we might well put to every student of this portion of Scripture. The large majority of the numerous authors who attempt to explain the Book of Revelation choose the rut in which they essay to run, and then keep to it with more consistency than common-sense. Some are preterists, others are futurists; and not a few follow the historico-chronological method with a series of maps and charts. Our author ignores them all. He leaves the broad-way, where the tram-cars run on rails laid down, for he has a preference for shady lanes in which one can breathe a purer air. On a summer evening, when angling in the Teviot, a thought flashes across his mind. Shade of Izaak Walton, listen to this! Didst thou, O Isaac, ever fish for dragons and beasts? Mr. Cumming, however, can cast the line in other streams than those which flow among his native hills. Surely the Book of Revelation, thinks he, like all other books of the Bible, was written for the million, not for a few magi. So he returns home, and sits down to read the twenty-two chapters at a sitting. Scotchman like, he is learned in the Scriptures. The analogies and coincidences, as they occur to him, are all Biblical; references to an earlier inspiration. Prophecy in his esteem is preaching. Hence he has produced this rough-and-ready pamphlet. As a modest suggestion, it is well worth perusal. But we may mention that it was forwarded to us with reviews that would rather provoke prejudice than secure attention. The secular press shows it special favour, and there are various ways of interpreting that fact.

The Imperial Bible Dictionary: Historical, Biographical, Geographical, and Doctrinal. Edited by PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, D.D. Vol. I. Blackie and Son.

WE have before us the first volume of this valuable Bible Dictionary. It is to be completed in six volumes, at 9s. 6d. each. It is scrupulously sound and candid, and strongest where Dr. Smith's Dictionary is weakest. Essentially popular, it is yet enriched with the best scholarship. So far as we can judge from one volume, the work strikes us as admirable. The essay upon inspiration, by C. H. Waller, M.A., is priceless. He is a master writer.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. General Editor, J. J. S. PEROWNE, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. *First Book of Kings.* By Rev. Professor LUMBY, D.D. *Epistle to the Ephesians.* By Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, M.A. 2s. 6d. C. J. Clay and Sons.

WITH great heartiness we again commend these most valuable little commentaries. We had rather purchase these than nine out of ten of the big blown-up expositions. Quality is far better than quantity, and we have it here.

Morning Family Prayers for a Year. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

IF forms of prayer are needed, these are better than any others known to us. Even in this case we perceive a tone and a manner from which no written prayers seem able to escape. Whoever may be the author of the prayer, the life of the praying withers up as soon as the man is conscious that his utterance is to be used by others. Written prayers are like those dried plants which botanists show us in sheets of brown paper; the beauty and the perfume are gone, for there is no life in the *hortus siccus*. No doubt Dr. Macduff will help many lame folk to capital crutches; but we wish they could be persuaded to rise up and walk. This is a fine book for 6s. 6d.: good clear type and neat binding. The prayers are drawn out of the passages of Scripture selected for reading, and thus variety is secured. We hope none of our readers require such helps; but if they do, here they are.

The Gospel Magazine. Edited by D. A. DOUDNEY, D.D. W. H. and L. Collingridge, 148 and 149, Aldersgate Street.

WE reverently salute our venerable friend, who has always something spiritual to say. May its beloved editor long continue to feed the flock of God!

The Revised English Version of the Old Covenant Scriptures compared with Inspired Renderings in the New Covenant Scriptures, and with the Ancient Greek and Syriac Versions. By WILLIAM NORTON. W. K. Bloom, 15, Cursitor Street, E.C.

THE Revised Version has many critics. Mr. Norton is a severe judge, but he is eminently conservative of all that is good and sound. We do not see with him in all that he discovers, but there is great weight in many of his protests. He considers that, in the case of Old Testament passages quoted in the New Testament, the divinely-inspired rendering settles the text beyond further dispute. This doctrine commends itself to the devout mind, and thus secures to Mr. Norton's objections serious consideration; but it is not quite so sure a doctrine as it looks to be. The difficulty can be met without casting off the accepted Hebrew text, and without doubting the inspiration of quotations from the Septuagint. We cannot enter into that question in this brief notice. Mr. Norton's treatise is published at 3s. 6d.

Scotch Sermons on the Old Lines. By the Rev. JAMES FRASER, A.M. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VOLUME of discourses, by different ministers and professors, was published a few years ago, under the questionable title of "Scotch Sermons," with the view of claiming for Scotland a national participation in the advanced theology of modern times; the present volume, although the production of one minister only, claims to represent a larger portion of Scotch theologians who still hold to the old truth. A glance at the two volumes will suffice to show the great difference between them. The former series, which is evidently the production of men of superior literary taste and acquirements, is professedly on the *new* lines. The preachers all go astray.

> "Each wandering in a different way,
> But all the downward road."

The great truths of the old gospel are, in the so-called "Scotch Sermons," conspicuous by their absence.

This better book of "Scotch Sermons" is plainly enough on the *old* lines, and leads to the one old, and only true, city of refuge set before us in the gospel. If, as we are told of the sermons in the former series, "some are mere secular discourses, or philosophical disquisitions spun out of the writers' own brains, which have no connection with the texts which are prefixed to them," this cannot be said of the present volume. These sermons are clear and orderly expositions of their texts, and of the doctrines contained in them; and they are full of faithful appeals to the conscience upon the lessons to be derived from the truths expounded. There is no pretence of laborious research, and no aspiration after literary fame. We notice certain defects in style, and a few needless repetitions; but these would be unobserved in speaking or hearing, and are only the natural results of the preacher's being absorbed in great truths, and eager to make them known. Mr. Fraser's sermons will be loved "for the truth's sake" by Christian people, whether Scotch or English.

Abraham: his Life and Times. By Rev. W. J. DEANE, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THE story of Abraham is here set forth in a very instructive manner, with all its scenery and surroundings. To peruse this life is like studying chapters of Kitto or Geikie. Evidently the writer has taken great pains to become familiar with his subject, and the topics which arise out of it. We specially recommend students to read it with care: it is well condensed, the style is clear, and the lessons deduced are such as teachers may readily turn to good account. Price 2s. 6d.

Wayside Chimes. By MARGARET SCOTT HAYCROFT. Nisbet and Co.

MUSICAL are these chimes, and they ring out holy tunes. Many of them are for the children, and are all the sweeter for that. The little book being most tastefully bound, would make a pretty present at this season. It costs only eighteenpence. Still, we question if these verses will be largely read. They are too much like the bulk of poetry, which is too good to be found fault with; and that is all you can say of it.

St. Paul: the Author of the Acts and of the third Gospel. Second Part. By H. Heber Evans, B.A. Wyman and Sons.

St. Paul: the Author of the last twelve verses of the second Gospel. By H. Heber Evans, B.A. James Nisbet and Co.

Here are two small books, quite separate, though on similar lines, proceeding from the same pen, but issued by different publishers. A notice of the first part of the former will be found in our number for June, 1885, on page 288 of the volume for that year. There is a science of textual criticism which biblical students may not ignore, nor would they if they might; we are always glad to meet with specimens of its work.

Mr. Heber Evans pursues his investigations with lively ardour, and the coincidences which he points out are full of interest. Following the inductive school of thought, he assumes that Truth cannot fail to prove herself stronger than tradition; and that probabilities multiplied to a marvellous extent amount to a demonstration. In this second part of his treatise there are various additions to his previous appendices, comprising peculiar words, phrases, and proper names, carefully arranged and marked with the skill of an expert, who is bent on identification. But from page 176 to the close, at page 210, we have a series of brief chapters or notes, well fitted to arouse the attention of those who are not acquainted with the mother tongue of Greece.

Touching *the last twelve verses of the Gospel according to Mark*, it is well known that the Revisers of 1881 have inserted this statement in the margin of ch. xvi. 9—"The two oldest Greek manuscripts and some other authorities omit from verse 9 to the end." Be it so: yet with unquestionable propriety the verses are retained in our version. Neither their antiquity nor their inspiration is called into question; the moot point is their authorship. It is quite certain that they belong to an early date; and, as a part of the sacred text, they were early and widely diffused and welcomed. We are also told that these twelve verses constitute one integral lection, appointed to be read in all branches of the so-called "Catholic Church," Eastern and Western, on two of the great festivals, Easter-day and Ascension-day. In presence of such hoary age, modern criticism had need be very reverent.

The problem to be solved is not a new one. A total difference of style from the prior part of the narrative has led some eminent Protestant divines to speak of this small section in their own various expressions as obviously a postscript by another hand. Even an unlettered reader of the New Testament might perceive at a glance the hiatus between the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the chapter we are talking about. One belongs to the life of our Lord on earth, and the other to the Acts of the Apostles.

The definition that obtains among Papists is that these twelve verses are deutero-canonical; which means that the evidence for their being included in Holy Scripture is of the second degree. Here, again, Mr. Evans brings his research to bear. And his finding is—(*a*) that the paragraph must have been written by a Jew; (*b*) that beyond doubt it was written for the Gentiles; (*c*) that it might probably have been dictated by the apostle Paul when Mark was one of the *only three Jews* who helped him in his work for th Gentiles (Colos. iv. 10, 11); and (*d*) th correspondence of language, and the fac that Paul had the motive, the materials, the opportunity, and the apostolic authority to indite such a postscript, help to the conclusion that he was the real author. From the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, which is quoted above, we find that Luke was at the same time a companion of our apostle.

This difficult variation is discussed without a cloud of doubt resting on the canon. We repeat this emphatically. The enquiry rather enhances than diminishes our regard for the paragraph. Mr. Evans draws out in the first mentioned of the two books now before us an analogy between Paul and Ezra. The Rabbis, be it remembered, attribute to Ezra the settling of the canon of the Old Testament as editor and reviser in chief, the authorship of the Books of Chronicles and Ezra, and also the establishment of synagogues. Mr. Evans

believes that Paul did much the same for the New Testament volume, and the New Testament church. We have not space to quote from Westcott's "Study of the Gospels," Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," or any other modern critical essays. We must leave the whole subject to specialists who have more leisure than ourselves for curious investigation into old manuscripts and new discoveries.

Apologetics; or, the Scientific Vindication of Christianity. By J. H. A. Ebrard, Ph.D., D.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1886.

An *apology*, in our common use of the word, as everybody knows, is a kind of excuse. It is supposed to present one or more reasons to palliate or to justify what is actually or apparently wrong. But the *Apology*, among the ancient fathers of the church, and the early Protestant Reformers, had a much deeper significance. The word was full of dignity when it implied a vindication of our Christian faith and fellowship. Memorable in this department of literature are the two "Apologies" of Justin Martyr; the longer to Antoninus Pius, the other to the Roman Senatus. Then we have Melancthon's "Apology of the Augsburg Confession of Faith," which he had himself drawn up as a statement of the doctrines held by Martin Luther, and other divines of the period. Nor would we willingly omit our own Bishop Jewel, of whom Warburton said, referring, of course, to its inception, "The Church of England may be best studied in his writings"; and merry old Fuller sported playfully on his name—"Nomen omen," a joke we cannot translate; we can only tell you that in two Latin words he conveys to us that he was "Jewel by name and Jewel by nature." Why this gossip? Because our author invites it. He wants, at the outset, to explain his scope. "Apologetics" is not the exact plural of apology. The difference consists in the wider range of the survey. "Apologetics," as the dictionary will tell you, is a branch of theology which defends the Holy Scriptures, and maintains the evidence of their divine authority. Our author distinctly takes up his position on the orthodox side. But there is no hot blood in his veins; lacking the fire of an orator, he abounds in the caution of a scholar; and perhaps he introduces rather more of the philosophy of nature than of revealed theology into his discussions. We cannot dive so deeply into the subtleties of abstract speculative thought as he does. His "new problems of the knowledge of one's self," his "self-certainty of the Ego," his "relation between subjective and objective rationality," lie so much outside of our simple perception of the gospel, that we feel positively disqualified to sit on the jury, far less to sum up as judge. We are astonished that such treatises can be attractive to anybody. But we must apologize to ourselves for saying so. English and American students occasionally finish their education at German universities, and they get as accustomed to "teleological" debates as our Admiralty lawyers do to cases of salvage; till, by force of habit, either one or other of these subjects may prove positively amusing to them.

Inspiration: a Dialogue between a Christian and his Pastor. By Rev. James Kelly. Elliot Stock. 1884. 1s.

Such is the title as it comes into our hands. Did we attempt to decipher this little pamphlet on the modern principle of "scientific criticism," we should be prone to antedate the original of this paper by about a quarter of a century; and we should be disposed to guess that, in the publishing capacity, James Nisbet, long before Elliot Stock saw it, stood sponsor for this baby. The first few pages read, to our thinking, as though they had been written when "Essays and Reviews" provoked a heyday of hubbub; days which the present Bishop of London might wish to forget, because he did not then speak *ex cathedrâ*. Certain other bishops, who have long ago departed this life, are referred to as living celebrities; and this gives an antique air to the writing. Mr. Kelly is a well-known evangelical clergyman, and a vigorous exponent of the Apocalypse on the Futurist theory of interpretation. We said as much before in our number for May, 1885. This small volume, we see, was printed at the "Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, Bethnal Green"; but *when* we are uncertain.

A World of Girls. The Story of a School. By L. T. Meade. Cassell and Co.

This story of a school is by no means a cool story, it seems to have leaped red-hot from the author's brain. We were whirled along through this world of girls at a tremendous rate, and were extremely sorry when we arrived at the terminus, and had to say "good-bye" to the merry, mischief-making, mirth-provoking mademoiselles introduced to us by L. T. Meade. How could we give a higher meed of praise than this? Still, the book is not perfect. It might have been, if the author had not allowed the school doctor to prescribe *a glass of sherry for a young lady suffering from excitement*, caused by an accident to her little sister. That might have been the old-fashioned way of putting out a fire by heaping on fresh fuel, but we have changed all that. The volume is most tastefully got up, and is just the thing to make a school-girl almost wild with delight. Buy it and try it, dear paterfamilias, upon one of the girls in your little world!

Under Bayard's Banner: a Story of the Days of Chivalry. By Henry Frith. Cassell and Co.

For three-and-sixpence here is a volume portly as an alderman, and resplendent as the City Marshal; its covers all gleaming with scarlet and gold. Mr. Frith must be a big book-worm, an *old-book* worm; and have bored his way through ancient chronicles from cover to cover ere he could have given us such vivid pictures of Bayard the Dauntless, Gaston de Foix, and a score of other worthies and unworthies. The deeds of the Astrologer of Carpi, who is made to anticipate the discoveries of Mesmer, should suggest to the younger readers of the book that there were in the Middle Ages (and why not now?) "pious" Maskelynes and Cookes, who could serve up "miracles" on the shortest notice, and dish their devotees. The book is history with *sauce piquante*.

Those Two. By Emily Dibdin. *Hump and All.* By C. L. Gordon. Shaw.

The Home Series of sixpenny books published by this firm is well written and gracious. Just the sort for little children.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Mulready. Biographical Sketch by H. J. Nicoll. John Hogg.

After so many thousands of stories have been written, how few of them will compare with Goldsmith's charming book! We read it in youth, and we have retained to this hour the vivid impression which it made. We feel as much pleased in reading it again as we did when it first came in our way. Other stories are done with when once read, but the Vicar and his family, upon renewed acquaintance, are found to be as interesting as they were when first we smiled at their simplicity, sighed over their sorrow, and rejoiced in their deliverance. The book was a marvel for its purity, as compared with novels which preceded it; and we regret to add, as things now go, it is likely to be a marvel still, as compared with many which have followed it. If people must have fiction, let "The Vicar of Wakefield" be a chief favourite. Mr. Hogg has issued this capital edition for three shillings.

In all Time of our Tribulation: the Story of Piers Gavestone. By Emily Sarah Holt. Shaw and Co. Price 5s.

To read such works as these is a choice means of grace. Miss Holt searches into ancient records with the eagle eye of an historian, and treats her subjects with careful accuracy. Into her story she not only weaves the gospel, but even the deep things of God; and the process of weaving is so performed that all that is in the story appears to be essential to it, or to have grown out of it of its own accord. There is no patching, nor insertion: the history is all of a piece, and all of the richest fabric. We wish for Miss Holt's book an ever-widening circle of circulation. She writes charmingly. Poor Edward II. lives and dies before us, and his terrible spouse Isabelle, the she-wolf of France, leaves a trail of blood across our memory: yet over all a sweet savour of grace, and a delicious perfume as of the cross, fills our heart and mind. We shall look for "the sequel" right eagerly.

Friendly Words to Young Women. By H. E. Stone, Pastor of Nottingham Tabernacle. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Stone is doing so grand a work by his ministry that we are delighted to see him at work with his pen also. Mrs. Menzies styles this little book "a powerful and pathetic appeal," and it is just *that*. The addresses have all the elements of usefulness in them, and they are specially adapted to the class for whom they are designed. May the author's prayers and hopes be fulfilled by a rich blessing resting on his pleadings!

The late Miss Hollingford. By Rosa Mulholland. Blackie and Son.

We felt, when reading this tale, that we were in superior hands—the hands of no ordinary story-writer. On turning to the brief preface, we learned that Charles Dickens thought highly of the work, and published it in "All the Year Round." A singularly pathetic feeling pervades these pages, which are sweet and clean, and withal tender to the last degree. There is no strictly religious teaching, but the spirit is pure and unselfish.

Through Storm to Sunshine. Prize Temperance Tale. By William J. Lacey. Nelson and Sons.

We asked a lady friend to read this volume, and give us her opinion of it. Her critique is:—"It is very good, and will be useful; but what a pity that the writers of religious and temperance tales cannot get out of the regular ruts! The plot always appears to be the same, and the end of the affair of course is that the hero and heroine get married, and live happy ever afterwards!"

Notes.

The appeal to the newspapers to abstain from inserting details of disgraceful immorality has our warmest sympathy. Still, we fear it will be of little use so long as there is a public to which filth is a delicacy. Nothing so much affects proprietors and editors as the rise or fall of the circulation of their papers. All decent people should resolve never again to purchase a journal which has polluted its pages. The matter rests with readers themselves: if there is no demand, there will soon be no supply. How few exercise a conscience upon such things! Sensationalism secures purchasers where concern for public morals scarcely wins notice, and cleverness is patronized where sound teaching is ignored. A public conscience still needs to be created; and yet our impression is, that a daily paper, which should exclude not only everything disgusting, but also everything inconsistent with pure morals and true religion, would find many more supporters than some suppose.

We read of gentlemen in the Workhouse marring their Christmas festivities by a free fight about Home Rule, and we are suspicious that, in this, the Poor-house is probably the type of many another house. At this time politics are tender topics, and it will be well for Christian people to keep their minds cool. The task now placed before the nation is a very difficult one for a people in the most deliberative mood: but to attempt it in feverish excitement will be madness. Many matters just now call upon Christians to intercede for their country. We dare not evade the difficulties of the hour, but would pray most heartily that all public affairs may be so ordered that we may be able to lead quiet and peaceable lives, and that all things which transpire may be for the glory of God, and the good of his church.

Persons of enthusiastic spirit are so valuable that it is a pity that one of them should be lost for practical usefulness. At this hour there are in the air many forms of fanaticism, which we think it unwise even to mention in detail. One way or another, Satan runs off with zealous ones, if he can, by turning them off into extravagance, error, or delusion. He is even cunning enough to lead weak-minded persons into actual filthiness by the way of spurious spirituality. We have far less dread of the fury of zeal than of the chill of indifference: but yet it is well to be warned against both evils. Protentions to supernatural power, and even to divine character, are not uncommon; but we are astonished that persons supposed to be in their senses should give heed to them for an instant. When sober faith in Scripture is driven out by a reliance upon impulses and feelings, minds are prepared to be duped; and when once this readiness is present, it is, perhaps, a more easy thing to believe a supreme absurdity than an error of a less monstrous shape. We need a common-sense way of reading the Bible, and a faith in it which shall be wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost.

It seems that we have at last come to miracle plays in connection with religious observances, and we do not wonder. All the denominations seem to be alike in practising all manner of novelties, musical and horticultural. It only needs the fashion to be set, and the performance or display

to have something striking about it, and the game of follow-my-leader is played at once, both by Conformist and Nonconformist. Of course we speak of some only, but these usually manage to get to the front by the very action which we censure.

Constantly we hear of proposals for *union*, and truly these are welcome where mere technical matters divide true Christians; but what is the use of pretending to create union where there can be none? There is another matter which needs to be thought of as well as union, and that is TRUTH. To part with truth to show charity is to betray our Lord with a kiss. Between those who believe in the eternal verities and those who constantly cast doubt upon them, there can be no union. One cried of old, "Is it peace?" And the answer was a sharp but true one. We render it thus—"What hast thou to do with peace while departures from the truth of God are so many?" The first question is—Are we one in Christ? and are we obedient to the truth revealed in the Scriptures? If so, union will necessarily follow: but if not, it is vain to clamour for a confederacy, which would only be an agreement to aid and abet each other's errors.

We joined with others in asking that work might be found for the unemployed of London. We did not suppose our plan was the only one, or the best; but we did wish to raise the question, so that something might be done. The wise and heartless put the plan on one side; and, as the result, there is a measureless amount of misery and discontent in our great city, which might have been prevented, and ought to have been. Most of the bitter talk from democrats is the voice of hunger, and consequent anger. The half-starved accept as spokesmen those whom they would, in any other condition, have disowned.

The weather at Mentone has been much broken, and not at all like that of other years: but it has been summertide itself compared with that of London, as our readers know better than we do, for they have had the knowledge of it at their fingers' ends. We are grateful to those who, under the worst of circumstances, have endeavoured to maintain the work of the Lord at home. Mr. Manton Smith observes:—"The watch-night was dreadful. I did not think fifty people could come, and lo, they came by hundreds! I think the dear old lovers of the Tabernacle would come through the fires of Smithfield to hear the gospel." This is good, but it is corroborated by an incident arising out of the death of a valued, though retiring, member. Our beloved elder, Mr. S. Wigney, writes concerning the decease of his brother Frederick:—"His last time of going to the Tabernacle was on the first Sabbath of the Pastor's absence. Although in much pain, he said *he must go, as the Pastor was away.*" This is the model of a church-member as to attendance at divine worship. He sleeps in peace, and it may be that this one act and utterance may be a very useful testimony to others.

Our hope is that now better weather may enable the people to gather to every service, and that a dew from the Lord may rest upon all the assemblies. The cold has not reached the hearts of God's people, neither has any frost fallen on their service.

We thank friends who have *not* written to us at Mentone, and assure them that they are not losers, for illness would have rendered it impossible to have attended to correspondence to any extent. As it is, there is quite enough for a sick man to do to keep necessary things going. The preparation of the weekly sermon and the monthly magazine, together with a little book-making, fill up all the moments in which the mind is fit for service at all. We have done our best to rest, but yet we have finished a new book, which we hope our readers will enjoy. It will be ready immediately, and will cost only one shilling. It is entitled, *According to Promise*. Those who delight in the covenant and its promises will here find "food convenient" for them.

Mrs. Spurgeon's book, *Ten Years of my Life*, continues to sell freely, and another edition is in preparation. May it excite attention to the needs of poor pastors!

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. B. Holland has removed from Stanwick to Spaldwick; and Mr. C. Hood, from Coventry to Hugglescote, Leicestershire. Mr. F. M. Smith, who has been for sixteen years pastor of the church at Hornsey Rise, and who has also been greatly blessed in evangelistic labours, has taken the oversight of the work at Norfolk Street Chapel, Peckham, where it is hoped that he will be the means of establishing a strong church. There are many difficulties, but before earnest spirits such things yield to prayer and faith.

Mr. E. J. Welch has become pastor at Sandgate, a branch-station connected with Mr. Whale's church, Brisbane, Queensland. Mr. R. Williamson has removed from Kyneton to South Yarra, Victoria; and Mr. E. Vaughan, from Shepparton to Eaglehawk, in the same colony.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor T. J. Longhurst writes as follows concerning *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Cheltenham:—"Our brethren, Fullerton and Smith, have just completed their three weeks' mission in Cheltenham. We cannot be too thankful for their visit to our town. For many weeks past we had been preparing the soil by prayer, and by a careful house-to-house visitation in all the poorer districts, and by inviting the people with printed bill and living voice to attend the

services. The movement has not been confined to the Baptists, for our own churches (Salem and Cambray) were co-operated with heartily by the Congregationalists; and immediately the mission commenced the beautiful new Presbyterian church was placed at our disposal, by the courtesy of Mr. More, the minister, for afternoon Bible-readings. The evening meetings have been successful in every sense. Hundreds have come together each night, and never without signs following of the searching power of the Word. About five hundred cases have been dealt with in the enquiry-rooms; but this does not, of course, represent the amount of real good wrought. Many were spoken to in the galleries, and as they passed out, of whom we shall no doubt hear again, here or hereafter. I feel confident the work will be abiding. Mr. Fullerton's forcible appeals are based upon sound expositions of Scripture truth—refreshingly different from much of the empty sensationalism round us—and go straight home to the conscience and heart. There is nothing merely emotional or exciting except what belongs of necessity to great gatherings of people. The Bible-readings have revealed Mr. Fullerton's qualities as a teacher, as well as an evangelist, and have gathered day by day a thoughtful, devout, and most appreciative congregation of Christian people.

"Mr. Smith is Mr. Fullerton's necessary '*alter ego*.' One would hardly be complete for such a work without the other. Each supplies—if I may say so—the other's lack. What Mr. Fullerton's powerful and penetrating words may fail to do, is often accomplished by Mr. Smith's cheery colloquial chats, telling stories, and sacred songs. If any prejudice existed against them before their visit, it has been entirely swept away; and other Christian communities must surely rejoice that the streams of blessing have run in so many different and unexpected directions. More than one-fifth of the cases dealt with belong to the Church of England, and of course the clergyman in every certain case will be communicated with.

"I shall have the pleasure of forwarding next week a cheque for £50, as a very inadequate thankoffering for so great a work."

After leaving Cheltenham the evangelists paid brief visits to Gloucester, Ross, and Hereford; and in each place there were manifest signs of blessing. They then came to London for the watch-night and other services at the Tabernacle, and for the greater part of January have been holding a mission at Westbourne Grove Chapel. This month they are to be at the Nottingham Tabernacle, and in March at Melbourne Hall, Leicester.

Mr. Burnham was at Workington in December, and during January he has paid his second visit to Countesthorpe, and also assisted in special services at Brentford, where he resides. This month he is to be at Chalford and neighbourhood; Morton, Lincolnshire; and Billingborough.

We have received encouraging reports of *Mr. Harmer's* work at Orpington and Southend. At the latter place he had the help of Mr. Chamberlain. He has since visited Redditch and Swaffham; and this month he is engaged at Slawston and Market Harborough, and afterwards he will begin a mission in the neighbourhood of Bristol, for which arrangements are being made by Pastor W. J. Mayers.

ORPHANAGE.—All went well at the Christmas festival. Contributions, in money and goods, were abundant; the Trustees presented a new shilling to each child; the generous friend who has given a box of figs for each orphan for so many years again remembered them; and everything that could be thought of to make the inmates happy was done. The children unite with us in thanking all the generous donors who helped to cheer and delight them during the festive season. God bless them all very abundantly!

We have again to acknowledge, with heartiest thanks, the receipt of £10, and about £2 worth of hosiery, as the proceeds of the third "Home Bazaar" held by our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ventris, at Reading. Every member of the household has been at work for this object during the year; and, as the result of their united efforts, together with the gifts of friends far and near, 390 articles were collected and sold for the benefit of the Orphanage. In this way many have combined in helping the orphans, and we trust that they have already received a full reward from the Father of the fatherless for all that they have done.

Preliminary Notices.—The next COLLECTORS' MEETING will (D.V.) be held on *Tuesday, March* 8; and the ANNUAL FESTIVAL will probably take place on *Wednesday, June* 22. Will all who are interested in these events kindly make a note of the dates? We should be glad to see more at the collectors' meetings: they are very interesting occasions.

Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to hear from any friends in Scotland who can arrange for meetings to be attended by the Orphanage choir during the month of April. Towns in the North of England might be visited *en route*, and so reduce the cost of travelling. The boys win golden opinions wherever they go, and they also reap a golden harvest for the institution which has been so great a boon to them.

Visitors to London during the May meetings will be heartily welcome to look over the Orphanage any afternoon in the week. Trams and omnibuses that run along the Clapham Road pass the gates.

PERSONAL NOTES.—During our sojourn in Mentone, we received the following cheering

note from *Canada*:—"Dear brother in the Lord: A few working men, who live in this Western town, learn with regret that you have had to leave England for the benefit of your health. We sincerely trust that God, in his grace, may see fit to give you increased strength, so that you may be long spared to labour in the cause of Christ.

"Here, nearly five thousand miles from you, half a dozen or more of us make a point of meeting, every Saturday evening, for the purpose of reading your sermon, which appears weekly in *The Toronto Globe*. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to God for the power of the Spirit that he has given to you, for we here can testify that our souls are refreshed after reading the word that falls from your lips."

About the same time, this gratifying testimony came from a Methodist minister in *Ohio*:—"My dear brother in the Lord, I desire to express to you my gratitude for your sermon on 'Our Sympathizing High-Priest' (No. 1,927). I have been in great spiritual and mental gloom for many weeks, so much so that my work as a Christian minister had become almost irksome. My blessed Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, seemed so far away from me, and the things of God and the spiritual world seemed very unreal to me. But this sermon, accompanied with earnest prayer for the application of the text by the Holy Spirit to my heart, served to disperse the gloom, and brought Jesus very near to me. I have all the more pleasure in bearing this testimony, because, from some references in the sermon to the heavy atmosphere in the Tabernacle making it difficult to speak and to hear, I am led to think that you did not seem to yourself to be having your usual liberty in preaching. The sermon comes to me with its message of comfort as 'the Word of the Lord,' and I hasten to assure you that, as is often the case with Christ's ministers, the message, which to you may seem to have been uttered in weakness, has been to me 'a word in season,' and with power."

A lady in *India*, an active Christian worker, writes to her father:—"I do thank you so much for all the papers you have sent; particularly do I appreciate Spurgeon's sermons; they do me so much good in reading, and they are such spurs to our Christian soldiers, who eagerly look out for every one I lend them. After they have perused them, they go on to Christian soldiers in Burmah."

A copy of *The Chicago Standard*, lately received, contains the following paragraph: "A Christian lady has recently told me that, when she was twelve or thirteen years old, and had recently become a Christian, she used to be greatly interested in Spurgeon's sermons. She says that his sermon on Election she almost knew by heart. I hardly know whether this is more to the little girl's credit, or to that of Mr. Spurgeon himself."

A Wesleyan minister informs us that our sermons greatly cheered and comforted one who is now in heaven, and then adds:—"I am myself very thankful that I ever began to read your weekly sermon, for I find in it much soul nourishment and holy strength."

A deacon of a Baptist church writes to us:—"I have read with delight, with great profit, and instruction, and sanctification, the last volume of your *Treasury of David*. I have read twice through the earlier volumes, and am beginning the series again: and I think it probable I shall continue doing so as long as I live. We poor creatures nowadays have little time for reading solid or serious books, as we used to do fifty years ago; even the Bible is little *studied*. The *Treasury* comes in so fresh, so full of explanation, of light, of duty, of instruction in righteousness. Many thanks to you for your labour of love. I wish it would be read by thousands of Christians instead of the light stuff of the day. I send a volume to one and another to interest people in it."

A Baptist minister writes to us concerning a young woman who is in decline, and who says:—"My greatest comfort is the weekly sermon. I look forward to my Sunday morning sermon as the pleasure of the week, it is the compensation for not hearing my dear pastor. How I should like to see and hear Mr. Spurgeon! But that can never be. His sermons have helped me to bear my trial, and made Jesus increasingly precious to my heart."

The minister adds:—"I have been a regular reader of your sermons since 1866, and have led scores to become the same. An Irish gentleman is so pleased with them that he sends them, after having read them himself, to his friends in Ireland; and he has many testimonies of good received from them. Your sermons have been the strength of my own heart and ministry for twenty years."

An enthusiastic Scotch friend, who circulates our sermons and other works as widely as he can, mentions the usefulness of an extract from a sermon issued as a leaflet by the Stirling Tract Society. Writing upon business matters to a lady, he asked to be excused for speaking on spiritual subjects, and, taking it for granted that she was a Christian worker, he enclosed two of the leaflets, requesting her to send them to some one else. A few days after, she called upon him, and said that she was spiritually quite in the dark. After conversation and prayer, and searching the Scriptures, the Holy Spirit applied the word to her heart, and she entered into the full liberty of the gospel. Our friend closes his interesting letter by saying, "*It was your leaflet that did it.*"

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1886, to January 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Searle, per J. T. D....	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Collection at Bell Street Chapel, Romsey, per Pastor James Smith	2	13	0
Miss Hastings	1	1	0
Miss Hagger...	0	10	0
Collection at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis ...	12	11	3
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Mrs. M. P. Townsend	2	0	0
Endymion	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	4	0	0
Mr. R. Heley	1	1	0
Mr. B. Armstrong	4	0	0
Mr. E. MacDonald	2	0	0
Mr. Pillai	1	12	0
Mr. Paul Krell	2	10	0
Mrs. Dalgleish	5	0	0
Mrs. Kitchener	2	0	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	21	8	6
Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Sydenham Baptist Chapel, Forest Hill, per Pastor J. C. Foster	3	3	3
The Misses Bashall	2	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
A friend, N. B.	2	0	0
Mrs. A. R. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. Hutcher	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Holdsworth	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunlop...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	11	6
Lizzie	1	0	0
Half Collection at Portland Chapel, Southampton	3	6	3
Mr. J Stokes...	0	10	0
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Pastor A. A. Saville's Bible-class, Baptist Church, Carlisle	1	10	0
Mrs. Morehen	0	2	6
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. W. M. Ewing	2	0	0
A friend, per C. L....	0	3	6
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Mr. Brewer	5	5	0
G. G., near John O'Groats	1	0	0
Mr. H. Powell	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Blott	10	0	0
Miss J. M. Lang	0	10	0
Mr. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	1	1	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hunt...	2	10	0
Mr. Scivwright	1	0	0
Mr. H. Osmond	3	0	0
Dear Granny	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Meikle	2	5	0
S. A. H., Hornsey	1	0	0
Mr. W. Moir...	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Weekly offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
December 19, 1886 ... ... 57 2 9			
" 26 ... ... 26 9 8			
January 2, 1887 ... ... 13 4 9			
" 9 ... ... 24 0 0			
	120	17	2
	£252	16	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1886, to January 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Cash in box at Orphanage gates ...	0	5	2
Collected by Mr. W. Mansfield... ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Holiday	0	6	0
Mr. Caleb White, Porton	0	5	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	2	6
Mr. Alfred Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. L. N. Barry	0	5	0
Mrs. Blake	0	5	0
Miss M. Oakley	0	2	0
Mr. J. Norkett	1	0	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Miss Cox	6	0	0
Mrs. Wainwright, jun.	1	1	0
M., a friend in Macduff, per Mr. W. J. Tucker	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Ayres, per Rev. E. J. Edwards	0	11	3
M. G.	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Haward	0	5	0
A. G.	3	0	0
Mrs. M. MacGregor	1	0	0
Mrs. Mathewson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Meyler	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Bush	0	5	0
R. L., Sheffield	0	1	0
Mrs. K. E. Cooper...	0	3	0
Mr. Alexander Watts	0	10	0
Miss B. Davies, per E. H. B.	0	15	6
Mr. E. West...	2	2	0
Mr. James Fear	0	5	0
Stamps from Chipping Sodbury ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Welford	0	2	6
Mr. J. Beaumont	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	5	0
Proceeds of sale of piano, under the will of the late Miss Salvage... ...	5	0	0
Mr. D. Moore	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Thomas	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	12	6
Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. Scivwright	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	2	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Smith	2	10	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	4	0	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Matchett	0	2	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. William Furse	1	1	0
Miss Furse	1	1	0
Mr. Henry R. Parker	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Hudson	0	7	0
Miss S. A. Marshall	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Brake	1	0	0
Mr. W. Anderson	0	10	0
Llandrindod friends	0	12	2
Collected by Miss L. Martin	0	8	6
Collected by Miss Agnes Bisney ...	0	10	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
Mr. James Lunn	0	10	0
Mr. T. J. Hughes	0	2	6
Miss E. Creasy	0	2	6
Mrs. Wilshere	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	1	0
Adelphi	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Rodwell	1	10	0
R. and W.	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford	0	8	6
Miss Edwards' Sunday-school class ...	0	8	0
Mr S. Kennedy	1	1	0
Mr. John Storey	1	10	0
Mrs. L. Marshall	0	2	0
Mrs. S. Reed	0	10	0
Rev. J. F. Linn	0	2	6
Mr. F. Buzzing	0	10	0
Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Near	0	2	6
Master Walter Oakley	0	3	0
Mrs. Robertson, per Mr. G. R. Smith ...	5	0	0
Mrs B. M. Swift	1	0	0
Mr. George Tingey	1	0	0
Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Welman	1	0	0
Mr. Smith-Nutter	1	0	0
Mr. Joshua Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. James Lever	0	3	0
Mrs. Murray	1	0	0
Rev. R. J. Macduff, D.D.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lang ... 0 5 0			
Miss M. L. S. Lang ... 0 5 0			
Miss F. E. Lang 0 5 0			
Miss E. G. Lang 0 1 0			
	0	16	0
Collected by Miss Lily Johnson ...	0	9	6
Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson ...	0	6	3
Collected by Mrs. Olden	0	4	6
Mr and Miss Hart	1	0	0
A Friend, Camberwell	0	10	0
Mr. O. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Jones	0	18	0
Mrs. Houlgate	0	5	0
Pastor E. George and friends	2	5	0
Mrs. E. Camps	0	5	0
Mr. William Torrance	1	0	0
Miss E. Moase	0	10	0
Miss E. Brayley	0	12	0
Mr. B. C. Forder	0	13	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold	2	2	0
K. T. L., per Dr. Barnardo	0	5	0
Collected by Flossie Dunster	0	5	0
Mrs. William Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Rogers	1	1	0
J. S. K.	5	0	0
Miss L. Adkins	0	1	0
Mr. W. Clarke, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	1	3
Mr. W. Furley	1	1	0
Miss L. Wilson	0	5	0
Miss G. Beall	0	5	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	15	0
Mr. B. Inlach	1	0	0
Mr. J. Green	2	2	0
T. P.	0	10	0
Mr. R. J. Black	0	5	0
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Two sisters in the Lord	0	0	6
Collected by Dillon and Bridges ...	0	3	0
Mrs. James Gurney	2	2	0
Mr. Cornelius Cox	2	2	0
Mr. H. M'Clelland	0	5	0
Mrs. Marks	2	10	0
Mr. John Handy, New Plymouth, N.Z.	2	0	0
Mr. George Richmond	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Munro	1	0	0
G. C. and J. (East Ross)	0	10	6
Mr. Atkinson, per J. T. D.	0	7	0
Mr. James Stevenson	0	1	0
Mr. W. Chudley	1	1	0
Mr. S. Halstaff Coles	0	10	0
Miss M. McArthur	0	7	2
Mrs. E. Bailey	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Hewett	2	0	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	10	0
Mr. J. G. Howlett	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff ...	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	3
Master F. Robson	0	2	0
Per Rev. A. H. Collins	0	10	0
Dr. Mackintosh	1	0	0
Mrs. Houghton	1	0	0
J. M. P.	0	5	0
Mr. R. Lees	0	6	0
Children of Miss Colvin's Sabbath-class, Manbeen	0	6	0
Children of Eld Lane Sabbath-school, Colchester, per Mr. H. Letch	1	10	0
F. J. S., Syston	0	5	0
Mrs. Searle	1	0	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	14	0
Eusebia	10	0	0
Mrs. Ventris, proceeds of "Home Bazaar"	10	0	0
Mrs. S. Barlow	2	0	0
Mr. G. Elder	2	0	0
Mr. W. Wallace	1	0	0
Per Pastor W. Giddings:—			
Baptist Church, Long Preston 0 10 0			
Sermon readers 0 2 6			
	0	12	6
Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Mr. and Miss Pratt	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Susan	1	1	0
Mr. W. Pen Ramar	0	10	0
E. L.	0	5	0
Philippians iv. 6	0	5	0
Postal order from Hitchen	0	2	6
Mrs. Cunnington	2	2	0
Mrs. Nelson	2	0	0
Mrs. Munday	1	5	0
Collected by Miss M. J. Thomas ...	1	1	0
"Gratitude"	1	0	0
Mrs. R. A. Snell	1	0	0
A. S., postal order	0	10	0
Miss Ellis	0	6	0
Mr. John Marshall	0	5	0
H. A. S.	0	5	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Mr. A. Hobbs	3	0	0
Miss Guilford	2	2	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
Mrs. Lowe	2	0	0
B. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Miss Grace Amery	0	10	0
Mr. J. A. Mills	0	10	0
E. E. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	6	0
Collected by Master Arkley	0	5	7
Collection at Fellowship Meeting of U. P. Church, Stonehaven, per Mr. W. Walker	0	5	6
Mrs. Irwin	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. Alexander Allan	0	5	0
Miss M. Tillotson	0	3	0
Mrs. James Walker	0	2	6
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
Mr. H. Nicholson	0	1	0
W. B. K.	0	1	0
Mrs. M. P. Townsend	2	0	0
Mr. J. Beatall	0	10	0
Endymion	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Radgett	10	0	0
Per Miss Nellie Spurrier:—			
Mrs. Arnold (collecting box) 2 0 4			
36, High Street " 0 14 8			
N. and E. Spurrier " ... 0 12 0			
Two friends 2 0 0			
	5	7	0
Mr. H. Gething	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
From Scotch parish minister, whom the Lord has blessed	5	0	0
"Old Christopher"	2	2	0
Mr. W. Howard	2	0	0
Mr. Lawrence	1	2	6
Sermon reader in Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mrs. Atkinson	1	1	0
Mr. R. Heley	1	1	0
Mr. H. Koppers	1	0	0
"Grateful"	1	0	0
Mr. Gravestock	1	0	0
Mr. Trotman	1	0	0
Mrs. W. H. Carter...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock	0	5	0
Mr. John Clunie	0	5	0
Miss E. M. Birch	0	2	0
Bertie Smith	0	1	0
Mr. B. Armstrong	4	0	0
Mr. James Baxter	1	0	0
Miss Amelia Alston	1	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Miss M. Norton	1	0	0
Miss Simpson and Miss Macara ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
Mr. W. Turnell...	0	10	0
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
Mr. S. Stewart	0	5	0
Children of Cross-gates Mission-school, per Mr. D. Beveridge	0	5	0
Miss J. Allen	0	2	6
Mr. Paul Krell	2	10	0
Mr. John Betts	10	10	0
Mr. Turnbull	5	0	0
W. and S. M.	2	0	0
Mrs. R. Blyth	1	10	0
W.	1	10	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	0	0
Miss Alice Hicks	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Poulter	1	1	0
Mrs. S. F. Clements	1	1	0
Mr. W. Lewis	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lang, Glasgow	1	0	0
Mr. Stephen Sharp	1	0	0
Mrs. Winsor's collecting-box	0	14	6
Mrs. Thorndike	0	10	0
Mrs. Reid	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. White	0	7	0
Miss Glazebrook and pupils	0	7	0
Mr. T. Land	0	5	0
S. E. F.	0	5	0
Mrs. Annie Cumpstey	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mrs. Matilda Speed	0	5	0
Mr. Ruddick	0	2	6
A servant girl, near Forres	0	2	0
Stamps from Camberwell...	0	2	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Sheldrake	2	2	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Sittingbourne...	1	18	3
From a friend	1	10	0
Mrs. J. Dougall	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0
Mrs. B. G. Plummer	0	10	0
Young women's Bible-class, Westbourne Grove Chapel	0	15	3
Mr. J. Stevens	0	10	0
Mrs. Sparey...	0	5	0
The Misses Bashall	1	0	0
Mrs. Arnold...	2	2	0
Captain Howard Sprigg	5	0	0
Charlotte Chapel Sunday-school, Rose Street, Edinburgh	1	11	9
Mrs. A. Kelly	1	0	0
Mrs. James Higham	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Weir	1	0	0
Mr. T. P. Potts	0	10	0
Mrs. Walsham	0	10	0
Mr. W. B. Mortimer	0	7	6
Mr. M. Scott	0	6	0
Mrs. Haynes	0	3	6
A friend, N.B.	4	0	0
Mrs. Hatcher	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	60	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Walker	5	1	3
Mr. J. T. Godwin	2	0	0
Mrs. Wooley	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dayton	1	0	0
Mr. John Green	1	0	0
E. and J. Foster's collecting boxes ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. West	1	0	0
J. W. G.	1	0	0
Mrs. Barbara M. Harrison.	0	15	0
Mr. A. S. Muir	0	10	0
Mr. F. H. Butler	0	10	6
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Miss E. Ridel	0	2	0
A friend (stamps)	0	2	0
L. P., Southend	0	2	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Monk	1	12	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	1	1	0
Mr. E. Adam	1	1	0
E. Y. C. B.	1	0	0
Mr. J. South	1	0	0
S. M. and friends, Challock	0	12	0
Mr. E. L. Smith	0	10	0
Miss Westrope	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Camps	0	10	0
"For Jesus' lambs"	0	9	9
Mrs. Swabey	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Mather	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams and friends	0	5	0
Johnny and Kitty	0	5	0
E. W.	0	4	0
Mrs. Gallifant	0	4	0
Mr. T. H. Howell	5	0	0
Mr. Calver...	2	0	0
J. C. A.	1	0	0
A friend near Keighley, Yorkshire ...	1	0	0
Almanack friend, per Mr. C. Thomson	1	0	0
Miss Smither	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	1	0	0
Pastor A. T. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. Protheroe	0	10	0
Mr. Walker (price of a drill of potatoes)	0	9	0
Mr. James Hayes	0	5	0
Children of Halbeath Sabbath-school, per Mrs. D. Watson	0	3	6
Mrs. Harris and friend	0	3	6
Thirty-six saved stamps from Ludlow	0	3	0
A servant's presents from visitors ...	0	3	0
A. D., Newcastle, Staffordshire ...	0	2	6
Bessie and Gertrude Keylock	0	2	6
Mrs. Susannah Clover	0	2	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	6	0	0
Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mrs. T. A. Ferguson	3	0	0
Mr. T. Thompson	2	0	0
Mr. T. Farrar	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith, per Mr. Farrar	0	1	0
Mr. W. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. Barrie	1	0	0
Workpeople at Messrs. Southall Bros. and Barclay, Birmingham, per Mr. J. B. Millard	0	13	6
Mrs. L. Thomas	0	10	0
A friend at Clapton	0	10	0
Henley Tabernacle Bible-class, per Miss Harbert	0	10	6
G. W. Frost and friends	0	10	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Mr. John Cameron	0	5	0
Mr. Longhurst	0	5	0
A. L. and H. G.	0	5	0
Miss Powell	0	3	6
Mr. M. Shurmer (my tenth)	0	3	6
Mr. Yates, per Mr. Shurmer	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Richardson	0	3	0
Mr. G. G. C. McKenzie	0	2	6
Mr. T. G. Mosscrop	0	2	6
Mr. J. Edgerton	3	0	0
Mr. John Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. J. U. Murray	2	0	0
Mrs. Grace Buik	2	0	0
Mr. Begg	1	0	0
Mrs. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mrs. East	0	15	0
Miss Woodgate's pupils	0	12	0
Mr. James Gilmour	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Hall	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	8	0
Mr. E. A. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sharman	0	5	0
Mr. Newcombe	0	5	0
Mrs. Spear, sen.	0	2	6
Mrs. McCullum	0	2	6
G. and M.	10	0	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Friends at Surbiton	1	0	0
Mrs. J. A. Ironside	1	0	0
Young friends at Hampstead, Christmas morning collection	0	15	0
Pastor W. Jenkins and friends at Lord's Hill Baptist Chapel, Snailbeach	0	10	0
Mrs. Fakley...	0	6	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Stamps from Crieff	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Martin	0	16	2
Mr. J. Wilson	1	5	0
Contributions from the congregation of Marlyn's Chapel, Guildford, per Mrs. Alchin 3 3 0			
Mrs. Alchin... ... ... 2 2 0			
	5	5	0
M. S. A.	2	10	0
Mrs. Jane Bell	2	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wale	2	0	0
Mr. Archibald Falconer	2	0	0
Mrs. Baines...	1	0	0
A friend in Norfolk	0	10	0
Mrs. Brotherton	0	10	0
G. C. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. M. J. Lewis	0	5	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mrs. Martin	0	4	0
Mr. W. Manning	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Pickering	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Benton	0	2	0
Mr. West	0	5	0
Mr. C. P. Clover	0	10	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. Strange's children's Sunday dinner collection...	0	12	0
Postal order from Derby	0	5	0
A. C.	0	2	6
Mr. F. Simco	0	7	6
Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	5	0
Mr. James Hooker	0	7	0
Mr. W. J. Davidson	5	5	0
Children of Lockerbie Mission Hall Sabbath-school, per Mr. J. Laidlaw	0	10	0
Mr. John Minto	0	15	0
Mr. Alexander M'Cay	2	0	0
Mr. W. Hawker	0	3	6
"Old Deer," per Dr. Barnardo ...	3	0	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	5	0
Miss Mayhew	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Unstead	0	10	6
Collected by Miss M. A. Parson ...	0	10	0
S. A. R.	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Belough	0	1	0
Mr. Powell	0	2	6
Mrs. Cox	1	0	0
A lady, per Mrs. Smith	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	1	0	6
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. J. Stokes	0	5	0
Mr. James Hooper	1	0	0
"Rather late"	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Joyce	1	10	0
Mrs. E. A. Miller	0	2	6
Mr. J. Farley	3	0	0
Mr. J. T. Mumford	0	10	6
Mrs. Mitchell	2	0	0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Sandwich, per Mr. W. Clark	0	13	6
Mrs. Spooner	1	0	0
Mr. Smith-Jeeps, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	0	2	6
Miss A. K. Pritchard	0	5	0
A servant, Tetsworth	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lundie	0	5	0
Mr. J. T. Crosher	3	0	0
Mr. T. Kitchen, Melbourne	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	1	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. Solomon	0	2	9
Collected by Master Alfred C. Johnson	1	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts, Abingdon... ...	0	3	0
Fred and Walter Newton's box ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Swain	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Potter...	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Tarrant, per Mr. W. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. J. Gourtnay	0	5	0
Free Church Sabbath-school, Fortwilliam, per Mr. James Miller ...	0	10	0
Miss Lathbury	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Chapman and family	0	5	0
Mr. G. Herbert Laurie	0	5	0
Mr. Green, per Mrs. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. E. R. Close	0	5	0
Miss Jones	0	2	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. T. Nettleton	1	1	0
As many friends	0	5	0
Post mark, Wincanton	0	2	6
Post mark, Clapham	1	0	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
First F. C. Sabbath-school, Blairgowrie, per Mr. Luke Falconer...	1	1	0
Mr. Fleetwood	1	0	0
Miss Wilmot	0	8	0
Per Mrs. M. Davis :—			
D. L. 0 2 6			
P. P. 0 2 6			
R. S. 0 2 6			
	0	7	6
Mrs. Ferguson	0	7	0
May, Helen and Marie Louise Reavell	0	6	6
Miss Maggie Milne	0	5	0
Mr. A. C. Johnston	0	3	6
Mrs. J. S. Maud	0	2	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0
Miss Falkner, per Mrs. Lang	1	0	0
Madame Joubert	1	0	0
From H. H....	5	0	0
Proceeds of circulating library at Hawick, per Mr. W. D. Fisher ...	4	0	0
Mr. Jno. Rossiter and friends	2	5	0
Messrs. Henry Head and Co.	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Prior	1	0	7
Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
M. B. J.	1	0	0
Miss Agnes Mackenzie	1	0	0
Mr. McBeth...	1	0	0
Mrs. Beare	0	15	0
Collected by Miss L. Payne	0	12	3
Miss K. M. Duncan's class, Ardbeg Chapel Sunday-school, Rothesay ...	0	7	6
Mr. Jenkins...	0	2	6
A new year's offering	25	0	0
From a friend	5	0	0
Mr. Crocker	5	0	0
Mr. W. Bates	5	0	0
Mr. Stephens	3	3	0
Mr. Isaac Vinall	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wallis	1	0	0
Mr. Pask	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson, per Mr. A. H. Baynes	1	0	0
Mr. McKessack	1	0	0
New Year's gift from the Baptist Sabbath-school, Otley, per Pastor P. B. Woodgate	1	0	0
C. L. and friend	0	11	6
Lizzie, Arthur, Walter, and George Bunce, "interest on our last year's savings"	0	10	0
Freda and Graham	1	0	0
Mrs. Mifflin	1	0	0
Mrs. Runcieman	0	10	0
Friends at Walkerburn	0	8	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
Mr. Johnston	0	5	0
A friend at Walkerburn	0	6	0
Miss Marion Fleming	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Harding	0	5	0
Mrs. Robert Bartram	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Isaac	0	3	0
W. B.	0	2	6
Mr. John Carter	0	2	6
An old soldier	0	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0
Miss Darley	1	0	0
A thankoffering, Bridport	0	5	0
Mr. H. Tribe	10	10	0
Collection at Penge Tabernacle watch-night service, per Pastor J. Wesley Boud	5	0	0
Mr. W. Badden	3	0	0
A friend, per Mr. J. Stacey Reeve	2	2	0
Dr. R. P. Froste	2	0	0
J. K. D.	1	15	0
In memory of "Beccie," Montrose	1	0	0
Miss Kate Harvey	0	12	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hawkes	0	7	6
Master Robert Murray Hawkes	0	2	6
Mr. J. K. Clarkson	0	10	0
Miss Drake, proceeds of sale of work	0	6	0
A friend, Gretton	0	2	6
Mr. James Martin	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Miss J. M. Lang	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Toronto	15	0	0
Mr. Thomas Dick, thankoffering	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Dick	0	5	0
Grateful readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, Tunbridge Wells	3	0	0
Mr. Martell	2	0	0
Mr. J. D. Adams, thankoffering	1	0	0
Mr. W. Rudd	0	10	0
B. H.	0	10	0
Mr. James Sharp	0	5	0
Registered letter, from Ulceby	0	3	0
J. Worker's card	0	5	0
F. Pennington's card	1	1	0
Mr. Casson	1	0	0
Sister M. E. White	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mrs. Clouston	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes	0	10	0
Half contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie and Jean's Box	0	10	0
Mrs. Sinclair	0	10	0
Mrs. Sluce	0	7	0
Reader of "Christian Age," per Mr. Lobb, F.R.G.S.	0	5	0
Collected by Ruth	0 12 0		
Mr. E. M. Tucker	0 10 0		
	1	2	0
Rev. Alexander Robertson	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston, per Pastor W. Giddings	0	10	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. T. Barrett	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Masters J. Stormont and A. A. Bisset	0	5	0
Mrs. C. M. Pidgeon	0	2	6
Postal order from Huntley	0	2	6
Mr. John Field	5	5	0
Miss E. Roberts	1	1	0
Benmore Sabbath-school, per Mr. John Espie	0	13	6
Mrs. Jane Vowles	0	10	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Cockle	8	11	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Mr. A. Cowan	4	10	0
Mr. C. Hunt	2	10	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	5	0	0
"In memoriam," Bath	3	0	0
Rev. Dr. Alexander Beith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cook	1	0	0
Cinderford Sabbath-school	0	15	0
Mrs. Woolland	0	10	0
"Lily," Bristol	0	6	0
Mrs. J. H. Morgan	0	5	0
Miss A. G. Owen	0	5	0
From a friend in Forgue	0	5	0
Mrs. H. W. E. Reaks	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Day	0	3	0
Miss Maude Hodge, and her brother and sister	0	1	0
Mr. H. Osmond	3	0	0
Mr. Kelsey	5	0	0
Per Mr. F. A. Binder :—			
Goldhawk Road Gospel Mission	1	0	0
A friend at ditto ditto	1	0	0
	2	0	0
Mr. W. Biggs	1	0	0
A sinner saved by grace	1	0	0
Per Mr. D. Peck :—			
Miss Stacey	0	1	0
Mr. G. Sapsed	0	5	0
Mr. D. Peck	0	2	6
	0	8	6
Mr. John Thomson	0	7	0
Mrs. E. Dyer	0	2	6
Dear Granny	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Per Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. Joseph Huntley	4	0	0
Mr. Daniel Heelas	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. C. Targett	3	2	6
	9	2	6
Miss Cochrane	3	0	0
An anonymous donor from Auckland Tabernacle	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Redshaw	0	10	0
Mr. C. Martin	0	7	6
"Mater"; Sutton	0	5	0
Mr. J. T. Stevenson	5	0	0
Mrs. Thomas	3	0	0
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
Mr. James Hough	2	0	0
Mrs. Cockburn	1	0	0
Mrs. Ann Morris	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Branderburgh, per Rev. A. M. Riddell	1	0	0
Mabel, Maggie, and Georgie Evans' box	0	11	0
Mr. Matthew Brown	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dunn	0	5	0
Mr. E. Morgan	0	7	6
K., Perth	0	2	6
Miss Hornsby	0	1	0
Mr. Robinson, per Mr. J. Field	1	0	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	0	0
Miss Emma E. Stronger	0	2	6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Weymouth	11 12 4		
Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Knight	1 0 0		
	12	12	4

			£	s.	d.
Winchester	12	12	9		
Mr. Tanner	1	0	0		
Mrs. Dicks	0	5	0		
Mr. Peardon	0	1	0		
Programmes	1	11	10		
			15	10	7
Wimborne			6	0	0
New Court Chapel, Tollington Park			4	4	0
Devonshire Square Chapel			3	3	0
Blandford			27	15	10
Vauxhall Baptist Chapel Total Abstinence Society			3	3	0
Poole, Dorset			10	12	6
Lake Road Chapel, Landport, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	23	6	10		
Collecting boxes and donations	56	10	0		
			79	16	10
Gosport	13	0	6		
Donations and collecting-boxes	13	6	6		
			26	7	0
Moiety of proceeds from Bell Street Baptist Chapel, Romsey, Hants ...			5	12	6
Bournemouth	33	19	0		
Donations:—					
Mrs. Hunt	0	10	0		
Mrs. Glass	0	10	0		
Miss Norris	0	10	0		
Mrs. Garside	0	5	0		
Mr. Julyan	1	0	0		
Mr. Street	0	2	6		
Mr. King	1	1	0		
Mr. Fippard	1	1	0		
Rev. H. Clark	0	5	0		
Mr. Taylor	1	0	0		
Mr. Humphreys	0	10	0		
Mrs. Cooper	1	0	0		
Miss Gray	0	10	0		
Mrs. Sworn	0	5	0		
Miss Watford	0	2	6		
Mrs. Dent	2	0	0		
Miss Parsons	0	2	6		
Miss Howell...	0	10	0		
Mr. Perry	0	1	6		
Mr. H. G. Knight	1	16	0		
Mrs. Homer	1	0	0		
A friend	0	10	0		
Mr. Pinchin	0	5	0		
Mrs. Crampler	0	5	0		
Miss Lodge	0	2	6		
Annual Subscriptions:—					
Mr. Bernard Knight ...	10	0	0		
Mr. A. E. Knight	1	0	0		
Mr. H. J. Knight	1	0	0		
Rev. R. Colman	1	1	0		
			62	4	6
Chelsea, Mr. H. J. Veitch (donation)...			10	0	0
Red Hill	11	2	3		
Mr. W. Whitley	10	10	0		
Mr. S. Barrow	10	10	0		
Mr. Alderman Summers...	3	3	0		
Mr. William Duncan ...	1	0	0		
Mr. E. S. Pryce	0	10	0		
	36	15	3		
Less local expenses	5	17	6		
			30	17	9
Putney Hill			2	2	0
The Downs Chapel, Clapton			17	15	2
Collected by Mrs. Way			2	9	6
Elm Grove Baptist Chapel, Southsea ...			11	10	9
Annual Subscriptions:—					
Sandwich, per Bankers			2	2	0
Mr. Marnock			1	0	0
Mr. Stein			1	1	0
Miss Hunter			1	0	0
Mr. William Dunn			1	5	0
Mr. E. H. Bramley			5	0	0

			£	s.	d.
Mr. A. A. Stephens			1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Habershon			10	10	0
Mr. William Sewell			1	10	0
Mr. James Grose			2	2	0
Miss H. A. Groso			0	10	6
Mr. J. C. Lloyd			0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Dennis			1	1	0
Mr. W. Raine-Selwood			1	1	0
Miss Guns			1	0	0
Miss Chandler			1	0	0
Miss S. Shillito			1	1	0
Mr. G. F. Jobbins			5	0	0
Miss E. S. White			0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Mead			10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cocks			1	1	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob...			1	0	0
E. A. H.			0	10	0
A. A. T.			1	5	0
Mr. J. D. Adams			1	0	0
Margaret and Jessie Gardner			0	6	0
Mr. T. S. Penny			2	2	0
Mrs. Quilty			1	0	0
Mrs. Fidge			1	1	0
Per Miss F. R. T.:—					
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0		
Mr. Probin	0	5	0		
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0		
"In memoriam," E. P. ...	0	5	0		
Mrs. Bakewell	0	10	0		
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor ...	0	5	0		
F. R. T.	0	5	0		
In remembrance	0	5	0		
			2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the support of two orphans for a year)			40	0	0
Half-yearly Subscriptions:					
Mr. W. Kelley			0	10	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—					
Miss Isabella Warnell			0	5	0
Mrs. Yates			0	10	6
Miss Maria Taylor...			0	3	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—					
Mr. Edward K. Stace			0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Reynolds			0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey			0	2	6
Orphan boys' cards, per list			49	18	7
Orphan girls' cards, per list			38	14	3
Christmas Festival:—					
Mrs. Taylor	0	3	6		
Mrs. C. Ely	0	10	0		
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0		
The Misses Hackett ...	0	2	0		
M. G.	1	0	0		
Mr. and Mrs. Longley and friends	0	13	6		
Mr. C. Scruby	0	10	0		
Mr. George Curtis	1	0	0		
Mr. and Mrs. Bew	2	0	0		
Mr. J. Bazeley	0	10	6		
Mr. F. Chalk	1	1	0		
Mr. P. T. Adams	1	0	0		
Mr. Alfred Hobson ...	1	1	0		
Mr. C. F. Alldis	0	5	0		
Mr. W. Eley	2	0	0		
J. H. R.	1	0	0		
Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6		
"Our Family Greeting"...	1	1	0		
Miss Houston	0	2	0		
Master Bertie Dennish ...	0	5	0		
Young Women's Bible-class, Lewis Road Baptist Chapel, Streatham, per Miss M. F. Airey ...	0	10	0		
The Misses Rowland ...	0	5	0		
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0		
Master S. Dice	0	2	6		
Mrs. Lennard	0	2	6		
Mrs. McDonald	0	2	0		
Mrs. Seymour	0	2	0		
Miss V. K. Houston ...	0	2	0		
Mrs. E. Hardy	0	5	0		

	£ s. d.
Messrs. Hine Brothers ...	1 1 0
Miss M. L. Turner ...	0 1 0
Mrs. S. Walter	0 5 0
Mr. W. I. Palmer	0 5 0
Mrs. Willis	0 5 0
Mrs. Monk and friend ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Offer	0 5 0
Mark Lane	0 10 6
Miss C. Heasman	0 4 0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe ...	0 10 0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter ...	0 5 0
A friend, Leamington ...	0 2 6
Collected by Master Charlie Johnson	0 10 5
Mr. Joseph Hill	10 0 0
Mrs. Wildsmith, per Mrs. J. A Spurgeon	0 5 0
Elizabeth Turner	0 1 0
Mr. G. W. Irons	1 10 0
Mr. and Miss Hart... ...	0 10 0
Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0 10 0
Mrs. H. Dodwell	0 10 6
A young lady, Salisbury...	0 1 0
Mrs. M. Woolley	0 2 0
Mrs. E. Rice Daniels ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Doerter	0 10 0
Mrs. E. Leask	0 5 0
Mr. J. H. Padgett... ...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Kemp	0 5 0
Mrs. Mills	2 2 0
A. K., per C. H. Spurgeon (Christmas presents) ...	25 0 0
Pupils of Miss M. Sterling	0 5 0
Mr. A. Fowler	0 5 0
Mrs. B. Tice...	0 5 0
Mattie Tice	0 2 0
Lottie Tice	0 2 0
Bennie Tice...	0 1 0
W. S. C., Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne...	0 10 0
Mrs. Taylor...	0 3 0
"Stamps," Tring	0 0 6
Collected by Miss Best, Helston:—	
Mrs. Cotton ... 0 10 0	
Mr. Heynes ... 0 10 0	
Mrs. Chappell ... 0 5 0	
Miss Best ... 0 5 0	
Small sums ... 0 2 0	
Collected by Miss Richards ... 1 5 0	
	2 17 0
Mrs. Joseph Toller ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Slade	0 10 0
Mrs. L. H. Edwards ...	2 0 0
Mr. John Wood	1 10 0

	£ s. d.
Collected by Miss Nellie Caffyn:—	
Mr. W. Mannington 5 0 0	
Mrs. Dobbs ... 1 0 0	
Mrs. Mannington 0 5 0	
Mrs. Munn ... 0 2 6	
Mrs. Overy ... 0 2 6	
Miss Mannington 0 2 0	
Miss Thatcher ... 0 2 0	
Silverdale ... 0 10 0	
	7 4 0
Mrs. Norris	1 0 0
F. L., Hereford	0 5 0
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	12 12 0
Mrs. Charlotte Cooper ...	0 5 0
R. M....	0 5 0
Mr. W. Johnson	0 2 0
Miss E. Sydenham ...	1 0 0
Mr. E. Davis	0 10 0
Mr. W. L. Maynard ...	0 10 0
Mrs. L. Bush	0 10 0
Bournemouth	0 5 0
Mr. B. Fox	0 5 0
Bertie	0 1 9
Mrs. Arnold...	1 1 0
Mrs. Vinson	0 10 0
Mrs. N. Smith	0 5 0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0 5 0
Mrs. Braine	0 5 0
Mr. A. Grace	0 5 0
Mr. Butler	0 5 0
Mrs. E. M. D. Mattick ...	0 4 0
Miss Scarfe...	0 1 0
J. C. S. and A. S.	1 10 0
Friends at Grove Road Chapel, Hardway, Gosport...	0 10 0
Mr. B. Johnston	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Ashe	2 4 3
Mr. Perrett	2 2 0
Mrs. Macgregor	1 0 0
H. A. M.	1 0 0
Mrs. White	0 5 0
Mrs. Annie Brown... ...	0 5 0
J. C. A.	0 5 0
Miss Thorpe...	1 0 0
Mr. Edward J. Upward ...	1 0 0
Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. Withers	0 10 6
	113 16 11
	£1,175 6 7

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Allison, S., 11s; Angell, A., 4s; Birch, W., 10s; Burnham, F., 5s; Barnard, J., 5s; Bowen, G., £1 1s; Beadle, S. J., 3s 9d; Buck, C., 1s 6d; Bridges, C., £1; Banyard, S., 5s; Bowles, N., 5s; Bell, H., 10s; Bristow, J., 11s 3d; Bowley, H., 4s; Cook, C., 9s 6d; Chamberlain, W., 5s; Cann, J., 4s; Cozens, H., 2s 6d; Cartland, F., 1s; Cooper, C., 5s; Dancey, C., 11d; Docwra, A., 2s; Edwards, G., 10s; Edgeley, W., 12s; Earthrowl, A., 6s 8d; Evans, I., £1 1s; Franklin, C., 3s; Fitch, E., 3s; Game, J., 5s; Gardener, G., 6s 1d; Gant, F., 7s 8d; Green, A., 17s; Greenhough, G., 15s; Gammon, A., 16s; Hamlet, A., 15s; Hodgson, W., 15s; Horan, E. L., 6s 6d; Hill, G., 5s 2d; Hills, B., £1; Harris, B., 7s; Hill, C., 5s; Hurst, A., 4s; Jarvis, B., 4s; Kibble, G., 2s 6d; Kemp, G., 3s 7d; Kelland, S. and J., 12s 3d; King, A., 3s 6d; Kent, G., 10s; Lowne, J., 5s; Landeryou, A., 5s; Ling, W., 8s 6d; Metcalfe, T., £1 1s; Maclean, C., 3s; Moore, A. W., 7s; Mead, H., 3s 6d; Moppett, F., 2s 7d; Mannell, W., 5s; Miller, C., 10s 6d; Morrell, J., 10s; Norton, R., 17s; Ounsted, A., 15s 1d; Pitney, F., £1 1s; Ponton, M., 10s; Park, F., 4s; Pretty, W. H., £1 1s; Pritchard, E., £1 1s; Phillips, R., 5s 1d; Peverall, W., 7s; Rhodes, J. H., £1 1s; Rye, C., 10s; Rogers, W., £1 1s; Richmann, L., 10s; Roff, L. P., 10s 6d; Read, F., 2s; Rathmell, H., 10s; Roberts, H., £1 1s; Sarjeant, E., £1 1s; Smith, E., 12s 6d; Smith, H., 13s; Stone, C., 5s 2d; Smith, R., 7s 8d; Sparke, B., £1 17s; Symonds, Y., 9s; Sutherland, J., 6s; Stringle, W., 8s 6d; Stoner, W., 6s 6d; Sayer, H., 5s; Steed, S., 3s 6d; Taylor, G., 10s; Treeby, H., 8s 3d; Tanner, J., 7s; Tant, J., 3s 6d; Trim, J., 10s 1d; Teasdale, F., 15s 8d.; Unwin, E., £1 1s; Wallis, H., £1 2s; Warner, G., 8s 2d; Wardill, T., 6s 6s; Westrop, C., 4s 6d; Westbrook, J., 5s; Ward, R., 7s 6d; Bates, H., 2s 6d; Ingram, A., £1 1s; Tressider, W. J., £1 1s.—Total, £49 18s 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Andrews, E., 6s; Agate, M., 1s 9d; Attikin, E., 3s 10d; Ayling, E., 13s 6d; Anderson, R., £1 1s; Bond, N., 5s 6d; Bullock, L., 5s 6d; Botham, L., 8s; Birkett, F., 4s; Boorman, V., 2s; Burrows, F., 3s 10d; Bettam, A., 2s; Buck, B., 1s; Buckland, A., 10s; Bissett, M., 2s 3d; Broadhouse, N., 8s.; Barlow, M., 8s; Blake, L., 5s; Bennett, L., 2s; Blackwell, K., 18s;

Bridgman, A., £1 6s; Cooper, K., 5s 5d; Craggs, A., 1s 1d; Collis, H., 3s; Chamberlain, M., 10s; Cable, F., £1 1s; Castle, D., 6s 2d; Dickerson, E., 12s; Donelly, G., 11s; Eagle, S., 5s 6d; Epps, F., 14s 2d; Epps, F., 4s; Francis, J., 9d; Fenn, A., 1s 3d; Fairbank, A., 7s; Gregory, M., 2s 6d; Guiver, K., 12s; Glover, M., 2s 4d; Grey, M., 4s 6d; Hobbs, E., 5s 1d; Hayden, E., 15s; Hill, A., 10s; Hallam, E., 2s 6d; Haisell, J., 8s; Hinckley, L., 5s; Hunt, E., 5s; Hall, F., 6s 1d; Hewitt, H., 4s; Ingle, F., 12s 7d; Johnson, M. A., 2s; Jackman, L., 7s 7d; Jacques, K., 8s 3d; Kemp, M., £1 1s 8d; Lagdon, K., £1 1s; Lovell, M., 1s 6d; Maycock, W., 4s; McKinley, F., 2s; Mayhew, E., 9s 2d; Mitchell, N., 6d; McIlwraith, B., 2s 9d; Nash, M., 4s; Nutt, C., 5s 3d; Orridge, A., 5s 4d; O'Leary, J., 5s 4d; Owen, A., 5s; Player, E., £1 3s 6d; Pope, A., 7s 3d; Parker, A., 5s; Peepall, G., 6s; Pearce, A., 6s; Poole, A., 6d; Page, M., 10s 6d; Perry, R., 1s 6d; Robottom, G., £1 1; Rowsell, J., 6s 6d; Rushman, H., 2s 9d; Richards, K., 4s 6d; Smith, L., 14s; Seymour, I., 3s 6d; Smith, A., £1 3s 6d; Salt, E., 6s 4d; Stone, E., 2s 10d; Simons, C., 7s 6d; Smith, J., 3s. Smithers, L., 5s; Somerscales, E., 2s.; Staines, C., 7s 7d; Shorter, E., 5s 6d; Tollworthy, E., 5s 6d; Trill, N., 11s; Thomas, N., 6d; Thorp, E., 3s; Temple, E., 12s 6d; Veryard, R., 2s 6d; Warwick, E., 8s; Woodcock, I., 4s; Westwood F., 13s; Webley, E., 2s 6d; Williams, N., 6s 1d; Willis, A., 5s; Winder, B., 5s; Wigzell, E., 8s; Wood, I., 5s; Fairbank, A., 7s; Rampling, S., 2s 6d; Wright, E., 5s.—Total, £36 14s 3d.

List of Presents per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 15th, 1886, to January 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS: 1 case Oranges, Messrs. Bonser and Son; 2½ cases Raisins, Mr. T. Wray; 3 boxes Raisins, 56 lbs. Currants, 14 lbs. Peel, 42 lbs. Sugar, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 1 case containing Apples, Marrows, and Potatoes, Mr. Higgins; 3 half-cases Raisins, "A Kentish Grocer"; a quantity of Cabbages and 3 bags Potatoes, Mr. John Norkett; 1 parcel Oranges, Raisins, Peel, &c., from the young ladies and servants of a private business house, per Miss Jackman; 1 bag Cabbages, Mr. J. Walker; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 3 casks Mixed Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 1 case Dates, Mr. R. Speller; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Newman; 486 boxes Figs, Mr. W. Harrison; 1 large Cake and some Sweets, Miss Morris; 25 lbs. Beef, Mr. Jas. Warren; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Metcalf; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. Collins; 1 large Short Bread Cake, "the largest ever made," G. F. S.; 6 cwts. Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 100 Oranges, Mrs. Heffer; 1 Plum Pudding, Mrs. M. Walters; 5 bags Brussel Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 1 cad of Tea, Mr. Armstrong; 97 lbs. Beef, S. Barrow; 7 bottles Jam, Mrs. Walker; a quantity of Muscatels, Dates, Figs, Nuts, &c., Mr. F. Bidgood; 2 sacks Haricot Beans, Mr. J. Keevil; a few Sweets, Mrs. Robertson; 120 lbs. Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co.; 9 cwts. Potatoes, Mr. E. J. Gorringe; ½ chest Tea, 1 case Currants, "Anon"; 6 pieces Short Cake, the Misses McNab; 6 cwts. Potatoes, Messrs. C. and A. Parker; 19 quarterns Bread, Mr. N. Read; 1 bag Peas, Mr. Lankester Webb; 1 sack Flour, Messrs. Mead and Co.; 3 bags Onions, Mr. D. Parkins; 56 lbs. Golden Syrup, Mr. Cooper; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—A quantity of Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 94 articles, the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 15 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Morris; 1 dozen Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 3 Overcoats, 7 boys' Shirts, 11 Grey Hand-knitted Hose, Mr. J. S. Smith; 14 articles, Devonshire Square Baptist Church Sunday-school Working Party, per Mrs. Lowe; 17 pairs Knitted Socks, The Misses Thompson; 5 Scarves, Miss Woodgate; 3 Scarves, Mrs. M. Hyatt; 1 suit of Clothes and Overcoat, Mrs. Lane; 24 Boys' Shirts, Mrs. George Thompson; 1 Scarf and 2 pairs Cuffs, Miss Lottie Grove; 5 Flannel Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 1 Hat, 6 Shirts, and several lengths of Cloth, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Phillips; 6 Night Shirts, Miss S. Cook.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—112 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers: 14 Garments, The Ladies' Working Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. Harvey; 123 Garments, Miss Chandler's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Church; 33 articles, Working Party, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 8 articles, Miss H. Gatensbury; 6 articles, Mrs. Hickson; 6 articles, for No. 1 girls, Mrs. Rolfe; 18 articles, Miss Hunter; 17 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 articles, Mrs. William Holmes; 12 articles, Miss M. Thatcher; 55 articles, Mr. J. S. Smith; 3 Scarves, 1 Wrap, Mrs. E. Lock; 7 articles, Miss H. Verrall; 40 articles, Miss Wells' Bible-class; 63 articles, Devonshire Square Baptist Church Sunday-school Working Party, per Mrs. Lowe; 5 pairs of Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. Robertson; 10 articles, collected by a reader of *The Sword and the Trowel;* 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 8 pairs Knitted Cuffs and 14 Garments, Miss Woodgate; 30 articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 21 articles, Miss Cutts, per Mrs. E. Williams; 22 articles, Mr. E. Harper; 18 articles, Miss Wood; 51 articles and 6 yards of Dress Material, Mrs. Ridley's Bible-class, Bury St. Edmunds; 19 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 54 articles and 33 yards of Dress Material, Mrs. George Thompson; 4 Neckerchiefs, 1 pair Cuffs, and 3 yards of Ribbon, Miss Lottie Grove; 1 Remnant of Flannel and Calico, and 1 Knitted Petticoat, Mrs. H. E. Sprawson; 12 articles, Miss Descroix; 8 articles, J. P., Oxford; 6 articles, and 12 yards of Dress Material, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Phillips; 5 Straw Hats, Mrs. L. Davies; 12 articles, Mrs. Lovell; 17 articles, Mrs. Bartholomew and friends.

GENERAL.—21 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; a parcel of Books and Illuminated Text Cards, The Committee of the Religious Tract Society; 1 kip of Wash Leather, Messrs. W. Beach and Son, per Mr. William Olney; 100 Books, "Story of Jesus," Mr. A. Mackeith; a quantity of Christmas and New Year Cards, Miss T. Smith; 250 fancy articles, The Misses Dransfield; 1 penny each for 500 boys and girls, Mr. and Mrs. Wayre and family; a quantity of Toys, Mr. E. Newman; 12 numbers, "Young England," Mr. William Lewis; 28 fancy articles, Mrs. Faulconer; sundry packets of Cards, Mr. J. S. Smith; 3 Dolls, Mrs. E. Lock; a quantity of Toys, The Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. O. Mackey; 19 doz. Cedar Pencils, 4 doz. small Pocket Combs, 4 Pencil Sharpeners, 1 doz. Pocket Pencils, Mr. Mallett; a quantity of Magazines, Mr. E. L. Borde; a few Christmas Cards, 1 box of Picture Blocks, Mrs. Robertson; 1 Scrap Book, Miss Annie C. Ward; 20 Dessert Spoons, 20 Dessert Forks, 4 Table Spoons, Mr. G. Wheeler; 2 parcels of Books, "Good Will to Men" and "Ring the Bells," Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.; 1 Photograph Album, Miss McArthur; a few Dolls' Hats and 1 piece of Lining, S. A. R. and C. F.; a parcel of Almanacks and Books, The Committee of the Sunday School Union, per Mr. Tressider; a parcel of Cloth, "Anon."; a quantity of Christmas and New Year Cards, and some Pictures, 1 parcel of Cloth, "Anon," Highgate; 1 pair of Boots and 2 pairs of Slippers, Mr. J. Maitland; 8 Comb Bags, Miss Descroix; a parcel of Illustrated Papers, "Anon."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1886, to January 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pole	0	5	0
"H. M."	10	0	0
Mrs. Wells, per Mr. R. Mellors	0	5	0
Miss M. L. S. Lang	0	5	0
Young Christian's Band, Stockwell Orphanage	0	2	6
Mr. M. P. Townsend	1	0	0
Mrs. Roberts	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	2	0	0
Mr. B. Armstrong	3	0	0
Mrs. Kitchener	2	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hacksley	0	5	0
Miss Ellen Clarke	0	5	0
D. A. E.	0	5	0
The Misses Bashall	1	0	0
A friend, N. B.	2	0	0
Mr. A. R. Gray	1	0	0
Scotch £1 note, Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
Stamps, post mark "Slough"	0	2	6
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Miss Hastings	0	5	0
"Rather late"	1	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Thankoffering, postmark "Bridport"	0	5	0
Mrs. Jane Smith	0	5	0
Mr. W. Moir	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Blott	5	0	0
Miss J. M. Lang	1	0	0
Mr. Casson	0	10	0
W. and E. H., Exeter	0	7	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Mr. H. Osmond	3	0	0
Mr. W. Perry	0	9	6
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mr. James Withers	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	0	0
Miss Parken's legacy, third instalment	1	16	0
Mrs. Halstead	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited	2	2	0
Mr. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier	0	10	6
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£92	10	6

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Bromley Congregational Church, Kent	40	0	0
Maidenhead District	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Neatishead	10	0	0
"H. M.," for Bristol	20	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. Cook	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	11	5	0
Melksham, Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Berks Congregational Association, for Slough	10	0	0
Ross District	20	0	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. Richard Peter	10	0	0
Cheddar District, per Rev. J. Renny:—			
Mr. S. Hill — 5 0 0			
Mr. W. Clark, J.P. — 5 0 0			
Mrs. Webb — 0 5 0			
Mr. E. Spencer — 0 5 0			
Rev. J. Renny — 0 5 0			
10 15 0			
Less expenses — 0 1 3			
	10	13	9
	£259	8	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1886, to January 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. P. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. A. White	0	10	6
Mr. W. A. Macfie	2	0	0
Mr. B. Armstrong	4	0	0
Mr. Kitchener	2	0	0
Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mrs. Rust	2	0	0
Mr. Copeland	0	2	6
The Misses Bashall	1	0	0
A friend, N. B.	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Orpington	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Hereford	11	17	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Gloucester	8	0	0
Mrs. G. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. Casson	0	10	0
Mrs. Wyman	1	1	0
A reader of the "Christian Herald"	0	2	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	0	0
Miss L. Fidkin	0	5	0
Annual Subscription:—			
E. A. H.	0	10	0
	£54	18	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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 13th 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.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1886.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings	1,886	0	0
„ Donations	3,529	11	8
„ Legacies	716	15	8
„ Collections by Students	570	12	9
„ Interest on Deposit Account	115	19	10
	6,818	19	11
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1886	2,202	17	2
	£9,021	17	1

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,652	16	10
„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	3,403	11	1
„ Clothing	51	6	3
„ Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	169	19	3
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Office expenses	405	4	5
„ Book-grants to Students on leaving	118	16	0
„ Preaching Stations,—Home Missions and New Chapels ...	745	1	0
„ Annual Conference—including Hire, Labour, and Decorations...	337	11	10
„ Furniture and Fittings	60	19	11
	6,945	6	7
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1886	2,076	10	6
	£9,021	17	1

Examined and found correct, January 20th, 1887.

J. A. SPURGEON,
J. PASSMORE,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. BUSWELL,
Finance Committee.

WILLIAM P. OLNEY,
B. W. CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE,
Auditors.

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1886.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	475	13	9	By Salaries of four Evangelists	883	13	8
,, Contributions by Churches visited	287	0	1	,, Travelling Expenses	141	5	2
	762	13	10		1,029	18	10
,, Balance in hand, 1st January, 1886	576	4	1	,, Balance in hand, 31st December, 1886	308	19	1
	£1,338	17	11		£1,338	17	11

JAS. A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. PASSMORE,
J. BUSWELL. } *Finance Committee.*

Examined and found correct, January 20th, 1887. { WILLIAM P. OLNEY, B. W. CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

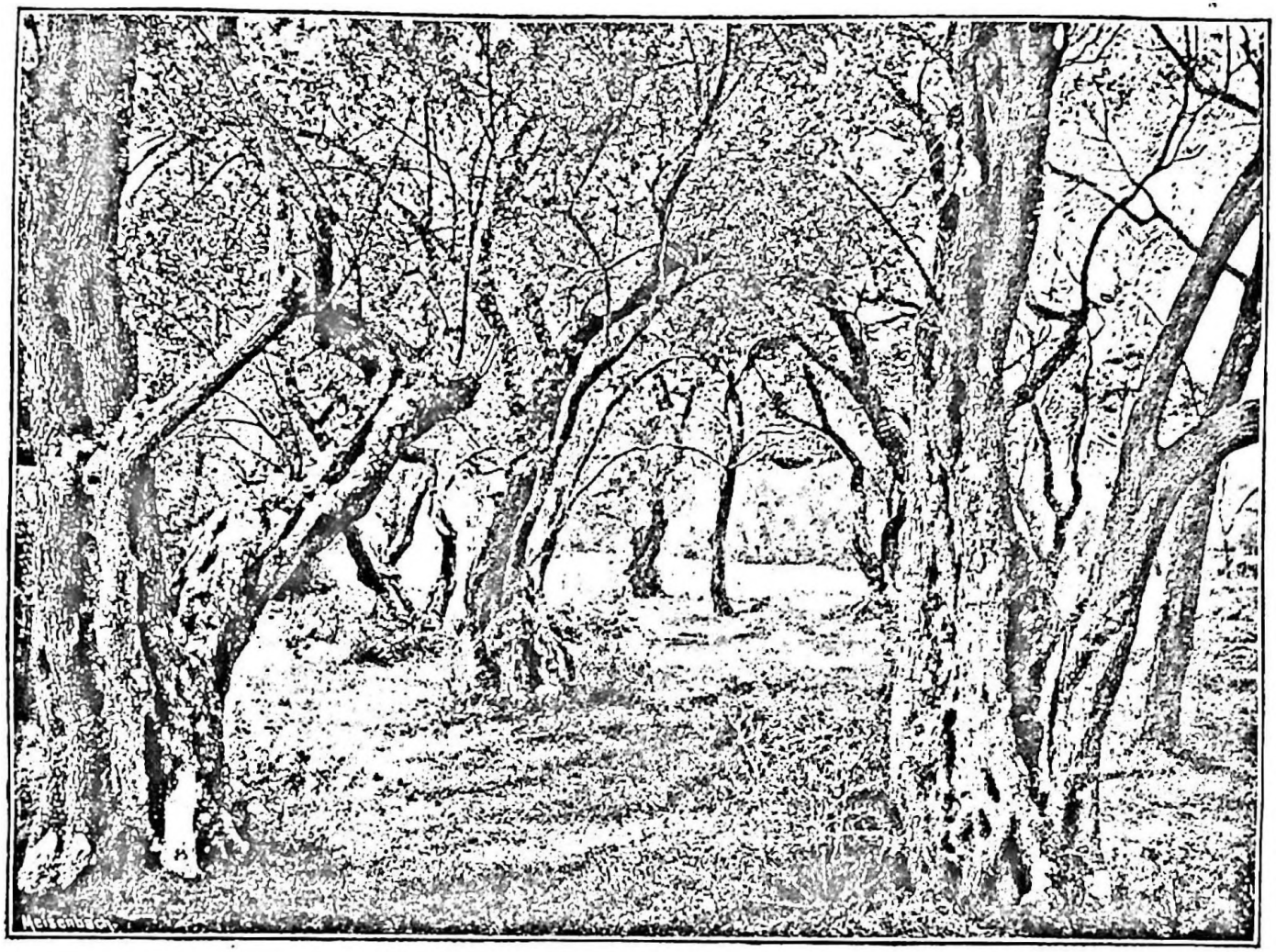
LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1886.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1886	750	11	4	By Loans to Churches :—			
,, Repayment of Loans	1,088	11	6	Norbiton	350	0	0
				Aldershot	250	0	0
				St. Alban's	100	0	0
				Worthing	500	0	0
					1,200	0	0
				Balance in hand, December 31st, 1886	639	2	10
	£1,839	2	10		£1,839	2	10

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1886 ...	4,445	17	6
Cash Balance in hand ,, ,, ...	639	2	10
	£5,085	0	4

Examined and found correct, January 20th, 1887. { W. P. OLNEY, B. WILDON CARR, WILLIAM PAYNE. } *Auditors.*



A GROVE OF OLIVE TREES.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1887.

In an Olive Garden at Mentone.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF there is one prayer in which we should all unite for ourselves, and for all our brethren in Christ, it would be a prayer for our increased usefulness. We desire each one to bring forth fruit unto God's glory: we care not to be conspicuous as the poplar, or majestic as the cedar, but we would be useful as the olive. These olive-groves, in which we, some of us, spend so many hours, ought to teach us a lesson concerning the bringing forth of precious results from all our planting and watering in the Lord's vineyard. I have a thousand thoughts about them which come and go too swiftly for me to put them down. I love the olive better than any other tree, and yet I cannot describe it, for it is ever changing. It is every day different, every hour different, every ten minutes different, in colour and tone. See how it varies from the bright silver grey of one day, to the dark green, and almost blackness of another! True picture of our experience in its glitter and its gloom, but evermore a constant sermon upon fruitfulness! I have known many begin with an aversion to the olive, and yet before long they have confessed it to be the most mysterious and fascinating of trees.

There is this to be learned without much thought: *the olive brings forth its useful oil, mother of light, from an almost sterile soil.* Some of the ground in which the olives grow might produce other crops; but in many other instances, if the olives were not there, it would produce nothing at all. Most excellent olive-oil is produced from a rocky soil

* Our frontispiece is from a photograph. Mark the lichens upon the bark, and the varied forms of the olive-trees.

in Greece, which is simply a bare burning limestone: indeed, it seems to verify the Scriptural expression of, "Oil out of the flinty rock." Brave is this achievement of the olive; and it is performed all around us. This ought to show to us that we can be good workers for the Lord, and successful fruit-bearers for his glory, without having the pick of places. We may take our position as God has placed us in it, and honour the name by which we are called. Usefulness is as possible in obscurity as in publicity, and we can glorify God as truly in sickness as in health, in poverty as in wealth. Our temptation will be to think we could do exceedingly well in somebody else's sphere, but that we may be pardoned if we do not shine in our own. This is to lay a false and flattering unction to our souls: if we do no good where we are, neither should we have been useful anywhere else. A barren tree blames the soil, but the real fault is in itself. The best fruit is often produced in the worst situation. Solomon saw the hyssop on the wall, and the cedar in Lebanon; but I have seen far greater wonders, for I have seen the cedar on the wall, and the hyssop growing in Lebanon: that is to say, I have seen the noblest character where the position was unfavourable, and the poorest graces where all things tended to produce a grand result. What a shame, that the man of ten talents should sometimes bring in less interest for his Lord than the poor servant who never had but one! And yet it is often so. On a far-spreading tree, in a fat soil, I have looked in vain for fruit, while on the rocks I have seen the olive-branches breaking down with their excessive wealth of berries. It is not our surroundings, and circumstances, but the inner life, and the power that is within, that will determine the quantity of fruit that we bear.

Another lesson that we may learn from the olives is *not to expect fruit-bearing trees to be exactly like one another*. I think if a reward of ten thousand pounds were to be offered to any one who could produce two olive-trees exactly alike, no one would be found to claim it. They could produce two alike when they had sawn off all the branches that bore fruit, and left only dead stumps; but as long as they are fruitfully alive, each one differs from the other. One twists and twirls in all sorts of shapes, and another is quite straight and comely: one seems to concentrate its branches, and fashion them into a single cup, while another is a forest tree, whose beauty lies in its untrimmed liberty of growth. Mark how, in its adornment with lichens, or in a certain smoothness and oiliness of life, each olive-tree varies from its neighbour. There is no pattern for an olive-tree. That tree which bears the most olives might serve as a capital model for the rest; but even in that case its particular form might turn out to be the most uncomely, so far as mere appearance is concerned. There is no model, and it would be idle to attempt to make one. The Dutch gardener of the olden time was very particular about trimming his hedges close, and clipping his yews so that he had a verdant peacock in one corner, and a huge green cheese in another, and these designs he repeated for ever and a day. This is unnatural and stiff. Little children say first, "How beautiful!" and then, "How funny!" The Lord God has not so made the forest trees, nor even those which bear fruit, for man. He loves naturalness and variety; and let us in this thing agree with him, and never try to

found a school of workers, or fashion a set of people all of one mould. There is a special beauty in the olive-groves as the result of this diversity, and we ought to be grateful to the great Husbandman for so arranging his trees.

I find among many excellent people a feeling of surprise that godly people are not all alike. They say, "We cannot understand how So-and-so can be a Christian, and have such strange ways." Some express their surprise that God should make use of persons and modes of procedure which are so *outré* and extravagant in their esteem. Our tendency is to accept ourselves as patterns, and censure all divergences from our excellent selves. You cannot understand why yonder olive is so peculiar. Shall I tell you? A wandering wind came this way one morning and so fiercely twisted that young tree when it was supple, that it bears the trace thereof, and will bear it for hundreds of years. And this with its hollow trunk was assailed by a little worm when it was itself little, and the nibblings of that enemy have left lines and scars which will never be erased. Numerous agencies have been at work here, carving to good purpose. The hand of beauty smoothed yonder bough, while the tooth of time gnawed this bark. The great Gardener, who still walks the olive-groves, made one grow in this way, and another in that. We had better leave them alone. Among us who are called Nonconformists it is perfectly unreasonable and inconsistent to expect conformity. In some matters I believe in the dissidence of dissent, and delight to see those natural diversities which are the mark of life, and the beauty of health. Everybody living unto God should live according to the life that the Lord has placed within him, and not according to somebody else's life. Let the sober glorify God by his seriousness, and the cheerful by his gladness. Let the reasoning mind use its logic to holy purpose, but let it not snuff out all that is emotional, nor even that which is humorous and playful in others. One complained of a certain brother that he had too much wit; but it was justly remarked of the censor that no one would ever bring that charge against *him*.

I think you will see in the olive-tree one other lesson, namely, that *this fruitful tree seems to bear the mark of suffering*. I have called it a ligneous agony: a death-throe in wood. Some of them are twisted and gnarled in such anguish that one would think they had heard the groans of Gethsemane. Well does the olive embody the great agony. The pangs that rent the Saviour's heart in the garden have often been brought before me when resting among these trees. If you will observe them, not so much the younger ones as those of venerable age, you will compare them to serpents, in their strange twistings and coilings. Some of them are split to the very heart, and broken from the root upward as with an axe. One wonders how they live; but, indeed, they are full of life. I am told that even the old roots which are brought to us in our baskets for the fire would grow if they were buried in the ground. If that be so, it would be very hard work to extirpate an olive-tree. It has so much life in it, that if it is buried in the soil, it will send out shoots. Even when it is on the fire, it burns with a clear flame, far more bright than that of any other wood, for it is full of the oil of life; and even in perishing it does its best to enlighten those who cast it on the fire. I suspect that if we care to do great things for God, we shall

have to become gnarled and twisted by suffering. I suppose that a few good people may possibly escape from trial and suffering, but I do not know them. Those whose lives are very easy are usually of small account in the matter of usefulness. Many who are doing very little would be all the better for the fertilizing processes of pain and anguish. Even a week or two of gout might cure them of fancies, and put them upon real work. Sympathy with others is not learned without personal suffering. The power to comfort grows out of our own afflictions. Depend upon it, those useful workers whom you so much envy, have their private griefs, which minister to their usefulness, or keep them humble under their success. Those whom the Lord honours in public he chastens in private. These sicknesses and sorrows of ours have a fertilizing effect, or at least they ought to have. Every cold wind, as well as every sunbeam, helps to put oil into the olives, and grace into believers. Skilful mariners sail by all winds, and we ought to make progress through all circumstances.

So, then, brethren, we will, like the olives, try to be fruitful under difficulties, we will leave others to develop their graces and to do good in their own way, and we will ourselves look out for personal affliction, counting it not strange concerning the fiery trial as though it were a new thing upon the face of the earth.

We will come to these olives another day, and hear what they have to say to us. They will not leave their fatness even to be promoted over the trees, and therefore we shall find them here when the climbing brambles of the hour have passed away.

More about Gambling.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

LAST month a warning voice was lifted up in these pages against the common vice of gambling. That this was timely and needful is proved by letters from friends who see the evil all around them, and are glad that a protest should be entered against it. It is by no means a fault confined to Monte Carlo, or to certain dens in foreign countries: our own house is on fire, the flames of this crime are consuming our fellow-countrymen. What is to be done? If we cannot recover the actual victims, we may, perhaps, put others on their guard who are as yet quite free from the folly, or have only dabbled in it to a small degree.

Gambling ruins many characters, and involves many in dishonest and felonious acts. Just now a young man in a good position has robbed his employers, and has been sent to prison. He had been spending his evenings in a so-called "club," and had lost a considerable sum at baccarat—whatever that may be. Hopeful of regaining what he had lost, he ventured larger sums, and sank deeper into the mire. When all of his own was gone, he appropriated his employers' money, with the full resolve to restore it at once if he could but meet with better luck. Of course this money went in the same way as the rest; and, driven to despair, all that the unhappy man could do was to confess the wrong, and bear the consequences. He said that there were

rooms in London—we are afraid to say how many hundreds of them—where young men may spend their evenings and lose their money without limit. Ought not something to be done to suppress these private gambling-rooms? The whole matter of "clubs" needs overhauling. Things are allowed to go in a very careless style because the club has aforetime been the special luxury of the rich; but surely we are not to maintain the peculiar privileges of "the Carlton" or "the Reform" at the price of a general demoralization. Sauce for the democratic goose is sauce for the aristocratic gander; if clubs need regulating because they allow wrong to be done by Brown and Jones, they must be regulated even if Lord Dundreary and Sir James Donomore find their peculiar liberties curtailed. If under the pretence of a club drink is sold at all hours, and gambling is carried on without restraint, and men are decoyed from the ways of honesty, it is time that clubs were knocked on the head.

We are right glad that public notice has been taken of the glaring manner in which gambling disgraces the great lines of steamers to America, Australia, and elsewhere. We are glad to print the letter in which Mr. Noble and others have discharged their consciences:—

"GAMBLING ON THE HIGH SEAS.

"*To the Editor of the Daily News.*

"Cunard s.s. Umbria, Jan. 30.

"SIR,—The undersigned, as passengers by the above steamer, consider that their rights have been encroached upon by the noisy scenes witnessed on the passage, and that not to raise a hand of protest against the gambling and intemperance now so general on ocean steamers would be in a measure to sanction its existence. If the smoking room is to be made a gambling hell it should be labled as such, so that all sending younger members of their families by these steamers may know how to act. Well-known gamblers habitually traverse the Atlantic to decoy the unwary. Two instances occurred on the present passage of the dire effects produced. One young man, of respectable appearance, was induced by a man who has reaped a rich harvest to risk his money on chance cards and the throw of the dice. He lost all, and then borrowed. Brooding over his trouble, and urged to drink by his companions, he endeavoured to jump overboard, being saved by mere chance. He was immediately placed under arrest, and a keeper set. At night a lady and gentleman were disturbed by threats of murder, all over gambling disputes. If this company are to sustain the high reputation already gained, they should put an end to this state of things. The onus of keeping order belongs exclusively to them, and not to the passengers."

"S. WOODS,	Z. T. SWEENEY,
"WM. E. B. DAVIS,	JAMES FURNIVAL,
"WILLIAM NOBLE,	SAMUEL E. ROBERTS,
"ISAAC ERRETT,	A. H. OVERMAN,
"T. K. WEBSTER,	JOHN CARDER."
"S. R. BRIGG.	

It is within our knowledge that many sons of respectable parents sent

out to Australia to settle, have lost all their money on the journey out. Considerable amounts, with which they were to buy land, or commence business, have disappeared while they have been shuffling cards in the smoking room. It is no uncommon thing for the silly victims to stake their best clothes, and reach Sydney or Melbourne with nothing which they could call their own, except the seedy garments in which they stood upright. To cross the ocean has now become an affliction to Christian men. They can scarcely get out of the way of the drink and card-playing. On shore these evils have their own quarters and hours; but on ship-board, in the best ships, they are winked at, and in others they are encouraged. Some men, who frequently cross the ocean, regard the period as one of unbroken play; and it is said that there are beings who frequently make these voyages for the sole sake of the plunder which they obtain by gambling. Think of our great companies tolerating this sort of thing! Owners of floating palaces—they call themselves; but in truth they are promoters of steaming-hells. *Let them take note of this.*

But we cannot be content with having spoken of this evil on board our great liners, for it comes nearer home. At certain seasons of the year, especially near "the Derby Day," all this region is infected with betting. Is there a single public-house without its sweepstakes, or a single workshop without its knot of speculators? The Prince of Wales and the peers of the realm not only attend the races, but they patronize the betting. This would be bad enough if it began and ended with themselves; but the contagion of their example is pestilent. Not only persons of wealth, but people whose sole possession is their physical strength, must needs imitate the lords of the land. What is the good of having princes and lords if you may not follow their example? Gardeners, coachmen, bricklayers, cobblers—everybody must have something on the Derby. Hardworking people seem to forget their daily plodding, and are all agog to make a great haul by means of some horse which they have never seen, and never will see. Families have to go short because father has lost on the race; while the winners are as a rule nothing profited, for an extra drink, running on to intoxication, is the precious reward of guessing the right animal's name. We do not know how it may be in other regions, but the races at Epsom are just a plague to the county of Surrey and the great metropolis. We say nothing of the open *saturnalia* of the race-course, and the road to and fro; we believe that the spirit of gambling, which seems to be in the very air at the time of the races, is a mischief of the worst kind.

A clergyman, writing us upon this subject, says very earnestly:—"We want fly-leaves for distribution, showing the sin of trying to get other men's money without giving them anything for it. Charles Kingsley taught this at Chester Races. We want to show the evil of the gambling-raffles at religious bazaars. We want to show how he is wrong who says 'A sovereign is no great sum to me. I can *afford* to risk it on this race.' As to horse-racing in England, the evils of Monte Carlo and of Monaco are small indeed compared with those connected with it now. Who would bet at a foreign gaming-table if he *knew* the dice to be loaded, and the cheat pre-arranged? Yet such is the fact with most of our races, and it is the exception when the horses are run fair. 'Are you going to win, Jem?' said one to a jockey. 'Not unless the reins

break!' was the reply. 'Well, I'm blessed!' said a bookmaker, 'Nine horses going to start, and only *one* of them going to *try!*' Pray continue your holy war against gambling. See the great house where the master runs horses, and you find every footman and housemaid putting their half-crowns into sweepstakes."

We know nothing about the accuracy of our correspondent's statement about horses being run unfairly, neither is it vital to the question in hand; but we do know that all the rest of his letter is unquestionably true.

Much to the same effect is a letter from Tain in the far north :—"I have been reading your excellent article on 'Gambling—a Common Snare,' and the reason of now troubling you is that it occurs to me that this article is uncommonly suitable for extensive circulation as a small tract, and I think there was never more need for it. A library or workman's club, &c., is reckoned quite out of the way for the young men unless supplied with some machinery for games; and their boast is that they don't bet at their meetings; but the reason is that their conduct would soon be found out in small towns, and that young men generally expect to visit large towns, where they can hide, and do as they please. They learn in these clubs what they practise when far from home. At railway stations and on trains, card-playing is the order of the day."

Do we wonder that these things are so when we remember with shame that certain parts of the Christian Church have rattled the dice, and turned the wheel of fortune? At first it was a half-concealed raffle for some valuable which could not readily be sold at a Bazaar; but now bolder steps are taken. In several instances lotteries have been advertised and tickets sold for carriages, pianos, gold watches, and the like. We have sent notice of two of these abominations to the Home Secretary when they happened to be connected with Baptist chapels, and they were promptly suppressed. But what a disgrace to the name of Christian, and to the very notion of a church, that such things should have been possible! The practice of Art Unions has been quoted as an apology, but Art Unions themselves are wrong in their method, though they are allowed by law, and they can say in their own justification that they give each subscriber a something which he could not purchase elsewhere, which he may usually regard as a full equivalent for his money. We are not going out of our way to meddle with Art Unions; but we would sooner see them all wound up than that they should be quoted as a justification for lotteries, and so help to spread the evil which we deplore. See how France and Italy are demoralized by lotteries, and you will dread their toleration in this country. Even if the whole world went after them, they ought to be loathed by all professors of religion. Gambling for Jesus! Holding a lottery for the promotion of godliness! Some things are too obviously detestable to need denunciation.

Let all who see the innumerable mischiefs which grow out of gambling avoid it in any form. Games of chance which are forbidden to Mahometans are not to be thought of by Christians. If in other times decent people might have indulged themselves, let them now abstain from any and every act which would encourage the widespread disease, and let them warn our youth, as they value their own happiness in this life and the next, to keep far off from this fascinating form of sin.

Bread and Milk Breakfasts for Poor Children.

"IF any poor people in Norwood want to be born, married, or buried, they always send for Mr. Hobbs." Such was the slightly exaggerated expression used by one who had good opportunities of judging of the character and extent of the work performed by the pastor of Gipsy Road Baptist Church. It would be very easy to write an interesting article on the ingenious methods by which he has made himself a kind of universal benefactor to the poor and needy in the region where he labours; but our present object is to give a brief description of the latest development of his philanthropic efforts. It may be that the recital of the story will suggest a similar work in other districts, and possibly some who read the record will be able and willing to assist in finding the funds required for the operations here described.

On one of the early days in the present year, a deputation from the unemployed working-men in Norwood waited upon Mr. Hobbs, and asked for the loan of the Gipsy Road school-room, for the purpose of organizing processions for soliciting alms, as they did during the previous winter. For various reasons it was deemed unadvisable to grant the request; but the pitiful story of the men touched the pastor's heart, and made him consider what could be done to relieve the prevailing distress. He reasoned with himself that *men* out of work could manage to pick up a few coppers; and that, somehow or other, they usually contrived to get "a pipe and a pint." At all events, he felt that he was unable to help them directly; but it occurred to him that he might assist them indirectly by doing something for their children. The idea no sooner entered his head than, without calling together a committee, or consulting anybody, he went off to a printer, ordered some tickets of admission to a *Bread and Milk Breakfast*, handed a supply to various tradespeople for distribution, with the result that, on the following morning, 120 hungry children had, for once at least, a hearty round meal—we were about to write, what the Americans call "a good square meal", when we remembered the shape of the basins out of which we had just seen the youngsters joyously feeding.

It is just a month since the first day of the feast, and every day since then (Sundays excepted) between 200 and 400 poor boys and girls have partaken of the good things provided for them. This morning there are 350 present, ranging in age from about four to fourteen; and one is struck at once with the respectable appearance of a large proportion of the youthful guests. There are some from the slums—for there are slums in Norwood—and Mr. Hobbs has often said that he can find in his district scenes of wretchedness and woe equal to anything of the kind that exists at the East End; but most of these children belong to those who would be working-men if they could get any work to do. Two or three times during the meal the question was asked, "How many of your fathers are in work?" The first time only one hand was raised to indicate that the bread-winner was able to win the bread for his household. Later on, the eldest of four members of a family of nine stated that her father had gone to work the previous day, but it was the first employment he had been able to procure for several weeks. One little girl, who was present on the Saturday, thought that she

ought not to have a ticket for the following week, because her father was going to work on the Monday; but seeing that he would receive no wages until the end of the week, she was told that she might continue to come a few days longer.

Many of the children are fatherless, or their mothers are even worse than widows. One boy, when asked if his father had work to do, replied:—"I don't know whether he has or not. He ran away seven years ago, and left mother with four of us, and we don't know where he is." Another answer was still sadder:—"No, father has not any work, for he was drowned the week before last, and mother is left with five of us." Another parent was reported "in prison."

There is much kind thoughtfulness on the part of these poor people. One morning, the eldest of a family of five brought back the tickets that had been given to them, saying that they all had whooping-cough, and the baby had died during the night, so their mother thought they ought not to come. The child was supplied with breakfast in another room, and a milkman was instructed to leave milk every morning at the house. On calling to see the parents, Mr. Hobbs found that the man had been out of work for many months, that even the sheets from the bed had been sold in order to get food, and that both the mother and another child needed medical attention. When he came away he gave an order to an undertaker to arrange for the burial of the baby, and to send the bill to him—not the first time, by a good many, that he had proved a friend in need and a friend indeed to a family in distress.

One morning two of the unemployed workmen came to the schoolroom to thank Mr. Hobbs for his kindness to their children, or, as they called them, "kids." One of them said, "You have four of mine;" and the other said, "You have five of mine; and they would not have had any breakfast if it had not been for you. I hope we shall be able to pay you back some day." A letter has just come from the mistress of the Board-school, mentioning a family in need of help through the father having no work. The writer says:—"They seem very respectable people. Two little girls attend my school, and they look pale and ill for want of proper nourishment. Could you kindly supply them with tickets for a breakfast?" Of course, tickets were sent, with an additional supply for any similar cases that might come under the notice of the governess.

As a rule, tickets are issued only for alternate mornings, as the funds and the voluntary workers available could not supply all who might otherwise present themselves at one time. The children were told very specially to note the day indicated on the ticket, "because," confidentially whispered the colporteur who presided over the ticket and biscuit department, "if they should come on the wrong morning we should not have the heart to turn them away without giving them a good breakfast." In this way one set may come on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and another on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. In several exceptional cases the children are admitted every morning.

On entering the schoolroom the breakfasters are arranged in order on the forms, with sufficient space between them for their basins to stand by their side. After grace has been "said or sung", the willing Gipsy Road servitors march in from the kitchen, with trays full of

steaming hot milk-sops—no milk-and-water, wishy-washy stuff, but a pint of good milk, and a full supply of wholesome bread. On the second morning of the breakfasts, one boy brought some sugar with him, as a gentle reminder to the founder of the feast that something was wanted to complete the festival. Since that time a generous baker has given all the sugar that has been required. All children who finish their portion may have a second, and even a third, if they are able to stow it away: there are some who come up regularly for the largest quantity allowed. On leaving, each child is presented with a substantial biscuit, "for breakfast to-morrow morning," and, if the father is still out of work, a ticket is given "for the day after to-morrow."

At the end of the first month the total number of meals given amounted to 7,600, at a cost of £61 10s. The first donation towards the fund was given by a local doctor, who said to Mr. Hobbs, "This is the best thing that has been started in Norwood; you may take that as a doctor's opinion." One lady gave £10, friends at the Upper Norwood Congregational Church sent £8 3s.; Mr. Spurgeon contributed £5, and the Norwood M.P., T. L. Bristowe, Esq., £2 2s. The work was begun in faith that the needed funds would be forthcoming, and it will be continued as long as it is required, and generous friends are found to furnish the necessary means. One morning the stock of bread was exhausted before all the children were supplied, so Mr. Hobbs requested the neighbouring tradespeople to *lend* him some loaves, but, as it was with the "friend" described in the parable, they *gave* him as many as he needed. On another occasion a baker sent a sackful of bread.

For the information of any who may desire to engage in a similar work it may be well to describe the plan of operations. Most of the bread is cut up overnight by a number of willing workers. The chapel copper is half filled with water, and a milk-churn is placed in it, then the milkman who arrives first in the morning pours in the milk, and puts a light to the fire, so that, by the time the chapel-keeper arrives, the milk is nearly ready for use. The sugar is boiled with the milk, and therefore, as the guests arrive, nothing is needed but to put the bread in the basins, to pour in the milk, and to bear forth the welcome portions. As the little ones present were served, it was a pretty sight to see them drop down on their knees, with their faces just up to the level of the basins standing on the forms. They did not stand on forms or ceremonies, but speedily went to work in right good earnest to eat what was set before them, asking no questions for conscience sake. Surely this is the kind of work that will receive the commendation of the King in the day when he comes in his glory; and this practical application of the principles of Christianity will greatly help to remove the indifference which the working-classes are supposed to have towards the ministry of the gospel. The man who feeds hungry children with bread and milk may reasonably expect that some of their parents will come to hear what he has to say concerning "the Bread of life" and the heavenly "wine and milk" that are to be had "without money and without price." Any friends who would like to help this work can send contributions to Pastor Walter Hobbs, Penheale, Hawke Road, Upper Norwood.

A Village Mission.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

AUTHOR OF "ABOUT JESUS," "ABOUT OUR FATHER," ETC.

FOR several years a most excellent village mission has been carried on in a quiet way, under the direction of Mr. T. S. Heley, of Wing, Leighton-Buzzard; and as it has been my privilege to take part in this work, a few particulars may be both interesting and useful, leading others to go and do likewise. Let me first describe

THE PLAN.

A pony and four-wheel carriage—the latter fitted with a box for provisions, &c.: the former has also a box for provisions, but as he can fill his with the roadside grass, we need say no more. *Our* box requires furnishing with plates, knives, forks, &c., which are permanent; and bread, meat, butter, jam, &c., which are only permanent so long as the hungry workers keep from them. These stores generally require replacing every morning before leaving the town at which the party stays for the night. One worker has charge of this department, and is known as the "High Commissioner of the Cupboard." The box is also stored with spiritual food—tracts, small books, and publications, for house-to-house distribution. If a long journey is undertaken, parcels of these are sent on by rail, to meet the workers at different points.

The workers themselves are generally hardy folk, who can sit under a hedge and enjoy their dinner, happy as kings; for this meal a rug is spread, a tin of meat opened, a loaf cut, thanks said or sung, and the repast thoroughly relished. Tea is not quite so simple, the plan being to carry all that is needed, except cups, tea pot, and hot water—these articles are usually obtainable at a cottage for a trifle, by way of remuneration, though frequently payment is generously refused, the cottagers believing that if "a cup of cold water" shall in no wise lose its reward, certainly twelve cups of hot water will not be forgotten. The nights are generally spent in a town, at some temperance house, or ordinary hotel, except when Christian friends can entertain.

As for the work, it is various as the weather, and consists of singing, preaching, praying, visiting: in short, our motto is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE PLACES

visited depend, as Paddy said, upon which way you go. The sketch here given was a run of thirteen days, from Bucks to the South-east coast and back, passing through Beds, Herts, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge, embracing mission work in over one hundred villages and hamlets. Some of these were large, and some very small; the latter generally require a visit more than the former, and so receive special attention. In one little place some of the houses seemed perched, like swallows' nests, far above the road, which passed between steep banks: to reach the doors necessitated climbing a dozen rough, irregular steps. Awkward places for drunkards!

One Sunday afternoon, we wended our way up what was supposed to be a lane, but which, in wet weather, would prove a water-course; the

road was too steep for the pony, which met the detachment despatched to this spot half a mile on. At the summit a windmill was discovered, and several houses. As the mill was not keeping the Sabbath rest, reference was made to the fact, the miller curtly excusing himself by saying, "The wind blows Sundays." As a contrast, we found a dear aged saint near by conning the Old Book. So it is all the world over, believers and unbelievers.

Another lone place through which our route lay, seemed inhabited only by rabbits, to whom we ventured to sing a hymn. It was almost more than flesh could bear to see the comical way in which the congregation listened, a congregation of perhaps a hundred, riveted for a moment to the spot. But alas for the behaviour of the hearers! they turned and fled, their white appendages quivering with fear. Even in this out-of-the-way spot, some most hopeful visits were made.

It may be more interesting if a few pictures of this work are given.

THE PICTURES.

1. A blind lane: a row of cottages on the right, a few at the end, and another row at an angle on the left: a brilliant afternoon: a sudden invasion and disturbing of the peace by the arrival of the King's cavalry—one horse and four men. A hymn is sung, and the people come to their doors. Soon the congregation is eager for the proclamation. How they listen!—and please observe it is a working congregation, each person having under the arm a bunch of straws, and around the arm a coil of plait, while the fingers twist, and twirl, and twine busily—a sure sign that we are in Bedfordshire, a straw-plaiting district.

2. An evening gathering, supplementing the work of an evangelist, who is holding services at the chapel. This is an expected meeting, duly announced, and held in an open space in the village. The harmonium and a band of singers start the work, a large company of respectable hearers gather round, until evening shadows warn of a departing day. Then follows a solemn and impressive meeting in the school-room, where, we trust, the nail in a sure place is clinched for eternity.

3. Things are not always thus pre-arranged. Picture a long and large village, at an evening hour when all are within the little city's circumference. Suddenly the voice of song is heard at one end of the main street; doors are opened, heads appear at windows, children run, passers-by stop. The song over, three workers scatter, and go from house to house, leaving one in the trap to publish the gospel, which is done in a clear, steady voice, ringing far down the long line of houses. Driving on, the crowd is left wondering who the strange being can be. As soon as the visitors are overtaken, another song is sung at the cross-roads, and then slowly turning, so as to face each road in succession, the proclamation of good news is again made. Three times in this village was the gospel preached, until the whole place appeared stirred.

4. Sometimes a little opposition is encountered, which usually emanates from John Barleycorn and his family. We were stopping at an angle in the road, opposite a public-house; presently a party from "the parlour" came forth; sneers and jeers followed, but our preacher went on. Sneers and jeers waxed louder, if not more musical; at length the preacher turned, and, with withering utterances, poured

forth in hot indignation, forced the enemy to a hasty retreat, with a few subjects for meditation. After this, a quiet and splendid time was enjoyed, many Christians coming forward to shake our hands.

Perhaps it may be as well here to say a little about

THE PEOPLE WE MET.

Of course they were good and good-for-nothing: civil and uncivil, wise and otherwise. As will have been seen, we had "the publicans and sinners" to hear us in more senses than one. Handing a tract to a man in a cart, we received a few not very complimentary words, to which a reply was given stating that the Lord Jesus had saved the speaker from "pots and pubs."

"Don't say anything against the public houses," said the man in the cart, "for your Master was born in an inn." This was an unfortunate plea; for our friend replied,

"No, no; there was no room for him there: they would not take him in."

But objectors were few; the many welcomed us and our messages with gladness, nor could we fail to notice how numerous were the anxious ones who wished to hear more of the Saviour. In one large village we might have spent many hours in deep spiritual conversation with seekers: as it was, a few words had to suffice. As an example, take the following:—A woman came to the door of a respectable house: a question or two soon showed she was desirous of light. The text was quoted which speaks of Christ taking away our sins. "He took all," said the visitor, "not some. If you took *all* these tracts in my hand, I should not have any left. If Christ took all my sins, he leaves me free, not one remains." With such messages we passed from door to door, leaving results to God.

Among the persons met, we were almost surprised to find so many children of God. Witnesses were discovered in almost every place, until we were led to believe—

> "There are more saints in heaven and earth, O doubting one,
> Than are dreamed of in thy theology."

Coming through a very wild country, owned by the Black Prince, we met a large flock of sheep, feeding along the open plain adjoining the road. "Guess how many sheep there are," said one. The first guesser replied, "Three hundred." The second, "Five hundred." The third, "Seven hundred." To decide the matter, we determined to ask the shepherd. "Eleven hundred and fifty, sir," said he. When tempted to think there are but few sheep in the Lord's flock, let us "ask the Shepherd," and we shall find there are more than our fears guess.

Among the persons must be mentioned the many sick folk who were visited. I was called in by a fellow-worker to see an old lady he had discovered; a happy praising one, though confined to her bed in the corner of her cottage. We sang to her a verse of a little hymn, to which her thin hand waved in joyful sympathy.

"The Lord has sent me two blessings: a good night, and now you, gentlemen. Thank him!"

Another old lady, sitting in her cottage, was asked if she knew Jesus.

"Known him these three years," said she; and then told how she had been looking for him for "years and years," and how one day while cleaning her house she stopped and knelt, and light came into her mind in a moment.

"But suppose I told you that Book was not true," I said, pointing to her Testament.

"I know it be true," she exclaimed.

This old creature was seventy-eight years of age; and she and her "old man" had been dependent upon parish relief for twenty-two years. She had proved the Book true.

Hearing that a certain publican was dying, one of our number called, and had a long conversation with the poor fellow. He was very dark; but who can tell but the Lord led us to that road and that house, that a soul might be saved at the eleventh hour?

"The Lord led us." That thought suggests

THE PROVIDENCES

which happened to us during our tour. The first day, toward evening, we suddenly had a slight breakage, which necessitated finding a blacksmith. The right man was secured, a smart young fellow, who went to work with a will. While our trap was undergoing repair we held an open-air service on the green—a capital time. A good man followed, and asked us to supper. He lived next to the blacksmith; but our vehicle was not ready, and we had some miles between us and the town. We then found that our friend could accommodate us all, pony included. To be led to a house where we could be comfortably lodged, with a field for the horse, was a remarkable circumstance in a village. We had a hearty laugh over the passage of Scripture which came in course of reading for that night. When the family assembled, the verses proved to be in Jude: "There are certain men crept in unawares." The fact that five strangers of the male sex were present, looked like a fulfilment of the words. In the morning a capital breakfast was provided, and all free for the Lord's sake. "The Lord led us!"

Another night we found ourselves in a village where we were not expected: a bed was provided for two, but as there were five of us that evening, three were bedless. At the close of the open-air meeting we told the people how matters stood, and three friends came forward to take charge of the three homeless strangers; and right well did they entertain them. "The Lord led us!"

It was Saturday evening: we hastened on, and got in much earlier than usual, hunted up an old friend of one in the party, and by his help obtained private accommodation. Hardly had we got to our rooms before a heavy storm came on: lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and rain pelted in a style that would have drenched us had we been out. Again we had to say, "The Lord led us!"

It was wonderful in how many places the name of C. H. Spurgeon turned up. At a farm we were shown the yard in which he once, under an awning, preached to the assembled crowds.

An old thatcher, who appeared to know a thing or two in religious matters, told us that for many years he had taken Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. "I read them," said he, "and then I passes them on to some one else."

In a cottage where we had tea the name of Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather was very fragrant, and one of our party quite startled the good woman by asking her if she thought he was anything like Mr. Spurgeon. As she had never seen the original, it seemed to dawn upon her that perhaps she had the veritable C. H. S. before her. She looked, seemed somewhat troubled at the august presence, and at last asked, "Are either of you gentlemen Mr. Spurgeon?" Then her vision ended, and she realized that she had ordinary individuals beneath her roof, and not the popular preacher.

I have gone thus into detail with the hope that some other Christian possessed of pony and carriage will take up a similar work in other parts.

Internal Evidence.

A SHORT time ago a young Jew, having found employment with a farmer in Kent, attended very regularly the ministry at the neighbouring Baptist church. At the close of one of the services, this son of Abraham requested an interview with the pastor, and informed him of his conversion to Christianity, his sincere belief in Jesus as the true Messiah, and also his love for *him* as his Saviour. "And now, Mr. Reverend," he said, "vill you please baptize me." The pastor having but little knowledge of his enquirer, thought nothing would be lost by a few questions, and so said to him, "Are you sure you've found the Saviour?" He looked surprised, but smiled, and replied, "Ah, Mr. Reverend, me sure, right sure."

"But," continued the minister, "suppose your fathers are right, and you are wrong. Suppose Jesus of Nazareth is not the true Messiah, that the real Messiah has not yet come; don't you think you had better wait a little longer to see who is right?"

"Ah, no, Mr. Reverend, me not suppose dat, me not vait longer, if you please; you may vait, but me got him."

"But how do you know he is the true, promised Messiah?"

"Oh," he quickly responded, "dat's vary, vary plain; me read my Scripture, me know all de prophets, and ah, ven me read de life of Jesus, he just go and fill every one like dat" (here he placed the fingers of one hand between those of the other). "He just fit dem all, and he just fit my heart, and fill dat up; so is he our Messiah, and he save me."

Having received this testimony as to the Saviour, the pastor then sought some proof of the reality of the change of heart and life. This was given; not however as proof of change of life, but in his attempt to show what advantage Christianity had been to him in his wanderings. He said, "Ven me did only just begin to know de Saviour, my people did fight me, and I did fight back, but ah, me read de 'Noo Testment,' and Jesus, he say to me, 'You must turn de face for de udder side,' and I do dat, lift my hat, and say, 'Tank you,' and they fight me not again."

The Down Grade.

THE Act of Uniformity, which came into effect in 1662, accomplished the purpose of its framers in expelling Puritanism from the Church established by law in England and Wales. Puritanism was obnoxious to King Charles II. and his court, and a large majority of the men high in office in both Church and State, chiefly for the godliness of living which it enjoined, and for the Calvinism of its teaching. With the ejectment of the two thousand ministers who preferred freedom and purity of conscience to the retention of their livings, Calvinism was banished from the Church of England, excepting so far as the Articles were concerned. Arminianism took its place. Then the State Church, which the great reformers had planted, and which some of them had watered with their blood, presented the spectacle which went far to justify the sarcasm of an eminent writer, that she possessed "A Popish Liturgy, a Calvinistic Creed, and an Arminian Clergy." The ejected were Calvinists almost to a man. Previous to this period, some few Free Churches had been founded, and were Independent or Baptist, the latter being mainly of the General section, and of Dutch origin.

The ejected, who were in one sense alone the first Nonconformists, were mainly Presbyterians; some, however, were Independents, and a few Baptists. The Churches they established were all Calvinistic in their faith, and such they remained for at least that generation. It is a matter of veritable history, however, that such they did not all continue for any great length of time. Some of them, in the course of two or three generations, or even less, became either Arian or Socinian. This was eventually the case with nearly all the Presbyterians, and later on, with some of the Independents, and with many of the General Baptist Communities. By some means or other, first the ministers, and then the Churches, got on "the down grade," and in some cases, the descent was rapid, and in all, very disastrous. In proportion as the ministers seceded from the old Puritan godliness of life, and the old Calvinistic form of doctrine, they commonly became less earnest and less simple in their preaching, more speculative and less spiritual in the matter of their discourses, and dwelt more on the moral teachings of the New Testament, than on the great central truths of revelation. Natural theology frequently took the place which the great truths of the gospel ought to have held, and the sermons became more and more Christless. Corresponding results in the character and life, first of the preachers and then of the people, were only too plainly apparent.

The race of preachers which followed the first Nonconformists, that is, the ejected ministers who became Nonconformists, retained the soundness of doctrine, and purity of life, for which they were everywhere remarkable. Their sermons were less lengthy, but still long, and less burdened with divisions and sub-divisions. The life, savour, and power of the gospel remained among them, and the churches, walking in the fear of God and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were slowly increased.

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* Earnest attention is requested for this paper. There is need of such a warning as this history affords. We are going down hill at break-neck speed.

The Presbyterians were the first to get on the down line. They paid more attention to classical attainments and other branches of learning in their ministry than the Independents, while the Baptists had no academical institution of any kind. It would be an easy step in the wrong direction to pay increased attention to academical attainments in their ministers, and less to spiritual qualifications; and to set a higher value on scholarship and oratory, than on evangelical zeal and ability to rightly divide the word of truth.

Some of the ministers retained their Calvinistic soundness and their purity of character and life, and these, as a rule, gave prominence to the doctrines of the gospel, and were zealous in their ministry. But some embraced Arminian sentiments, while others professed to take a middle path, and called themselves Baxterians. These displayed, not only less zeal for the salvation of sinners, and, in many cases, less purity or strictness of life, but they adopted a different strain in preaching, dwelt more on general principles of religion, and less on the vital truths of the gospel. Ruin by sin, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and redemption by the blood of Christ—truths on the preaching of which God has always set the seal of his approbation—were conspicuous chiefly by their absence. In fact, the "wine on the lees well refined" was so mixed with the muddy water of human speculation, that it was no longer wine at all.

There was another section among the Presbyterians who, like the former two, retained a nominal orthodoxy, and professed to believe, though they seldom preached, evangelical sentiments. Men of this stamp were chiefly remarkable for the extreme coldness of their sermons, and the extreme dulness of their delivery.

Among those who called themselves Baxterians there was little likeness to Baxter; and his zeal and earnestness, and his close, penetrating preaching, and powerful appeals to the heart and conscience were wholly wanting, except in a very few. This remark will apply also to those who called themselves Arminians.

It would appear that the Arian and other heresies did not spread at first so quickly in London as in the country. The author of a manuscript written about 1730, professes to give the sentiments of all the Nonconformist ministers in London at that time. Among the Presbyterians there were, he says, nineteen Calvinists, thirteen Arminians, and twelve Baxterians. All the Independents, he avows, were Calvinists: "twenty-seven thoroughly, one somewhat dubious, three inclined to Antinomianism, and two who were disorderly." There were two Seventh-day Baptists—one a Calvinist, and the other an Arminian. There were sixteen Baptists, of the Particular order; of whom seven were Calvinists, and "nine inclined to the Antinomian strain."

Antinomianism was the term applied to the teaching of Dr. Tobias Crisp. Crisp had been an Arminian, but became an ardent Calvinist, going, perhaps, a little beyond Calvin in some things. He died in 1642, and his sermons were published by his son forty-five years after his death. They were printed from short-hand notes compared with Dr. Crisp's own notes, and therefore were lacking in that correctness and finish which the author's own hand would have given them. This

will account for the crudeness of some of his expressions. He was a man of strong faith, ardent zeal, holy life, and great devotion and faithfulness in his ministerial work. He was called an Antinomian, but the term was misapplied. Many of his statements, however, while they will readily admit of an orthodox sense, lie open to the charge of going beyond the truth.

The publication of his sermons awoke a fierce controversy, which lasted some years, and did much mischief. Dr. Williams exposed what he considered the errors and erroneous tendency of some of his utterances; and even John Flavel was among those who denounced his teaching as erroneous and Antinomian. There need not have been such an outcry. The books written against Crisp, many of them good in their way, had the effect of frightening the timid, the doubtful, and the hesitating, who, to avoid *Crispianism*, as it was called, went as far as they could to the opposite extreme. They verged upon Arminianism, and some actually became Arminians. The Arminianism of that day was a cold, dry, heartless thing, and many who took that name proved that they were already on "the down grade" towards Socinianism.

As is usual with people on an incline, some who got on "the down grade" went further than they intended, showing that it is easier to get on than to get off, and that where there is no brake it is very difficult to stop. Those who turned from Calvinism may not have dreamed of denying the proper deity of the Son of God, renouncing faith in his atoning death and justifying righteousness, and denouncing the doctrine of human depravity, the need of Divine renewal, and the necessity for the Holy Spirit's gracious work, in order that men might become new creatures; but, dreaming or not dreaming, this result became a reality.

It is exceedingly painful to have to state—and the conduct is no less censurable than pitiable—that among the two classes into which those who held Arian sentiments may be divided, the first were so mean and dishonest as to conceal their sentiments under ambiguous phrases. They so expressed themselves that their orthodox hearers might appropriate their statements in support of their own views, while their Arian adherents could turn them to support their scheme. It is stated on very good authority that "many wore this disguise all their days, and the most cautious carried the secret with them to the grave." This is terrible to think of; men going down to the grave with a whole life of the very worst kind of hypocrisy unconfessed, the basest deceit and dishonesty unacknowledged, the life-long practice of a lie unrepented of. Such a course is the very worst form of lying, for it is telling lies in the name of the Lord. Others were only a little less hardened in their career of falsehood; they prepared a sermon, or other composition, revealing their true sentiments, which was made public after their decease. Still more confided their real sentiments to a small circle of adherents, who told the tale of heresy to the world only when the grave had closed over the teacher.

Such were the crafty devices of the men of "broad views," and "free thought," and "advanced sentiments," in those days of "rebuke and blasphemy." The almost blasphemous utterances of Mr. Voysey,

daring and frightful as they are,* have the one redeeming feature of honesty. He puts the mark of unbelief in large characters on his own brow, and does not seek in the least to hide it from any one, but rather to glory in it, that he has set himself to deny and denounce all that is sacred, and true, and holy in the gospel of our salvation. But these men deepened their own condemnation, and promoted the everlasting ruin of many of their followers by their hypocrisy and deceit; professing to be the ambassadors of Christ, and the heralds of his glorious gospel, their aim was to ignore his claims, deny him his rights, lower his character, rend the glorious vesture of his salvation, and trample his crown in the dust.

The second, and less numerous, class of Arian preachers were more honest. They boldly avowed their sentiments to their congregations, who as readily received them. In most cases, in both preachers and hearers, it was only a short step down from the Arianism which makes the eternal Son of God a super-angelic being to the Socinianism (miscalled Unitarianism) which makes him a man only, denying alike original sin, human depravity, the mediation of Christ, the personality and work of the eternal Spirit, and that new birth without which divine truth has declared no one can see the kingdom of God.

The descent of some few was less gradual, but more commonly, when once on "the down grade" their progress was slow, though unhappily sure. The central truth of Calvinism, as of the Gospel, is the person and work and offices of the Lord Jesus Christ. We love to use this Pauline and inspired description of our divine Saviour and royal Master, and so to "give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name." When men begin to hesitate about, and hold back the truth in relation to him, it is a sign of an unhealthy state of soul; and when these truths are diluted, omitted, or otherwise tampered with, it is a sign which in plain words means "Beware."

The remark of a writer of reliable ability in reference to these times is worthy of quotation:—

"The deficiency of evangelical principles in some, and the coldness with which they came from the lips of others, seem to have prepared the way for the relinquishment of them, and for the introduction, first of Arminianism, and then of Arianism."

Those who were really orthodox in their sentiments were too often lax and unfaithful as to the introduction of heretical ministers into their pulpits, either as assistants or occasional preachers. In this way the Arian and Socinian heresies were introduced into the Presbyterian congregations in the city of Exeter. The Rev. Stephen Towgood and Mr. Walrond, the ministers, were both reputed as orthodox, but the Rev. Micaiah Towgood, an avowed Arian, was chosen their assistant. The old ministers preached evangelical doctrine, but they complied all too readily with the wishes of their new colleague, and ceased to require a declaration of faith in the divinity of Christ in those who sought admission to the Lord's table. Sad to say, they continued to labour on in peace, the older men dealing out the "wine of the kingdom," and the "Living Bread," while the younger minister intermixed his rationalistic

* See "Fortnightly Review" for Jan., 1887.

concoctions and his Socinian leaven. A similar case occurred in London. Dr. William Harris, an avowed Calvinist, and whose preaching was in accordance with Calvinistic doctrine, had for his assistant, during the last twenty years of his life, an avowed though not strongly pronounced Socinian, Dr. Lardner, who took the afternoon lectureship. When Dr. Harris died, Dr. Lardner was elected to be his successor. For some reason he declined, when Dr. Benson, another Socinian, succeeded to the pastorate. Thus, the old, old proverb was again proved true, "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

This down-grade course was, we have said, more rapid, more general, and more fatal among the Presbyterians than among the Independents and General Baptists. We say *General* Baptists, for the deadening doctrines of Socinianism had made little inroad upon the *Particular* Baptists. We could not point to a single case of perversion to Socinianism during more than two centuries, though other and less vital errors have dealt much mischief among the churches of that order. Will our children and grandchildren be able to say as much of this and the next generation in fifty years time? Who can tell? But we pray and hope that they will be.

The principal cause of the quicker descent on "the down grade" among the Presbyterians than among other Nonconformists, may be traced, not so much to their more scholarly ministry, nor altogether to their renunciation of Puritan habits, but to their rule of admitting to the privileges of Church membership. Of course their children received the rite of baptism, according to their views of baptism, in infancy. They were thereby received—so the ministers taught, and so the people believed—into covenant with God, and had a right to the Lord's table, without any other qualification than a moral life. Many such children grew up unregenerate, and strangers to the work of renewing grace; yet they claimed to be Christians, and to be admitted to all the privileges of the church, and their claim was not disallowed. To such the earnest appeals of faithful ministers of Christ would be irksome and unpalatable. The broader road and easier way of the "men of reason and culture," which admitted of laxity of discipline and pliancy of sentiments and habits, was far more agreeable to their tastes and ideas, while the homage paid to reason and understanding, at the expense of revelation, gratified their pride, and left them free to walk after their own hearts in things pertaining to religion. Thus they chose them pastors after their own hearts, men who could, and would, and did, cry "Peace, peace," when the only way of peace was ignored or denied.

These facts furnish a lesson for the present times, when, as in some cases, it is all too plainly apparent men are willing to forego the old for the sake of the new. But commonly it is found in theology that that which is true is not new, and that which is new is not true.

In another paper we propose to trace "the down grade" course among other Protestants in this country—a sad piece of business, but one which must needs be done. Oh that it might act as a warning to the unsettled and unsettling spirits of our own day!

Lord Shaftesbury's Missions.*

WE believe that the reader will be the better enabled to form a tolerably correct estimate of what the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury was enabled to accomplish for his age and country if, in this second paper, we briefly call attention to the principal works which he undertook for the furtherance of the gospel, or the lessening of suffering. We are glad to know that Mr. Hodder's life of this Christian nobleman has been a chief theme of conversation in the fashionable world ; and certain it is that the votaries of pleasure and of profit have seldom had brought before them such a grand example among their own order. All who study the book as it deserves to be studied will probably be surprised to find how widely the character and the surroundings of the Good Earl differed from their own conceptions. Those who thought that he was rich, or at least that he enjoyed that condition of comparative affluence which is supposed to be the natural state of the aristocracy, will now be surprised to find how straitened he always was in his resources. Others who may have imagined that he readily drew to his support a host who were as eager as himself to save the rising generation from ignorance, squalor, and crime, will now learn how scanty was the following of influential persons who at any one time seconded his efforts. If any took him for a strong man, it will now be seen that he suffered from his share of ailments, and that he was, besides, of a peculiarly nervous temperament. The honour with which he was greeted in his last years was very different from the opposition, the misrepresentation, and calumny of his early years, when he was one of the best abused men in the country. The annals of the British Parliament supply no finer example of voluntary self-sacrifice and single-eyed devotion to the cause to which he had set his hand.

The long and hard-fought battle of the Ten Hours' Movement may be said to have begun in a desultory manner, before Lord Ashley entered on public life; but it did not come forward as a burning question until this century had long begun. The Ten Hours' Bill was introduced by Mr. Sadler, in 1831-2; but, as he lost his seat after the passing of the Reform Bill, Lord Ashley took charge of the enterprise at a time when his friend Southey wrote to him: "I am more sorry to see what good men are thrown out of Parliament than what scamps and miscreants have got in." The same writer also referred to the cotton-mill, as it then was, as "an abomination to God and man." The Reformed Parliament was composed of somewhat different elements to the old aristocratic assembly it had superseded ; but the capitalists, who were now sent in by the new constituencies, held very stringent notions about their own privileges, and they did not recognize that work and education ought to go together. They also stoutly opposed innovation; and thus the Bill which came into operation in 1836 conceded only the first instalment of Reform. The agitation continued until 1838, when Lord Ashley again stood in the front. There were then nearly 360,000 persons engaged in our cotton-mills, and more than half were females.

* "The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G." By Edwin Hodder. With Portraits. Cassell and Co. Three vols. 8vo. 36s.

Mere children of tender age were monstrously over-worked; the physical and moral condition of the factory districts was terrible to contemplate; and Sunday-school teachers testified that the over-fatigued condition of their classes made them incapable of receiving instruction. The hospital wards of the factory districts also bore pathetic testimony to the havoc that was being wrought by over-work, bad diet, and poisoned air. In 1844 the Bill was defeated by the dogged opposition of Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, although a Bill with certain wholesome provisions was passed by Sir James Graham. In 1845, when, through yielding to the principles of the Anti-Corn-Law League, Lord Ashley resigned his seat, he gave Mr. Fielden charge of the measure, and it was defeated by a majority of ten. When, however, the chief opponent of reform, Sir R. Peel, went out of office, in 1847, the Bill was again brought in, and became law; but still, as Lord Shaftesbury afterwards said, "its operation was greatly impeded by legal intricacies and every form of ingenious difficulty. In 1848 I was enabled to resume charge of the measure; and in 1850, emerging from many struggles, it was reduced to good working order. One provision alone was wanting: the provision for confining the labour of children of tender years within the hours between six and six. This was effected in 1853 by Lord Palmerston; and since that day the Act has required neither impulse nor amendment."

This shows how the great measure was advanced stage by stage only in the teeth of the most determined resistance; and references to the Earl's diaries reveal how humbly dependent on God he was throughout the labours and trials which overwhelmed him. Thus, when the stage of success was reached, in 1847, he wrote:—"I resigned my seat in Parliament, and all my public hopes and public career, that I might not give occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, and I surrendered everything to his keeping. Mark the issue: my Ten Hours' Bill is carried in my absence. I am returned to Parliament in a singularly and unusually honourable way,* and within three weeks I begin to occupy a higher position than at any antecedent period. Surely it is a completion of the promise, 'Them that honour me, I will honour.'"

In after years, in recording "the wonderful results, for mind and body, of the Ten Hours' Bill," the Earl said, "It is as manifest as the curing of the leper." On the 6th of August, 1860, the Manchester operatives presented the Countess with a bust of her husband in recognition of his efforts in this cause. The Earl on that occasion publicly testified to the aid which he had received from his wife; but in his diary, while remarking that the celebration was "perhaps without precedent in our own or any other history," he added, "I give thee thanks, O Lord." The movement reached its final stage in 1874, when some further legislative regulations became necessary on account of altered circumstances and altered machinery. In the course of the retrospect he then took, Lord Shaftesbury said to his fellow peers: "The evils chiefly feared were 'foreign competition, loss of trade, reduced wages, and universal distress'; but these in time were answered by increased production, equal profits, higher wages, and universal prosperity."

* He was returned for Bath free of expense, and at the head of the poll.

Perhaps one of the most singular scenes ever witnessed in the House of Commons was that of August 4th, 1840, when, with only the Speaker, Mr. Fox Maule, and Mr. Ewart in the House besides himself, Lord Ashley moved for a commission of enquiry into the condition of children and young persons not protected by the Factory Acts. Here was another mission, and a great one; and concerning his singular audience, the Earl long afterwards said: "I hold that the memory of these gentlemen—for either of them could have extinguished me by a count out—should be kept in grateful remembrance."

People had asked Lord Ashley why he had not done this thing or the other while giving his attention to the makers of textile fabrics; but he had answered with reason, that he could not do everything at once. When the leisure came, at the time just mentioned, he was not the man to throw away the opportunity; having become the champion of the white slaves above ground, he now came to the rescue of the black ones who passed a horrible existence in mines and collieries. In May, 1842, or about twenty-one months after the commission had been appointed, the first part of the Report appeared, when such was the profound impression produced, that it was almost like the opening of a new epoch in Parliamentary history. A thrill of surprise and of horror went through the country, extending to the Continent. Had they been able to do so, the magnates of the Home Office would have held back the Blue Book; but in consequence of what Lord Ashley called "a most providential mistake," the narrative of iniquities, which in some respects surpassed the wrongs of American slaves, reached the members, and in a few days all who cared to read the newspapers were acquainted with the horrible details. "Perhaps," he added, "even civilization itself never exhibited such a mass of sin and cruelty." In the collieries, women and children of tender age were working like beasts of burden, under conditions so singularly atrocious as to be almost incredible; but more incredible still was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel, who, as Premier, gave nothing better than negative aid. An impression, hardly less than that of the Report itself, was produced by Lord Ashley's speech, which he made on the occasion of introducing his Mines and Collieries Bill. The press could not be apathetic when the enthusiasm of the public was aroused. After long-continued anxiety, the Bill which prohibited women from working in coal mines, and only allowed boys to be admitted on reaching a certain age, was passed; and from that day to this, the immense benefits of the measure have become yearly more apparent.

The bondage of children in calico print-works was also dreadfully harrowing; but amendment came as one more result of the commission of enquiry. This was, as it were, a side mission, a Zoar, a little one. Children from seven to nine years of age, and even younger, were kept in unhealthy rooms, laboriously employed for sixteen or eighteen hours a day. They were thus, as Mr. Hodder says, "about the most miserable class of workers to be found in the industrial population." Lord Ashley was not going about this warfare at his own charges. "Shall I deliver my poor children in the print-works? God be with me!" he writes on February 7th, 1845; and then two days later adds: "For days, and almost for weeks, I have prayed in the words of Lot,

'Give me this Zoar; behold, it is but a little one!' This day that chapter was read as the first lesson; and then came the reply: 'See, I have accepted thee in this thing also.' I felt it almost like an answer from Heaven that I should rescue my children in the print-works; and, like the Israelites, I bowed the head and worshipped." Though somewhat marred by the interference of Mr. Cobden, the Bill became law on June 30th, 1845. It was in this debate that Lord Ashley gave the famous answer to the question, Where will you stop? "Nowhere, so long as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be removed."

The blessing conferred by these acts was more than can be reckoned; and the more credit was due to their framer because they were carried in spite of the senseless cavils of small objectors like Miss Martineau, who were sorely exercised in their minds because Lord Ashley did not undertake the cause of the labourers on his Dorsetshire estate, who, it was alleged, were worse off than the manufacturers. That the rural peasantry were not worse off than the factory operatives was obvious enough, however, because the degradation of the latter was too great to be surpassed. In point of fact, the sympathy of Lord Ashley was with the labourers, as it was with every other class who needed to have their lot improved; but so long as his father lived, he would not have been permitted to interfere on the St. Giles's estate. As it was, he gave offence, which was not readily forgiven, by too freely speaking his mind on this subject in public. When he came into his inheritance, he at once commenced improving the condition of the labourers.

While these things were in progress, the way was being prepared for Lord Ashley's entrance upon the greatest mission of his life—the Ragged School Crusade. He was a shrewd observer of life in all its aspects; and in his walks about London he had noticed that there were large numbers of children, half-clothed, ragged, unwashed and untaught in anything save evil, roaming about as thievish adventurers; but who speedily disappeared into the unknown recesses of their native courts and alleys the instant they were threatened by any representatives of law and order. People who were living at the time of the accession of the present Queen had little idea of what London had become through generations of neglect, and what it threatened to become if efforts were not taken to relieve the ignorance, and to check the vice which abounded. Lord Ashley was not aware of the existence of ragged-schools until he saw the Field Lane advertisement in 1843; and at once perceiving that these institutions supplied what was wanted, he allied himself with the pioneers by becoming the President, and the life of the crusade. He was not actually the founder of Ragged schools; but the vast work that was undertaken, and during the progress of which, in forty years, some 300,000 children were saved from a life of crime, would not have been effected without his genial and powerful aid.

Persons who objected to Lord Ashley's efforts on behalf of the factory hands complained that he obtained his information too much from hearsay; but the opposite of this was the truth. He most emphatically assures us that he sifted every matter for himself: it is self-evident to every reader of his life that he really did so; and he did not make ragged-schools any exception to the rule. Forty years ago Londoners themselves had little notion of what the capital really was, and they

needed some adventurous explorer to enlighten them. When in 1846 he resigned his seat in Parliament in consequence of having ceased to be a Protectionist, and found himself possessed of some leisure, Lord Ashley undertook this service. He visited all the low quarters of London, sought out the worst for himself, and then described what he saw with a graphic power which startled the country. People had lived on in the comfortable assurance that the tattered waifs and strays encountered at street corners, and in the genteel highways, were only casual vagrants; but now they learned for the first time the fearful fact that they were part of an army 30,000 strong, and ever on the increase for purposes of evil. It was thus realized for the first time in our national history that this class, who, of course, abounded in every town, were a formidable danger to the State.

Totally uncared for or neglected children in the midst of an otherwise highly civilized community are among the roughest examples of humanity to be met with in the world; and this was shown to be so by Charles Dickens, who, at the outset of the crusade, showed great interest in the movement, and some disposition to aid the teachers in their unequalled work. "I found my first ragged-school in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life under every disadvantage," wrote the popular author. "It had no means; it had no suitable rooms; it derived no power or protection from being recognized by any authority; it attracted within its walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years, but youthful in nothing else—that scowled hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt, and pestilence, with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors." If such was the character of the assemblies of learners, we can well believe that the warnings about danger to the Commonwealth were no false alarms.

The establishment of the Ragged School Union gave a great impetus to the movement; and at that time Lord Ashley was found night after night attending festivals or anniversaries. While so employed, however, it is singular to find him writing, as it were, in his own defence, in his private diary:—"I conceive I am acting in the spirit of the Bible and the spirit of the Church of England. . . I am violating none of her laws, principles, precepts or prayers." On his return from a festival at Jurston Street Ragged-school in March 1846, he wrote:—"A wondrous company on the platform; these things are now becoming fashionable. Humanity will soon be considered 'elegant,' 'genteel,' &c., &c. Bishop of Norwich came; a kind-hearted man, who goes, as he says, wherever he sees my name." The father of the late Dean Stanley of Westminster, was thus the only chief shepherd in the Church of England "who was ever seen on ragged-school platforms. All the others," it is added, "were, at that time, fearful of meeting Nonconformists."

His zeal in collecting money for the schools was only equalled by his activity in endeavouring to make a favourable impression on Parliament, in cheering the teachers, and in encouraging the children. We find him uneasy at a costly banquet because "The few pounds . . that I want, and shall not obtain, for the establishment of ragged-schools seemed wasted in every dish." Then, on another occasion, we find him exclaiming,

"Alas! alas! I can set up a school which shall give education every evening to 280 children for £58 a year—hardly more than it costs to prosecute one criminal—and yet I can barely collect the sum!" Leaving its humanity out of the question, what could be more statesmanlike than his proposal that Government should send out a thousand boys and girls annually from the schools to the Colonies. So apathetic were the authorities and the public, however, that the grant of £1,500, made in 1848 for this purpose, was never repeated. The President and his battalion of teachers were left to do as best they could without the aid which was properly their due; but such was their faith and energy that they were still masters of the field. What London owes to her Ragged-schools eternity alone will reveal. Let them be maintained with vigour, for there is still urgent need of them.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

A Hint.

THIS, from an American paper, has a moral:—A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hollo! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed. "Baby is crying, doctor; what shall I do?" came across the wire. "Oh, perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients. "No," was the reply, "I am sure it can't be that." "Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well stimulated solicitude, "No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother, "he doesn't act that way." "Then perhaps he's hungry," as a last resort. "Oh, I'll see," came across the wire; and then all was still. The doctor went back to bed, and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterward, he was awaked by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. Jumping out of bed, and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message: "You are right, doctor: baby was hungry."

The incident is natural enough, and has a wider application. Pastors sometimes "call up" the editor to inform him that there's trouble in their churches, and they don't know what to do. The brethren are cross, fault-finding, making things disagreeable—the pastor can't tell what's the matter with them, thinks they are dissatisfied with him—guesses he will have to resign.

Now, although we do not set up for a church doctor, we are inclined to suggest that perhaps the "the child is hungry." We should rather wonder if he is not, from what we know of some ministers. They do not appear to live in a land which floweth with milk and honey themselves, but they reside down in Dry Bones Place, near the German Bakery.

Nothing puts a church into such good humour as to feed it well; nothing so quiets a quarrelsome spirit, and silences carping criticism of the preacher, as for him to put the riches and fulness and variety of the gospel into his sermons and prayer-meeting talks. Preach better, brethren, perhaps they are hungry cross. Even dogs that are given to barking grow quiet when they are fed. A hungry man is an angry man. Bring out the big loaf, and it will prove a great peace-maker.

A Minister's Equipment from the Congo.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I HAVE this day received a handsome present from the Congo, from our friend, Mr. Billington. Although you may think the collection of curiosities rather odd, I consider it to be very significant. I should like to give the like to every minister, praying that he may know how to use each of the articles in his sacred calling. The present consists of a shield and a spear, a horn and a spoon, and a mat. Each one of these articles is interesting, but the whole parcel is a sermon. Perhaps you do not see any connection between the various curios, and I grant you that at first sight they seem to be as odd an assortment as that which is described upon a shop sign in the North of Ireland: "Testaments, Tar and Treacle, Bibles and Bacon, Godly Books and Gimlets, sold here." But there is a thread which joins my presents, and they are placed in an order which has a meaning.

There is, first, a *shield*. You do not need any instruction as to the spiritual use of that article. It is of high importance; for Scripture saith, "Above all, taking the shield of faith." The shield sent me is large, but it is light, and convenient for handling, and sufficient to protect a warrior from the arrows of his foe. We must not cast away the shield of our confidence, but bear it with us at all times. Ministers and other workers need to guard themselves while they are battling with the powers of evil, for if our characters be wounded we shall do but little in the holy war. "Take heed to thyself" is good advice. Never fight for your Lord without remembering your own exposure to danger, and taking your shield with you.

The next article is a *spear*. It is long, and strong, and sharp—a polished shaft capable of doing great execution. Our preaching must have point and edge. We are not sent to play with sin, but to kill it. The word of God is living and powerful, and it is a mighty sin-slayer, if properly handled. Our words should be like goads which prick, and swords which cut, and spears which pierce. We are not to please our Lord's enemies, but to smite them. Christ's servants are not sent to cry "Peace, peace," where there is no peace; but they are to fling sharp javelins at those deadly sins which war against the soul. With a shield for defence, we must bear a spear for offence, or what will be the use of us in the day of battle?

My friend has also sent me an ivory *war-horn*. Ours it is to give a loud, arousing, and certain sound, that men may prepare themselves for the battle. A friend who was in the house gave me a specimen of the power of this war-horn, and straightway my two dogs entered into the spirit of the thing, barked furiously, and seemed as if they would tear the horn-blower in pieces. The more he blew the horn, the more savagely the dogs barked. I very much enjoyed the row, for it reminded me of years gone by, when, because I blew the trumpet of the gospel, all the dogs were at me. How they howled and barked; and yet I have neither scratch nor scar! As I did not answer them, but only kept to my work, they have let me alone, and are barking elsewhere. Let us sound out the gospel. Ours is no secret Jesuitical proselyting;

we preach our gospel in the face of day. The more attention we can command, the better. Why hide in corners? Sound the war-horn with a blast that all may hear, and never mind the dogs.

Besides these things there was an ivory *spoon*. This curio from the far interior is of very peculiar form; but I cannot dwell upon its form. Every teacher of the word should have a spoon, for he has to deal with some who have need of milk, and other infants' food. When converts are born, they must be led and fed. Ours is not all warlike exercise with shield and spear, we must condescend to men of low estate, and care for the feeble. Blow the horn for those outside, but have a gentle ministry for those within. Lay aside all intellectual pride, and study a merciful simplicity which may suit babes in grace. Use your hammer to break the hard bones which you find amid the strong meat, but do not disdain in great tenderness to prepare the children's food, and to give it to them little by little, line upon line, and precept upon precept. Roughness is unfit for such work, dignity disdains it, and self-conceit will have none of it; but blessed is he who has learned to carry lambs in his bosom, and feed babes with a spoon.

Lastly, there was a *mat*. What was that for? It was the work of Arabs, and they make these things to use when they kneel in prayer. You have all heard of prayer-mats. Every minister needs the prayer even if he does not need the mat. One of our constant watchwords is, "let us pray." The mat that has been sent to me is of considerable size, and has room for several persons upon it. Indeed, I have need of a big prayer-mat. This Tabernacle, with its College, Orphanage, Colportage, and Evangelistic work, and many other departments of service, needs perpetual prayer. "Brethren, pray for us."

Thanks, brother Billington, for these five heads of discourse! We, also, pray for you. The Lord shield you from all evil, make you a polished shaft in his hand, cause the word of God to sound out from you, give you to feed many of his little ones, and hear you so often as you bow before him in supplication! Your kind thought of the pastor at home will cause him often to think of you, and mayhap these few words may bring you many a prayer from friends who else had not known you.

"A Hap'orth o' Cherries."

BY J. MANTON SMITH.

IT was a July morning when I received the following telegram:—"Balnagowan, Ireland. Where are you? How are you? When are your holidays? Wire me the dates, and keep them free."

Having supplied my friend with the information asked for, I was soon on my way with my wife to spend a short season of rest and enjoyment on the sea coast of the Emerald Isle.

The time of year was just right for those who find it difficult to "get their sea legs." My wife is a poor sailor, and I am a great coward at sea. I cannot enjoy my food for long together on board ship, though I have tried my very best to do so. I do not know how it is, but I always feel so queer in the region of my second waistcoat button. People who know me well say it is because I do not smoke; I cannot help it, however, for I can neither sail well, nor can I smoke; it must be "a way I've got." My experience on this

occasion was like Jonah's in one respect; he found the winds contrary, and that is just how I found them, even in July.

I hope my sea sailing was not, like Jonah's, against the wish of God; but Jonah found prayer a good thing on a stormy sea, and so did I. Certain I am that God has neither made my mouth for a pipe nor my legs for the deck of a ship. Yet I feel it will not be out of place to give a record of God's goodness towards me when safely landed on the island of Green Pastures.

It was a lovely nook on the north coast of Ireland where my friend did all that a mortal man could do to make a servant of Christ happy, and even "jolly." We bathed in the bright blue sea, and sailed on the crest of the waves in real yachting fashion. We climbed the rugged rocks and explored the lovely glens, while our hearts were enchanted with the waterfalls, whose spray is ever scattering its sparkles of praise to him who first caused the fountains of the deep to spring up to refresh the thirsty soul of man. The heather on the hills for miles round seemed to smile with bloom, and to scent the air, at the bidding of God's sunshine. Birds of every size and colour made it part of their daily programme to cheer the lonely villagers on this beautiful but benighted island with their sweet songs. Choice and lovely ferns completely fringed the mountain sides with a beauty all their own.

Our English newspapers were two days old by the time they reached us in our out-of-the-way retreat, and our letters had to be called for at a small cabin at the close of each day. Between eight and nine o'clock every evening quite a knot of people surrounded the door of the postman's cabin. The mail car could be traced full two miles round the sea coast. No sooner was the car sighted by the field-glass of some impatient young lady than all was commotion, until the whole of the letters had been distributed.

Outside this rural post-office many happy hours were spent, and much good was accomplished. At this spot people gathered at night for miles round. My friend, who was full of goodness and generosity, found this place a fine field for serving Christ. Here many a Roman Catholic in trouble received a word of consolation, and careless sinners had words of wise warning given them. Night after night during my stay I sat outside this cabin door, on a three-legged milking stool, and played on my cornet, whilst my host and his family sang some of Mr. Sankey's sweet songs.

The continual kindness of my friend made him quite popular with the people. During my stay one old man, a Roman Catholic, lost his only daughter very suddenly, which caused quite a commotion in the village. The man was poor, but greatly respected. My good host bore all the expense of the funeral, and followed the corpse to the grave.

This simple act of kindness brought him into full touch with the whole village. He then invited me to give an evangelistic address each evening during my last week with him; "for," said he, "the people are now ripe for the word." This request I was only too pleased to comply with, and before the next Sabbath we could say with almost literal truth that the whole of the people were gathered together to hear the word of God, for the largest building we could secure was filled to overflowing, and the message declared was not without evident fruit. Many were blessed, and some few came out boldly for Christ. Amongst the number was a poor woman who made her case known to me at seven in the morning of the day of my departure for home. I had just breakfasted, and was making ready for the car, when there appeared at the door a woman whose head was covered with a red shawl, and whose feet were bare. She rang the door bell, and said to the maid, "Sure, now, and is the gintleman gone yet?"

"Not yet," was the reply, "but he is just waiting for the car."

"Oh, sure then, it's in time I am just to see him."

The servant informed me that a poor woman at the door would like just a word with me.

"Ask her in," said my host; and almost before the command was given, the

woman was standing before me in the drawing-room. "Oh, indeed, sir, I'm real glad to be in time, just to speak with ye before you leave us altogether. Do you know, sir," said she, "I've felt sad I did not come and tell yer before what a blessing I've got at the meetings! Indeed, it's Christ himself I've received, and all the night long I've been thinking how I ought to have told you about it. I've been reading in my Bible about the ten lepers, in Luke, that met the Master himself in a village, and how they lifted up their voices and said unto him, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us,' and how it came to pass that all the ten were cleansed, and how only one of them turned back to give thanks; and indeed, sir, I'm that one, if you please; for God has been pleased to save my soul at the meetings, and I thought I must come and give thanks for what Jesus has done unto me. I've been thinking also how much I should like to make you a present for all the good words you have spoken to my soul. But you see, sir, I'am a very poor woman, and I cannot afford much; so, sir, I've done the very best I can do, and I've brought you a hap'orth o' cherries, just to moisten your mouth along the road home. I hope, sir, you'll take them with my heart's love." She then unscrewed a small piece of paper, and produced a lovely little bunch of red cherries, with all the stems neatly tied together with thin twine, and handed them to me. The scene was a most touching one. I felt it was a sweet expression of a loving heart. Never in my life did I receive a gift with greater joy. In taking the cherries I said, "Then you have really taken Jesus as your Saviour, just as truly as I take these cherries from you?" "Indeed I have, sir," said she, "and I am sure that Jesus has taken me also."

This woman reminded me of Mary, of whom Jesus said, "She hath done what she could." Truly, one feels that such an act from such a heart ought to be recorded as a memorial unto her.

My host was much moved by the thoughtfulness of this new convert; and as she retired from the room, he rose to his feet, his eyes being quite moist, then stamping the floor with his foot in a manner characteristic of persons across the Irish channel, he said, "Man, dear, it's grand: if there had only been one cherry, it's worth a hundred pounds." I wonder how many more lepers of sin who have been cleansed could come to the man who bore the Master's message to them, and make his heart glad, and encourage him in his life's work, if they were to try to do so.

Jesus said, looking round at the one returning leper, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." There are, doubtless, many nines in many parts of our land who have been cleansed and saved, but who are still strangers to Christian joy, because they have never yet confessed Christ as they should have done. There are many whose conscience tells them that to make a public profession of their faith by baptism would be right, but they find it so convenient to let the suggestion that it is a non-essential to salvation satisfy them. There are many of God's messengers who would proclaim God's gospel with more fire and zeal if more of these ungrateful nines would come out of their hiding-places and publicly declare what the Lord hath done for their souls through the Master's message declared unto them by his servants.

Some I know refuse to come forward because they are in fear of their friends. Some are too proud; for people would talk about them. Others are too reserved: the rules of society would be violated. Some would rather it should not be publicly known that they are Christians; and, alas! some are too lazy ever to obtain Christian joy, for joy and sacrifice go together. There are many Christians like the inmates of our hospitals, alive, but not healthy, and cannot be a blessing unto others; and no wonder, for they leave the business of the church to anyone who cares to do it. Their only business is closely connected with their own cash-box. The prayer-meeting is so dry that they send their wives to pray for them, and the preaching on Sundays they declare to be painfully long; while the whole secret lies in their own heart. When the woman

came behind Christ, she touched his garment, and was healed; but when she came before Jesus, and confessed all, then she received peace; and joy always follows peace. I would rather be the chosen pastor of a few poor people who, like the woman with the cherries, would let lip and life both go out for Christ, even though they could only pay their minister as his stipend "a hap'orth o' cherries."

Notices of Books.

Good Company. Edited by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray. Vol. II. Nisbet.

Whatever comes from Jackson Wray bewrays itself by its life and humour. Readers of his serial have not only had good company nominally, but really. The editor in this case seems to be the author also.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. VI. Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co.

This is a high-class serial. Somewhat expensive, but always good.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon: Preacher, Author, and Philanthropist. With Anecdotal Reminiscences. By G. Holden Pike. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Pike has written very kindly of Charles Haddon Spurgeon; but he alone is responsible for what he has said about him. He reports much that is well known and accurate; and he has gathered up some things which only his partiality could have thought worthy of preservation. We cannot be expected to give an opinion upon a volume of which we are the subject; we may, however, say that the publishers have issued it in handsome form, and it has already had an encouraging sale.

Forbidden Fruit for Young Men. By Major Seton Churchill. Nisbet.

Yes—we—suppose—there—ought—to be—such—books. Still, we are glad that it is not our unhappy lot to write them. We admire Major Seton Churchill for doing this work in so clean a way. It is bad enough to have to read such matters, but to write them must be a task indeed. Parents who are wise enough to know whether such a book would be suitable for their sons who are nearing manhood, may here get what it would not be easy to find elsewhere.

A Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures. By Alexander Cruden, M.A. Ward, Lock, and Co.

When Messrs. Morgan and Scott brought out Cruden complete for 5s. we stood amazed; but Ward and Lock are doing the same thing for 3s. 6d.! What next? It only remains to give books away.

Stories of Invention. Told by Inventors. Nelson and Sons.

There was no need for the setting in which the stories of this book are placed, for they are in themselves most fascinating. We have seldom met with a book which has given us greater pleasure. It is full of incidents and anecdotes, which are well selected and well told. There are no dull pages.

The "Come" and "Go" Family Text Book. Containing "Come" and "Go" Texts for every Day in the Year; also spaces for Births, Deaths, and Marriages. Compiled by John Strathesk. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

This is a very extraordinary Text-book. It may serve as an illustration of the amazing fulness of Holy Scripture that our author has been able to find *come* and *go* in sufficient texts to work out the 365 days. They are arranged in duplicates, thus—"Let thy mercies *come* unto me"; "Mercy and truth shall *go* before thy face." "O *come*, let us sing unto the Lord"; "Let us *go* to pray before the Lord." The monthly text has both *come* and *go* in it, after this manner—"Many nations shall say, *Come* and let us *go* up to the mountain of the Lord." There are spaces for births, deaths, and marriages, and altogether it is a king among text-books. To us it will be valuable as calling our attention to scriptures which may be profitably discoursed upon.

The Gospel of Union with Christ. By J. CHALMERS, M.A. T. Woolmer.

THIS treatise handles a choice subject in a deeply spiritual manner. We are greatly mistaken if those who delight in such a theme as this are not led much further than they intended to go at their setting out. This is as good a book as can be written on the Arminian theory; but the truth taught therein knocks that theory to shivers far more surely than any overtly Calvinistic argument would have done. We are happy as we read, because we feel sure that to him that hath shall be given, and a writer who knows so much shall not be long without knowing more. We mark a holy hunger for more substantial meat than a conditional covenant can afford; and we feel sure that this hunger will break through the stone walls of a faulty doctrinal system. Our author won us by the declaration in his preface that, *union to Christ is the essence of religion.* So far as he understands and sets forth that union, we feel a clinging of heart to him, and we are glad to say that, even when we differ from him, as we are forced to do, we are not divided in spirit, but feel that we are one with each other, because one in Christ.

As a somewhat remarkable specimen of the way in which Arminian views dry out of the clusters of a text all their generous juice, take this comment upon our Lord's declaration, "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish," &c.:—"So close is this union that he fearlessly affirms it to be indissoluble. So do they receive the life that he gives them, and become one with him in it, that he and they shall live inseparably in it—so he declares; they ever cleaving to him, and ever kept by him. And while they thus cleave to him, and are kept by him, who shall ever separate between them and him? The only contingency that could possibly separate between him and his would be their breaking away from him; and will they ever become so perverse as to do that? They may; for, as they are free of choice, they may yield to evil influence, and break away from their Lord, and 'turn back unto perdition.' But it is not likely, and it becomes more and more unlikely as they become renewed into his will. At length it becomes so very unlikely, through their full submission of themselves to his grace, and constant committing of themselves to his keeping, that they feel assured against it, confident that they shall, as he has said, never perish, but be kept by him through faith unto salvation." This makes our safety depend upon ourselves, and robs the whole passage of its sweetness; but how reluctantly it is done! The writer would believe otherwise if he dare. He will yet dare.

The Jewish and the Christian Messiah. By VINCENT HENRY STANTON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a work of considerable erudition, and will be of much service to those who would pursue to the utmost the study of Biblical literature. It gives the whole history of the Messianic idea from its first origin; and traces it, throughout the Old Testament, and the apocryphal writings of the Jewish Rabbis, to its subsequent influence upon Jewish and Christian theology up to the present time. It enables us to look upon the New Testament from a Jewish point of view, and to correct some of our interpretations of its terms and phrases. Familiarity with Jewish literature, of the periods immediately preceding and succeeding the Christian era, has probably led its author too far in one direction, and caused him to overlook the fact that, although all the writers of the New Testament were Jews, the converts to Christianity to whom their epistles were addressed, were, for the most part, Gentiles, and would naturally be addressed in terms and phrases familiar to themselves. Much may be learned here of the contrast between the Jewish expectations of the person and kingdom of the Messiah, and what that person and kingdom proved to be in reality. The foremost features of gospel truth occasionally appear in this work; but while there is much in opposition to the most pernicious errors of German writers, there is much also to encourage the more concealed errors of modern times.

Manliness. Womanliness. Godliness. By J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. Partridge.

MR. FIGGIS does everything well. This little book at sixpence contains much healthy, holy thinking.

Annals of the Early Friends. By F. A. Budge. Samuel Harris and Co.

We do not wonder that this history has reached a second edition, for there is something deeply impressive about the lives of the first Quakers. Of course, the biographers of these excellent men were more than a little blind to the virtues of those against whom Friends so vehemently protested; so that, if you read only these annals, you would suppose that the Quakers were the only possessors of the heavenly light, and all other believers walked in darkness. We, who differ from them in certain matters, are able to smile at this egotism, because we know that it is an involuntary consequence of intense conviction. He who looks at certain truths with all the vision that he can summon usually sees them so well that he has no vision for anything else. We so value clear discernment of truth known that we can cheerfully pardon oblivion of other truths. Quaker testimony might be narrow, but it was vivid. We half wish that we had more of the old intensity, even if we paid for it in breadth. The testimony of Friends against water-baptism was good so far as it smote the error of relying upon outward forms; but wherein it came into conflict with a Scriptural ordinance it was evil. We would extol the Holy Spirit's work as the all-in-all of true baptism; but yet retain for necessary uses that which our Lord commanded us to observe.

Persia: the Land of the Imams. A Narrative of Travel and Residence, 1871—1885. By James Bassett, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board. Blackie and Son.

Mr. Bassett is better at travelling than writing. He has some idioms which are new to us; as, for instance, the often-used expression "quite all," employed in such a manner as this—"quite all the men are armed with pistols and knives."

We also feel that he has not put his best foot foremost as to making use of his invaluable materials; evidently he is a novice in book-making.

Yet, with all deductions, this is a wonderful contribution to our knowledge of a country which is almost a *terra incognita*. It will stimulate enquiry, and lead many to traverse "the land of the Lion and the Sun." Our author has journeyed much and far: he has often had a rough time of it, and has seen the seamy side of the country. We wish we had known long ago what he here tells us concerning Oroomiah and the Nestorians: we shall all be wise to let certain enterprising pilgrims from that land return to it as best they may, for it is evident that they have visited us in England from motives which it would be foolish to gratify.

This volume well sets forth the peculiarities of the Persian form of Mahometanism, and gives us large information as to the Parsees, Jews, Nestorians, Armenians, and other remnants of ancient peoples. It is romantic, and tantalizing: one knows so little, and yet sees so much. Oh, that Persia may yet yield herself to the true Prince of Light!

The Dragon, Image, and Demon; or, the Three Religions of China. By H. C. Du Bose. Partridge.

A very wonderful book. Liberally and singularly illustrated, this volume is sure to arouse great interest. Written by a missionary, who has drawn his waters from native wells, and seen and heard for himself, there is a freshness about it which can never be found in books made with scissors and paste in a professor's study. Here we have "the Dragon" of China and its state church: Confucianism, with all its specialities. Next comes "the Image", or Buddhism, the Indian intruder, and all its multiform deities; and, lastly, "the Demon" is Taoism, the philosophical religion of Laotze. We confess that we grew tired of all the absurdities of these abominable superstitions, and found it hard to read on to the end. Our author has done his work thoroughly, and kept to his subject with pertinacious diligence. He has given us much sickening information in as pleasing a style as could well be contrived; but he alone who reads under a sense of duty will be likely to read at all. For seven-and-sixpence we have chambers of imagery opened to us enough to last us for a lifetime; enough also, we trust, to compel many young men to go forth to enlighten the dark land of Sinim.

A Few Good Women, and what they teach us. A Book for Girls. By CATHERINE MARY MACSORLEY. Hogg.

WHAT an odd mixture—Agnes Jones and Monica, Mary Somerville and Hilda of Whitby! Upon what principle were these nine ladies selected, and why were they so curiously arranged that the Marchioness de la Rochejaquelein should be followed by Lady Russell, and Margaret Godolphin by the Countess of Derby? The ways of book-makers are beyond our finding out.

There is something good, attractive, and stirring in each memoir. We like the style and air of the writing. We feel sure that readers will be held captive by these pages, and will not quit them without benefit. Still, we prefer something like consecutiveness in a volume, and we do not think that even books "for girls" should be flung together at random.

The Reformation in France, from the Dawn of Reform to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By RICHARD HEATH. Religious Tract Society.

WHAT a roll of lamentations! Surely no church was ever more unhappy than that of France. In its case, persecution seemed even to take out the vital principle from the martyr's blood, so that it ceased to be the seed of the church. Surely there is a sequel to all this. Indeed there has been a sequel of judgment in the fierce revolutions, and the perpetual unrest of the changeful nation. But we desire another sequel—a religious revival. Rome is drinking in France of the dregs of the cup of contempt; but we desire no such vengeance upon her as she richly deserves.

To see the gospel again lay hold on French hearts is our desire and prayer. We trust Mr. Heath's concise but thrilling history will be read by thousands, and compel from every reader a daily and incessant intercession for France. Surely there is yet another evangelical history for France.

Coligny longed to see her the leader of the Reformation: the Reformation would make a great advance to its ultimate triumph if French heads and hearts were consecrated to its interests. Protestantism needs France, and France needs Protestantism.

Tales of Captivity and Exile. Blackie and Son.

JUST the old stories of Baron Trenck, Silvio Pellico, and others equally well-known for their sufferings and adventures. Boys never tire of reading these soul-stirring narratives.

Orient: with Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. Ward and Lock.

MR. COOK'S tour round the world is here summed up. This is not our manager of excursions, but our master of discussions. We do not see so much in the lectures as we expected from this great teacher of metaphysics and theology. His preludes relate principally to American topics, but these are not far removed from similar subjects which press upon us at home. As usual, they are wise and sound. It must have been a great treat to have *heard* these instructive lectures, but in the reading of them we have found our work a little wearisome. We are willing to believe that this is our own fault. Probably it is. But we are always glad when a book does not allow us to commit such a fault. Mr. Cook on the Parsees, on Japan, on Chunder Sen, and other fascinating themes, cannot but be entertaining and instructive. Ward and Lock's edition of *Boston Monday Lectures* is a cheap and useful one. The volumes are 3s. 6d. each.

The Story of the Spanish Armada. With numerous illustrations. Nelson.

"ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise:
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain."

Those who hear the story as it is told in this admirable book will feel their blood leap in their veins. What Englishman does not bless the Lord as he thinks of the Armada against which men might have fought in vain, even such brave men as Drake and Frobisher, if the Lord himself had not gotten him the victory? The tale is well-repeated, with no waste of words, but in a condensed and vivid style. Our people ought to read it everywhere, and then bow the knee in prayer that God may ever guard us from the wiles of Rome.

Poems. By EDWARD FOSKETT. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

CONTAINS much genuine poetry. Certain of the shorter pieces are delicious. We do not greatly rejoice in Mr. Foskett's more ambitious efforts, for in them we think there is more of the fashion of words than of the flow of thought. Indeed, we do not meet with many creations of imagination in the volume; but the author is vividly descriptive, and accurately realistic. He throws a fine colour over his scenes: when they are heroic, he becomes enthusiastic; and when they are glowing with homely affection, his verse warms in sympathy. We are always told by the publishers that poetry is a drug in the market; we shall, therefore, observe with interest the sale of this six shilling volume. We have our fears.

Jesus: a Poem. By C. T. C. J. E. Hawkins, 71, Paternoster Row.

IN almost as many words the preface begs us not to criticize, but to be silent in the presence of a great grief, while the devout mourner pours out her plaint. We feel bound to grant the request, and therefore we only say that as a devotional utterance the work is worthy of all respect, but a poem it is not.

The Christian Year. By JOHN KEBLE. With a Biographical Sketch by A. H. GRANT, M.A. John Hogg.

OF course, we shall not review "The Christian Year," which is a classic among our religious poems. It is written from a High Church point of view, but the living spirit of grace which vivifies it, silences all attempts at rigid criticism. We read to profit, not to cavil. The present edition is the richer for the sketch of Keble, and the remarks upon the influence of his hymns and poems. We cannot say that we think the woodcuts at all worthy of the work: it would have been better to have had none at all. For three shillings the publishers might have provided first-class illustrations. Still, it is a nice volume.

A Voyage to the Cape. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Chatto and Windus.

THIS is exactly what it professes to be, and answers to its motto, borrowed from *The Vicar of Wakefield:* "In the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did." Yet we have read the account of the voyage without weariness. In truth, it is so well written that we have not needed incidents, but have been well content to be told just what a voyage to the Cape means by itself, and without garnishing.

"*Manners Makyth Man.*" By the author of "How to be happy though married." T. Fisher Unwin.

ANOTHER book of the sort that will live. We are reminded by its style of our esteemed friend, W. Haig Miller, and *The Culture of Pleasure;* though we do not like it nearly so well as that book, nor do we think that its author is half so skilful in the inlaying of his words and gems as our above-named friend. We should be sorry to have missed pages so pleasing and profitable. The matter is almost too flavoury: like the Irishman's apple-pie, it not only tastes of the quince, but it is made all of quinces. The quotations, wise saws, and modern instances are heaped together in a profusion which amounts to lavishness. No one can complain of a dull page, nor cavil at an unwise one. The advice is good, and it is couched in language which will impress it upon the memory. The later chapters speak of religion in a sound and sensible manner, and go far to give a completeness to the teaching of a truly wise volume, which, we trust, will find an entrance where as yet religion is held in small esteem. Six shillings is a full price, but the book is worth far more.

Swallow-tails and Skippers. By DARLEY DALE. With a coloured Frontispiece. Religious Tract Society.

A GOOD deal of information upon British butterflies, insinuated in connection with the story of a school competition for a Natural History prize.

Madge Hardwicke, or the Mists of the Valley. By AGNES GIBERNE. Shaw.

A MELANCHOLY, but interesting book, giving sound instruction on knotty theological questions. Will repay perusal.

The Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Times. By GOTTHARD VIETER LECHLER, D.D., Leipzig. Translated by A. J. K. DAVIDSON. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WHAT can we say about this work that shall be at once terse and true? Perhaps we had better hie back to its history. Nearly forty years ago a theological association in Haarlem proposed a prize question, with reference to points of interest raised by the Tübingen school. Dr. Lechler was then the successful competitor. Shall we save a few of our readers the trouble of enquiring, if we mention that Haarlem is a Dutch province of North Holland, in many respects notable; that Tübingen is a walled city of Wurtemburg, on the left bank of the Neckar; and that the so-called "school" refers to a series of authors who, in their day, pretended to shed fresh light upon religious thought and Biblical criticism, among whom we may instance Strauss, Baurr, and Ziller; of these, Strauss became most widely known in our native land by his "Leben Jesu," for his book was put into circulation in our vernacular with a mischievous motive? *Tempora mutantur.* With change of time there has been also change of attitude among these literary wranglers. We do not know where to find "the Tübingen school" at present. The Rationalistic party never show much reverence for their old masters. Self-esteem so dominates the intellectual conscience of infidels in each succeeding generation that they all and always prefer to invent their own romances.

Forty years must have wrought a change on the young prizeman we have introduced to our reader; they have wrought a greater change on the temper of the age. When the writer found that a third edition of his youthful essay was called for, he saw the necessity for a corresponding change in its construction; and so he resolved that he would re-write much and revise all of his original essay. We have the book before us translated from this latest edition, but we have not the earliest one to make a comparison. The difference we can easily imagine is that in maturer wisdom he aims to be less keenly controversial, and more purely historical. Thus the field of enquiry and research becomes very much like that with which we are familiar in the works of Dr. Brook Foss Westcott, now Canon of Westminster. Read on, dear friend, books like these; but as thou readest them, remember that, if thou diggest for fine gold in these mines, thou must be content if a ton of ore yield thee ten ounces of the pure metal; and thou must expect for the most part to accumulate thy wealth of understanding in small grains more often than in large nuggets! We do not think it unworthy of notice that on page 380, vol. ii., there is a list of about thirty works that Dr. Lechler has referred to, of which the publishers, with their vigorous enterprise, have issued highly creditable translations.

In Defence of the Faith. By ALEXANDER OLIVER, B.A., Minister of Regent Place United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE do not generally set much store by defences of the gospel. The gospel has been a great deal too much defended, till it has been likely to be buried under its own bulwarks, or, at least, immured in its own fortifications. Still, there are, no doubt, persons who may be benefited by logical apologetics, and to such Mr. Oliver's book will be one of the very best. He has done his work well, and produced a volume which is forcible without being technical, argumentative without being dull. In truth, these pages are pleasant reading, and contain many passages of surpassing interest. We cannot do less than unreservedly commend it.

It is our impression that, where one person is led to saving faith in Christ by books in defence of the faith, a thousand are converted by statements of the faith itself. Truth least defended is best defended. Her own living self is better armour for herself than all the coats of mail that were ever furnished by the skill of men. Do not attempt to prove the existence of the sun. Pull up the blinds; throw back the shutters; let him fill the room with his brightness. What demonstration can be more complete?

The Christ of God. By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR is always as good as he is prolific. In this instance he dives deep, and brings up many a pearl. This book, in paper covers, at one shilling, ought to command a large sale. Our author "hath dust of gold." Here are two mere foot-notes, which will lead the reader to judge what the book itself must be. They may guard some reader against insidious error.

"Some in our day refuse to pray for the Spirit, and think it sinful to ask him to come, seeing he has already come. On the same principle, they would have objected to those who, when Christ was here, asked him to come. (See John iv. 47, 48; xiv. 23.) Christ had come, yet men asked him to come; and he came! He came to them individually, or to their house. So the Spirit has come; yet we ask him to come, and he cometh! We ask him to come in to us, or to our friends, or to our city. We do not mean to deny that he came at Pentecost, but still we ask him to come to us.

"When we ask for teaching, it is as if we said, 'O Spirit, come and teach us; come and enlighten us; come and quicken us!' Does he teach without coming to us? Is he a mere *influence*, as men indicate when they speak of 'divine influences'? Does he not come in to the soul on conversion? Does he not come in when, as the Comforter, he comforts? Is he not our Guest, dwelling in us, and working in us? Such quibbles about words are unworthy of Christians."

"Some in our day have made use of a peculiar phraseology to express the believer's complete exemption from judgment. 'We stand beyond our doom,' they say. Not so. 'We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.' We might as well say that we stand beyond death, because we have been quickened together with Christ; or beyond resurrection, because we have risen with Christ. Let us beware of pushing Scripture figures too far. God has graciously written them down for us, to show us how complete our acquittal is; but let us not go beyond the words themselves. We are still on this side resurrection and the judgment. The rest will follow in due time."

Atonement and Law; or, Redemption in Harmony with Law as Revealed in Nature. By JOHN M. ARMOUR. Nisbet and Co.

WE admire the strong theology of this author, but we regret his difficult style. He shows that substitution and equivalent penalty are involved in law, and that atonement is not an expedient invented by sovereignty. He also clearly sets forth the real satisfaction presented by our Lord, and shows that law required its acceptance. It is a high delight to get your teeth into such a fine bit of real sound theology; but we fear the common reader will think it tough. The book is badly printed, and is dear at five shillings, as a matter of press-work; but the matter is worth any price to a thoughtful man.

Christian Classics Series. I. *Cur Deus Homo? Why God became Man?* By ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Translated, with an Introduction, Analysis, and Notes. By EDWARD S. PROUT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

To issue masterpieces of theology in fine old-fashioned type is a good design. Sound teaching is needed more than enough in these days, and we are glad of every project by which it is likely to be supplied. Anselm, for his day, was wonderfully clear upon the great subject of satisfaction for sin, and he handles in this treatise certain of those very objections which to this day are urged against the vicarious sacrifice. Possibly this boastful generation may bear from Anselm what it will not endure from its cotemporaries. From the twelfth century we shall be glad to borrow a torch with which to illumine the dense fogs of modern unbelief. Of course, this treatise has a measure of mediæval cloudiness about it, and is by no means comparable in clearness to works on the same subject by Reformers or Puritans; but it has a value all its own, as showing how much of pure gospel light continued in the church even after the usurpations of the Bishop of Rome had become so general. We thank the Society for disinterring this ancient work, and we wish them wisdom in the choice of other pieces, and success in the publication of them.

Foremost if I Can. By ELLEN ATTERIDGE. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. *Bear and Forbear.* By SARAH PITT. With Illustrations by P. MACNAB. *Nil Desperandum.* By the Rev. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A. With Illustrations by H. J. RHODES. Cassell.

THREE volumes of the "Golden Mottoes" series, published by Cassell and Co., at two shillings each. Considering the well-executed illustrations, excellent type and paper, and substantial-looking binding, they are marvels of cheapness. The stories, however, are of very different degrees of merit.

"*Foremost if I Can*" is another of the sweet-flaxen-haired-babe-washed-up-from-a-wreck stories; said babe eventually owned by rich grandpapa, and made a fine lady. Of these stories, like the rabbits tender, rabbits tough, we warn the press we've had enough.

"*Bear and Forbear*" is a sensible Scotch story of a ragged, shock-headed newsboy, Ruff Macphail, whose temper was as fiery and rough as his looks. The kindly influence of a gentleman who takes an interest in him, endeavouring to teach him to "bear and forbear," and practise "the golden rule," is the thread upon which are strung lively incidents and instructive remarks.

"*Nil Desperandum.*" Decidedly the best-written book of the series. It deals chiefly with London life among the lower, and in some parts the lowest, orders. It is at once comic and pathetic. For style, the Dickens' is in it, and the clerical writer has the mastery of the street-Arab patois. His Punch and Judy chapter will amuse hosts of—*well, young* readers. The moral in this, too, is kept in view all through.

Seven Years for Rachel; or, Welsh Pictures sketched from Life. By ANN BEALE. Religious Tract Society.

THE pretty love story of Rachel and William, with its touches of quiet humour, is made subservient to a description of the quaint customs and superstitions of the people of the Principality. Good illustrations and tasteful binding combine to make the book one of the prettiest of the season.

Our Junior's Library. A Soldier's Son. The Midshipman, &c. Dean and Co.

WE cannot imagine that these sixpenny books can pay. There is a great deal to look at for the money; indeed, far more than we have met with anywhere else. The literary matter is not very first-class.

How Bill Sims Honoured his Father. By A. V. V. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

A STORY well adapted for church readers who delight in a rather high service; but a good story for all that. A little boy refuses to aid his father in committing a burglary upon his master's premises, and suffers in consequence. His great difficulty was how far he was to obey a wicked parent: a problem which many a child has had to solve.

Jack Hooper: a Tale of South Africa. By Commander CAMERON. Nelson and Sons.

UNDER the form of a story, a great deal of information is given as to South Africa, the natives, the Boers, the wild animals, and all else that boys like to know about. The engravings are numerous, and the binding is attractive.

Broken Glass; or, Brave Jim and his Troubles. By L. F. W. Houlston and Sons.

BRAVE JIM comes to us with his motto of "Never despair." His story is told in a very neat shilling book, which we can highly praise.

The Guardian Angel. By EMILY BRODIE. Shaw and Son.

ELEGANTLY bound, and well adapted to be made a present to an undecided youth. The perils of the "almost persuaded" are vividly set forth, especially the danger of evil company.

The Penny Library of Fiction. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

IT is a clever idea to give a desperately striking cover, and then, instead of a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones story, tell the reader a decent tale. We do not care for the narratives ourselves, but as substitutes for the licentious penny dreadfuls they are excellent.

Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. By Various Writers. Vol. VIII. Religious Tract Society.

These tracts keep up to their high level—a very unusual thing in such productions. Intelligent men will find in the eighth volume continents of thought. Any one of the forty-eight tracts is worth ten times the fourpence charged for it. The volumes are two-and-sixpence each, and are full of information.

The Sunday Book of Biography of Eminent Men and Women of our own Day. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is an extraordinary book for the price, and ought to sell in great numbers. Engraved portraits in abundance, upon good paper, and placed in handsome binding, make up a noble drawing-room volume, and all this costs only five shillings. The only fault we have to find is, that the lives are too fragmentary. We began to read the memoir of Pastor Harms, and were hoping to hear of his great missionary enterprise, which was, indeed, *the* vital outcome of the man; but, alas! the account was suddenly brought to a close, and the momentary glimpse of the good man was over. Of course, there was not room for more; but then, it is very tantalizing. We could not tell where a friend, wishing to purchase a present for another, could lay out five shillings and have more to show for his money.

Electricity and its Uses. By J. Munro. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Religious Tract Society.

An introduction to a great field of knowledge—a field but newly entered on; a real wonder-land. Things long ago talked of in romances, as wrought by enchanters, have been, in very deed, accomplished by electricity. Here you have the marvellous story cunningly condensed, and then made as plain as may be with diagrams.

Notes.

On *February* 22, Mr. Spurgeon had the great pleasure of opening the Mission Hall, Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, free of debt. The work had been in existence several years, and it had outgrown the hovel in which it commenced. Mr. Pavey, the conductor of the mission, begged the Pastor to find them a new place. "Now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "how is this to be done? You have no money, and I have no money; neither do I know where to look for it. Let us pray to God. You go home, and call the friends together, and tell them to plead with all their might. Give all you can, and as that will be little, pray the more." That week a friend, hitherto unknown, gave £100, and promised another £100. It was a thankoffering to God for blessing received under the Pastor's ministry, and at the Pastor's request it was thus appropriated. The rest of the story need not be told. Friends at the Tabernacle gave personally and by collection, and the work is done. Glory be to God! Mr. W. Higgs built the house at a rate which could bring him no reward but the pleasure of serving God, and in that pleasure all the donors share.

One labour accomplished, we are now looking towards the conclusion of another. The School Chapel in Thornton Heath is near our own house, and therefore it has a personal interest. The roof is now being covered, and if we can find friends to send in about £200, this house also will be opened free of debt. It is a very handsome structure for its size and price, and it stands upon a fine piece of freehold ground, spacious enough to hold a large chapel when the time comes. We reckon that £1,000 will cover the cost, and we need another two hundred to compass the whole. Shall we not be helped in this thing also? Next month we shall give a view of this building.

A minister, who has with his own hands sold no less than 180 copies of Mrs. Spurgeon's *Ten Years of my Life in the Service of the Book Fund*, writes very earnestly as to what might be done for its sale. The more the needs of ministers are made known the better for themselves, and the better for the Book Fund, whose one design is their benefit. It would not seem a very great thing for each minister and evangelist who has been helped to sell one copy of the book. Yet this would at once raise the sale to nearly 13,000. The pecuniary profits go to the fund, and the incidental profit of arousing Christian sympathy will go to the aid of the Lord's workers. The book itself is sure to edify the reader, and therefore we join with the enthusiastic pastor who has sold so many copies, and say to all who have been helped, "Cheer the heart of her who lives for this gracious work by giving wings to her appeal on behalf of poor pastors. It will be a graceful tribute to her continual service,

but better still, it will be a real help to a deserving cause.

As *The Sword and the Trowel* has all along been a kind of biography of its Editor, it has been judged suitable to transfer to these pages the references to Mr. Spurgeon, made in the diary of the Earl of Shaftesbury, as published by Messrs. Cassell, Potter, and Galpin. They have been published in *The Baptist* newspaper, but as many of our readers may not see that excellent paper, we reproduce them. The Earl wrote on one occasion:—"In religious matters I know but Reeve and Spurgeon, and they are seldom or never within reach."

June 12th, 1875.—At eleven o'clock yesterday to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to go with him over all his various institutions, School, College, Almshouses, Orphanage. All sound, good, true, Christianlike. He is a wonderful man, full of zeal, affection, faith, abounding in reputation and authority, and yet perfectly humble, with the openness and simplicity of a child.

July 10th, 1881.—Drove to Norwood to see my friend Spurgeon. He is well, thank God, and admirably lodged. His place is lovely. His wife's health, too, is improved by change of residence. Pleasant and encouraging to visit such men, and find them still full of perseverance, faith, and joy, in the service of our blessed Lord.

June 20th, 1884.—Yesterday to Metropolitan Tabernacle, to preside over grand meeting in honour of Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday. A wonderful sight: nearly, if not quite, seven thousand adult, enthusiastic souls, crammed even to suffocation by way of audience. Felt, at first, quite appalled. Had to make opening speech. Here, again, a "*non nobis*" must be "said or sung." By the blessing of our Lord, I was, as everyone said, equal to the occasion.

Canon Wilberforce observed, "You ought to bless God for having enabled you to make such a speech." And so I did, and so I do, and so I will.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The fifth anniversary will (D.V.) be held this month. On *Lord's-day afternoon, March* 20, Mr. Wm. Noble, who recently returned from Australia, will give a Gospel Temperance address in the Tabernacle; and on *Tuesday evening, March* 22, there will be a public meeting, at which Pastor C. H. Spurgeon hopes to preside, and addresses will be delivered by Mr. Wm. Noble and other speakers.

On *Wednesday, Jan.* 26, the friends who have been worshipping in the Iron Chapel, Old Southgate, in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission, were formed into a church by Mr. J. T. Dunn. Two and a half years ago, when Mr. D. Wickerson, of Haverstock Hill, commenced preaching here, the little congregation met in a small room behind a shop, but since then an iron chapel has been erected. This has been twice enlarged, and now between one and two hundred persons assemble in it each Sabbath to listen to the word of life. A Sunday-school is also carried on, week-night services are held, and many believers have been baptized. An address to the newly-formed church was given by Pastor D. Russell, of Edmonton, after which a communion service was held, conducted by Mr. Goldston, of the Country Mission. Many members of other churches joined in fellowship at the table of the Lord.

On *Monday evening, Jan.* 31, the first week-night service after the Pastor's return from Mentone, a large congregation assembled at the Tabernacle for praise and prayer. At the commencement of the meeting reference was made to the sudden death of a friend who came to the service on the previous evening, and almost immediately expired. Much prayerful sympathy was expressed with those who had been bereaved, and also with the relatives of many who had been called home during the Pastor's absence. A detachment of children from the Orphanage sang several hymns during the evening, and one of the boys offered prayer. Many petitions were presented for various objects; Mr. Harmer, one of the College evangelists, gave an interesting account of his recent missions; and the Pastor related some of his foreign experiences. The gathering was a grand reunion of those who had been necessarily separated from one another for a time, and at the same time a prophecy of coming blessing.

On *Monday evening, Feb.* 7, before the prayer-meeting, the Pastors, deacons, and elders took tea together, and also met around the table of the Lord. These feasts of love bind the officers of the church to one another. At seven o'clock there was again a great company of praying brethren and sisters, although a piercingly cold wind was blowing outside the Tabernacle. After singing, and prayer by several members of the church, the Pastor asked for special supplications on behalf of the men who had gone forth from the College to preach the gospel, or who were being trained for that glorious work. Pastor C. Dallaston gave a cheering account of the brethren in New Zealand, and of his own success at Christchurch during the ten years he has been in the colony; and Mr. Blamire, one of the two Pastors' College missionaries in Spain, deeply interested the congregation while he described some incidents connected with their truly apostolic labours for the Lord in that country. Without having any society at their back, or any guaranteed salary, our brethren have toiled on year after year, and in each place they have visited, the converts have been formed into churches under the care of one of their own number who is able to instruct them further in the truths of the gospel.

On *Wednesday evening, Feb.* 9, the ANNUAL CHURCH-MEETING was held in the Tabernacle. Both the Pastors, most of the deacons and elders, and a large proportion of the members were present; and the whole of the proceedings were exceedingly encouraging. The statistics reported were as follows:—Increase by baptism, 284; profession, 48; letter, 86; total, 418: decrease, by dismission, 175; joining other churches without letters, 27; emigration, 117; removal for non-attendance, 96; for other causes, 6; deaths 60; total, 381: leaving a net increase of 37 for the year. The number of names on the books at the end of December was 5,351. The financial accounts were very satisfactory, there being a balance in hand on every fund except the Almshouses' Poor Fund, where there was a small deficiency, which was defrayed by the Pastors and deacons before the meeting. Thanksgiving for the Lord's lovingkindness to the church during another year was the prominent note of the whole evening. Truly, "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

On *Monday Evening, Feb.* 14, there was another largely attended prayer-meeting, full of life and power, at the Tabernacle. Mr. Burnham gave a report of his evangelistic work; and the Pastor delivered two addresses, one upon various causes of backsliding, and the other upon a number of Congo curiosities, which he had that day received from Mr. Billington, a former student of the College. The latter address has been printed in the present magazine.

On *Lord's-day, Feb. 20th*, collections were made at the Tabernacle in aid of the building fund of SURREY SQUARE MISSION HALL. It was estimated that about £170 would be required to complete the building, furnishing, and expenses in connection with the transfer of the work from the old mission-room in Surrey Grove, and this sum was at once contributed.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Dewdney, having completed his course with us, is going to Lincoln-road Chapel, Christchurch, New Zealand. He expects to sail early this month in company with Pastor C. Dallaston, who has been in England for the benefit of his health. Mr. J. G. Brown has been accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo, but he will have a course of medical training before he goes to Africa.

Mr. A. J. Clarke, who has been greatly used as an evangelist in various parts of Australia, has become pastor of the church at Wooloomooloo, New South Wales, where a new chapel, to seat 1,000 people, is being erected. Mr. Soper's people at Petersham are also building a new place of worship at a cost of £4,000, their present chapel being far too small for the congregation. Mr. J. G. Wilson has begun a new work at North Shore, near Sydney, N.S.W.

We have news of the safe arrival of Brethren Compton and Cox, and very cheering tidings of the way in which they were blessed to those who were in the ship with them. We hope soon to hear that suitable openings have been found for them, where they can serve the Lord. Mr. R. Marshall, who recently went to Canada, has become pastor of the church at Sparta, Ontario.

Mr. A. C. Chambers has removed from Loose to West Malling, Kent; and Mr. A. K. Davidson, formerly of Earl Soham, has gone to Old Buckenham, Norfolk.

On *Friday evening, Feb.* 4, the London brethren met at the College to make arrangements for the next Conference. It was decided that the meetings should (D.V.) be held in *the week commencing April* 18, that is, the week preceding the Baptist Union meetings. The Monday evening gathering is to be held at Devonshire-square Chapel, Stoke Newington-road. There was a manifest desire on the part of the brethren that this year's Conference should be a season of unusual spiritual blessing, and it will be so if all the members of our holy brotherhood will unitedly cry to the Lord for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the whole assembly.

The deaths during the year of four members of the College Association were reported; and very tender and touching allusion was made to the serious illness of our Brethren W. J. Inglis, of Victoria Park, and J. Cole, of Cotton End, Bedford. Deep sympathy with the bereaved and the suffering was expressed, and it was felt that the calling away of some of our number and the laying aside of others spoke solemnly to us all, and bade us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Just as these "Notes" are going to the printers, we hear that Brother Inglis has passed away. The malady from which he suffered was so painful and trying, that it is indeed a happy release for him, but we mourn for those he has left behind, and the church which he so faithfully and earnestly served.

EVANGELISTS. — Pastor John Tuckwell writes concerning *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission at Westbourne Grove Chapel:—

"I cannot adequately express the debt of gratitude we owe to our dear brethren for the earnest and devoted service they rendered to us, and to many outside our number, during the three weeks they were amongst us. From the very outset there were manifest signs of the power of the Lord being present to heal sinful and afflicted souls. Mr. Smith's singing proved very attractive, and Mr. Fullerton's powerful and persuasive reasonings with doubting, hesitating, and lingering listeners, brought many so prompt, and, I trust, firm and final decision for Christ. As the time passed, the interest of the meetings deepened in the minds of well-nigh all who attended, and

the abundance of the blessing grow with accelerating rapidity. It seemed to us, therefore, at first, a strange and untoward providence which, at the beginning of the third week, laid Mr. Fullerton aside, and threw the whole burden of the work on Mr. Smith. We were very apprehensive at first of the effect on the work, but our anxieties were soon set at rest. The attendance at the meetings kept up, Mr. Smith acquitted himself right nobly, and his pathetic appeals and sweet songs touched many hearts. Earnest prayer was made for Mr. Fullerton's recovery; and when it was known that he might be expected at the closing service, the reaction of thankfulness and joy seemed to fill every mind with large anticipations; and that service will not soon be forgotten. It was the first time for many years that such a scene had been witnessed within our building; every part of it was crammed, and the whole congregation seemed to be in spiritual sympathy with the speakers. Mr. Smith's singing never seemed more effective, and Mr. Fullerton's powerful appeals made a deep impression. Large numbers remained for conversation at the close, many of whom had during the course of the meetings laid hold on eternal life, and a large proportion are seeking admission to our fellowship. The memory as well as the fruit of these services will, we trust and believe, long remain with us."

During the greater part of February, our brethren have been at the Nottingham Tabernacle. Pastor H. E. Stone sends a very cheering account of the commencement of the mission. This month they are to be at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, with Pastor F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Mr. Burnham's second visit to Countesthorpe was crowned with blessing, but he again reports that he had to move on to his next place just as the services were most successful. This is so often the case that it would be well if other friends would arrange for more than a week's meetings, for usually at the end of that time the harvest begins to be reaped. At Brentford, where quite a gracious revival was experienced, Pastor W. H. Broad was the "missioner," and Mr. Burnham helped in the visiting, singing, and speaking to enquirers. Before the services were closed, Mr. Burnham went to Chalford, near Stroud, where his message was owned of God to the conversion of souls. He has since visited Morton and Billingborough, Lincolnshire; and this month he goes to Shipston-on-Stour and Blockley. He will be glad to hear from brethren desiring his services after the Conference.

Mr. Harmer's work at Redditch was somewhat affected by the wintry weather which prevailed at the time, yet there were many cases of blessing. Pastor J. Wilkins reports that the services at Swaffham were preceded by special prayer-meetings, both in the school-room, and in the houses of the deacons. There was thus an expectant preparation for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and evangelistic meetings, held under such circumstances, could not fail to be productive of spiritual good to many. It would be well if all who invite the Evangelists would co-operate with them in this hearty manner. Concerning the missions at Medbourne and Market Harborough, our friend, Mrs. Ward, of Slawston, writes very gratefully, though she was sorry that the people in the former place did not attend in larger numbers. Mr. Harmer will be engaged for some weeks in visiting Nailsworth, Minchinhampton, Thornbury, Paulton, and Twerton, under arrangements made by Pastor W. J. Mayers, of Bristol.

ORPHANAGE.—*Notice to Collectors.* Please remember the meeting at the Orphanage on *Tuesday evening, March* 8. Tea at 5.

We call the special attention of our readers to an important alteration that has been made in the arrangements for the *Annual Fête.* We found that the date we had chosen, June 22, would fall in the midst of the Queen's Jubilee celebrations, and we also remembered that this year the Vice-President of the Orphanage, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, will (D.V.) attain his Jubilee, so we decided to hold the Annual Festival on his fiftieth birthday, *June* 8. We shall thus avoid the risk of clashing with the loyal assemblies a fortnight later, and we shall also have the opportunity of doing honour to one who has long borne a heavy share of the responsibility and work connected with the management of the Orphanage.

Mr. Charlesworth has arranged to take his choir for a tour in Scotland and the North of England, at the end of this month, and beginning of next. They are to visit Newcastle, Edinburgh, Sterling, Perth, Dundee, Glasgow, Darlington, Stockton, and Middlesbrough. The Orphanage has so large a number of hearty friends in the north that we feel sure they will give our lads a warm welcome, and send them back to the institution with a substantial addition to its funds. Friends in Scotland, you are always among the most faithful of our helpers, please interest yourselves in the lads if they come anywhere near you, and stir up your friends to go and hear them. Thus you will render us personal service; for these children are our children.

PERSONAL NOTE.—The following extract is taken from the report of a visit to *Sardinia* paid by a Waldensian pastor last summer:—

"At Macomer there is a poor stonecutter who is called *mad.* We went to the house of this madman, and found him a man truly converted. How did this come about? *By reading the Scriptures and Spurgeon's sermons.* How well he knows his Bible! He has learnt no catechism, but he can give a good reason for the hope that is

in him. 'The Bible is my well-beloved book,' he says. 'They call me mad, but by the grace of God I am what I am.' Nor does he keep silent about the truth he has found. One day in the public place he contended that the saints, however holy, must not be worshipped. A priest who heard him, said: 'This *madman* speaks the truth. What are the saints? Many whom we look upon as saints may be in hell, and many whom we condemn to hell may be with God.' Again, another priest, on another occasion, agreed with him, saying: 'Yes, you are right, our religion is no longer the Christian religion, that of Christ and the apostles.'

"One day our *mad* Antonio was ill. Two priests went to his house without having been sent for. They looked over all his books, and divided them into two heaps, the good ones and the bad ones. In the latter heap was the Bible.

"'It is named in the index,' they said.

"'But I know nothing about the index.'

"'It is translated by a Protestant.'

"'What have you to do with that? I have compared it with Martini's version, and it is just the same. I accept the truth even if a Turk gives it me. Take a lesson from the bees; they gather honey wherever they find it; and we must do the same. 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' He was allowed to keep his Bible."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—February 3, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Captain J. W. Eno	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Clark	2	10	0
Mr. Coutts	0	10	6
Mrs. Wilson...	5	0	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	5	0	0
Scotch note—"Muir of Ord"	1	0	0
"God speed the College," Edinburgh...	0	10	0
Mr. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0
Mr. Mackinnon	10	0	0
A debtor to grace	2	0	0
H. W. H., Maidstone	0	5	0
Mr. W. Clissold, per Pastor W. T. Soper	5	0	0
Mr. Y. Souter	0	2	6
Mr. B. Flint (collecting box)	1	19	3
Collection at Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	4	3	1
Collection at Cottage Green Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown, F.R.G.S. ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Lester	2	15	6
Miss A. M. Morris	0	4	10
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Mrs. L. Haward	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Ball...	5	0	0
V. S.	5	0	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	0	0
Lieut. P. Flanagan	1	0	10
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Stamps	0	2	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	8	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Proceeds of lecture by Pastor T. Harrington, at Mount Gambier, South Australia	2	0	0
Pastor J. S. Poulton	0	5	0
Pastor Isaac Bridge	0	5	0
Pastor Isaac Near	0	5	0
Park Lane Baptist Chapel, Southsea, per Pastor H. R. Passmore	0	10	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard (2 months)	0	10	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	1	0	0
Weekly offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 16 ... . 32 0 0			
,, 23 ... ... 34 0 0			
,, 30 ... ... 7 1 9			
Feb. 6 ... ... 40 0 0			
,, 13 ... ... 26 15 0			
	139	16	9
	£239	4	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Cash in box at Orphanage Gates ...	0	1	3
Mr. E. Joselyne	2	2	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	0	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	15	0
Miss Raven	0	10	0
Mr. T. Ward	0	10	0
Miss Goodiff, collecting-box	0	8	0
Iota	0	2	6
Beatrice Hornsby	0	0	6
A well-wisher, Sandhurst	0	10	0
Mr. W. Alison	0	5	0
From annual missionary meeting of U. P. Church, Stromness	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	6	0	0
Readers of "The Christian World," per Messrs. James Clarke and Co. ...	6	5	0
Mrs. Bartholomew, collecting-book ...	5	0	0
Mr. S. Angel	1	0	0
Thankoffering of a friend on attaining her seventy-fourth year, per Mrs. Jane Vowles	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class, per Miss M. J. Arnold, Great Yarmouth ...	0	5	0
A friend at Hallow	0	3	0
A friend (post-mark St. John's Wood)	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. Mingins...	1	0	0
Mr. Cubey	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
U. P. Sunday-school, Lockerbie, per Mr. W. Wightman	1	0	0
Mrs. Goringe (sale of sermons) ...	1	2	6
Miss Nellie Grierson (collecting-book)	0	10	0
Master Herries (collecting-book) ...	0	5	2
A friend at Flooro	0	6	6
Mrs. and Miss Scivwright	0	2	6
Mr. S. Pratt	0	2	0
Miss M. FitzGerald (collecting-book)	1	13	0
Mr. W. H. Summers	3	0	0
A tithe (not Welsh)	2	0	0
Per Mrs. Bell :—			
Church of Christ, Sherwood-street, Nottingham ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Bell 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards	1	0	0
R. B....	0	10	0
Mrs. George	5	0	0
Mrs. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Rowe	1	0	0
Mrs. West	0	10	0
A working man of Swadlincote... ...	0	2	6
Per Mrs. Penstone :—			
Miss Farrer... ... ... 0 10 0			
Miss Gibbs... ... ... 0 5 0			
	0	15	0
Mr. Jno. Williamson	5	2	8
Mr. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Mr. J. A. Menzies...	0	5	0
Mrs. Leaver...	0	2	6
Miss M. Taylor	0	2	6
A thankoffering for deliverance from danger	0	5	0
Mr. Frank Rigby	0	5	0
The Misses Little	0	5	0
Stamps from Strathaven	0	5	0
Dr. Bennet	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	18	7
S. E. P.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Taylor, for legacy of the late Miss Smithers	50	0	0
Mrs. Holmes	0	10	0
Achateny	1	0	0
Mrs. James Smithers	5	0	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Mr. J. Cooper	1	0	0
Collected by little Martha	0	10	0
Two friends (forty francs)	1	12	0
Collected by Mrs. K. Laker	0	7	0
A Folkestone working-man	0	5	0
A friend in Jesus	0	10	0
A friend from Wellow, per Pastor J. Smith	0	6	0
A thankoffering from H. H. K. ...	1	0	0
Harry and Frank Gaylor	0	10	6
E. A....	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Steer...	0	10	0
Mr. T. J. Fordham	1	1	0
A few friends in Irvine	2	4	6
Mr. John Harris	2	2	0
Per Mrs. James A. Spurgeon :—			
A thankoffering 3 0 0			
Mrs. Fern 0 10 0			
Mrs. Walton 2 2 0			
Mrs. Walton, for Girls' Orphanage 2 2 0			
	7	14	0
Jane Poole	0	3	0
Miss M. Bassham	0	5	0
Mrs. Pearce...	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	1	0	0
Collection in Bible-classes, Shoreditch Tabernacle	0	18	0
Collected by Mrs. George Coles ...	1	14	6
Mrs. Parsons	0	10	0
Pastor R. E. Sears...	0	5	0
"A lone one," Hove	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Pattison	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. Colmer B. Symes, B.A.	2	0	0
Ruthie and Jackie Hull	3	3	0
"His steward, Wales"	5	5	0
Captain J. W. Eno	1	0	0
Mr. John Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. James Plumbridge	1	1	0
"In memory of Bertie"	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
In memoriam, E.	0	10	0
Postal order from Bridport	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Miller	0	10	0
Mrs. S. E. Webb	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. C. M. Stevenson ...	0	15	6
Mr. E. W. Edmunds	2	0	0
Mr. Gerrard, per Rev. F. Tuck ...	0	10	0
Mr. Coutts	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	15	6
"Daisy's farthings"	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Salter's Hall Chapel	0	6	0
Mrs. Willis	0	15	0
Miss Esther Milroy	2	0	0
A friend, per Mr. G. W. Cater	0	10	0
Collecting-boxes, per Miss Dixon, Brighton :—			
Miss Cuttack 0 5 6			
Miss Dean 0 5 11			
Misses Dixon 0 9 10			
Mrs. Geale 0 2 6			
Miss Hudson 0 11 6			
Mrs. Harmer 0 1 4			
Mrs. Jupp 0 6 5			
Miss Moss 0 3 10			
Misses Peck and Bullen ... 0 2 11			
Mr. Stuckfield 0 7 1			
Mr. Swatfield 0 5 0			
Miss Sexton 0 14 3			
Miss Ticehurst 0 1 0			
Miss Wiley 0 3 7			
Donation :—			
Miss Sanson 0 2 6			
Odd farthings and half-pence 0 0 5			
	4	3	7
Collected by Miss B. A. Piko	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. G. Cormack	0	9	1
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	18	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Mr. A. Smith and friends	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Merritt	0	5	0
Mr. Yates	1	0	0
Sale of S. O. tracts	0	0	6
Mr. Ed. K. Stace	0	5	0
Miss G. M. Taylor...	2	2	0
Mr. James Clark	25	0	0
Mr. T. J. Wade	1	1	0
"B.," per Mr. Charlesworth	0	11	0
Collected by Miss M. Cowen	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. A. Bamford	0	19	6
A loaf for the orphans	0	0	6
R. H. G.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Balkwell	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Connie Barton ...	0	4	1
Mrs. Arres	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. H. S. Gifford	0	2	6
Mr. J. Plant...	0	3	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Lochee, per Pastor John Hamilton	1	5	0
Beauly Sabbath-school, per Mr. Archibald McLennan	1	0	0
Mrs. J. White	12	0	0
Collected by Miss Edith Thompson ...	3	17	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Miss Lily Stuart and friends	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Barrett	5	0	0
Miss E. H. Cooling	2	0	0
Miss E. Fyson	0	2	0
Mrs. Inglis and family	0	16	6
Miss Banister	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. C. Adlem :—			
P. L. 1 0 0			
P. M. 0 10 0			
B. S. 0 5 0			
G. E. 0 12 0			
G. W. 0 2 0			
Church of England ... 0 5 0			
Family of the late C. Adlem 0 6 0			
	3	0	0
Miss E. Lamb's Young Women's Bible-class, St. Giles'-street	0	8	0
Praise	0	13	0
Postal order from Shields	0	10	0
M. S., a reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	5	0
Mrs. Young	0	4	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Mrs. Stark	1	0	0
Miss Stearman's Sunday-school class, Norwich	1	6	6
Mr W. Walker	1	1	0
Non-orphan	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bovey	0	5	0
V. S.	10	0	0
Postal order from Marlowes	0	5	0
Postal order from Ruan Minor ...	0	3	0
Kemnay	0	5	0
The Misses Stewart	0	10	0
Mrs. Haynes	10	0	0
M. T.	0	5	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
A friend	1	0	2
The Hon. Mrs. West	1	0	0
In memory of dear Caroline	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths :—			
Friends at Kingswood and Wootton-under-Edge ... 12 0 0			
Sale of "John Ploughman's Almanack" 1 2 0			
	13	2	0
Mr. John Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. Mead	2	2	0
Mr. H. Hudson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bickford	0	5	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	1	1	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Stamps from Ballater	0	2	0
Mrs. Berry	0	5	0
T. S.	0	2	6
S. C., Bourton	0	5	0
Mr. J. Batten	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hardy	0	2	6
Mr. R. Middleton	0	5	0
Mr. G. Middleton	0	5	0
An old acquaintance, Penge	1	0	0
Mrs. Waters	5	0	0
Mr. E. O. Brown	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Sharman	0	12	6
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowen	1	0	0
G. N., Edinburgh	1	0	0
A. B. C.	0	7	6
Miss Florence Bousfield, for support of one girl for a year	15	0	0
Collected by Miss Kate E. Buswell :—			
Mrs. Peel 1 0 0			
Smaller sums 4 10 0			
	5	10	0
Mr. T. Wallis	4	4	0
Mrs. Everest	5	0	0
Mr. T. S. Child	50	0	0
Master J. E. Freegard	0	5	3
Jeanie, Bella, and Eddie Gray	0	5	0
Mrs. Hallett	0	7	6
Mr. A. McRae and friends	0	18	9
A friend, post-mark Sanquhar	2	0	0
Stamps from Padstow	0	1	0
Miss E. Price	0	6	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. Bridge	0	3	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Miss L. Lamb	0	10	0
A friend, Cromer	5	0	0
Miss Mary Smith	1	0	0
Mr. G. Shorthouse	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer 1 7 6			
Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s employés, Penge 0 5 0			
Mr. Inwood 0 2 6			
	1	15	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Roger :—			
Mr. Bett 1 0 0			
Thomas Roger 0 5 0			
Andrew Roger 0 5 0			
J. Strahan 0 1 0			
William Brydan 0 2 0			
A. P. Bantan 0 2 0			
J. Cameron 0 2 6			
Samuel Garvie 0 2 6			
	2	0	0
Mr. A. Lavers, per Mr. F. Dunster ...	0	10	0
Dorton	3	3	0
Mr. Walter Cook	0	17	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, see list	4	19	8
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, see list	3	4	2
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Carlton Chapel, Southampton 14 13 6			
Sale of programmes ... 1 6 6			
	16	0	0
Finsbury Park Hall, collection 5 16 0			
Programmes 0 16 7			
	6	12	7
Band of Hope Union New Year's Soriée	2	12	6
Barking, programmes	0	7	0
Vernon Chapel, King's Cross	8	18	4
Battersea Park Tabernacle, programmes	1	7	2
Collection at Drummond Road Sunday-school, Bermondsey	4	12	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. A. H. Scard (2 months' subs.) ...	1	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Miss E. Macnicoll	1	0	0
Mr. W. E. Eastman	0	10	0
Mr. Morrison	1	0	0
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	2	0	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. Keen 0 5 0			
Mrs. Adrian 0 5 0			
Mrs. Henry Brown ... 0 10 0			
	1	0	0
Mr. H. C. Banister (2 years' subs.) ...	4	4	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin (sub. for 1886) ...	2	2	0
	£186	17	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 15th to February 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS :—1 Goose and 2 Cakes, Mrs. E. Barrah; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 bag of Celery Seed, "J. B."; 20 lbs. Mutton, A Christian Worker; a quantity of Dates, Mr. Calder; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 252 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 5 sacks of Carrots and 5 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. J. Howard; 1 pail of Yeast, Mr. J. King; 30 lbs. of Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—19 Flannel Shirts, Miss St. Clair Trotter; 8 pairs of Knitted Socks, Mrs. J. Henry; 6 Shirts, Mrs. E. Warmington; 14 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 1 Worn Jacket, "A Southend friend."

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—3 articles, Mr. E. Knight; 24 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Ventris; 48 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 142 gifts Girls' Clothing, &c.

Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 12 articles, Mrs. Kidner; 18 articles, Mrs. E. Warmington; 6 articles, from friends, per Mrs. Penstone; 18 articles, Miss Fournere; 12 articles, Miss Pool; 6 articles, "H. C."; 12 pairs Stockings, 18 Handkerchiefs, 9 yards Calico, Mrs. Ann Greenaway; 100 yards White Calico, 100 yards Grey Calico, Mrs. Wainwright; 12 Pinafores, for No. 4 Girls, Mrs. Moss; several small articles, Mrs. Wilmshurst.

GENERAL.—2 New Year's Cards, "G. B."; 14 lbs. Wax Tapers, Mr. J. Cooper; a quantity of Books, 4 Pictures, and sundry articles, Mr. F. G. Dean; a quantity of Pens, Pencils, and Holders, Mr. B. P. Bilbrough; 75 Dessert Spoons, 25 Table Spoons, Mr. G. Wheeler; a quantity of back numbers, "The Sword and the Trowel," Mrs. Alger; 1 box of Books, &c., "Anon."; 28 sundry articles, Rev. J. N. Bacon; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Pool; 50 pairs 2lb. Dumb Bells, and 50 pairs 1lb. Dumb Bells, Pastor C. Spurgeon; 28 Magazines, "The Day of Days," from "C. T."; 6 Dolls, 1 Costume, Mrs. Wilmshurst.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):—Betts, A., 2s 6d; Bush, R., £1 1s; Crean, John, 7s 6d; Davis, A. H., 6s; Ford, W., 2s; Green, W., £1 1s; Lewis, E. R., 9s; Maxted, G. C., 3s 2d; Moore, A., 3s 6d; Moore, W. F., 16s; Perry, G., 3s; Vardill, W. H., 5s.—Total, £4 19s 8d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):—Birtwistle, E., 2s; Buddle, F., 2s 6d; Cousins, L., 5s 6d; Gilmour, C., 14s 6d; Howell, R., 5s 2d; Jackson, A., 4s 6d; Lyons, E., 4s 6d; Sabine, A., 6d; Tilly, G., 10s; Witham, L., 15s.—Total, £3 4s 2d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	40	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Mrs. E. E. Evans	10	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks	10	0	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	20	0	0
For Ludlow District:—			
Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald ... 1 0 0			
Miss E. Fitzgerald ... 0 5 0			
Miss M. Fitzgerald ... 0 2 6			
	1	7	6
Kettering, per Mr. Meadows, sen. ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick Lodges	8	6	8
	£109	14	2

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. S. O. Habershon	1	1	0
Mr. H. L. Wilson	0	10	0
A widow, Alloa	0	2	0
Mr. C. J. Payno	0	3	0
Scotch note, from Collace	1	0	0
A friend, F——	1	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
H. B.	50	0	0
V. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	4	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Miss M. F. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	2	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Buswell, for 1886	1	1	0
Mr. J. Carrington	0	10	0
Mr. Woollard, for 1886	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
	£72	11	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Countesthorpe...	2	0	0
Lisle	0	5	0
Mrs. B., for Mr. Burnham's support ...	50	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Redditch	1	0	0
V. S.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Douglass	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Chelsea, per Pastor W. H. J. Page	2	10	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, for Mr. Harmer's services	2	2	0
Mrs. Ward, thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services	5	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard (2 months)	0	10	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
	£67	7	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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 13th 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.

APRIL, 1887.

"Earthquakes Improved."

A SERMON BY THOMAS DOOLITTLE, EPITOMIZED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN London we imagine ourselves free from all fear of earthquake. On the London clay we may rest in safety; for the wise men have said that clay condenses the internal steam, and so prevents its blowing us all up. Although all that we know for certain about earthquakes might be compressed into a line, and be purchased with the proverbial penny, and be dear at *that*, yet we speak pretty confidently about the security of our metropolis, and build as if no shake of the earth could possibly occur. There would be a total collapse of jerry builders if the notion that London might be moved as readily as the Riviera could once possess the popular mind. Yet such is undoubtedly the fact.

No, gentle reader, we are not going to alarm you. We are not in the line of prophecy, neither do we wear the mantle of Solomon Eagle, or Doctor John Cumming. We do not propose that you should go out of town to avoid a tremendous catastrophe, nor even that you should sit up all night so as to be able to rush into the street as soon as the pictures begin to imitate a pendulum, and the plaster from the ceiling commences to powder the pudding on the table. It would not be beyond the power of ourselves and half-a-dozen others to get up a scare if we could say farewell to our consciences, and write like lunatics; for such things have been done. So late as 1750, London felt a slight shock in February, and a second in March; whereupon the dogs of fanaticism commenced to give tongue, and startle weak minds. As

deep calleth unto deep, so does one insane mind call to another, and a crazy prophet soon finds crazy followers. In April of the year which had enjoyed two earthquakes already, hard by the first of that month, the panic set in. Charles Knight quotes from a newspaper of the period as follows :—

"Incredible numbers of people, being under strong apprehension that London and Westminster would be visited by another and more fatal earthquake on this night, according to the predictions of a crazy life-guardsman, and because it would be just four weeks from the last shock —as that was from the first—left their houses and walked in the parks and the fields, or lay in boats all night; many people of fashion in the neighbouring villages sat in their coaches till day-break; others went off to a greater distance, so that the roads were never more thronged, and lodgings were hardly to be procured even at Windsor; so far, and even to their wits' end, had their superstitious fears, or their guilty consciences, driven them."

This going to Kensington, Hounslow, and Windsor, to escape from an earthquake, has been aptly likened to the wisdom of the old Duchess of Bolton, who, upon hearing Whiston's prophecy of the approaching destruction of the world, declared that she should go off to China at once, to be out of the way. During panics persons appear to be quite bereft of reason, and then they not only do unaccountable things, but also become very unreliable witnesses, both seeing and hearing things which, in no other condition, would ever have occurred to their senses, and, indeed, never have happened, except in the regions of imagination, where fear and fancy reigned supreme.

We took up our pen to notice a sermon by good Mr. Thomas Doolittle, M.A., entitled "Earthquakes Explained and Practically Improved." A friend remarks that earthquakes still need improving, for they still do a great deal of mischief, whether they visit Colchester, or Atalanta, or the South of France; in fact, Doolittle's earthquake of 1692 did little or nothing compared with those which have lately favoured us. Of course he meant by *improving the earthquake*, the making proper use of the event by teaching useful moral and religious lessons from it.

His explanation we may dismiss without serious discussion; for even if we could explain earthquakes, it would not avert them, nor repair their damages. We are not likely, however, to learn much from our divine's philosophy, which he borrows from Seneca and Aristotle, and a number of writers whose names are unknown to fame, such as Rohault and Derodon. "Some say the cause is from water, some from fire, and some from the earth itself, and some from spirits." Our author inclines to blame *spirits*, but he is very particular that we should not understand him to mean those of an immaterial kind, but such as spirits of wine, and volatile salts. From what he calls spirits, vapours, or fat and oily fumes, he imagines that exhalations arise which cause the earth to tremble. Bravo, philosophers! Guess again.

Our worthy preacher takes for his text Acts xvi. 26 : "And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed." In the course of his improving discourse he bids us

note that God needs not length of time to do the most great and wonderful works, for "*Suddenly* there was a great earthquake." Here he gives a description so graphic that it proves that he was an eye-witness. He says, "How suddenly did God make the earth to quake where London stood, and after his shaking of it, through his great mercy yet it *doth stand!* When men thought of no such thing, not the student in his study, nor the trader in his shop, nor the workman at his work, nor the drunkard at his cups, when none of these had any apprehension of it, suddenly the student thought his desk, on which he was writing, to be removing from him, and when he drew it towards him, it went back again several times; the trader suddenly seeth a motion in his wares, and the workman the moving of his tools without hands, and the drunkard thought indeed that the earth did stagger more than he. Many suddenly felt their chairs to move under them, and could not presently discern the reason, but thought some living creature had been under their seats, and did disturb them. Suddenly, many, most that I have spoken with, discerned a dizziness in their heads, and in the instant thought the motion was there, not imagining anything of the shaking of the earth. Suddenly they feared the falling of the houses; but at first, particular persons thought there was some defect and fault in their own particular dwellings, till they did perceive the motion was general, and heard others say of their houses as they found in their own; and all this was *suddenly* done. In a minute, in a moment, God can cause an unexpected earthquake. Men must have time to do the *smallest*, but God needs none to do the *greatest*, work."

Then he goes on to say that, though it suddenly came and quickly went, yet it was a great earthquake. We take leave to observe that comparatively it was *not* a great earthquake; but he hammers at his point thus:—"Was not this a great earthquake that made so many houses in a great city to move, and shake, and tremble?" and he scores one when he cries—"If it were so small in your eyes, *what made so many to be in so great a consternation?* Why did so many run out of their houses, and such as were sitting at their tables hasten from their dinners with their napkins in their hands, to get into the streets? Why did so many run from their shops? What was the reason of the sudden, common cry, by so many, one by one, '*My house is falling*,' and '*my house is falling*,' and '*my children above will be destroyed*,' and '*yet I dare not go up to fetch them down*'"?

"As small a thing as you may think it to be, could any man, or men, could all the mighty men upon the earth, have caused such a shaking and trembling of the earth, and all upon it? Could all the mighty captains, lord-generals, kings, and emperors with all their armies, have had such an influence upon the earth? If they can batter down strong walls and cities, and castles, with their instruments of war, yet can any of them, or all of them, cause such a shaking of the earth as that so lately was? Do you ascribe great things to men, and call them so, that are far inferior to this, and yet let this pass by with so little observation, as if it were a work so small?"

The preacher had a fine field for warning and rebuke, though he seems to be a little put to it to know upon which transgression to throw the blame of this shaking. The great fire, by beginning at Pudding Lane

and finishing at Pye Corner, was supposed to have plainly indicated that its cause was gluttony; but the earthquake gave no such clear indications of its message, and therefore it was supposed to shake the tree of sin in general.

Clearly the voice, whatever it was, did not come to London only, but to the country also, for our worthy minister says: "You have heard already (perhaps) of the earthquakes being in Kent, on Thursday last, as well as in London, and at other places; but this may confirm you that it is true, that it hath been here, as we have been all eye-witnesses; and this particular true account I can give you. It shook Leeds Castle (which is but half-a-mile from me) so violently, that all in the castle, even the lady herself, went out of it, and expected its falling. One of my acquaintance was out in a field at that time, the ground shook so under him that he could not stand, and being forced to lie down on the ground, was so tossed up and down, that he received several bruises. It was very much at Maidstone, the people generally leaving their houses, fearing they would fall upon their heads; and it hath been in most places of the country, which puts us all into a great consternation, but it lasted not above a quarter of an hour."

However, whether the visitation was meant for all England, or for London alone, was not Mr. Doolittle's question; he was ready to teach and warn every man, and he did so with holy simplicity and hearty earnestness. To help the poor in prayer, he printed a copy of a prayer which had been issued by authority during a similar calamity, in 1580, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Government was government, and did everything for the people, even to the making of prayers for them. This done, he concluded his sermon, which had developed into a book, with the following most interesting expostulation:—

"That I may conclude, I shall recommend to the citizens of London a serious consideration of three years (amongst others) exceeding remarkable, always to be remembered and improved by all that have seen them all, and by those that have been born since the first and second of them, but have been told by others of God's dealing with this city then.

1. "Forget not the Dying year in this city, in 1665, when God did visit it with the plague. Have you forgot, have you not heard how death raged then? how it rode triumphant like a mighty conqueror, that so many durst not meet it in the streets as were sufficient to keep the grass from growing in Cheapside? Did it not slay heaps upon heaps, that the living were put to day-labour to bury the dead? so many thousand in a week cut off, cut down, and changed time for eternity: ready or unready, must away. Death was then in such haste, in so short a time to slay so many, that if it did find unprepared persons, it did not, it could not be prevailed with by sighs and sobs, by tears and groans, to stay till some made themselves ready for another world. You that lived then and now, have cause to remember God's judgment to others (especially if unconverted) that died, and his mercy to you that live now.

2. "Forget not that dreadful Burning year, 1666, when the tops of London's highest houses were brought down to fill the cellars; when the devouring flames marched without control from street to street, drinking up the water cast upon them, and scorning all opposition that could for some

days be made against them, till God, that set bounds to the proud waves of the sea, set limits to the insulting flames, saying, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.' Let the sight of your new buildings put you in mind when your old were burnt.

3. "The Trembling year, 1692, when your houses by an earthquake trembled as if they would fall; and you in them then trembled for fear they should fall. I have heard there were tremblings of the earth in Jamaica, some years more than once, before the great fit of convulsion came by which it was destroyed. Let us take warning by one. In the year '65 God by one judgment swept away the inhabitants and left the houses: in '66 he destroyed your houses and preserved your persons: in '92, by an earthquake, he threatened both your dwellings and your persons, but in mercy he spared both. Oh, give praise unto the Lord that he spared you and your houses in this earthquake, and pray that he would shake them so no more."

"Not Your Own."

A MAN of wealth and worldliness was walking at leisure, and thinking within himself, "I am a happy man: with a large fortune, all of which I have acquired myself, so that I am dependent on no one. It is all my own." Just then a thunderstorm drove him for shelter into the open door of a church. As he entered, the preacher was announcing his text, "Ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price." At the sound of words so opportune, the rich man started; and as he listened, he saw his folly, and became henceforward, taught by the Spirit, a wiser and humbler man.

The Peal and the Knell.

MR. GATTY, in his little book on "Bells," has the following:—

"I was," says a friend, "in my venerable native city, Chester, ill in bed, and knew not of the victory of Trafalgar. Suddenly there arose a joyous and deafening peal from the eleven churches; then came a dead stop, and one deep toll from the cathedral sounded solemnly over the old city. Then there burst forth the joyous peal again; then came the pause, and the knell for England's 'darling hero.' These contrasts of sound were alternately produced, with an effect that was, beyond expression, striking and overpowering."

The people could hardly tell whether to rejoice over their victory, or lament their Nelson. This mingled state of feeling reminds us of our hymn beginning—

"'It is finish'd;" shall we raise
Songs of sorrow or of praise?
Mourn to see the Saviour die,
Or proclaim his victory?

"If of Calvary we tell,
How can songs of triumph swell?
If of man redeem'd from woe,
How shall notes of mourning flow?"

Lord Shaftesbury's Missions.

(*Continued from page* 132.)

WHEN he succeeded to the ancestral estate, in 1851, Lord Shaftesbury found that in some respects he had come into no very enviable inheritance. In his father's time, as Mr. Hodder tells us, "there had been incredible waste: large sums of money had been ruthlessly lavished and thrown away to no purpose, of either use or luxury, while many things really necessary had been totally neglected." While some onlookers—who were not backward to send on their begging letters—thought that he had succeeded to boundless wealth and influence, the Earl himself was writing, "I am half pauperized; the debts are endless; no money is payable for a whole year, and I am not a young man. Every sixpence I expend—and spend I must on many things—*is borrowed!*" A little later he added, "Oh, if instead of one hundred thousand pounds to pay in debt, I had that sum to expend, what good I might do! But it has pleased God otherwise." Under such conditions there might have been some chagrin; but such was the charity of this Christian nobleman, that there are no reflections in his diaries on the highly censurable recklessness of his father.

In spite of the difficulties which thus confronted him, the Earl was determined not to be baffled in fulfilling that mission to his own people on the family estate, which had, doubtless, often been in his mind while labouring for northern operatives and London children. He began by inspecting the cottages; and finding many of these to be about all that they should not have been, he gladly accepted the offer of his sister, Lady Caroline Neeld, to put up four cottages in the village. "Heartily do I give God thanks for this, who has put it into her heart," wrote the Earl. "The world will now, at least, see our good intentions; and that is of high importance where, like me, a party has been a great professor." The further he looked into the condition of the cottages, the more distressed was the new proprietor at their condition, so that he resolved to build others, cost what it would.

But the wants of the people did not begin and end with better houses; they needed Christian teachers and school-masters, for no Education Acts were in force in 1851. These extracts from the Earl's diary show how he was occupied during the very first months after inheriting his encumbered estate:—

"September 5th.—Have found, at last, a Scripture-reader for the forests and steppes of Woodlands and Horton. May his services be blessed to the honour and empire of our blessed Lord! I rejoice with trembling that I have been permitted thus far to prosper in this affair."

"September 13th.—Yesterday to Pentridge, Cobley, and Woodyates. No *school* of any kind at Pentridge; some forty or fifty children, 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' I determined, under God, to build one, and may he prosper the work! To-day, to Woodlands, Horton, and Verwood, to prepare the ground for Scripture-reader, and secure his acceptance by the farmers."

And this was the man whom an inexcusable libeller, like Harriet Martineau, accused, during the Ten Hours Bill agitation, of not taking

"under his protection his nearest neighbours, with whose needs he was, or ought to have been, best acquainted." Writers of this harsh order generally feel themselves to be on pretty safe ground when reviling their opponents for not accomplishing what, for the time being, are impossibilities.

The Earl thus fulfilled his mission to his own people; and how different was the condition of the estate on his leaving it from what it was when he came into possession, is best known to those who have come after him.

The fact is, that the rural population were quite as much in the Earl's thoughts as the urban; and his labours on behalf of rural peasant children were quite as successful as his efforts to better the condition of factory operatives. In proof of this, take the Bill of 1867 relating to agricultural gangs.

In regard to his management of the ancestral estate, his possessions were little better than a life-long source of self-denial in the interest of those who should come after him. He writes in 1876 :—

"February 18th.—By hook and by crook, by dodges and devices, by small sales of outlying property, and disposal of tithes to ecclesiastical commissioners, paid off, at last, the ruinous mortgage on the St. Giles's estate. Heartily do I thank God for this deliverance."

The truth is, that the housing of the poor, whether in town or country, had always been a matter of great interest to Lord Shaftesbury, because he ever maintained that too straitened and dirty houses were nurseries of vice. As early as 1844 we find him labouring in this department; he led the way in improving the dwellings of the people, although far less has been effected under this head than should have been the case; while his Bill for regulating common lodging-houses was said by Charles Dickens to be "the best law that was ever passed by an English Parliament." Mr. Hodder adds, that "police authorities, magistrates, medical men, city missionaries, and all whom it concerned, have been unanimous in their testimony as to its beneficial results." If, as some would represent, many common lodging-houses are still in a disgraceful state, it must be because the police have allowed the law to become a dead letter.

Lord Shaftesbury did what he could to put an end to the opium traffic in China; but in this work he was not permitted to see the realization of his wishes. Under date of March 28th, 1843, when in a state of nervous excitement regarding his coming motion, he writes: "Alas! what a weak faith I have! I have never yet failed of God's aid and favour, and yet I am ever in doubt and difficulty: 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.' Oh, what a question is this opium affair; bad as I thought it, I find it a thousand times worse, more black, more cruel, more Satanic than all the deeds of private sin in the records of prison history. O God, be thou with me in the hour of trial, speak to me the words, the words that thou spakest to thy servant Joshua, and touch my lips, like Isaiah's, with the fire of the altar—but take to thyself all the glory; blessed Lord in Jesus Christ our Redeemer." The exhaustive speech of a few days later, was, to borrow Mr. Hodder's words, "the first great indictment of the opium trade uttered within the walls of Parliament, and it was felt to be unanswerable even by those who

thought it inexpedient to meddle with the question." Nearly forty years after, Lord Shaftesbury said he had been "looked upon in some measure as a fanatic, and certainly as a fool," for his action in this matter. Then, speaking at the Mansion House in 1881, he said: "The finances of India are altogether insecure so long as they rest upon such a basis as this; and I think that there is scarcely a single man who believes one word of Revelation who will not agree with all of us in saying that, in its religious aspect, it is altogether and unequivocally abominable."

By his persistent labours to amend the old, or to enact new, laws for the regulation of chimney sweeping, the Earl was the honoured instrument of putting an end to some of the most iniquitous practices that ever disgraced a nation. By the Act passed in 1840, some of the more atrocious abuses were supposed to be abolished; but the law was evaded by unprincipled and cruel taskmasters, and these found plenty of apologists in Parliament. In 1851 an unsuccessful attempt was made to get the Act amended; and this was repeated on two other occasions in 1853-4. He remarked on one occasion that "he did not believe that all the records of all the atrocities committed in this country or in any other, could equal the records of cruelty, hardships, vice, and suffering, which, under the sanction of the law had been inflicted on this helpless and miserable race." When the Act of 1864 made a master liable to imprisonment who should send a boy under fourteen years of age up a chimney, it was thought that the day of emancipation had come; but boys of tender years were still found to lose their lives by suffocation in the flues; and as late as 1875 we find Lord Shaftesbury coming once more to "the rescue of the climbing boys," confessing that his soul was "torn by their misery and degradation." When that final Act was passed, the Earl, as Mr. Hodder truly says, "had broken the fetters of the most oppressed, degraded, and tortured children on the face of the earth, and had set them for ever free."

The efforts of the Earl on behalf of juvenile mendicants resulted in the passing of an Act which provided for the taking from the streets such children as were being trained as thieves by their parents, and for their being placed in reformatories. Crime has thus been checked, and a vast amount of good has been directly effected in this department.

The Theatre and Special Services of a quarter of a century ago were also a part of the Earl's general Christian enterprise. The innovation may not have been in favour with the bishops and the sticklers for social order; but when over 20,000 of the lowest of the people could be drawn together to hear the gospel, the work spoke for itself.

In 1871 he was also successful in bringing Children Employed in Brickfields under the protection of the law. As usual, he went to see for himself the actual state of the case, when he found the workers in the fields, especially the little girls, "brought down to a point of degradation and suffering lower than the beasts of the field." Including these, between two and three million persons are now protected by the Acts which Lord Shaftesbury was chiefly instrumental in passing.

Then when in 1866 he opened a new door of hope for homeless boys by procuring a Training-ship from the Government, Lord Shaftesbury realized what had "been a dream of fifteen years and more." Of the

vast benefits which would come both to the nation and to the boys, the Earl never harboured a doubt; he was only fearful that the people would not support the movement in proportion to its promise.

Had it been possible, he would have been a church reformer; but the worries he brought upon himself by ventures in this direction were far greater than the gains. "When will this lord leave off preaching?" asked a bishop of his fellows in the House of Lords, referring to the first Lord Shaftesbury, and the witty nobleman turned and replied, "When your Lordships begin." The Seventh Earl was no greater favourite with bishops than his ancestor; and, probably, he would have gladly seen them excluded from the House of Lords. It was stranger still, that according to his own confession, his chief enemies in the church had been found among the Evangelicals.

When we come to ask, what was the religion of the man who accomplished such a life-work, we see at once wherein his great strength lay. He was an Evangelical of the old-fashioned school; and he spoke of justification by faith as "that grand doctrine, the very life of the Bible and the keystone of the Reformation." He believed in the total depravity of man, in the inspiration of the whole of Scripture, and in the "particular operation of Divine Providence." In regard to the Second Advent he went with Mr. Grattan Guinness in "The Approaching End of the Age," the astronomical calculations excepted, which the Earl did not profess to understand; and thus, had he lived, he would have found more pleasure and profit in Mr. and Mrs. Guinness's more recent and less difficult book, "Light for the Last Days." "Of one thing I am satisfied," said Lord Shaftesbury: "the great event is not far off. 'Behold, I come quickly,' does not mean, 'Behold, I come in a hurry,' but, 'when the times are ripe.' Everything is ripening. God is doing his own work. Preachers and missionaries see now that it cannot be done by them. Difficulties are multiplying in every department of things. Only a few days ago Gladstone said to a friend of mine, 'God help the man who has to govern this country in twenty years time.' . . . There is no real remedy for all this mass of misery, but in the return of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why do we not plead for it every time we hear the clock strike?"

When again shall we see the like of this God-fearing nobleman, who, in a way rarely equalled in the history of our country, gave time, talents, and all that he possessed to the cause of the poor, and the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ?

A Black Member of the Royal Family.

THE writer can never forget the exclamation of a negro woman, amidst a congregation of recently emancipated slaves at Richmond, Virginia, to whom he had been preaching from the words, "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted." "When I feel de lub of God in my heart, I know I belong to de royal family of heaven."—*Newman Hall, in "The Lord's Prayer, a Practical Meditation,"* 1883.

Uncle Tim's Talent.

UNCLE TIM held up his saw, and squinted along the teeth to see whether it was "losing its set." He failed to decide, in his surprise on finding that he was taking aim at the minister, who stepped in range just at that moment on the street side of the fence. His eyes came into gear again as he laid his saw on the wood-pile and stepped up to the fence, saying, "Well, it's queer. It's only about a minute ago I was thinkin' of you. I was thinkin' what a good sermon that was you gave us last Sunday mornin', and how I would tell you the first time I met you." Uncle Tim was the wood-sawer and day's-work factotum for the village. Unlearned as he was, the minister always missed him if he was absent from church—he was such a helpful listener. And to Uncle Tim's compliment, he replied, "You told me you thought it was at the time, in the way you listened to it; though, for that matter, you always seem interested. I don't suppose you know what a comfort such a hearer is to a minister. If all the congregation were like you, I think I could turn my poor sermons into good ones." "Thank you," said Uncle Tim. "I don't always get the right hang of everything that's said, but I should get less if I didn't pay attention. An' I always says to myself, 'The minister, he works hard to write his sermons, and if folks don't listen to 'em it's pretty discouraging.' And I says, 'You can't put much in the contribution-box, Tim, an' you can't work in prayer-meetin', but you can count one in listenin'; you can try to 'preciate what other folks do.'" "The talent for appreciating is an excellent one to have," remarked the minister. "Well, as I look at it, it isn't one to be denied to anybody," said Uncle Tim. "An' if it's the only one I've got, I'll try not to wrap it in a napkin. When Deacon Mason does me good by one of his experience talks in prayer-meetin', I think its no more than right he should know it. P'raps he has times of thinking that he can't say anything worth while, an' it stan's to reason that he can talk better if he knows he is doing somebody some good. And when Widder Hatch is making such a gritty fight to keep her children together an' give 'em an education, I think mebbe it makes it a little easier for her to stand up to it if a neighbour drops a word of 'preciation once in a while." The minister said nothing, but there was a look of "'preciation" on his face, and Uncle Tim continued:—"The other day I see the school-ma'am was lookin' worn-out and sober-like. I 'magined them big boys from the Holler was worryin' the life out of her. An' I didn't know how I could help that. But at noon I just went down to the school-house a purpose to tell her how nice our gran'son was gettin' along with his 'rithmetic. An' she said it was better than a half-dozen cups of tea, for cheering her up—she did. An' when I see Sanford's boy take a little Irish girl's part that other boys were tormentin', and they jeerin' him, I went up to him, and says, 'Uncle Tim's nothin' but a wood-sawyer, but he knows enough to see that you've got the stuff of a gentleman in you.' You see, old folks don't notice the young enough. An' there's Jim Brady, a drinkin', card-playin', shootin'-match creetur, who goes around a good deal like a dog without a owner. He knows folks despise him. But Jim's right handy with tools, and when I take my saw to him to have it filed, and tell

him he does that job better'n any man I know, I think it helps him to have a little more respect for himself, I do. You see, it's dreadful easy to look at faults in hired folks, and tavern-keepers, and faults in prayer-meetin's. But, as I look at it, we'd do a great deal better to think more about the good things in 'em."

Work for Female Doctors in India.

"ALL Hindu women," writes Mrs. Weitbrecht, the well-known Zenana missionary, "whether rich or poor, are utterly neglected in the time of sickness. Prejudice and customs banish medical aid altogether; infectious and other diseases are left to take their own course. Two thousand children, not very long ago, were left to perish from smallpox in one city. A female medical mission is one of the most crying needs of India; an agency which would find its way into those dark, dirty, miserable dwellings, where fever, ophthalmia, and other ills spread unchecked. The death-rate among women and children is enormous, and constant sickness is one of the greatest hindrances to the Zenana missionary."

"The real doctors of India," writes the late Dr. Elmslie, "are the native hakims, who abound everywhere, and are totally ignorant of Western medicine and surgery. Generally, the medical lore of both Hindu and Mussulman hakims consists of a few useless and disgusting nostrums, which have been handed down from sire to son for many generations. As to the diseases peculiar to women and children, they simply know nothing of them. Besides being ignorant, they are excessively meddlesome, and so do incalculable mischief when they are called in. How much England owes to her Simpsons, Farres, and Wests! India is now without such men, and in her present state could not and would not avail herself of them; but she is ready, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, to receive with open arms any daughter of the West who comes to assuage her pains, and to bind up her wounds. Moreover, the native doctors are not generally called upon to treat the women of the Zenanas; *when* they are called in it is only to see the patient die, the time for doing anything hopefully efficacious having passed. Besides the native doctors or hakims, there is a numerous class of native nurses, who are, virtually, all the sick women of India have for doctors in their own homes. The native female nurses are generally very ignorant, meddlesome, and immoral. Very sad effects often spring from their gross ignorance and unlimited interference; countless mothers and children fall victims. The death-rate amongst Indian women is enormous, and quite out of the proportion. Surely, if these things are so, it is the duty of Christians in England, and especially of Christian women, to hold out a helping and sympathizing hand to their suffering Indian sisters."—*From "Medical Missions: their Place and Power."*

"The Power of a Godly Life."

"HOW we shall miss him!" "We could ill spare him!" "Oh, what a loss!" These were some of the tearful, heartfelt sayings of his fellow church-members on the day of the funeral. Wonderful influence he possessed in that Christian circle. Marked deference was paid to his opinion. When he rose to speak, even the most irritable and cross-grained gave heed and pondered what he advanced. He could speak plainly upon any subject to any church-member, without giving offence, for he spoke so lovingly. Many differences between offended parties he removed, and many hearts beginning to be severed by foolish gossip were by him united. He was a peace-*maker*, and never a peace-*breaker*. What was the secret of his power? Was he a man of many talents? He was not. Did his position in society clothe him with authority? It did not. Had he the ability to give largely? He had not. What was the secret? *The power of a godly life.* He overcame evil with good. When he was absent from the prayer-meeting, people wondered. When he prayed, Christ seemed to be in the room.

"Heaven came down their souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

Rarely, if ever, was he known to come late to God's house. Never did he impress those who sat around him that he had hastily swallowed his breakfast, and with a rush and a dash raced off to the service. *He came to worship God.* With a heart at leisure he had ten minutes' private devotion for heart preparation before he started, and five minutes inside the house of prayer for minister and people, before the service commenced. Many friends felt when he came in that one was there who had been dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, and was abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. All felt when he was called away, that a bright light had been removed, a true brother had been promoted, a holy saint had been translated, a genuine Christian had been exalted, a Christ-like character had said farewell to all below, and had received a hearty welcome from all above; earth was poorer and heaven richer when he obeyed the summons—"Come up higher."

And would you know his end? It was a verification of "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." It could truthfully be said of him—

"The peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled his soul."

"Don't weep for me, brothers," said he to those standing around, "but sing for joy, for I shall soon see the King in his beauty." And as the light of heaven broke upon him, and the shadows of earth vanished, with a face radiant with glory he said—

"What, what is this that steals upon my frame;
Is it death? Is it death?
Which soon will quench, will quench this vital flame,
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well! All is well!

Christian brother, with no special qualification to bring you prominently forward in the great work of the sanctuary, and hardly sure that so much as a whole talent has been entrusted to you, believe in *the power of a godly life.*

"He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth *much fruit.*"

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear *much fruit;* so shall ye be my disciples." F. E. B.

Six Trials of Sincerity,

SUCH AS NO HYPOCRITE IN THE WORLD CAN STAND.

BY AN OLD DIVINE.

TRIAL 1. No hypocrite can hate sin as sin, hate it in its whole nature, hate it in its first motions; not because it troubles the conscience, or brings the man to hell, or renders him unsuited for his designs and relations in the world, but as it is sin.

Trial 2. No hypocrite can delight to be made ashamed by God in his duties, to be made purely nothing in his own eyes, and the eyes of others. This a sincere soul can do; he can take pleasure in the Lord's humbling of him. A hypocrite cannot endure to be outshone; the principle that actuates him is self-love; but a saint loves to be laid low before God.

Trial 3. No hypocrite can bless God, and love him from his heart, when God smites him in his dearest enjoyments or nearest lusts. Strike him in anything that his eye or heart is set upon, and he secretly hates Christ for so doing. Now, a saint, in such a case, will cling to Christ; he cannot but love him for all that.

Trial 4. No hypocrite can love the person of Christ as Christ, nor a saint as a saint. He only loves to be pardoned by Christ, and to have some comfort from him; but never finds in his heart to work in love to Christ, and have union with him, as the ground of all his comforts. And so, as to a saint, he loves him not as a holy man, but for some other and more carnal reason.

Trial 5. No hypocrite can go on in any spiritual work or service for Christ with any contentment, without sensible comforts, or unless in outward respects the wind of men's favour fills his sails; but a saint can take pleasure in the poorest work of Christ, wherein he is least seen.

Trial 6. No hypocrite in the world can long to be like Christ, so as to be truly such in the sight of God. He cannot love the holiness of Christ so much as the good things he gets by Christ. A sincere heart, if he have never so much comfort, yet if he be not like Christ, he is not pleased.

This is a pressing and present direction to every reader—*try, by sound evidences, thy sincerity.*

This is an age of false doctrine in the pulpit, and hollow profession in the pew; do not trust either thyself or any other man, but try the spirits, both thine own and the preacher's. Be genuine. Be according to the standard weight of the sanctuary; and may the Lord grant unto thee to be accepted of him in that day!

The Down Grade.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE period from 1688, when William III. began his reign, to the time of the commencement of the long reign of George III., has been described as "a quiet time" among Nonconformists. It was so in more senses than one. There was a cessation of open and organized persecution. The Laudian spirit still lived, but it did not reign. The battle between Conformists and Nonconformists was no longer as it had been, one of the sword and of force, but rather of the pen, and by means of that quiet, subtle influence which abettors of State churches know so well how to wield. It was quiet, too, in the sense that there were few instances of lively faith, earnest zeal, and whole-souled devotedness in the cause of the gospel. To a large extent, and with some notable and happy exceptions, it was the quiet of corruption and death. The profligacy of Charles II., and the perfidy of James II., had told upon the Court, upon the nobility, upon pulpit and press, and upon society generally. True religion languished; and, but for a small remnant of earnest and faithful men, the decay and death would have been complete. It was a fitting time for the propagation of the Pelagian and Socinian heresies. Arminianism, which is only Pelagianism under another name, had, to a large extent, eaten out the life of the Church of England, and Arianism followed to further and complete the destruction.

As if to show how powerless in themselves are the best defined articles of faith, the first open advocates of Arianism were clergymen of the Established Church. Dr. William Whiston, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, and Dr. Samuel Clarke, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, were the captains in this unholy war with truth. Many of the clergy, and a few among the laity, embraced their sentiments. The majority of professed adherents to the State Church were too indifferent to religion to trouble themselves about the matter. But it was otherwise among Nonconformists. Many of the hearers were not much, if at all, behind their ministers in intelligence and interest in theological matters; and where this was the case, the bungling theories of Whiston and Clarke were readily embraced as agreeable to their taste and flattering to their reason. James Pierce, a Presbyterian minister, first at Cambridge, then at Newbury, and afterwards at Exeter, wrought incalculable mischief. He was a man who, for learning, eloquence, and other natural and acquired abilities, held a high place in the esteem of the congregations to which he ministered. So much the more subtle and powerful was the influence of his teaching, and so much the more disastrous were the results.

Among the Independents the leaven worked. In the colleges, or academies, as they were then called, the mischief first came to a head. Doctor Doddridge was as sound as he was amiable; but perhaps he was not always judicious; or more probably still, he was too judicious, and not sufficiently bold and decided. As the pastor of an influential church, and as the head of an academy which ranked higher than any other, his

* Again we call special attention to this most important theme. The growing evil demands the attention of all who desire the prosperity of the church of God.

amiable disposition permitted him to do what men made of sterner stuff would not have done. He sometimes mingled in a fraternal manner, even exchanging pulpits, with men whose orthodoxy was called in question. It had its effect on many of the younger men, and served to lessen in the estimate of the people generally the growing divergence of sentiment. No one, however, could, and certainly the present writer will not, insinuate even the suspicion of heresy against the author of

"Jesus, I love thy charming name."

Dr. Doddridge was succeeded by Dr. Ashworth, of Daventry. He was recommended to the Independent church at Northampton as his successor in the pastorate, as well as in the academy, in Dr. Doddridge's will. But Dr. Ashworth elected to remain at Daventry, and the Academy was removed thither. Great abilities, much learning, consummate prudence, unaffected modesty, with great devotion and diligence in his tutorial duties, are the outlines of his character as drawn by the historian. He was a Calvinist of the moderate order, and we should be disposed to put a strong emphasis on the "moderate." So, at least, it is fair to infer from the testimony of one of his pupils, Dr. Joseph Priestley, the great champion of Socinianism among Nonconformists. He says:—"In my time the academy was in a state peculiarly favourable to the serious pursuit of truth, as the students were about equally divided upon every question of much importance, such as liberty, necessity, the sleep of the soul, and *all the articles of theological orthodoxy and heresy;* in consequence of which, all these topics were the subject of continual discussion. Our tutors, also, were of different opinions, Dr. Ashworth taking the orthodox side of every question, and Mr. Clark, the subtutor, that of heresy, though always with the greatest modesty. Both of our tutors being young, at least as tutors, and some of the senior students excelling more than they could pretend to do in several branches of study, they indulged us in the greatest freedoms. The general plan of our studies, which may be seen in Dr. Doddridge's published lectures, was exceedingly favourable to free enquiry, as we were referred to authors on both sides of every question. In this situation I saw reason to embrace what is generally called the heterodox side of every question."

The subsequent history of the famous academy, founded and supported by Mr. Coward, and afterwards endowed by him, "with the express condition that the students shall be educated in the principles of the Assembly's Catechism," illustrates the folly and the virtual unfaithfulness of the course adopted by the professors. Mr. Robins was Dr. Ashworth's successor as pastor and tutor, and he was reputed as sound in the faith. His assistant tutor, however, was Thomas Belsham, who afterwards succeeded him in the theological chair. Belsham was a fellow-student of Priestley, and became an avowed opponent of Calvinism, and the open advocate of Socinianism. He had the honesty to resign his tutorship. But the mischief had been done. When the enemy had sowed tares among the wheat, "he went his way." The seed could not easily be dislodged. Mr. Horsey, his successor, could have been little better, for "most of the pupils were found to be Socinians." He had to resign, as not faithfully executing the will of the founder, and the Academy was dissolved.

This was the application to an institution thoroughly infected with theological leprosy of the wise law—wise in both a sanitary and spiritual sense—which God gave of old. The house had been scraped, and patched, and repaired, but the leprosy increased. "And, behold, if the plague be spread in the house it is a fretting leprosy in the house: it is unclean. And he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house; and he shall carry them forth out of the city into an unclean place."

As the fish decays first at the head, and as the old, old proverb is still commonly true, "Like priest like people," so little good can be expected of such ministers, and little hoped for of the hearers who approve their sentiments. Surely there was need enough of Whitefield and the other great preachers connected with the evangelical revival. That revival came not a day too soon, for the churches in general were indeed "low in a low place."

The Independent churches, though many of them were grievously tainted with heresy, did not remain corrupt. A race of earnest and faithful ministers were raised up who built again that which had been thrown down, leaving their mark on the age and their example to their successors. Do the present race of men prove themselves worthy successors of their fathers? Some do, no doubt. Would that the same could be said of all! But in too many cases sceptical daring seems to have taken the place of evangelical zeal, and the husks of theological speculations are preferred to the wholesome bread of gospel truth. With some the endeavour seems to be not how steadily and faithfully they can walk in the truth, but how far they can get from it. To them divine truth is like a lion or a tiger, and they give it "a wide berth." Our counsel is—Do not go too near the precipice; you may slip or fall over. Keep where the ground is firm; do not venture on the rotten ice. Take the advice of an old missionary, the late Thomas Morgan, of Howrah. The writer, and a worthy brother who fell asleep twenty years ago, were all journeying in the direction of Maidstone, where the missionary was to meet the late Mr. Dobney. Said one of us to him, "How about Mr. D.'s theory concerning future punishment?" The old Welshman replied, "Well, if he brings up the subject to me, I shall say, 'Don't try it, that's all.'" So we venture to say to any venturesome spirit who wants to follow the Will-with-a-wisp of modern thought, "Don't try it; there are dangerous bogs near, where you may soon lose yourself and all that is dear to you." If anyone wishes to know where the tadpole of Darwinism was hatched, we could point him to the pew of the old chapel in High Street, Shrewsbury, where Mr. Darwin, his father, and we believe his father's father, received their religious training. The chapel was built for Mr. Talents, an ejected minister; but for very many years full-blown Socinianism has been taught there, as also in the old chapel at Chester, where Matthew Henry used to minister, and where a copy of his Commentary, of the original edition, is kept for public use, the only witness, we fear, to the truths he taught there. It is of less importance, but still worthy of note, that the property with which the old High Street church at Shrewsbury was endowed, producing now from £300 to £400 per annum, has long been appropriated to uphold Socinian teaching.

The General Baptists have yet to be noticed. And here we must draw a line hard and sharp between the Old Connexion and the New Connexion. The latter was formed in 1770, and was the result of the heterodoxy of the former. The Old Connexion generally became Arianized, and, with hardly an exception, followed on "the down grade" to Socinianism. A writer of acknowledged repute, writing at the early part of the present century, makes this rather startling statement :—

"Arminianism among the dissenters has, in general, been a cold, dry, and lifeless system, and its effects upon the heart have been commonly weak and spiritless. With the General Baptists, who avowed it to be their creed, this was remarkably the effect, and their congregations did not increase. Besides, from facts too stubborn to be bent, and too numerous to be contradicted, Arminianism has been among them the common road to Arianism and Socinianism. Their ministers and congregations were the first who openly professed these opinions; and their societies have felt the decay which these opinions have uniformly produced."

The writer can point to several places in the county of Kent where General Baptist congregations of the Old Connexion existed, and he can describe their present condition. That at Dover has been for many years Socinian, and, perhaps, it is one of the most vigorous in the county, though the chapel is small and the attendance few. That at Deal is Socinian likewise, if we can describe it as being anything, when the place is open for one service only in three weeks. That at Wingham has been closed very many years. That in the large and wealthy parish of Yalding, has been closed for half a century. The writer often visited and preached in this old, stable-like building thirty years ago, the place being lent for the purpose; but of all dead places, that was the most dead. Spiritually, it was like the face of the country around Dowlais Top—not a vestige of herb, or grass, or any living thing to be seen.

The old church at Eythorne was for nearly two hundred and fifty years General Baptist, belonging first to the Old Connexion, and then to the New. About a hundred years ago the pastor and congregation became Calvinistic, and joined the Particular Baptist body. Strange to say, but the fact is so, that from that time it began to develop and increase in numbers, spiritual power, and social position. And now it can be said with truth, that there are very few churches in Great Britain whose career, during the past hundred years, has been equally remarkable. From the church in this village of less than six hundred inhabitants swarms have been sent out to Dover, Canterbury, and Deal, while its members or their descendants have been instruments in planting, or have helped to found, churches in Folkestone, in Ramsgate, Margate, and other places in the Isle of Thanet.

In the General Baptist Church at Bessels Green, near Sevenoaks, there was a long, and fierce, and painful struggle between Socinianism and evangelical orthodoxy, the latter at last prevailing.

These last two cases illustrate the "up grade," rather than the "down grade," and they will bring out the latter in bolder relief.

Narrowness of space and abundance of facts have burdened and hampered us in these sketches, and we can only add a few hints as

to the cause or causes of the sad decay in piety and principle which it has been our painful duty to narrate.

In the case of every errant course there is always a first wrong step. If we can trace that wrong step, we may be able to avoid it and its results. Where, then, is the point of divergence from the "King's highway of truth"? What is the first step astray? Is it doubting this doctrine, or questioning that sentiment, or being sceptical as to the other article of orthodox belief? We think not. These doubts and this scepticism are the outcome of something going before.

If a mariner, having to traverse an unknown sea, does not put implicit confidence in his charts, and therefore does not consult them for guidance in steering the ship, he is, as anyone can see, every moment exposed to dangers of various kinds. Now, the Word of God—the Book written by holy men as they were moved by the Spirit of God—is the Christian's chart; and though, in a ship's company, some of the men may have little critical knowledge of navigation, the captain is supposed to be well instructed therein, and to be able, by consulting the charts, to steer the ship aright; so in reference to ministers of Christ's gospel, and pastors of Christ's church, which he hath purchased with his blood. The first step astray is a want of adequate faith in the divine inspiration of the sacred Scriptures. All the while a man bows to the authority of God's Word, he will not entertain any sentiment contrary to its teaching. "To the law and to the testimony," is his appeal concerning every doctrine. He esteems that holy Book, concerning all things, to be right, and therefore he hates every false way. But let a man question, or entertain low views of the inspiration and authority of the Bible, and he is without chart to guide him, and without anchor to hold him.

In looking carefully over the history of the times, and the movement of the times, of which we have written briefly, this fact is apparent: that where ministers and Christian churches have held fast to the truth that the Holy Scriptures have been given by God as an authoritative and infallible rule of faith and practice, they have never wandered very seriously out of the right way. But when, on the other hand, reason has been exalted above revelation, and made the exponent of revelation, all kinds of errors and mischiefs have been the result.

If this be a fact—and who can disprove it?—then we live in dangerous times, and there is great peril very near all those, whoever they may be, who call in question the inspiration—the divine inspiration—of the Word of God. "O earth, earth, earth! hear the word of the Lord."

The writer is of opinion that the great majority of those who are sound in the doctrine of inspiration, are more or less Calvinistic in doctrine; and that the more the oracles of divine truth are humbly and prayerfully studied, the more closely the student's views will coincide with evangelical truth. That he is not alone in his opinion will be seen from the following:—

"Veneration for the sacred Scriptures may certainly be considered as a test of the general purity of religious sentiments. Whether any will be found to equal Calvinists in this respect, shall be left to the judgment of those readers who have made extensive observations on the subject. Perhaps it cannot be contradicted that, in proportion as any sect

recedes from Calvinism, their veneration for the Scriptures is diminished The Bible is the Calvinist's creed. Whatever God has spoken, he feels himself bound to receive and believe, however mysterious the doctrine may be. Arminians, in general, will not be found to be equal to them in this respect, and many of that creed lay down their ideas of the moral perfections of the Deity as the foundation, and explain every part of Scripture in consonance with them, though, in order to accomplish this, no small degree of force must be employed. The Arian venerates the Scriptures still less than the Arminian; his ideas of inspiration are lower; his canons of criticism less honourable to the sacred writers; human reason is exalted to a higher office, and what is not comprehensible by its grasp, is not readily received. The mind of the Socinian feels still less veneration for the Word of God; for, according to his sentiments, some parts of it are not inspired; mistakes occur in the reasoning of the apostles; not a few passages are unauthentic, and what remains is interpreted with a latitude as to the expressions and language of Scripture, which would not be tolerated in expounding the sense of any other writer." *

The Rev. Job Orton, one of Dr. Doddridge's students, and for a short time an assistant tutor with him at Northampton, was the minister of the united congregation of Presbyterians and Independents, meeting at High Street, Shrewsbury, from 1741 to 1765. He was not considered fully orthodox, though many of his sentiments were sound and good. Many of his hearers suspected him of heresy concerning the Godhead of Christ, and when, in preaching those expositions of the Bible, which were afterwards published in six volumes, he came to Isaiah ix. 6, "Unto us a son is born," &c., and they were listening with breathless attention as to what he would say on that part, "The mighty God," they were sadly disappointed when he passed the glorious declaration over by saying, "The mighty God. The meaning of this I cannot tell; and how should I, when his name is called Wonderful?" It need be no matter of surprise that his successor at High Street was a Socinian, and that the orthodox part of his congregation founded the Independent church at Swan Hill, which retains, in all essential things, its primitive soundness.

And yet Mr. Orton strongly recommended Philip Henry's statement of his religious belief, and has left on record, in his letters, remarks which are worthy to be pondered, as coming from a man whom Socinians regarded with favour.

"I have long since found," says he "(and every year that I live increases my conviction of it), that when ministers entertain their people with lively and pretty things, confine themselves to general harangues, insist principally on moral duties, without enforcing them warmly and affectionately by evangelical motives; while they neglect the peculiars of the gospel, never or seldom display the grace of God, and the love of Christ in our redemption; the necessity of regeneration and sanctification by a constant dependence on the Holy Spirit of God for assistance and strength in the duties of the Christian life, their congregations are in a wretched state; some are dwindling to

* "History of Dissenters," by Bogue and Bennet.

nothing, as is the case with several in this neighbourhood, where there are now not as many scores as there were hundreds in their meeting-places, fifty years ago. But where, by trade and manufactures, new persons come to the place, and fill up the vacant seats, there is a fatal deadness spread over the congregation. They run in 'the course of this world,' follow every fashionable folly, and family and personal godliness seems in general to be lost among them. There is scarcely any appearance of life and zeal in the cause of religion, which demands and deserves the greatest.

"Whereas, on the contrary, I never knew an instance where a minister was a pious, serious man, whose strain was evangelical and affectionate, but his congregation kept up, though death and removals had made many breaches in it.

"These letters were written when he had retired from the pastorate, residing at Kidderminster for the last eighteen years of his life."

It would seem that Orton had seen the folly of "the down grade" course, and was anxious to bear his testimony, to deter others.

But leaving men and their opinions, the Word of the Lord standeth fast for ever; and that Word to every one who undertakes to be God's messenger, and to speak the Lord's message to the people, is "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

The Lord help us all to be "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Ministerial Reserve.

BEFORE me lies a letter, whence written, and by whom, matters not. I shall disclose no more than that the place is *not* Utopia, and the writer is a living, earnest, and useful minister of the gospel.

It is with a particular passage in the letter that I am at present concerned. Referring to some of his ministerial neighbours, the writer says:—"I find many a good fellow who in conversation can be fearfully heterodox; but let these same men stand up to preach, and you hear nothing but what Moody or Spurgeon would teach. And those who in conversation speak of such men as holding antiquated views and creeds, preach those same truths as matters of direct revelation, of which there can be no possibility of doubt."

My correspondent believes that he has successfully vindicated these ministerial paradoxes, and proved that it is of comparatively little moment that his brethren profess in private to repudiate evangelical teachers and teaching, so long as their public utterances are made to conform to the recognised standard of orthodoxy. The question, however, forces itself upon my attention, and will be answered—which is the real man, the repudiator or the champion? And, without venturing upon the dangerous enquiry as to motive, which is one for the decision of the Master of us all, there is yet another query which needs reply. How far can a man hope to be successful in the public assertion of facts

which in private he denies? seeing that the conviction which we secure in others is mainly proportioned to that which exists in ourselves.

Yet another enquiry. How far is the non-success of so many ministers—in soul-winning—due to this duality of sentiment, this fashion of equivocal utterance? I remember a ministerial gathering which, whenever convened, arrayed itself, as if by instinct, according to an order strikingly similar to that which is said to exist in the French Chamber. On the extreme left of the chair was a small but demonstrative body of "advanced thinkers," men who had the courage of their convictions, and were fully prepared to become their champions at any moment. To these men the "old" truths were antiquated, and must be superseded by the "new," though how to formulate the new they seemed to be at a loss to say. True exemplars of the "liberal bigotry" of the time, loquacious, demonstrative, cynical, smart in repartee, unsparing in the denunciation of opponents, whom they did not scruple, by covert sneer or open imputation, to brand as Pharisees, or timid time-servers, who *dared not* preach "a new thing" for very fear; you knew them, what they meant, and how to treat them. Sitting near to these, not by accident, but habit, was a group of the younger men, striving hard to attain a position among the "cultured," "thoughtful," "advanced"; but hesitant in utterance, seldom going further than innuendo, and never committing themselves to any definite statement which would mark them as heterodox, but like those preachers to whom my correspondent refers, making their pulpit utterances square with the commonly-accepted standards, albeit with but little emphasis, or fervour, and—it must be confessed—without much to show as the result of their work.

If additions were made to their churches, they were mainly from the Sunday-school, scholars having been led by earnest teachers to the feet of Jesus; or by transfers from other churches; direct conversions, as the result of the ministry, being scarcely looked for. These, if they occurred, might generally be identified as the results of some fugitive evangelistic effort, which was certain to be as strongly marked by the emphatic declaration of what some of us still regard as "the gospel," as the ordinary ministrations of these men were by its absence. The rest of the assembly would be made up of the mild and timid evangelicals of the "kid-glove persuasion," careful to a period as to the manner of their utterances; and close to them the *more* fervent and the *most* fervent preachers of "the everlasting gospel."

It is with the section which comes second in order that there is the great difficulty in dealing, to which this paper refers. It seems probable that it might, truthfully, be subdivided into two classes, both marked by that indecision which Shakspere characterizes as

> "Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
> Like the poor cat i' th' adage."

One wing coquetting with heterodoxy, yet scarcely decided enough in convictions or intentions finally to cross the line and join the extremists; the other inclining towards the gospel of a crucified Christ with the affection begotten of experience of its truth, yet fearful of

sacrificing the reputation for culture, which "advanced thinking" and the repudiation of "the harsh tenets of Geneva" is thought to secure. What the former class may do when confronted, as even they must occasionally be, with the dread facts of agonizing conviction of sin, and intense human suffering, it is difficult to see. The latter, in all probability, fall back upon the certitudes of the faith, which the tests of time and need render still more certain.

Would it not be well for these brethren of the "Yea-and-Nay" order, in the face of the world's deep want, and the claims of Christ and man, to see to it that their attitude becomes more determinate, and their utterances less equivocal than now? What blessing can be expected to rest upon words spoken with less than the fulness of conviction, with an inspiration less fervent than that of the constraining love of Christ? If in anything in the Christian life, most assuredly in the ministry of the Word, the reference is not to the good-will of men, but to the judgment of God. In his sight the petty distinctions which are characterized by such contemptible epithets as "broad" and "narrow" count for nothing; faithfulness to our trust is all. And while we can afford freely to accord to those who differ from us the right to free speech, so long as the speech *is* free, and the hearers are permitted to *know its meaning and intention*, we ought to vindicate, beyond controversy, and in our every utterance, the principle of which experience teaches, not only the right, but the expediency.

"Men should be what they seem." If we believe that that which, to its strength and comfort, the church in all ages has deemed to be the gospel, is so, let us manfully declare our adhesion to it, not suffering our speech, in public or private, to imply anything less; and the rich reward of a clear conscience and a successful ministry will assuredly be ours.

JAMES DANN.

The Decline of Rationalism in the German Universities.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

DEAR SIR,—In the last number of the French Baptist Fortnightly —*L'Écho de la Vérité*, there appears an article under the above heading in French, translated, with ample acknowledgment, from the January number of *The Sword and the Trowel*. In addition to the facts given in the article by Mr. Joseph Cook, it has occurred to me that you may be glad to have one or two facts from me in the same direction, and if I cared to make minute enquiries from Christian friends whom I have on the Continent, it would be possible to add like facts to almost any extent.

Now a word about Germany. In the autumn of 1882 I spent two months in the Fatherland, and during this time I visited most of the important towns in Northern and Central Germany. Everywhere I was told that the theological teaching of the Universities was becoming more and more evangelical. My friend, Dr. Schierenberg, of Hamburg, who graduated in philosophy at Leipzic some twenty-five years ago,

informed me that the number of theological professors who are evangelical is considerably greater at Leipzic, at Bonn, at Halle, and other places he named, now than in his student days. I was pleased to learn from him further that evangelical preachers who are earnest can everywhere get large congregations to hear them, while advanced (?) preachers can hardly obtain a congregation at all. I had an illustration of this in the Lutheran church to which the doctor himself belongs, St. Michael's church, Hamburg. The present minister is thoroughly sound upon all the great truths of what is considered by us in Wales orthodox Christianity; and he is as full of fervour and fire as if he were a Welshman. What is the effect of such preaching? The spacious and beautiful church, less than ten years ago almost empty, is now crowded on Sundays, and as I sat there in September, 1882, listening to such a man, looking at the sea of faces around me, I could not but thank God that there was one such man in Germany. What is wanted to fill the pitifully empty churches of Germany is a band of plain preachers of the gospel who will give the people what they want—a full free salvation through the atoning work of Christ.

Then a word about Holland. I spent some time in this country during my college holidays in 1884. I saw and heard evidences of the progress of Evangelicalism on every hand. I will name but one fact: Haarlem was one of the places I visited during my Dutch tour, and there I made the acquaintance of Mr. Velthuisen, Pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, who left the regular Baptists some years ago through a change in his views on the Sabbath. Mr. Velthuisen is a man of much intelligence and piety, greatly interested in the contest going on between Rationalism and Evangelicalism. He assured me that, as far as he could ascertain, the cause of evangelical religion was making very marked progress in his native country. He told me that thirty ago—*i.e.*, thirty years before 1884—he lived at Haarlem, and all the pulpits of the town were occupied by rationalistic preachers. At that time there was not a single unevangelical minister at Haarlem. Is this change not very marvellous?

In France in 1885, from that wonderful man, Mr. McAll, I was delighted to learn that similar strides were being made in that country by gospel truth. Years ago he told me Mr. Theodore Monod and Dr. Bersier left the Free church, to which Dr. de Pressensé belongs, in order that, by joining the State-supported Reformed Church, they might check the infidelity that was rampant in that communion. Mr. McAll, as a Congregationalist, could not approve of this singular step; but he stated that now this church, which is the main Protestant stronghold in France, is exceedingly evangelical.

When we hear so much said—without good reason, I think—about the growing Rationalism of the Christian church, it is well to look at some facts that tell in the other direction.

In any case, the cause of God and of his Christ must in the end prevail: IT MUST, for the "mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Yours fraternally,

T. WITTON DAVIES,
Hebrew and Classical Tutor, Baptist College,
Haverfordwest.

"How far we may be Responsible for the Spiritual Condition of our Hearers."

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR HERBERT TROTMAN, BLISWORTH.

THE question which for a brief fifteen minutes I ask you to consider is, "How far we may be responsible for the spiritual condition of our hearers."

It takes for granted that abundance of spiritual life should be one of the objects set before the Christian pastor; that while desiring to be made an instrument of conversion, he is no less solicitous to be made an instrument of that larger thing—*salvation;* salvation from sinning, and the love of it, salvation to love *for* God, fellowship *with* God, and harmony with ideas divine; and it asks how far he is to be accounted blameworthy in the case of non-attainment of this.

We should approach the consideration with no desire to shirk deserved rebuke. In the presence of a Master loving enough not to withhold reproof, we should invite scrutiny; and without the spirit that "answers again," we should say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." But at the same time, it will be wise to *wait for* the Master's utterance; not inventing voices of accusation, not opening our ears to the "accuser of the brethren," who will charge us with being to blame for the apostasy of every world-loving Demas, the rawness of every John Mark, the contentiousness or the carnality of every Corinthian in our midst.

There is a sensibility which is very far removed from sensibleness. By conduct such as I have quoted, instead of furnishing ourselves for every good work, we shall cripple ourselves for our great endeavour. Nursed in the lap of an unlawful grief, we shall be shorn of our locks of strength. We shall "sleep for sorrow" at the post where *watching* was our work. Or, like Elijah, running from the place of duty and opportunity, oppressed and disabled by the thought of an apostasy for which he was not to blame, we, too, having lost all heart, shall be ready altogether to flee the work, writing bitter things against ourselves: "we are not better than our fathers"; in our humiliation and disappointment ready to request for ourselves that we may die.

Apathy does not obey, of course, when we command it to be gone. Though we may sigh deeply, the dull ear will not yield to our every "Ephphatha." We cannot command the touch which makes eyes that were filmed "see all things clearly." The demon spirits which have driven the soul away for a while from the living God, its true rest and home, and hurried it to a tarrying among the associations of death, will not always "come out" at our bidding.

Ours are not the only influences which operate upon our hearers. Could we screen them from all *external,* there still would remain *internal* influences at work in opposition to all our efforts.

There are, however, certain means to the fuller life of our members. The use of these to the uttermost will alone save us from deserving the

rebuke, "Thou wicked and slothful servant." The neglect of these will be a sowing for a bitter harvest of regret and shame, to be reaped in the day when we render an account of the souls for whom we ought to have watched with ceaseless care. In a short paper like the present, I can pretend to do no more than simply allude to one or two of these.

Is it necessary, first of all, to say, *there must be an aiming at this abundance of the Christ-life in our members?* Clearly and definitely it is to be set before us, not as a desirable goal, but as the goal which we must intensely desire; not as a goal worthy of being sought, but which, with patient, well-considered effort, we will seek.

Mr. Stalker finishes his brief but suggestive "Life of Christ" with the sentence, "The lifting-up of life to the level of Christ's ideas and character is the programme of the human race." We would say it is emphatically the programme of Christ. "This we wish, even your perfection," says the ardent Paul, writing to the saints at Corinth; and again to the church at Ephesus: "For this cause I bow the knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . that Christ may *dwell* in your hearts by faith"; not sojourning as a wayfarer at an inn, but abiding; not as a guest, but a *master*, dominant in his own habitation.

Notoriety for elegance of diction, nicety or novelty of thought—poor near goals whose prizes wither when but a beam of the Eternal brightness beats upon them—may never be substituted for this goal, nor cause us, for so much as a moment, to relax our endeavour to attain to it. Fifty years hence for well nigh every man of us it will be a matter of absolute indifference whether men praised our sentences or thoughts: words of human approbation shall have died to us, and been buried in a sepulchre whose stone will never more be rolled away. But then this shall be of mightiest moment—Will Christ be able to say, "Faithful servant"? Are we interested in the divine assertion, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever"?

It is quite certain we shall never accomplish this work by accident; we shall never "wake up" and find that we have done it apart from purpose. Aimless efforts have done deadly work ere now, like the random shot of the Syrian archer; but beneficent and life-giving work like this cannot thus be wrought.

Not by aiming at lesser objects shall we achieve the greater. Seeking in our ministry the pretty, we shall not find that we have wrought the pure; seeking for the fanciful, we shall not discover that we have effected the transforming. Blame will certainly belong to us for that poverty of Christian life which arises from our low aims in ministering. If, as under-shepherds, we have thought more of the "piping" than the pasturage, and have wanted our ministry to be "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," the great Shepherd and Overseer of souls will not hold us guiltless on account of the leanness of the flock of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood, and which we were set to *feed*.

We require, then, to aim at the perfecting of the saints, and we may well do so with diligence, when the cross of Christ, with all it represents and declares, is our impulseful memory, and the great day of account our solemn expectation.

But we must aim aright at the right aim. And I take it, *there must*

be prominence given to the declaration of God's will in this matter. We must bear witness that the Saviour has come to save from *blameworthiness* as well as from blame; has come that men may have life, and have it *more abundantly.*

The apostle baldly and boldly declares to the saints of Thessalonica, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." We cannot too distinctly point out that conversion is but the hewing out from the hole of the pit the marble which shall afterwards receive the transforming touches of the Great Worker's chisel, till at length it is a perfect image of that Worker himself. It is but the commencement, not the consummation, of the process.

We cannot too emphatically declare that the will of God is, that his saints should be *filled*—understanding, affection, will,—"filled with all the fulness of God." A ministry that conceals, or partially obscures, or feebly accentuates this; a ministry whose *one* important and importunate cry is, "Flee from the wrath to come," and that does not with as impassioned earnestness implore, "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil"; a ministry that gives or allows the impression that God was more moved by the sin-caused *misery* than by the sin itself, more intent on averting doom than destroying unrighteousness, is a ministry which will fail to produce a vigorous and eager piety. And if such be the ministry we exercise, then for stunted growth and for the feeble pulse which accompany it, we must be held responsible.

With this declaration of the divine will *there must also be a constant statement of Christ's work.* Our whole ministry, if we would not be "found wanting," needs to be a voice which cries, "Behold the Lamb of God"; for that beholding, which in the sinner removes condemnation, will in the believer destroy sin. The opposite to "the love of the world" is "the love of the Father." Love of the world leads to conformity with the world; love of the Father leads to doing the will of our Father. The view of the Father, which is expulsive of the love of the world, is that which is represented by his dying Son, who, imaging the unseen God, stooped to redeem men by his cross. When Christ is lifted up men are drawn to him in a closeness which assimilates.

Josephs and Nicodemuses secretly admire the pattern life, but it is at sight of the suffering Lord that they shake off the world's grip, and, constrained by a love too big to hide, hazard, and are ready to suffer, the loss of all things for his sake.

The vision of the scarred Saviour, who says with all his wounds as well as lips, "Peace be unto you," who bares those awful wounds as though another rending of them were more welcome than faithlessness in his disciple's heart or life, this is the spectacle which makes men loathe every other lordship, and cry to him with the loyalty of love, "My Lord and my God." The theme which brings the Saviour into our midst to confirm faith and focus affection, is "Christ crucified," who died for our sins and rose again. The Saviour is best seen when the converse is of the decease accomplished at Jerusalem. Of the disciples whose theme was the slain but risen Christ, we read, "While they *thus* spake, Jesus himself stood in their midst."

The substitution of other themes is the secret of paucity of conversions, but it is the explanation of the poverty of Christian life as

well. Alas! that the omissions of any preacher should leave room for the surprised query, "Art thou only a stranger, and hast not known the things concerning Jesus of Nazareth?"

To omit the cross of Christ; to admit it, but so to stand before it that attention is more drawn to us than to it; to introduce a diminutive cross belittled by the prominence we give to other matters, and, shall I add, to uplift it *officially* instead of with the chastened tenderness that recollects "we were crucified with Christ," this means to have to answer for the coldness of our members' hearts Christward, and for the distant resemblance of their lives to his. We have shut out the sun which warms, which lifted up in the firmament draws all to itself, and lends its own beauty to that which it attracts, and can we cast away the blame because there are coldness, non-attraction to the Saviour, and a want of the Christly attractiveness?

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."

There is not time for me to enforce *watchfulness over our hearers*—watchfulness born of great love for them and for the Lord whose they are, and of intense earnestness in seeking their welfare; a watchfulness which regards the unit and not merely the mass, which notes special and not merely general perils to piety, and which is never permitted through worldly prudence or craven fear to stop short of faithful warning, affectionate reproof, or, if need be, stern denunciation.

Alas! it is sometimes no *fabricated* tale with regard to the Spirit of Christ which has departed from our members leaving the merest relics behind: "While we *slept*, he was stolen away."

Next, and very briefly, I would mention *intercession for our hearers*. The desire "that they should walk worthy of God," and walk with God, must utter itself in prayer—must, indeed, keep itself alive with prayer. Their names on the church-roll; their faces, as with all their varied expressions they flash so vividly before our memory's eye as we review the Sabbath; the passing by the houses where they dwell should lead to swift but whole-souled prayer on their behalf, in addition to the more deliberate but not less fervent pleadings of our times of intercession. "I pray for them"; "Simon, I have prayed for *thee*," says the Great Intercessor and Exemplar Bishop. With the throne of grace accessible, and the King of grace yielding to intercession, we shall be guilty indeed if we are cold or careless pleaders, if we stop short of that intensity of painful desire expressed by Paul—"My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."

Lastly, there is *our life influence*. When McCheyne died, there was found upon his desk an unopened letter, which on being read was found to have reference to the last sermon he ever delivered. The writer said: "I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you *said* that struck me; I saw in you *a beauty of holiness* I had never seen before." The sermons we *preach* are not so effective as the sermons we *are*. Our hearers listen to our words, they *study* ourselves. We may not be responsible for, though we cannot be callous concerning, their treatment of our influence; but we are responsible for the nature and degree of that influence itself. Our "Be ye holy" will go for little if our life do

not distinctly add, "for I am holy." Our declaration of the impulse gained at Christ's cross will be little heeded if by our strenuous effort after higher things we do not evince that we have been sitting down and watching him there. Descriptions of the joy that accompanies transformation by inward renewing will be shorn of benefit unless it be seen we ourselves are subjects of that renewing by the joy dancing in our eye-sparkle, ringing in our glad speech, and thrilling in our warm hand-clasp. The *Moses-like face* is by far the most forceful exposition of the joy of abiding in the light of God's countenance.

Our teaching may be flawless in its matter and faultless in its proportions; but unless our own characters be seen or subtly *felt* to be the confirmation of all, and unless the fulness of our own life be flowing in every syllable, we shall have laboured as they that beat the air. It is when teaching is seen incarnate in the life that glad results accrue. Barnabas, at Antioch, exhorted the converts "that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord; for he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Nor was this simply the reason of his exhortation; but it was the secret of his success, for with beautiful simplicity the narrative adds, "And much people was added unto the Lord." The decisively Christ-like character of the converts who had been exhorted by the Christ-like man is shown in the statement which follows: "And the disciples were called *Christians* first in Antioch."

Living lives of faith and fellowship with heaven, may we not hope to receive in our measure and form a transfiguration which shall move men? May we not hope for a testimony which *borne in upon our own spirit* shall make us work with all the calmness, and gladness, and strength of assurance? "*Thou art* my beloved son." And may we not hope, too, for a mysteriously imparted message to others *concerning us*, which shall fill our hearers with a reverent attention and heedfulness. Will not the Lord say to our hearers—"*This is* my son, hear him"?

If we be careless about our conduct, indifferent about our own spiritual condition, if the channels of prayer once filled with a gushing tide are dry except for the merest trickle that scarce streams over the pebbles, if the Bible has become to us a text-book, and almost ceased to be a "word of life"; if we think without a sigh of a love whose glow has gone, of a faith so paralytic that it scarce touches what it used to handle; if the shadowy instead of the real, the transitory instead of the eternal, be commanding our attention; then for all the dulness and worldliness, the faithlessness and lovelessness which grow out of our ill-example and fatal influence, we shall have assuredly and solemnly to answer. God save us from such an answering. The Holy Spirit lead us into all truth and righteousness. "The Lord have mercy upon *us* and bless *us*, that his way may be known *upon earth*." May the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and the work of our hands thus be established!

Emigration and the East-End.

THOSE engaged in Christian work among the poorest of the population in London frequently find one of the greatest obstacles to success to consist in the hopeless poverty of the people; and experience is daily teaching them that the only possible door of escape from the want which comes of an over-crowded labour market is found in judiciously conducted emigration. Beneath the great map of the world at the Colonial Exhibition were some figures showing the extent in square miles and the total population of the British Empire; and anyone who compares the area of land with the number of the inhabitants who have to be supported, will see how magnificently ample is the provision for man's needs made by God, so long as people do not leave the soil to itself and overcrowd the towns. At home, during the last generation or two, this has been the tendency, however, and now we are beginning to pay the penalty when we feel the pressure of over-production. There is room enough for the people if they can be brought back to a more natural mode of life on the land; but there is not room for over four millions of mouths in London. The distress occasioned by want of work becomes more and more heart-rending, especially in hard winter weather, among those who are only too eager to labour in order to obtain the barest necessaries. One of the very heaviest crosses in life to an honest man of industrious habits is enforced idleness; and the greatest temporal boon we can confer upon him is to provide congenial and remunerative labour. If the home labour-market is over-stocked, openings must be found in the colonies which are waiting for a population.

The truth of this is now being recognised as it never was before by those who are working in the interest of the London poor. The director and the committee of Dr. Barnardo's Homes will soon have in working order a farm of nearly three thousand acres in the Canadian province of Manitoba, the land having been granted by the Government; and now we find that Mr. F. N. Charrington has just visited the Dominion, in company with Captain Hamilton, for the purpose of securing a similar opening. The object of the two latter in undertaking such a journey was to see the country for themselves; and also to take notice of the condition of those who have already been sent out under the auspices of the Tower Hamlets Mission. The general result is that they are more than ever convinced that emigration represents the only open door for the able-bodied and industrious poor who cannot obtain employment at home. Mr. Charrington tried to induce the Government to establish a Reception Home at Montreal, and thus, as far as possible, to assist the new-comers to obtain employment immediately after landing.

The East-End Emigration Fund was commenced some years ago, and since the re-organization of the committee, in 1882, the aim has been to assist the deserving, and also to teach them in the best possible manner to help themselves. In order to encourage personal effort, a savings-bank for deposits is open on Thursday evenings; and according to the amount of funds in hand, intending emigrants, who have been accepted by the agents-general, receive substantial help. During the years 1884-5 the Fund assisted no less than 1,104 persons to settle in suitable openings in our various colonies. One aim of the committee has been to furnish trustworthy information; and hence, lectures having

this object in view are frequently given. One of the weekly lectures was given by Lord Carnarvon on Canada. One of the most dangerous pitfalls of which intending emigrants have to be aware is represented by misleading reports furnished by interested adventurers, who receive a fee for every one they send to certain places, so that the giving of trustworthy facts is of the greatest possible advantage. Nothing can be more cruel than to mislead persons who are thinking of taking so momentous a step in life in order to escape what the committee well call the horrors of poverty in London.

In regard to the question, "Who should go out, or who should remain at home?" we cannot well do better than quote the advice which Mr. G. A. Sala, some time ago, gave to the representatives of several classes. The traveller and journalist remarked:—

"My capable, hard-working, shrewd, intelligent brethren, go out to Australia. You, and your wives, and your children, go out, work hard, and be assured that, with or without capital, you will, by hard working, frugality, and sobriety, greatly better your condition. Not only that, but you will also better those whom you leave behind. You will give more and more backbone, more and more muscle, more and more red blood to the body politic of Australia. But I would also add: My idle brethren, my stupid brethren, my wicked, needy brethren, my vicious brethren, my drunken brethren, stop at home, and gravitate to your natural refuge—the poor-house. Do not go out to Australia to become a nuisance and a pest there."

The best evidence in regard to the benefits of emigration is to be found in the letters of those who have gone from London and prospered in new countries. A poor woman, writing on September 7th, 1885, from Montreal, to Captain Hamilton, says:—

"We are very well satisfied for coming here, and truly grateful to you and the gentlemen that sent us. My husband has had work since the first week. . . It is a beautiful country, and I only wish more of the poor of England were here."

Writing in the same month from Ontario, another says:—"We have thirty chickens and a pig, and are in a fair way of doing well. Think of our one room in Whitechapel, everything in pawn, and walking the streets with an empty stomach."

Another writing from Brisbane, November 30th, 1885, says:—"I bless the hour I came here, for I am once more in the Lord's fold, where I trust ever to be. If there is anyone coming out here whom you know, and who wish to lead a good, useful life, tell them to write to Mr. Jones, Y.M.C.A., Queen Street, Brisbane, and he will be happy to do all in his power, not only to find them situations, but to put them on the Royal road."

"A Strict Teetotaler" says that there is no fear of his coming back as a "returned empty." If the right persons are sent out they obtain work almost before they land, the agents who board the vessels being anxious to engage them. The emigrants are, in many instances, delighted when they contrast their healthful rural condition with the squalor and short commons of the crowd who still remain in London. It is a movement which ought to be greatly extended: and working people ought to take careful notice of the fact that in helping them as they are now being helped, the Christian church is taking the initiative.

Notabilia.

ARE THE SAMARITANS EXTINCT?

TWO very interesting books have just been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—"Palestine in the Time of Christ," by Dr. Edmond Stapfer, of Paris; and "Gleanings from a Tour in the East," by Canon Bell, of Cheltenham. The first is a specially important work, although some things which the learned author says about the human nature of the Saviour will not be accepted by old-fashioned believers. Canon Bell in a very entertaining way describes the countries of the East, and his own adventures.

It is singular to find these two authors virtually contradicting each other in regard to the Samaritans. Dr. Stapfer says, "This small people after surviving for more than eighteen hundred years the terrible upheavals of which Palestine has been the constant scene, has just disappeared. Until a few years ago, the Samaritans showed to any travellers who visited them, an old manuscript of the Pentateuch which they carefully preserved. They still retained all their religious observances, for they had a little building or temple on Mount Gerizim, where they kept the Passover and sacrificed the Paschal lamb. They observed also the feast of Pentecost, the feast of Tabernacles, and the Day of Atonement. All this has now ceased. Thirty years ago there were 150 Samaritans, to-day there are none; the nineteenth century has witnessed the death of the last of the Samaritans."

Canon Bell visited the country in 1885, and he says, "We rode up the steep and rocky side of Gerizim. . . On reaching the top we found that it was the Samaritan feast of the Passover. . . The Samaritans are an inconsiderable sect, and number about seventy souls, and they had all left their homes at Nablous, and had assembled on Gerizim for the feast." They believe this mount to be that on which Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac. They show travellers an old copy of the Pentateuch, but not the most ancient, that being considered too sacred a treasure for Christian eyes to look upon. As Canon Bell describes what he himself saw, we are bound to accept his testimony. The Samaritans are not extinct.

WHAT KILLED ALEXANDER THE GREAT?

The volume on "Alexander's Empire," by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, just issued in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's series "The Story of the Nations," reveals to us many a strange scene from every-day life in the fourth century B. C.; but more striking than all, in some respects, is the fact that the greatest general of the ancient world died a drunkard's death at the age of thirty-two. Alexander found, as many have since done, that success in his projects brought cares; and then, as has been the case with multitudes of others, he committed the fatal mistake of trying to drown these in the wine-cup. "Our accounts of the great king at the age of thirty-two represent him as far advanced from the gaiety of youth, scarred with wounds, violent and often gloomy in temper, and shaking off his colossal cares only by the deep draughts and the noisy excitement of a long night revel," remarks Dr. Mahaffy. "It required no solemn signs and strange portents to warn men that such a life could not last. Ominous events accompanied the king's advent to Babylon, and when, after several nights of drinking, he was declared in fever, the public alarm must have been quickly aroused. . . Then came the news that he was dead, and the world without a master." Thus from blasted or forfeited lives, in both the ancient and modern world, we find it still true, that wine, when taken to excess, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

THE MODERN GOOD SAMARITAN.

Dr. W. M. Taylor has written several good books; but perhaps "The Parables of our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated," just issued by Messrs. Hodder and

Stoughton, is the most useful and interesting of his achievements. Some of the illustrations strike us as being peculiarly telling. We always like to hear the quaint things which one may have to tell about a godly ancestor; such, for example, as this anecdote about the author's grandfather.

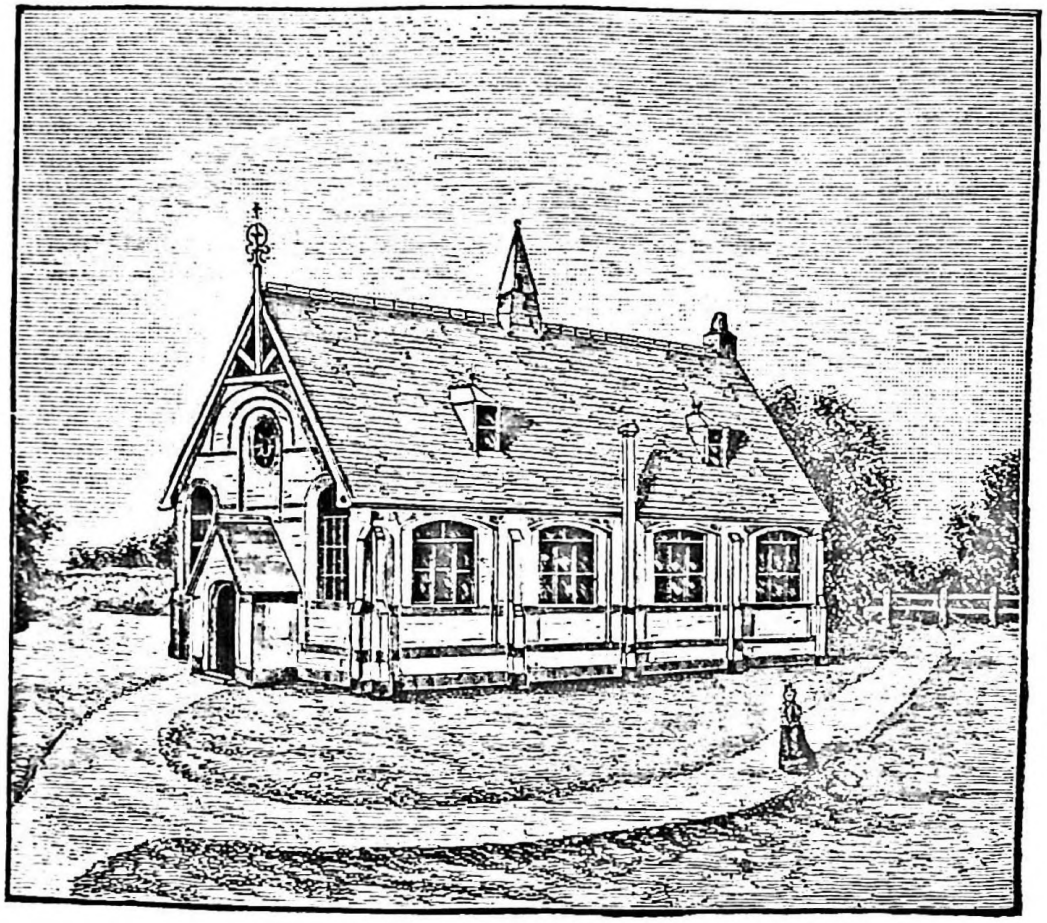
"It was more than a hundred years ago, when wheeled conveyances were rarely used in the rural districts of Scotland, and the custom was to convey grain to the mill in a sack laid over a horse's back. The good man was making such a journey once, over a rough bridle-path, and the horse stumbled, so that the sack fell off. The weight of years was on his shoulders, and he could not replace the load. As he was perplexed, and wondering what to do, he saw a man on horseback in the distance, and had just made up his mind to ask him for assistance, when he recognised in him the nobleman who lived in an adjoining castle; and then his heart sank again within him, for how could he request *him* to help him? But he did not need to ask him, for he was noble by a higher patent than any monarch could confer; and when he came up, he dismounted of his own accord, saying, 'Let me help you, John.' So between them they put the load again upon the horse; and then John—who was a gentleman too, though he did wear 'hodden gray'—taking off his broad Kilmarnock bonnet, made obeisance, and said, 'Please your lordship, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?' 'Very easily, John,' was the reply. 'Whenever you see another man as sorely needing assistance as you were just now, help him; and that will be thanking me.'"

STARTLING FIGURES RELATING TO THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, of Liverpool, has a genius for statistics—that is, he is able to give them in a telling way; and in his book, "Loving Counsels: Sermons and Addresses," just issued by Mr. T. Woolmer, he preserves several pieces relating to the drink traffic which show that business in its darkest phases. It appears that the annual consumption of grain for brewing and distilling purposes now amounts to between sixty and seventy million bushels per annum, or one season's produce of 1,000,000 acres of land. Mr. Garrett says: "This grain would have been enough to have covered a road one yard deep, and four yards wide, 540 miles long. It would have made 1,200,000,000 four-pound loaves—enough to have given 180 loaves to every family in the United Kingdom. And while we destroyed this immense quantity of corn to produce drink, we had to go to foreigners and buy fifty millions' worth of corn to feed our people." Some of the author's other facts and figures are equally telling. The good times, for which so many of our workpeople are longing, would come at once if they would only at once cease to waste so large a proportion of their resources at the public-house.

"Cannot preach to a mere handful."

MR. PETER CAMPBELL, minister of Henderson Free Church, was of a pleasant and genial disposition, and inclined to judge charitably of his neighbours. Yet when he saw what was evil he rebuked it, and was able to do so in a way to make his rebuke memorable. An instance may be given:—A small congregation was vacant, and at the meeting of Presbytery, as was the custom in those days, arrangements were being made for the supply of the pulpit. It so happened that it was the turn of a popular young minister to act as supply, but upon his name being mentioned, he petulantly exclaimed, "I can't go—I cannot preach to a handful." Mr. Campbell, now an old man, rose, and turning to the Moderator, calmly said, "Send me; like our Master, I can preach to many or to few."—*David Scott's "Annals of the Original Secession Church."*



Thornton Heath Chapel.

THIS is merely a rough sketch of the School-Chapel which we have just erected at the foot of our hill, in The Crescent, Thornton Heath, within a short walk of "Westwood." We have purchased sufficient land in front to allow of the erection of a large Meeting-house; but the present building will suffice to commence in. May our neighbours derive a blessing through this enterprise! We are looking up for help to pay for the land and buildings before *May 3rd*. We shall feel personal gratitude to any who will help us to complete the work. So far as we can see, we cannot be clear of all liabilities with less than £200, and there may be other charges upon which we have not reckoned. London grows so fast, that we expect before very long to find this new building the centre of a dense population. In many localities the ground is now so covered that sites for houses of prayer can hardly be found; it is wise to take new neighbourhoods in time, and be upon the spot before the rush comes. We waited upon God in prayer for the means to erect this building, and he has graciously heard us hitherto. Having just opened Surrey Square Mission Hall without debt, we hardly dare ask our earthly friends again so soon, but we dare ask our heavenly Friend, for he is not wearied, but delights to see us often at the throne of grace with our petitions. In faith we took up the burden of this work, and our confidence is in God that we shall be able to complete it, and put it in trust, owing no man anything. We have a good nucleus of friends to commence with, and every hope of success. The Gospel will prove its own power, and again we shall see the word fulfilled, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

The Work at Haddon Hall.

A VIGOROUS BRANCH OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

TUESDAY, the 15th of March, 1887, will be a memorable day in the annals of London weather-prophets; for as one observant chronicler remarks, "Shortly before nine o'clock a sudden and intense darkness enveloped the whole of the metropolis. The darkness, which can be compared only to night, and at times to the blackest of nights, continued until three in the afternoon." The snow which had continued to fall since the early morning, seemed to descend thicker and in larger flakes later in the day, when vast accumulations of slush made both riding and walking as disagreeable as can be imagined. It might have seemed an unhappy thing that such a day should have been selected for the celebration of the third anniversary of Haddon Hall, and the seventeenth of the work of Mr. W. Olney, junr., in Bermondsey; but when the tea-tables were found to be crowded with guests, it was evident that mere wintry weather was not able to damp the people's enthusiasm. When he took the chair Mr. Samuel Barrow found that he had never been more heartily greeted. No doubt some were prevented from coming; but yet the meeting was a great success.

Mr. W. Olney, junr., as superintendent of the mission, said that 200 sat down at their last communion, and 29 had been baptized during the year, making 108 members received since the Hall had been opened. At almost every Sabbath evening service they had one or more enquirers. The Sunday-school enjoyed a large measure of success; 10 scholars from the classes entered the Church during 1886. They had 37 teachers and over 700 children at their afternoon school. Four senior Bible-classes met in different rooms; and there was a young men's class with an average attendance of 40. The infants numbered 300. The 37 tract distributors had left 37,000 tracts at about 1,500 houses in the year; and during the same period, 300 teetotal pledges had been taken. Through the kindness of Mr. W. Olney, senr., the poor had been looked after at Christmas; and not a farthing of their income had been paid to any one of the workers. The annual meeting was their chief source of supply; and out of the £150 wanted on that occasion £33 had been promised. The total income of the year was £674 6s. 1d.

Pastor J. A. Spurgeon said, that although it was not one of the most genial of nights, he was exceedingly glad to be present after an absence of two years. The report showed what a good work was going on. The walls of the building had assumed that rich tone which would be improved by cleaning. Having seen the Hall at the outset, he liked the look of it better now because it bore traces of having been well used. They had heard a grand report, and had much to be thankful for. At the Tabernacle, the name of Olney carried with it a great charm; and people gave such rare accounts of young Mr. Olney's preaching, that it was evident he was the best possible minister for *them*.

The Chairman said that he never visited any place with more satisfaction than Haddon Hall. He was not surprised at the success achieved, because the family of their pastor set such an example. If there were more Olneys about, it would be the better for the world; the good done was marvellous, and would never be fully known. Mr. Barrow then said it would be well to raise a sum of money as capital, the interest of which should be sufficient to pay the £45 a year ground rent. *This ought to be done speedily.*

Speeches followed by Mr. Kellaway and Mr. Herbert Praed.

All the money immediately needed was raised, and £42 over, which is to go towards cleaning the hall. God be praised!

Haddon Hall has become one of the principal Christian lighthouses of Bermondsey. No service of the same kind in London gives a larger return for the outlay. The heart of the senior pastor of the church at the Tabernacle is full of joy at every remembrance of Haddon Hall and the beloved leader of the Bermondsey Band.

Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander's Experience of the Organ.

ON the 23rd October, 1863, a new organ, built for the church, and presented by William M'Murray, Esq., London, was inaugurated at a large meeting held in the church. In the course of the proceedings Dr. Alexander gave an interesting account of the movement in his church in favour of instrumental music as an aid to worship. For nearly twenty years he had advocated the introduction of an organ into the church. He had been moved to this, he said, not by any desire for fine music on its own account; for, whatever pleasure he derived from it, the love of music had never been a passion with him, but from a deep conviction that the great end of congregational worship was thereby more effectually and fully secured. When he first began to speak to his congregation on this subject, there were some who decidedly objected to the practice he wished to introduce. He respected their scruples, and took no active steps to gain his end, trusting, as he said, to reflection and argument gradually to win over to his side those who doubted or objected.

The attention given to psalmody had for many years been a special feature in the congregational worship in the old Argyle Square Chapel. The singing of the congregation had attained a remarkable degree of excellence. Indeed, it ultimately reached the distinction of being "the best sung congregation"—a rather singular expression—"in Edinburgh." It was the singing of the *congregation*, rather than of the choir alone (as not unfrequently happens), that procured the distinction. The expression given to particular passages in the hymns was much marked. One instance is well remembered. The last verse of "Rock of Ages"—

> "While I draw this fleeting breath,
> When my eyelids close in death,"—

was sung so softly, yet by all the congregation, that it was known to draw tears from a stranger who was not prepared for it—followed by the relief of pent-up feeling which found utterance in the refrain

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee!"

A lady from a distance, who found her way to Augustine Church shortly after it was opened, arriving too soon, had some conversation with the door-keeper about "the old place," and how she was moved by the singing of these words. He, rather gleefully, informed her that they were soon to have an organ.* "I am sorry to hear it," she said; "I am afraid there will not be much chance of my being moved then." And so, it must be confessed, it proved. The result seemed to confirm the belief of many who have given attention to the subject, that where the conduct of praise without an instrument is already excellent, the singing being with voice, heart, and understanding, the introduction of an organ, however lawful, is of more than doubtful expediency. The fear expressed by the stranger was, in the opinion of many, fully justified. They had great doubts as to whether the introduction of an organ proved of real

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* The only instrument of the kind which many a Scotsman had heard was the barrel-organ (often accompanied by a monkey!) used by itinerant musicians. Of this Dr. Alexander once gave an amusing illustration. Walking along Princes Street, he was attracted by a child looking up in his face with a rather puzzled expression. The boy's nurse had gone aside to look at a window, and he, not observing she had done so, walked on, and suddenly finding himself by the side of a stranger, was somewhat perplexed. The Doctor's kindly nature spoke out, and he said, "Well, my little fellow, what's your name?" "Arnot," was the reply, "and my papa has got a new church!" [Free High Church]. "So have I. Has your papa's church an organ?" "No," said the boy. "Oh, but mine has," said the Doctor. The boy looked up quite interested, and cried out, "And has the organ got a puggy too?"—*From "Life of Dr. Alexander."*

advantage in worship. The mingling of its tones with the voices of the people seemed to lessen the impressive effect produced by the singing of the congregation led by a well-trained choir. Many who recollected the former days, before the organ was introduced, would not have been sorry had the organ, to use the church-officer's words, "gi'en up the ghaist" altogether. This appears to have been Dr. Alexander's own opinion, for he more than once expressed the pleasure he felt when, on one or two occasions when the organ was silent, the voice of praise from the congregation, without instrumental aid, was heard as of old.

Notices of Books.

During the first months of the year books come in by troops. We have done our best to notice them all as quickly as possible, but with our small space we are not able to overtake the work in times of pressure. Authors and publishers must be so good as to have patience with us. We try to do our best for them all, but we cannot make more room. We are compelled, as a rule, to overlook tracts and small pamphlets; and this must be our reply to many who ask why their publications have not been noticed. This month we give one or two rather more extended reviews. It was found impossible to notice such great works in a few lines. In general we are scrupulously brief, but our short notices cost us as much trouble as longer ones would do; in fact, it is harder to be condensed than diffuse. In every case our judgment is given with as much impartiality as a fallible man can exercise. We may add, that we do not pledge ourselves to mention all books which are sent to us. Sometimes we say nothing out of kindness to the writer, and as often because we have no wish to notice what is altogether erroneous and mischievous.

Real Religion and Real Life. By Samuel Macnaughten, M.A. Edinburgh: James Gemmel.

A series of pointed, pithy discourses written with a very distinct purpose. Sound teaching is unhappily not much sought after in the present day. Poem, play, or novel, is accounted more true to nature and more acceptable to the critics if it has no moral. We have seen sermons commended because they were *suggestive*. That is all they were; and the suggestions they contained were worthless. Preachers have been criticized so long and so often that it is almost time to pass an opinion on the congregations preached to. For our part we heartily pity the people who would not approve of a man who, like our author, aims straight at every man's conscience.

Through Dark to Light. By A. Eudule Evans. Wyman and Sons, Great Queen Street.

Very fine. We do not doubt that we have here a true poet; but we do not get on with him. His grand language leaves no translatable impression upon our mind. Our eyes are dazzled till they ache with trying to see. We like thought more clear and bright. This is too metaphysical—no, not quite that, the poetry is too glittering a wonderland.

Fantasias. By Mrs. Moss Cockle. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

We would praise these poems if we could. They sound so well that we will not undertake to say that they are not poetry of a high order; but we regretfully confess that we cannot see much in them. This is the fault of the blind critic. He seeks ideas, and is indifferent to words, and therefore he misses the glory of Fantasias.

Suitable Songs for Special Services. Compiled by John Burnham. London: Nicholson and Sons.

The Hymn Sheets are published at 9d. per 100; the Music Sheets at 2d. each or 12s. 6d. per 100. The selection is carefully made, and the music is in both notations. Mr. Burnham has hit upon a good idea, and the venture should prove a success. The Hymn Sheets can be given away at special services and anniversaries, and the Music can be purchased at a price within the means of all.

Light for the Last Days. A Study, Historic and Prophetic. By Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s.

This is a sumptuous book. The subject is interesting, the composition lucid and agreeable, the type in which it is printed large and clear, and there are plentiful diagrams to illustrate the calculations in question. The authors (husband and wife) refer with satisfaction to the acceptance their previous work—"The Approaching End of the Age"—has found with the Christian public. Nine editions, numbering fifteen thousand copies, have been circulated in eight years, and a tenth edition has been lately issued. The present work is designed to investigate more fully the chronological prophecies of Scripture. Its range is thus the moral and political history of mankind during the last twenty-five centuries, according, as it is alleged, to a programme divinely revealed to Daniel in Babylon.

We may hope to awaken the sympathy of our subscribers, if we say, that this is "a tall sermon on a short text." Daniel vii. 17, 18, "These great beasts, which are four, are four kings, which shall arise out of the earth. But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever." The interpretation is attempted on what is generally called the historico-prophetic theory, following in the wake of Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Newton, Mede, Elliot, Bickersteth, Birks, Habershon, and others of the like School. Our business as reviewers is briefly to introduce the work without endorsing or rejecting its teachings. Here, then, a claim is set up on behalf of *chronologic-prophecy*, that it is beyond all question a science, although a science of recent origin. If so, it must obviously have an affinity with other sciences. Our authors anticipate us in this observation: they are concerned to ally it with the oldest of the sciences. "Astronomy has taught them that the great chronometer provided by God for man marks off by its different revolutions eras of three different lengths: one measured by the sun, one by the moon, and one by the conjoint movement of both orbs: that is to say, we have the solar year, the lunar year, and the calendar year. In prophecy all these three forms of year are employed. The difference between them, small in a single year, becomes considerable in longer periods. This may account for errors in former generations as to accuracy."

Please take the above as a condensed quotation. In other words—words of our own—the astronomer can anticipate in his almanack the day, the hour, the minute, of an eclipse. We, the illiterate but inquisitive public, never doubt him: because he has been right so often, we get our telescopes ready to observe the phenomenon on which he has calculated. The disciples of Biblical chronology, on the other hand, have not been hitherto quite so successful in fixing the epochs divinely revealed by prophecy. Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness have tempered their daring assurance about dates with a gracious modesty as to the discoveries they have made. As we have already said, they rather endorse than ignore previous explorers on their own line. Yet they claim, apparently with the consent of the prior generation of investigators (p. 405), to have advanced beyond any of the torch-bearers that preceded them. The last word, they presume, has not yet been spoken; but so near at hand is the end that they venture to guess that theirs may be the penultimate.

Our dear friends, the compilers of this volume, desire beyond all things the conviction and conversion of their fellow-men. Their temper is more missionary than visionary. To two or three remarks that lie at the base of their study we wish to draw special attention. The first is this: Daniel understood by books the number of the years whereof "the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolating of Jerusalem." And what then? Though his faith was deep he was in a dense fog. The more one knows *by books* the more conscious of ignorance he feels. So he set his face to the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting and sackcloth and ashes, for more exact information on that event which he perceived was imminent. The chronology puzzled him. What he could not make out was the starting point of those seventy years.

Next to this, it is a leading string with our authors that the seventy weeks of Daniel ix. 23—27, which is a fulfilled prophecy, must be interpreted on the year-day principle. *Ergo*, they argue, you get a clue to the other numerical computations.

Our final remark is this: it was not given to Daniel to understand or to interpret the secrets committed to his keeping about the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days. Light was reserved for the future, as we see by his last chapter. Into those last days our authors believe we have been launched. Therefore, by parity of reasoning, they allege, with some show of propriety, that we may expect illumination not granted to our saintly predecessors, and akin to that which Daniel obtained by prayer and fasting when Jeremiah's seventy weeks lay near their accomplishment. We suppose that not a few students will consider that Mr. and Mrs. Guinness have spoken the latest and likeliest sentence about "the times of the Gentiles." But we are not well enough instructed in the subject to adjust the differences that keep secularists and futurists apart in their interpretations. Mr. B. W. Newton or Mr. Govett could review a volume like this with far more acumen than we can lay claim to.

Encyclopædia of Theology. By Dr. J. F. Räbiger. Translated by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Foreign Theological Library, New Series. Vols. XX., XXI. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Subscribers to this famous "Foreign Theological Library" will, doubtless, appreciate these two volumes of Dr. Räbiger, though for our part we must confess we have been less edified than we expected. As tome by tome this enterprise has reached a colossal magnitude, the need arises for an accurate classification. We always value a good index to a great work. There are even little books we love so much that we have taken the pains to syllabus their contents for the sake of reference. The student may ask what to read, the scholar what to consult; but it is no child's play to take a comprehensive and accurate survey of the magnificent treatises included in this series. The cyclopædist may be rigidly formal, or he may be vigorously discriminating. In this instance the author is an eminent critic, a man of strong convictions himself; so much so, that he cannot catalogue his books without assaying their quality, weighing their scientific import, and appraising their intrinsic value. As we interview him in his preface, we get a clue to his proclivities. Here are his words: "The standpoint from which I view theology, and have attempted to represent it, may be generally described as the historical. As in all scientific departments the historical method has in our own time won general acceptance, it can least of all be departed from in theology. . . . No science is so much exposed as theology to the danger of falling under the sway of subjectivity." Of course, in our simple way of talking, we should say that feelings and experience are rather fluctuating, but facts and evidence are very substantial. That is what we suppose he means as a basis of faith. Our emotions, however interesting to us, are of small account in an argument.

The translator, following in the wake of his author, infuses soul into every sentence he translates. Without compromising fidelity to the original text, he adds footnotes that embellish alike the history and the literature. These notes are not profuse, nor are they paltry; but they are extremely pleasant and helpful. On page 307 of the first volume we have a catalogue of more than twenty authors who have pursued a similar course, with some differences in the arrangement or the distribution of their studies. Rübiger, whose German date is 1880, adopts, in common with many others, a fourfold division—comprising "Exegetical," "Historical," "Systematic," and "Practical Theology." These several departments are treated of in the second volume, and each chapter is supplemented by a lengthy list of learned works that may be consulted at our leisure. Towards the close of vol. i. the *editor* explains why "*Apologetics*" are not included in the "Encyclopædia." Here we must call a halt, just to inform our friends that the Theological Encyclopædias of the Fatherland bear a resemblance to, if they are not absolutely identical with, what we Britons are familiar with as "A Body of Divinity."

Many of them took their rise in "Lectures at Academical Sessions." They are not polemic or controversial. Thus, for instance, those of Von Hoffman, 1879, and Rothe, 1880, were posthumous works, edited respectively by Bestmann in one case, and Ruppolius in the other, from their manuscripts and remains. The experts will tell you that both these defunct professors were more or less indebted to Schleiermacher, 1811 to 1830, and Rosenkranz, 1831 to 1845, for their text-books. Merely to describe two volumes of such colossal dimensions, 430 pages each, occupies so much of our limited space that we can hardly find room to gratify our readers with a sample of their contents; and if we did, our selection might appear invidious. But who can help it? We spot the pages vol. i., 244 to 306, as we cut the leaves, because they describe to us and balance before our eyes the two actual factors of modern speculative theology, Schleiermacher and Hegel, whose works have floated like clouds athwart our horizon; now attracting our attention as playful fancies of the mighty skies, anon awing us with their dark portents, and then again breaking up into fragments, leaving us in vacant wonderment why a sable cloud or two, earth-born of course, should wake such strange bewilderment within our breasts. Tersely the one describes religion as "absolute dependence on God;" the other as "the apprehension of the Absolute." We are afraid, too, that abstruse enquiries into the methods of Christian archæology, though quite within our author's range, are not particularly to our taste. Not all the wealth of ritual which the Roman church possesses can foster among us any interest in the origin of her forms—albeit we may be told who were the most important contributors to this department of science during the seventeenth century. Vol. ii., pp. 265, 266. We have said enough, and we hope we have said it fairly, to enable our subscribers to gauge their own education with enough precision to judge whether they can appreciate the wide domain of research and reflection here mapped out with unquestionable skill.

Future Probation. A Symposium. James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street. Here are thirteen articles, republished from *The Homiletic Magazine*, upon the question, "Is salvation possible after death?" They are said to be from the best authorities on both sides of the subject. They are well written, but we do not suppose they can be of much practical use. They leave the subject where they found it; safe in the minds of those who remain steadfast in the faith, and questionable to those only who are unstable in all their ways. With plain Scripture readers, whose foregone conclusion is, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak," there will be no question upon the subject. If that be our only guide, we are bound to conclude that the probation of men for an eternal hereafter is in this life only. All arguments to the contrary are founded upon the perversion of some few passages of Scripture from their obvious meaning, or upon the wisdom of this world that comes to nought.

Short Sermons. By James S. Swan. James Watson, High Street, Elgin; John Menzies and Co., Edinburgh. Though short, these sermons are highly suggestive. There is a continuity of original thought, and a clear and energetic style, that renders them unusually attractive. There is much apparent earnestness and sincere desire for usefulness; but too much, we suspect, of the literature and philosophy of modern times, for the gospel to be seen in its own light, and realized in its own power. This book is partly on the old lines, and partly on the new; but more, we are bound to say, upon the latter than the former. It speaks of spiritual restitution apart from legal substitution; of the essence of Christianity, as being Christ-like; of love not running upon the lines of theological propositions. Much is said against creeds, as though creeds, if worthy of the name, were not the belief of facts, and as if conduct was not governed by belief. An evangelical creed is belief in atonement for sin by the death of Christ, and justification by his righteousness, as facts; and upon the belief of them as such, our whole safety depends. If faith, as we are here continually reminded, without works, is dead, so are works without faith. To be without a creed, is to be without faith; and to be without faith, is to be without good works.

The Bells of Dumbarton. By Lucy Lincoln Montgomery. Hodder and Stoughton.

In "Dumbarton" we have the picture of a small New England town, the chief feature of which is its four meeting-houses, or churches, as they incorrectly style them: Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, and "Orthodox" (query) Congregational. The adherents of each are zealous for their particular "doxy," and act towards the other as if the first article of their creed was "whom resist, steadfast in the faith." The new pastor of the "Orthodox," and his good daughter, seek to alter this lamentable state of things, and "whom assist, steadfast in the faith," is the principle they act upon. There is in the book a spice of that humour verging on the grotesque, peculiar to the American colloquial, which has a special charm for English readers.

Gordon Browne's Series of Old Fairy Tales. Blackie and Son.

Marvellously illustrated. These romances have a singular hold on the imagination; and when set out in this striking style, and sold for a shilling, *Hop o' my Thumb* and *Beauty and the Beast* are sure to be popular. We are glad when children want something better, but the wonder faculty is in them, and cries for food. The stories which *our* nurses told to us other nurses will be sure to repeat to our grandchildren. So must it be, we suppose, while the race remains.

Little T's 'Tories for Other Little Ones. By I. Fayle. Dean and Sons.

We cannot say that we quite like the wood-cuts, but the little toddles will, and the book is mainly meant for three-year-olds. Success to any mortal man or woman who can write up to the high standard required by a child under four. Very few bishops and canons can *preach* up to that mark. It beats us all.

"The Way to Win" Series. By the author of "Jock Holliday." Nelson and Son.

As nice a little series as ever came from the press. We suppose they are sixpence each. Just the thing for Master Tom and Miss Maggie.

Jitana's Story; or, Light in the Darkness. By Louise Marston. *How Hettie Caught the Sunbeams.* By Gertrude P. Dyer. *One of those Little Ones.* By Mrs. Fabian Brackenbury. Shaw and Co.

Three pretty little books, nicely printed and illustrated. *Jitana's Story* is a *true* account of a little Hindoo girl, led to the Good Shepherd by the ministry of the Zenana Mission ladies, told by the author of "Rob and Mag" and "Cripple Jess." What higher commendation of a book for the little ones could be given, except this, that simple language is employed in telling the story? Mamma ought to read it to Mabel and Lillie, and Charlie and Ernie, *preface and all*, and then send lots of dolls and other toys to Miss Marston, at Lucknow.

How Hettie Caught the Sunbeams tells how a good governess tried to teach her motherless charge to make their lives bright by Christian sweetness of temper, and kindness to all.

One of those Little Ones is not so much to our taste, but may please those parents who love to worship where "the white stone font stands, with its deep soft edge of moss and flowers round the base and top, almost touching the water with which it is filled. In the centre floats a pure white cross of flowers, and upon the moss round the base lies the text, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" Unto the font? (p. 66). Who hinders the white-robed babe from coming—nurse, or ma, or pa, or godpapa? Did it want to come, a little darling? It must, you know; for it's going to be born again at the pretty font. Hush, don't cry, my sweet!

Freedom's Sword. A Tale of the Days of Wallace and Bruce. By Annie S. Swan. Cassell and Co.

A charming story, worthy of being classed with the "Waverleys." It is calculated to stir and hold spell-bound others besides Scottish lads and lasses. Even the ordinary tourist will value its dainty historic word-pictures. The stirring times of these two northern worthies are so graphically depicted by Miss Swan's pen, that it is somewhat difficult to detect the imaginative points by which the facts are so cleverly and interestingly linked.

Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians. With notes and illustrations. By JOHN HUTCHISON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THESE discourses are their own commendation: they are such admirable specimens of expository preaching that they may be quoted as arguments for that style of ministry. Our author carefully notes and happily illustrates the different turns of Paul's language, and he is ever ready with quotations from Greek authors and the like, to point out the shades of meaning which lie within the original words. To the intelligent Christian this is the best form of instruction: he wishes to know what the Holy Spirit has said, and not what may be said thereon. We want truth brought *from* the Scripture rather than truth brought *to* it. Nothing charms us more than new light from an old text. Three half-crowns will be well spent in the purchase of these noble pulpit expositions.

An American Commentary on the New Testament. Edited by ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., LL.D. *The Gospel of Matthew.* By JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A FIRST-CLASS commentary. For general use it is second to none. Others may excel in their own peculiar lines, but for universal use, and thoroughly practical instruction, we award the palm to this work of Dr. Broadus. This is a massive volume. We hope it will soon be procurable in England.

The First Epistle of St. John. With Exposition and Homiletical Treatment. By the Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A GRACIOUS and helpful book. The theologian and the preacher are here catered for by one who is a master of homiletical exposition. We do not ourselves enjoy the writings of Mr. Lias so much as some others have done, but we gladly perceive their adaptation to the needs of many beginners in sermonizing. These pages have appeared in "The Homiletical Magazine," but they are well worthy of separate publication. Sound and sensible notes like these are a valuable addition to our slender supply of comments on John's Epistles. We shall not quarrel with our excellent author for his churchmanship, which peeps out here and there, for we are so much agreed on weightier matters that we can smile at infant baptism, confirmation, &c., and quietly wish our brother more light. The price is 7s. 6d.

The Psalms in History and Biography. By the Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

WE rejoice in this collection of anecdotes and incidents connected with each of the psalms. These striking facts invite attention to the texts out of which they grow, and at the same time they endear the word of the Lord by making us see the living force and holy energy which abide in the inspired word. Collections of truthful incidents arising out of certain Scriptures are most useful things: to ministers they are real nuggets. Thank you, Dr. John Ker.

A Song of Ascents. Thoughts on Psalm cxxi. By the Rev. SAMUEL MINTON-SENHOUSE, M.A. Elliot Stock.

SERMONS by one whom our readers w best recognize under his original nar of Samuel Minton. This good frie is overflowing with kind words a generous feelings. His little book devotional and experimental. The discourses of which it is composed were first prepared for the inmates of the Hospital for Incurables, at Putney. In their quiet, cheerful, and sympathetic spirit we see their adaptation to the sick folk who find a rest and a home in the noble institution which adorns West Hill, Wandsworth.

A Popular Handbook of Christian Evidences. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. Part III. Sunday School Union.

WE had better speak of this entire work. The third part begins at page 267. The volume is now complete, with a full table of contents in front, and a copious index at the close. We have reason to suppose that it is rather more bulky than the committee of the Sunday School Union originally intended, but it is succinctly and skilfully prepared.

To say of such a treatise that it is elementary does not detract in the smallest degree from our estimate of its merits.

In the first instance, it is *a study*. Young members of our churches, especially those engaged in Christian work, need an accurate, obvious, easy answer to those who challenge them for the reasonableness of their faith; and here they have it. Assuredly there is something here for the sires as well as the sons. It will even refresh the memory and quicken the wits of those who are advanced in experience and scholarship. Such poor pupils as many of us have proved ourselves can ill afford at present to part with our primers.

Nature and the Bible: Lectures on the Mosaic History of Creation in its Relation to Natural Science. By Dr. F. H. Reusch. Two vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

We suppose it is really needful to answer the baby talk of those who oppose the truths of the Bible with theories of philosophy. It makes us laugh to think that men outside of Bedlam should pretend to believe in man's having been developed from an ape. Certain other inventions of learned infidelity rival this absurdity in their utter want of support from facts, but this stands alone in its self-evident irrationality. Our author does good service when he meets this attempt to fashion a world without God, and battles with its proud pretensions with a learning equal to that of its supporters: but yet we are as much amused as if some one were to sit down and soberly to answer the statements made in "Jack-and-the-Bean-Stalk," or "Old Mother Goose."

Dr. Reusch handles discreetly the Unity of the Race, Lake Dwellings, and other interesting matters. Those who wish to see what is to be said about the stone, bronze, and iron ages will find condensed information here, and an honest treatment of the ingenious theories which have been drawn from huge monoliths, flint arrow-heads, and so forth. It is a fine thing to be able to go round to the forty pots of human knowledge, and pour boiling oil upon the thieves who are hidden therein: and yet there remains the question whether it is not a waste of oil, and whether the thieves are worth such an anointing. We reckon these to be two of the best volumes issued by the Messrs. Clark, and they are heartily and thoroughly on the orthodox side.

Catechisms of the Second Reformation. With Historical Introduction and Biographical Notices. By Alexander F. Mitchell, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

We are glad to see attention turned to catechisms. It was an ill day for England when the Assembly's Catechism was thrown aside. Its revived use would be a sure method of bringing back a sound knowledge of the gospel among the masses of our people. The work before us contains catechisms of the Puritan period, and valuable information about them. Those who follow the old lines, as we do, will be interested in this document; but the gentlemen of the school of yesterday will despise it. The price is 7s. 6d.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. John Brown, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

There cannot be too many editions of Bunyan's Pilgrim. Mr. Brown, who succeeds Bunyan in the pulpit, though not in the baptistery, knows so much about honest John that it was meet that he should edit his book, and add notes thereto. These notes are not spiritual comments, but valuable remarks, historical or illustrative. This is a desirable edition. Neither very cheap nor very charming, but neat and good, correct and usable.

The Golden Land. By B. L. Farjeon. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Capitally written, well printed, nicely illustrated, and tastily bound. An intensely interesting and instructive story, which will be found entertaining both for young and old. The author in his closing paragraph half promises a sequel, and we hope it may be forthcoming; meanwhile, we recommend this volume. It will please and profit every reader.

Harold and his Sisters in Norway. By Henry H. M'Cullagh, B.A. Wesleyan Sunday-school Union.

Will give children a very fair notion of Norway and its people, and put good thoughts into their little heads.

Jottings from Jail. Notes and Papers on Prison Matters. By the Rev. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A., late and last Chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison, Clerkenwell. T. Fisher Unwin.

CONTAINS a great deal of prison information, and furnishes a forcible appeal for prisoners. We do not like the corners of our author's theology: whenever they crop up we are prepared for squalls. But he has formed very judicious opinions as to how to handle our criminals, and we like these because, with all their judiciousness, they lean to mercy's side. The Prison Notes could only have been written by a chaplain of long experience, who has thrown his heart into the work. A philanthropist will find his money well invested if he spends three shillings and sixpence over this instructive book.

Old Church Life in Scotland: Lectures on Kirk-Session and Presbytery Records. Second Series. By ANDREW EDGAR, D.D. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London.

ANTIQUARIES may welcome the minister of Mauchline as an elder brother of their craft. We have not seen the first series of lectures, but certainly these contain much that is queer and quaint. Odd people, these Scotch folks; but there is a homeliness and a reverence about them which we greatly value. One author is evidently of the Established Church, and knows most about the old customs of that body, of which he writes with a twinkle in his eye which causes our eye to twinkle also. The grim want of humour in some of the proceedings is about the same thing as the presence of humour: you may laugh till you cry, and cry till you laugh; between the tremendously solemn and the ridiculous there is but a step. We have been so interested with the lectures that we must get the former volume. What times those must have been when guests at a funeral began to meet at ten in the morning, though the body might not be moved till three or four! Five or six hours! How did they spin them out? No marvel that the Kirk Session had to hear charges of drunkenness.

Such books as these are the best of history, leading us indeed into byways and lone paths which the general historian never traverses.

Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine. By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT. W. Blackwood and Sons.

PALESTINE seems to be inexhaustible. This volume deals with places rather out of the general notice of travellers, and it has, therefore, a special interest for the common reader who is not seeking Biblical illustrations. We feel glad of such books, because one never knows what may turn out to be connected with Scripture and Bible history. In "the Land" you are never far off the line of "the Book."

As a resident, Mr. Oliphant has observed much which could not have been observed by a mere visitor; and as correspondent to the New York "Sun," he has written in a more popular style than literary men usually select when writing upon geography or archæology: hence his book is strikingly interesting.

Notes.

WE are glad that the article upon "The Down Grade" has excited notice. It is not intended to be an attack on any one, but to be a warning to all. We are asked whether Methodists are upon "The Down Grade," and we are happy to reply that we do not think so. In our fellowship with Methodists of all grades we have found them firmly adhering to those great evangelical doctrines for which we contend. This, however, is no answer to the historical fact that Arminianism has usually been the route by which the older dissenters have travelled downward to Socinianism; neither is it a reply to the charge that not a few have in these days gone far beyond Evangelical Arminianism, and are on the road to Unitarianism, or something worse. We care far more for the central evangelical truths than we do for Calvinism as a system; but we believe that Calvinism has in it a conservative force which helps to hold men to the vital truth, and therefore we are sorry to see any quitting it who have once accepted it. Those who hold the eternal verities of salvation, and yet do not see all that we believe and embrace, are by no means the objects of our opposition: our warfare is with men who are giving up the atoning sacrifice, denying the inspiration of

Holy Scripture, and casting slurs upon justification by faith. The present struggle is not a debate upon the question of Calvinism or Arminianism, but of the truth of God *versus* the inventions of men. All who believe the gospel should unite against that "modern thought" which is its deadly enemy.

On all hands we hear cries for unity in this, and unity in that; but to our mind the main need of this age is not compromise, but conscientiousness. "First pure, then peaceable." It is easy to cry "a confederacy," but that union which is not based upon the truth of God is rather a conspiracy than a communion. Charity by all means; but honesty also. Love, of course, but love to God as well as love to men, and love of truth as well as love of union. It is exceedingly difficult in these times to preserve one's fidelity before God and one's fraternity among men. Should not the former be preferred to the latter if both cannot be maintained? We think so.

At the request of several correspondents we have reprinted, in pamphlet form, our article upon "Gambling—a Common Snare," and also our second article, "More About Gambling." Copies can be obtained, at 1s. per 100, of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. We shall be glad if all who have seen or felt the effects of the gambling mania of the present day will help to circulate these articles. Friends write and suggest the reprinting of articles, and if they afterwards forget to purchase copies they leave our publishers to bear the loss, and we feel ashamed to ask them to reprint any more.

We shall be exceedingly obliged if any friends who have early volumes of *The Baptist Messenger* will assist us to complete our set. We need the volumes for 1854, 1856, 1860, 1861, and 1865. Please do not send the books until you have written us.

Will our Canadian friends kindly note that our publishers have appointed Mr. S. R. Briggs, of Toronto, as agent for the sale of all our works in Canada? We cannot hope personally to visit our brethren in the Dominion; but through the sermons, *Sword and Trowel*, and other publications, we should like to become acquainted with all our fellow-subjects across the Atlantic, and we could not desire a better channel of communication for the general body of Christians than that furnished by our good friend, Mr. Briggs. At the same time, we have many dear brethren of our College settled in those regions who do not forget us any more than we forget them. May the Lord increase them more and more, and build up the churches by their means!

The two hotels at Mentone at which we have usually lodged, namely, The Beau Rivage, and the Grand Hotel, Garavan, have both escaped injury from the earthquakes. We have heard from the guests at both of these hotels the highest praises of their landlords for their courage, and their care during the hour of trial. We hope to see both houses filled next season, by which time, we trust, all fear will have vanished.

On *Monday evening*, *Feb.* 28, a number of the subscribers to the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY met for tea at the College. Mr. William Olney, who, in conjunction with Mr. F. Thompson, collects the subscriptions, was not sufficiently restored from his recent illness to be able to be present, but he sent an earnest and enthusiastic letter, appealing for continued and increased support for the Society. Addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon; and A. H. Baynes, Esq., gave interesting details of the work and financial position of the Society. At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, many petitions were presented, asking for the Lord's blessing on missions at home and abroad, and addresses were given by Mr. H. J. Martin, who has been obliged to return from Allahabad, through failure of health, and Mr. G. F. Easton, who was about to return to China after a season of rest at home. The Baptist Missionary Society needs and deserves large help from all who would see Africa won for Jesus.

On *Thursday evening*, *March* 3, the teachers of the Tabernacle Sunday-school bade farewell to Mr. EASTON, at a communion service. Mr. Pearce, the superintendent presided. It was a profitable season, and was fitly closed with a collection for the poor of the Chinese church over which Mr. Easton presides.

On *Monday evening*, *March* 7, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Brief addresses in advocacy of the Society were given by the chairman, and by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. Harrald, Beecliff, and Dunn. There is need of more ladies at the working meeting, and additional funds for distribution among the poor who abound in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. Mrs. Page, 92, Newington Butts, is the collector for the Society, and she will be glad to hear from any friends who can help.

On *Monday evening*, *March* 14, the annual tea in connection with the RICHMOND STREET MISSION MOTHERS' MEETING was held in the school-room, and was followed by a meeting in the lecture-hall. The report was read by Miss Francies, and addresses were delivered by the Pastor, and by Messrs. Alderton, Buswell, Dunn, Hall, Llewellyn, and Stubbs. In an adjoining room, the Pastors and some of the deacons

and elders met the newly-received members of the church for prayer and counsel. It is thought wise to give the new comers instruction as to the duties of members, that they may be the better fitted for their new position. This gathering was followed by the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, and at the close of that a church-meeting was held for the reception of more members. Surely this list made up sufficient work for one evening.

COLLEGE.—The chief event this month is the twenty-third *Annual Conference* of the *Pastors' College Association*, which is to be held in the week commencing *April* 18. We beg the earnest prayers of the Lord's people everywhere that this year's gatherings may result in unusual spiritual blessing to all who will be present, and to the churches committed to their care. We also pray that our brethren who cannot meet with us may share in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit for which we are pleading.

The Annual Supper for the College is held on *April* 20. As we endeavour to make up £2,000 on that occasion, we shall be much cheered if friends from a distance would send up an extra contribution.

All the members of our College brotherhood will regret with us that Mr. Gracey is not yet able to resume his duties at the College. He has gone for a sailing voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and we earnestly trust that on his return he will have sufficiently recovered from the effects of the railway accident to be able to take his place with the students. Meanwhile, we are devoutly thankful that Mr. Douglas has proved himself such an efficient substitute for our afflicted friend and fellow-helper, and that Messrs. Fergusson and Marchant have been able to do so much to make up for the absence of their beloved colleague.

At the request of the South African Baptist Union we are this month sending out Mr. A. J. Edwards to Graaf Reinet, to take charge of the church which was under the care of our departed brother, John Maynard, before he returned to England for the purpose of entering the College. Messrs. Billington, Graham, and Phillips send us cheering accounts of their health, and the progress of the mission work on the Congo.

Mr. J. D. Gilmore reports his safe arrival in New Zealand. He appears to have been greatly benefited by the voyage. After the Conference, Mr. H. D. Archer, who came to the College from Tasmania, will return to that island. Our ever-generous friend, Mr. Gibson, has bought land in Sheffield, a rapidly-rising township, and he intends to build a "Tabernacle" as soon as Mr. Archer arrives. This will make the sixth or seventh place of worship that Mr. Gibson or his son has erected in Tasmania. May they have an abundant reward in seeing many souls saved through the preaching of the word!

Mr. Z. T. Dowen, formerly of Macclesfield, has gone to Wynne Road, Brixton. Mr. H. Cocks has removed from Almonte, Canada, to Pompey, New York State; and Mr. P. J. Ward, from Seville, Ohio, to the North Baptist Church, Columbus. Mr. W. Clatworthy, late of Helston, Cornwall, hopes shortly to sail for the United States. He is a worthy brother, and we trust that he will soon find a suitable sphere of labour.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor H. E. Stone writes as follows concerning the services of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* at Nottingham:—

"There is but one feeling here respecting the visit of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, and that is, success in the truest and best sense has attended their mission. As I wrote you, our building was well-nigh filled the opening evening of the campaign, and suffice it to say, in reference to numbers, the gatherings have been uniformly large, on Sunday evenings hundreds unable to gain admission. How many times did we wish our building had been larger! Some who came seventeen miles arrived to find the doors guarded, and were met with the words, 'Full, no room to *stand* anywhere.' The brethren are wonderfully fitted to work together, and for the work. They are certainly far beyond any evangelists I have yet heard — Aitken excepted—in the *tone* and reality of their work. Mr. Smith's singing and cornet-playing unquestionably attract, but, best of all, his songs and words are a splendid preparation for the often solemn and always effective appeals of Mr. Fullerton. Mr. Smith has a marvellous knack of getting the people into the listening humour, and his side-thrusts, covered with happy anecdotes, arouse the slothful, and awaken interest in all. His addresses to the children are simply delightful, by reason of their child-like naturalness. He won the hearts of the little ones even more quickly than those of an older growth. Mr. Fullerton's addresses are wisely varied. Some nights, indeed mostly so, the judgment is appealed to in terse, true, sequential thought; at others, the emotions are stirred and quickened.

"Of results it is too early for me to speak as I write this during the closing week. I may say that considerably over a hundred enquirers have already been seen. Our own people are revived and renewed, and a sense of our duty to win others to our Lord increased. The Sunday afternoon services for men—a very successful movement—having been held in our own place, the services for women were held at Methodist chapels kindly placed at our disposal, and these have been filled to overflowing.

"I am grateful to God for our brethren. In them we have found true co-workers, free from sensationalism, and true fellow-labourers with the pastors; and this is no mean thing nowadays. Of the closing service I will send you word later on, with, I trust, a tangible offering of our thanks."

During the greater part of the past month our brethren have been at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, where the meetings have been very crowded, and crowned with much blessing. On March 26 the Evangelists began a mission at Sheffield.

Mr. Burnham's visits to Morton and Billingborough have greatly helped the churches in those places, where the work is carried on under very trying circumstances. Not the least important result of evangelistic services is the encouragement they afford to the pastors in lonely villages by the sympathy and counsel that the Evangelist is able to give his toiling brother in the ministry. On March 7, Mr. Burnham spent one evening with his old friends and schoolmates at Marden, Kent, where a gracious work was in progress; and the next morning he started for Shipston-on-Stour. He has since visited Blockley, and this month goes, for the third time, to Malton, Yorkshire.

Pastor W. J. Mayers sends us a very cheering account of the services held by *Mr. Harmer*, under the auspices of the Bristol Baptist Association, at Nailsworth, Avening, Minchinhampton, Thornbury, and Paulton. After giving the reports from the pastors of the churches visited, Mr. Mayers says:—

"The visit of such an earnest worker as Mr. Harmer to our villages and small towns is a great need of the present day. Too many of our Evangelists concentrate their energies on large places. I believe work in the villages will 'pay best' in the long run, for the village streams feed the town river; and if the former be purified, there will be less difficulty in keeping the latter free from pollution. Our village churches contain some of our noblest, truest, and most devoted pastors. But they are in scattered places, their people are poor, their resources few. We dare not overlook their needs, and I know many are grateful to you for giving them the opportunity of having such a worthy worker for Christ as Mr. Harmer among them."

Mr. Harmer was to have completed this series of services by holding a week's meetings at Twerton-on-Avon, but the continuous strain was too much for him, and he had to return home for rest. If well enough, he is to spend the early part of April with Mr. Chamberlain at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker are continuing their evangelistic work in Australia with much acceptance and blessing. Writing in January, from New South Wales, they reported that they had held missions in Sydney, Manickville, Manly, Drewitt-town, Parramatta, Katoomba, Newtown, and Balmain. They expected to go to Tasmania for February, to Victoria for March, April, and May, to South Australia for June; and they hope to sail for England in July, calling at India on their way home.

ORPHANAGE.—We have had this month an illustration of the beneficial effect of a good example. In the Orphanage list of contributions in the March number of *The Sword and the Trowel* we acknowledged the receipt of £15 "for the support of one girl for a year." Some generous friends who saw the announcement thought that they would like to give the same amount, and therefore this month's list contains a similar record. So far as we remember, these are the first sums that have been given in this way for the maintenance of *girls*, though we have had on several occasions £20 "for the support of a *boy* for a year." Friends must not suppose that it costs more to keep a boy than a girl; probably in more senses than one the girls are *dearer* than the boys; but £15 represents the actual expenditure upon each child, whether boy or girl, while £20 allows a sufficient margin for general building repairs, rates, &c. Possibly other liberal givers who read this paragraph will give £15 or £20 for the support of one child for a year. Five hundred such helpers would maintain the whole institution.

It is pleasant to notice the increasing number of *monthly subscriptions* forwarded for the Orphanage. We never write to any donors to remind them of their promises, for we prefer to receive the spontaneous gifts of those who are moved to help us; but some of our friends are quite concerned if they delay or forget their monthly, quarterly, or annual remittances.

On *Tuesday evening, March* 8, a considerable number of the collectors met at the Orphanage. After bringing in the amounts they had collected, and partaking of tea, they gathered in the boys' play-hall to witness the musical drill of the young athletes, and afterwards returned to the dining-hall for the evening meeting. The President occupied the chair, and thanked the collectors for continuing their services to the institution; the boys and girls recited and sang; the bell-ringers rang merry peals upon the handbells; and brief addresses were delivered by Pastors H. O. Mackey, of Peckham, and J. Stanley, of Eythorne, and Messrs. T. H. Olney, Charlesworth, and Harrald. It was reported that, including the amounts received by post from friends unable to be present, the proceeds of the day were £175, to which Mr. T. H. Olney added £5, as a thankoffering for his brother William's progress towards recovery. It will not take our Orphanage silkworms long to eat up £180 worth of their kind of mulberry-leaves, but we are very grateful to all who assisted in the slightest degree in furnishing this supply of food for the five hundred mouths that need to be filled at least three times every day. What a mercy that we have never had to tell the children that their heavenly Father's stewards had forgotten to send in anything for them, and therefore they would have to go without their usual meals!

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir are now in Scotland. We hope next month to give an account of their reception and receipts. Many friends write to tell us how pleased they will be to make the acquaintance of our orphan boys. The places to be visited during this tour are Newcastle, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Glasgow, Paisley, Darlington, Stockton, and Middlesbrough. Local announcements will give all particulars of the meetings.

We again remind visitors to London during the May meetings that they will be heartily welcome to look over the Orphanage any afternoon in the week.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary reports that arrangements have been made for a colporteur to be employed in Plymouth. He will be glad to hear of other districts where £40 a year can be guaranteed for the support of a man. The past year has been a very successful one, and the annual report, now in course of preparation, will be a very cheering one. *The Annual Meeting* is to be held (D.V.) in the Tabernacle on *Monday, May* 16, when George Williams, Esq., has promised to preside, and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon hopes to speak upon the work.

PERSONAL NOTES.—An *Edinburgh* friend writes:—"We think you will like to hear of blessing to a soul, now in heaven, through the reading of one of your late sermons, that on the ten lepers ('Where are the Nine?' or, Praise Neglected, No. 1,935). It was given to a man whose son was seriously ill; the young man read it, and got *the* blessing from it, and soon after died." The same writer mentions that the sermon entitled, "Might have been, or may be," No. 1,944, greatly comforted a bereaved mother.

Another *Scotch* correspondent writes:—"My mother, on her dying bed, desired me to write to you. I will give you her own words. She said, 'I wish you to write to Mr. Spurgeon, to tell him that he has been the means of bringing a woman to Jesus.' She had not been to any church for a great many years, but she got your weekly sermons, and as she was at home, alone with God, Sabbath after Sabbath, they led her to Jesus."

A widow in *Georgia* writes:—"I have been a constant reader of your sermons for eight or ten years. It was while reading one of them that I first felt the awakening love of Jesus. A brother of mine, now deceased, also was converted through reading your sermons."

A minister writes:—"After a week of unprecedented worry and toil, a member of mine put your last Sunday morning's sermon 'Earthquake, but not Heartquake,' No. 1950, into my hands. I was tempted to read it, which I have done. It has cured my 'heartache' completely; and my first act was to thank God, and my next is to send you a word of thanks. I was wondering how ever I should preach to-morrow, but now I feel like a bird on the wing."

Testimonies to the usefulness of our shilling volume, *All of Grace*, continue to make us glad that we wrote it. One of our Evangelists writes:—"A widowed mother said to me, 'I bought several copies of *All of Grace*, and sent one to my son. He read it, and it was blessed to him; he is now a useful Christian. He passed it on to a friend, with the same results.'"

One of our former students writes:—"You will be pleased to know that your *All of Grace* has been made the means of blessing to a soul in our midst. For some time a man in my congregation has been in great soul-trouble; he seemed to have all sorts of doubts and fears. I gave him your little book, and last Monday night he came into my vestry with a face beaming with joy, saying, 'I have it; I can see it all now; it came all at once whilst I was reading that book.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—February 24, twelve; March 3, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
One-third of collection, Feb. 10, 1887, Bugbrooke, per Pastor F. J. Flatt ...	0	15	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards ...	1	10	0
Half collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	6	17	3
Collection at Cross Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. A. Jones ...	7	1	0
A friend at Tarrytown, per Mr. G. Browne	0	15	0
Ayr Baptist Church, per Pastor John Horne	2	0	0
Rev. W. C. Jones	0	5	0
Pastor H. M. Burt...	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Scott	5	0	0
Half collection at Lymington, per Pastor Jno. Collins	2	3	9
Collection at Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	4	1	7
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
N. N., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	1	0	0
T. E....	0	3	0
D. McL.	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson...	5	0	0
Mrs. Allan	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. B. I. Greenwood	15	0	0
A widow	50	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Jno. Pratt's little boy	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Finch	0	5	0
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
Pastor John J. Irving	0	10	0
Mrs. FitzGerald	2	0	0
Devonshire Square Baptist Church, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	3	3	0
Collection at Lord's-table, Bridgwater Baptist Church	1	6	4
Mrs. McTain	0	5	0
E. C.	10	0	0
J. F. H.	1	0	0
Nurse Baker	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Rae	0	10	6
Miss Traill	5	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Mrs. MacLean	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Phillips, per Pastor C. L. Gordon	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Collection at Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar, per Pastor W. H. Broad ...	1	6	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	3	0	0
Mr. S. A. Dyke	5	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. George Hearson	2	2	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
February 20 ... ... 20 0 0			
,, 27 ... ... 25 12 6			
March 6 ... ... 21 4 0			
,, 13 ... ... 25 0 0			
	91	16	6
	£219	18	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Cash in box at Orphanage gates ...	0	1	6
Stamps from Haddenham	0	5	0
Half collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	2	3	9
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Valentine, Plymouth	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Norris...	4	8	0
Mrs. Mackay and friends	0	5	0
A friend at Gosport Tabernacle, per Mr. W. Ogg	0	10	0
M. B.	1	1	0
A widow's mite, R. M.	0	10	0
Mr. I. Mannington	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Ed. Williams:—			
Mr. E. Williams 2 2 0			
Mr. G. C. Robinson ... 1 1 0			
Mr. William Davies ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Jones 0 10 0			
Mr. William Rogers ... 0 5 0			
Mr. James Rocke 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Murdoch 0 2 6			
Smaller amounts 1 1 0			
	6	6	6
Collected by Master Arkley	0	4	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	2	5	0
Mrs. Richards	1	0	0
Miss Jones' evening-class	0	5	0
Findon	0	5	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Sunday morning Baptist Sunday-school, Llanguinch	0	3	0
Collected by the Misses Wormald ...	2	0	7
Miss E. Bates	1	0	0
Mr. James McIntyre	0	10	0
H. W.	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	5	6
Mrs. A. Knott	1	0	0
Mr. P. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
Mrs. Willis	5	0	0
D. McL.	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	5	0	0
Mrs. Forbes...	3	0	0
Miss M. F. Nicholson	0	5	0
Mr. L. Shepherd	0	5	0
Miss Gray and Miss Page	0	5	0
Mrs. James Battershill	5	0	0
M. E. J.	0	2	6
S. W. M., Dartford	0	10	0
Nameless	0	10	0
J. E.	0	1	0
Mrs. Henry Holloway	1	0	0
In memoriam, dear Lillie	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Ruddick	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Macgregor	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"...	0	3	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wayte	0	5	0
The Matthews family:—			
Edward (in heaven), Simpson, Susie, Mary Ryder, Eveline, and Theodora (3s. 4d. each)	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Gregory	0	2	0
Mr. John White	1	0	0
In memoriam	1	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
Scotch note	1	0	0
A widow	50	0	0
Mrs. E. Mundy	2	0	0
Mrs. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Beck	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
A friend, per Mr. Thorpe	0	3	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Mr. J. Heughan	0	2	6
E. C.	0	10	0
A. R. C.	0	10	0
Miss Stewart	0	2	6
Orphan boy's card (H. Roberts) ...	0	10	0
Orphan boy's card (A. Hart)	1	0	0
Willingham Tract Society	0	8	0
Mrs. Seaton	0	10	6
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
Orphan girl's card (Nellie Crowther)...	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. Franklin S. King ... 2 2 0			
Mrs. Saunders 0 2 0			
	2	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Napier...	0	15	0
Mr. James Andrews	1	0	0
Orphan girl's card (G. Shipway) ...	1	2	0
Orphan girl's card (L. Richards) ...	0	7	4
A. and H. Runnacus' card	1	2	6
The Leathersellers' Company	10	10	0
Mr. D. Smith	5	5	0
Collected by Messrs. Clements and Newlings, per Mr. Hawkins	1	15	1

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allen	0	3	0
An old friend, Eccleshall	0	5	0
Mrs. Donald Campbell	0	2	0
South-West London Band of Hope Union, per Miss Carr	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Bessie Houston ...	0	16	6
Mr. James Hill	0	2	0
Orphan boy's card (Fred. G. Wills) ...	0	11	3
Orphan boy's card (J. Aslienhurst) ...	0	3	9
A believer in Jesus	0	10	0
Captain Spencer Elson	2	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Johnson	1	1	6
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	5	0
Collected by Master Joseph H. Dean ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Holmes	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Laker	1	0	0
Miss E. Bickmore and friends, per H. B. S.	0	17	6
Mr. J. G. Hurst	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. Rogers	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Walker	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. R. H. Tomkins ...	0	16	9
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Barker	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Plummer	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Martin	0	6	9
Mr. H. R. Martin, per Miss E. Martin	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. Alexander Miller ...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	0	9	0
Anstruther Baptist Sabbath-school, per Mr. Alexander Black	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. George Lee	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Pavey	0	6	0
Collected by Miss A. Jeffery	0	5	0
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—			
Pastor W. Burnett's box... 0 15 0			
Mrs. Burnett's box ... 0 11 3			
Mr. Perry (donation) ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Record's box 0 6 0			
Mrs. Bolton's box 0 4 6			
	2	1	9
Collected by Mr. R. Kendall	0	2	2
Collected by Miss E. Moses	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	10	7
Collected by Miss Leah Martin... ...	0	4	6
Collected by Miss Mutlow	0	10	6
Collected by Master C. Merrick... ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Alice L. Boyd ...	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	8	7
Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher ...	0	4	3
Collected by Mrs. Coleman	0	5	0
Bethel Sunday-school, per Mr. R. Speller	0	12	0
Collected by Miss M. Saunders... ...	0	9	0
Collected by Miss A. Green	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs Robin	0	11	6
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	3	8
Collected by Miss M. Hayden	0	3	0
Collected by Miss E. Chamberlain ...	0	12	1
Collected by Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	10	0
Miss Bamber's box	1	0	0
Orphan boy's card (A. Barter)	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	9	6
Mrs. P. Wooltorton	1	0	0
Miss Beddome	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyd ...	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	0	4	6
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. Rose	0	16	9
Collected by the Misses C. and P. Pearce	0	13	0
Master Sidney Harvey and friends, per H. B. S.	0	5	6
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	3	3	0
Collected by Mr. James Simpson ...	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
Pence collected at Sunday dinner-table, per Master Frank Nye	0	16	6
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. J. Balls	0	17	6
Collected by Mrs. Oxley	0	6	6
Collected by Miss Day	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. James Hooker ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. W. A. Newport ...	1	13	6
Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	7	9
A friend, Arbroath	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Violet K. Houston ...	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. I. J. Brown	0	6	6
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. Fryer	1	2	6
Postal order, Penge Road, S. Norwood	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Holt	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Booker	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Perry	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Jungling	0	10	0
Regent-street Baptist Sunday-school, Belfast, per Miss A. Aickin:—			
Collected by Miss Helen Aickin 0 10 0			
Collected by Miss J. Gibson 0 10 0			
Collected by Miss M. Millar 0 10 0			
Collected by Miss M. Mahaffey 0 8 6			
Collected by Miss L. McIvor 0 6 9			
Collected by Miss Helena Aickin 0 5 6			
Collected by Miss Lillie Tracey 0 3 0			
Collected by Miss E. Crabbe 0 2 6			
Collected by Miss S. J. Spence 0 2 3			
Collected by Miss T. Hogan 0 1 11			
Collected by Miss Gertie Dixon 0 1 5			
	3	1	10
Collected by Mr. H. Spurgeon	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Gilbert	0	2	1
Orphan boy's card (W. G. Dillon) ...	0	1	6
Gorebridge U. P. Sabbath-school, per Mr. T. Forsyth	1	0	0
Amounts received at collectors' meeting, Tuesday, March 8th, 1887:—			
Collecting Boxes:—			
Allen, Miss 1 9 0			
Austin, Miss L. 0 10 10			
Ayliffe, Miss 0 6 3			
Attikin, Miss 0 1 6			
Buswell, Mrs. 1 15 7			
Burton, Mrs. W. 0 17 2			
Barnden, Mrs. 0 16 5			
Bruin, Miss 0 15 6			
Butler, Mrs.... ... ... 0 15 0			
Bilby, Miss 0 12 9			
Baber, Mr. 0 10 9			
Barber, Miss 0 10 5			
Brake, Miss Gertie ... 0 9 2			
Brewer, Misses A. and L. 0 7 0			
Brook, Miss 0 6 2			
Brice, Misses F. and G. ... 0 4 7			
Battersby, Miss 0 4 6			
Boswell, Mrs. 0 4 4			
Brice, Miss C. 0 3 0			
Butterworth, Miss... ... 0 1 7			
Brice, Masters G. and W. 0 1 0			
Chard, Mr. T. P. 1 16 2			
Cooke, Mrs. A. 0 19 3			
Conquest, Mrs. 0 9 6			
Carpenter, Miss 0 5 0			
Collins, Miss F. 0 5 0			
Cropley, Mrs. 0 4 5			
Cox, Miss A. 0 3 3			
Cranch, Master B.... ... 0 1 7			
Curtis, Masters P. and W. 0 1 6			
Cranch, Master R.... ... 0 1 5			
Crichton, Mrs. 0 1 1			
Child, Miss E. 0 0 9			
Child, Master 0 0 5			
Child, Master D. 0 0 4			
Davie, Master 0 9 11			
Deakin, Miss 0 8 4			
Dorin, Miss 0 7 0			
Debenham, Master W. ... 0 1 3			

	£	s.	d.
Everett, The Misses ...	1	2	6
Eyles, Misses L. and A. ...	0	5	8
Eggett, Miss F.	0	2	2
Evans, Miss L.	0	0	11
Evans, H. and W.... ...	0	0	7
Frisby, The Misses ...	0	12	0
Field, Mrs....	0	6	8
Frisby, Master T.	0	6	2
Fowler, Miss E.	0	6	1
Finnis, Miss D.	0	5	6
Frost, Miss	0	4	11
Fathers, Mrs.	0	4	6
Fairbairn, Miss A.... ...	0	4	5
Greenop, Miss	1	4	0
Garrett, Charlie and Elsie	0	12	1
Gray, Mrs.	0	8	6
Grant, Miss...	0	6	5
Gale-Smith, Mrs.	0	5	8
Gray, Mr. A.	0	4	7
Gowers, Master A. ...	0	1	0
Gray, Master H.	0	0	8
Hart, Miss	1	13	0
Hawgood, Miss	1	3	5
Hoyles, Master A.... ...	0	14	0
Hillier, Mrs.	0	12	8
Hammerton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Howlett, Miss A.	0	5	10
Hutchinson, Master R. ...	0	5	6
Hertzlett, Mrs.	0	4	6
Hinton, Miss	0	2	6
Hutchings, Mrs.	0	2	6
Hall, Miss Alice	0	1	8
Hutchinson, Miss B. ...	0	1	4
Hannam, Master	0	0	10
Ivimey, Miss (mothers' meeting)...	1	0	0
Jones, Miss E. E.	1	16	2
Jago, Miss	1	0	10
Johnson, Miss S. J. ...	0	12	10
Knight, Mr. G. H.... ...	0	6	7
Luxford, Miss	0	7	0
Larkman, Miss B.... ...	0	4	7
Little, Miss...	0	4	3
Lowne, Mrs.	0	2	6
Lucas, Mrs. M. A.... ..	0	2	1
Lineker, Miss	0	0	10
Lowe, Miss E.	0	0	6
Messrs. Marshall and Sons' employés, per Mr. Morgan	0	13	0
Mackay, Mrs.	0	10	0
Marsh, Master A. E. ...	0	9	3
May, Mrs.	0	6	11
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	4	1
Mallison, Mrs.	0	3	10
Mills, Master F.	0	2	11
Maber, Master	0	2	6
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	3
Mills, Mr. C. F.	0	1	5
Morris, Miss	0	1	4
Nutt, Miss	0	3	8
Oliver, Miss F.	0	9	9
Oliver, Master A.	0	8	2
Offer, Miss E.	0	1	2
Plant, Master H. C. ...	0	10	0
Podmore, Mrs.	0	8	9
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	5	11
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	5	0
Price, Miss F.	0	1	9
Parker, Master F.	0	1	3
Patrick, Master E. ...	0	1	0
Robert Street Ragged-school	0	16	3
Richardson, Mrs.	0	7	2
Reading, Mrs.	0	3	10
Ransom, Mr. H.	0	2	0
Rawlinson, F. and W. .	0	0	5
Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. McKee...	1	7	1
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	7	1
Sidery, Mrs.	0	17	0
Snape, Mrs.	0	14	7
Selth, Miss	0	9	7
Spencer, Miss E.	0	8	0
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	7	7
Starr, Miss (No. 12 boys)...	0	5	10
Stocks, Miss L.	0	5	7
Stevens, Mr. G. E. ...	0	4	2
Smee, Miss C.	0	3	7
Syrett, Master G.	0	1	4
Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Wilson	4	0	0
Thomas, Miss	0	11	7
Turner, Miss M.	0	7	1
Voss, Master E.	0	5	1
Voss, Master T. H. ...	0	3	3
Woodcock, Mrs.	2	4	9
Ward, Miss A.	0	10	0
Warren, Miss	0	9	8
Wilmot, Mrs.	0	7	8
Watts, Mrs.	0	6	6
Weekes, Miss J.	0	6	2
Wickham, Mrs.	0	6	2
Weekes, Miss F.	0	5	11
Warner, Master C. ...	0	5	6
Wells, Mrs. M.	0	5	0
Watkins, Miss A.	0	4	8
White, Miss E.	0	1	0
				60	14	7
Collecting Books:—						
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	6	0			
Brown, Miss J. H. ...	1	2	6			
Bowles, Mrs.	0	11	0			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	6			
Bonser, Miss	0	6	0			
Cunningham, Mrs. ...	1	10	6			
Duff, Mrs.	0	6	6			
Dee, Mrs.	0	3	0			
Ewen, Mrs.	1	11	6			
Evans, Mrs.	1	10	0			
Figg, Miss H.	0	13	6			
Fowler, Miss N.	0	13	6			
Frost, Miss	0	10	0			
Good, Miss	0	3	10			
Hoare, Miss	1	0	0			
Hinton, Miss E.	0	16	6			
Jephs, Miss	2	11	0			
Leeworthy, Miss	1	1	0			
Lawson, Mrs.	0	15	0			
Livett, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0			
Miller, Miss H.	0	10	0			
Orridge, Mrs.	1	0	4			
Pearce, Miss Jeannie ...	0	10	0			
Pellatt, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Ryan, Mrs.	0	2	6			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0			
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0			
Wratten, E., orphan-boy's card...	0	13	0			
				25	7	8
Donations:—						
Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0			
Mrs. Hillen	1	1	0			
Two friends	0	7	6			
A friend, L. D.	0	2	6			
Tea tickets sold	1	13	6			
				8	4	6
Mrs. Belough				0	1	0
Mrs. James Grant				0	2	0
Mrs. E. P. Woodeson				0	12	0
Miss B. Laflin				0	2	0
W. S.				1	0	0
A mother's thankoffering				0	2	6
Mabel, Jan, and Duncan Matheson ...				0	11	6
Mr. D. Jackson				0	5	0
Mr. R. B. Warren				1	0	0
Mrs. A. Grace				0	5	0
A thankoffering for the Pastor's safe return				1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Thomas				3	0	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.				1	1	0
Mr. E. Marsh				100	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor R. F. Jeffrey :—			
Mrs. Moore 0 10 0			
Miss Porch 0 5 0			
Miss Bugler 0 2 6			
	0	17	6
A reader of "Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack"	0	2	6
E. C.	10	0	0
Mr. T. B. Maddox	0	10	0
Collection at Lionsgate Mission-room, Corne Abbas	1	10	0
M. L. C.	0	5	0
Mr. R. Woodford	5	5	0
Alexander and Bucephalus	0	5	0
A Brixtonian	1	0	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	5	0
Children's service, Immanuel Church, West Brixton, per Mr. A. Wilson ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Webb	2	0	0
Mrs. Cooper and friend	0	12	0
Mrs. Cowell	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Moore	5	0	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
Collected by Mr. H. Doorbar, jun. ...	0	10	0
A sermon reader, Bristol	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 5 0			
Mr. H. Cooper 0 10 0			
Mrs. G. W. Palmer ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Whitfield 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Miss Florence Pursey ... 0 3 6			
Master Arthur Pursey ... 0 3 3			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
	7	4	3
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Hunt	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Finch	0	5	0
Eff	0	5	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher ...	14	6	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Mrs. Ferrett	0	2	6
Collected by R. S. and E. Pocock ...	0	17	0
Collected at Old Baptist Sunday-school, Guildford, per Mr. P. Pickett :—			
Mr. P. Pickett's box ... 1 5 1			
Girls' box 1 2 5			
Boys' box 1 0 5			
Infants' box... ... ... 0 13 9			
Mr. G. Walker's box ... 0 6 0			
Miss Usher's box 0 2 6			
	4	10	2
Collected by Mrs. McKay	2	4	6
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick... ...	1	0	6
Mrs. Mills	0	11	3
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	12	6
Miss Thornton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Lang :—			
Mrs. A. Beckingsale ... 0 5 0			
E. W. 0 2 6			
	0	7	6
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang, for the support of one girl for a year ...	15	0	0
Richmond Street Mission :—			
Bible-classes 11 5 0			
Sunday-school 12 5 0			
	23	10	0
A brother in Christ Jesus	0	5	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
The widow's mite, Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Smith	0	10	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
B. S., Norwich	0	10	0
S. J. C.	1	0	0
R. W.	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	2	0	0
Mrs. Mutch...	1	0	0
"She hath done what she could" ...	0	15	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	5	0
	0	4	6

	£	s.	d.
S. G.	1	0	0
Miss R. Page	0	2	0
Mr. W. Pickard	2	2	0
Mr. S. Cone	1	10	0
Mrs. L. White	3	2	0
A. Stevens and friends	0	10	0
C.	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	4	4	0
Stoney Thorpe	0	10	0
Mr. F. Wright	1	0	0
Mrs. F. H. Cockrell	2	0	0
Collected by Miss A. M. Steeples :—			
Miss E. Pepper 0 2 6			
Miss F. Pepper 0 2 6			
Miss A. M. Steeples ... 0 2 6			
The Backbiting Society ... 0 1 0			
	0	8	6
Executors of the late Miss Eleanor Turner	20	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Eleanor Turner, for Girls' Orphanage ...	20	0	0
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Abbey Road Chapel. St. John's Wood	38	13	2
Park Chapel, Brentford ... 3 10 0			
Programmes 0 9 7			
	3	19	7
Young Men's Christian Association, West Croydon 3 3 0			
Mr. George Williams ... 5 0 0			
	8	3	0
St. Michael's Temperance Society, Stockwell ... 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Howell 0 10 6			
Programmes 0 3 4			
	1	3	10
Newport, Isle of Wight 2 6 0			
Mr. J. Buller 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Thomas 1 0 0			
A friend 0 5 0			
	4	12	0
Westbourne Park Chapel... 3 3 0			
Mr. E. Cayford 5 5 0			
Programmes 1 13 4			
	10	1	4
Messrs. Higgs and Hill	2	2	0
Rye Lane, Peckham, programmes ...	1	7	2
St. Albans 1 18 6			
Programmes... ... ... 0 8 5			
	2	6	11
Chatham, half proceeds ... 15 4 4			
Programmes 1 7 8			
	16	12	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. H. Johnson	0	2	6
The Misses Murray	2	0	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Dix 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson ... 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mr. C. R. White	1	1	0
Mr. A. F. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. Underwood	0	10	0
Mr. Sydney Bush	0	10	0
Admiral Robert D. Aldrich	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscription :—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Miss S. A. Muir (2 Months)	0	10	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
	£765	5	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 15th to March 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—44 bags of Swede Turnips and 42 bags of Potatoes, Mr. W. Mead; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 2 cases Oranges, Messrs. Borgeaud Brothers.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—3 Coats and 2 pairs Trousers, Mr. J. Allright; 2 Boys' Suits, 12 Caps, 4 pairs Knitted Socks, The Misses Warmold and friends; 1 dozen pairs Knitted Socks, Fraulein Bertha Hoering; 8 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Ostler; 1 dozen Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—63 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Ulsters, Mr. J. Allright; 36 Articles, the Misses Warmold and friends; 2 Articles, Fraulein Bertha Hoering; 18 pairs Boots, 18 pairs Hose, Mr. J. B. Elgar; 12 Articles for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Rolfe; 2 Articles, Miss Clara Oakley; 12 Articles for No. 6 Girls, Mrs. Moss.

GENERAL.—1 Scrap Book, Miss Little; 1 Violin and Case, &c., The Misses M. and R. Jeffreys; a quantity of Envelopes, Messrs. Warren, Hall, and Lovitt; a few Magazines, "Living Waters," "Anon"; 1 dozen Kneeling Mats, 22 Sponges, 1 dozen balls of String, Mr. J. Cooper; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Wood.

ERRATUM, March "Sword and Trowel," page 152:—List of presents, General: "Mr. F. G. Dean," should be "Mr. T. G. Owens."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
For Bower Chalk:—			
Mr. Thomas R——, per secretary 5 0 0			
Mr. Hardman 1 0 0			
	6	0	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Argyle Home Mission, Bath	10	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R—— ...	10	0	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	20	0	0
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	7	10	0
Southern Association, per treasurer, Mr. W. Beer	50	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
South Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per Mr. T. White	10	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. Richard Peter ...	10	0	0
Meyseyhampton District, per Captain Milbourne	15	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£201	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Gibson	5	0	0
Mrs. Allan	0	10	0
Mr. B. I. Greenwood	5	0	0
Mrs. FitzGerald	1	0	0
E. C.	10	0	0
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
Mrs. King, per Pastor J. Stanley ...	1	0	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
P. W. A.	5	5	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell...	3	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. J. J. Cook, for 1886	1	1	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£34	3	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Chalford	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	5	0	0
Stockwell Orphanage Trustees, for Mr. Eyres' services	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Morton	1	7	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Billington	1	3	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's help in Brentford Mission	1	0	0
Mrs. FitzGerald	2	0	0
E. C.	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Hunt	2	0	0
Mr. George Wight	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"...	13	19	11
S. D. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Darby, per Mr. James	10	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
	£52	4	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 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 13th 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.

MAY, 1887.

What we aim at in the Pastors' College.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

AMONG the most useful of our pastors some will be found who have never received any special training for the Christian ministry. We recognize this fact, and rejoice in the sovereign choice of the Great Head of the Church. He who of old spake by prophets who had been herdsmen and ploughmen, can do the same to-day, and put to the blush all human learning when it dares to think itself essential to the work of God. Still, there can be no doubt that if a man be thoroughly consecrated to the Lord's service, and filled with the Holy Ghost, he is none the worse, and may be a great deal the better, for being an educated person. Ignorance is never an aid to grace. The gospel of spiritual light naturally associates itself with light moral and mental. The Holy Spirit does not need our wisdom, but he certainly does not need our folly. Divine truth loses none of its power by being spoken in correct English, neither will it be any the less clear if set forth by a person familiar with his Bible in its original tongues.

It is well known by those who concern themselves with "things touching the King," that he frequently entrusts men with considerable natural abilities, and yet they are hindered in the use of them by lack of early schooling, and inability to procure instruction in after life. It seems to us to be a holy work to help such hopeful men to clear

* This paper is taken from the Report of the College, and it is here reprinted in the hope that it may be a useful guide to young men who are seeking to improve themselves with a view to preaching the gospel more effectively.

themselves of the impediments which oppress them. THE PASTORS' COLLEGE was commenced with this design, and it has not been diverted from this as its main object.

We have frequently found good men already in pastorates, earnest, useful, plodding, but conscious of a great lack. It has given us much delight to meet with honest, laborious, and intensely devoted men, who have had humility enough to confess their conscious deficiencies, and sufficient strength of mind to resolve to supply them at all cost. To descend from the position of a pastor to that of a mere student, is not pleasing to the ordinary mind. The self-sufficient would scout such a proposal as an insult; but often men of sound common-sense have been led by their zeal for God's glory to propose such a course for themselves, and resolutely to carry it out. Several men of this class have come to us, and they have made the best of students, because they have known by experience the value of knowledge, and they have, therefore, been determined to make the best of their opportunities. The times grow more and more exacting as to the matter of education. Trained in our Board Schools, our youngsters now make fun of speakers who are vicious in pronunciation and faulty in grammar; and there is little hope of edification where there are constant causes for ridicule.

All the students who come to us from the churches must have preached for at least two years; and this is required of them for two reasons: first, that they may not be novices, but such as have tried their call; and, secondly, that they may be only such men as have once for all addicted themselves to the ministry, and have determined to spend their lives in it. Ours is not an institution by which young men are enticed into the ministry; it is far more one which aims to keep out of the sacred office those who are not called to it. We are continually declining candidates because we question their fitness. Some of these have education and money, and are supported by earnest requests from parents and friends; but all this avails them nothing. On the other hand, lack neither of learning nor money is any barrier to the man who has a clear call, and has obtained the seal of the Divine Spirit by the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. Only let Apollos come with a desire to know the way of God more perfectly, and the College rejoices to receive him. We never dream of making a man a minister; our only hope is that we may be of some service to those who are already appointed of the Lord to that work.

The question is, "What are we to do for those who, coming to man's estate, feel a throbbing within them for preaching, and yet know themselves to be deficient even in the matter of correct language?" They cannot afford to spend nine or ten years in college training, and if they could afford it, we are not clear that they would derive unmingled benefit from so long a process. It would be small gain if we should by elaborate means succeed in turning a rough-and-ready evangelist into a sapless essayist. Would it not answer every purpose if we could give these brethren such an education as they might have attained if, in their early days, they had been among the more favoured of our youth? Would it not be better still if we could add thereto a special training in the subjects which ministers have to teach, and instruction in the best manner of teaching them.

We will frankly state what our notion is, and what we have been able in some measure to do in order to realize it.

First and foremost, the brother must obtain A KNOWLEDGE OF THE SCRIPTURES. A man who is to feed the flock of Christ must be familiar with the pastures of the Word of God. The Scriptures should be to all other knowledge what the sun is to the solar system—the centre of light and the source of power. A sound expositor is a good theologian, and good theologians are scarce nowadays. He who knows his Bible well will be of more service to believers than the gentleman whose teaching is drawn from modern thinkers. All teaching which will help to the understanding of the Bible, its history, geography, and manners and customs, is also most important. Commentaries, expositions, and introductions should be read with care and diligence. The books of the Bible should be read through as entire books, and not pecked at verse by verse, as if they were a collection of sentences, and not component parts of a great volume. The Bible should also be seen as a whole, and at least an idea formed as to the reason for the shape which the divine revelation has taken. First and foremost must come the Bible, and whatever else is learned, it must be mainly with the view that we may know our Bibles better, and be able the more clearly to set their contents before our people. That college training which leaves men in doubt as to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, or ignorant of the contents of the Old and New Testaments, is worse than useless.

THE STUDY OF DOCTRINE follows necessarily upon the study of the Book which contains the Doctrine. Whatever may be sneeringly said of "theology," we are not of the number who despise it. Probably the gentlemen who sneer are well aware that their own "theology" is worthless, and therefore they have a personal justification for their contempt of it; but the true theology is more precious than the gold of Ophir. In our institution we teach definite truths; and these are not set forth as phases of opinion, but as the mind of God. That which we have tasted and handled we declare: truths burned into our very souls by experience of their power we testify. If all do not receive with equal capacity, or retain with equal faithfulness, we cannot help it; but it is the tutor's business to be clear, plain, forcible, and unmistakable. We do not conceive it to be the duty of a teacher of truth to stand with a pair of scales in his hand balancing truth and error, and speaking his best for both: he is supposed to know what he would teach, and to teach "as one having authority," and not as a mere debater. We make no concealment of our belief in the orthodox faith. To raise up men who shall preach the doctrines of grace is our distinct object. The handbooks used are of no doubtful order, but declare the old faith, and prove it from the Scriptures of truth. Oh, that we may see a band of men, holding fast the form of sound words because they have entered into the spirit of it, and feel the vital force of the gospel! We see not how religion is to become a life unless it is first received as the way and the truth. To teach Jesus and his cross may be an offence in some quarters; but God forbid that we should glory in aught beside. May the Holy Ghost send us men who shall preach the true gospel because they abhor every other.

It will be well for the student to have some acquaintance with the

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH: though we are not sure that he will acquire it from the works usually called "church histories"; since these are generally written from the standpoint of a state church or under the influence of a dominant sect. We need, however, to know the great workers and writers of the true church in all ages, and it should be the object of all tutors to make their pupils feel at home with the leaders of holy thought of all ages. They even need to know somewhat of those crooked minds which have perverted that thought to evil ends. It is well to be aware of old errors, since the new inventions of these times are little more than faded heresies cleaned and varnished, and sent forth in new frames.

Church history can scarcely be studied apart from the current story of the nations in which the church has been placed—one stitch of knowledge brings up another. Every young man should joyfully study the history of his own country, and then of every other land. HISTORY is a grand field for the gathering of flowers of illustration and fruit of example. No man has any excuse for resorting to the very best fiction till he has taken a close survey of those facts of history which are more romantic than romance. The histories of Rome and Greece are treasure-houses of illustrative anecdotes. Puritan works are full of passages from the Greek Anthology and Plutarch's Lives. The annals of every country, from those of Assyria down to those of the United States, teem with instruction such as will help men to teach men. Having first studied the Book of inspiration, it becomes us to examine the Book of Providence, which comes from the same Author.

The student should learn, at least, the rudiments of ASTRONOMY, CHEMISTRY, ZOOLOGY, GEOLOGY, AND BOTANY. In our College course we have never overlooked the sciences, because we see in them much actual instruction and much aid in imparting the higher knowledge. Personally, I delight in resting my mind by pursuing the by-paths of knowledge, and reading up occasionally upon some subject connected with agriculture, commerce, travel, or adventure. All that concerns men concerns the preacher, and if he is wise he will seek out acceptable emblems and parables; and where can he find them so surely or so plentifully as in the facts of nature and history?

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE will seldom be overlooked in any institution, and therefore a word may suffice. Every teacher should know the laws which govern the mind on which he is to operate, and if in the attempt to learn those laws he should even stumble into the cloudland of METAPHYSICS, he will not be a loser if he does not lose himself there. Distinctions in morals need in these days to be carefully drawn, and hence our young men should know something of that holy CASUISTRY which handles difficult cases, and directs the perplexed where moral laws appear to stand in conflict with each other. The Puritan divines were many of them great in this most practical part of a pastor's service. Cases of conscience were frequently discussed by them, and many of their decisions reveal a thorough acquaintance with the law of God and the condition of the heart.

Certain branches of study are not to be estimated by the food with which they supply the soul, but by the exercise which they give to the mind. In every worthy place for the training of youth, attention should

be given to MATHEMATICS in various forms, for these are the drill of the mind. The higher and more intricate forms of Geometry and Algebra are the athletics of the soul: here we have our leaping bar, and ladder, and trapeze. It is well to find tools for the mind, but it is better still to strengthen and train the mind itself. Mathematics discipline the mind, and equip it with a logical tendency and a love of accuracy which are of inestimable value.

Every academy for helping students to the ministry must largely cultivate THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES. I need not plead for the sacred tongues, since no one will question the immense importance of reading the Scriptures in their original form. Sufficient Hebrew and Greek to be able to read the Old and New Testaments every man ought to acquire. My thoughts are directed just now to the acquisition of a language, say especially the Latin, not so much for the sake of the books read, as for the sake of the language itself. We need Latin that we may know the meaning of English, and may see how the regular and orderly speech of a civilized race is fashioned and ordered. What anatomy is to surgery, that the classical languages are to oratory. Or, to change the figure, what tools in the shop are to the worker in wood or metal, that words are to the preacher, and in the apprenticeship of learning a language he discovers the use and value of those tools. Is not this a matter of prime importance?

COMPOSITION AND STYLE, so far as they can be taught, should take a high place in the young preacher's preparation. He should drink of the wells of English pure and undefiled, and so drink that out of his very soul may flow rivers of the like liquid language. He should be corrected if prone to vulgarities, either of the coarse or of the florid kind. He should be practised in colloquial speech, and in extempore utterance, till he has learned to think on his legs, and think aloud. He should be taught how sermons are to be constructed, and the best way of marshalling his expositions, arguments, and exhortations, so as to give them forth as a whole. As no one tutor can do this for each man, it is a happy circumstance that we can be aided by brotherly criticism among the men themselves—criticism which seldom errs upon the side of gentleness. This may cause pain at the time, but it is salutary; and men who cannot bear the Spartan discipline of the class-room, are hardly fit to be leaders in the stern battle of life.

Our brethren should be urged to CULTIVATE THE IMAGINATION. Here the poets are a great aid; but they are not our only helpers: lives of great men also serve to make our thoughts sublime. Those who have incarnated the history they have created leave us in their biographies matter of far more educational value than the best fiction, or even the best poetry. In this I quote the opinion of an eminent professor of the University of Edinburgh. The poets, by all means, but the great workers above them all: with these we should be familiar; we should raise them from the dead with all their belongings, and people our houses with them, with the firm resolve that we will reproduce them, as far as may be, in ourselves. It has been my lot, in a somewhat piecemeal manner, to introduce the students both to poets and prophets, singers and seers, and with these I have tried to arouse their souls, and set their minds a-work. How far I have succeeded their future lives must show.

One matter we have all along desired to handle with special care, namely, that which concerns the actual delivery of a discourse—in other words, PRACTICAL ORATORY. I have been amazed when I have learned that in some institutions this is altogether neglected: surely, this is a very conspicuous necessity in the training of a public speaker. There are peculiarities of attitude in many men which need to be corrected, and more frequently still there are provincial utterances, rustic mannerisms, or city affectations which must be got rid of. I think I see why certain divines are so ungainly in their action: they were never instructed in elocution. Many colleges omit this prime necessity.

The cultivation of the voice is very necessary in many men. Much can be done by a voice-trainer to soften, sweeten, or strengthen voices. We may cure bawling, indistinctness, and roughness. Emphasis also may be taught, and this is a great lack with some, whose speech is a dead level, a monotonous Sahara of sound. Men can be helped to moderate their lung-force, and modulate their tones. Many a time it becomes a task to listen to the most precious truth because it is conveyed to the ear with distressing monotony. The whole class should be instructed as to voice and action, and it is better still that each man should be personally drilled, and looked after in an individual manner. I hope the *Lectures to my Students** have been useful in instances not a few. I have lately heard of a case in which a good country brother, who has never brushed his back against a college wall, was much assisted to quit his native roughness by his wife reading the Lectures to him, and pausing every now and then to say, "There, James, that's you." All men have not such sensible wives, or we might dispense with their going to college.

Lastly, I conceive that in our institutions for training young ministers instruction should be given as to THE CONDUCT OF CHURCH WORK. A pastor should know the ways of the church over which he is to preside. In our case, no young man in the Pastors' College can fail to see how to make a prayer-meeting interesting; for the most varied and remarkable meetings for prayer that have been known to any age of the church, are those which are held in the Tabernacle. Where many hundreds are met together, and praying men of all ranks and classes and nationalities are wont to assemble, we have opportunities for special forms of meeting which must be suggestive to men in after life. Church meetings can also be attended by all students, and they can see how members are received, and learn how church business should be conducted. My brother, the esteemed vice-president, has on several occasions held meetings of various kinds as examples, and has seen that brethren know how to keep church rolls, preside in the chair, write dismissory letters, and so forth. Unusual opportunities are in our case ready to hand, in the fact that the College is a part of the work of a great church, and under the supervision of actual pastors.

This is a very brief summary of the studies to which we attend. It is not intended to be complete, and it purposely omits that spiritual training which it would require another paper to describe. For that we

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* *Lectures to my Students.* By C. H. Spurgeon. Of these there are two volumes. Price 2s. 6d. each. Passmore and Alabaster.

look up daily to our Father in heaven. Much of what I have here printed was spoken to those immediately concerned, that they might see why such and such things are made prominent in their college course. I think it was Plato who told his physician that when he took medicine he liked to take it, not as a beast swallowing it knows not what, but as a man who understands why such and such a thing is prescribed, and in what manner it subserves the purpose intended. Even so we would have our brethren know why they are taught this and that; for, perchance, this may become to them a great inducement to apply themselves the more diligently thereto.

Sunken Boats.

BY ROBERT SPURGEON, OF MADARIPORE.

BENGALEES build better boats than houses. More skill and labour are expended upon them, and far more care is taken of them also. But during one season of the year it is necessary to sink them, either to destroy the white ants that sometimes infest them, or to swell the planks which have shrunk by exposure to the sun. In the broad rivers they are sometimes sunken near the centre of the stream where, with sail set, a free course ought to be allowed. In narrow creeks they are often crowded together so that navigation is very dangerous and difficult. Only the prow or stern, and occasionally the stump of the mast, appear above the surface, to indicate where the course is blocked. Sometimes one's boat glides over the immersed craft, avoiding a single blow or touch, because the tide has risen sufficiently to lift us above the hidden danger.

Such sunken craft cannot, of course, ever right themselves. At the ebb tide they may appear high out of the water, the water may sometimes so recede as to leave them equally above the wave with many like structures. Yet the boat cannot stir; for it is laden with the element beneath which it had a while ago been hidden. Till the water is baled out it cannot possibly float upon the flood victorious. This is often the work of many hands, and of many an hour, as the regular shout and splash while the work proceeds sufficiently show. But no time must be lost, or the returning flood-tide will refill the craft, and compel it back to its former position beneath the surface. The lethargic natives often permit this to happen, and when they do so, the owner looks on with just displeasure, as he calculates mentally the loss of time, of labour, and perhaps of profit, such negligence has caused.

How like to these sunken boats are those believers who are plunged into the depths of sorrow, that their defects may be fully remedied, in order that their future course may be a safe and prosperous one! White ants, as all readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* already know, work as secretly and as surely as sin, and only an immersion such as that described can possibly destroy the pests. It may also happen that exposure to the contracting rays of the sun of prosperity have created the need for such a plunging in the sea of grief. Whatever may be the reason, it is fully known to the Master of the vessel, for without his permission or command such an immersion could not occur. "What

I do," he says, "thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." When the boat is raised, and again the sails are set, and the craft glides swiftly and gaily along the stream of life, the deep submergence will be remembered gratefully, and fully understood.

Perhaps, though, these sunken boats, as they appear to us who travel on the water, suggest more clearly the condition of the unsaved. Plunged in the flood of sin, they form formidable impediments to those who desire to pursue the voyage of grace. Some seem so deeply sunken in immorality that to once more rescue them is next to impossible. Lethargic and careless workers are often filled with disappointment, as they see their efforts at rescue balked by further floods of iniquity arising, and again immersing those on whose behalf they had laboured. "What thou doest, do quickly," is advice that such labourers need; for while, perhaps, under the breath of the Spirit, the tide of sin has for a little abated, all their energies are required to right the man before the floods can return. It requires no small strength to be urgent in this laborious work: when "the King's business requireth haste" none but the better sort of workers will prove equal to the occasion. A full appreciation of the power of the approaching tide must incite one to be speedy in baling the boat. The sinner left alone is useless, and a danger to all; and the man who can raise him out of his element, and send him on a prosperous course, not only "saves a soul from sin," but he also removes impediments and dangers from the path of others.

The saddest thought of all arising from the contemplation of these sunken craft is that some are too far down beneath the stream to be reached at all. Indeed, their very existence there is unknown, or utterly forgotten. Not a point appears above the surface to indicate their whereabouts. Such never come into contact with the heavenly travellers as they press onward, and there seems little hope of their ultimate recovery. What is to be done? With many a prayer let us trust them to the care of their Owner. He knows their whereabouts. "I have much people in this city," he said to the distracted and lonely apostle, whose eye could not discern a single point emerging from the flood of idolatry and sin that had submerged the inhabitants around him. And however completely sunken men may be in sin, God can so turn the tide of iniquity as to bring them one by one into view, and make them accessible to the earnest souls who long to effect their uplifting, and their piloting to the port of peace.

Don Quixote in Religion.

IT is possible to emulate the exploits of a Don Quixote in our religious life, and to run a tilt at any number of spiritual windmills; but this is not watchfulness. A clerical brother of mine, alarmed from his slumbers by a policeman, who reported his church open, imagined that he had captured a burglar by the hair of his head in the tower of his church, when he had only laid violent hands, in the darkness, upon the church mop. It is quite possible to convert a mop into a burglar in our own spiritual experiences.—*W. H. M. H. Aitken.*

Two Dangers: a little Talk to my People.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TWO great dangers are common in the streets of the City of Vanity in which we are called upon to sojourn for a season. If we were to shut ourselves up within doors, and never go abroad, we might possibly avoid one of these dangers; but we should certainly fall into the other. The two perils are those of getting harm from others and doing mischief to others: the last we can fall into by doing nothing at all; possibly we may in this way occasion more mischief than by mistaken activity. These dangers are equally great, and equally imminent, unless we are strictly upon our guard. Happy is that man who shall reach heaven unharmed and harmless; having neither gotten nor given a wound.

Illustrations sometimes come in our way, and demand a hearing. I have lately been instructed by two parables, which have met me on the road, and compelled me to learn from them whether I would or not. I cannot refrain from telling them to you.

As I rode home the other evening, I had like to have fallen a victim to the Drink Traffic in a very literal sense. A loaded dray came thundering along the road with its freight of barrels. It was hard to tell which side of the way it would take, and certainly there was nothing to be done but to yield it the road without dispute. As it was very much upon the wrong side, there was nothing better for my driver to do than to get on the path and shout, in the hope of arousing the attention of the Jehu in command. No such person was visible: there was no Jehu to say gee-woah. Nevertheless, the sensible horses steered more nearly to the centre of the road; and as they went by at a great rate, we saw that they were their own masters. We escaped that peril, and were thankful. Their driver was refreshing himself at the next public-house, and his poor steeds, having waited patiently till they felt the cold night air, were making the best of their way home, to the serious peril of her Majesty's subjects.

There are a great many runaway teams upon the road of life in these evil days; indeed, it was always so in the best of times. If we would not be run down by transgressors of one sort or another, we shall have need to be always on the watch. One cannot go into the street, the shop, or the workroom, without being exposed to more or less of risk. Immense damage may befall us through the evil deeds or wicked words of unregenerate men and women. Satan assails us through our fellows. He has his apostles, evangelists, and ministers everywhere; nor is he without his house-to-house visitors and tract-distributors. With great noise, or with none, the drays and chariots of the evil one rush along the road, and will soon run us down unless we get out of their way. This is so difficult a task, that when we have prayed, "Lead us not into temptation," we are bidden to add, "but deliver us from evil"; for the most careful avoidance of evil will not suffice to prevent our being in peril. The devil does not keep to his own side of the road, but drives in where we least expect him. When the sons of God came together, did not Satan come also among them? Yes, he is not omnipresent: that none can be but the Lord himself; but it is very hard to tell where he is not. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." We

are careful not to go into harm's way. In places where sin is open and rife we are never found; but we must watch even in the safest places lest in an hour when we are not aware we should be battered and bruised by some mighty evil.

The second peril is that of doing harm to others. This would be sadness indeed. If we are run into by others, we must bear the damage, and in due time we shall get over it; but if we were to cause grievous harm to another, how could we bear the painful reflection? A sensitive mind would be driven into the depths of misery by considering the injury which it had unwittingly inflicted. Now it happened to me that almost my next journey to London was on the Bank Holiday, and alas! there were on that day sadly abundant signs of the dominion of John Barleycorn in the open streets. An intoxicated man fell from the pavement full upon his back. It was an ugly fall for the back of his head; but by the good providence of God a worse evil was averted. We were passing at that instant, and as I looked out of the carriage window I saw that a few inches further would have laid that drunken cranium, or the neck of the beery one, right under our wheel. Had we passed over his prostrate body we could not have helped it, for his fall was altogether unexpected; but what a horrible event for us as well as for the poor tippler! I would very much have preferred an accident to myself.

It is not easy to avoid injuring others, and you may do it when you are where you have a right to be, and when you would gladly empty your purse to avoid it. I rejoiced exceedingly to have escaped this second peril. I think I was more glad on this occasion than on the former one. To injure another is worse by far than being injured ourselves. It is always painful to me to cause the least pain to those around me, or indeed to any one.

On the highway of life such minor accidents as treading upon people's corns are very common to me: I have been doing it rather much of late, without the slightest intention of so doing. I shall have to buy a pair of list slippers and muffle my oratorical feet in them; for I fear my boots must have rather heavy soles since people complain of their weight even when I think I am tripping very lightly. I hope the crushed corns will soon forgive me.

It is worse when there is somewhat in our example which becomes an unavoidable but real injury to others. Though we may not be aware of it at the time, we make a sad discovery when we find out in after days that what we did without a thought was turned to sad account by some young observer, and made the occasion of evil. We did not at the time look around for all the consequences of our act, neither did we foresee what would sure to be made of it; and so the deed was done and a wound inflicted which we would give our eyes to cure, but cannot. We may yet have to make very humiliating discoveries of the evils wrought inadvertently by us. Who among us can hope to be quite clear? A look of vexation, or word coldly spoken, or a little help thoughtlessly withheld, may produce long issues of regret. This should warn us to walk circumspectly both in the present and in the future, and go carefully in and out among men. He who has to deal with young lambs or little children has great need to guard his movements.

I see that great objection has been taken to my warning you not to be partakers of other men's sins by setting an example in the matter of drink, which it would be unsafe for others to follow. I thought that I put the case very temperately. I neither said nor implied that it was sinful to drink wine; nay, I said that in and by itself this might be done without blame. But I remarked, that if I knew that another would be led to take it by my example, and this would lead him on to further drinking, and even to intoxication, then I would not touch it. I did not urge abstinence as a duty to one's self, as I might have done, but I gently placed it on the footing of concern for the welfare of others. I thought every Christian man would agree to this. I did not make it a matter of law, but of love. I set forth no doctrine of salvation by meats and drinks, and I laid no ban upon the exercise of your liberty. I did, however, entreat you not to endanger others by an inexpedient use of things lawful. It was saying no more than Paul meant when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." This has made some brethren very angry; but, in truth, I see no cause. May I not express my opinion? Are they so insecure in their own position that they are afraid to have it challenged, even in the gentlest manner? I sincerely hope that this is the case.

One friend asks, "Are we to give up shaving because people may cut their throats with razors?" To which I answer, that if I had an insane friend in my house, who was likely to commit suicide, I would far rather leave my beard alone than put a razor in his way. If I knew of even one poor friend who had cut his throat with my razor, I should hate the sight of it, and I would make sure that no second person should be tempted to destruction by any razor of mine. It would be an awful memory to have carelessly contributed to a suicide, and it would be still worse to have aided in ruining a soul by strong drink.

The same friend enquires, "If I am a skater myself, must I keep off the ice because my skating would induce another to come upon the ice, who might fall down?" This also is not a difficult question. If my skating caused no further mischief than a tumble or two to those inexpert in the exercise, I should not feel called upon to abstain; for the only result would be an increase of merriment, with a possible bruise or two which would soon be gone. But if I saw legs broken, spines injured, and lives lost, I should never forgive myself if I enticed a single person into such peril. But the subject under consideration is no child's play. The falls in this case are not such as boys may get upon a slide. Oh that they were such harmless casualties! The skating which is now under consideration is performed on a more dangerous element than water, it causes jeopardy to character, to position, to eternal well-being, and it is not for Christians to speak lightly of it. When I think of the poverty, misery, and crime which are caused by drunkenness, I can see no parallel between these things and healthy sport upon the ice. It may seem trivial to some, but to those who come in daily contact with the evil it is a solemn business.

Brethren, let us have all our eyes open, that in the highway of life we neither suffer injury from others nor inflict injury upon them unawares.

Wit and Humour in Puritan Times.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Ashton's book upon the Wit of the Seventeenth Century is not one that we would place indiscriminately in the hands of all readers, it affords a rare insight into the social life of two or two-and-a-half centuries ago, to such as know how to use it. The collection made with much tact, knowledge, and industry, reflects, as in a mirror, the every-day life of that great self-satisfied world in which the Puritans had their lot, and against the manners and opinions of which their system was a standing protest. It is needless to say, that this older world was coarse and outspoken to a degree which the majority of people now living have little idea of; and, perhaps, if their knowledge of those times were fuller, they would not be so hard upon the Puritans on account of their alleged over-strictness. The world, as it was then reflected in its literature, was too gross to be fully portrayed in a modern book; for, in respect to the ballads which Macaulay treasured as supplying materials for history, Mr. Ashton says: "I know no publisher who would be bold enough to reproduce them in their entirety for the use of the general public." This shows that the touches and allusions of Bunyan, in his "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," are by no means exaggerated. It was pre-eminently a drunken and a licentious age; and it ought to be a matter for devout thankfulness that, in the matter of soberness, at least, great advances have been made.

Thinking that two or three examples of the kind of things which passed current among our forefathers as humour or satire may prove acceptable, we will begin with

A CHURLE THAT WAS A GREAT USURER.

A chuffe that scarce had teeth to chew his meate,
Heares with deafe ears, and sees with glassy eies,
Unto his grave his path doth daily beate,
Or like a logg upon his pallett lies:
Hath not a thought of God, nor of his grace,
Speaks not a word but what intends to gaine,
Can have no pitty on the poore man's case,
But will the hart-strings of the needy straine:
Cries not till death, and then but gives a groane,
To leave his silver, and his golden bags,
Then gapes and dies, and with a little moane
Is lapped up in a few rotten ragges.
What will this clunch fist leave upon his grave?
Here lies the carkasse of a wretched knave.

The above carries a useful lesson, if people with wealth and opportunities will but apply it to themselves. There is also something to be noted in these lines:—

ON A WATCH LOST IN A TAVERN.

A Watch lost in a Tavern? That's a crime.
You know how men in drinking lose there time.
A watch keeps time, and if time pass away,
There is small reason that the watch should stay.

* "Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century." Collected and Illustrated by John Ashton. Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d.

The key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time scorns to be kept tame in any pocket.
Hereafter if you keep 't, thus must you do,
Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket too.

A very familiar method of expressing a great fact can be traced back to those old times. "A Papist asked a Protestant, as 'tis their usual way, where his religion was before *Luther*. *In the Bible*, says he, *where yours never was*."

It seems to have been as necessary two hundred years ago as it is to-day, to impress upon preachers and teachers of the people the necessity of speaking in language that all can understand. We have in this book an old-time example of scholars' language *versus* the more common-sense dialect of the common people. An Oxford pedant condescends to take his shoes to be mended, and delivers a learned oration to the cobbler respecting the semi-circles of leather which are to be affixed to his suppedators. On recovering himself somewhat, the cobbler says, "I understand not your hard language; but if I put on two heel-pieces, I'll have a groat for them."

Here we have in the olden days mention of a grievance which has come down to our own day:—

"If you ask why borrowed books seldom return to their owners, this is the reason one gives for it: *Because 'tis easier to keep them than to keep what is in them*."

We suppose the following was intended to teach that students and preachers may get to be too oblivious of the things of daily life:—

"An author's house being on fire whilst he was poring on his books, he called to his wife, and bade her look to it. *You know*, says he, *I don't concern myself with the household*."

We close with what looks like a very well-deserved

REBUKE TO A MINISTER.

"A woman coming to a parson, desir'd him to preach a funeral sermon on her son, that was lately dead; the parson promised her to do it; but she desiring to know the price of his sermon, he told her it was twenty shillings. Twenty shillings! says she. An ass spoke for an angel,* and won't you speak under twenty shillings? The parson, being a little nettled at her, told her that she was better fed than taught. Sir, says she, 'tis very true; for my husband feeds me, and you teach me."

Some of the things which Mr. Ashton has collected are sad evidences of the excesses and grossnesses of the age in which the Puritans shone as lights in the world; and mainly in this respect is his book of any value to us.

* A coin of the value of ten shillings was called an angel.

A Shepherd with a Whip.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

ON one of the roads near Mentone we met a shepherd, with a long whip in his hand, driving a flock of sheep. This was the more remarkable because, along the Riviera, as in Palestine, the shepherds usually go before the sheep to lead them, and not behind them to drive them. It was a sad sight to see *a shepherd with a whip* instead of a crook, and it was evidently not carried for ornament, for the man made great and cruel use of it upon the backs of the poor animals that he was driving to the market or the slaughter-house.

We could not help thinking of the contrast between this shepherd with a whip and "the Good Shepherd," who gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. "When HE putteth forth his own sheep, *he goeth before them*, and the sheep follow him." Each sheep of his flock looks up to him with joyous confidence, and bleats out, "He leadeth me beside the still waters," "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." The true sheep of his pasture delight to follow him on earth, as they hope to pass under the rod of him that telleth them to see that none are missing, and to be among the happy company that for ever, in glory, will "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," as he "shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."

The poor sheep that were being driven by the shepherd with a whip were a very lean and sorry-looking lot, and probably the use of the whip had something to do with their miserable appearance. As we sorrowfully gazed upon them, we were reminded of other flocks driven by shepherds armed with whips. Certain preachers and teachers act as though their commission was not, like Peter's, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs," but something like this—"Lash the sheep with a whip, set the dogs on them, drive them as hard as you can; but do not trouble yourself about feeding or caring for them." At a Monday evening tea-meeting, which we once attended, the minister explained the reason for the large assembly by saying, "I cracked the big whip yesterday, and evidently did it to some purpose." The "shepherd" with "the big whip" may have frightened his people from staying away from the meeting at which he desired their presence, but his bullying language appeared to us more appropriate to a South African cattle-driver than to one of the under-shepherds of the meek and lowly Jesus. It is surely no parody to say that the servant of the Lord should not *drive*, but be gentle, able to persuade, patient. At the recognition service of a minister, who had been a butcher before he entered College, the charge to the pastor included this sentence: "Remember, Brother ———, that your duty to your flock is to lead them like a shepherd, and not to drive them like a butcher." The earthly shepherd should be a leader to the sheep and lambs under his charge, he should go before them, he should set them an example which it would be right for them to follow. In his conformity to Christ, in the completeness of his consecration, in the consistency of his conduct, he ought to be able to say to his flock what the Apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

Such a leader will be sure to have followers. In his measure it will be said of him, as of his Master, "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." The "shepherd with a whip" will drive away the timid sheep from himself, if not from his Lord; but the Christlike pastor will draw them, by the mighty magnetism of love, both to himself and to the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Some one has said that Wellington won Waterloo because his word to the soldiers under him was "Come," while Napoleon lost the great battle through giving to his men the order "Go." This statement may not be strictly accurate; but many an officer in Christ's army has proved the power which he could wield by leading those under his charge, while others have marvelled at their non-success as they have issued orders and commands which nobody has obeyed.

Possibly some one may remind us that the Good Shepherd himself once made use of a whip. True, he did *once*, but only once; for at the second cleansing of the Temple no mention is made of any "scourge." When the Lord Jesus found his Father's house turned into a place of merchandise, and the sellers of oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money occupying the courts consecrated to the worship of the one living and true God, it is no wonder that he took means to drive them out. But listen, Mr. Shepherd-with-a-whip! It is evident that your Master carried no weapon in his hand, for it was not until "he had *made* a scourge of small cords" that he was able to use it; and when it was made, it was only "*a scourge of small cords*"—a very different thing from that terrible instrument of torture with which he was himself afterwards beaten at the command of Pilate; and when the Good Shepherd did actually use the whip, he did not smite his sheep with it, but only employed it for the purpose of driving out the foxes and wolves that had intruded into his fold. Having proved his zeal, and purified his house of prayer, he doubtless broke in pieces the scourge that he had made, knowing that no one of his disciples could be entrusted with it; and himself preferring to hold the "rod and staff" which are the comfort of his flock. One of the two apostles who carried swords on the night of our Lord's betrayal did much mischief with it, which could only be cured by Christ working a miracle; and no doubt, if he had permitted those under-shepherds to be armed with whips, there would have been continual need of his miraculous interposition to repair the ruin wrought by their imprudence and impetuosity. Jesus was not likely to put a whip into the hands of such men as James and John, who wanted their Lord to allow them to command fire to come down from heaven to consume the Samaritan villagers who would not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem; and possibly the other apostles would have made an equally un-Christlike request if they had been as zealous for their Master's honour as were the two sons of Zebedee. On the whole, we may be devoutly thankful that the Mentonese "shepherd with a whip" is not the type of a Christian pastor any more than he is the true representative of an Eastern keeper of sheep.

Shortly after the above was written, we saw a still stranger and sadder sight than that which suggested our subject, namely, a *shepherd*ESS *with a whip*. A brutal, coarse-looking woman, armed with a long and

formidable weapon, was driving a number of poor sheep, and beating them as though they had been a herd of obstinate swine. What a contrast from the "Little Bo Peep" of our nursery rhymes! How different this spectacle from the poetic descriptions of lovely shepherdesses watching over their flocks amid Arcadian dales! But are there any *Christian* shepherdesses with whips? We cannot tell; but we have heard the cracking of whips when no *shepherd* has been near; and on looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, we have seen ruby lips, and pearly teeth, and behind them something red, of which John Ploughman once wrote, "Double up that whip." The Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* might issue such a command, but no one of the contributors to his magazine would dare to imitate him; so looking upon the "shepherdess with a whip," we exclaim, as Luke wrote concerning Paul's ship when it was caught by "Euroclydon," or "Euraquilo," only attaching a very different meaning to his words—"*We let her* DRIVE."

Professor Bruce.

THE following interesting bit is from David Scott's "Annals of the Original Secession Church":—

"His manse—the hallowed scene of prayer and study—stood apart; a two-story house with thatched roof, and a garden in front, past which flowed a streamlet, whose gentle ripple pleasantly relieved the stillness of the place. One night, as he sat engrossed in study, a burglar entered the house unheard by him. The man made his way upstairs, and strode into the library, where the professor sat at table, with a lamp burning before him. It was past midnight. The stillness of the chamber, and the venerable solitary figure that occupied it, arrested the man. Professor Bruce looked up, and, fixing his keen, searching eyes upon the robber, he proceeded, in the calmest manner, to address him on the iniquity of the life he was leading, and the enormity of the crime he meditated, and warned him of the consequences. The robber stood riveted to the spot. When the professor had finished, opening his desk, he took out ten shillings, and giving them to the man, bade him depart, and henceforth lead a more honest life.

"Professor Bruce had neither wife nor daughter, having never married. It was often a matter of anxious concern to his friends how he should be suitably cared for when he should come to the helplessness of old age. Who shall smooth his pillow, and watch by his dying bed? The 'brother born for adversity' had considered all this, and arranged that he should need neither nurse nor cordial in his last illness. One Sabbath, in the February of 1816, he preached to his congregation as usual. The service ended, the flock, who so dearly loved and so greatly venerated their pastor, saw him take his way down the pathway that led through the little glebe to the manse. After his frugal dinner and tea, he sat down to spend the evening in reading. As he read he dropped his head upon the book, and breathing out his spirit, he ascended to his Father."

Tract Distributors at Swansea.

THE old Welsh port of Swansea, with a sea outlook rivalling, as some think, the picturesque beauties of the Bay of Naples, was of no great account until the early part of the last century; but since that day the ever-growing enterprise of its copper-kings and tin-plate workers has caused the town to be recognized as the metallurgical metropolis of the British Islands. The trade of the port has vastly increased during recent times, the exports and imports being now between two and three million tons a year.

Just before the outbreak of the civil war, about 250 years ago, some Baptists established themselves at Ilston, in the vicinity; but being exposed to persecution they did not form a congregation in the town itself until the brighter days of William III., sixty years later. The friends composing the congregation at Mount Pleasant, of which Mr. James Owen is pastor, claim to be the descendants of these seventeenth century pioneers. The present chapel, which seats nearly 1,200 persons, was opened about sixty years ago; and here, where we now find a Church of over 400 members, and a Sunday-school of nearly 800 scholars, Christmas Evans preached his last sermon on the 16th of July, 1838.

With the view of showing what can be done by systematic tract distribution, we intend to give a detailed account of work done by one congregation in this town. About sixteen years ago a friend associated with this congregation commenced work among the industrial population as a tract distributor, and in 1871 a society was organized, so that the efforts of those who were already occupying tract districts might be the better directed. At the end of October, 1872, twenty-one distributors worked in districts containing 460 houses; but at the present time there are fifty-three districts, estimated to contain 1,360 houses and 6,300 persons. The work is the more interesting because, in addition to giving attention to the native English and Welsh, the distributors have during the year visited over 500 ships in port, where men representing more than a dozen nationalities have had the gospel presented to them in their own native tongues.

In all large towns *the working classes* is a very comprehensive term, and it is so in a peculiar sense in a busy sea-port like Swansea, where ships of all nations crowd the docks. Foreign sailors engage the attention of four friends who regularly visit their ships and distribute tracts, Testaments, and Bible portions among this class alone. Regularly-appointed sailor missionaries hold religious services and carry on evangelistic work; but the Mount Pleasant Tract Society is the only channel through which foreigners can readily obtain the Scriptures and Christian publications in many languages. Tracts for the Italians have been sent from Rome by Miss Emery, and a large number of gospels in various tongues have come from the Crystal Palace Bible Stand.

The object of the distributors is to reach all classes, and, when there is need of it, a distinct class receives separate attention. For instance, the gipsies, upon their encampment on a piece of waste ground near the town, are visited by a friend devoted to their interests.

The great industrial population of course includes many classes, but

for the purpose in view they are really only one. At the cottage meetings frequently held in the poorer districts all are welcome; but since the one object is to press the gospel upon the acceptance of all who are not easily reached by other means, those who are higher in the social scale are not overlooked. On one occasion the visitors left a tract at every house in the town, whether great or small, and it was a satisfaction to them to know that they had been the means of bringing the gospel under the notice of all ranks and conditions of men.

Used in this manner, the simple tract serves as an introduction to many a family, opening the way for religious instruction. After their confidence is gained, the people are glad of advice on temporal as well as on spiritual matters; and when times are hard, supplies to meet immediate wants are eagerly accepted. When cared for in this way, the poor soon learn who are their true friends; and when their attention and confidence are gained, they are frequently led to see that it is their duty to attend the public worship of God, and to send their children to the Sunday-school. Nor are the sick overlooked, for in many instances the tract distributor is the only friend who visits those who are in need of a touch from the Great Physician. Tract distribution thus includes all forms of Home Mission work. Feeling that God alone can give the increase, two of the weekly prayer-meetings of each year are special occasions for asking the divine blessing on this work.

It should also be stated that if need arises at any exceptional crisis, the Swansea Tract Society undertakes to reach if possible the public conscience. This was the case in 1884-5, when large numbers of tracts on Sabbath observance were circulated among all classes, to defeat the application which was made to the Town Council to allow bands to play on Sundays in the public recreation-grounds.

Having explained the character of the association, we will now narrate certain adventures of the distributors while engaged in their work. The first will show that it is wrong to be too easily discouraged.

A woman who was offered a tract somewhat rudely refused to accept the little messenger, for the specious reason that she had "plenty of books" of her own. Some time afterwards, the offer was civilly repeated, when the dame happened to be in a more gracious mood. "Well, I don't mind, I'll take it," she said; and ever afterwards she has not only gladly accepted the tracts, but has confessed how greatly she enjoys reading them.

The next case is that of a Sabbath-breaker and a drunkard, whose selfish and degrading indulgence led him utterly to neglect his household. The scene is, unhappily, typical of many others to be met with in a manufacturing town, where many a family are found living in one room. It is Sunday afternoon; and not having yet recovered from the drunken carouse of the night before, the husband is still in bed; the wife and children are in their dirty *déshabillé;* the apartment is in corresponding disorder. The poor woman, who is an abject domestic slave, as well as a wife, is afraid to say anything on her own account; but the husband, who is now recovering his senses, greets his friendly visitor with oaths. The woman had not been to a place of worship for years: the last occasion had been a sadly memorable one; for she had been almost dragged from the building by her irate spouse, who

meanwhile broke a bottle of spirits in the aisle. When the man was talked into a better mood, the tract was received; and, following up his advantage, the distributor showed that that afternoon was the time for them to turn over a new leaf, by attending the worship of God themselves, and by sending their children to the Sunday-school. The wife yielded to this argument, probably being glad to do so; she found her way to the chapel, and the young people went to the school; but the man had an excuse ready when he showed that his clothes were pledged, and he had no money wherewith to get them out. The things were indeed in pawn, the money lent upon them had been spent in drink; "but still," said the drunkard, who for the time had ceased to swear at his visitor, "I would go if I had my clothes." The distributor did the wisest thing to be done in such a case; the garments were redeemed for use before next Sunday, the man accompanied his new friend to a mission service, and afterwards he frequently went of his own accord to the chapel where those services were held. It is hoped that the man and his family were thus saved from vice and misery.

Innumerable cases occur in which the tract-visitor becomes the Lord's messenger to his tried people, by bringing succour in time of great need, or by finding work when hope was failing. The visitor is often the very best almoner, is less likely to be deceived than a stranger, and is more likely to dispense the amount judiciously. Cases are supplied us of all sorts and shapes, but we need not give them, for they are similar to those met with by all earnest missionaries.

A decrepit woman occupies a poorly-furnished room, where an old teapot is standing by the scanty fire, and a short supply of bread and butter is on the table. On the same board, however, there is an open Welsh Bible, and that is a perennial spring of satisfaction. As a saved sinner, the woman looks on the best side of things, and thus she is happy; for instead of complaining at her seemingly hard lot, she magnifies the goodness of God in supplying present need, and in sending a friend to read and pray with her.

Another distributor encountered a younger widow, who was in great distress through want of employment. As had been so often done before, however, work was found for her willing hands. Some very earnest and interesting conversation on higher things then took place, and eventually the woman gave good evidence of having undergone a change of heart.

A young man in life's last hours sent this message to the distributor who had visited him during his illness: "Tell her I thank God she ever came to see me." If that had been all, it would have been encouraging; but since the visitor had reason to believe that she had been the means of turning the youth to the Lord, the two were able to rejoice together.

A certain shoemaker in the town, whose ambition in life took a questionable direction, resolved that he would forsake his useful occupation to set up a public-house. While engaged in this business his attention was attracted by one of the distributors whose district happened to lie in that direction. The publican said that he should like to receive the tracts; and this led to a conversation on the evils of Sunday opening. At last the man decided to close on Sunday. Then some further

conversation took place, and the man, whose conscience was now awakened, resolved to give up the drink-traffic and to take once more to his old occupation of shoemaking. This was truly a rise in life for him.

Such are samples of the incidents which occur in connection with the general distribution of tracts in the town; we will now turn towards the docks, where we shall at once find ourselves in quite another world.

The first subject is a Chinese sailor, who has mastered some of the first difficulties of the language of the barbarians, and having become interested in Christianity, he ardently desires to possess a Chinese copy of the Scriptures. When a Testament is procured for him he shows his delight in genuine celestial style, and attends service at Mount Pleasant Chapel, where his pigtail and dress attract general attention. If this man should receive the gospel, and carry it to China, who can tell where the influence will end?

There were two captains, one French and the other Spanish, who both learned to love higher things than had ever been introduced to them by their own priests through coming into contact with the Mount Pleasant tract distributors. The French captain had previously received tracts, and he so valued them that he took them home to France for his six children to read. The case of the Spaniard was similar; but in his case the reading of the tracts awakened an eagerness to possess a Spanish Bible, which was soon supplied to him. Not very long afterwards, a letter dated from the Mediterranean told his friends at Swansea what delight the reading of the Book had afforded him. This man was only just sufficiently acquainted with English to make himself understood. "Have you your Bible?" he was asked, on the occasion of a recent visit to the port. "Oh, yes," he answered, with the assurance of one who had escaped from the meshes of priestcraft, "he stop on board: me read him every day."

The distributors are now seen to go on board a large German emigrant steamer, which carries as polyglot a company as any adventurous evangelist need desire to set eyes upon. Germans, Russians, Dutch, Russian Finns, Swedes, and Norwegians are there; but the good ship is not a floating Babel, for all can make themselves understood, and happily each can have the gospel message in his own language. No less than 560 tracts in all of the dialects mentioned were given out. The publications were gladly received; and when the distribution was over, the recipients were seen perched here and there, all over the ship, eagerly reading, each in his own tongue, the record of the wonderful works of God.

On a stormy day, when even the harbour was rough, the cook of a Norwegian barque became so impatient to possess a tract, when he saw the distributor on the quay, that he put off in a boat to reach him before it was too late. He was anxious to know if anyone conducted a Norwegian Christian service in the town; and, being disappointed in this expectation, he decided to make the most of his little stock of English by attending at Mount Pleasant Chapel in the evening.

On board a Norwegian ship a man asked the distributors, when he saw them approaching, "Are you for the Lord?" and on being answered, "Yes," he added, "So are we." Prayer-meetings were held

on board this vessel; and when one of the sailors said "Good-bye" to his Swansea friends, he pointed to the sky, and added, "If we no meet here again—up there."

There was a French captain, who asked, "Are they Protestant tracts? if so, I should like one very much. Are they the ones which show the way to Paradise?" A French sailor, who received a Bible, as well as some tracts, wrote more than once to express his gratitude for the Book which showed him the way to heaven.

In regard to the results of this liberal distribution of evangelical literature no one can speak with certainty, but the probability is that it is more far-reaching than we suppose. "Very seldom do any foreigners refuse to receive the offered gift," remarks the friend who has supplied the information for this article; "generally speaking they are delighted to have it. French, Italian, Spanish, German, Norwegian, &c., all are anxious to get copies of the Bible." It is added: "Our dock distributors also give English tracts to the pilots, hobblers, boatmen, Custom-house officers, and watchmen whom they meet in their circuits."

It is sometimes a service of danger, for we are further assured that "friends engaged in this work are exposed to severe weather, and also to perils of the sea, one of them having fallen into the dock when boarding a vessel. Fortunately he escaped without hurt."

In answering the question—What benefit comes to the church from such a work as has been described? the friend to whom we have alluded says:—

"It provides work for a large number of the members, and gives them an opportunity of following the example of the Master 'who went about doing good.'

"It enlarges the sympathies of the distributors with the poor and suffering, tends to keep down class distinctions, and makes the poor feel that they have friends who are interested in their well-being.

"It leads to a greater development of spiritual life amongst the workers, &c.; in blessing others, they themselves are blessed.

"Oftentimes the distributor finds an aged disciple, suffering privation, may be, weak and ill, yet thankful for mercies received, and looking up with simple trust to God who giveth all; and such a circumstance is an incentive to a higher faith and deeper gratitude on the part of the distributor, who, though surrounded by much more favourable circumstances, is tempted sometimes to be doubting and desponding."

The Baptist Church at Mount Pleasant, Swansea, is thus making the best of its opportunities to diffuse the gospel among all nations, and Pastor James Owen is happy in having such a people to supplement his own efforts in the common cause. Wales is unspeakably happy in having churches in her midst whose members are the salt of the earth.

Let other churches learn the possibility of raising the most commonplace agency to a first-class instrumentality for good. G. H. P.

The Doctrine taught in Iona.*

THE *vital* question touching the island of Iona, is, What was the doctrine taught in it? If we look for a theology arranged in system, and fitted with a nomenclature, we shall hardly find such in the great missionary college of the north. The one symbolic book in that seminary was the Bible. It was with theology in the first age of the church, as it was with astronomy in early times. The only symbolic book of the early astronomer was the open face of the heavens, whereon he saw written the path of each star, and the times and seasons of its appearing. It was only after long observation and study that he was able to compile his tables, and formulate his knowledge of the orbs of heaven into a system of astronomical science. So was it with the early theologian. His first glance was directed to the open page of the Bible, where the great truths of revelation lay scattered about just as they had dropped from the pen of inspiration. It is only when he begins to study the laws of truth, and the relations and interdependencies of its several parts, that the theologian feels the necessity of gathering together what lies scattered in histories, epistles, prophecies, and psalms, and constructing it into system, that thus he may have before his own mind, and present to that of others, a comprehensive view of truth as a whole. This process was at this time being more zealously than wisely prosecuted on the south of the Alps. The ecclesiastical world of Rome had been shaken by violent controversies, and parted into schools. The decrees of councils were beginning to claim a higher authority than the precepts of apostles, and theological creeds had begun to be imposed upon the church, in which truths were missing, which held a conspicuous place in Holy Writ, or tenets avowed, which were not to be read at all on the page of inspiration, much as if an astronomer should construct a map of the heavens, with certain of their brightest constellations left out, and their place supplied with stars new, strange, and unknown to the most careful observer of the sky.

These controversies had not yet travelled so far north as the quiet world of Iona. Occupied in the study of the Scriptures, the men of that remote region heard the din only from afar. The Bible, as we have said, was the text-book of Icolmkill.

While their brethren in the south were contending with one another for jurisdiction and precedencies, the elders of Iona, gathered round the open Scriptures, were drawing water from the well, "holy and undefiled." This is decisive as regards both the letter and the spirit of their theology. To the youth who crowded to their ocean rock in quest of instruction we hear them say, "The holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith." In these words the presbyters of Iona in the sixth century enunciate the great formal Principle of the Reformation, while the Reformation itself was still a thousand years distant.

Even their enemies have borne them this testimony, that they made the Bible the fountain-head of their theology. "For dwelling far

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* We take this passage from Dr. Wylie's "History of the Scottish Nation," which we have noticed in our Reviews. It is a specially valuable history, and instructive for the time now present.

without the habitable globe," says Bede, "and consequently beyond the reach of the decrees of synods, . . . they could learn only those things contained in the writings of the prophets, the evangelists, and the apostles." And speaking of Aidan, who was sent to Lindisfarne from Iona, he says: "He took care to omit nothing of all the things in the evangelical, apostolical, and prophetical writings which he knew ought to be done." And yet the venerable man cannot refrain from mildly bewailing the lot of these benighted men who had only the light of the Bible to guide them, when he says again: "They had a zeal for God, but not altogether according to knowledge." Had Bede lived in our day he might have seen reason to acknowledge that, as with the man who attempts to serve two masters, so with him who thinks to walk by two lights: if he would keep in the straight path he must put out one of the two, and guide himself by the other. It was the light of the Bible, not of the church, that shone on the Rock of Iona; and by this light did the elders walk.

Not less did the Presbyters of Iona hold the Material Principle of the Reformation, even Salvation through faith alone in Christ's righteousness. This brief formula, intelligently held, necessarily implies the recognition of the leading doctrines of Christianity. It presupposes the eternal appointment of the second Person of the Trinity as the substitute of the sinner; his work of obedience and suffering on earth in the sinner's room; the offer of a free salvation on the ground of that work, and faith as the hand by which we lay hold on that offer: all this, with the attendant doctrines, the fall, man's helplessness, renewal by the Spirit, and admission through Christ's mediation into the eternal mansions, are necessarily bound up in the brief summary of doctrine, "Justification through faith alone." Hence, it is termed the *material* principle, that is, the body and substance of the Reformation, even as the Bible is called its *formal* principle, being the rule by which it is shaped and moulded. We find these two great doctrines—the two heads of the Reformation-theology—in the school of Columba as really as we afterwards find them in the school of Luther and Calvin. The Reformation was in Iona before it was in Wittenberg and Geneva. The Scottish theology is not of recent times. Its sons have no reason to be ashamed of it as a novelty. It is older than the days of Knox. It flourished on the Rock of Iona a thousand years before the Reformer was born. It was waxing dim at Rome, but in proportion as the doctrine of justification by faith was being forgotten in the city where Paul had preached it in the first age, it was rising in our poor barbarous country; and after illuminating our northern land and the surrounding regions of Europe during some centuries, it lingered here all through the darkness that succeeded, and broke forth with fresh splendour in the morning of the sixteenth century.

In the absence of written creed—for written symbol there was not at Iona save the Bible—we must have recourse, for proof of what we have said touching the theology of Columba, and the missionaries he trained, to the sermons, commentaries, and letters which have come down to us from the evangelists which this school sent forth. If they were behind the moderns in respect of the appliances they possessed for criticism and explication, they were quite abreast of their successors as regards the grand essentials of God's revelation. Their

views lacked neither depth nor breadth. The Christianity preached in the Scotland of that day was the same full-orbed system, the same galaxy of glorious truths, plain yet profound, simple yet surpassingly sublime, which constitutes the Christianity of this hour. Geneva shakes hand with Iona across the gulf of a thousand years.

Columba speaks through his successors. Let us listen to a few of the utterances of these men. It is Gallus who speaks, the fellow-labourer of Columbanus, and the founder of the monastery of St. Gall. "The apostle says, 'God has chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world,' that is, by his eternal predestination, his free calling, and his grace which was due to none." They teach the sovereignty not less than the eternity of God's purposes. "God," says Sedulius, "hath mercy with great goodness, and hardeneth without any iniquity; so that neither can he who is saved glory of his own merits, nor he that is lost complain but of his own merits. For grace only it is that makes a difference between the redeemed and the lost."

On the subject of the new birth, the following exposition, among others, of Sedulius, is not a little striking. "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death," quoting first the words of the apostle, and then proceeding: "Observe carefully the order and sequence of these words; for the apostle having compared the death that was by Adam to the life which is by Christ, here answers an objection, and says, 'How shall we who are dead to sin live any longer therein?' teaching us hereby, that if any one has *first* died to sin, he has necessarily been buried together with Christ. But if one *first* (*i.e.*, before baptism) dies not to sin, he cannot be buried with Christ, for no one is ever buried while yet living. Die thou *first* to sin that thou mayest be able to be buried with Christ, seeing that it is to the dead only we give sepulture." In this teaching, which is that of a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, we can discover no trace of the *opus operatum* of a sacrament.

One of the grandest attributes of Christianity, as seen in history, is its unchangeableness and indestructibility. But this unchangeableness and indestructibility belong only to Christianity in its evangelical form, that is, to a Christianity that gives to men entrance into life not by *working*, but by *believing*. Ever as Christianity revives and becomes again a power on the earth, it is in this form that it returns. We sometimes meet the thought that what satisfied our fathers ought not to satisfy us, and that we need a Christianity more in accordance with the "advanced thought" of the age. The past history of Christianity gives no countenance to this idea. When it would surprise and bless the world with some fresh demonstration of its heavenly influence, it prepares for the task by disencumbering itself of the accretions with which philosophy and ceremonialism are continually labouring to encrust it, that it may return to the simplicity of its first estate. With Christianity "a thousand years are as one day." It challenges our confidence by the assurance that it is on no mere opinion of an age that our faith is placed, but on "the Word of our God, which endures for ever."

To restore the Spring it is not necessary that we have a creation of new flowers year by year; it is enough if the old ones come up out of

the darkness of the earth, where they have been lying hidden yet living in their root, during the months of winter. The Spring-times that have gladdened the church and the world have come round, by the shining forth of old truths at the command of that Almighty Spirit, whose prerogative it is to "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion." It was an old theology, bursting out from Jewish type and symbol, that produced the morning of the gospel day. It was the same old theology installed on the rock of Iona, from which came the early Celtic illumination that shone on Europe in the seventh and eighth centuries. It was the theology of the Christian fathers and the Culdees, coming forth from the tomb of mediævalism, that created the Reformation of the sixteenth century. It is this same old theology which the missionary at this hour is carrying to China and Africa, and all round the globe. The same will form the foundations of that kingdom of righteousness and peace that is to be set up on the earth in the latter days. The constellations of the spiritual firmament, like those of the natural heavens, are for all time. They do not pass away to be succeeded by new and brighter lights. Occasionally, indeed, it happens that a comet blazes forth in the sky, or a nebulosity, broad and huge, and without determinate limits, looms overhead, awakening the wonder, and dazzling the eyes of the gazers, and threatening, it may be, the orbs of the firmament with eclipse. But the blaze of its bewildering effulgence is soon spent, and it sinks in the blackness of darkness. These prodigies are for a month or a year; the stars are for ever.

Keep out of Debt.

"OWE no man anything" (Rom. xiii. 8) is certainly a binding precept of the gospel—one perhaps often neglected, but not the less enjoined than that bounden duty "to love one another." Indeed, these two moral obligations are linked together by the great apostle of the Gentiles, as if he would say, "He that oweth you aught, does not love you as he ought; for if he loved you, he would not do you ill in depriving you of your rightful own." The text alluded to has always been engraven on my mind, as with a point of a diamond, by the remembrance of a man of God. As a young girl, I felt the deepest respect for the venerable man who uttered the words, "Owe no man anything." He was a white-haired sailor, a retired captain of Her Majesty's navy. He was what the world would call a poor man; but he was "rich in faith" and high in honour. He wanted to place his young daughter, a girl of seventeen, in a first-class school, in order to give her a year or two more education, to fit her to instruct others, if need be. The terms were higher than he could afford. "Madam," he said to the head of the establishment, "the Bible says, 'Owe no man anything.' I could stand with composure before a cannon's mouth, but I cannot stand before a debt that I cannot pay."

How much less misery would be in the world if others felt the same! The lady thought it an honour to come to his terms, I am glad to say.

—*From "Hooks and Eyes," by Emily P. Leakey.*

John Stanger, of Bessels Green.*

AS a sequel to the two papers on "The Down Grade," in the March and April numbers, it may be well to add something which, while still displaying the same tendency of unevangelical sentiments towards religious deadness and heresy, will also show, from an historical point of view, the upward and expansive potency of sound views of Divine truth. This paper will differ from the former two, however, in so far as it will deal with the various matters which will come under notice, chiefly as they cluster around the name of one man, whose early life, ministry, struggles, trials, and successes will pass under review. That man was John Stanger, of Bessels Green, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

In the early part of this century John Stanger was well known and greatly respected in the county, where he exercised his ministry from 1766 to 1823. At his death, in the latter year, he left six sons and six daughters, and forty-four grandchildren, some of whom, of both generations, were known to the writer.

Mr. Stanger was a Northamptonshire man. His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, were all ministers of the General Baptist body in that county. They were all farmers as well as preachers. The last-named lived at Harringworth, and was a sufferer under the Conventicle Act for preaching. Either Charles II., or his brother, James II., was then on the throne. His goods were seized, and he was harassed in various ways. Several times a warrant was issued to seize his cattle, but being apprised by his neighbours of what was intended, he drove them across the river into Rutlandshire, and so frustrated the designs of his foes.

His son, William Stanger, is described as "a lively and zealous preacher of the General Baptist body." He was pastor of a church meeting at Northampton, Moulton, and other places. He was strong in his attachment to evangelical sentiments, making a great point of the doctrine of the Trinity. He united with several others in seceding from the General Baptist Annual Assembly, and forming another connexion. This was many years before the present General Baptist New Connexion was instituted. His wife was a Miss Staughton, whose father was a Baptist minister in Northamptonshire, and lay three years and a-half in Northampton jail when John Bunyan was lying in Bedford jail, and for the same cause. One of his descendants became a Baptist minister in America, holding a good position, and being much honoured and esteemed.

John Stanger's father was named Thomas, and was born in 1706. He began preaching in 1748, and was ordained pastor of the church at and about Moulton, and continued such till his death, in 1768. He was still a farmer, and the preaching was in his house for some years, when it was removed to a schoolroom, and after to the meeting-house erected in 1750, chiefly at William Stanger's expense.

In 1787, when the church at Moulton had ceased to be General Baptist in the doctrines taught, the chapel was rebuilt. In that same year William Carey was ordained its pastor, and John Stanger was one of the brethren who placed his hands on the head of the prince of missionaries, dwelling particularly in his prayer on the request that the young pastor might "*serve the Lord with all humility of mind.*"

John Stanger tells us, in his very brief but deeply interesting autobiographical notes, that his father was a General Baptist, but that his sentiments were much more evangelical than those of the denomination in some other parts,

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* Our friends must excuse our putting this in small type. It seemed a pity to divide it, and in large type it took up more room than we could afford. It is a fine illustration of what is meant by "The Down Grade," and of the struggle needful to deliver our churches from it.—C. H. S.

particularly in Kent and Sussex. His mother must have been an estimable woman. While quite a girl she was baptized, and joined the General Baptists, and there were few other Baptists in Northamptonshire then. Her son describes her as "a humble, affectionate, consistent, and exemplary Christian. She was no bigot to a party, nor was she tenacious in maintaining any particular article respecting which men eminent for piety and godliness appeared not to understand one another. She loved the people of God as such, and was 'a lover of hospitality.'"

"She had," he adds, further on in his description of her, "a relish for savoury experimental preaching, and would express her satisfaction in attending it, whoever was the preacher; and earnestly wished to see the people of God more united in brotherly love whenever their different sentiments seemed to lead them to contention and alienation."

Such women are a priceless treasure, and we have known some to whom the above description would well apply. We honour their memory, venerate their character, and revere their name.

We gather from Mr. Stanger's notes, that in the early part of the eighteenth century the General Baptists were in a flourishing state in the county of Northamptonshire, as elsewhere, but about 1730 or 1740 there was a serious declension every way. He says:—

"They maintained the common doctrine of the Trinity agreeably to the views of those who are deemed strictly evangelical; and in that county I never found in them any deviation from that form of sound words. They likewise maintained the doctrine of justification by the righteousness of Jesus Christ; but since that time, and in my younger years, they inclined to what may be called Arminianism. Their views of the gospel, their faith in and dependence upon Jesus Christ, were such that they gave evidence of being good men and real Christians; *but there was a defect in their preaching.*"

The italics are ours, and we interpose the remark that diligent heed should be taken to what follows, as never to be lost sight of, but specially to be weighed by those who are putting on the armour to fight under Christ's banner. He continues:—

"They did not enter into the glory of the gospel, nor trace its peculiar excellencies. They did not open the depravity, the guilt, and the helpless state of mankind in such a way as was calculated to alarm the conscience, or to bring sinners to disclaim all self-confidence. Nor did they so preach as to encourage sinners to look to Christ, to direct the heavy-laden to relief, or to promote the real consolation and establishment of believers. And to this cause —a defect in their preaching which was the consequence of wrong principles— may be traced the declension in vital religion, and the low state of their churches, which has since taken place among them."

There is no means of knowing in what year Mr. Stanger penned his "Autobiographical Notes," but the passage respecting the church at Moulton, where he was born, will be read with interest by many.

"At present the General Baptist interest in that county is nearly, or quite, extinct. Their declension in principles and preaching proved the annihilation of the denomination. They declined gradually, and as they declined, more evangelical preaching took place, and Particular Baptist churches became established on the ruins of the others. . . . At Moulton, which, from my earliest recollections, has appeared as reputable and as numerous as any of them, there is a change in their principles. Having no settled preacher, the Calvinist ministers were occasionally introduced, till at length the church became professed Calvinists. Under this denomination Mr. Carey, now a missionary in the East, was their first pastor. He settled over them 1st August, 1787." Just a century ago.

Looking at the "date" column in the "Hand Book," we may infer that the same change took place elsewhere. Only one General Baptist church exists in the whole of the county, that at Peterborough, which is strong and flourishing.

In Thomas Coleman's "Memorials of the Independent Churches of Northamptonshire" is this note in his sketch of Kettering :—"About the year 1690, Mr. William Wallis, a ruling elder in the church, embraced the sentiments of the Baptists, and took upon him to baptize by immersion some of the members of the church. This being brought forward in a church assembly, in which it is said 'to have been proved that he had no right or power to do so,' he desired his dismission, which was granted him; after which he began to preach in another place in the town; and six or seven of the members, embracing the same sentiments, left the church with Mr. Wallis, and thus he became the first pastor of the Baptist church in Kettering."

It was in the house of Mr. Beeby Wallis, Thomas Wallis's great great-grandson, that the Baptist Missionary Society was formed. William Wallis's faithful obedience to his convictions of God's truth has borne fruit, and in his case also it has been found true that, "The generation of the upright shall be blessed." The same might be said, too, of John Stanger's posterity. But we must not anticipate.

Among John Stanger's pleasing reminiscences was his hearing Dr. Doddridge preach at Moulton, when he was four or five years of age.

At the age of nine John left school, and was kept close to work on the farm. "In regard to religion," he says, "I generally thought of it, and attended to the means of it, with habitual seriousness; and I must have been stupid and wicked indeed had I done otherwise, considering my connections and advantages." Convinced of its worth and importance, he was sometimes deeply impressed in listening to sermons, but the effect soon passed off. His impressions and convictions gradually deepened, and sometimes he experienced much joy in religion. Some light was given him into his heart as depraved and sinful, and into the way of salvation through Jesus the Mediator.

At fifteen he removed to Oadby, to learn stocking-making. He became acquainted with a Mr. Green, a young minister, whose conversation was helpful to him. When in his eighteenth year he was baptized, and joined the General Baptist church at Leicester. In reviewing the solemn engagements of that memorable day, he says, "I would remark two very serious facts." We mention these, because it is of great importance now to call attention to the same things.

"The one is, that as I joined the General Baptists, and embraced their principles, I had but a partial view of the peculiar truths and glories of the gospel, as exhibiting the riches of grace, and a full salvation by Jesus Christ. I was a serious Arminian; and though I read the Scriptures, I thought that system clear and evident. I knew but little of Christian experience. I had very superficial views of the dreadful depravity of my heart, and the state of mankind, as under the law, and under condemnation; and, therefore, instead of looking to the operations of truth in the heart, and to the finished work of Christ for justification before God, I attended principally to good resolutions, attendance on the means, and regular conduct.

"The other particular I would remark is that, in consequence of such superficial and legal views of the gospel, I felt but little of the power of it, and experienced but little of its vital energy, quickening, comforting, and sanctifying me. Though I passed among my friends and others with a character for sobriety, seriousness, and religion, I was generally far from enjoying any true communion with God, was much conformed to the spirit of the world, and in many instances inconsistent in my conduct, which I often recollect with shame and sorrow. I would, however, be thankful to the Lord, who did not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax. Grace has been victorious."

As the soundness of those sentiments which Mr. Stanger was led to embrace had so much to do with his subsequent trials and conflicts, and with his success as a minister; and as his strenuous and yet temperate and consistent advocacy of the truths of the gospel had so much to do with the turning of the tide of

religious sentiments in the part of Kent where he laboured, we have been careful to give, as we shall yet further state, some of the teachings of the Holy Spirit in revealing the things of Christ and leading him into the truth.

His friend Green married one of his sisters, but John began to discover serious defects in his preaching, resulting less from erroneous views than from a want of a clear apprehension and a simple statement of gospel truth. He had serious apprehension, too, about his own state. He set about religious duties with more diligence, imagining that this was the only way to obtain satisfaction. There was more prayer, more watchfulness, more self-examination, more seriousness of behaviour and conscientiousness of living. But he made, or seemed to make, no progress; indeed, he saw more of his weakness and sin. He was evidently looking to his performance of these duties as in some way the ground of his acceptance. And here let us not fail to notice, in his case, what is very frequently the case in serious persons now, that sanctification was confounded with justification, and justification, which is the fertile root of sanctification, was sought as the result or reward of a faithful performance of religious duties, instead of a free gift of God through faith.

This reminds me of a little incident, some years ago, when I was at the house of a friend. After the lady of the house, I was the first to enter the dining-room one morning. The lady showed me her flowers. Presently she showed me a small seedling acacia, remarking, "I cannot make this plant out; it doesn't do well at all; it doesn't grow a bit, though I water it well, and attend to it carefully." I looked at the plant, and soon discovered the cause. The little plant had a tap-root, as all seedlings have, and this tap-root should have been inserted in the soil, where it would soon have struck out its lateral rootlets; but instead of this, the plant was upside down, the leading shoot being in the soil, and the tap root exposed to the sun and air. It was impossible that the plant could grow, or even live. But thus, thought I at the time, and very often since,—thus it is with some people's religious views, they are upside down. But let us hear Mr. Stanger.

"Instead of finding myself better, I was convinced I was worse than I before apprehended; and experienced increasing perplexity and doubt. I had as yet no clear views of the glorious peculiarities of the gospel; that salvation was entirely of grace; and that the obedience and death of Jesus Christ was the sole ground of our acceptance and complete justification before God. The depravity of the heart, the evil of sin, the guilty and helpless state of fallen man, were neither properly apprehended nor felt. I was still attached to the works of the law, and going about to establish my own righteousness, not convinced that Christ was 'the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' I still found myself wanting something I could not obtain, and though seeking peace found none. With these impressions, I was led to consider the state of religion among those with whom I stood connected; and could not help concluding that there was an evident deficiency in regard to the vital power and influence of religion and practical godliness; while in the little I knew of the Calvinists, whom I had always considered erroneous, I observed such things as were a contrast to what appeared in the General Baptists, in regard to heart religion and the power of godliness. This view of the difference between the one and the other, led me to extend my inquiries with close attention, openness, and candour.

"I read the Scriptures, and attended now and then on Calvinist preachers. Hereby I was led to form better views of evangelical truth, and found that truth to accord with my own feelings and wants. But that which contributed more particularly to settle my mind, was the reading of Mr. Hervey's 'Theron and Aspasio.' I borrowed the second volume of a Calvinist neighbour, and read the first letter, which is illustrated by a stag-chase; in which he shows the state of a sinner under the law, awakened to a sense of danger, but seeking deliverance by his own vigorous efforts, who at length obtained relief by sovereign grace, through the atoning blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ.

These truths, as illustrated and confirmed by the Scriptures, set me at liberty, and brought tranquillity to my mind. A view of the all-sufficiency of the work of Christ, and the freedom with which it is exhibited to the chief of sinners, was effectual to detach me from dependence on self-righteousness, and to lead me to trust only in Christ, and in the free sovereign grace of God revealed in the gospel. Here I found that happiness and satisfaction to which I had before been a stranger."

But though Mr. Stanger was thus set at liberty concerning his own salvation and the ground of acceptance with God in general, he was somewhat "bewildered respecting the helpless and impotent state of mankind as sinners, the doctrine of election, and the extent of redemption." A matter troubled him which, strictly speaking, was not part of the argument. He could not persuade himself that those who held the general scheme were not Christians, since, side by side with their defective views of the gospel, many of them gave evidence of true piety. He soon came to the conclusion, however, that, seeing these questions are beset with difficulties, the reception or rejection of them was not a condition of salvation. "A person might be a real believer," he concluded, "and in a state of salvation, though unable to determine on which side the truth lay. On the one hand, if a person believed the doctrine of election, he could derive no evidence from that sentiment of his being an elect person, otherwise than by being truly converted; and, on the other hand, he that believed the general scheme could not on that ground derive any satisfaction of his being a Christian, otherwise than by being savingly renewed; so that being born again, and vitally united to Christ, was the great criterion of being in a state of salvation, and that without this change all that could be thought or professed about the doctrines in question was no better than mere speculation."

From such conclusions he was conducted to accept the sentiments of Calvinism, "as in the main agreeable to the word of God. And from considering regeneration as the work of God, I was led to infer the doctrine of particular election and redemption."

Before he entered the ministry Mr. Stanger became engaged to a Miss Smith, a member of the church at Northampton, under the pastorate of the elder Ryland. Mr. Ryland acted in a very friendly way towards the promising young man.

Mr. Stanger's call to the ministry was, outwardly considered, somewhat irregular for those times, when strict order was the rule. His father proposed it; he fell in with it; and so he became a preacher. But it was according to his heart's desire and prayer. The only help he had as a student was a few weeks at Mr. Ryland's. He preached a good deal about his native county, and while some steps were being taken to induce his settlement at Long Buckby, he received a call to Bessels Green, which he accepted. So, travelling up to London by the Northampton coach, attending the General Baptist Assembly in the metropolis, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Knott, of Eythorne, he walked down to Chevening, in which parish Bessels Green is situate, where he was to spend the rest of a long life, and where his struggles and successes were to diversify a noble and honourable course.

The journey to Bessels Green was a wearying one, and it struck him as not an indication of due respect that he should be asked to walk the twenty miles or more. Some hints were dropped on the journey by his companion respecting religion which made him disconsolate.

He knew that the people at Bessels Green were "none of them better in principle than Arminians," but he had no idea that most of the leading people were either Arians or Socinians; but such was the case. The pastor, to whom Mr. Stanger was to be assistant minister, was far gone in the former or latter of these heresies, and there could have been little to hope for of comfort, and peace, and usefulness in such a sphere.

"At my coming among them," says the good man, "it was my determination to begin my preaching by plainly stating those sacred truths which I intended

to make the subject of my future ministry. I did not then see the propriety of entering into the peculiarities of Strict Calvinism, not apprehending the importance of them so fully as I have since done."

His probation embraced only five sermons, but they were from texts in which he could well unfold the theme of his ministry. A letter of invitation, signed by the members in general, was accepted, and so, when in his twenty-fifth year, he commenced his life-work.

Two things he soon did: he married Mary Smith, of Northampton. This was greatly to his credit, as the father of a very prepossessing damsel had hinted in plain terms to John's father that he would like John to be his son-in-law, and that he would put down five hundred pounds if things were so. John held fast to his beloved Mary, and she proved a worthy and excellent wife and mother. Thirty pounds and some household goods were all their stock to begin with. But they had God's blessing. The other good thing he did was to open a school, which he continued for many years.

It was not long before Mr. Stanger's preaching gave offence to some of his hearers, who were not slow to express their disapprobation. They could not brook his plain and earnest declaration of the truths of the gospel respecting what has been called in theology the three R's—Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration. Mr. Benge, the pastor, preached against him, and sometimes he had to reply. Thus things went on for some time, the more humble and pious people clinging to Mr. Stanger, and those who were fond of speculations, and the advocacy of reason, adhering to Mr. Benge, against him.

"In general," says Mr. Stanger, "I entered into controverted subjects as little as possible in my preaching, and endeavoured to avoid such forms of expression as were disagreeable. Yet at some times I thought it my incumbent duty to be more express, in regard to those doctrines which constitute the peculiar glory of the gospel, such as the personal dignity of Jesus Christ, the sufficiency of his obedience and death to save, justification by faith only, the depravity of human nature, and the necessity and reality of the Holy Spirit's influences. Some of them thought I did not lay sufficient stress on the ordinance of baptism, and I was frequently solicited to preach more on the subject; but when I complied, my manner of treating it was not satisfactory to them, as I did not make a submission to it essential to Christianity; or, rather, did not attribute to baptism that which the gospel attributes to the work of Christ, which in general they seemed inclined to do."

May I ask the disciples of Alexander Campbell to make a note of this last statement?

The heretical General Baptists at Bessels Green were strict communicants with a vengeance. They would not allow Mrs. Stanger to become a member, or even to commune with them, because she had been a member of a church holding Calvinistic sentiments, and practising open communion.

As the dissensions increased rather than abated, Mr. Stanger proposed to leave, if the church thought proper to dismiss him, though he would not take any steps to seek a removal. The minority would gladly have effected this, but the majority of the members were on the side of the young minister, and he felt he could not of his own free will withdraw without seeming to sacrifice truth to error. Besides, it was suggested to him by his adherents that he had been made useful to them in the revival of the work of God in their soul, and they thought it probable that his ministry might be owned of God in respect of the cause of truth in the neighbourhood, if he continued. He therefore concluded that he must still labour on.

But things grew worse. The sky was full of storm-clouds. There would soon be a tempest. And so it befell him. A discourse on brotherly love (Rom. xii. 5), and another on justification (2 Cor. iii. 6), gave special offence. A church-meeting was called; meantime his opposers did what they could to prejudice waverers; and two messengers—persons elected to have a general oversight of the churches—were invited. One of these presided at the meeting.

No charge could be brought against the conduct of the young minister, only that they did not like his preaching and his sentiments. It was shown that he had preached the same doctrines from the first, only they thought he would have altered his views to suit his situation. The chairman seems to have acted with fairness. He asked that they would specify what sentiments of his they disapproved. The pastor replied, "He says that all men are sinners before conversion." "Who denies that?" he asked. "I do, for one," said the pastor.

Little good could be hoped for under such circumstances; but it was found impossible to remove him, as his friends were more than twice as many as his foes. The contention, however, waxed hotter and hotter. The dispute was carried into the main body of the General Baptists of the county, a large majority of whom were opposed to Mr. Stanger's evangelical sentiments, only a few, such as Mr. Knott, of Eythorne, siding with him. The subject was carried to the Annual Assembly, in London, at which Mr. Stanger's father had engaged to attend. A few days before, however, he was taken ill, and while the Assembly was gathering he was called to join another gathering, the "General assembly and church of the First-born." This was a sad blow to the young soldier of Christ; but he was sustained and helped.

The heterodox party now tried all means to effect his removal, calling meeting after meeting, until at length they had got fourteen signatures for his dismission. As these comprised only a minority of the members, the action was clearly illegal, but they insisted upon it as right. They then offered him a handsome present if he would peaceably withdraw. This he would have been glad enough to do, only he felt the claims of the gospel required his continuance. The next stage of the proceeding was the separation of the church into two bodies, meeting in the same place, and having a separate communion, public service being held at different times of each Lord's-day.

Matters reached a further crisis when, Mr. Stanger having been elected by the evangelical majority as their pastor, the day came for his ordination. The conduct of his opponents was, on that occasion, worthy of their cause. They held a church-meeting in the same place at the time the ordination service was proceeding, their interruption reaching its height when Mr. Stanger was about to deliver, and while he was delivering, his confession of faith.

"Sons of Belial" would be a fitting name for the promoters of this unseemly and wicked course. Strange to say, Mr. Stanger, referring to this time some years afterwards, says, "But notwithstanding this great interruption, I found the Lord's presence with me; I was strengthened, and carried all I met with, and I believe my friends in general, as well as myself, found it a comfortable day."

For some time after this there was a kind of truce, but the Arian and Socinian party did not give up their purpose. They carried the matter to a meeting of the General Baptist churches—not more than nine or ten—in East Kent. Only two of these, Eythorne and another, sympathized with Mr. Stanger, but they united in a letter recommending that the dispute should be settled by arbitration. This plan Mr. Stanger and his friends were willing to adopt, only the opposite party insisted on selecting all the arbitrators, a point which could not be yielded. After several further collisions and endeavours at settlement, Mr. Stanger and his friends resolved to surrender any right they had in the chapel and minister's house, and build a meeting-house elsewhere. This was facilitated by the offer of a gentleman—not, I believe, one of themselves—to give them a piece of land for that purpose. This was accordingly done, and the new chapel was opened 23rd December, 1770. Reviewing these scenes, Mr. Stanger writes:—

"Amid these trials, nothing, I think, would have been sufficient to have supported and upheld me, had I not been assured that it was the cause of truth for which I contended, and satisfied that it was matter of duty for me to continue where I was. But having this persuasion, my eyes were unto the Lord,

who performed all things for me; and his precious promises were, especially at some times, the support, life, and joy of my soul. In the many trying scenes through which I passed, I lived as seeing him who is invisible; on his providence and promises I rested; to him I made known my requests; and though prospects were dark, and many were united against me, the Lord was 'my light and my salvation.'"

These painful scenes have been thus briefly reproduced in these pages, after the lapse of more than a century, to show the deadly effects of fundamental error in its opposition to the truth of God, as well as its fatal influence on the religious life. The old General Baptist chapel still exists at Bessels Green, for there is an endowment. There is also an open baptistery, which the trust deeds require to be kept in repair, but which is seldom, if ever, used, and from all that the writer can gather, it appears that the nominal adherents are very few. Theologically, spiritually, and in every way, things have been and continue on "the down grade."

Mr. Stanger's chapel also exists, with a sound, evangelical minister, and a fair congregation, the church doing good work in various ways. Mr. Stanger himself continued its pastor for forty-three years. During the early part of this time, when his congregation was not large, his family numerous, and his means very limited, he had a hard, struggling time of it. More than once he proposed to leave, but providence kept him there. The debt on the chapel burdened him, his straitened circumstances distressed him, and the apathy and inconsistency of some of his people pained him even more. But he outlived all these trials, and as his burdens became lighter, his labours in the gospel were more abundant. It is stated by Mr. Grosser, of Maidstone, in the memoir compiled at the request of Mr. Stanger's descendants, and published in 1824, that when the new chapel at Bessels Green was opened, in 1770, there were only two places where the gospel was preached within fifteen miles of that village—namely, the Baptist Chapel at Sevenoaks, and the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel at Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Stanger opened places and continued to preach at Sundridge, Brasted, Westerham, Eynsford, Down, Crocken Hill Ightham, Ide Hill, Borough Green, and Seal. At Eynsford there was long a flourishing church, which, though drawing its congregation from a narrower circle, is still doing good work. From this church the lady who is so widely known as "Marianne Farningham" sprang, her father being one of its deacons. From Borough Green, Alfred Saker went forth as a village preacher, having been first a teacher in, and then superintendent of, the Sunday-school. Much good has been done, and many souls saved there. Looking at these facts, few will doubt that Mr. Stanger did right in making the stand he did for the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel, and it is manifest that God honoured his faithful servant. His pecuniary trials almost ceased as he grew older, and it is pleasing to bear witness from what the writer knew of his children and grandchildren, and has heard of his more remote descendants, that not only did grace "run in the line," as Matthew Henry says, but that they have commonly occupied comfortable positions in society.

There was one thing, however, which saddened Mr. Stanger in the later years of his life, and that was the influence of Hyper-Calvinism, which, perhaps through the preaching of William Huntington and his imitators, wrought a good deal of mischief in Kent and Sussex. This exaggeration of Calvinism counteracted much that he attempted, and led some away from the simplicity that is in Christ. Mr. Stanger's judgment was not warped by any extreme or one-sided views. Anything that savoured of Antinomianism was not to his mind. He was a Calvinist very much of the Andrew Fuller type, and was as warm as he in the free proclamation of the gospel to sinners as sinners, and in the inculcation of its great practical lessons. May we all be equally faithful to our convictions and to our Master!

It may be added by way of note, in reference to some exceptions that have been taken to some of the writer's positions and remarks, that while he is

sorry if he has pained any one of God's people, he does not know that he has anything to retract or modify. He is strongly of opinion that real Calvinism as a system is nearer to, and comprehends more of, the saving truths of that gospel which it has been his privilege to preach for very many years, than any other system he knows of; and that, other things being equal, a firm hold, and a steadfast maintenance of those truths in their experimental and practical influence on the heart and life, will prove far more potent to strengthen, establish, and increase the Christian in grace and holiness than any other system of doctrine, the mildest and most favourable forms of Arminianism not excepted. No creed, however, will suffice to hold us up in God's ways, unless there be a living faith in Christ, daily cleaving unto Him as our All, and an earnest prayerful endeavour to "walk in the light as He is in the light," "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Notices of Books.

All of Grace and *According to Promise.* Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR publishers have issued these books in French morocco, with gilt edges, for two shillings each; and they certainly make very beautiful books, suitable for presents. It may be that some who might not care for religious literature in itself might welcome a gift of this kind, read it, and obtain a blessing.

Sermons in Coloured Wrappers. One penny each.

MESSRS. PASSMORE AND ALABASTER are issuing four sermons in striking and almost grotesque covers, with the view of getting them read by the least likely of readers. We suggested to them to try and copy certain *penny dreadfuls*, and they have done so. We think our friends will approve of the idea, and will aid us in it. We do not attempt to suit the taste of our ordinary readers in this, but we have designed them for those who are quite outsiders, and need to be tempted to read.

Grannie Tresawna's Story. By NELLIE CORNWALL. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

GRANDMAMA'S tale charmingly sets forth the method of a gracious providence, and thus much precious gospel truth is taught to the younger folk. This is a good story.

Yensie Walton's Womanhood. By S. R. GRAHAM CLARK. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS forms a sequel to a former volume by the same writer. The style is attractive, and the story has some good points about it. It illustrates the text, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers": a command never broken without evil results.

Maggie's Mistake; or, Bright Light in the Clouds. By Mrs. LUCAS SHADWELL. Shaw and Co.

To save our time we conscientiously refrained from reading this story through, as is our wont; for we felt safe when we saw the name of the writer. Moreover, on turning over the leaves, we saw "the name that is above every name" adorning every page. Just this word of guidance—Maggie is a servant girl, and the book tells of Christian work among the poor.

To-morrow. A Story. By Mrs. STANLEY LEATHES. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THE title gives a clue to the author's aim, which is to enforce the truth that "young people must form early habits of choosing between right and wrong; that uncertainty, indefiniteness, and procrastination soon stamp their marks upon a character"; and that "to-morrow never comes to deferred duty." Of the literary ability of the writer there is no need that we say a word.

Rhoda's Reward; or, "If Wishes were Horses." By EMMA MARSHALL. Cassell and Co.

A SIMPLE village story, warning young folks against restlessness and discontent; and teaching them to "learn and labour truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call them."

Messrs. *Morgan and Scott* are resolved not to be beaten, and so they have produced a portable edition of *Cruden's Concordance* for 3s. 6d. It is the same as usual with the Apocrypha left out. This omission we look upon as a gain rather than a loss. Nobody should now be without a concordance, which is to the Bible-reader what a foot rule is to a carpenter, or a chain to a land surveyor. For the sake of all the poor parsons in the three kingdoms, we feel grateful to Messrs. Morgan and Scott. How they can issue such a book at such a price we cannot tell.

Commentary on St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. By F. Godet. Translated from the French by Rev. A. Cusin, M.A. Vol. 1. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Godet is among the best of foreign expositors. He is upon the right side; that is to say, he is honest in his interpretations, and therefore evangelical. We sometimes think his commentaries rather heavy reading, for he has rather learning than genius; but the eager student who needs nothing in the writer's style to interest him, because the theme itself has absorbed him, will be more than satisfied with Godet. It is indicative of Godet's line of study that he should so largely quote our Welsh *Edwards*, and appreciate so highly our Methodist *Beet*. The fact is, he is heart and soul with those who read the Scriptures to learn from them, and not to cavil at them. This first volume upon the epistles to the Corinthians will well sustain its author's name and fame. We recommend it to all who are forming a library of exposition, and we thank Messrs. Clark for issuing it.

Introduction to the Catholic Epistles. By Paton J. Gloag, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

Here we have introductions to the seven Catholic Epistles as they are called: these are learned and judicious. We have also sundry dissertations upon subjects arising out of the epistles, and notably one upon the much disputed passage in Peter. Dr. Gloag gives a very complete summary of the various interpretations of Peter's statement that our Lord preached to the spirits in prison, but he expresses no personal judgment of his own, for he says "the meaning of the passage must be left in uncertainty." To this opinion we shall not object; but we regret that our author should feel the same uncertainty about the future state of all. He would seem to be by no means bound by the confession of his own church. We think his utterances in this instance can do no good, and may do much harm. He who is himself sure of nothing is the father of those who reject everything.

We doubt not that this work will be much esteemed by the learned of all schools; but the ordinary Christian reader will not be much edified by hearing so much of the opinions of German critics and English heretics. The price is 10s. 6d.

The Preacher's Pilgrimage: a Study of the Book of Ecclesiastes. By Rev. J. Hunt Cooke. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Cooke has done his work well. He has produced a book which is much greater than it looks. He has enough poetry in him to be able to enter into the secret of the great preacher, while at the same time he has so written under the power of divine grace that he causes Solomon's "Vanity of Vanities" to be a platform from which to preach the gospel. Some writers leave Koheleth in the bareness of its philosophic wretchedness, and do not remember that it is a part of the Bible which is meant to lead us to happiness and virtue; but Mr. Cooke is not so unwise. He is earnestly evangelical, and not only presses home upon the conscience the fact of that judgment to come which will answer the riddle of this puzzling life, but also urges men to look unto his God, and to find in Jesus rest to their souls. This book has an ugly superabundance of margin, otherwise we could not find a fault with it if we would.

Homely Talks about Homely Things. By Marianne Farningham. James Clarke and Co.

Bright, clear, happy papers. Marianne Farningham writes very much, that the wonder is that it is all so good. Everybody will find a portion in these Homely Talks.

System of the Christian Certainty. By Dr. Fr. H. R. Frank. Translated from the German by Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A. T. and T. Clark.

We like the theme of this book, and we like the analytical table of contents. The learned author appears to survey the landscape from the theological stand-point of a scholar who understands and appreciates the gospel as held by the evangelical sections of our Protestant churches. Although diffuse to a sorrowful degree, he limits his survey to a particular department of theology. It is not *certitudo salutis;* that is to say, the full assurance of salvation, nor yet the full assurance of faith, but it is rather the full assurance of fact, or doctrine founded on evidences indisputable, that we presume he reconnoitres. Pardon us, if you please, for putting it thus. But as an introductory chapter, entitled, "The task imposed," occupies no less than fifty pages, it is rather difficult for us to express his purpose in less than fifty words. Granted, that involved sentences, subtle expressions, and a superabundance of expletives detract a trifle from the pleasure of our perusal, yet the style once mastered, the student would find here a valuable lesson in accurate thinking.

Modern Discoveries of Science; anticipated by the Bible account of the Creation, &c. By B. C. Young. Elliot Stock.

This is a pleasant little book, with a very practical aim. A short notice of a prior work by the same author—"The Remote Antiquity of Man not Proven"—will be found on page 244 of our annual volume for 1885. Here Mr. Young pursues "modern thought" on much the same track. With clear understanding and technical skill he attempts to refute the Darwinian theory as advocated by Huxley. Successfully or unsuccessfully? you may ask. Well; that is an open question, and likely to remain open. Let us give one instance. In Chapter X. of the work before us on "Design *versus* Evolution," Paley's watch story crops up, not a little to our amusement. Never mind whether Paley invented or borrowed it. The illustration has long survived among the fittest. Through four or five generations of scholars—say for about a century and a half—it was unchallenged. One day, however, we heard a loud report that it had suddenly exploded through the electric force of "*a lay sermon*" by Professor Huxley. We greatly question the accuracy of that report. Mr. B. C. Young seems to have discovered the cylindrical box with its coiled elastic spring (we mean *the watch*) where Dr. Paley originally deposited it. It had not been blown to pieces after all, and it will take a great many Huxleys and very much dynamite to effect such a destruction. The case stands thus: Paley's illustration was used to enforce as an axiom in Natural Theology the statement that "*there cannot be design without a designer; contrivance without a contriver; order without choice; arrangement without anything capable of arranging.*" Professor Huxley pretends to account for Paley's watch by a process of evolution through which one watch proceeded from another watch through a long series of generations, developing improvement after improvement from a tendency in its own structure, with a little kindly help from its surroundings. Thus the Professor professes to dispense with the necessity of a Watch-maker: a thing greatly desired by gentlemen of his school. It is not their head but their heart which impels them to take up the cry of "No God."

Mr. Young does well to expose the monstrous assumption of those scientists who speak scornfully of revelation, and our young men will do well to study his shrewd disquisitions. For ourselves, we have no taste for disputations or refutations, when the wranglers have no common ground to go upon. We espoused in early childhood the Hebrew form of literature. What scoffers call its gross materialism does not disparage it in our esteem. The Old Testament to us has ever been a spiritual Kindergarten, and its object-lessons set forth and interpret the heavenly truths of the New Testament. With Greek or other Gentile philosophies we have no sympathy whatever. Attic culture has two fatal defects: there is neither archæology nor teleology in the system. It lacks a sage to tell of the Genesis, and a seer to tell of the Apocalypse.

Treasury of the Scottish Covenant. By Rev. JOHN C. JOHNSON. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

THIS must have cost the author infinite pains, and if rightly used, it will be a great saving of pains to all who come after him, through this tract of Church History. Here we have a true treasury, and the precious things are all ranged in order due, so that they may be rightly appreciated, and properly brought forth for use. The historical documents and theprincipal writings of the Covenanters are duly labelled, and set in their places. Short notices of divines and martyrs are given, and incidents are narrated ; and the whole work is made vital by the compiler's evident wish to foster the brave covenanting spirit. We need not to revive the covenant in the letter of it, but the feeling which first produced it is vital to true religion. Histories of the past are best used when they remind us that we also must do our duty and fulfil our course.

Mr. Johnston deserves the best thanks of all Scotchmen, but specially of those who hold the truth in the love of it. We have need in England of more anchors, and we dare say that Scotland will be none the worse for a few such holdfast books as this, since they may hold weak ones in their places till the present storm is overpast. Success to all who honour the glorious memories of the covenanting times.

History of the Scottish Nation. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, D.D. Vol. ii. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

WITH great pleasure we set our eyes upon a second volume of Dr. Wylie's "History of the Scottish Nation"—a work of the utmost importance in its bearing upon the Romish claim of a continuous historic church. Here we see better churches than that of Rome, as free as the air, founded on the Bible, and ignorant of all foreign jurisdiction. The epochs of Ninian, Patrick, Columba, and the Culdees are full of instruction for the present age: they approach very nearly to the apostolic period in purity and zeal, and they show us what Bible Christianity has done, and can yet do. Oh, that the warnings and examples of those grand times could operate upon this passing era as a corrective at once of its priestcraft and its unbelief!

It is noteworthy that a History of the Scottish Nation should so distinctly be a History of the Scottish Church. Of hardly any other people would this become a fact. Religion has always had great power in the northern half of this island, and it has displayed that power in shaping the politics of the country. Whatever becomes of the political influence, may the moral and spiritual influence of the Church of God in Scotland never be less!

Dr. Wylie has annihilated the Saint Patrick of monkish legend, who has so long held possession of the popular imagination, but he has restored the true Patrick, the evangelical missionary of the fifth century, and the father of the great Celtic Christianization that came before the Roman apostasy. This is good work, and its consequences will, we trust, be far-reaching. Such a work as this, if studied with care, will deliver thoughtful minds from the bondage of those churches which claim a pedigree, but were indeed born, like Ishmael, of a slave mother.

The first volume was invaluable, and the second is like unto it. We have had great joy in looking through it. We mean to extract a few pages from it, and give them as specimens.

Annals and Statistics of the Original Secession Church: till its Disruption and Union with the Free Church of Scotland, in 1852. By the Rev. DAVID SCOTT, F.S.A.Sc. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

WHAT years of labour are here condensed! Happy is the country which has possessed such a church as the United Secession, and happy is the church which has such a historian as Mr. Scott. Perhaps it is hardly possible for any but a Scotchman to follow all the windings of the covenanting controversy ; but a Presbyterian, to the manner born, will here find matter to his mind. We confess to an inward joy as we see what conscience did, and made its possessors do in the brave days of old. We do not see much of this sort of thing in our times ; we are all so charitable, not to say so careless, about the truth of God. It is well to

know that men have lived to whom the very dust and filings of truth were more precious than gold.

Here and there in this volume we find anecdotes well worth preservation; but the bulk of it is very solid history. No good library of church history will be complete without this tome.

The Church of our Fathers: being Lectures on the History and Principles of the Scottish Church. By Rev. Allan Cameron, M.A. Glasgow: David Bryce.

Mr. Cameron has done Cameronian service to the church of Christ in Scotland. He beholds her, not as the cringing courtier in king's palaces, but as herself the queen, the bride of Christ, scorning the fetters of the State. Such lectures as these deserve hearing and reading all over Scotland. The bulk of English people are unable to understand the grand truths which underlie the League and Covenant. Our national church thrives in its bondage; as a bullock long accustomed to the yoke, it knows its master's crib, and patiently bears his goad. Thank God for Scotland, and the faithful among her sons; though she, too, has her traitors, who betray their Lord. Lord God of the Covenanters, make bare thy holy arm!

Life of John Kennedy, D.D. By the Rev. Alexander Auld. Nelson and Sons.

Dr. Kennedy was one of the choicest of our friends: a man, and, far more, a man of God. His theology was Scriptural, he never sought to make it broad; his heart was large, he never defiled it by compromise with error. There is never much to write about in the life of a successful pastor; for he pursues the even tenor of his sacred way. Mr. Auld has made the best of his materials, and raised a monument to his friend which many will value.

Where are the men to follow Kennedy and other fathers? Will Scotland yield to the general declension? Will not the Lord raise up among her sons true champions of the faith, like the veteran of Dingwall? Take him for all in all, we scarcely expect to see another Kennedy. True king of the Highlands, yet humble as a child; firm as a rock, and yet gentle as a lamb. Dear man of God, the loss of thee is greater than those know, even of those who miss thee most!

A History of the Baptists; traced by their vital Principles and Practices, from the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to the year 1886. By Thomas Armitage, D.D., LL.D. New York: Bryan, Taylor, and Co., 757, Broadway.

This is a marvellous book. We are by no means proud of party names, or fond of mere sectional distinctions, but on looking over this grand history we felt it an honour to be a Baptist. The theme is well handled. No claim is set up for a continuous church of Baptists after the manner of the Roman and Anglican communities; but yet it is shown that the true and only baptism in water has always had some to practise it. When a church has nothing left in which to rejoice it falls back on its pedigree, and cracks itself up as "the one and only": but our friend Dr. Armitage sees nothing desirable in such romancing. He does, however, rejoice to trace the thin red line which has kept the heights for Jesus and his word. Profusely illustrated and interestingly written, this noble volume ought to be in every American Baptist's house. It will have a large sale, for our Transatlantic friends are enthusiastic and wealthy, and will rejoice in so fine a vindication of their denominational views. Our author is, we think, too hard upon Robert Hall, who is no doubt judged the more severely, because he was not a strict communionist. We do not wish to find fault with Dr. Armitage, but we have not hitherto thought of Robert Hall as associated with Socinus, and we do not like to think of him in that fashion, unless we are driven to do so by overwhelming facts.

Chips from the Earth's Crust; or, Short Stories in Natural Science. By John Gibson. Nelson and Sons.

Highly instructive. While rendered attractive by pictures and stories this is also a solid book which every boy ought to read. Looking upon such literature as likely to keep readers away from worthless fiction, we cordially commend it. The engravings are excellent.

The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A. By the Rev. JOHN TELFORD, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

LIVES of the great and good are quarries from which after-generations draw materials for the upbuilding of character. It seems impossible to exhaust them. Fresh facts are brought to the surface, and new lessons are discovered.

Charles Wesley was a bright portion of that binary star which might be accurately described as "the Wesley Brothers," but is more generally known as John Wesley. Charles is to a great extent absorbed in John, and it is as he desired; for his life bore testimony to his fraternal devotion, and to his intense union of heart in the cause of which his brother was the leader. He is greatest as a poet, a true and great poet. This we say none the less heartily because we think some of his rhymes in the anti-Calvinistic controversy to have been atrocious, not to say blasphemous. We have never marvelled that Toplady and Hill spoke bitterly when we have read some of the verses which Charles hurled against what he thought to be Calvinism. Our blood has boiled at such infamous caricaturing, and exasperating sarcasm; nevertheless, we admire Charles Wesley, and his poetry, for he generally sings to the glory of the Lord, and to the warming of the hearts of believers. If Calvinistic doctrine had been what he thought it to be, we should not have blamed him for his fierce stanzas; but as it is nothing of the kind, we try to forget that he wrote certain lines. We will not even quote them, but let them sleep in silence.

He served his Lord with all his heart, and helped his brother without a selfish thought. Probably he did the first all the better by doing the second; and he himself was all the more honoured because of the position to which his generous assistance helped to raise his brother. We have enjoyed the perusal of this life. Possibly the Religious Tract Society thinks the volume quite impartial as to the Calvinistic controversy; but we are not sure upon that point. Anyhow, the matter is of small consequence: the book is good and stimulating.

The Martyrs of Golbanti; or, Missionary Heroism in East Africa. By ROBERT BREWIN. Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square.

A YOUNG minister of the Free Methodist body went, with his consecrated young wife, to East Africa, and commenced work among the Gallas. About the time when Bishop Hannington was slain, there seemed to be murder in the air, and these two youthful servants of God were sacrificed by plundering Masai. Mr. Brewin has raised a fitting monument to them by this simple narrative. He has not evolved a great book from a slender stock of fact by processes of prosaic preachment; but he has told the story with great brevity, and left it to speak for itself. Those who remember the "Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield" will be all the more interested in the present sketches, because the murdered Houghtons spent a considerable time at Mr. Wakefield's station.

"*She spake of Him.*" Being Recollections of the Loving Labours and Early Death of the late Mrs. Henry Dening. By her friend, Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. 23rd thousand. Mack.

WE have spoken a good word for former editions of this instructive memoir. Although, as a rule, women are not called upon to be preachers of the word, and neither among the twelve nor the seventy did our Lord place a single female, yet, when the Lord pours out his Spirit upon one of his handmaids, so that she prophesies, who is to forbid her? Mrs. Dening was noted for a sweet, unaffected humility—a grace not always present either in men or in women where special gifts are found. She was no mere fluent speaker, but an evangelist of a high order.

The National Temperance Reader. Third and fourth series. In one volume. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

FOUR volumes of this useful series of readings, recitations, &c., have now been published, and they have also been issued in two double volumes. Conductors of Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies will find these selections invaluable.

How a Farthing made a Fortune; or, Honesty is the Best Policy. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen. Partridge and Co.

A simple story of a poor lad lifted from the squalor of a London slum to a position of respectability and trust, through the blessing of God on the efforts of a humble Christian man.

The Bethlemites. From the German. By Julie Sutter. Partridge and Co.

We do not believe in this use of fiction. The thoughts and feelings of some few of the residents at Bethlehem, both Jewish and Gentile, when the Word was made flesh and dwelt among men, are imagined. The most prominent facts of the gospel history are told out by these imaginary persons, some of whom become followers of the Lamb of God. Children may be helped to understand some of the Messianic prophecies, while they read the story. The picture of "the white-robed Christians met for baptism," standing beside what looks like a little puddle, while drops of water are trickling through the fingers of one on to the head of another of the band, shows how much need there is for teachers as well as scholars to read carefully the New Testament.

Our Soldier Hero: the Story of my Brothers. By M. L. Ridley. Shaw and Co.

To our mind, the chief point of interest in this story is the filial love of the brothers and sisters for the widowed mother, and their mutual helpfulness and appreciation of each other, making them a model family. Alas! how many young people in these days forget "the first commandment with promise," and love other people's brothers and sisters better than their own.

Page, Squire, and Knight. A Romance of the days of Chivalry. Edited by W. H. Davenport Adams. With One Hundred and Thirteen Illustrations. W. Mack.

A handsome, well-illustrated volume, based upon the work of a French writer. In this Mr. Davenport Adams gives an admirable picture of the chivalry and feudalism of the times of the Plantagenets. The scene of this romance is laid in Aquitaine, and the plot depends upon the frequent feuds between our Henry II. and his sons, Henry the Younger and Richard Cœur de Lion. The reader is introduced to the domestic interior of the feudal castle; to the banquet, the joust, the siege, the battle; and mixes with knights, nuns, nobles, monks, men-at-arms, and minstrels. Thus, while he follows the fortunes of the youthful hero of the story, he will get a vivid idea of the humanities of chivalry and the institutions of feudalism.

The Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar, The Orphan Boy, and *The May Bee.* By Mrs. Sherwood. Houlston and Son.

In the early days of our venerable parents, Mrs. Sherwood's good little stories were the classics of the nursery, and they still live, for the living Word is in them. Since it evidently pays to print them, why are the original woodcuts used? Is it for the sake of chronological accuracy? We impanelled a small jury of juveniles, and asked for their artless art criticisms on two of these antiques. Verdict: "Foreign"; "Old-fashioned"; "Ugly." Nevertheless, they will read and profit by the simple stories.

Changing Places; or, Wilton Farlegh in Animal Land. By Gertrude Jerdon. Partridge and Co.

An amusing book for the little ones primarily; but a good many old sinners might be improved by reading it; for it is written in the interest of dumb animals. Little Wilton is supposed to have been lost in the "Zoo" while he was scraping acquaintance with a cousin of the late learned Dr. Darwin. Jacko persuaded him to let him out of his cage, for what had he done that he should be imprisoned for life? Grateful to his deliverer, he offers to take him to Animal Land. There, as guide, philosopher, and friend, he shows him over the "Pological Gardens," where humans are caged, and stared at by animal visitors. Among others, are the species stag-hunter, fox-hunter, donkey-boy, circus-master, cat-worrier, &c., &c., all convicted of cruelty under the statute in that case made and provided: "Be-done-by-as-you-did." Buy it for the kind and for the cruel.

Lights of the Western World; or, Sketches of Distinguished Americans. By JABEZ MARRAT. Woolmer.

LINCOLN, Grant, and Garfield were all noble men; but we should hardly have described them as "lights." Gough, Burritt, and Longfellow are the other three worthies described. The book is well enough; we only demur to the title. By another name it might have been better known. However, it is profitable reading for young people.

Bible Warnings. Addresses to Children. Nisbet and Co.

DR. NEWTON remains master of the situation, first in the rank of preachers to children. We have done enough when we have announced this new series of addresses by him, and have said that it is equal to former volumes. Full of stories. Helpful to preachers. Sound on total abstinence. Only 3s. 6d.

The Child's Book of Poetry. A Selection of Poems, Ballads, and Hymns. Religious Tract Society.

PRETTILY fashioned. A choice collection of well-known favourites.

Hymns for Infant Minds. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. With twenty-seven illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS old-established favourite requires no praise from us. This is a cheap edition at 1s. 6d. We are not enthusiastic in reference to the illustrations.

Hooks and Eyes; or, Sense Linked with Faith. By EMILY P. LEAKEY. Shaw and Co.

VERY ingenious always. In some places remarkably original and striking, and here and there very weak, we had almost said silly. On the whole a live book which a great many people will read with pleasure and profit. Prettily got up: a nice present for the young. Doctrine according to our own heart.

The Tales of the Sixty Mandarins. By P. W. RAMASWAMI RAJU. With an introduction by Professor HENRY MORLEY. Cassell and Co.

WE had always thought that the mandarins had long tails, but these are short tales. Between Chinese days and Arabian nights we cannot discern any difference: there does not seem to be a pin or a T to choose between them. Legends and stories, partly Indian and partly Chinese, are in this book blended together by a Hindoo gentleman, who must himself be the embodiment of fancy and wit. The book is rather out of our line; but it may be useful as a change from more sober reading, as a pickled walnut or a scrap of horse-radish is accepted by those who are making a substantial meal upon solid meats.

Jack Marston's Anchor. By the author of "Faith's Father." Cassell & Co.

A HEALTHY story for boys. Has all the freshness of a life on the ocean wave, and its teaching has salt in itself.

Lady Bird's Tea-party, and other Stories. By JAMES CROWTHER. Sunday School Union.

WE always expect much when we see the name of James Crowther to a book, and we are never disappointed. Now, you rhymers, come hither! Here is a man who is more of a poet than any of you, and yet he is content to write prose. Go and do likewise. This is a delightful book. To most people we should say—*Get it. It is only one-and-sixpence.* But why should you not say so to everybody? Well, we dare not say it except in a whisper. There are people without brain, and as free from imagination as a blacking-bottle, and we fear they would think this book too fanciful. Poor souls!

Our Sea-Coast Stories. Nelson.

A CAPITAL subject well handled. This is the sort of book for a boy to read if you would sow in him heroic aspirations. Christianity in action is to be seen along our coasts in the day of storm. The stories are overwhelming pleas for the life-boat societies.

The King's Message and other Addresses: a Book for the Young. By J. H. WILSON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A SERIES of very good addresses to children. Teachers will get material from them. But why such dreadful wood-cuts? The general "get-up" of the book is quite ugly enough without these horrors. We feel sorry for a good writer when his publisher, or printer, whichever is responsible, sends him forth before the public in unattractive array.

Some of our Fellows. A School Story. By the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SCHOOL-BOY yarn. Big to look at, but we do not think very much of it.

Untrue to his Trust: or, Plotters and Patriots. A Story of Life and Adventure in Charles II.'s time. By HENRY JOHNSON. Religious Tract Society.

THIS historical story is of the first class. It somewhat reminds us of the works of Sir Walter Scott; but it has more of a gracious spirit. Capital reading for recreation.

Brother Freeman. By J. W. KEYWORTH. Wesleyan Sunday-school Union, 2, Ludgate-Circus Buildings.

A GRAND Methodist story. It has made our eyes ache with tears and our heart laugh for joy. Just buy it, friends; and may you enjoy it as much as your humble servant, the Editor.

Notes.

THE question as to the continued existence of the Samaritans was very conclusively settled a few days ago, when the sheik of the tribe came to the Tabernacle on the Lord's-day morning, and afterwards came into the vestry. He is a giant among men in size, with a happy, intelligent, generous countenance. At the last Passover he sacrificed a lamb upon Mount Gerizim. His people are suffering, and he has come to England for help, which we doubt not he will receive. He said that his people were few. All told, they do not now number two hundred.

We have always held and taught that every man in this free country should use his electoral privileges conscientiously, and endeavour to advance truth and righteousness. We remarked the other day that a minister was the Lord's steward, and must use the power entrusted to him wholly and alone for the Lord's glory. He was not to use it for personal ends, or for *party* purposes. Straightway this was pounced upon as an inconsistency, since we have expressed our own opinion on divers matters. But this is not inconsistent by any means. A minister should promote, in a proper spirit, and at fit seasons, everything which he believes to be right and good; but he must take care that he is not mixed up with *party* ends and designs. Everything that we do must have the highest purpose in view; and to promote mere party purposes would be a wretched business. We did not charge any one with doing so, but merely stated a very harmless and useful doctrine: if any are wounded thereby we are sorry for them. Has it really come to this, that all political action must be swayed by *party* politics? We do not think so. We have never insinuated such a charge: *we do not insinuate it.* Brethren who differ from us over a very knotty question are just as honest as we are, and act with as much desire to do the right: if they did not do so, our passing remark might gall them. It becomes us all to look a very serious business seriously in the face, in the fear of the Lord. It will be well to hold our tongues when we cannot see what ought to be said, and speak when we do speak with no care for this party or for that, but only for truth and righteousness. This is an hour for prayer rather than for wrangling. Surely nobody differs from this opinion.

THORNTON HEATH CHAPEL.—The new school-chapel, of which we gave a sketch last month, will (D.V.) be opened on *Tuesday afternoon, May* 3, at 3, by a sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, to be followed by a tea and public meeting, at which T. W. Stoughton, Esq., of Beulah Hill, will preside, and several ministers will give addresses. Our esteemed secretary, Mr. Harrald, will take charge of this position, for a time at least.

While writing this note we are still in need of help to open this chapel free of debt. May 3rd is the birthday of Mr. Spurgeon's mother, and it was also the day of C. H. Spurgeon's baptism at Isleham, in the year 1850. It would add to the happiness of the day if the building could be opened free from debt, and though only a day or two will remain after the issue of this number of the magazine, we shall hope and believe that some friend or friends will be found to stand in the gap, and make up the last hundred pounds.

On *Tuesday evening, March* 22, the Annual Meeting of the GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle. Although the weather was very unfavourable, there was a large audience of enthusiastic temperance friends. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. G. M. Murphy; W. I. Palmer, Esq., of Reading; and Mr. W. Noble, who had also spoken on the previous Sunday afternoon. During the year the Society has held 89 meetings, at which 654 pledges have been signed. In the course of his address the chairman referred to the applications by clergymen and Non-

conformist ministers for shares in brewery companies, and his remarks have been the subject of comment in various quarters. It is not his habit to enter into controversy, but to leave what he has said to be remarked upon in a kindly or censorious manner as each one may please. Life is far too short to allow of a defence of all that may be said by one who speaks too much. "What I have said I have said," is all the answer that can be given unless a retractation is needed, and then it will be publicly made, and not to individual writers.

On leaving the above meeting, the Pastor looked in for a few minutes at the College, where the Sunday-school teachers were celebrating the Jubilee of Mr. S. R. Pearce, the esteemed superintendent of the school. Mr. Spurgeon right joyously addressed the assembly, and in the name of the teachers presented to Mr. Pearce an illuminated address expressive of the love and regard felt for him by his co-workers in the Lord's service. Never Pastor had a superintendent more after his own heart than is Elder Pearce. His loving yet manly spirit exactly fits him for his post.

Monday evening, March 28, was a memorable occasion at the Tabernacle. At the church-meeting, which commenced an hour before the prayer-meeting, and continued nearly all the evening, 28 candidates were proposed for membership, and 28 new members were accepted by the church. More than 28 thanksgivings were uttered that night.

On *Tuesday evening, March* 29, Mr. Spurgeon delivered an address at the annual meeting of the CHRISTIAN POLICE ASSOCIATION, held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Sir Charles Warren. It was a grand gathering of policemen and their wives and children; and the Christian workers who are seeking their spiritual welfare were also there in great force. The latter friends are among the central ring of choice spirits who in these days of lukewarmness forget all sectarian differences and unite in promoting the Saviour's kingdom: to get among such is to breathe another atmosphere than that which is befogged with politics, and poisoned with unbelief. A remnant still remains of knees that have not bowed the knee to the Baal of "modern thought."

On *Wednesday evening, March* 30, the annual meeting of the workers of the RICHMOND STREET (WALWORTH) MISSION (in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle), was held at the School-rooms, Richmond Street. The chair was taken by the President, Mr. J. T. Dunn. The secretaries presented reports of the various works carried on at the Mission, which comprise almost every department of Christian usefulness. There are about 110 active workers in this portion of the Lord's vineyard, all earnest, energetic and God-fearing men and women, willing to spend their time and talents in the service of their Master. The works carried on consist, amongst others, of Sunday-schools, Sunday-evening schools, Young Christians' Association, Young Men and Women's Bible-classes, Band of Hope, Children's Week-night Services, Evangelistic Services, Pure Literature Society, Libraries, Mothers' Meetings, Christmas Dinner Fund (from which 746 poor persons were provided with a Christmas dinner at their own homes), Servants' Registry in connection with the Evening-schools, &c. There is one great difficulty which is stopping the progress of the good work carried on here and that is want of space, many children being denied admittance on account of the crowded state of the schools. The harvest is indeed plentiful, and, thanks to the Lord of the harvest, the labourers are plentiful, but the vineyard is too straitened; and the workers and friends hope soon to remedy this, so that this Mission, which has done great things in the past, may become a greater power for good in the future in the dark and densely-populated district of East Lane, Walworth.

On *Tuesday evening, April* 5, the annu meeting of the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOC was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H Spurgeon presided, and spoke upon "Th Ideal Sunday-school Teacher," and admirable addresses were delivered by Dr. Monro Gibson and the Rev. David Davies. The Sunday-school choir sang very sweetly several times during the evening. The annual report, which is quite an interesting pamphlet of 24 pages, can be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. C. Wagstaff. We may just mention here that there are in the school 108 teachers, and 1,428 scholars, 45 of whom have joined the church during the year. These figures only relate to the home school; the children in all the branch and mission-schools bring up the total to 7,677. If there were 100 more the figures would be four sevens. What a host it is! And what work is implied in the teaching of so many! Yet we long to see these figures largely increased.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. A. Martin has become pastor of the church at Bovingdon, Herts., and Mr. F. James at Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn. Mr. N. T. Jones-Miller, formerly of Hillsley, is going to East Dereham, Norfolk; and Mr. J. Chadwick is leaving Finchley to become pastor at the new London Baptist Association Chapel, Holmesdale-road, South Norwood. In each of these cases we can not only pray for the divine blessing, but joyfully expect it.

By later information from the Cape, we learn that Mr. A. J. Edwards, who sailed during the past month, is to be stationed at Cradock, South Africa, not Graaf Reinet. Mr. A. Bird has removed from Launceston, Tasmania, to Ballarat, Victoria.

While these "Notes" are passing through the press, the Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association is being held. We shall give a full account of the proceedings next month, and also present our readers with some report of the College work during the year.

EVANGELISTS.—During the latter part of March and the beginning of April, *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have conducted special services at Sheffield, the scene of one of the most successful missions they ever held. They were greatly encouraged by the number of Christians with whom they spoke at the meetings, who dated their conversion from the previous visit of the Evangelists. The people had been thoroughly prepared for the services by prayer and pastoral visitation, and the result was just what might have been expected, large numbers attended and many received the word.

Pastor R. T. Lewis sends us very cheering idings of *Mr. Burnham's* services at Shipton-on-Stour; and Pastor G. W. Roughton writes as follows with reference to his visit to Blockley:—

"He commenced his work here in very unfavourable weather; a deep snow on the ground, and snow still falling heavily, made the attendance at the first meeting very small; but, notwithstanding the continuance of snow on the ground, and consequent difficulty of locomotion in this hilly district, the attendance steadily increased to the end of the services, and the interest in the meetings manifestly deepened. Several have been awakened; and others, who had been halting, led to decision, among them my own eldest daughter, sixteen years of age. We have, therefore, abundant reason to bless God that our brother visited us. I have since had a most encouraging meeting with enquirers, eight being present, and I know of others who were prevented from attending at that time. Our only regret was that, when a deep interest was awakened, Mr. Burnham had to leave us."

Mr. Burnham has since gone, for the third time, to conduct a mission at Malton.

Pastor J. Kemp writes concerning the services of *Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain* at Kent Street Chapel, Portsmouth:—

"It gives us much pleasure to report a very successful series of services which Mr. Harmer has conducted here for fifteen days. The way was well prepared by united prayer, organization of workers, and efficient advertisement of the mission. The earnest and forceful addresses of Mr. Harmer have already borne fruit, the enquiry-rooms were attended by many awakened ones, seeking the Saviour, and backsliders were restored to the faith. Mr. Harmer had all the time the invaluable help of Mr. Chamberlain, whose sweet and impressive songs not only drew the people to the services, but melted many hearts. Nor was his singing the only help he rendered; his tender and affectionate appeals were charged with persuasive power and spiritual life. No one said a word about 'sensationalism' except to remark upon its complete absence from the meetings. We thank God for both the brethren; their visit has proved a time of refreshing to us all, and the ingathering of souls will, we believe, prove to be considerable."

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have had a most hearty reception in every place they have visited during their northern tour. Many friends, who have long helped the institution, have been glad to look upon a few of its inmates, while thousands, who before the boys' visit knew little or nothing of the work carried on at the Stockwell Orphanage, have been made familiar with its guiding principles and their practical application. It is too early to give a full financial statement of the results of the tour, but Mr. Charlesworth estimates that there will be at least £600 left after paying all expenses. For this grand help we cannot too heartily thank all who have in any degree contributed, and we pray the orphan's God to abundantly repay them out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

We beg to remind our friends that the *Annual Festival* is to be held on *Wednesday, June* 8, the jubilee birthday of the Vice-President, J. A. Spurgeon. We hope all our helpers in town and country will make a note of the date, and endeavour to be with us. There will be a sale of useful and fancy goods, as on the last occasion, when the stalls were principally furnished by the West Croydon Baptist Church. It was suggested that some other London or provincial church might provide the articles another year. If this is more than we ought to expect, we shall be very pleased to receive contributions from all who are able to help. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

PERSONAL NOTES.—One of our former students sends us the following cheering note:—"A few weeks ago, a young man came into my vestry to converse upon the subject of personal religion. He deeply realized his state as a sinner, and was delightfully in earnest in quest of Christ. Our converse was sweet, and together we bowed in prayer. The next day I sent him a copy of your sermon, 'Only Trust Him! Only Trust Him!' (No. 1,635.) The next Sunday he came full of joy; God blessed your word, and gave him peace. I hope soon to baptize him as a believer in Christ."

Last year we inserted a letter from a friend who distributes a large quantity of our sermons and tracts. We have recently received from him the following interesting account of his work:—"Since writing in

September, I have persevered in the daily distribution of 'Extracts from C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons,' published by the Religious Tract Society, and 'Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts,' published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. The hours specially devoted to this work have continued to be 5 to 7 a.m., in summer, 6 to 7 a.m., in winter, and 7.50 to 10.50 on Sabbath mornings on my way to the Tabernacle. During the last two years, commencing March, 1885, I have distributed 41,032 of the above-named tracts, about two-thirds of them in letter-boxes, and the remainder on the streets, in omnibuses, &c. When sojourning in towns away from London, I proceed with the work as at home; I have a parcel containing 6,000 of the tracts packed already to take with me into the country for distribution about a week hence.

"I believe the letter-boxes in all the streets bounded by Canonbury, Caledonian Road, Gray's Inn Road, New North Road, and onwards, over Blackfriars and London Bridges to the Tabernacle, have received tracts several times; and I have no doubt that they have been blessed to many souls.

"Some public-houses are opened at 5 a.m., on week-days, and I see them numerously attended at that early hour by men on their way to work. I speak seriously to many of the men as they enter or leave, and give them your tract entitled 'A Fool and his Chopper,' with its significant wood-cut. Sometimes I call or beckon one of the men at the bar to come out to me, and give him a copy of 'A Fool and his Chopper' for himself, and some copies for him to distribute to the company inside; and through the partially-open door I see that he does it. Occasionally, when I put my hand on the arm of a workingman, as he enters, and say, 'Friend, don't go in there—don't,' I am cheered by the response: 'Well, I won't'; and, after a few moments' conversation, away he goes. On Sabbath mornings I meet with companies of young men, numbering from two or three to a dozen, out for a day's pleasure, who receive tracts and listen attentively to my remarks. In summer, I see pleasure-vans full of people about to start on Sunday excursions, and they have been surprised at seeing me mount the vehicle, and handing them tracts with the invitation, 'Please accept extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons; read them carefully, and keep the tracts clean.' I have given seventy-two penny New Testaments to omnibus-drivers and conductors while riding on their 'buses and relating to them my own experience of the preciousness of God's Word. This year I began to visit periodically a number of brethren and sisters in Christ in their dwellings; poor, indeed, they are in a worldly sense, but I receive valuable instruction from their cheerful submission to their covenant God. A very aged man was buried last week. On the five last Sabbath afternoons of his life I read to him one of your sermons, and a portion of Scripture, and prayed with him from 3 to 4.30; he was greatly edified by the sermons, and expressed his deep thankfulness to you for them."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 28, five; 31, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor J. F. Avery...	0	2	0
Rev. A. H. King	0	5	0
Pastor J. Dodwell	0	2	6
Pastor Robert Holmes	0	10	0
Mr. Frederick Benham	5	5	0
Mr. John Moser	10	10	0
Rev. E. S. Neale, a thankoffering ...	1	0	0
Mr. James S. Budgett	50	0	0
Miss Dawson	2	0	0
Mr. Edward Pink	1	0	0
Mr. George Gould	4	4	0
Messrs. Straker and Sons	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Mr. B. Venables	2	2	0
Mr. William I. Palmer	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree...	2	2	0
Collection at East Hill Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, per Pastor J. W. Ewing	4	9	5
Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Scotch note, from Muir of Ord	1	0	0
Collection at Victoria Place Baptist Church, Paisley, per Pastor John Crouch	5	12	0
Mrs. Preston...	1	1	0
Pastor W. G. Clow...	0	10	0
H. D.	5	0	0
Friends at Cotton Street Baptist Chapel, Poplar, per Pastor W. H. Broad ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wells	1	0	0
The Misses Pearce	2	2	0
Mr. Frederick Howard	2	2	0
Mr. G. W. Petter	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	6	0	0
T. J. P.	5	0	0
Miss Steedman	20	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Mr. E. Sheffield	5	5	0
Mrs. FitzGerald	5	0	0
Mr. H. Hudson	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Altham	5	0	0
L. H., more than 70 years of age ...	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. William Middlemore	225	0	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Mrs. M. Hulett	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Walters	0	5	0
Mrs. Haywood	1	0	0
Anonymous, per E. H. B.	1	1	0
Collection at Brondesbury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Thompson...	3	13	1

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. B. Crisp	1	0	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mr. Garner Marshall	5	5	0
Mr. R. Cleaver	5	0	0
Mr. Joshua Allder	1	1	0
Pastor W. Stokes	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	5	0	0
Mr. W. W. Pocock	5	0	0
Mr. James W. Wolfe	1	1	0
Pastor R. J. Williamson	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Jones	5	0	0
A few friends at Blackthorn Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crisp	0	10	6
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Stamps from Skipton	0	10	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Mr. Everett's Bible-class	3	0	0
Collected in the Almshouses Sunday-school	5	10	10
The late Mr. Colvin	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	30	0	0
Mr. R. Cory	50	0	0
Mr. J. Keevil	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
A. B., Gloucestershire	50	0	0
Rev. N. Heath	1	1	0
Executors of the late Miss Ann Martin	180	0	0
Postal order from Inchture	0	5	0
Mr. S. A. Daniell	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Marks, C.E.	3	3	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mr. John Taylor	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Mallett	2	0	0
Contribution from Bromley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0
Faith	0	10	6
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
Mrs. F. Heritage	2	2	0
In memory of Mrs. King	50	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. B. Booth (2 years' subs.)	2	0	0
Mr. P. C. Rutherford	5	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
March 20	22	0	0
,, 27	6	13	6
April 3	27	16	0
,, 10	26	4	0
	82	13	6
	£1,050	8	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. H. Teverson	1	3	7
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. S. J. Hebditch	0	3	6
Collected by Miss E. L. Rawlins	0	11	2
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon:—			
Anon., West Hartlepool 5 0 0			
M. Bateman, Tydd St. Mary 0 10 0			
	5	10	0
Collected by members of Mr. Robert Stewart's Bible-class, Regent-street Chapel, Belfast:—			
Miss Sarah McKeown 0 8 0			
Miss Annie Thompson 0 13 0			
Miss Elizabeth Gay 0 3 0			
Miss Mary T. Robinson 0 3 0			
Miss Mary Fegan 1 13 4			
Miss Ellen O'Prey 0 3 1			
Miss Catherine O'Neill 0 4 2			
Mr. Robert Stewart 0 3 0			
	3	10	7
For the little orphans, Exeter	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Bisney	0	4	6
Proceeds of sale of trinkets, from M. L., and a knife, from "A lover of children"	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Lewinroad Baptist Chapel, Streatham, per Mrs. Airey	0	10	0
Lambeth Auxiliary Sunday-school Union—Moiety of profits from lecture by Miss Von Finkelstein at Metropolitan Tabernacle, September, 1886	11	0	9
A thankoffering for the Lord's deliverance of our nurse child	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Medland	0	16	4
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff 0 16 3			
A special gift from one of the members 2 4 0			
	3	0	3
Miss Martin	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Scoular	2	0	0
Collected by Kate Mary Tansley	2	3	0
Miss M. A. Mackay	1	0	0
A little girl, per Mrs. Preston	0	2	0
Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. William Alexander	0	5	0
Mr. R. Winstanley	0	6	0
J. C., Brighton	1	0	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	1	1	0
A lover of children	0	5	0
Miss Gush	0	10	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
H. D.	10	0	0
Mr. P. Wallis	0	10	0
From "Sunnyside" kitchen	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hawkins	10	0	0
A widow's mite, M.P., Sutton	1	0	0
Collected by Master Arkley	0	3	0
The birds from Paradise	2	0	0
Mr. William Fyson	0	10	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Pastor Walter Brown	0	10	0
Miss Adkins	0	2	6
Mr. E. E. Gowing	1	1	6
Friends at Portage la Prairie, per Pastor Jesse Gibson	3	7	0
B.	0	10	0
A friend, per Miss Harrison	0	5	0
Mrs. Bedwell	0	5	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
Miss Jessie Young	1	0	0
Mr. I. Sutherland	1	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	3	3	0
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	6
Miss M. Shearer	0	10	0
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Wells	1	0	0
Robert and Norman Wells	1	0	0
Mrs. Alfred Roberts	0	15	0
Mrs. Harvey...	0	10	0
In memoriam, Ethel Bertha	1	1	0
William B., Campsie	0	5	0
Mr. A. Fairbank	0	2	6
Mrs. M. L. Jones	0	4	0
Mr. J. Bickford	0	5	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
James, Spencer, and Maude Blyth ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Tompkins	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Burridge	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Jones and friends	0	12	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	2	6
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
A friend, per Miss Innes	0	10	0
Mr. C. Moore	0	10	0
Mr. E. Cole	0	1	0
Mr. Mann, per Miss Mann	0	10	6
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Miss L. A. Bennett	0	2	6
Mr. S. Bown...	0	10	0
Mr. William Grant	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Clarke	0	2	0
Mr. P. Martin	0	10	0
Mrs. Williams	0	10	6
Mr. T. S. Marks	0	9	0
A friend, Downton	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Williams	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. J. Ashton ...	2	14	6
One who wishes to do good	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Lyon, per Mr. Geo. Inglis	0	5	0
Sabbath-school children, Bogmoor, Fochabers...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Harrison	1	2	0
Miss E. L. Yerbury	0	3	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Jessie Walter, West Hartlepool	221	11	0
Postal order, Clapham Common ...	0	5	0
Postal order, Denmark Hill	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Price	2	3	0
A thankoffering for blessings received	1	0	0
Mrs. Alfred Gibbs...	0	10	0
Collected by Pastor T. G. Gathercole...	0	6	0
Mrs. Rees	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson	1	3	6
Miss Hayes...	0	5	0
Miss Redman	0	10	0
Mr. Moody	0	2	0
Mrs. J. F. Jack	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Derrick	0	17	3
Mrs. E. Salt...	0	4	6
Mr. T. Hill	0	10	0
Lynton Road Sunday-school, per Mr. J. B. Collin	0	10	6
Mr. J. M. Whittaker	2	2	0
Mr. Clarkson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crisp...	0	10	6
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
One who finds it so difficult to believe	0	10	0
An aged friend, Perth	3	0	0
Dr. and Miss Shaw	1	0	0
E. E. and J. S., a thankoffering for the conversion of another child	0	5	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Friends at the Baptist Chapel at Crieff	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Fryer	0	10	0
Mrs. Law	0	5	0
Mr. Stace	0	5	0
Mr. W. Donaldson	1	0	0
Mrs. Norris, per Mr. G. H. Gill ...	1	0	0
W. and J. M.	1	0	0
Matthew xxv. 40	2	2	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
M. B....	1	1	0
Pastor D. H. Thomas	0	4	0
Marian	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Cory	50	0	0
Mrs. Pratt	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Gaunt	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Carnegie	1	0	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts...	0	10	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Mr. W. Underwood	0	6	0
Mrs. Houston	0	5	0
Rev. James Reid	0	2	6
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
T. R., Redruth	0	5	0
A. B., Gloucestershire	100	0	0
Mr. James Frame	1	0	0
E. T.	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Hardy	0	2	6
In memory of Mrs. King	100	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	10	10	0
W. and M. S., Glasgow	0	10	0
Rev. N. Heath	1	1	0
One who loves Jesus	1	0	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
Mr. H. Hall...	0	10	0
Mrs. Hector...	1	0	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends	0	5	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, Glasgow	1	0	0
W. and S. M.	1	0	0
Mr. T. Wicks	0	5	0
Mr. H. Tribe	10	10	0
Baptist Church, Salterforth	1	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Anon	5	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Ann Martin	180	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Ann Martin (for Girls' Orphanage)...	180	0	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. A. Shaw and friends	0	5	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Mr. G. S. Everett...	5	0	0
A country minister	0	3	3
Mr. Thomas Thomson	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. C. E. French's children	0	10	0
Mrs. Coleman and friends	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Walter	10	0	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	3	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Sheerness (moiety) ... 9 13 5			
Programmes 0 16 0			
	10	9	5
Rye Lane Chapel Young Men's Society (moiety)	5	2	6
Stratford, programmes	2	5	10
Paisley	20	0	0
Stirling	18	10	0
Perth	14	10	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss I. Wornell	1	1	0
Mrs. J. King, per Pastor W. Julyan ...	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Collingwood 0 5 0			
Miss Humphrey 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Mrs. Drew (annual) ... 1 1 0			
Mr. J. Macintosh (two quarters) 0 10 0			
J. B. K. (two quarters) ... 0 5 0			
	1	16	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Miss S. A. Muir	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Worth...	0	2	6
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
	£1169	15	11

ERRATUM. April "Sword and Trowel."—"Postal order, Penge Road, S. Norwood, 7s. 6d.," should be "Collected by Mr. W. J. Booth."

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—2 bags Haricot Beans, Mr. James Hall; 7 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 28 lbs. Bacon, "J. H."; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 Sheep, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1,012 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 530 Buns, Mrs. E. Unstead.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—10 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Hayward; 14 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 14 yards Tweed Cloth, Mr. J. Pentelow; 2 pairs Knitted Socks and 2 pairs Knitted Cuffs, a Reader of the "S. & T."

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—108 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 articles, Mrs. Horn; 5 articles, S. H. L.; 16 articles and 5 remnants, Mrs. N. Pyne; 13 articles, "E. S. M. B."; 12 articles, Miss Glazebrook and Pupils; 37 articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 12 articles, Mrs. Rees; 118 yards Dress Material, 68 yards Print, 5 Mantles, a few Girls' Hats, and 2 boxes of Gloves. Mr. J. Pentelow: 6 Garments for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Rolfe; 20 articles, "Anon."; 16 articles, "M. H." 12 articles, Mrs. Spencer; 12 articles for No 6 Girls, Mrs. Moss.

GENERAL.—1 Box Sundry Articles, for Sale Room, Mrs. Dourie; 1 dozen New Testaments, Miss F. Cook; a quantity of Magazines, Mr. J. W. Andrew; 14 Magazines, "Buds and Blossoms," Pastor J. F. Avery; a few Fancy Articles, from "Little Kate."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Aylesbury and Windover districts ...	20	0	0
Ludlow district for 1886, per Mr. James Evans	9	7	6
Berks. Congregational Association for Slough	10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil... ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class, for Orpington	13	18	9
Northampton Association for Bulwick Lodges	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Okehampton district	10	0	0
Crosby Garrett district	5	16	0
Friends at Maldon	15	0	0
Borstall district	20	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, Thurlow	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. A. Maw	7	10	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. Smith ...	10	0	0
Cambs. Association	36	13	4
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Mrs. John Cory, for Castletown ...	10	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhiewiber	20	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. R. H. Cook	20	0	0
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassells... ...	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Dorking district	15	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston district	10	0	0
	£363	5	7

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
In memory of Mrs. King	25	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	1	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	1	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
Coppers, per Mr. H. S. Smith	0	0	4
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. J. Powell	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£92	18	4

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Balance of collection after services by Mr. Burnham, at Blockley	0	18	6
Mrs. Kinnersly	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain's services at the Tabernacle, Southend-on-Sea	1	12	0
Mr. E. Cousens	1	0	0
O. Bed	1	0	0
A sermon-reader, Wadebridge	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Shipston-on-Stour ...	1	0	0
In memory of Mrs. King	25	0	0
	£31	0	6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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 13th 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.



Yours ever faithfully

James. A. Spurgeon

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1887.

Stewards.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

MY BELOVED BRETHREN—I might even say with Paul, "My dearly beloved and longed for"—It gives me intense delight to look into your faces once again; and yet I feel weighted with a solemn responsibility in having to direct your thoughts at this time, so as to give the key-note to our solemn conference. I ask your continued prayers that I may speak aright, saying the right thing in the right way.

There is considerable advantage in the freedom of the usual inaugural address. It may take the methodical form of a sermon, or it may wear looser garments, and come forth in the undress of a speech. Certain freedoms which are not usually accorded to a set sermon, are allowed me in this discursive discourse. You shall call my talk by what name you choose, when I have done; but it will be a sermon; for I have a very definite and distinct text in my mind, and I shall keep to it with at least an average closeness.

I may as well announce the text, for it will furnish you with a clue to my intent. You will find the passage in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, in the first verses of the fourth chapter:

"*Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.*"

The apostle was anxious to be rightly accounted of, and well he might be; for ministers are not often estimated rightly: as a rule, they are either gloried in, or else despised. At the commencement of our ministry, when our stories are fresh, and our energies are full; when we blaze and flash, and spend much time in the firework factory, people are apt to think us wonderful beings; and then the apostle's word is needed: "Therefore let no man glory in men" (1 Cor. iii. 21). It is not true, as flatterers insinuate, that in our case the gods have come down in the likeness of men; and we shall be idiots if we think so. In due time foolish expectations will be cured by disappointment, and then we shall hear unwelcome truth, mingled with unrighteous censure. The idol of yesterday is the butt of to-day. Nine days, nine weeks, nine months, or nine years; be it more or less, time works disenchantment, and changes our position in the world's account. The Primrose-day is over, and the nettle months are come. After the time of the singing of birds has passed away, we come nearer to the season of fruit; but the children are not half so pleased with us as when they wandered in our luxuriant meadows, and strung our daisies and buttercups into crowns and garlands. In our more autumnal years the people miss our flowers and greenery. Perhaps we are becoming sensible that it is so. The old man is solid and slow; whereas, the young man rode upon the wings of the wind. It is clear that some think too much of us, and some think too little of us; it would be far better if they accounted of us soberly "as the ministers of Christ." It would be for the advantage of the church, for our own benefit, and for the glory of God, if we were put in our right places, and kept there, being neither over-rated, nor unduly censured, but viewed in our relation to our Lord, rather than in our own personalities. "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ."

We are MINISTERS. The word has a very respectable sound. To be a minister is the aspiration of many a youth. Perhaps if the word were otherwise rendered, their ambition might cool. Ministers are *servants*: they are not guests, but waiters; not landlords, but labourers. The word has been rendered "under-rowers," men who tug the oar on the lowest bench. It was hard work to row a galley: those rapid strokes consumed the life-forces of the slaves. There were three banks of oars: those on the upper bank of oars had the advantage of fresh air; those who were beneath were more closely shut in; but I suppose that the lowest bank of rowers would be faint with heat, as well as worn out with sore travail. Brethren, let us be content to wear out our lives even in the worst position, if by our labour we can speed the passage of our great Cæsar, and give speed to the trireme of the church in which he has embarked. We are willing to be chained to the oar, and to work on through life to make his barque cleave the waves. We are not captains, nor owners of the galley, but only the oarsmen of Christ.

Let us remember that we are the servants in our Lord's house. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Let us be willing to be door-mats at our Master's entrance-hall. Let us not seek honour for ourselves, but put honour upon the weaker vessels by our care for them. In every well-ordered house regard is had to the sick and the feeble; in fact, the baby is the king, in virtue of

his greatest need. In our Lord's church let the poor, the feeble, the distressed have the place of honour, and let us who are strong bear their infirmities. He is highest who makes himself lowest; he is greatest who makes himself less than the least. "Who is offended, and I burn not?" said the great apostle. If there be any scandal to be borne, let us rather suffer it than allow it to grieve the church of God. As we are, by office, servants in a special sense, let us cheerfully bear the chief part of the self-denial and travail of the saints.

The text, however, does not call us simply ministers or servants, but it adds, "*of Christ.*" We are not the servants of men, but of the Lord Jesus. Esteemed sir, if you think because you subscribe to my support that I am bound to do your bidding, you are under a mistake. Truly, we are "ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake"; but in the highest sense our sole responsibility is to him whom we call Master and Lord. We obey superior orders; but we cannot yield to the dictation of our fellow-servants, however influential they may be. Our service is glorious, because it is the service of Christ: we feel honoured in being permitted to wait upon him whose shoe's latchet we are not worthy to unloose.

We are also said to be "STEWARDS." What are stewards? That is our office. What is required of stewards? This is our duty. We are not now speaking of anybody outside; but of you and myself; therefore, let us make personal application of all that is said.

1. First, *a steward is a servant, and no more.* Perhaps he does not always remember this; and it is a very pitiful business when the servant begins to think that he is "my lord." It is a pity that servants when honoured by their master should be so apt to give themselves airs. How ridiculous Jack-in-office makes himself! I do not refer now to butlers and footmen, but to ourselves. If we magnify ourselves we shall become contemptible, and we shall neither magnify our office nor our Lord. We are the servants of Christ, and not lords over his heritage.

Ministers are for churches, and not churches for ministers. In our work among the churches we must not dare to view them as estates to be farmed for our own profit, or gardens to be trimmed to our own taste. Some men talk of a liberal polity in their church. Let them be liberal with their own; but for a steward to boast of being liberal with his Master's goods is quite another matter. As stewards we are only upper servants, and may the Lord maintain in us the spirit of hearty obedience! If we do not carefully keep our right place, our Master will not fail to chide us, and give our pride a taking down. How many of our afflictions, failures, and depressions, arise out of our being unduly lifted up! I feel sure that no man who is honoured of God in public is quite a stranger to that chastening behind the door which keeps proud flesh from being unduly exalted. How often have I prayed, "Dismiss me not thy service, Lord!" For a dismissed steward is a pitiable object among his lord's servants. He was once great and mighty, riding the high horse; but when he is out of position he is of less account than the smallest cowboy. See how glad he is to be received as a grateful guest into the humble cottages of those who once looked up to him with a sort of awe when he represented his lordship! Take heed that you be not exalted above measure, lest you come to nothing.

2. *A steward is a servant of a peculiar kind,* for he has to superintend the other servants, and that is a difficult thing to do. An old friend of mine, who is now with God, once said, "I have always been a shepherd. Forty years I was a shepherd of sheep, and another forty years I was a shepherd of men, and the last flock was a deal more sheepish than the first." This witness is true. I think I have heard that a sheep has as many diseases as there are days in the year; but, I am sure, that the other sort of sheep are liable to ten times as many. A pastor's work is an anxious one. All sorts of difficulties occur with our fellow-servants; and, alas! unwise stewards make a great many more than there need be by expecting perfection in others, although they do not possess it themselves. Our fellow-servants are, after all, wisely selected; for he who put them into his household knew what he was at: at any rate, they are *his* choice, and not ours. It is not our place to find fault with our Lord's own election. It is very common with some to revile the church; but as the church is the bride of Christ, it is rather dangerous work to criticize the Lord's beloved. I feel somewhat towards the church as David towards Saul: I dare not lift up my hand against the Lord's anointed. Better far for us to find fault with ourselves than with our people. Still, our church members are men, and the best of men are men at the best: to direct, instruct, console, and aid so many different minds is no easy task. He that rules among men for God should be a man; and what is more, he should be a man of God. He should be graciously endowed, a kingly man, head and shoulders above his fellows. Men will gladly yield to real superiority, but not to official pretensions. The superior position must be supported by superior attainments. The steward must know more than the ploughman and the thatcher. He must be of higher intelligence than the game-keeper and the carter, and he should have a more reliable character than Mary and John, who have to take orders from him. Brethren, as stewards we must have abundant grace, or we shall not fulfil our office, or earn to ourselves a good degree.

The other servants will take their cue from us. A steward who is dull, inert, and slow will have a slow team of servants about him, and the business of his lordship will fare badly. Those who travel will have noticed that the servants in a hotel are very much like the landlord: if the landlord is cheery, attentive, and obliging, all the maids and waiters partake of his geniality; but if he looks sourly at you, and treats you with indifference, you will find that the whole establishment is of a disdainful order. A minister soon gets round him people like himself: "like priest, like people." Oh, that we may always be alive and earnest in the service of the Lord Jesus, that our people may be alive also! A minister must give himself wholly to his work. I have read of a Puritan divine, that he was so full of life that his people said he lived like one who fed on live things. Oh, for a life sustained by living bread! We shall not be good stewards in the management of our fellow-servants unless we are ourselves filled with the grace of God. We must set our fellow-servants an example of zeal and tenderness, constancy, hopefulness, energy, and obedience. We must ourselves practise constant self-denial, and select as our own part of the work that which is hardest and most humiliating. We are to rise above our fellows by

superior self-forgetfulness. Be it ours to lead the forlorn hopes, and bear the heaviest burdens. Archdeacon Hare was giving a lecture at Trinity College when a cry of "Fire!" was raised. His pupils rushed away and formed themselves into a line to pass buckets of water from the river to the burning building. The tutor saw a consumptive student standing up to his waist in the water, and cried to him, "What! you in the water, Sterling!" The reply was, "Somebody must be in it, and why not I as well as another?" Let us say to ourselves, Some fellows must be doing the drudgery of the church and labouring in the hardest places, and why should not we take that post? Those whom the Lord will promote are those who have no choice of their own, but are ready for anything, ready for everything. He who has been fearless in one hour of peril shall have for his reward the privilege of exhibiting still greater courage. He that is faithful over a small charge shall be selected for a post of harder work and sterner trial: this is the promotion which loyal servants of our King aspire to.

3. Next, remember that *stewards are servants under the more immediate command of the great Master.* We should be as the steward who daily goes into his lord's private room to receive orders. John Ploughman was never in the squire's parlour, but the steward is often there. If he neglected to consult the squire, he would soon be doing amiss, and involving himself in heavy responsibility. How often ought you and I to say, "Lord, show me what thou wouldst have me to do!" To cease to look up to God, so as to learn and practise his will, would be to quit our true position. A steward who never communicates with his master! Give him his wages, and let him go. He who does his own will, and not his master's, is of no value as a steward. Brethren, we must wait upon God continually. The habit of going for orders must be cultivated. How grateful should we be that our Master is always within call! He guides his servants with his eye; and with his guidance he gives, also, the needful power. He will make our faces to shine before the eyes of our fellows, if we commune with him. Our example must encourage others to wait upon the Lord. As our business is to tell them the mind of God, let us study that mind very carefully. I trust I do not address a single man who has fallen into the slovenly way of going to his work without first communing with his Master; for such an unhappy person, being out of touch with his Lord, will exercise an injurious influence over the rest of the household, making them idle, or indifferent, or dissatisfied, or dispirited. If the steward does not care for his master's interests; or if he is wilful, and would fain alter or reverse his lord's orders, if he dared; or if he in any way tampers with the estate, as did the unjust steward in the gospels, then the servants under him will learn disloyalty. I might indicate how much of this is done in certain churches, but I refrain. The Master will come speedily, and woe to the steward whose account will prove him to have been unfaithful.

4. Again: *stewards are constantly giving account.* Their account is given as they go along. A business-like proprietor requires an account of outgoings and incomings, from day to day. There is great truth in the old proverb that, "short reckonings make long friends." If we make short reckonings with God, we shall be long friends with

him. I wonder if any of you keep account of your faults and shortcomings. Perhaps the time will be better spent in constant efforts to serve your Master, and increase his estate. We ought each one to ask himself, "What am I doing by my preaching? Is it of the right kind? Am I giving prominence to those doctrines which my Lord would have me put in the forefront? Am I caring for souls as he would have me care for them?" It is a good thing thus to review one's whole life, and enquire, "Do I give sufficient time to private prayer? Do I study the Scriptures as intensely as I should? I hurry about to many meetings, but am I in all this fulfilling my Master's orders? May I not be gratifying myself with the appearance of doing much, whereas I should really be doing more if I were more attentive to the quality than to the quantity of the work?" Oh, to go often to the Master, and to be right and clear in our accounts with him! This will be profitable both to our churches and to ourselves.

5. To come to the main point: *a steward is a trustee of his master's goods.* Whatever he has belongs to his Master; and choice things are put into his custody, not that he may do as he likes with them, but that he may take care of them. The Lord has entrusted to each one of us certain talents, and these are not our own. Gifts of knowledge, and thought, and speech, and influence are not ours to glory in, but ours in trust for the Lord alone. It is *his* pound that gains five pounds.

We ought to increase our capital stock. Are all the young brethren doing that? Are you increasing in gift and capacity? My brethren, do not neglect yourselves. I observe that some brethren grow, and others stand still, dwarfed and stunted. Men, like horses, are very disappointing creatures: good colts drop suddenly lame, or develop a vice of which they were never before suspected. Alas! too many young men destroy our hopes: they are extravagant in their expenses, make an unfortunate marriage, fall into ill humours, wander after novel opinions, give way to laziness and self-indulgence, or in some other way fail to improve themselves. Yet the most needful and profitable labour is that which we spend upon our own mental and spiritual improvement. Whatever you do, take heed unto yourselves, and to your doctrine. Those who neglect thinking in order that they may be everlastingly "jawing" are very foolish; they resemble a bailiff who does nothing on the farm, but talks at great length about what ought to be done. Dumb dogs cannot bark, but wise dogs are not always barking. To be always giving out and never taking in, tendeth to emptiness.

Brethren, we are stewards of the mysteries of God: we are "put in trust with the gospel." Paul speaks of the gospel of the blessed God which was committed to his trust. I hope none of you have ever had the misfortune to be made a trustee. It is a thankless office. In executing a trust there is little scope for originality: we are bound to carry out a trust with literal exactness. One person wishes to receive more money, and another desires to alter a clause in the deed; but the faithful trustee falls back upon the document, and abides by its provisions. I hear him say, as they worry him, "Dear friends, I did not make this trust; I am simply the administrator of it, and I am bound to carry it out." The gospel of the grace of God needs great

improvement; at least, so I am informed; but I know it is no business of mine to improve it: my part is to act upon it. No doubt many would improve God himself from off the face of the earth, if they could. They would improve the Atonement until it vanished. Great alterations are demanded of us, in the name of the spirit of the age. Of course, we are warned that the very notion of punishment for sin is a barbarous relic of mediæval ages, and must be given up, and with it the doctrine of substitution and many other old-fashioned dogmas. We have nothing to do with these demands: we have only to preach the gospel as we find it. As a trustee, if my course of action is disputed, I keep to the letter of the bond; and if any quarrel over it, they must take their complaints to the proper Court, for I have no power to alter the record. We are simply administrators; and if we are not allowed to act, we will throw the whole thing into the heavenly Chancery. The dispute is not between us and "modern thought," but between God and the wisdom of man. "Oh," they say, "it is barbarous to go on prosing with this old, old story!" We care not how old the story is: since it came from God we repeat it in his name. Call it what you like, it is in the Book from which we derive our authority. "*But you surely have a judgment of your own?*" May be we have, and as much of it as those who oppose us; but our judgment does not invent a trust, it simply guides us in the carrying of it out. Stewards must keep to their orders, and trustees must carry out the terms of their trust.

My brethren, we are at this present hour set for the *defence* of the gospel. If ever men were called to this office, we are so called. These are times of drifting: men have pulled up their anchors, and are driven to and fro with winds and tides of divers kinds. As for me, I have in this hour of danger not only let down the great bower anchor, but I have cast four anchors out of the stern. That may be quite the wrong place; but in these times we need anchoring both fore and aft. Now am I fixed. Sceptical reasonings might have moved me at one time, but not now. Do our enemies ask us to lay down our swords, and cease to fight for the old faith? Like the Greeks to Xerxes, we answer, "Come and take them." The other day the advanced thinkers were going to sweep the orthodox into limbo; but as yet we survive their assaults. These boasters do not know the vitality of evangelical truth. No, glorious gospel, thou shalt never perish! If we are to die, we will die fighting. If we shall personally pass away, fresh evangelists will preach upon our graves. Evangelical truths are like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, they breed men all armed for the fray. The gospel lives by dying. Brethren, at any rate, in this contest, if we are not victorious we will at least be faithful.

6. *A steward's business is to dispense his master's goods according to their design.* He is to bring forth things new and old; to provide milk for babes and strong meat for men, giving to each one his portion of meat in due season. At some tables I fear the strong men have been waiting a long time for the meat, and there is small hope of its yet appearing: the milk and water is more plentiful by far. Some one went to hear a certain preacher last Sunday, and complained that he did not preach Christ. Another remarked that perhaps it was not the due season; but, my brethren, the due season for preaching Christ is every time

you preach. God's children are always hungry, and no bread will satisfy them but that which came down from heaven.

A wise steward will maintain the proportion of truth. He will bring forth things new and old; not always doctrine, not always practice, and not always experience. He will not always preach conflict, nor always victory; not giving a one-sided view of truth, but a sort of stereoscopic view, which shall make truth stand out "evidently set forth" before them. Much of the preparation of spiritual food lies in the correct proportion of the ingredients. One spoke incorrectly of using in his sermons three grains of Calvinism and two of Arminianism; meaning, as I afterwards learned, that he preached both a full gospel and a free gospel: in that which he intended I fully agree with him. Let us give a wide range of experience, not forgetting that higher life which consists in increased lowliness of mind. To make full proof of our ministry will require great discrimination; for a want of balance in preaching has done serious injury to many a church. The line of wisdom is as fine as a razor's edge, and we shall need divine wisdom to keep us to it. We are not to harp upon one string. Our Master's servants will murmur if we give them nothing but "rabbits hot and rabbits cold." We must bring forth out of the Master's stores a rich variety of food fit for the building up of spiritual manhood. Excess in one direction and failure in another may breed much mischief; let us therefore use weight and measure, and look up for guidance.

Brethren, take care that you use your talents for your Master, and for your Master only. It is disloyalty to our Master if we wish to be soul-winners in order to be thought to be so. It is unfaithfulness to Jesus if we even preach sound doctrine with the view to be thought sound; or pray earnestly with the desire that we may be known as praying men. It is for us to pursue our Lord's glory with a single eye, and with our whole heart. We must use our Lord's gospel, and our Lord's people, and our Lord's talents, for our Lord, and for him alone.

7. *The steward should also be the guardian of his master's family.* Look to the interests of all who are in Christ Jesus, and let them all be as dear to you as your own children. Servants in the olden times were often so united to the family, and so interested in their masters' affairs, that they spoke of *our* house, *our* land, *our* carriage, *our* horses, and *our* children. Our Lord would have us thus identify ourselves with his holy business, and especially he would have us love his chosen. We, beyond all others, should lay down our lives for the brethren. Because they belong to Christ we love them for his sake. I trust we can heartily say—

> "There's not a lamb in all thy flock
> I would disdain to feed."

Brethren, let us heartily love all whom Jesus loves. Cherish the tried and suffering. Visit the fatherless and the widow. Care for the faint and the feeble. Bear with the melancholy and despondent. Be mindful of all parts of the household, and thus shall you be a good steward.

8. I shall cease from this picture when I have said that *the steward represents his master.* When the master is away everybody comes to the steward for orders. He had need to behave himself well who represents such a Lord as ours. A steward should speak much more carefully and

wisely when he speaks for his lord than when he speaks on his own account. Unless he is guarded in his utterances his lord may be forced to say to him, "You had better speak for yourself. I cannot allow you thus to misrepresent *me*." My beloved brethren and fellow-servants, the Lord Jesus is compromised by us if we do not keep his way, declare his truth, and manifest his spirit. Men infer the Master from the servant. Are they not to be excused if they so do? Ought not the steward to act after his master's manner? You cannot dissociate the squire from the steward; the Lord from his representative. A Puritan was told that he was too precise, but replied, "I serve a precise God." We should be gentle, for we represent the gentle Jesus. We should be zealous, for we represent one who was clad with zeal as with a cloak. Our best guide when we are uncertain as to what to do will be found in the answer to the question, "What would Jesus do?" When deliberating about going to a place of amusement, you may end the deliberation by saying, "I will go if my Master would have gone." If moved to speak with warmth, take heed that it is only such warmth as your Lord would have exhibited.

If urged to utter your own thoughts rather than revealed truth, follow Jesus, who spake not his own things, but those of the Father. In this you will be acting as a steward should do. Here lies your wisdom, your comfort, and your strength. It was a sufficient vindication for a steward, when one accused him of folly, that he could reply, "Say what you please of what I did, for therein I followed my Master's orders." Caviller, do not blame the steward. The man has done according to the command of his superior; what else would you have him do? Our conscience is clear, and our heart is restful, when we feel that we have taken up our cross, and have followed the footprints of the Crucified One. Wisdom is justified of her children. If not to-day, yet in the long run it shall be seen that obedience is better than originality, and teachableness is more to be desired than genius. The revelation of Jesus Christ will outlive the speculation of man. We are content, nay anxious, to be hidden as original thinkers and original doers; we wish to make known the thoughts of God, and finish the work which he worketh in us mightily.

(*The rest next month.*)

Conviction the Source of Eloquence.

THE only eloquence that has value is the Artesian kind, springing up from deep and inexhaustible wells of conviction. If a speaker's mind is gripped by a sense of certainty, and his faith in the truth of his doctrines is held tight in the vice of absolute assurance, he has the immovable fulcrum; and if the truths thus certainly believed are such as strongly stir his feelings, he has also the lever. If he has any power of speech whatever, any culture and equipment, it is strange if he be not eloquent. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*From "For Further Consideration," by Edward Butler.*

A Biography which may be read without Weariness.

A REVIEW BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE life of John Murker, of Banff, by Rev. James Stark, is far too good a book to be dismissed with a short notice. Its author shall long be remembered in our heart of hearts for writing a short biography. We are worried and wearied with great volumes about little men. Memorials, when viewed only in reference to the dead, are apt to be swollen out of all proportion to the subject, for friendship can never satisfy its sorrowing reverence; but it would in every case be wise to remember that though the story is *of* the dead, it is *for* the living, and therefore it should not be made infinitely sepulchral. Trivial circumstances, common-place letters, and frivolous remarks are often heaped together in memoirs as if they were of importance, when it is obvious to every reader that they are not worth the paper they are printed on. If the injudicious admirer who industriously heaped up the mass of rubbish could have foreseen the certain effect of his misdeed, he would have abstained from such injurious benevolence. The reader feels that the life must have been poor and barren which has only yielded such uninteresting details, and thus a really useful career is undervalued. A long, prosy narrative kills the poetry of a gentle life. A dead biography buries most effectually the dead man. He might have lived to memory if not to fame if his friend's unwisdom had not smothered him.

Mr. Stark had before him materials enough for miles of hack-writing if he had been anxious to do his work at so much a line; but he has not been the victim of any such a craze. Lumps of gold are here given to the reader in the bullion condition: if the gold-beaters had but seized them they would have hammered them out so as to cover acres of paper. This self-denial has already had its reward, for we are informed that the first edition of this life was bought up as soon as it was issued, and on writing to the publisher to know where we could get the book in London, we received a telegram stating that all the books were sold. Discerning public, ye have well done. Here is a book which ye *can* read, and *will* read, and may ye be the better for it!

Mr. Murker was the Congregational minister of Banff. He was Scotch of the Scotch, and delighted out of the pulpit to express himself in the purest Doric. He was an earnest, faithful preacher of the New Covenant, and one who held to the good old way without being either narrow or bigoted. Besides this, he was a character: a man after his own manner, not cast in the mould from which hundreds of others were produced. He had his own way of saying and doing things, and that way was vigorous, singular, and occasionally eccentric. This makes his life-story highly attractive, and all the more so because the writer of it has not pared down the striking points, but has allowed John Murker to appear in all his *murkerishness*.

As a student, our hero worked hard at language, and laboured after a telling, picturesque style. He had a weakness for grand, sounding Johnsonian periods, but his natural common-sense prevented his falling into bombast, and compelled him to the abundant use of terse proverbial expressions. If we may judge from his common-place book, he was no mean judge of noteworthy passages from the works he studied,

for we find him jotting down great numbers of notable extracts, among which this from Hugh Miller may serve as a specimen: "Education without religion is the world's expedient for converting farthings into shillings *by scouring*."

His first settlement in the ministry was at Banff, and there he remained throughout his long life, only resigning his pulpit when he felt that the infirmities of age would not permit of his efficiently discharging ministerial duties. He must have been no mean man to have been the leader of one church for so long a time, and for that church to have enjoyed continued peace and prosperity. Only he who has himself endured the strain of one pastorate for a long period of years has any idea of the obligation to divine grace under which he is placed who occupies such a position with honour.

Mr. Murker was a man of great tact, as many stories show: among them this is one of the most instructive:—

"A female member came to the Manse with a long and bitter complaint against another member of the same sex. She was under strong excitement, and was bent upon using her rights to bring discipline to bear upon the offending sister. Mr. Murker perceived at once that it was only a woman's quarrel. With a little legitimate guile, he succeeded in bringing her to a more calm and sober frame of mind, and evaded the necessity of officially dealing with the case without giving offence to the complainant. As she went on with great volubility and warmth he quietly took notes. She came back a second time to renew the attack. A third time did she appear with more material for the big conflagration she was determined to make. At last, when she was done, he applied a mental douche that was effectual in cooling her nerves and bringing her to her senses. He said, 'You would observe that I was writing while you were speaking. Now, listen to me while I read what has fallen from your lips.' She was taken aback, and, as he went on reading what she had uttered in her haste, was ashamed. Her better nature came to the front, and the finishing touch was given to the good work when he handed her the pen that she might subscribe her name to what was on the paper. 'I think,' she gasped out, 'It will be better to . . drop the matter.'"

He was indefatigable in improving himself in oratory, and he was particularly attentive to the matter of delivery, and even copied the example of Demosthenes in declaiming to the waves and to the gulls. This led to a curious incident, which we quote from the book without translating the Scotch: if any southern reader is puzzled by the Doric, he must wait till he falls in with a Bruce or a Wallace.

"One day he was exercising his memory and improving his elocution in the usual way on the west sands, when a fishwife, who happened to be passing by, was greatly alarmed at the strange apparition. She ran on in haste to the Seatown to tell the first man she met to get a few more 'to bring up a puir demented body from the rocks, who was gaun clean distracted, and was jist on the point o' makin' awa' wi' himself.' 'What was he daen?' was the question put to her. 'Daen! He was swinging his airms and roaring at the very top o' his voice ti' the waves and bits o' fishies, as if he had something on his conscience that was sair upon him, and he wanted to say it before he drooned himsel'.'

'Toots, woman,' was all she got for her pains; 'it's John Murker at his sermons.'"

Mr. Murker's preaching was not only carefully watched over as to its utterance, it was also full of sound doctrine, and baptized into an earnest spirit. He prepared diligently and preached vigorously. He was intolerant towards all reading of sermons, and in this he has a strong following in the pews of almost every church and meeting-house in England as well as in Scotland.

"Many of his sarcastic sayings on this subject of the 'paper' are still remembered. He was accustomed to say that 'paper balls never hit hard.' At an important gathering of his brethren the following characteristic sentence fell from his lips—'No doubt the use of the manuscript in the pulpit will always be fashionable and in high repute in the latitudes of Laodicea, but among the people near the Equator it will only be known as something that exists in these distant regions where conversions are things of rare occurrence, where most of the differences between the Church and the world are amicably settled, and where the Church and the world so freely mingle together that it may be said the whole land is quiet and at rest.'

On another occasion, after coming out from an association meeting, where a sermon had been read, and not preached with the aid of notes, which is a very different thing, he said to a companion, 'I laid my head down to get a good sleep; but never a wink could I get for the people about me, who were all snoring!'"

The author of the capital biography expresses himself in reference to Mr. Murker's firm adhesion to the old faith in a way which we judge to be most unwise and hazardous. We admire the old man for refusing to remove the old landmarks, and we only regret that we did not personally know the brave protester against modern concoctions. We have quite enough of advancing with the times; we are glad to meet with somebody who is fixed as a pillar in the house of our God.

"He had no great respect for a subjective theology: 'Just a fibreless tissue of silly twaddle,' or a 'spider-like web spun out of their own bowels.' He often referred feelingly to the good times that existed 'before the days of the negative theology came to blast and to blight the Lord's heritage.' Expressing his double-distilled contempt for some of the phases of modern speculation, as worthless and ephemeral, he compared it to the '*skin* of a bubble.'"

But the good man was not only orthodox, he was eminently evangelistic, and a great admirer of Mr. Moody, though they did not always put their horses together. He was foremost in Revivals, but he never lost his head, as some do. An enthusiastic brother said, "Glorious tidings! a hundred souls converted last night!" His calm and sensible reply was, "Hoots, man, the Day of Judgment will declare that."

Our space will not allow of our presenting a fuller view of this worthy minister, nor would it be fair to give so much of the book as to make our readers feel that they need not purchase it: our object is the very reverse, we want them to feel that this is a little book which will be worth its price. No doubt a new edition will soon be ready, and we hope it will have a London publisher. We cannot, however, withhold one or two Murkeriana.

"He was at a sale of books one day, at which the auctioneer, in a very excited state of mind, was indulging rather freely in the use of profane language. The 'devil' was receiving very particular attention, being introduced in almost every sentence that was uttered. Thomas Carlyle often spoke of taking the devil by the nose or the horns. Mr. Murker bearded one, who seemed to be a familiar acquaintance, in his own den. Thinking that the people present had borne too long and too patiently with the frequent mention of a name that had obviously no connection with the business before them, Mr. Murker exclaimed—'Is that gentleman any relation of yours, Mr.———? because I often notice that when people have grand relations they speak a great deal about them.' The devil received no more attention while the rest of the books were being sold.

A young minister wrote to Mr. Murker a letter of reproof, trying to put the old man right in a few things, in rather a presumptuous manner. He received a reply by return of post with this sentence in it—'Yours has just arrived, and I perceive it has in it a great deal of the *young* man, too much of the *old* man, and far too little of the *new* man.'

The theatre was one of the places that he liked to be separated by an impassable gulf from the young men whom he loved, and for whom he laboured. One day when passing along the street in Aberdeen where the theatre is situated, curiosity led him to look up, and, as the door happened to be open, to go in. The keeper being on the spot, Mr. Murker had no difficulty in obtaining guidance over the empty building. He was taken into the 'greenroom,' up into the galleries, and then down the stairs along a dark passage, which the guide said 'led to the pit.' 'The pit!' exclaimed Mr. Murker, 'Ou aye, I ken that's what it ends in, but I'll gang nae farther,' and suddenly retreated, to the astonishment of the attendant, who was not so familiar with the other meaning of the 'pit' as to perceive at once the reason for the hasty departure of the visitor, whose face he never saw again.

He could, in a few well-chosen words, give a life-like picture of the character of any one whom he met. Speaking of a man not particularly distinguished for pregnant or bright parts, who yet had considerable assumption in his manner and showed a liking for the leading place on all occasions, he said—'He has ower little capital for a wholesale business of that kind.' In describing a young lady of his acquaintance, who, in many respects, was a model, he spoke of her as a person who would make an excellent wife for any sensible man—'she could milk a cow and play the piano.'"

Definition of Evolution.

HERBERT SPENCER, the High Priest of materialism, thus defines Evolution:—"Evolution is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite homogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Lucid and exhaustive! "*Classified Gems of Thought.*"

How James Shelburne found Salvation, and How He became a Preacher.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER, ADDLESTONE.

DR. ALEXANDER, of Princeton, New Jersey, was at the same time a learned and successful Professor of Theology and a very eloquent preacher, two qualifications that seldom go together.

On one occasion, while staying, in company with another minister, at the house of a mutual friend, his host informed him that there was a Baptist preacher in his employ as a millwright, or rather carpenter, who would be at his house as soon as the work was finished. This announcement excited his curiosity; for as the principal of a Presbyterian college, and belonging to a body which has never recognized untrained ministers, he had never made the acquaintance of such a man. His fellow-visitor was likewise ignorant of what an uneducated preacher would be like.

Soon after dusk in the evening, the Baptist preacher made his appearance. He did not look at all like a minister, sure enough, for the old man was dressed in coarse garments, wore a leather apron, and was laden with tools. He entered the house, and took his seat on the stairs. Both Dr. Alexander and his companion were more than a little astonished that such a man should pretend to preach. They had opportunity, however, of making a closer acquaintance with the preaching mechanic, for all three were to occupy the same bed-room.

Dr. Alexander determined to question the preacher respecting his call to the ministry, expecting to discover the old man's ignorance. He therefore began by asking him his views of what might be considered a call to the ministry. James Shelburne—for that was his name—perceiving the drift of the enquiry, instead of giving a general answer, commenced a narrative of his own experience, and to relate the circumstances which led him to conclude that God had called him to be a preacher. The story we give in his own words:—

"I was born in one of the lower counties of Virginia, and when young was put to learn the trade of a carpenter. Until I was a man grown and had a family, I never heard any preaching but from ministers of the Established Church, and did not even know that there were any others. About this time there came into the neighbourhood a Presbyterian minister, named Martin, whom I went to hear. Before he had finished his sermon I was convinced that I was in a lost and undone condition. He made no stay, and I heard no more of him. But a wound was made in my conscience which I knew not how to get healed, and no one about me could give me any suitable advice as to how I could obtain a cure. I went from day to day under a heavy burden, bewailing my miserable condition, until at length my distress became so great that I could neither eat nor sleep with any peace or comfort. My neighbours said I was falling melancholy or growing mad; but not one of them had any knowledge, from experience, of the nature of my distress. Thus I continued mourning over my miserable state for weeks and months. I was led, however, to read constantly in the Bible; but this rather increased than lessened my distress; until one Sunday evening I saw as clearly as

I ever saw anything, how I could be saved through the death of Christ. I was filled with comfort, and yet sorrow for my sins flowed more copiously than ever. I praised God aloud, and immediately told my wife that I had found salvation; and when any of my neighbours came to see me, I told them of the goodness of God, of what he had done for my soul, and how he had pardoned all my sins. As I spake freely of the wonderful change I had experienced, it was soon noised abroad, and many came to see me, and to hear an account of the matter from my own mouth. On Sabbath evenings my house would be crowded, and when I had finished my narrative, I was accustomed to give them a word of exhortation. As I could be better heard when standing, I stood, and addressed my neighbours, but all along without any thought of preaching."

Would that every professing Christian could give so clear a statement of his conversion, and that every minister could tell of a call bearing such marks of being divine! Such men, we fear, are all too few now. They have been a mighty power in days past, in both England and America, and it was largely by this class of men that the foundations of the Baptist denomination in America were laid so wide and deep. The common run of local preachers now are far from up to the mark of James Shelburne, and some of them are as scanty in gifts as they are shallow in Christian experience. In only one thing do they exceed such men as James Shelburne, and that is in the lack of that humility which was characteristic of him. But there are hosts of "clergymen," and not alone the small fry of country curates, who are as far behind James Shelburne in ministerial qualifications, and in real usefulness in the saving of souls, as he was behind the Professor of Princeton in learning and mental acquirements. But let us hear him further :—

"After proceeding for some time in this way, I found that several persons began to be awakened by what they heard from me, and appeared to be brought through the throes of the new birth in much the same way as I had been. This greatly encouraged me to proceed in my work, and God was pleased to bless my humble labours to the conversion of many. All this time I did no more than relate my own experience, and then exhort my neighbours to seek unto the Lord for mercy. Thus I was led on, step by step, until I actually became a preacher without intending it. Persons exercised in their mind would come to me for counsel, as I had been the first among them to experience the grace of God; and that I might be able to answer their questions, I was compelled to study the Bible continually; and often, while at work, particular passages would be opened to my mind; which encouraged me to hope that the Lord had called me to instruct those that were more ignorant than myself; and when the people would collect at my house, I explained to them those passages which had been opened to my mind."

The leadings of God the Holy Spirit are very manifest in all these things; and James Shelburne appears to have done what some Christians do not, or do not as they should: he yielded himself to his guidance. That is the way, and the only way, in which one is sure to be led aright, led into the truth. "The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way." Would that all Christians would yield

themselves to the teaching and leading of the Holy Spirit as he did in what follows!

"All this time I had no instruction in spiritual matters from any man, except the sermon I heard from Mr. Martin. But after a few years there came a Baptist preacher into our neighbourhood, and I found that his doctrine agreed substantially with my experience, and with what I had learned out of the Bible. I travelled about with him, and was encouraged by him to go on in the exercise of my gift of public speaking. He told me, however, that there was one duty which I was required to perform; which was that I should be baptized according to the command of Christ. And, as we rode along, we came to a certain water, and I said, 'See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?' Upon which we both went down into the water, and he baptized me, that is, immersed me 'in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' From that time I have continued until this day, testifying to small and great, to white and black, repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and not without the pleasure of seeing many sinners forsaking their sins and turning to God."

Having finished his narrative, he gave the Doctor some of his opinions and of the way he looked at men and things.

"You have heard," said he, "the reasons which induce me to believe that God called me to preach the gospel to the poor and ignorant. I never considered myself qualified to instruct men of education and learning. I have always felt badly when such have come to hear me. But as for people of my own class, I believed that I could teach them many things which they needed to know; and in regard to such as had become pious, I was able, by study of the Bible and by meditation, to go before them, so that to them also I could be in some measure a guide. I lament my want of learning, and am deeply convinced that it is useful in the ministry of the gospel; but it seems to me that there are different gifts now as of old, and that one man may be suited to one part of the Lord's work, and another to another part. And I do not know but that poor and ignorant people can understand my plain and familiar language better than the discourses of the most learned and eloquent men. I know their method of thinking and reasoning, and how to make things plain by illustrations and comparisons adapted to their capacities and their habits."

The concluding sentences, especially, of the above paragraph are worthy the careful attention of preachers, especially young men. Some of them may have the good sense to learn a useful lesson from the old carpenter-preacher, and they ought to be willing to do so. But those who are settled in a classical style, or attempt to attain thereto, will probably be too fond of their own ways to descend to a humble and more useful method. They will persevere in *holding the hay too high* for the sheep to reach it and feed thereon and grow. It may be well to add to the above some of the wise reflections of the great theologian, Dr. Alexander:—

"When the old carpenter had finished his narrative, I felt much more inclined to doubt my own call to the ministry than that of James Shelburne. Much of the night was spent in this conversation, while my companion was enjoying his usual repose. We talked freely about the doctrines of religion, and were mutually gratified at finding how exactly

our views tallied. From this night James Shelburne became an object of my high regard, and he gave abundant testimony of his esteem for me. Whenever I visited that part of the country he was wont to ride many miles to hear me preach, and was pleased to declare that he had never heard any of the ministers of his own denomination with whose opinions he could so fully agree as with mine. I had the opportunity of hearing him preach several times, and was pleased not only with the soundness of his doctrine, but *the unaffected simplicity of his manner.*"

We have italicized the last half-dozen words, as they teach a lesson to all preachers. Great preachers do not need it, and good ones will readily endorse it. May those who have little else to commend them than soundness of doctrine, not come behind in the grace of simplicity also! The deep (?) preachers of "modern thought" and "advanced ideas" will, of course, be above regarding the opinion of the old carpenter, and the remark of the grave, and experienced, and wise professor; they will prefer to dive into their own mud, and travel as best they can in the fog of their own notions; from all which, "Good Lord deliver us."

Dr. Alexander tells us that James Shelburne's discourses consisted of a series of judicious remarks, expressed in the plainest language, and in a conversational tone, until he became, by degrees, warmed in his subject, when he fell into a singing tone, but nothing like what was common with almost all Baptist preachers in America at that time.

This "singing tone" reminds us of the Welsh *Hwyl*, which we have sometimes heard, and which is, no doubt, very inspiring to both preacher and hearer.

James Shelburne followed his trade from day to day. Dr. Alexander once asked him how he found time to study his sermons. "Well," said he, "I can study better at my work, with my hammer in my hand, than if shut up in a study, and surrounded with books."

This might do for some, and for others of us *sometimes*, but there are few who could *follow* the plan with advantage.

When James Shelburne had passed his seventieth year, he gave up work, *and devoted himself entirely to preaching.* He had excellent health, and travelled much, preaching nearly every day.

"On one of these tours," says Dr. Alexander, "after I was settled in Charlotte county, I saw him for the last time. The old man appeared to be full of zeal and love, and brought the spirit of the gospel into every family that he visited. He was evidently ripening for heaven, and, accordingly, not long after, he finished his course with joy."

Oh, for multitudes of such men—men of the same spirit and love to the truth, with all such adaptation as the present age demands, and all the power and blessing of Pentecostal gifts and grace!

My Brother, J. A. Spurgeon.

A WORD OF LOVE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE work done by the various agencies at the Tabernacle has never been claimed by the senior pastor as his own. He has endeavoured on all fit occasions to represent himself as rather the figure-head of the ship, than anything else. The time has come when, with loving earnestness, he must indicate one out of many to whom honour is due—one to whom less of praise has always been given than he has deserved, one who would be just as well pleased if nothing whatever were said upon the matter.

James Archer Spurgeon is well described by his usual title of *Brother*. The officers of the church have always found him to be this with an emphasis, and assuredly I have found him to be so these many years, to an unexampled degree. There may be other men who have excellent brothers, but I am second to none in indebtedness to God on this point. He has taken in the church a position which involves great anxiety, and requires great judgment; for he has been at the head of the practical pastoral oversight, and has shielded me from cares which else must have overwhelmed me. It is enough for one man to preach, conduct the public services, and preside over so vast a church and congregation. The arrangement of details to be carried out by deacons and elders, is more than the same person could attempt in addition. Yet this work, though very trying, and needing much prudence, is quite unobserved by the general public, and even by the church itself. You must go behind the scenes to know what has to be done there to make the wheels move harmoniously, and keep the whole machine in order. If the man who attends to these most important concerns was anxious to be seen, and to have his work recognized, he would prove his unfitness for it; but my brother has no such thought: he has all along sunk himself, and only regarded the prosperity of the cause. No one can ever know the varied burdens which have been laid upon the pastor and the co-pastor, but it ought to be known that the second and less seen has borne his full share of the load.

In the College, as vice-president, the observation of the moral conduct of the students in their lodgings, and their general character as Christian men, is a vital point, involving careful watchfulness, forbearance, and tact. This has all along been a special part of my brother's work, and how much of pain he has spared *me*, and how much of benefit he has conferred on the men, I will not attempt to measure. I trust I may never have to miss help so valuable, rendered in so loving a manner. We are identical in aim and faith, and we move with one heart and soul in our effort to train efficient preachers of the gospel.

At the Orphanage the service rendered by my brother is priceless. I am quite unable to attend to the indoor department of this service: it is all that I can do, with my many other works, to act as Chancellor of the Exchequer in obtaining the funds and acknowledging the same. The trustees of the Orphanage will bear willing witness that my brother is their constant leader in the various departments of their service. Ably supported by all the brethren, it is his to be to the front.

In all the large monetary concerns of the various societies my brother

is the superintending accountant. The figures would worry *me* into my grave, but *he* seems to be invigorated by them. He is a born business man, and knows a good deal about everything which the work of the Lord touches upon in its connection with daily life. Keeping up monthly audits of most accounts, and a constant oversight over others, he enables me to feel that all is right. Many are the brethren to whom I am personally grateful for aid in business matters, wherein I should long ago have lost my way without their guidance; but to my own dear brother I am most of all under obligations—obligations which never gall me because he never regards them as such, but takes the same interest in our holy enterprises as I do.

Concerning his public ministry I say nothing, because it speaks for itself. The influential church in Croydon, with all its branches running over the wall, might alone suffice for a life-work. Mine it is to write of less obvious facts. I think it bare justice that I should myself speak of that which no one knows so well as I do. I am not aware of any law which will condemn a man for saying the truth about another because he happens to be his brother. If there be such a law I will break it wilfully, and bear the penalty joyfully.

Among many choice blessings bestowed upon me by a gracious Providence, I acknowledge this as an exceeding great one, that I have for so many years enjoyed my brother's help. He has done for me what no one else could have done so fitly. There are confidences which a friend might hardly have chosen to accept, which it was only natural to lay upon one's own brother. The relationship is a happy one, and is the natural stock most favourable for the engrafting of a gracious fellowship. We have little time to speak to each other, for as I go to one meeting he goes to another. We are often only able to say a passing word to each other for weeks together, because we are wanted moment by moment in different directions; and yet we live in unbroken fellowship, pressing forward, as if we were but one man, towards the mark for the prize of our high calling.

Readers and friends, unite with me in hearty prayer for the brother who, on June 8, attains his fiftieth year. May it be a year of great blessing to himself and to his house!

Diogenes and Jesus.

"STANDING on a time in the open market-place, Diogenes cried with a loud voice, 'Approach, ye men; approach, ye men'; as though he had had some earnest matter to say unto the people. And when they had gathered very thick about him, he for all that ceased not, but still cried, 'Approach, ye men.' Certain of them, taking great indignation at the matter, answered, 'Lo, here we be; say thy mind.' Then Diogenes, driving them away with a staff, said, 'I bade *men* to approach, not dunghills.'"

This is after the manner of philosophy, but it is the reverse of the style of Jesus of Nazareth who saith, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Sinful man, come thou to Jesus, though thou feel thyself to be a dunghill, for he will receive thee with open arms.

Andover Theology.

BY THE WRITER OF "THE DOWN GRADE."

THE trial of the Professors of the Andover Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts, has been attended by a great deal that is deeply interesting and immensely important, involving, as the matters under debate do, momentous issues.

It may be stated, in brief, that Andover Theological Seminary is an ancient institution—ancient, at least, for America—founded for the training of young men for the Congregational ministry. Its founders were sound Calvinists of the Cotton Mather type, and the College was instituted for the special purpose of training men in that faith. Accordingly, in connection with the institution and its endowments, there is a clear and definite statement of the doctrines which are to be taught, maintained, and propagated. To these doctrines the various professors are required to subscribe. It has come to pass, however, that the five gentlemen who now fill professorial chairs, articles of faith and subscription notwithstanding, have seriously departed from the faith of the founders. This has been manifest, not only in the tone and character of their divinity lectures, and the too palpable heterodoxy of some of the students, but in the articles published in the *Andover Review*, contributed by the professors. They do not, however, openly assail the creed of the founders to which they have subscribed, and for the teaching of which they have received their emoluments. They show unto us, as they suppose, "a more excellent way." The new theology is produced by some kind of evolution from the old; and hence it is called "Progressive Orthodoxy." This term may prove misleading. The unwary may conclude that its promoters are closely in sympathy with orthodox belief, and that their teaching in relation to the creed of the founders is really the same thing under another name. But a careful consideration of the points in dispute, and a candid comparison of the new with the old, will lead to a far different conclusion. The *progressiveness* of the professors seems to be like that of the preacher whose two divisions of his subject were: "First, my brethren, I shall go right round the text; and, secondly, my friends, I shall go right away from it." Indeed, the *progression* is so considerable that the "orthodoxy" is lost sight of. It may be remarked that there are two kinds of progression in nature—that of life, resulting in a thing of beauty and of joy; and that of death, of which a butcher's shop in very hot weather sometimes furnishes an example. There are similar processes in theology. Gold, we know, is the most malleable of metals. It may be beaten out into very thin plates, drawn into very fine wire, and even reduced to an impalpable dust; but it never becomes iron, or tin, or brass by the process. The plates, however thin, are gold plates; the wire, however fine, is gold wire; and the dust, however extreme the attenuation, is gold dust still. Some amount of beating, and drawing, and attenuation is needful in the inculcation of the great truths of the gospel, especially in the case of some congregations, and certain preachers and orators achieve wonderful success in this direction—like an amateur gardener whom I knew, who grew fine onions, so fine, he said, that he could hardly see them. But the men who hammer thin gold to the thinnest, and draw their wire to the finest, never come within sight of these

Andover professors in their achievements, who, in the extreme progressiveness of their "orthodoxy," come near to fulfilling the Scripture in a novel sense: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things have become new."

The trial took place at the United States Hotel, Boston, commencing 28th December, 1886, and extending over several days. It is testified by several witnesses—for the trial was a public one—that the proceedings were conducted in such a manner, and that all parties concerned conducted themselves in such a becoming spirit, as reflected great credit on all engaged therein. First of all, after the proceedings had been opened by Professor Dwight, of New York, the several professors stated at length their whole case, which occupied the chief part of three days, when Judge Asa French opened the arguments for the prosecution. From his statement, and the statements of Dr. Wellman, who followed him, the whole question at issue may be seen. Judge French said:—

"The question is now, not what these gentlemen would have the creed to be, or how they would have drawn it, but what was the intent of the founders, and what did they mean when they declared that nothing should be taken from it? The question is simple: Do these men hold the doctrines laid down in that creed, or do they depart from them in ever so slight a degree?"

This is a shorter cut, and a truer aim, than lawyers in general take.

The question of the orthodoxy or otherwise of the professors was not the chief question; it was subordinate, for all practical purposes, to this other: Is their theology in harmony with, or opposed to, the articles of the creed laid down by the founders of the Seminary? or, in other words, is their teaching, denominated "progressive orthodoxy," what the founders of the Seminary willed to have taught, and what the professors engaged to teach? It needs but little penetration to see that the divergence is very general and very great, and that on the most vital points it is the most remote from the old theology, the creed of the founders.

Let us enumerate some of these points.

As is usual in all cases of departure from orthodox belief, the professors are at variance with the creed of the Seminary and the general belief of orthodox Christians, on the subject of inspiration. Their sentiments on this subject are boldly expressed, and with as much subtlety as daring. We have heard the same sentiments avowed from a Congregational pulpit in this country by a young man at his ordination. Sad as this was, and it went to the heart of the writer, it was even sadder that neither the venerable professor who gave the charge, nor any of the other ministers engaged—some of them venerable, too—uttered a single word of protest or regret, or asked for any explanation or qualification of the statements made.

It was alleged against the Andover professors that they held the Bible to be fallible, not only in matters of science and chronology, but in some of its religious teachings also. According to their notion the writers of the Bible were inspired, but only in the sense in which men are inspired now. The Scriptures are not, therefore, a true or infallible standard of faith. The Scriptures sprang out of the religious consciousness of the writers, and they must be interpreted by the religious consciousness of the readers. God's word is not a revelation, but *a vehicle*

of revelation. Thus we are taught by the professors that the words as uttered by the prophets do not necessarily carry with them the authority of infallible truth. It is written—and David wrote out of his inner consciousness as well as by divine inspiration—"Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever." But for all that, it is not true, only as it is formulated, shaped, and fashioned by some advocate of "progressive orthodoxy."

The written Andover Creed states, in accordance with the terms of the Westminster Confession and the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, that the Word of God is infallible, and of paramount authority in all matters of faith and practice. This is very different from what the present professors would write.

Dr. Wellman stated concerning the professors that their views "dishonour and depreciate the Holy Scriptures. They violently antagonize the old Andover creed in various ways, but especially in that they erect a standard of truth and faith equal or superior to that of the Holy Scriptures, and render it impossible that the Bible should be, as the creed states, "the only perfect rule of faith and practice." They are repugnant to Article II. of the statutes of the Associate Foundation, which says that every professor shall be an orthodox and consistent Calvinist, and it is impossible for one to be a man of sound and orthodox principles in divinity within the meaning of the statutes who holds the views set forth in "Progressive Orthodoxy."

These views are by no means novel; they pervade a vast deal of German theology, and have been taught by men of the Maurice and Kingsley school in this country. They find favour in the columns of our cotemporary, "The Christian World," where the Andover professors find sympathy, and are regarded rather as being sinned against than sinning. But this is by no means surprising. "Like loves its like," as the proverb says. We expect, however, that it will be found true after all, that God's commandments are sure; and that his words are "pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, seven times purified."

Another departure from the orthodox faith, as alleged against the professors is, concerning the Person of Christ. They teach that the humanity of Christ so limited his faculties that he was fallible, or not omniscient, and hence not perfect God and man, as the creed of the founders teaches, and as evangelical Christians believe. This, to say the very least, is dangerous ground, and argues a mind already greatly warped and corrupted from "the simplicity that is in Christ." To hold and teach such fundamental errors is bad enough, but to make them the outcome of the teaching of Calvinism, and the proper expansion of the doctrine of the old creed, is even worse. But then it comes from the infallible "religious consciousness" which is to stamp every vagary of man's disordered fancy as true, and put its mint-mark on all the speculations of those who have never become fools that they may be wise.

As the professors have departed from the form of sound words as to the Person of Christ, so in relation to his work they have *progressed* beyond "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints." The atonement of Christ, according to these gentlemen, consists not in his vicarious sufferings and death, whereby he bought his redeemed ones with the price of his own blood, and presented an offering infinite in

its efficacy, and boundless in its merit, but in his assumption of human nature and his holy life. By his assumption of human nature he takes the whole human family into union with himself, making all men salvable, and giving them power to repent. Thus, by this "progressive orthodoxy" the sufferings of Christ to satisfy the claims of divine justice are practically ignored, and such passages as, "We have redemption by his blood, the forgiveness of sin, according to the riches of his grace," lose their light and glory, or are lost in the depths of man's "religious consciousness."

Sound Calvinism, as taught in the creed of the Andover Seminary, makes provision for the application of the blessings of redemption in the sense of our Lord's words, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." Hence the Person, work, teaching, and influence of the Holy Spirit have a prominent place in orthodox belief. In the "progressive orthodoxy" of the Andover professors this is lost sight of, and the drawings of divine grace are left out of the question. According to this scheme, man has the power to repent, but his heart remains hard. He is united to Christ, in common with the whole of humanity; but there is no life, no attractive power, and he continues alienated. His crimes have been somehow atoned for by Christ's holy life; but he is still far off by wicked works, a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God, and the promise of Christ to his disciples, "Because I live, ye shall live also," is a dead letter. The gospel would be a poor gospel, or rather, no gospel at all, if these things were so. It may be well, therefore, to recall the words which the apostle Paul wrote to the church at Galatia—words which were not merely evolved from his inner consciousness, but which were dictated by the Holy Spirit. It may be well, too, for all who sympathize with the views of the said professors, or who may be disposed to look upon their aberrations from the doctrinal formula they have subscribed as harmless, or as matters of quite secondary importance, to ponder the apostle's words, which, on account of their great pertinence, we quote in full :—

"I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." "A very uncharitable imprecation," some would say; and we should join them in saying so, if Paul had no higher authority than his inner consciousness; indeed, unless he had the infallible authority of One who cannot err, and who is infinitely above all the passions which may actuate the human mind and guide the pen of even the most holy among the children of men. And it was under the authority and direct influence of God that he wrote, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Thus spake the man of God, whom God moved to write the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, &c., whence in part Calvinists draw their doctrinal statements.

Another very serious charge brought against the professors is, that

they hold that men who have not heard of Christ are not sinners, or are not sinners so as to be exposed to perdition. One, at least, of them denies this conclusion; but this is the legitimate inference to be drawn from their statements. The natural depravity of man, his loss of original righteousness, and his consequent exposure to eternal misery, are all either denied or ignored; so that, according to these conclusions, there is no such thing as original sin, and Paul was seriously wrong and off the line when he said, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The simple-minded people, who are not philosophical in their tendencies, who are not advanced thinkers, and who have not been perverted from the truth to accept human speculations as veritable gospel, will, perhaps, be ready to respond to Paul's vehement words, which may well sum up the dispute, "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

Another heresy charged upon the professors—and it is a chief point of the departure from the lines of revealed truth, and the creed of the Seminary—is the notion of a second probation. "Men who have never had Christ offered to them in this life, will meet his gracious face in the mercy of a future state. Their choice then will fix their doom for ever." The defence the men set up for teaching this sentiment is, not that there is anything in the creed for it, but that there is nothing against it, and that the framers of the creed, were they now living in this day of greater light, advanced thought, and "progressive orthodoxy," might possibly include it. It must be a poor case that stands in need of such a sorry argument. What wrong might not be proved right, what evil might not be made to appear good, upon such a principle? The process of their reasoning seems to be widely different from the straightforward methods which Paul so highly commends. We "have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Thus we have given a brief statement of the case of the accused professors, and of their wide departure from the orthodox belief of the founders. To call their sentiments "advanced orthodoxy" is a misnomer. They have little, if any, relation to orthodoxy, except as they controvert its teachings. It is the same case again of the water being added to the wine, until the liquor is no longer wine at all, or only so in imagination.

It will be seen that the points of departure affect nearly all the vital truths of the gospel. Original sin is denied or ignored; the Person and offices of Christ are greatly shorn of their glory, though there is a strange setting forth of his worth and love. The three R's are nowhere. The Person and offices of the Holy Spirit are somehow dispensed with. The "blood of the eternal covenant"—the blood that redeems from death and hell unto God, and imparts its constant cleansing to all who walk in fellowship with God through Christ—is a matter of very secondary importance. The grand old doctrine, so beautifully emblemized by Christ in his parting discourse to his disciples, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," is a mistake or a dream. All the grand

and beautiful imagery by which the Holy Spirit, in guiding Paul's pen, set forth the actual living oneness of Christ and his church—the Head and the body, the Foundation and the house, the Shepherd and the sheep—are, practically, so many myths. In fact, so far as regards the Christ of the epistles, the whole family of the Saviour might weep and sigh with Mary, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." If such sentiments, such negations of the truth, are to be the gospel of the day, then we say, "Alas! alas! The glory is departed from Israel!" But this cannot well be. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." This is not the first time that the truth of God has been assailed. Alas! many and many a time men have gone out as with the high authority of the church's sanction, "speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." But the gospel of God is the gospel of power, while the gospel of heresy is the gospel of weakness.

The truth of man's fallen and lost condition underlies all aggressive theology and all Christian activity, Paul's teaching in his day was in keeping with the teaching of the prophets: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." Sin and utter misery and ruin in man's case, grace and sovereign mercy through Christ, on God's part, were the themes everywhere of Paul. Augustine, Calvin, and Luther taught the same. And it is this teaching which has done for the world what has thus far been achieved by Christianity. The living hymnody of the Church in all ages embodies the same facts: Greek, Latin, German, English, French, Swiss and American, all unite their voices. The theology of Paul was the theology of the Puritans, and the theology of the Puritans did much to build the American people into a great nation. The Pilgrim Fathers were all men of this right noble mould, and would as soon have thought of questioning their right to live and be free as to entertain for a single moment a doubt of the inspiration of the Word of God.

The roots of all evangelical preaching strike deep down into the truths of man's sin and ruin and of the grace of God in Christ to sinners deserving eternal wrath. The mighty men of old, the men of renown in all ages, the captains and leaders of the "Sacramental host of God's elect" in all lands, have ever been men who were strong and steadfast in all those truths which relate to the perfection of the Scriptures, the person and work of the Redeemer, and of salvation through faith in his name. Beyond the Word they would not go, and short of the Word they would not stop. Christ in his mediation, his substitution, his redeeming death and his glorious resurrection, was ever the centre of their life, the foundation of their faith, the theme of their faithful testimony. To him they all bore witness. Search the history of religious revivals, and you will find that wherever real revivals have been experienced, they have been in connection with evangelical preaching, more or less sound and thorough. Look at the work of Luther and others in Germany, at the work of Zwingle in Switzerland, at the work of Calvin in France, and at the work of the Puritans in England. Mark the career of President Edwards, of George Whitefield, of the founders of Welsh Methodism, of the Haldanes in

Scotland, of Robert Haldane at Geneva, of the late Dr. Malan in Geneva, of the Erskines and Bostons and such like in Scotland, and the most successful soul-winners in England, and you will find them to a man sound on the inspiration of Holy Scripture. The Wesleyan Methodists of all parties are sound on that question. And whatever "down grade" tendency there may be in their Arminian theology, faith in the inspiration of the Word of God and in the atoning work of the Lamb checks all downward progress. Shall we forsake the faith of our fathers? Shall we give place by subjection to fundamental error dressed in the guise of "Progressive Orthodoxy"? No, not for an hour. That were to put out the fire of evangelical zeal, to quench the altar flames of love to Christ, and to undermine the very foundation of all that is stable and strong and true in religion. "No man having tasted old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

A Wise Silence.

JOSEPH COOK says:—"No less a man than Keshub Chunder Sen, as we one day launched our small steam-vessel on the Ganges, turned to his American guest, and asked, 'Have you any rivers in America as large as this?' I might have told him that it is a fact of physical geography that the seven largest rivers of Asia—the Oby, the Amoor, the Hoangho, the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Yenesei, the Indus, and the Ganges—taken together, do not carry to the ocean as much water as the Amazon alone. Fearful of falling under suspicion of exaggeration, I was silent; for I remembered that Mr. Spurgeon once showed me in his study two pamphlet cases with the peculiar titles: 'Bull on Bragging,' and 'Jonathan on Exaggeration.'"

Mr. Cook has evidently a retentive memory. Those two imitation volumes stand side by side, and are of equal bulkiness. Neither nation has much to glory of in the direction of excessive modesty or scrupulous self-depreciation. It is pleasant to observe that our vain-glorious tendency is being noticed, for this is part of the process of cure.—C.H.S.

The World's Attraction.

THE Christian is not to yield to the world's attractions. It has three lures—1. Lust of the flesh—the pampering of the animal appetite and propensity. 2. Lust of the eye—roaming over objects of desire, covering a vast field of vanity and self-will. 3. Pride of life—the ostentation and vainglory of worldlings. Such were the lures in the first temptation in the garden. "The fruit was good for food"—lust of the flesh. It was "pleasant to the eyes"—lust of the eyes. "And to be desired to make one wise"—pride of life. Such again were the lures in the temptation in the wilderness. "Command that these stones be made bread"—lust of the flesh. "Cast thyself down" from the temple pinnacle, making a scene and sensation in the sacred courts—lust of the eye. "All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, will I give thee"—pride of life.—"*Synoptical Lectures.*" *Donald Fraser.*

Helpful Burdens.

ONE evening, in the dim starlight, after a busy day with the builders of my new mission-house at Madaripore, I had called them together for prayer on the deck of the boat lying a little out from the shore. Myriads of insects gathered round the lamp, and compelled us to dispense with it, and with the usual reading of the Scriptures also. No one in England can imagine how great a plague insects become when they are attracted by a light. Our memories served as a substitute for the book, for each native brother in turn quoted the verse uppermost in his mind; and we felt ourselves encircled with a rainbow of most precious promises as we bowed in prayer together.

No sooner had we finished than voices reached us from the centre of the river, and, turning in that direction, we saw a gigantic shapeless mass gliding slowly towards our boat in a most mysterious manner. However, questions and answers in Bengali passed and re-passed upon the water between us; and soon a splash was heard that indicated that an anchor had been cast which would detain the huge spectre near us throughout the night. No further sound was heard; but a few minutes after sparks that drew our attention to the sombre object informed us that certain dark forms upon the floating mass, only visible in outline against the sky just before, were now enjoying their hookah before lying down to rest.

When the sun rose, I found that the huge mass of mystery had been transformed into a pile of wood ready for use in the erection of my house. The boat was almost hidden by its freight. The natives had piled the wood upon the skiff, fastened it on to the sides, and bound it, indeed, all round the vessel. Had all the timbers been heaped upon one another the skiff would surely have filled, and then gone to the bottom; but bound as they were to the sides, they secured just an opposite result; for they themselves floated, and so supported the boat above the surface.

Workers for God are like such heavily-laden vessels, sailing to their "desired haven." They usually have more burdens imposed upon them than they can properly carry. It is the way of the church as well as of the world to load the boat which will float. Pressed constantly from above and around by the responsibilities that God sends, it is a marvel how they are upheld in the voyage of life. But the mystery in a measure disappears upon closer inspection, for it is perceived that many of the heaviest burdens, which appear at first sight to clog their progress, are really helps to keep them afloat, and preserve them from despair. Without such extra loads they could not carry more than their natural capacities would allow; but now there seems no limit to their bearing power. God knows how to arrange our burdens so that, as the believer recounts to himself his family, church, and other responsibilities that have come upon him, he is compelled to say, "He doeth all things well." As "all things work together for good to those who love God," so we see all burdens bound together for good to those who serve him.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

John Ploughman to Sam Sloman.

OLD *friend, did you ever eat a hot dinner?* You open your eyes and look at me like a cow staring at a new gate; but I am as earnest as a pig in a potato patch. I fancy that the meat and the pudding must always be cold before you get at them, for you are always a mile behind-hand. I verily believe that if you were going to be hung you would try and be too late. Your clock never strikes till it is a full quarter past the hour. I should think it must be a late day clock. And yet I don't know; you generally leave off work in a very punctual way. When six o'clock comes round, if you are lifting your spade, you seem as if you would leave it up in the air, and not wait to bring it down to the ground. Rare sharp fellow you at leaving off! You begin to get your coat on before the minute is quite come, for you're afraid of spoiling your master by giving him half a minute more than his due. A precious punctual chap you are at going home! If you come last of a morning you make it up by going away first at night.

You see you can be up to time when it suits you, and yet you are a precious old slug, and always behind, like a cow's tail. You aggravate me, you do! I feel like a bear with a sore head when I have to wait for you, and I often wish I could be behind you with a red hot-poker, or some other gentle wake-me-up. What right have you to make the grass grow under my feet, there's plenty of feed for you in the lanes? It is just as easy to be in time as to be ten minutes late if you would only use yourself to it. Turn that snail's gallop into a decent walk, and you'd save many a half-hour. You've got into a nasty slovenly way, and you want me to dust your jacket for you, and get you out of it. Not that I would hurt a hair of your head, but I would like to hurt your feelings just enough to make you leave off hurting other peoples'. I call you *a thief;* for you rob people of their time, and that is as bad as stealing their money. I might also call you *a liar;* for you promise to meet people at a certain hour, and you are not there till a very uncertain time; and that is as much like a lie as one egg is like another. But I don't want to be hard upon you, and therefore I will only ask you to notice that you don't get on, and the reason of it is as plain as the nose on your face. You were born under a three-halfpenny planet, and you will never be worth twopence; and the bottom of it is that you always come too late for the fair. By your way of going on you bring a shilling to ninepence, and ninepence to no pence. A sensible man would play a whole tune before you have got your fiddle out of the case. You are up late, and you crawl along so slowly that you make everybody else's flesh creep to see you. He must be very much in want of a bird that would give a penny for such an owl as you are. There, I said I wouldn't be hard on you, and I'm afraid I may be if I keep on.

One thing I must mention. Why do you always come to meeting so late? I am right down glad to see you come at all. It is better late than never, but it would be still better to be never late. You come in with a clatter, and disturb everybody. Why do you come at all, if you have no respect for the Lord's-day and the Lord's house? And if you have any respect for these good things, why do you treat

both of them so badly? Get up sooner, or else grease your boots and slip along faster. Don't say the service is too early: our minister altered the time, and made it half-an-hour later; but the people came just as much after time as ever: it seems bred in their bones. It looks as if they were afraid of giving God too much worship, and getting too much of his blessing. Some of them walk in so late that we think they have come to fetch us home. Those who come in after time generally make as much fuss as if they were the Lord Mayor. I once heard our minister repeat some poetry about "the inaudible and noiseless foot of time"; but I have often been annoyed with the audible and noisy foot of a fellow out of time. Families that are late are generally loud. They are long in coming, but when they do show up, they let everybody know it. They march up the aisle—father, and mother, and children—like a line of geese stepping down to the duck-pond, only they stamp almost as loud as a trooper's horse on London stones. Then bang goes the door of the pew, and smack goes a stick or an umbrella on the floor; and all this is in the midst of the worship of God! If these folks were going to see the queen, they would act mighty different; but they have a fine sight more respect for royalty than they have for the Almighty. To come in time for the worship is only such good manners as we are bound to show to our Maker. I like to get to the meeting before the service begins, so as to feel quiet, and get my mind ready for what I hope to hear. This gives me time to pray for a blessing, and perhaps also I get a chance of being civil to a stranger, by showing him into a pew; and that may be another blessing. If ever I get to the place after the worship has begun, I slink in like a whipped dog, and I try to drop down in my seat as soft as a flake of snow; indeed, I feel guilty all the time, and think everybody is looking at me, and wishing me more sense.

Now, friend Sam, I want you to take the pledge, and totally abstain from being late in future. Do it, there's a good fellow; for then some others of my neighbours may mend their manners too. The old saying is, "He struck at Tib, and down fell Tom"; so, perhaps, I may send a word home to others while I am talking to you. I know I am rather clumsy, like the miller's mare; but when I pull at a thing, I generally move it; and I would pull very hard indeed at this if I thought I could draw the congregation to church in good time. One wicked sinner said that husbands could never be in time while they had to wait for their wives; and he was bad enough to add, that women love their husbands, but they worship their bonnets, and so it takes them no end of time to be dressed. It seems to be still true that when Adam does wrong, he lays the blame on Eve. If Adam and Eve will both come to worship in time, they will not have to wrangle over the question of why they are late. Let us wake up, and neither be late at meat nor at meeting. Perhaps we are not clever enough to make a watch, but we ought to keep a watch; and especially we ought to watch over our time, and still more especially we ought to keep both a good watch and an early time in the service of our Saviour.

Notabilia.

"RESPECTABILITY" NOT ALWAYS A CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

IN his "Jottings from Jail" (T. Fisher Unwin), Mr. J. W. Horsley, M.A., the last chaplain of the prison at Clerkenwell, gives a great array of facts relating to the causes of crime and the lives of criminals. Though its statements are unexaggerated in the main, the book is in some respects sensational reading. We have been struck with this note on "Respectable" Parents:—

"Here is a girl whom I got from prison into a Home, where she did very well, but would not communicate with her friends until she could show them she had really, and for some time, persevered in good ways. After seven months an excellent place was found for her, and she gave every satisfaction. Proudly then she wrote to her mother, telling how she had regained a character and a position. No answer came, and the poor girl, upset, rushed away, leaving a note, saying she could not bear it. The mother, when found, simply said she didn't see it any use to answer her daughter's letter."

THE GOSPEL IN PARIS.

In "A Cry from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire" (Hodder and Stoughton), a very good account is given of the work now being carried on by the evangelists of Mr. McAll's Mission. The attendance at the meetings shows an increase for the year 1885 of nearly 85,000. The total number of religious meetings held during the year was 7,270, the total attendance at which is estimated at nearly a million. There are 209 Sunday-school teachers at work; and the number of Bibles, Testaments, portions of Scripture, tracts, &c., circulated in twelve months was close upon 400,000. Surely the Reformation has at last taken root in France.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

In "The Mistress of the House: a Story of Christian Service in Daily Life" (Hodder and Stoughton), there occurs a passage concerning one of the characters, Warner Blakeslee, which, we fear, might refer to a large number even of those who are found in their pews on Sundays:—

"But with the Bible he had very little acquaintance. He knew it as the foundation of the Christian religion, a book which should unquestionably be in every house; he would, probably, have been greatly shocked if he had been told how many families there were in the city destitute of it, and he would have given a liberal contribution for their supply; but he would have been unable to tell, if you had asked him, whether there had ever been one in his own room at home or not."

THE BIBLE A "REPRIEVE FROM DEATH."

In his new book, "A Flood that Led on to Fortune" (Hodder and Stoughton), Old Boomerang gives a pleasant story, in which a good deal of information is conveyed respecting the Australasian colonies. An anecdote is told of a crew of a vessel wrecked among the Fijian Islands. They were enabled to land, but on being taken charge of by a chief and his followers, the party, unable to understand what was said, thought that they were being conducted to the cannibals' slaughter-house. "Judge of my surprise and joy," said the second mate, on telling his thrilling story, "when I saw a Bible on an old table in the hut! The sight of it was like a reprieve from sudden death by the cannibals' clubs. It was printed in the Fijian language; still, I knew at a glance what it was, by the British Bible Society's mark on the covers, and my heart was as light as a cork in an instant. 'It's all right, shipmates,' said I, 'we are in friendly hands. Cheer up, my hearties! These fellows are not regular savages, or they wouldn't have a Bible in their hut. We are all safe; never fear.'" So it proved; for instead of being murdered, they were generously entertained; and presently the peoples' teacher, Mr. W. Nettleton, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, appeared on the scene.

OLD AMERICAN MEETING-HOUSES.

The Century Magazine is now published in this country by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It is a wonderful magazine; in fact, the best secular periodical we know of. In the number for April there are some curious particulars concerning Old Meeting-houses in the United States, as they were before the separation of the States from England. The original chapels "were mere places for assemblage, and nothing more—the work of a people who at first repelled with earnestness the notion of any special sacredness in consecrated places." Referring to times when clocks and watches were not common, it is said: "In primitive New Haven the Sunday-morning drum was beaten by the drummer standing on top of the meeting-house, that those who lived afar might hear. A flag was sometimes raised as a signal to worshippers living too remote to hear a drum." The people were given to hospitality. "To Sheldon Church, in South Carolina, there came seldom less than sixty or seventy carriages, but a neighbouring planter was accustomed to entertain the whole assembly; those of higher social position he invited to his own table, while common folk were provided for by his overseer at the planter's expense. At great Quaker meetings a similar unstinted hospitality was dispensed by the wealthier Friends." During the most rigorous winter weather the people were content to have their meeting-houses unwarmed, although at one Quaker meeting in Pennsylvania a fire upstairs was provided "for such as are weak through sickness, or age, or otherwise, to warm at, and come down again modestly." We find that "Cotton's lecture in Boston was so attractive that it was found convenient to establish a market on the same day"—a week-day, of course; and "when heretical or seditious books were condemned, it was decreed that they should be solemnly burned, 'just after lecture.'" In some places a useful church officer was one who "went about the meeting-house with a long wand, having a ball on one end with which to tap any man who should be overcome by sleep. From the other end of his wand there dangled a fox's tail; with this he politely brushee the faces of the women when he caught them dozing." In Puritan timesd especially, the people were very partial to what we should think protracted, religious services.

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Sermons in Coloured Covers. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Our publishers have produced four of our sermons in coloured wrappers of the most startling kind. They are intended to catch the eye of the poor and illiterate, and we trust they will do so. Robinson Crusoe appears in full glory, and Jack the Huckster like Joseph in his coat of many colours. If this venture succeeds, as we hope it will, more of these flaming covers will be forthcoming. Order penny sermons in coloured wrappers, and see if your neighbours will not read them. We must do anything which is right to get the outsiders to learn the way of salvation.

When we thought we had finished all the Jubilee books, our friend Rev. Charles Bullock sent us quite a set of Queen Victoria literature. Here we have for one penny *The Early Days of Queen Victoria*, which has reached its one hundredth thousand. Next comes *The Queen's Resolve*, in different bindings, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d; the former being supplied to schools at 1s. Lastly, we have *England's Royal Home*, at 5s. A new edition. All these are published at 7, Paternoster Square. Doubtless the loyal public will consume all this wholesome *pabulum*, and be the better for it. If her Majesty's subjects do not henceforth know and value their Queen, it will not be the fault of Mr. Bullock.

Our Sovereign Lady: a Book for her People. By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands," and by L. E. O'R. Nisbet and Co.

Another loyal outpouring. The story is the same, but in this case the enthusiasm is at white heat.

Messianic Prophecy. The Prediction of the Fulfilment of Redemption through the Messiah. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D., Professor of Hebrew, Union Theological Seminary, New York. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Price 7s. 6d.

THIS interesting contribution to modern scientific criticism reminds us that the books and chapters of Scripture, like the scenes and seasons of nature, are not as old and obsolete, as decrepit and passé, as it is the present fashion to paint them. To a healthy enquirer and a vigorous thinker they are fresh as morning air, and are perpetually renewing the dew of their youth. There is always some new beauty to be revealed, some undiscovered glory to be pointed out. Why may we not get still clearer light upon the patriarchal or upon any other age? May not Dr. Briggs assist us by supplying accurate information as to the oracles which enlightened the ancients? Such were our questions as we sat down to examine these five hundred pages.

We should like to express our unqualified approval and our lively admiration of this entire work *on one condition*. The condition is, that we may consider our author's suggestions as rather tentative than final. His motives and methods, disclosed in the preface, commend themselves to our sympathy in no ordinary degree, for above all things we desire a text of the Old Testament as accurate as the utmost skill and diligence can make it.

In general, Dr. Briggs does not follow the beaten track of such valuable writers as Pye-Smith and Hengstenberg, with whom we are all supposed to be familiar. His main object here is not to connect the things foretold with their fulfilment: we await the issue of another volume for that department of study. His present adventure is rather to run down the stream of prophecy from the fountain-head in the Garden of Eden, and to trace the sacred ideal through all its winding progress, as it expands, fed by fresh springs, to its ultimate development into a river exceeding broad.

Not, as in the instance of Delitzsch, whose much smaller volume we noticed in our June number of 1881, have we to warn the uninitiated that the author's higher criticism would be beyond their grasp. This treatise, though principally designed for theological students and ministers of the gospel, is adapted, by a judicious arrangement, to be of almost equal service to the million, as the main letterpress in large type is kept quite distinct from the textual and philological criticisms, which are relegated entirely to foot-notes.

Now for a few of the strong convictions that Dr. Briggs registers, in which we heartily concur. He follows the Revised Version of the Old Testament as nearly as he can; but still he follows it afar off. Of this we approve. He thinks the Masoretic text very unreliable. So do we. No doubt it has often misled our leading scholars. He has no full confidence in the Septuagint; and we also are not blindly attached to its renderings. He has preserved the proper names of the Deity in most passages: this also is excellent. The popular renderings of the sacred name are objectionable, because they are often undiscriminating, and always inadequate. *Jahveh*, *El*, *Adonay*, *Shadday*, *Elyon*, *Jah*, are divine names he deems it better to transliterate than to translate. We approve of this, with a wish that our translators had been fired with equal courage. *Elohim* (Parkhurst would say *Aleim*) he translates *God*. He rejects the popular form—*Jehovah*, as a distortion of the vowel accents in deference to a Jewish superstition, and prefers his own rendering, *Jahveh*, as it is in conformity with Continental usage. Again, he thinks, as we think, that an English poet may yet arise who could so appreciate Hebrew poetry as to render it in our mother tongue with corresponding rhythm and force. Why not? Surely some bard might interpret to us Moses and the Prophets even more happily than Dryden and Pope have succeeded in giving us their versions of Homer and Virgil. No such poetic translator has yet appeared. Without professing himself to be a poet, our author has tried his hand, with all his heart, at the preservation and reproduction of the rhythm and strophes of the original in selected passages. This, in our estimation, is very

important. Must not Miriam's timbrel, David's harp, and the loud cymbals of the great orchestra, lose much of their music, tone, and charm when described in cool English prose? Without a note of the pristine music to set them forth, how can they enliven us? We lose with the flame of their enthusiastic poetry half the glow of their inspiration. The metre helped the memory of the ancients: must we always lose that aid? We frequently notice that texts of Scripture are inaccurately quoted by our popular teachers, though they are accurate to a word when citing the hymns of Watts and Wesley. Is not this to be accounted for by the loss of the rhythm in the case of the Scripture?

Lastly our author opines, and we concur in his opinion, that "No true scholar will despise critical conjecture in cases where the external evidence is unsatisfactory, and the text is manifestly corrupt." We quote these words advisedly. They need not sound like a concession from us; for the world knows that we believe in verbal inspiration as fully as Dr. Gaussen states it in his "Theopneustia." We believe in treating the Holy Book and every other according to the rules of common-sense. A bald literalism, that ignores the idioms of different languages, may be easily mistaken for fidelity, but it is equally akin to folly. Brief life happens to have been cast for us in an age which posterity will describe as the period of "The Revised Versions of Scripture." Our judgment upon the matter, plainly stated, runs thus—The New Testament Revisers lacked caution; the Old Testament Revisers lacked courage. A finality has not been reached by either.

The Dictionary of Religion: an Encyclopædia of Christian and other Religious Doctrines, Denominations, Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Terms, History, Biography, &c. Edited by the Rev. W. Benham, B.D., F.S.A. Cassell and Co.

Gives a great deal of information, but is not so good as it might have been. The articles which touch upon the Baptists are of a very cloudy character; impartial, but half-informed and blundering. We mention this because we made it a test point, and the work does not answer our test. Under so many heads the matter is necessarily very brief, and, as we judge, too brief to be of any great value. The works of Cassell and Co. we can usually praise without reserve; but in this instance while we allow that a guinea may be fairly well invested by a purchaser, we think he might do very much better with it.

The Christian Year. By the Rev. John Keble, M.A. *With the Collects and a Series of Meditations and Exhortations, Selected from the Works of the Rev. H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L.* Edited by "Pilgrim." Nisbet and Co.

This will serve as a devotional work for many a Churchman. For our own part, we would rather have Keble alone, and Liddon alone. No one will question the appropriateness of the conjunction of the two authors; but even with the proper Collects thrown in, we are not enamoured of the volume. Very good for Episcopalians who are a little high, but not quite to the taste of an uncompromising Puritan.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Illustrated by nearly three hundred engravings. E. Marlborough.

Bunyan is always coming out anew, and we rejoice that it is so. We had the Pilgrim for a penny not long ago, and here it seems to us that we have the same wood-cuts which were given us in that edition. They are extremely small, but they are not so very bad. We are glad to see "Pilgrim's Progress" for one shilling, and if the illustrations will please none but children, yet children are worth pleasing. Certainly we have a lot of pictures for the money, and with many people quantity makes up for quality.

Old Christopher's Bible-class Notes on the first Five Chapters of the Gospel of St. Luke. Jarrold and Sons.

Specially gracious, though not very deep or striking. If "Old Christopher" expounds the Word in this fashion to his Bible-class, he will train a superior order of Christian men. This specimen excites desire for more.

Some Aspects of the Blessed Life. By Mark Guy Pearse. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

We know of no writer more clear, more fresh, more gracious than our beloved brother Mark Guy Pearse. When he is in full career in a Cornish story he outstrips the wind. A manifest acquaintance with men and things helps him to speak so as to touch us, and his deep knowledge of divine truth makes that touch a blessing. He makes us laugh and cry over Daniel Quorm; but it is not done for mere effect, a blessing remains when the excitement is over. The little book before us is not of the story order, but contains sermons; but then they are live sermons, human discourses upon divine truths; the words of man baptized into the Spirit of God.

This is a peculiarly sweet little book which cannot be read without ministering to the growth and happiness of the devout believer. It is in the thirteenth thousand, and deserves to reach ten times that number. Full of holy and yet smart things, as brilliant as it is gracious, the little book must command readers.

The Imperial Bible-Dictionary; Historical, Biographical, Geographical, and Doctrinal. Edited by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D. New Issue. (Vols. I. and II.) Blackie and Son.

This cheap edition, in six volumes at 9s. 6d. each, is brought out in first-class style. Dr. Fairbairn and his coadjutors have produced a Bible-Dictionary which is acceptable to scholars, and yet is valuable to ordinary readers. The prefatory articles upon inspiration, in the first volume, by Ryle and Waller, show the tone of the work: these are of first-rate quality, and we are glad to see them separately issued. The contributors to the dictionary are of trustworthy orthodoxy and ability, and their articles are well condensed and reliable. If any reader is about to buy a Bible-dictionary, he will be well directed should he purchase Dr. Smith's, or Kitto's; but, all things considered, he will probably get the surest return for his money from Dr. Fairbairn. Of course, every minister knows that a Bible-Dictionary is one of the requisites of his library, a standing work of daily reference as to matters Biblical.

The Weekly Pulpit. A Series of Sermons. Outlines, Critical and Homiletical Notes, Illustrations, Addresses, etc., etc., for the Use of Preachers. Elliot Stock.

This serial keeps itself modestly quiet; but upon careful examination we rate it highly. The homiletical help which it affords is good: both from a literary standpoint and in the matter of soundness, we are able to commend it. We can hardly expect that so high an average of excellence can always be maintained, but this first volume is worth securing by preachers in need of aid; and who of us is not?

The Homilist: the Expositor, Preacher, and Reviewer. A Magazine for all who are engaged in Preaching, Teaching, or Studying the Word of God. Edited by D. Thomas, D.D., and Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. Houlston and Sons.

We hear another note in the *Homilist* now that Mr. Bird has come upon the editorship. Certain heavy blows at modern thought are much to our mind, but we did not look for them in the *Homilist*. We note that this is Vol. I. Popular Series, and if the succeeding volumes are to be like it, long may they succeed!

The Little Gleaner. A Monthly Magazine for the Young. Vol. VIII. Houlston and Sons.

A very pretty book for one shilling and sixpence. The date does not signify, it is worth buying at once. It is made up of the right sort of material. Evidently the editor is a Calvinist of the higher school, but he produces a magazine which really does teach true religion, and does not sacrifice everything to amusement. We confess we have a great liking to this little penny magazine; and the volume for the past year is so prettily got up, and, what is far better, so likely to be blessed to all who read it, that we take pleasure in bringing it under the notice of many who probably do not know of its publication.

Palestine Exploration Fund. Twenty-one Years' Work in the Holy Land. (A Record and a Summary). June, 1865—June 1886. Bentley.

This digest of work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund ought to revive and increase public interest in that noble effort to investigate the Holy Land. The discoveries made have been an abundant reward for the money and labour expended. No one can read this summary of wonderful finds without wishing that the society had ampler means for prosecuting its useful researches and excavations. Embedded in the very soil of Palestine are those imperishable witnesses in stone which are so fatal to doubt, so helpful to faith. It may be that in some still darker day providence will allow these proofs to be brought forward in yet greater abundance. And yet, we do not know: even though buried cities should rise from the dead, and speak by their long-silent inscriptions, men would not repent of their unbelief.

The Parables of our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated. By William M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Our friend, Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, is a brother after our own mind: a genial, fatherly man, full of all sorts of knowledge kept at a living warmth by a great heart. He loves the old orthodox doctrine, and enjoys the marrow of it; but he never uses the bones of it as missiles to throw at the heads of those who differ from him. He keeps close to Scripture, and has peculiar felicity in pointing out its shades of meaning, side lights, and bright analogies. His tone and spirit are admirable, and communion with him has afforded us the greatest delight. He is an American pastor, but he will never be mistaken for an American. The man is by birth, nurture, and nature one of us: he may be as a fact neither the better nor the worse for this, but somehow we feel all the more at home with him because he is evidently most at home on this side of the Atlantic.

All this about the man; what about his book? Well, it is like himself. Indeed, the very shape of it recalls the comely, burly form of its author; and the contents are redolent of the writer. We place these sermons on the Parables among the choicest of our expository stores. Accurate without show of learning; profound without affectation of obscurity; plain without being common-place; these discourses will edify the many, and yet will be most valued by the few whose trained intellects will best appreciate the preacher's labours. Dr. Taylor does not flash and blaze like a rocket; but he burns with a steady flame which will shine when the splutterings of eccentric sensationalism are forgotten. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have done a generous thing in issuing this volume at the low price of seven shillings and sixpence.

A Manual of Faith and Practice. Designed for Young and Enquiring Christians. By William Jeyes Styles. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street.

Mr. Styles presents to his readers a full account of the things received among our ultra-Calvinistic and strict-communion Baptist churches. We say *ultra*-Calvinistic, since the Calvinism is more intense in some directions than anything taught by Calvin. With most that Mr. Styles has to say we are agreed; and wherein we differ from him it is with much respect for him. He mentions with touching affection the names of C. H. Spurgeon and the venerable George Rogers, and he knows right well that neither of these will feel aggrieved by his bravely vindicating his own views. We had sooner see our churches return to the most rigid form of hyperism than proceed in the so-called "liberal" line of to-day. There is no need for either alternative. We have read much of this manual with pleasure, and though some of it we consider to be mistaken, it is still interesting. We are a little curious to see how the churches to which Mr. Styles belongs will receive his statements: we are not sure that they will all go with him. He goes too far for some, and not far enough for others. Any one who wants a good bit of Ante-Fuller Baptist theology will enjoy this volume; and if their theological reading has been somewhat wide, they will be pleased to make the acquaintance of one who is thoroughly versed in Puritanic and Calvinistic divinity.

My Travels in the Eastern Hemisphere; or, A Four Years' Commission on H.M.S. "Thetis." By SAMUEL O. GIBSON, Head Schoolmaster of the Training Ship "Arethusa." Illustrated. S. W. Partridge and Co.

NOTES made by an observant man in his passage viâ Suez to China, Japan, and thence to Zanzibar and India. Hundreds of persons might have written such a book, but they would most of them have failed to make it equally readable. It would not make a bad present for a growing boy; but 5s. is quite enough for it, if not a little too much.

Victoria, R. I.: her Life and Reign. By Dr. MACAULAY. With five portraits of the Queen and sixty engravings by E. WHYMPER and others. Religious Tract Society.

FOR persons who can spend money enough to buy a handsome volume, Dr. Macaulay has catered admirably. He is very great at making up popular, instructive volumes. This contains all that anybody can want to know about our good Queen. We question if the world has ever seen fifty brighter years since the star of Bethlehem shone forth on the brow of the new age, and men began to number their years from its rising. *Vivat Regina!*

Victoria: Queen and Empress. A Jubilee Memoir. By G. HOLDEN PIKE. Partridge and Co.

Queen Victoria. Her Life and Reign. By T. F. BALL. Partridge and Co.

WE shall soon have enough of this literature. Our friends know G. Holden Pike, and he has done his best in this instance. It is an odd circumstance that he should be a Baptist, and present his readers with two ceremonies, which are called christenings, in which something is being done with a baby. His book is only a shilling, and full of cuts. The other work is half-a-crown, and is exceedingly popular, as will be seen from its large sale. Thousands will be glad to know all about the Queen, and her family life. Loyalty is by no means extinct, although we frequently regret to hear criticisms which cannot possibly answer any useful purpose. Neither by foolish adulation, nor by idle carping, is it wise to create or foment discontent with the powers that be. We have abundant reason to be thankful for the peace and order which we have enjoyed during the memorable reign of Queen Victoria. God grant that we may not have to learn the value of our blessings by the loss of them!

The Road to the North Pole. Second Series. The American Expedition in the Arctic Steamer *Jeannette.* Religious Tract Society.

WHY do men want to go to the North Pole? What can be found or learned there? No doubt the struggle has produced some of the most glowing pages in the book of heroes; but have we not had enough? No longer will it be courage, but sheer madness, which will lead men to press on to the Arctic regions with the dread certainty of ending their career by lying unburied among the unconquerable ice-fields. The crime of suicide will be chargeable against further volunteers for this absurd enterprise. The little book before us is a cheap but thrilling record of painful adventure. Boys will like it. To us it is too dreadful.

Our Pets and Companions: Pictures and Stories Illustrating Kindness to Animals. By MARY KEMBLE MARTIN. Religious Tract Society.

A DELIGHT. Multiply such books till whips are only found in museums, and nothing is thought to be sport which is tainted with cruelty.

Temperance Progress: Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers, being a Report of Speeches and Papers at the Temperance Congress, Croydon, 1886. Elliot Stock.

THIS is the age of conferences, and this volume is the record of a right notable convention of Temperance men, held in Croydon in 1886. It is well described as "Facts and Figures for Temperance Workers." Facts and figures are never out of date, and therefore the report of the Conference is not stale, though the words of it were spoken a year ago. The addresses and papers were singularly good.

Climbing Higher. By JESSIE F. ARMSTRONG. With twenty-one illustrations. Shaw and Co.

A CHARMING story, exceptionally well-written, and in perfect good taste. The chief personages are little Lord Lilburn, a nine-year-old viscount, and the "leading" performer in a travelling circus, "Little Spangles," *alias* "The India-rubber Boy": odd companions, indeed—a small aristocrat and a little acrobat. But the story is all through delightfully strange and captivating; and, best of all, it is permeated with Christian truth and teaching.

Coral and Beryl: or, Children of the Kingdom. By EGLANTON THORNE. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story has three guarantees of goodness. First, the *imprimatur* of the R.T.S.; next, that of the *Sunday School Times*, in which it appeared some years ago in serial form, "and many readers expressed their approbation of it." Thirdly, the well-earned reputation of the writer. We would, with our well-known modesty, add a fourth—we have read it and commend it.

The Clevelands of Oaklands; or, Cleansing Fires. By Mrs. LUCAS SHADWELL. Religious Tract Society.

THIS reads like a story of real life, full of interesting incident, and yet free from the sensational and mysterious positions so dear to many writers of fiction. In the most easy and natural manner clear statements of gospel truths are introduced, especially those bearing upon the benefits of sanctified trials. The characters are drawn from the upper class of society, and the portraits of the godly old rector and his niece are very attractive.

The Old Manuscript; or, Anaïse Robineau's History. A Tale of the Huguenots in La Vendée. By BLANCHE MOGGRIDGE. Religious Tract Society.

THIS admirably well-written story has so many points of interest that our space forbids any attempt at a fair *résumé*. "The framework of the tale, and some of the chief characters, are historical"; among others Jean Vernon, a friend of Calvin, and Pierre Gabart, both of whom suffered rtyrdom at the hands of the Papacy, red with the blood of the saints. The description of the Marais in La Vendée, and its semi-savage inhabitants, the Colliberts, is intensely interesting. The writer says "her object will be secured if the reader is led to take an interest in one of the most characteristic and yet little-known parts of France, and to gain a clearer idea of the noble way in which the Huguenots preferred to die rather than deny the gospel." We thank both the writer and the Tract Society for this beautiful book.

Frank's Life-Battle; or, The Three Friends. By CHRISTIAN REDFORD Cassell and Co.

EVIDENTLY written to illustrate many a useful maxim for youth. It is a pity the writer did not make it more interesting. Good lads, like Frank, who least need it, might read it and heed it; lazy louts, like Phil, who need it, will neither heed it nor read it.

Living it Down. By LAURA M. LANE. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A BOOK which moves the eyes to tears and the heart to pity. The story tells of one who, yielding to temptation, had to suffer twenty years' transportation for his crime, and on returning to wife and home, by the most faithful service in his situation at last "lived down" the disgrace which marred his early career. The devoted love and deep piety of his wife is most touchingly recorded, and leads the reader to admire and imitate her character. It is tastily got up, and will make a useful gift-book.

Not Thrown Away, but Given. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY. T. Nelson and Sons.

ANOTHER choice production from an authoress whose writing ever charms us. The pen seems to have been the channel for the heart's flow, and the result is a stream of soul-inspiring thoughts. The tale, so ably written, must *do* good, because it *is* good. It would be a grand thing for the East End if there were more men after the type of "Marion's hero." Life-stories such as this help to create similar characters, and, therefore, we warmly commend this work. It is not a book to be "thrown away," but we should like to see it "given" to many young men and maidens.

Ida Nicolari. By EGLANTON THORNE. Religious Tract Society.

THE originality of the conception of this story is only equalled by the marked ability with which it is worked out. In his vocation as a writer, the author is as great an artist as his ideal, Antonio Nicolari, the sculptor. The book is perfumed with sweet sayings about the Saviour, and we could not find a fault with it if we tried. It is the fragrant eglantine without its thorn.

Changed Scenes; or, the Castle and the Cottage. By LADY HOPE. Nelson.

LADY HOPE herself writes so pleasantly that it seems a pity that she should have thought it necessary to fill up so large a portion of this book with allegories written by some one else. More than one-fourth of the volume is occupied with this literary "padding," and only in one instance is there any connection between the story and the allegory woven into it. The narrative, as far as it goes, is most interesting.

Young Ishmael Conway. By the Author of "Us Three." Shaw and Co.

"LET the Indian, let the Negro, let the wild Barbarian" be ever so wild, and black, and barbarous; surely the "home-grown" heathen—of which the coster Conway and his son Ishmael are types—are not less so. How many of the Ishmaelites of our great cities are more to be pitied than blamed that "their hand is against every man," is a question that will at once occur to the Christian reader of this book. The story shows what Christian love, zeal and tact can do for such. We doubt whether any who take it up will find it as easy to lay it down until they have read it through, and purposed to "rescue the perishing, care for the dying."

The Phantom Picture. By the Hon. Mrs. GREENE. Nelson and Sons.

THE story exhibits originality of conception, and is well worked out. Nobility of character, truthfulness, and generosity, with their opposites of meanness, selfishness, and deceit, as exhibited in the characters of the twin sons of a wise and wealthy parent, are well portrayed. The lessons the author would impress upon her young friends are made attractive by the skilful treatment of a somewhat mysterious plot, the riddle of which we must leave the reader to solve.

The Town's Benefactor. A Story of the Sunday Question. By ELLEN LOUISA DAVIS. Religious Tract Society.

DESCRIPTIVE of a Christian young lady's work among the sailors, or amphibians, at a popular sea-side resort, and how the good work was hindered, and almost crushed out, by a pompous local magnate, who, under the pretence of benefiting the town, caused Sunday excursion boats and trains to be run.

It is a very lively and excellent story, with touches of the droll and humorous here and there, and yet full of evangelical truth.

Fairy Phœbe; or, Facing the Footlights. By L. TAYLOR. Shaw and Co.

THIS story is so exceptionally interesting, and the purpose of the Christian author so timely, that we could wish our space would allow of a lengthy notice. In brief, this is the story of a very little girl in training for the stage, with details of the dangers and cruelties to which numbers of children of tender age are subjected. To parents—shall we say Christian parents?—who take their children to the pantomime, and to that precious parson who could find pleas for the ballet, we commend the book, which teems with tragic incidents.

At a time when a strenuous effort is being made to effect an unholy alliance of the Church (?) and the stage, we cannot resist quoting the following from page 56: — "The public must be 'amused' at any cost—what matters the sacrifice of young lives, the suffering inflicted on tender limbs, the exposure to almost unparalleled temptations, the blighting of all childish innocence, the imperilling of all womanly virtue, so *this* end be attained? Yea, what matters the wreck of earthly happiness, the wholesale immolations on the altar of the Goddess of Pleasure of these child-victims, and the flinging, lost and degraded, into the kingdom of darkness, these souls for whom Christ died, these little children of whom is the kingdom of heaven?"

Something New for the Young Folks all the Year Round. By Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

VERY well produced, friend Bullock. We wish you ten thousand juvenile readers, and as many more as you yourself desire. It is an admirable collection of good things.

The Uses and Abuses of Domestic Animals. By WILLIAM SMITH. Jarrold and Sons.

A BOOK which everybody ought to read who has to do with animals. Many are cruel without knowing it. Think of the many who starve goldfish by denying them food. These poor things can no more live on water (and more especially filtered water) than their owners can live on air. Every lover of animals should invest two shillings in this book, and then lend it right and left.

Roger's Travels. By E. PAYSON HAMMOND, M.A. Sunday School Union.

MR. HAMMOND is well-known as an evangelist among the young, and anyone acquainted with his style will know what to expect in this book. Travels on the Continent, talks about Reformers and Martyrs, addresses—bristling with stories — given at Children's Special Services, are not easy to mix all together, and our author is only moderately successful in the attempt. An earnest, pious, gossipy medley.

Pictures of Saint Peter in an English Home. By A. L. O. E. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE errors of the Romish church are here clearly and powerfully exposed, and in a most pleasant and enjoyable form. No better book could be given to our young people, to counteract the plague of superstition that everywhere abounds. Writer and publisher have united to produce a dainty, readable book.

Autobiography of a Scotch Lad. Glasgow: D. Bryce and Son.

THIS gracious, garrulous life-story has refreshed us in the reading. Our anonymous friend has much to say of God's faithfulness to him, and many interesting reminiscences to recount. Encouragement and stimulus will follow upon its perusal.

How to Use our Eyes, and how to Preserve them; with Special Information about Spectacles. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., etc. Chatto and Windus.

CONTAINS a great deal of very sound advice about the eyes, and the use of glasses. Beyond a doubt, cheap spectacles often turn out to be very dear. A little money spent in purchasing spectacles of an oculist who will adjust each one of the glasses to its own eye will be a very wise investment; for very often the eyes greatly differ from each other. We feel it to be a duty to say this, for eyesight is a precious gift, and it is a pity to lose it from want of care. This is an instructive little book.

Hester's Home. By JANET EDEN. Religious Tract Society.

A LIVELY, well-written little story, to illustrate the dangers to which many of the artisan class are exposed through the so-called "Working Men's Clubs," presided over by John Barleycorn. In this case, club-rule usurps the place of home-rule, and revolt and separation follow, until gospel-temperance principles are adopted, when re-union is effected, and peace and prosperity bless the home.

"*For Further Consideration.*" By EDWARD BUTLER. Elliot Stock.

OUR author has learned that pleasing style which reveals wide reading without the boast of it. To use one of his own similes—his sound common sense is the cotton-wool upon which he exhibits the jewels of his fancy. He talks wisely, but he does not become wearisome. His chapters upon "the Idylls of the King" will delight the lovers of Tennyson, but his other essays are more to *our* mind. We suspect that we should not endorse every opinion of the writer, nor even all that he may intend us to infer from what he has here written; but with his actual teaching we have no fault to find. His pages are good reading: they command attention, and they repay it. The little book is handsomely produced in the old style, at 3s. 6d.

The Personality and History of Satan. By ROBERT BROWN. S. W. Partridge and Co.

WE introduced Mr. Brown to our readers in our number for June 1884. His "Outlines of Prophetic Truth" had just then fallen into our hands. This little work is in the same strain. Bible Readings are his forte. What the Scripture teaches about that old servant, the devil, the "Adversary," the "Accuser," is faithfully told. Sunday-school teachers will find here a satisfactory guide to their studies of Scripture.

Sickness and the Gospel. By OTTO STOCKMAYER. Bemrose and Sons.

OUR esteemed author does not seem to have the courage of his convictions. If he means to say that all sickness is the direct result of sin, let him say so, and not beat about the bush. If he means that we are to be healed without using medicine, why not go on to being fed without bread? We value the author's piety, but his theories as to bodily healing, if they mean anything, border on the fanatical.

Notes.

DEATHS.—We have sadness on our heart at the moment of penning these "Notes," for the arrows of the last enemy have smitten several of our friends and helpers. *Mr. Tritton* has fallen asleep. He has long been our personal friend and generous helper. Moreover, as he was our neighbour, we have been brought into frequent personal contact with him. He was sweetness and light incarnated. He loved the gospel, and clung to it with intense earnestness; he was both firm and gentle, decided and yet tender. *Mr. Calder* has also been taken from us suddenly. He was a dear and intimate friend, and one who took a deep interest in Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund. He was always planning some generous thing, and he it was who provided the packets of writing-paper and envelopes which were sent out with so many of the parcels to the ministers. He was advanced in years, but seemed so healthy that we were startled by the sad news of his death. *Will any other paper-maker or wholesale stationer like to take Mr. Calder's place?* No one can ever be a kinder friend to our work. *Mr. Coop*, of Southport, also has been called home. He was a zealous and generous brother, whose sympathies lay much with the Campbellite brethren; but his heart went out also to all work which he believed to be honestly done for his Lord. The late President Garfield was his personal friend. Our venerable elder, *Mr. Court*, has entered into rest. He was a man of great grace and deep experience: an Israelite indeed.

Mr. Congreve has, with great generosity, erected, at his own expense, a very handsome Baptist chapel in West Brighton. We wish for this admirable enterprise the utmost success. Such a noble building, if its pulpit be filled by a suitable minister, as we trust it will be, will become a centre of great usefulness for Hove and West Brighton. May others whom the Lord has prospered be moved to follow Mr. Congreve's excellent example! If the wealth of the church were truly consecrated, no part of the land would remain in need of houses of prayer, and no ministers of the gospel would be in want of daily bread.

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans asks us to acknowledge, with best thanks, the receipt of parcels from A. B. She will be glad at any time to receive money or clothing for the Society. All parcels should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

THE BAPTIST MESSENGER.—Friends have kindly furnished us with all the volumes we needed, except 1854 and 1856. We shall be glad to hear from any one who can supply us with the missing numbers.

The second anniversary of the opening of the BAPTIST CHAPEL, SOUTHGATE, was held on *April* 24. On the following Wednesday a public meeting was presided over by Mr. George Goldston, president of the Tabernacle Country Mission. Very encouraging reports were presented. During the evening, a testimonial, consisting of an electro-silver tea-set, on a handsome salver, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wickerson, as a token of affection for their self-denying work in connection with the place during the past three years. Our friends need much help, and we commend their cause to all liberal Christians.

On *Monday evening, May* 1, Mr. Matthews, the energetic secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, came to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting with a number of sailors and sailors' missionaries, and hoisted a Bethel flag to indicate to the men of the sea that they were welcome to "come on board." Mr. Matthews spoke of the work carried on by the Society, several of the missionaries prayed, and an address was delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. We wish to the Sailors' Society a fair wind and a full freight of divine blessing.

On *Tuesday, May* 3, Mr. Spurgeon and about 150 friends met at six o'clock in the morning, for a prayer-meeting, in connection with the opening of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, THORNTON HEATH. In the afternoon, the building was crowded for the

service at which Mr. Spurgeon preached, and in the evening it was again quite full for the public meeting, at which the chair was taken by T. W. Stoughton, Esq., of Beulah Hill, and addresses were delivered by Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, W. Hobbs, R. J. Beecliff, E. S. Neale, and J. W. Harrald. It was a great joy to us to be able to open this much-needed place of worship free from debt, and to see the work commenced under such pleasing circumstances. Many friends have generously aided us; and Mr. Johnson, of Wandsworth Common, has built the place at a very low price, but in a most satisfactory style. To him and to all who have helped us in this matter we are truly grateful; and we believe that they will be abundantly rewarded for what they have done when they see what a centre of usefulness this school-chapel will become.

Our population grows so rapidly that if, in any case, we get a little ahead of its immediate requirements, we shall not regret it, since, like the youth of a new minister, fresh from college, it is being improved away every day.

On *Thursday morning, May* 5, Mr. Spurgeon spoke at Exeter Hall, at the annual meeting of the LONDON CITY MISSION. It was a crowded and enthusiastic gathering. This work deserves all the thoughtful generosity which it has of late received, and even more. The people must be visited at their own homes. Less and less are they inclined to come to public services, and therefore they must be sought out. We have around us City Missionaries whose efforts the Lord is blessing most wonderfully, and the conversions brought under our notice are most pleasing.

On *Monday evening, May* 9, Mr. F. Dann, who is going to Minnesota, expressed his gratitude for the benefit he has derived from his stay in the Pastors' College, and prayer for him and the College was offered by Mr. William Olney. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. Harrald spoke of the cheering opening services at the Beulah Baptist Chapel, and prayer was offered for the Lord's blessing on the work. Then we had a French season while Rev. W. L. Lang, Mr. Lockie, of the Paris City Mission, and Mr. C. W. Robert, a student in the College, spoke of the progress of the gospel in France, and prayed for that country.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. W. Colley has completed his course with us, and settled at Hatherleigh, North Devon.

Mr. F. Dann is sailing this month for Montreal, *en route* for Leroy, Mower County, Minnesota. Mr. G. H. Malins has left Bouverie Road, Stoke Newington, and gone to Kingston, Ontario; and Mr. James Wilson, late of Bellshill, Glasgow, is about to sail for the United States to labour for the Lord. We commend all these brethren to the confidence and sympathy of the pastors and churches on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. F. W. Walker, of Thaxted, Essex, is going to New Zealand in response to requests for reinforcements for that colony.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. J. Cottam, from Mrs. Gladstone's Mission, Liverpool, to St. Helens; Mr. H. F. Gower, from Tring, to Manvers Street, Bath; Mr. A. E. Johnson, from Swansea, to Penknap, Westbury, Wilts.; Mr. E. Roberts, from Ashford, to the South London Tabernacle; and Mr. J. N. Rootham, formerly of Barnstaple, to Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Mr. J. R. Cooper has left Perth, Tasmania, and gone to Portland, Victoria.

Mr. Gracey has been so benefited by the baths and mountain air of Caledon, Cape Colony, that he has returned in fine health, and has taken up his duties at the College. The Lord be praised!

The new chapel at Sevenoaks is to be opened by Dr. Culross, on June 6. Any help towards the balance still required for the building will be gratefully received by Pastor C. Rudge.

CONFERENCE.—The twenty-third Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association was commenced on *Monday afternoon, April* 18, by a prayer-meeting at Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington Road. This was followed by tea, at which the President expressed his joy at meeting the brethren, and thanked Pastor E. H. Ellis and his friends for entertaining us. At the public meeting in the evening the spacious chapel was crowded, and the proceedings were of a very enthusiastic character. Addresses were delivered by the President, and by Pastors J. W. Townsend (Canterbury), H. E. Stone (Nottingham), and E. G. Gange (Bristol). At the same hour, several brethren from the country took part in the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, which was addressed by the Vice-President, and by Pastor W. D. McKinney, who had come to the Conference as the representative of the brethren from the College in the United States, or, as one of them described him, as "a large and influential deputation." The first day's meetings were an excellent beginning of a very notable and blessed week.

On *Tuesday morning, April* 19, after about an hour had been spent in prayer and praise, the President read parts of Psalm xliv. and Luke xii., and then delivered his inaugural address, which is inserted in the present number of the magazine. After a short recess, the business of the Conference was transacted. Among other items, this included reports of the deaths of five brethren during the year; the re-admission of Pastor H. G. Blackie, of Latrobe, Tasmania, into the Association, as he had left the Plymouth Brethren; and the reception of twenty-three students, who had been more than six months in the College. It was agreed that *Monday, June* 20, should be

set apart, as far as possible, as a DAY OF PRAYER BY ALL THE CHURCHES CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGE. Will all our brethren try to observe this day by special united supplication and intercession? The proceedings of the morning were closed by the presentation, by Mr. McKinney, of the address signed by twenty-six of the brethren in the United States, and a gift for the College funds, which twelve of them had sent as their personal token of love.

The afternoon and evening were spent, as usual, at the Orphanage, but instead of the *soirée*, as in former years, the orphans were assembled in three different rooms for evangelistic services, and the ministers and students met for prayer specially with a view to spiritual growth. Addresses with that object were given by the President, and Pastors A. G. Brown (East London Tabernacle), H. O. Mackey (Peckham Park-road), and W. Williams (Upton Chapel). This meeting was a fitting conclusion to a day that will never be forgotten by those who enjoyed its hallowed engagements.

On *Wednesday morning, April* 20, after praise for the blessings of the past day and prayer for fresh favours from our gracious God, our venerable friend, Professor Rogers, delivered an address testifying to the power of the gospel he has so long preached and taught to others. He was followed by A. H. Baynes, Esq., the genial secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, who briefly spoke; Pastor E. Roberts (Ashford) read an admirable paper on "Whole-heartedness in our Ministry," and Pastor F. H. White (Talbot Tabernacle) addressed us on "Fitness for the Master's use." The President read a telegram which had come from the Canadian Branch of the College Association, and also letters from the brethren in Tasmania, and Messrs. Graham and Phillips, on the Congo. At another meeting, the letters from Queensland and New South Wales were read. It is a great joy to us to have such cheering tidings from those of our number who are engaged in the King's service in distant lands, and while we plead for a continual blessing upon them, we ask an interest in their prayers for ourselves, and every member of our holy brotherhood.

In the afternoon, the subscribers and friends of the College met for tea, and afterwards the annual subscribers' meeting was held under the presidency of William Gage Spicer, Esq. Prayer was offered by the Vice-President, a report of the past year's work was presented by the President, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Revs. R. H. Lovell and W. Stott, and Pastors W. Pettman (Bath), G. Wainwright (Manchester), W. D. McKinney (Ansonia, Connecticut, U.S.A.), and R. Maplesden, missionary to the Telugus. At the supper which followed, the contributions for the College, including the amounts sent by friends unable to be present, exceeded £2,500, and donations were afterwards received bringing up the total to £2,600, a much larger sum than has been given on any previous occasion. For this bountiful supply for the Lord's work we first gave thanks to God by singing the Doxology, and then expressed to the chairman and all donors, present or absent, our hearty gratitude for their unusual liberality. A heavy responsibility rests upon us in connection with the many institutions under our care, and it is a great relief to us when the Lord's stewards see that we have no anxiety as to the funds for the carrying on of the work.

On *Thursday morning, April* 21, after a brief season of devotion, the Vice-President delivered his address, founded upon Matthew xxiii. 11, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant;" Rev. R. Wright Hay, from the Cameroons, made an earnest appeal on behalf of foreign mission work; and papers were read by Pastors J. W. Ewing (East Hill, Wandsworth), on "Enthusiasm in our Ministry," and W. Hackney, B.A. (Oxford), on "Life-discipline for our Ministry." We hope to present our readers with both these papers as well as the others that were read at the Conference, for they are all too good to be lost, and ought to be read by many who were unable to be at the meetings.

In the evening, the Tabernacle was well filled for the annual public meeting, at which the President presided. Prayer was offered by Pastor Charles Spurgeon (Greenwich); Mr. J. M. Smith and the orphan children sang; and addresses were given by the President, Vice-President, Mr. A. A. Harmer, Mr. Maplesden, and Pastors John Wilson (Woolwich), W. D. McKinney, E. G. Gange, and A. G. Brown. At the close of the meeting, the ministers and students were entertained to supper, and the President presented to Mr. Murrell a stationery cabinet and writing-desk as a token of gratitude for his great help to the College by superintending the arrangements for feeding the large company of men gathered together, and also preparing the tea and supper for the subscribers. At the same meeting hearty thanks were expressed to Mrs. Spurgeon for her Conference gift of books, and for the many ways in which she has brightened and cheered the homes of poor ministers. The Vice-President and tutors were also thanked for their efficient services to the College, and the heartiest good wishes for the President's sons were uttered, Pastor Charles Spurgeon responding for himself and his brother.

On *Friday morning, April* 22, the Rev. Charles Williams, President of the Baptist Union, briefly spoke; the President read 2 Timothy ii. 1—12, prayer was offered by the Vice-President, and then Mr. Spurgeon preached from 2 Timothy ii. 9, "The Word of God is not bound." Then followed the communion, and the closing Psalm (cxxii.) sung by the whole company standing, with hands linked, in token of the union of hearts that exists between us.

One who was present sends us some verses

in remembrance of this solemn scene. We insert the last of them :—

"Our hands, our hearts, together link;
Seal thou the pledge, the vows now given,
Keep us thine own, until we drink
With thee the wine of heaven."

At the farewell dinner, Pastor F. H. White reported that 210 brethren had collected or contributed £518 towards the College funds during the year, as against 205 brethren and £589 last year. Votes of thanks to those who had entertained the country pastors, and also to all helpers, were passed; Messrs. W. C. Murrell and Walter Mills responded; and after the President had spoken a few parting words, he pronounced the benediction, and so closed one of the most notable Conferences ever held since the College was established. A friend, who only read reports of the meetings, writes that the Conferences get better every year, and certainly, in many respects, the twenty-third exceeded all others that went before it. To God alone be the glory!

Evangelists.—All our Evangelists were with us at the Conference, with the exception of Mr. Fullerton, who was detained by illness at Sheffield. He was very sorry to miss the meetings, but was glad that he was well enough to resume work with Mr. Smith, at Middlesbrough, on May 1. The following report reached us just too late for last month's magazine :—

"*Visit of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith to Sheffield.*—To many of the Lord's people here the last three weeks have been a time of sunshine and holy inspiration. We have had among us, for an evangelistic mission, your beloved brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith; and the unction of the Holy One was truly in their spirit and speech. Of the whole series of services, there has not been one feeble or unfruitful.

"On the occasion of a former visit, six years ago, these brethren spent nearly four months with us, and then were able to reach every district of our great town. In this instance, the short time at their disposal obliged them to confine their labours almost entirely to three commodious and central chapels. This arrangement, though quite necessary, under the circumstances, unfortunately hindered the wide-spread union of effort which was so marked a feature of the former mission. From all sides, however, we hear acknowledgments that the services have given tone and strength to spiritual life, and have braced and cheered Christians generally to more aggressive and hearty enterprise. The results on outsiders and insiders have proved the excellent quality of the mission, and have abundantly repaid the effort made.

"During the three weeks, meetings have been held for various classes of people, at hours of the day most suited to their convenience. In all of these the power of Mr. Smith's sweet, clear, melodious voice, and of Mr. Fullerton's warm, pungent, pithy appeals, has been acknowledged. In the great majority of cases the converts are persons associated with some Christian congregation, but not a few are from the wide waste, where, but for these services, they might have been left to perish. Some of the most successful of our meetings, as to visible results, have been those conducted by Mrs. Fullerton, for women only. The most fruitful meeting of all seems to have been one held for young women, chiefly employed in factories and domestic service. This meeting was held in the evening of a day when over seven hundred married women had been addressed by our devoted sister at three o'clock.

"For months previous to this mission there had been much prayer that God would graciously vouchsafe a special work of the Spirit. In one district a number of working-men's wives have been meeting for mutual prayer, in one of their homes, every morning at nine o'clock. These women have agreed together to pray for the conversion of specific cases of relatives and friends. In the case of one of these praying women, her son has been converted in America, since the cottage prayer-meetings began; and her husband and other son have been brought to God through this mission. Another had a young woman from the country, who came to stay with her until she found a situation in town. Being ignorant of the Saviour, these women agreed to pray for this young person, and she, too, is now rejoicing in Jesus. Among these remarkable instances of answered prayer is another of a young man, whose brother was living an openly godless life. Hearing of this coming mission months ago, he determined daily to plead for the soul of his brother, centring his hope upon this special agency. But weeks before our brethren came the heart of his obdurate brother was changed by ordinary means, and was pouring itself out in grateful joy at the name of Jesus.

"In seeking out the anxious in these meetings many instances of usefulness through the former mission have come to light. Several such cases turned up in one day in a meeting for railway men, when the men told us they had yielded themselves to Christ at the former mission.

"We may well commend our beloved brethren and sister to the prayerful remembrance of Christian people everywhere, assured, as we are, that their work tends directly to a large and general increase of spiritual life, and to inspire all sorts of effort to save the lost.

"John Calvert,
"John Bailey, } Secs."

During the latter part of May our brethren have been at Stockton, and this month they go to St. Albans.

Pastor G. W. Davidson writes from Milton, Oxon :—

"We have just concluded a week of

special services conducted by *Mr. Burnham*. I thought you might like to know how the work has prospered. We anticipated Mr. Burnham's visit with much earnest prayer. God has graciously answered us, and the result is that many believers have been quickened and led into a deeper experience of the joy and power of Christ's salvation, and not a few wavering and careless ones have been brought to full decision.

"Mr. Burnham's singing is very attractive, and the bright, natural way in which he goes about his work wins the hearts of all who help him. He labours, too, in thorough sympathy with the pastor, and seeks to bring his work to a full fruition. God bless you, dear sir, in this special branch of work! Many will praise God through all eternity that you were led to send forth such an evangelist as our Brother Burnham.

"Pastor H. Winsor, of South Stockton, rendered us valuable help during the services."

Immediately after the Conference, *Mr. Harmer* went, for the second time, to Totnes. We have received a letter signed by the Baptist, Congregational, and Wesleyan ministers, testifying to the usefulness of the services both to the saved and the unsaved. He next conducted a week's mission at Exeter Street Mission Hall, Plymouth, and afterwards paid brief visits to Modbury, and Okehampton, and to Dolton, where he was formerly pastor. He is now helping Pastor J. J. Knight, at Birmingham.

Mr. Eyres has been conducting special services for children in the West of Scotland recently. He has visited Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, and other places in the neighbourhood. Many children and young people have been gathered together, and not a few have been led to trust in Christ.

ORPHANAGE.—We hope that none of our friends will make a mistake as to the date of *The Annual Festival* this year. Instead of commemorating the President's birthday, on this occasion we intend to celebrate the Jubilee of his brother, the Vice-President of the institution, who will be 50 years old on *Wednesday, June* 8. In this Jubilee year we could not allow such an interesting event to pass unnoticed, and we have therefore fixed the Orphanage *Fête* a little earlier than usual, so that we may do honour to one who has long rendered invaluable service to the work at Stockwell, and that we may avoid clashing with the loyal celebrations which we suppose will be taking place a fortnight later.

Contributions from friends unable to be present may be sent to C. H. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood; and articles for sale at the bazaar, *which are greatly wanted*, should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road. Collecting-boxes or cards can be obtained of the Secretary.

The Orphan Choir in the North.—Our Scotch friends have always taken such a warm interest in the Orphanage that it was but natural that they should desire to see a few of the boys who could be selected to visit them. A tour was accordingly arranged, to include Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Paisley, and Glasgow, and the following places *en route*, viz.:—Stockton, Middlesbrough, Darlington, and Newcastle. The party consisted of twenty boys and three adults, and the railway company granted special terms for the journey. Local arrangements were made by friends of all denominations, who spared no pains in their efforts to ensure success. In every place the visit was anticipated with warm interest, and welcomed with real pleasure. The largest buildings were crowded, and, in many instances, hundreds went away unable to secure admission. The papers reported the meetings in terms of praise, and, on all hands, the boys won golden opinions. The addition of £600 to the funds of the institution proves how well everybody concerned must have worked, and how widely extended is the interest in the work of the Orphanage. We should like to thank all our friends by name, but the list is too formidable to attempt such a task; and to single out a few for special mention would be to draw an invidious distinction where none should really be made. To all who assisted in any way we tender our heartiest thanks, to which must be added the "God bless you!" of a host of widows and orphans.

COLPORTAGE.—On *Sunday and Monday, May* 15 *and* 16, about 30 of the country Colporteurs met their London brethren and the committee for their Annual Conference. The time was spent in prayer and praise, the presentation of reports of the progress of the work in various districts, and consultation as to future efforts. On the Monday afternoon Mr. Spurgeon addressed the men, and in the evening the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was specially devoted to Colportage work. George Williams, Esq., presided, and both liberally aided the Association and recommended others to do the same. Three of the Colporteurs gave interesting accounts of their labours, and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon delivered an address explaining the character and claims of the Society. Next month we shall present our readers with the Annual Report and Balance Sheet, which will be found to be very satisfactory.

One of the Colporteurs mentioned that he had often been refreshed by a cup of tea or a glass of milk given to him in answer to our request. We therefore again ask that our friends would do this much for any of our worthy pack-bearers when they see them on their rounds.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
April 28, nineteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Jones	0	2	6
Rev. J. L. Bennett	0	5	0
Baptist Church, Bildeston, per Pastor R. E. Willis	1	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	2	2	0
Rev. J. A. Howard	0	10	6
Mr. Thomas G. Ackland	1	1	0
Contribution from Brannoxtown, per Pastor A. McCaig	1	1	0
Mr. J. Dyer	5	5	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, at Calstock and Metherill, per Pastor A. Pidgeon	0	10	0
Dr. E. Cronin	1	1	0
Mr. A. Lyon	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0
Annual collection at Godstone Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. B. Nichols ...	1	12	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	10	0
Mr. James Collingwood	3	3	0
Mr. R. W. Annison	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Contribution from Wellington Street Baptist Church, Luton, per Pastor F. J. Feltham	2	2	0
Contribution from Faversham, per Pastor C. A. Slack	0	10	6
Contribution from friends at Newbury, per Pastor E. George	4	10	0
Contribution from Boundary Road Baptist Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor T. Breewood	1	2	0
Per Pastor J. Rankine:—			
Pastor's Bible-class ...	0	15	6
Mr Small	0	10	6
Other friends	0	8	0
	1	14	0
Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley ...	6	17	4
Collection at Burnt Ash Baptist Chapel, Lee, per Mr. J. W. Davies	3	12	6
Collection at Morecambe Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. G. Myles ...	1	10	8
Mr. Marie, per Pastor N. J. S. Naish	1	0	0
Collection at Pain's Hill, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, Maldon, per Pastor E. S. Cole	0	10	0
Mr. P. Holland	1	0	0
Mr. F. N. Charrington	1	1	0
Mr. A. Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	10	0
Miss E. J. Emery	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Norman	2	2	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	1	0
Mrs. Murray	1	1	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Wisbech, per Pastor J. W. Campbell	2	2	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Scarisbrick Street, Wigan, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	1	6	6
Collection at Stroud Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. T. Soper	4	0	8
Contribution from Sittingbourne, Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Doubleday	3	3	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	2	4
Mr. Dennison, per Rev. N. Heath ...	0	5	0
Collection at Grafton Street Chapel, Northampton, per Pastor S. Needham	1	0	0
Pastor S. Needham	0	5	0
Miss Bradley	0	10	0
Miss S. Bradley	0	10	0
Mr. S. Knott	0	10	0
Collected by Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	1	0	0
Collection at Octavius Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Honour ...	3	5	2
Collection at Waterbeach Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. Thompson ...	2	15	0
Thankoffering, per Pastor F. Thompson	1	0	0
Contribution from Ashford Baptist Church, per Pastor E. Roberts ...	4	8	6
Contribution from Queen's Square Baptist Church, Brighton, per Pastor J. S. Geale	2	2	0
Pastor A. E Johnson	0	5	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Communion collection at Putney Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Thomas...	1	12	0
A. A. H.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kelley	5	0	0
Pastor T. Witney	0	5	0
Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	2	6
Collected by Pastor C. T. Johnson:—			
Mr. Freeman 1 1 0			
Other sums 1 10 6			
	2	11	6
Collections at North Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Chadwick ...	4	15	8
Donations from friends at Melksham, per Pastor G. A. Webb...	2	2	0
Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
From a Sunday-school teacher	0	4	0
Collected by Rev. T. N. Smith	0	7	6
Miss St. Clair Trotter	5	0	0
Part collection South Stockton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Winsor ...	0	10	6
Pastor H. Bradford	0	5	0
Collection at Commercial Road Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney ...	2	2	0
Contributions from Southwood Lane Baptist Church, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	0
Pastor J. S. Hockey's Bible-class ...	0	15	0
Donation from Portsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	0	18	0
Collection at Windsor Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Cole	5	0	0
Contributions from New Brompton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	2	1	6
Proceeds of lecture at Stow-on-the-Wold, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby ...	1	5	0
Collection at Shefford, per Pastor A. Smith	0	15	3
Collection from Ashdon, per Pastor R. Layzell	1	0	0
Pastor H. C. Field	0	10	0
Rev. W. Ruthven	1	0	0
Mr. James Smith, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	1	0	0
Collection at Teddington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Greer	1	10	0
Mr. C. Drayton, per Pastor A. Greer ...	0	10	0
From friends at Eynsford and Kingsdon, per Pastor G. B. Richardson ...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fowler	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollard	5	0	0
Mr. Clarkson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Perry	1	1	0
Mr. John Carter, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. E. S. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. R. Abraham	5	0	0
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards... ...	2	2	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	4	0	0
Collection at Farringdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor I. O. Stalberg ...	1	6	0
Mr. John Green, per Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	5	0
Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Pastor A. H. Smith ...	1	10	0
Anonymous	1	1	0
Collection and contributions from Baptist Church, Elgin, per Pastor R. E. Glendening	6	3	0
Collected by Pastor C. A. Fellowes ...	2	2	0
Pastor J. Blake	0	7	6
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Rust	5	0	0
Contributions from Rushden, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	2	10	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0
Collection at Keynsham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. A. Webb	1	0	0
Rev. A. Knell	0	10	0
Collection at Leafield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. J. N. Vanstone ...	1	7	0
Pastor W. H. Smith	0	2	6
Part collection at Heneage Street Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor G. West	3	3	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
From friends at Shipston-on-Stour, per Pastor R. T. Lewis	2	1	0
Pastor C. A. Ingram	0	5	0
Friends at Melton, per Pastor G. W. Davidson	1	0	0
Pastor Jno. Bateman	0	5	0
Collection at Parson's Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Wilson	5	0	0
Pastor J. T. Frost	0	2	6
Rev. R. Maplesden	0	10	0
Pastor G. K. Smith	0	10	6
Pastor J. Bradford	1	1	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins	11	13	6
Rev. J. Barton	0	15	0
Rev. E. P. Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. F. C. Chapman, per Pastor W. Hamilton	1	1	0
Collection from Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	2	5	0
Collected by Rev. T. L. Johnson ...	5	0	0
Pastor F. H. White	3	3	0
Rev. H. Kidner	0	2	6
Pastor C. A. Fellowes	0	8	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	2	2	0
Mr. G. Lister	1	1	0
Mr. A. C. Hollands	2	2	0
Mr. James Clark	10	10	0
Mr. A. C. Pensam	1	1	0
Mr. W. Fox	1	1	0
Mrs. Bartram, per Mr G. Redman ...	2	0	0
Mr. G. Redman	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harden	4	4	0
Mr. E. Collins	2	2	0
Mr. Isaac Rogers	1	1	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. S. M. Hammer	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alderton	3	3	0
Mr. R. Stocks	1	1	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. T. T. Cook	1	1	0
Miss Cook	1	1	0
Mr. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0
Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Hewson	1	1	0
Mr. Edward J. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson ...	3	3	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0
Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. J. B. Marmont	1	0	0
L. G.	3	0	0
Miss Edith Payne	1	1	0
Miss Lily Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Edward Lauderdale	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Darkin	1	1	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mrs. A. Boot	1	1	0
Miss L. E. Boot	0	10	6
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0
Mr. F. L. Edward	10	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2	2	0
Mrs. S. Finnis	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Falkner	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Taylor	2	2	0
Mrs J. G. Taylor	2	2	0
Miss Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Mullis	5	0	0
Miss Annie Coker	1	1	0
Mrs. J. B. Parker	5	5	0
Miss Webber	1	10	0
J. W. S.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lovell	5	0	0
Mr. A. W. Lovell, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Master Edmund Joseph Hill	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe	2	0	0
Dr. Edward Berdoe	1	1	0
Mr. H. T. Smith	1	1	0
A friend	5	5	0
Rev. James Douglas, M.A.	3	3	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
A friend	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Stevens	10	10	0
Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. E. Clark	5	0	0
The late Mr. G. A. Calder	20	0	0
Mrs. Norman and daughter	2	2	0
Mr. George Andrews	2	2	0
Miss H. A. Bowers	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs and daughter ...	10	10	0
Mr. E. Dipple	5	5	0
Miss Hearnden	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Miss Stevens	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hudson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Essex	5	5	0
Mr. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of a student for a year	50	0	0
Mr. W. Fox	10	0	0
Mrs. Newstead	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Davies	5	0	0
Miss C. Giles	1	0	0
M. C.	0	11	0
S. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Kirby	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	5	0	0
Mr. S. Irwin	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Irwin	0	10	
Mrs. McLanan	0	10	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. James Newman	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey ...	3	3	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Bond	5	0	0
Miss S. Buswell	1	1	0
Miss K. E. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. R. Rae	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Nelson Lloyd	10	0	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	5	0
Mr. W. Gyles	4	4	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	2	2	0
Mr. T. R. Hill, jun.	2	0	0
Mr. John Bygrave	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Graves	1	1	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	25	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood	25	0	0
Mr. George Higgs	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Opie Rodway	1	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes...	5	5	0
Mr. W. W. Baynes	5	5	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woollacott	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Conolly	3	3	0
Mr. H. Virtue	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goddard Clarke	3	3	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Miss Morrison	1	1	0
Mrs. Phillips and friend	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall and family	20	0	0
Mr. R. Sortwell	2	2	0
Mrs. Sortwell	2	2	0
Miss Annie Sortwell	1	1	0
Miss Nellie Sortwell	1	1	0
Baby Sortwell	0	10	6
Mr. William Hedges	1	1	0
Mrs. Hedges	1	1	0
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0
Mr. Alfred Sykes	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Mrs. Chilvers	3	3	0
Mr. George Paterson	1	1	0
Mr. James Grose	3	3	0
A. D. M.	0	10	0
L. M. J.	0	3	0
Miss Smallridge	1	10	0
Pastor Walter Hobbs	1	0	0
Mr. G. E. Horn	3	3	0
Mr. Duncan S. Miller	2	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	20	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Meakins	1	1	0
Pastor J. Alexander Brown, M.R.C.S.	5	5	0
Mr. W. F. Masters	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rains	5	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	3	3	0
Miss A. Norris	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. John Hall	5	0	0
Mr. John Pearce	10	0	0
Mr J. Leaver	2	2	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	1	1	0
Mr. A. Ferguson	1	1	0
Mr. A. Skene Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Barr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Knight	1	0	0
Mr. George Apthorpe	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Sage	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Winckworth ...	5	5	0
Mr. W. S. Sisterson	0	5	0
Miss F. Burdett	1	0	0
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0
Mr. H. Wragg	0	10	0
Mr. J. Manley	10	10	0
Mr. W. L. Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Turner...	0	10	6
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0
Mr. William Evans	15	15	0
Mrs. William Evans	7	7	0
Miss M. Pitt	0	10	6
Mr. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	1	0
Miss A. Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. H. Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Jenks	1	1	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Cross	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Downing	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ross	5	5	0
Mrs. A. Sturge	5	0	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Groze	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss F. Butcher	1	1	0
Miss R. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Mrs. Huntley	10	10	0
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Frisby	10	0	0
Mrs. Marsh, sen.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Marsh...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	3	3	0
Mr. T. Pavitt	2	2	0
Messrs. Bourne, Johnson, and Latimer	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Corfe and friend	3	3	0
Pastor T. W. Medhurst and friends at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth ...	8	9	4
Mr. and Mrs. J. Pullen	2	2	0
Mr. J. W. Everidge	3	0	0
Mr. W. Wayre	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Oxley	2	2	0
Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	2	2	0
Mr. H. Denby	1	1	0
Mr. F. Chalk	1	1	0
Mr. S. Harris	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tom. Mills	3	3	0
Mr. Savage	2	2	0
Mr. J. Wadland	2	2	0
Mr. W. Dunning	2	0	0
Mr. J. Buswell	5	0	0
Mr. Joiner	1	1	0
Mrs. Joiner	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hawkey	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. T. Martin	0	2	6
Mr. G. Pedley	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	3	3	0
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. E. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. J. P. Coe	3	3	0
Miss E. Bowns	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	3	3	0
Miss E. E. Jones and friend	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Beves	1	10	0
Mr. C. J. Alldis and Miss Colthrup ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Mr. E. Wollacott	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	5	0	0
Lady Beauchamp	1	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Mr. William Edwards	5	0	0
Mr. H. R. Cooper	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	100	0	0
Mr. George Williams	100	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	50	0	0
E. B.	50	0	0
Mr. H. Coghill	50	0	0
Sir William McArthur, K.C.M.G. ...	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Marnham	10	0	0
Mrs. Burt	5	5	0
Mr. G. D. Stapleford	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	2	2	0
Mr. J. P. Cadge	2	0	0
Mr. John Lobb, F.R.G.S.	2	2	0
Mr. C. J. W. Rabbits	2	2	0
Mr. W. Beckett	10	0	0
Mr. J. Best, J.P.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smellie, jun.	1	1	0
Miss Robinson	5	0	0
Mr. F. Renard	1	0	0
Mrs. May	10	0	0
Mr. William T. Rae	10	0	0
E. W. R.	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Hobbs	5	0	0
Miss Heritage	2	2	0
Mr. James Fish	1	0	0
Mr. R. R. Nelson	2	0	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	1	1	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mr. S. R. Pattison	2	2	0
Mr. J. J. Stockall	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	3	3	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Swallow	3	3	0
Mrs. Josiah Ruck	10	0	0
Mr. Jennings	5	0	0
Mr. G. E. Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. W. Spickett	4	0	0
Mr. J. M. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mumby	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Mr. A. Kent	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Williamson	3	3	0
Mrs. Turnbull	1	0	0
Miss M. Smyth	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	10	0
Pastor A. G. Brown and friends at East London Tabernacle	25	0	0
Mr. Joseph W. Harrald	2	2	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson	10	0	0
Mrs. Pierson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Heath	2	0	0
Miss Hale	3	3	0
Mrs. Hale	1	1	0
A friend, per Pastor A. A. Saville	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	2	2	0
Dr. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Rouse	5	5	0
Miss Wyburn	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. McCombe	5	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. E. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Rev. E. Wilkinson, D.D.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Benson	2	2	0
Contributions from brethren in the United States, per Pastor W. D. McKinney:— W. L. Mayo, M. Noble, A. H. Stote, M. Baskerville, G. H. Kemp, W. W. Willis, W. Prichard, R. M. Harrison, W. D. McKinney, 5 dollars each; and W. Carnes and W. Fuller, 2 dollars 50 cents. each	10	5	5
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	5	0	0
Collection at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	18	12	0
Moiety of collection at Boutport Street Chapel, Barnstaple, per Pastor J. M. Murphy	3	0	0
Mr. G. W. Oldring	0	5	0
S. D. C.	0	5	0
The Misses Pittar	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Goff	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Russell	0	10	0
Just a mite	0	5	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Miss M. Colwill	0	7	0
Romans xv. 27	0	5	0
A small mite	0	5	0
A. M.	0	10	0
A sermon-reader, Stanstead	0	2	6
Mrs. Goslin	0	10	6
Mrs. Brown, per Mrs. Rainbow	0	5	0
Mrs. Hay	0	5	0
Miss Wilkinson	0	10	0
Mr. F. Pool	0	10	0
Miss C. Young	0	5	0
Mrs. Munn	0	5	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Rolfe	0	10	0
Jane M.	0	2	6
Collection at Conference public meeting at Devonshire Square Chapel, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	5	5	0
Mr. B. W. Carr, jun.	1	1	0
Miss Carr	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	1	0
Mr. D. Welby	5	0	0
Mr. Francis Leeto	1	1	0
Miss Chenoweth	5	0	0
Mr. John Chapman	3	3	0
Pastor N. Papengouth	1	19	8
Donation from Hornsey Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S. Bruce	1	1	3
Mr. J. W. Chisholm	1	1	0
Pastor J. Flemiug Shearer's Bible-class	5	7	4
Collection at Ridgmont Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. P. Juniper	1	1	0
Mr. Frearson, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Henry John Atkinson	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
A sick member, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
Mr. E. J. Preston	20	0	0
Mr. Thomas K. Bellis	5	5	0
Dr. T. L. Barnardo	5	5	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mr. S. Walker	5	5	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0
Part postal order from Gourock	0	10	0
Collected at Marlowes Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. T. Edgley	6	8	7
W. B.	0	10	0
Mr. S. Johnston	0	12	6
Mr. C. Allard	0	10	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Collection at Newport Road Baptist Chapel, Middlesbrough, per Pastor J. F. Shearer	6	18	0
Mr. John Masters	2	0	0
Mr. F. G. S. Norris	2	10	0
Mr. J. Dore	2	0	0
Pastor E. W. Berry	1	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	8	0
Mrs. Callam	5	0	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
A sermon-reader, Kenmore	1	0	0
M. N., Clapham	0	10	0
D. M. M.	0	7	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	12	0	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	10	10	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	5	5	0
Mr. E. Gammon	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Warmington	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Nash	5	0	0
Weekly offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
April 17	27	14	0
,, 24	33	5	2
May 1	20	13	0
,, 8	32	15	0
	114	7	2
	£2,318	1	4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Pastor W. T. Soper	0	3	0
Orphan boy's card (H. T. Banyard)	0	5	6
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	0	1	8
"We are seven," per Pastor R. S. Latimer	5	0	0
Collected by Pastor W. Gillard	4	13	0

	£	s.	d.
"Aime des enfants"	0	10	6
Per Pastor B. Marshall :—			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class	0	16	0
Sunday-school	0	16	6
	1	12	6
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Benson	2	2	0
Mrs. Truman	1	1	0
E. W. R.	5	0	0
E Porter's 5 per cent. per annum ...	1	0	0
Straw plaiters, Ivinghoe Aston ...	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Goff	0	5	0
Mrs. Halcombe	0	2	6
Miss M. E. Nicholson	0	5	0
C. E.	1	0	0
An incurable	0	1	1
Mrs. M. Pentelow	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. W. Spice	0	9	3
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	15	7
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wilson	0	10	0
Per Mr. W. Haydon :—			
Captain Clifford Probyn ...	5	5	0
Mr. Henry Grant	5	5	0
Mr. P. Tocher	5	5	0
	15	15	0
Miss Jane Bowie	0	5	0
A tiny tribute	0	2	6
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Mr. Parkinson	0	10	0
Mrs. Winsor's box...	0	8	4
Wickliffe Chapel Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. H. Letch	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. G. Halsey	1	2	2
Subscription, Mrs. G. Halsey	0	10	6
	1	12	8
Orphan girl's card (Gertrude Green) ...	0	7	11
Mr. E. Ingle	0	2	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	14	0
Executors of the late Miss Mallen ...	50	0	0
Per Mr. W. Payne :—			
D. J. W.	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way ...	2	12	6
	12	12	6
Orphan boy's card (C. Davis)	0	3	0
Mrs. Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. Walton...	0	2	6
Mr. G. Daniels	0	10	0
Mr. Smithers, per Mr. Cockrell... ...	1	1	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0
Mrs. Websdale	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	3	0
Mr. A. Hoare	0	5	0
Harry Bell's first wages	1	1	0
A friend	0	2	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. tracts...	0	3	0
A. H.	0	3	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Biddall...	0	10	0
Part postal order from Gourock ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Kilborn	0	5	0
Mrs. Dykes	1	0	0
L. E. P., per Pastor W. Brown... ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	10	0
Marian	0	10	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. W. Michael	1	0	0
Miss Hood	0	5	0
Mr. S. Johnston	0	12	6
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	3	0	0
M. N. W., Berbice...	2	1	8
Mr. C. Allard	0	10	0
Mr. J. Mackenzie	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. Chalk	0	10	0
Mr. F. Ansell	0	3	6
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
Mr. J. Carter	0	2	6
Mr. H. Jackson	0	12	0
A Durweston chimer	0	10	0
Mr. John Masters	2	0	0
Mr. Johnston	0	10	0
Mrs. Westrope	1	0	0
A friend, per Pastor J. Smith	0	5	0
Miss E. Clover	0	7	0
Mr. D. D. Sinclair...	0	2	6
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	2	0
Rev. D. M. W. Laird's Bible-class ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	2	6
Miss S. S. Davis	0	10	0
A friend	0	2	6
J. R. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Randall	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	2	0	0
Ada, Mabel, and Ethel Sydney... ...	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Morrley	1	0	0
Mr. W. Maxwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Mundy...	1	1	0
Lucy Ellen, Alexander John, and Edwin James Hicks	0	6	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	5	0
Mrs. Callam	2	0	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Hull Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
An invalid, Clapham Park	0	5	0
Postal order...	0	1	0
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Waugh	1	0	0
The widow's mite, Bristol	0	2	0
Two drops of sympathy	2	0	0
Mr. John Reid	2	10	0
Miss E. Eno...	0	4	0
Mrs. Lundie...	0	2	6
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Glasgow	315	0	0
Dundee	38	0	9
Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	8	10	2
Novocastrian	3	3	0
	11	13	2
Stockton-on-Tees	13	8	0
A friend, donation... ...	1	0	0
	14	8	0
Darlington	12	17	3
Edinburgh	200	0	0
Mr. Hugh Rose	3	0	0
Mr. W. Duff	5	0	0
Bank employés, per Mr. W. Duff	0	16	0
	208	16	0
Stratford Congregational Chapel ..	15	0	0
Middlesbrough	18	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Mold, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Jones, per the Misses Crumpton	1	0	0
Mrs. Gunn	5	0	0
In memory of little Seymour	0	10	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Box at Orphanage Gates...	0	2	4
Mr. Walter Worth...	0	2	6
"For the little ones"	0	5	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
	£615	0	3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS :—A quantity of Oranges and 12 bundles of Rhubarb, Messrs. Borgeaud Brothers; 3 bushels Artichokes, Mr. John

Edmead; 48 quarterns Bread, Mr. Smith; 31 Pigs' Trotters, Mr. H. Read; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. William Cutter; 1 dozen bundles Rhubarb, Mr. William Taylor; 221 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 16 quarterns Bread, Mr. N. Read; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; 1 bag of Potatoes, Anon.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—2 Suits, 1 pair Trousers and 3 Waistcoats, "S. H. W."; 36 Bows, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 9 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Smyth; 18 Shirts, Miss Dawson; 9 Shirts, Miss F. Hall; 4 Flannel Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 4 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss K. Hicks.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—17 articles, The Girls' Christian Band, Zion Chapel, Chatham, per Mrs. Harvey; 6 articles, "Anon."; 2 articles, Mrs. Ferun; 13 articles, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 40 Pinafores, Mrs. Bartlett's Working Meeting; 103 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 articles, Miss F. Harris; 11 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 12 articles, for No. 4 Girls, Mrs. Moss; 13 articles, Miss A. Mackay.

GENERAL.—3 Dolls, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 2½ cwt. Soap, a lover of the Orphanage; 1 Scrap Book, Mr. James Trickett; a quantity of Magazines, Mrs. Tillett; 1 Aneroid, a Manchester friend; 2 dozen Wash Leathers and 9 Tape Measures, Mr. John Cooper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
E. W. R.	5	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
From Scotland	5	0	0
Mr. F. G. S. Norris	0	10	0
Mr. J. Dore	0	10	0
Mrs. Baker	2	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Adelphi	1	1	0
Mr. George Williams	52	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Gunn	10	0	0
Mr. C. L. Russell	0	5	0
Mr. G. F. Satchell	2	0	0
Miss Norris	0	10	6
Mrs. J. Olney	2	2	0
	£86	8	6

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sandown and Ventnor, per Col. Birney	4	0	0
James Street, per Pastor E. J. Farley	10	0	0
Waterlooville, per Mr. G. S. Lancaster	21	13	4
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Sedgley, per Mr. F. A. Homer, J.P.	10	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans	10	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	2	7	11
Ilkeston and Riddings, per Mr. W. H. Roberts	10	0	0
Argyle Mission, Bath	10	0	0
Portsmouth, per Miss Robinson	40	0	0
Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
	£138	1	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sheffield	50	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Leicester	40	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Nailsworth, Minchinhampton, Thornbury, and Paulton	6	7	9
Bristol Baptist Association, for Mr. Harmer's services	3	12	8
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Swaffham	5	0	0
Miss R. Page	0	3	0
Mr. F. D. Trundle	0	5	0
Mrs. Lawrence	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Norton	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Tucker	1	1	0
Mrs. Beattie	0	10	0
From Scotland	10	0	0
Mr. W. Sherriff	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Totnes	3	17	11
Mr. J. Dore	0	10	0
B. B., Winchcombe	0	2	6
An afflicted mother	0	2	6
Mrs. Baker	2	10	0
Mr. Langdon H. Price, for Mr. Harmer's services at Plymouth	2	2	0
	£129	13	11

£1, a thankoffering, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, was placed in the weekly offering on May 15.

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 13th 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 PAPER

CONCERNING

THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE

NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1886-87.



Printed for the College by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1887.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS.

President.

C. H. SPURGEON, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.

Vice-President.

J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

Trustees in whom the Property is vested.

THE PASTORS AND DEACONS OF THE CHURCH AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

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Solicitor, and Secretary for Students' Applications.

Mr. T. C. PAGE, 92, Newington Butts, S.E.

Secretary.

Mr. H. HIBBERT, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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.

Report by President C. H. Spurgeon.

WE have at the Pastors' College enjoyed the blessing of God throughout another year. Providence has supplied the funds, and grace has upheld us in our service. The serious injury sustained by our principal tutor has been a great loss to us; but Mr. Douglas had been prepared by our heavenly Father for the emergency, and the students most honourably made a point of special diligence, so that the absence of the valued tutor might not so much be felt. I think, therefore, that even with this serious drawback, I may say with emphasis—we have had a good year.

Personally, I have been able to take my fair share of the labour. It costs me one solid day each week to prepare for my men, to spend the afternoon in the class-room in lecture and exposition, and then to see one by one such men as need special direction. Friday is to me a heavy but happy day. I get home at the end of the week, late in the evening, glad that the hour of rest has come; but gladder still that another week has been granted me in which to labour for my Lord.

I would cheerfully die a hundred times over to see in this our land a sure succession of sound and able ministers of the New Covenant. On all sides there is a falling away from the truth of the gospel, and a tendency to seek out some new thing. As when the woodman's axe is busy, we hear the crash of one tree and then of another, so in these days of doubt we are saddened by the fall of those who seemed to be pillars. Thank God, there are many who resist all assaults of the enemy; but there is need to provide against the time when these will go home, and their places will have to be filled by others. This is my great longing: to see men go forth who will preach *the gospel*, and commit it in their turn to faithful men who will teach others also. I make no concealment of my belief, that the new style of theology is not of God, but is "another gospel which is not another." Towards this deadly evil I occupy the position of decided and intense hostility, and my teaching in the College, as everywhere else, is a continual protest against it. That there are thousands in our Israel who share my feelings I have been made to know in a most pleasant way by their sending generous contributions for the carrying on of my work, on the ground of its uncompromising hostility to the novelties of the hour.

Positions for all brethren ready to leave College have been more than sufficient in number. We have had to decline requests for ministers, and we have also been forced to submit to the stern demands of churches for certain students who have not completed their term. We do not like this, and will never share the responsibility of it; but when the church is resolved to have the man, and the man is eager to go, his further pursuit of his studies would only be task-work, barren of good results. We have lengthened our period of study, and we believe that this will be highly beneficial. We have, also, for the last few years admitted fewer

men; but the only result that we can perceive is, that we often find ourselves forced to abandon promising spheres for lack of young unmarried men to occupy them. There are many pioneering positions which men cannot occupy who have families, and as the work of the Lord advances there are more and more stations of this character. We are under no serious apprehension that there will be too many preachers, for our brethren are largely going abroad; in nearly 150 cases those who remain at home have founded new churches, and in many more they have revived interests which were almost defunct; so that our brethren have not unduly encumbered vacant pastorates with their candidature, whatever others may have done.

There is plenty of room for truly evangelical preachers of real ability, both at home and abroad; but when men enter the ministry and prove unfit for it, there is no room for them. We weed out those students who drop lame while they are with us, but there are halting ones who get into the ministry do what we may. Alas, that such come forth from all colleges, and that they should be equally abundant among those who have never seen a college! In certain parts of the country there is a superabundance of preaching power, such as it is; but to this hour certain of our best pulpits are vacant, and deacons are looking with anxious eyes in all directions to find men fit to follow honoured pastors who have fallen asleep. Only the Lord himself can send us men of power. There is need of most importunate prayer for more labourers. To that prayer we must join our efforts, or it will be a mere form. We must endeavour to teach the newly converted Apollos the way of God more perfectly, and to instruct young Timothy in the faith once delivered to the saints. The world is opening up to missionary enterprise, and our colonies are presenting ever-widening fields: we have not only to meet demands which now exist, but necessities which will be growingly pressed upon us. As God moves the hearts of men to devote themselves to his holy warfare, our doors will be opened to give them shelter while they furbish their weapons for the fight. Those who feel with us will not cease to bear the burden of the expense while we carry the much heavier load of spiritual care and responsibility. Prayer may well be offered both by donors and workers that the good hand of the Lord may be with us. "O Lord, establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." Amen.

Vice-President's Report.

I AM glad to report once more that a year of much mercy has been diligently used by our young brethren in preparation for their great life's work in the ministry of the Word of God. That being our one definite aim, all our arrangements converge towards it, and we are not bound by the arbitrary regulations of some secular authority, with its demands for studies adapted to meet the requirements of its examiners, rather than the duties of a pastor's life. We are not put upon our defence regarding the speciality of our education, because we have ever announced this as our distinctive principle, and we once more assert the wisdom of it. If one object of a student's life is to acquire information, all that information should have a direct bearing upon the work for which he is designed; and if a further purpose is the development of his native powers, then this can be as well, and for our special object better, realized by the use of those powers in the studies and practices which are known to be peculiarly helpful to his future calling. We are glad to offer all the advantages needed by any student to fit him for future usefulness in the pastorate. We are alive to the growing requirements of the age, and are not afraid of our men being distanced in the after race from the want of training while in College under our care. We have no traditional or time-honoured customs to maintain, merely for the sake of perpetuating an enfeebled past, but we shape each session's studies to suit the men, rather than trim the men to the shape of a given programme of work, fixed by an outside authority totally ignorant of the present position and future prospects of the students. We are convinced that our plan is the best for our men, and for the future of our denomination. It secures all that is essential, and promotes what is special in the preparation for the Baptist pulpits of the future.

The moral tone and Christian spirit of the men have been all we could wish. Differing in talents, temperament, and training, there is but one aim and desire manifested by them all, and we gladly bear our testimony to the zealous industry and consistent godliness of all the students now in the College.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Letter from Mr. Rogers.

DEAR SIR,—I readily consent to make a few observations in the new Report of the Pastors' College, and am glad of the opportunity of appearing, at least, to be still associated with you in that part of your labours for the preservation and extension of the gospel in its own simplicity and power. I am sorry that the College should, for a large portion of the year, have been deprived of the services of Mr. Gracey, and I hope that any loss on that account may be speedily

repaired. I am thankful that for twenty-three years I was permitted, without interruption, to continue to perform, as far as I was able, my duties in connection with it; and that I still feel the same interest in its welfare.

Its testimony, in behalf of old evangelical truths, is not less needed at the present than at any former time; but, it is to be feared, still more so. We have hitherto congratulated ourselves that our men have been faithful to their College training; and that, not merely for a season, but after a long course of public service; and we have still reason to be devoutly thankful on that account. We must not be surprised, however, if amongst the six or seven hundred that have gone from us, some few, in this respect, should not have continued with us. If occasionally there should have been one, of whom we have been disposed to say, "Even Barnabas," and others, of whom it might have been previously said, "I stand in doubt of you," we have little fear of such instances being greatly multiplied. Our men, as a whole, have been true to their College antecedents, and have more than justified the hopes that were entertained respecting them. If such training in the doctrines and spirit of the old gospel, together with the influence of the President upon them, and their influence, as of one mind and one heart, upon each other, does not ensure their fidelity in the future, nothing else will. The effect of such a College course cannot easily be erased from the mind, and much less from the heart, of any; and, should they be drawn away from its principles, it cannot fail to be a continual witness against them. It is impossible for them, we think, at any time, to forget their College years, few as they may have been, and especially with an Annual Conference to renew and enlarge their associations with them.

There is every reason, therefore, to believe that the Pastors' College will continue to fulfil the design for which it was first instituted. Though commenced without any professed or sanguine design on the part of men, it soon became evident, and still continues to be evident, that there was a design from the first, respecting it, on the part of God. That design, so far as it has been developed to the present time, was to show that the real gospel would be known by its fruits to be, not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. It would seem, too, from the departure of some other Colleges from their former ministerial training, to have been designed to show what might have been effected by them had they adhered to their original design. "Without a university," we have been told by a high Dissenting authority, "Theology were without a fit place to be studied, and fit men to study it." The reason assigned for this is, that, as theology is one of the sciences, it ought to be studied in connection with them. Alas for the theology of the New Testament, of the Apostles, of the Reformers and Martyrs, and of the Puritans, when science was almost altogether unknown! If theology be one of the sciences in modern times, it can only be as the Bible is one amongst books, and Jesus of Nazareth was one amongst men; and to all the sciences it may be said, "There standeth one amongst you whom ye know not." It is this tendency to confound supernatural revelation with natural science, that, through the pride of intellect, has

led many astray in the present age. A teacher of philosophy is not always the best teacher of theology. The theology of universities has not always been of the purest and most effective kind. Theology has usually, if not always, been more genuine and effectual, for its high and holy purposes, when taught in its own scriptural simplicity, than when accompanied with an ostentatious display of human learning. We are well content, therefore, that the Pastors' College should continue to advance upon the old lines, with the same, but ever-increasing, motive power to complete its original design.

GEO. ROGERS.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

DURING the past year, my point of observation has been somewhat changed, and my experience, to a certain extent, has been varied and enlarged. This fact will account for the slightly-altered form of my report for the year just expired. The work assigned by the Head of the Church to the Pastors' College is this: Go ye into all the world preaching the gospel to every creature, the gospel I preached in the days of my flesh, that gospel, the whole of that gospel, and nothing but that gospel; and lo, I will be with you alway! This work the President loyally undertook, and all these years his constant aim has been to carry out to the very letter what Christ through the College gave him to do. This commission originated the College, and ever since it has been its end and aim. Here we have a test by which to try all our work. Whatever enables the College to fulfil its mission, is work good and true; and whatever in the smallest degree is hostile to it, however plausible, attractive, or sparkling, must be rejected as so much wood, hay, and stubble. The substance of my report is an effort to show by facts that the past year's work can stand the accepted test.

Our year's work, in all its details, as far as it has come before me, has been arduous, full, and exhaustive. Each portion of study has received good hard work at the hands of the students. The outcome of this faithful toil has been progress, decided and clear, along all the line of College studies; specially evincing itself in good sermons preached before the College, in hearty discussions, in worthy speeches in debate, and in accuracy in all class-room work. This progress is also noticed and confirmed outside the College, if we are to believe the approving and cheery correspondence between the tutors and those among whom the men have been preaching. If conversions imply the approval of heaven, that has been granted in no stinted measure. I feel free to say, in no past year have the President and the supporters of the Pastors' College had more reason for increasing confidence in it as an institution with which God delights to bless this dying world.

Our Men.—There must always be some affinity between the worker and his work. In proportion as this sympathy is increased, the better workman he becomes, and the more reliable is the work done. What sort of men does the mission of our College require? *What is a man?* It

may be hard to say; but if silent endurance in trial, courage in difficulty, independence chastened by common sense, firmness mixed with kindness, willingness to rough it for principles held dear, and courage to suffer in obscurity,—if these attributes constitute a man, we can tell the world we have a good many, of whom it will shortly hear more. If our work requires such men, God has left us little reason for despair. But *what is a Christian man?* It is harder to answer this question than the previous one. But if a converted heart, strong and simple love to Jesus, firm belief in his atoning blood, strong confidence for acceptance with God through the righteousness of Christ, and a rooted conviction that the gospel, as preached by Christ and his apostles, is the power of God unto salvation;—if these elements of character make a Christian man, then with adoring gratitude we can say that God in his goodness has led within our gates many stalwart Christian men. If the work assigned us requires such, up to this good hour we have cause for little else than thanks and praise.

Above all, *what is a soul-winning man?* To answer this is the hardest task of all. But if real, deep, tearful sympathy for the sufferings of sinful souls, a trembling sensitiveness of love, a continual anxiety in dealing with men on the brink of eternity, and a being consumed with desire for their immediate salvation; if these attributes mark the soul-winner—and I think they do—do we possess any such men? Let the ransomed souls won by their preaching give the answer. Though no one of even the best of our men is any better than he ought to be, yet each one aims to win souls. All of them must be better than they now are if they are to leave a mark for Christ on this sinful world, but yet they are truly consecrated to their high employ.

The Spirit of our College.—How easy would lie the crowned heads of Europe if they could believe that all their subjects were loyal to their sway! A king with such subjects would be the happiest of rulers. A nation of such men would be the strongest on earth. It is often asked in the Pastors' College: Will they all be loyal to Christ? Would they dare to die for their King and his kingdom? To what record would princes turn to find assurance of their peoples' loyalty? To what page would England look? To that which speaks of the bloody heights of Inkerman, or the terrible struggle at Rorke's Drift. There in letters of blood and fire are written the words, "Rather death than false of faith to king or country." To us it has always appeared that what loyalty is to the crown, and patriotism is to the country, the pure, lofty missionary spirit is to the kingdom of Christ and the person of Jesus. Paul describes this spirit, or, rather, displays it, in these words, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Has such a spirit appeared among us? *It is with us now.* God has linked our College with the ends of the earth by men breathing this spirit, and they are now, at this very hour, wandering amid the habitations of cruelty, and at the peril of dear life holding out the olive branch of God's peace to savage races. Our men *are* prepared to pour out their lives like

water around the altar of missionary service. Brave and true men have died, and their departed spirits have linked our College work with the throne of God. Has their death chilled the martyr spirit in our College? No, it has fanned it into a brighter and fiercer flame. Our missionary society is larger, more devoted and consecrated than ever. What shall we, then, say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? With such a spirit in our midst, we shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

A. FERGUSSON.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

ALTHOUGH we have sorely missed, for nearly all the year, our loved and able colleague, Mr. Gracey, yet, through the excellent help of Mr. Douglas, the general work of the College has been well sustained. In the class-room course all the brethren have been fully engaged; the attendance, except in a few cases of sickness, has been regular, and the amount and quality of the work done satisfactory. In my own classes the weekly preparation has shown, I think, unusual diligence and care. Love has gone far to lighten labour. We are really a very cheerful body of men, not only managing to keep clear of all quarrels and differences, but contriving to get a good bit of joy out of hard work, and holding much healthy and brotherly fellowship with each other. There may be earthquakes abroad; we thankfully record that, during thirty years of history, we have had nothing of that kind in the College. We have Home Rule; for he who governs us, and who is "our peace," does, we believe, really abide with us. The spirit of the world, like some great despotism of autocracy, ever seeks to dethrone our Prince and King, and to banish him from our midst; but we could be satisfied with no regency of "Modern Thought," or self-assured scepticism, and to our longing for his one sceptre, and fuller sway over us, faith still hears him answer, "Lo, I am with you alway!" The old form of doctrine is still heard in the sermons, the old earnestness is manifest in the preaching and in the other kinds of service in which the students engage while working hard in class preparation, and the old longing for souls to be won to Christ repeatedly breathes through the prayers of those who lead us to the throne of grace. This spirit of unity and earnestness refreshes us all in our toil, and draws us together in a spirit of glad brotherhood. New men, when they come among us, generally seem to feel well at home in a week or two, and those who at the close of their College term stand up to say "Farewell" do not give the impression of being glad to leave us.

During the year two "batches" have finished their short course in Euclid, the last going well on into Book III.; the Juniors have made good progress in Book I., in addition to rudimentary work in Latin and Greek. Owing to several cases of indifferent early education, the start in the dead languages has had to be made somewhat more slowly than

usual. In more advanced classes excellent general progress has been made. Two sets of students have gone through Arnold's Latin Exercises, while one has completed and a second begun and finished his First Greek Book. Other subjects in Latin have been Books III., IV., and V. of Eutropius, Books I. and IV. of Cæsar's Commentaries, with several of the Eclogues of Virgil, and Book I. of the Æneid. In Classic Greek we have read from Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia, and Lucian's Dialogues; while for New Testament work one class has been carefully studying the First Epistle of John, and a second is now commencing with the Gospel of Mark.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. Douglas's Report.

OWING to Mr. Gracey's continued illness, it has fallen to my lot to serve in his stead for a considerable part of the College year now about to close. It is out of my power to compare the work done with that of former years, but, in so far as I can judge, a similar line of things has been followed with corresponding results. The progress made has been marked. Much interest has been taken by the students in the class-work generally. Believing the Pastors' College to be eminently theological in its character, and practical, rather than speculative, in its aims, special attention has been given by us to the elucidation of the Scriptures themselves. Every means has been taken to familiarize the students with the Greek Text, and that both in connection with Trench's Greek Synonyms and the New Testament classes. The results have been gratifying. I note a distinct advance in this respect.

In Hebrew, good, solid work has been done. The Junior class has kept well together, and gives excellent promise for the future; while the Senior men have already acquired fair facility in construing the language. In these classes the studies for the year have been in Genesis, the Psalms, and Isaiah.

In Classics we have had the Ars Poetica of Horace, and part of his Third Book of Odes; also the First Book of the Annals of Tacitus, besides Œdipus Rex, and Homer's Iliad, Thirteenth Book. In addition, some attention has been given to Latin prose composition.

In Theology, which has of late been committed to my care in part, lectures have been given on Scriptural Psychology, the indirect evidences of our Lord's divinity, and the enduement of power.

Of the zeal and behaviour of the students I cannot but speak in terms of commendation. They have shown considerable aptitude for study, and a strong desire to approve themselves faithful to the immutable gospel on the fields of service. May God preserve by his constant favour the Pastors' College, and in these days of sore emergence, continue to keep this institution true to the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ!

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

IT is with much pleasure that I report that our work has been continued during the past year with undiminished interest, and that the students constantly bear testimony to the help they derive from it in their preaching. Our time has been mainly occupied with Electricity, Chemistry, and Physiology, the latter being taken at the request of several of the students who felt that it promised to be especially useful in view of their entering the missionary field. Here it is needful to explain that the sciences mentioned are valued not only or so much on their own account, as because they, in bringing us into contact with God's thoughts as he has embodied them in the physical frame of the universe, give us constant opportunity of not only noting the beauties of the arrangements of unerring and infinite wisdom, but of discovering analogies between the seen and unseen, the physical and spiritual, by which one constantly becomes the type and expositor of the other, so that imagery and illustration are provided for the spiritual teacher. We thus strive, in our humble measure, to follow in the footsteps of our Lord, the Prince of teachers, who taught constantly by parable, lifting the understanding of his hearers by the aid of things with which they were familiar, to the comprehension of those that concerned the kingdom of God. So handled, science is no antagonist to religion, but her waiting handmaid, showing us our littleness, and something of God's greatness; teaching us our weakness, and his strength, rather than causing us to be puffed up by a fleshly mind. It is the prayer of teacher and students together that through our studies our reverence may be deepened, our love made to grow, and our equipment as preachers of the everlasting gospel improved.

Our attendance is excellent, and the earnestness of the students all that can be desired.

The microscope is constantly used during the tea hour on Friday, when I am present, and it often gives me the opportunity of commencing quiet converse, which leads up to conversation at other times, during which, I trust, some of my most fruitful work is done.

The magic lantern is constantly used by the students in doing good work in their several spheres, lecturing on "John Ploughman's Pictures," "Christie's Old Organ," "Jessica's First Prayer," or such-like subjects.

During the year, besides other additions to our apparatus, we have secured a capital hand dynamo, capable of illustrating all the principles involved in the late wonderful development in lighting, storing, and conveying force by electricity, &c.; and Dr. Marshall's very large and fine physiological diagrams have been purchased for our use.

FRANK R. CHESHIRE.

Report of the Evening Classes.

In these Classes any young men who desire to improve themselves with a view to serve the Lord, can study gratis.

I HAVE much pleasure in stating that the principal feature of the past year's work has been the steady and persevering diligence which the members of my classes have shown in the prosecution of their studies. This is all the more marked when we remember that they have been engaged throughout the day in their secular callings, and especially so where the men come from such distances as King's Cross, Hackney, Burdett Road, New Cross, Denmark Hill, and Wandsworth.

In no study has the interest been greater than in the study of Hodge's "Outlines of Theology."

On Monday nights the Greek class has steadily plodded along, reading John's Gospel and Jackson's Prose Composition.

Lectures have also been given in English History, Literature, Grammar, and Mental Science.

I ought also to mention that we have had stated times for prayer and praise, and that these have often been "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

S. JOHNSON.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

DURING the earlier part of the year now completed, Mr. SMITH had to work single-handed, as his beloved colleague, Mr. FULLERTON, was obliged to take a long rest. While labouring alone, Mr. Smith held successful services at Great Grimsby, Burslem, Hanley, Ventnor, and Newport, Isle of Wight. Through the abounding mercy of our God, Mr. Fullerton was restored sufficiently to be present at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting on Monday, August 23rd, when all the Evangelists took part in the proceedings, and special supplications were offered for them in anticipation of the winter campaign they were about to commence. Since that date, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have conducted missions in Hull, Manchester, Cheltenham, Westbourne-grove Chapel, Nottingham Tabernacle, Melbourne Hall, Leicester, and Sheffield. In each place great crowds have been attracted to hear the gospel preached or sung, many have received the Word, believers have been revived, backsliders restored, and the pastors encouraged as they have seen the work of the Lord prospering. It has been a matter of special rejoicing to the Evangelists, in revisiting the scenes of former missions, to meet with many persons who have told them that they were converted

on their previous visit. In addition to the longer series of services, evangelistic meetings have been held at Gloucester, Ross, and Hereford; Messrs. Fullerton and Smith conducted the Tabernacle watch-night service, as usual; and Mr. Fullerton preached several times in the absence of the Pastor. Altogether the year will compare very favourably with those that preceded it.

MR. BURNHAM has continued to visit the smaller towns and villages where it would not be practicable for our other brethren to go, and he has thus rendered invaluable aid to many a lonely country pastor. It is evident that his services are heartily appreciated, for he has gone to the same places year after year, and each visit appears more fruitful than the former ones. The following is a list of the places where Mr. Burnham has been during the year, in addition to spending the month of September among the hop-pickers in Kent:—Billingborough (two visits), Rendham and surrounding Suffolk villages, Bromsgrove, Cleckheaton, Northampton, Maryport, Grasscot, Great Broughton, Workington, Countesthorpe, Brentford, Chalford and neighbourhood, Morton (Lincolnshire), Shipston-on-Stour, Blockley, and Malton.

MR. HARMER has been fully engaged all through the year, and from all parts we have had most cheering reports of his work. After the last Conference he spent a month in Co. Tyrone, Ireland, holding tent-services under the auspices of the Baptist Union British and Irish Home Mission. He has since visited Stonebroom (Derbyshire); Washbrook, Belstead, and Burlington Chapel, Ipswich; Faringdon and Newbury; West Croydon (by invitation of the Young Christians' Association); Sloane-square Chapel, Chelsea; Orpington; The Tabernacle, Southend-on-Sea; Redditch; Swaffham; Medbourne and Market Harborough; Nailsworth, Avening, Minchinhampton, Thornbury, and Paulton (under arrangements made by Pastor W. J. Mayers on behalf of the Bristol Baptist Association); and Kent-street Chapel, Portsmouth. In several places Mr. Harmer has had the able assistance of MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the sweet singer whose voice we are always glad to hear at the Tabernacle.

MESSRS. MATEER AND PARKER have spent the whole of the past year in the United States and the various Australasian colonies. They will continue at the Antipodes until July, when they hope to sail for India on their way to England. These brethren are not supported by us, but by the churches which avail themselves of their services. They appear to have found abundant openings for evangelistic efforts wherever they have gone, and the Lord's blessing has been richly bestowed upon their labours.

Brethren in America.

WE have some 50 brethren in Canada and the United States, and the letters from them are of singular interest. We had intended to make a paper of them, but we have not been able to do so, and must reserve that effort for *The Sword and the Trowel*. We cannot, however, refrain from giving one or two specimens here.

Mr. A. H. Stote sends the following from Lawrence, Kansas.

"LAWRENCE, KANSAS, U.S.A.,
"February 18th, 1887.

"BELOVED PRESIDENT,—In accordance with the wish for a more lengthy epistle than usual, as 'an outline of my experiences,' I submit the following, which you may make what use of you see fit.

"I arrived in New York June 12th, 1870, and soon began my pastoral work in this country, at Cleveland, Ohio. The circumstances connected with it were so providential as to claim special mention. The pastor of one of the Baptist Churches desired me to supply his pulpit during his vacation. This I consented to do, very reluctantly, as I was seeking a settlement. The arrangement lasted six weeks, during which time the congregations greatly increased. Upon the return of the pastor, he resigned, and said he did so just then that I might become his successor, which he knew the people desired as earnestly as he did. The church had been formed but about two years. He was its only pastor, and this was his first pastorate. I was wanted to take charge of another church near by, but was constrained by the evident leadings of the Lord to accept the urgent call of which I now write.

"In October I went to New York to receive my family, whom I had left in England, and when we returned to Cleveland we found that the good people had partly furnished a house for us, and were awaiting our arrival to welcome us. Indeed, their kindness to us from first to last was most memorable.

"But considerations of health led to a removal from a people to whom we were most ardently attached, and who were most unwilling to have the relation severed. The Lord blessed the word preached to many souls. Nearly five years were spent with the church at Logansport, Indiana, but the service there was mingled with much illness in the family, resulting in the death of two dear children. But considerable increase to the church was granted during those years of sorrow. Health again demanded a change.

"The adjoining state of Illinois pressed its claims upon us, and we remained there till coming here, nearly two years since. At Stirling, in that State, I found the people worshipping in the basement of a new church edifice, and I made one condition of my settlement the completion of the audience-room. This was soon done, and we had the best church building in the city. The Illinois Baptist Anniversaries were held in it during one year of my settlement.'

"Lawrence is one of the most important cities in the new and rapidly growing State of Kansas, as it is one of the oldest. The State University located here does much toward giving an elevated tone to the place. The first Baptist Church is an influential body, both in the City and State. One of my deacons has been Moderator of the Baptist State Convention two years, and also of the more local Association that includes our church, besides being chairman of the Baptist Board of Education for the State.

Your humble servant had the honour of being chosen Moderator of the Kansas Baptist Ministerial Union for the present year. The Baptist Anniversaries of the State were held with this church in the first year of my pastorate. Rather more than a year ago it was my privilege to baptize a number of recent converts, among them three of my own boys. During the first year I was here fifty-five were added to the church, and probably this year will witness quite as many. At our meeting this week a student in the University presented himself for baptism. Peace and harmony prevail to a most delightful degree, and the bonds uniting pastor and people grow stronger. Though the past year was one of the least business for a long time, owing to the general depression in trade, it was said to have been the best financially, and otherwise, for more than a decade. For all of which we thank the Lord and take courage.

"One aspect of my work here is unique. We have, in addition to the State University, an Indian school, maintained by the Government, with about three hundred boys and girls of various tribes. About a year ago, I, with other ministers, was asked to hold religious meetings among them, and a large number professed conversion. Since then they have afforded the best of evidence of sincerity. They hold prayer-meetings among themselves that are deeply interesting, and attend church services on Sundays. Only at the close of last Sunday morning's service I had a talk with those who were present, and found fourteen who wish to be baptized and have a place among God's people. Others had come to my house to tell me of the same desire on the previous day. And so, about the time this reaches you, dear President, I shall help to bury with Christ in baptism a number of these Indian boys and girls, who came from their wigwam life to be educated."

Soon after, *Mr. Stote* writes further—

"In my letter sent a few weeks since, I referred to the prospect I had of baptizing a number of young Indians belonging to a school established for them here by the Government. Last Sunday, March 6th, was the day set apart for the purpose, and it proved to be one of peculiar joy and satisfaction. On the previous Wednesday evening, these young people appeared before the church, according to custom, and were accepted most heartily for membership. The matron of the Institution was present, by invitation, and bore valuable testimony to the genuine Christian characters they had borne during the year since their conversion. She said, among other things, that though she had been the wife of a Methodist Minister seventeen years, she had never seen better evidence of conversion and sincerity of motive among any professing Christians, than in the lives of these pupils under her charge.

"We had a special service for their baptism on Sunday morning before the hour for regular worship. The number of candidates was twenty-five—two girls, and the rest young men. The crowded audience was deeply moved, as one after another of these young disciples descended into the water. The proceedings from first to last were most orderly and in every way becoming, so much so as to call forth special comment.

"At the communion, which followed, after giving the hand of fellowship to six other new members, two of whom are students in the University, I called the Indians by their names, and had them form a semi-circle in front of the pulpit. I gave to each one a promise as I extended the hand of fellowship to them; this having been preceded by a brief address on the new obligations they had assumed.

"These accessions to our ranks have given an impetus to our church work of great value. I am expecting to baptize several other persons, some from our Sunday School, this month.

"I have received a letter from brother McKinney, containing a proposal to send an address from the brethren in this country to the President, which I am very glad to participate in. I have often thought of it as the Conferences have drawn near.

"Yours in the good work,
"A. H. STOTE."

Deeply interesting is the word from Mr. Lennie, of British Columbia, who is now one of our "Elder Brethren."

"NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
"February 14th, 1887.

"I feel a little hesitancy in giving an outline of my work, having done it so often before to no purpose. I shall, however, try to do so in the hope that some good may come of it. . . . . I left Leith, Scotland, in April, 1871, where I had formed a new church, and laboured with many tokens of the Lord's blessing for three years. My first pastorate in Canada was in the beautiful village of Font Hill, twelve miles from Niagara Falls. I also had charge of the church in Welland, the county town of Welland County. Not appreciating the pastorate of two separate churches, I resigned at the end of twelve months, and accepted a call to the church at Smith's Falls, Central Canada. Here I found a congenial sphere of labour, and received much blessing. The little wooden structure in which we worshipped at first gave place to a beautiful stone edifice of Romanesque architecture, beautifully frescoed in oil inside. The membership increased fifty per cent. during my five years' stay; the giving power of the church also was very largely developed, and the cause lifted out of obscurity into prominence. From Smith's Falls I accepted a unanimous invitation to Zion Church, St. Thomas. This was a comparatively new church. During two years the membership was much increased, and the cause consolidated. Upon my resignation, this and another church in the city united, forming a strong, influential church. Thence I went to Dresden, a town in Western Ontario, and took hold of a weak mission church. Here I enjoyed a most happy year's work. The cause was lifted out of obscurity into prominence, souls were saved and added to the church; but here, alas! my health gave way, the malaria of the district got into my system, and I was brought very low, and had to abandon a work I had much enjoyed.

"After a little rest and slight recuperation, I was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Dundas, which I accepted with great fear and trembling, my health being so poor. Here I spent four very happy years, enjoying the confidence of the entire community and the blessing of the Lord. During the last year of my labour there, about twenty young people were baptized and added to the church. My health, however, was still indifferent; and so, after much prayer and waiting, I determined upon an entire change of climate.

"In August, 1884, I broke up my home, sold off my things, and with my family took train for the Pacific Coast, expecting to settle somewhere in Washington Territory. After a stay of a few months there, I was impressed with the desirability of doing something towards raising the Baptist Standard on the mainland of British Columbia. In Victoria, Vancouver Island, there was a small Baptist Church; but at that time there was not a Baptist sermon being preached in all British Columbia. When I came here in January, 1885, I found five baptized persons, and with them I commenced my work in the Court House for a meeting place. Our gatherings were encouraging from the first; but Baptist principles were almost unknown, and prejudice was soon aroused, and great opposition developed. I soon obtained the confidence of the public, however, by preaching to the best of my ability, taking part in all

philanthropic and Christian enterprises, and lecturing for Temperance societies; and though the public did not like my baptism, they began, in a measure, to like me. We gradually gained a footing in the place, and a work of grace took place in which we were somewhat used of the Lord. At our first baptism the largest meeting ever assembled in the place for religious purposes greeted us. The people wondered that we had so much Scripture on our side as was produced at that Bible reading. Of course opposition was raised. Pædobaptist ministers preached against us; but from that time our meetings increased in interest and numbers.

"On December 12th last, we dedicated to God's service a fine brick church edifice, with lecture-hall and vestries, costing about six thousand dollars, and seating 300 persons, practically free from debt. Our membership has increased to 41. Other denominations open their eyes and wonder how the few feeble Baptists have been able to do this. Besides, I have preached at Vancouver, an entirely new city, the terminus of the C.P. Railway. Here a church edifice, too, is completed, and will be dedicated before this sees the light: I expect, moreover, to have a missionary settled there before long. I have also secured two acres of land in that city, where I hope to see an Academy or College placed, if I should remain in the Province, and live until the Baptist population warrants its establishment. I hope to guard the interests of the denomination on the mainland, and try to introduce our principles wherever practicable.

"ROBERT LENNIE."

This looks like fine pioneer work. What is to become of the newly-settled provinces unless good ministers are among the first to pitch their tents among them? The sooner the preacher is on the spot the better. Others of our brethren are eager to press to the front, but Mr. Lennie has done noble service.

The following is most pleasing, from Mr. Grant, of Paris, Ontario, who has, by his personal efforts, erected a noble meeting-house.

"MY DEAR BROTHER KEYS,—I sincerely regret that I have not sent you my report sooner, but the truth is, that I have been so overwhelmed with work, it has been simply impossible to do it. The last year has been to me a year of unusual anxiety. It has seen the happy consummation of what has engaged my full strength for about two years, viz., the erection of our new house of worship.

"I send you a clipping from one of our local papers which will give you some idea of what I had undertaken. My people had such 'unbounded confidence in the Pastor,' as they phrased it, that they simply left EVERYTHING to him to attend to in connection with the building. Every dollar of the whole amount I collected and paid out. I am most thankful to say that my brethren of the church and congregation supplied *all* the money, so that I had not to call upon any assistance outside ourselves; this was peculiarly gratifying to me. The House was opened without a farthing of debt upon it. I was determined that, as an offering to our Heavenly Father, it should be presented pure and spotless, *clear from any debt*. Blessed be His holy name, this has been done. You will be pleased to know that it is spoken of as one of the finest and best appointed places of worship in the Province. The Annual Meeting of the Baptists of Ontario was held in it since it was opened, and those brethren whose eye and taste are cultivated have declared it to be 'a gem.' It seats 550, and is well filled every Lord's day. The Lord is blessing us, and although the 'statistics' are not as gratifying as last year (for my mind has been so absorbed in the building of the house), yet the indications just now are exceedingly hopeful.

"My pastorate here in this town of Paris has been very, very happy. I believe I am beloved by my people and by the town, and I am sure I love them all heartily.

"The denomination trusts me, for recently I have been appointed as Secretary of our Foreign Mission Society, in the stead of Mr. Stewart, whom Mr. Spurgeon will remember as being over last year, and who has just gone to a large pastorate in the States. This work I discharge along with the work of my ministry. Our Society is young and small as yet.

"I hope the Conference this year will be *better than the best.* I charge you, my brother, to carry the message of my love to our beloved President. Tell him that my whole soul goes out in great tenderness towards him. If my prayer may be heard for him, it is couched in the words of the 91st Psalm. May the passing years write as few wrinkles on his face as possible. I defy them to write any on his heart.

"Is it impossible to have some medium of intercommunication among the students? Those of us who are 'far away' would hail any means of knowing something more of one another.

"I have written this in great haste, but off it goes.

"Ever your brother,
"JAS. GRANT.

"P.S.—All the brethren from the College in this country are doing well.—J. G."

[Our dear brother Grant is all on fire, and when a purpose once gets possession of his soul he will carry it out, or else something will have to give way. May our God prosper him !]

These are but three letters out of a great pile, but they suffice to show that our brethren are doing well. The other missives are equally encouraging, and we must try and make use of them. We beg our readers to see what we shall further present them in *The Sword and the Trowel* from time to time. We quit the subject just now, but not without a fervent prayer for our fifty in the New World. We must now have had in the College, all told, 750 men who have actually gone into the ministry. Many have died, or have become invalided in the course of years, and some few have deserted or dishonoured their profession; but a band remains of whom we are not ashamed; our true comrades in the great crusade. THE LORD BLESS THEM.

Summary of Results.

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College		742
„	now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists...	549
„	without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	21
„	not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	26
„	Educated for other Denominations	2
„	Dead—(Pastors, 53; Students, 7)	60
„	Permanently Invalided	10
„	Names removed from the List for various reasons, such as joining other Denominations, &c.	74

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	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152	654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310	699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601	738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
1885	398*	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185	748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
1886	404	4,661	956	2,340	218	8,175	772	2,110	207	1,902	4,991	3,184	**67,447**
TOTAL . . .		**73,779**	11,432	28,806	3,176	**117,193**	9,260	22,579	3,253	20,098	55,190	**62,003**	

404 Churches furnish returns for 1886 : of these, 273† show an average increase of 14 members per church ; 82 an average decrease of 9 members per church ; 49 show the same numbers as in previous return ; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 7 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

* The discrepancy between these figures and those printed in last year's Report is occasioned by the addition of returns from three Churches, which arrived too late for insertion in the Report

† 57 of these are Metropolitan Churches, show a clear increase of 1,347 members, or an average increase of 23 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 throughout the world.

Monday.—AFRICA.

BAKUNDU: C. H. Richardson. CONGO RIVER: A. Billington, R. H. C. Graham, H. R. Phillips, and J. H. Weeks.

TANGIER: T. G. Churcher, M.B., M.R.C.S.

CAPE COLONY AND NATAL: H. J. Batts, G. W. Cross, A. J. Edwards, E. G. Evans, and H. T. Peach.

Tuesday.—CHINA AND JAPAN.

CHINA: S. B. Drake, E. H. Edwards, M.B., C.M., C. S. Medhurst, J. J. Turner, and J. R. Watson, M.D.

JAPAN: W. J. White.

Wednesday.—CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

MILAN: N. Papengouth.

SPAIN: T. Blamire, J. P. Wigstone, and B. Smith.

Thursday.—INDIA, &c.

AGRA: J. G. Potter. COCONADA: F. W. Auvache, Missionary to the Teloogoos. COLOMBO, CEYLON: F. Durbin. DINAPORE: W. S. Mitchell. GUNTOOR, MADRAS: R. Maplesden (in England at present through failure of health). MADARIPORE, BENGAL: R. Spurgeon. PATNA: J. Stubbs. Missionary Pastors: H. R. Brown, G. J. Dann, G. H. Hook, and A. W. Wood (*Invalided*).

Friday.—BRAZIL, &c.

PUERTO PLATA AND TURKS ISLANDS: R. E. Gammon.

JAMAICA: C. Chapman and J. J. Kendon.

ST. HELENA: F. R. Bateman.

RIO DE JANEIRO: J. M. G. dos Santos.

Saturday.—AUSTRALASIA, CANADA, UNITED STATES, &c.

AUSTRALASIA: H. D. Archer, A. Bird, J. Blaikie, W. Bonser, E. Booth, F. G. Buckingham, W. C. Bunning, W. Clark, A. J. Clarke, W. Coller, W. Compton, J. R. Cooper, G. D. Cox, C. Dallaston, A. Dewdney, J. Downing, H. H. Driver, A. Fairbrother, S. Fairey, J. D. Gilmore, J. Glover, A. J. Hamilton, T. Harrington, J. S. Harrison, F. Hibberd, W. Higlett, A. Hyde, E. Isaac, R. McCullough, R. J. Middleton, M. Morris, C. J. A. N. Padley, W. E. Rice, N. Rogers, J. A. Soper, T. Spurgeon, C. Testro, E. Vaughan, E. J. Welch, W. Whale, R. Williamson, J. G. Wilson, H. Wood, and W. V. Young.

CANADA: M. Bacon, C. A. Cook, S. A. Dyke, C. E. Emerson, Jesse Gibson, J. Grant, R. Holmes, F. A. Holzhausen, R. Lennie, R. Marshall, J. E. Moyle, and R. Wallace.

NOVA SCOTIA: H. F. Adams, J. F. Avery, H. Bool, J. Clark, and F. Potter.

UNITED STATES: M. Baskerville, G. Boulsher, W. Carnes, W. Clatworthy, H. Cocks, J. Coker, W. J. Cother, Joseph Forth, James F. Foster, W. Fuller, A. Gibb, W. Gilkes, C. W. Gregory, R. M. Harrison, G. E. Ireland, J. J. Irving, T. L. Johnson, G. H. Kemp, A. McArthur, W. McKinney, W. L. Mayo, A. R. Morgan, H. Morgan, M. Noble, W. Ostler, W. E. Prichard, E. P. Riley, R. A. Shadick, C. W. Smith, A. H. Stote, G. H. Trapp, P. J. Ward, G. C. Williams, and W. W. Willis.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1887.

Stewards.

CONTINUATION OF INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

THE second part of my address will be occupied with OUR OBLIGATIONS AS STEWARDS. "It is required in stewards that a man be found *faithful.*" It is not required that a man be found brilliant, or that he be found pleasing to his associates, or even that he be found successful. All that is required is, that he be found *faithful;* and truly this is no small matter. It will need that the Lord himself be both our wisdom and our strength, or we shall surely fail. Many are the ways by which we may come short of this requirement, however simple it may seem to be.

1. We may fail to be faithful through *acting as if we were chiefs instead of servants.* A difficulty arises in the church which might readily be settled by loving forbearance, but we "stand upon our dignity"; and then the servant grows out of his livery. We can be very high and mighty if we please; and the smaller we are the more easily do we swell out. No cock is greater in fight than a bantam; and no minister is more ready to contend for his "dignity" than the man who has no dignity. How foolish we look when we play the grandee! The steward thinks he has not been treated with proper respect, and he will "let the servants know who he is." His master was roughly used the other day by an angry tenant, and he took no notice, for he had too much mind to be put out with so small a matter; but his steward passes by nothing, and fires up at everything: is this as it

should be? I think I see the gentle master lay his hand upon his furious servant's shoulder, and I hear him say, "Can you not bear it? I have borne far more than this."

Brethren, our Master "endured such contradiction of sinners against himself," and shall we be weary and faint in our minds? How can we be stewards of the gentle Jesus if we behave ourselves haughtily? Let us never ride the high horse, nor attempt to be lords over God's heritage; for he will not have it, and we cannot be faithful if we give way to pride.

We shall also fail in our duty as stewards if we begin speculating with our Master's money. We may play ducks and drakes with our own, but not with our Lord's money. We are not bidden to speculate, but to "occupy" till he comes. Honest trading with his goods is one thing; but to play a high game and run unlawful risks, is quite another. I do not intend to speculate with my Master's gospel, by dreaming that I can improve it by my own deep thinking, or by soaring aloft with the philosophers. We will not, even with the idea of saving souls, speak other than the gospel. If I could create a great excitement by delivering novel doctrine, I would abhor the thought. To raise a revival by suppressing truth is dealing deceitfully; it is a pious fraud, and our Lord wants no gain which might come by such a transaction. It is ours simply and honestly to trade with our Master's pounds, and bring him such increase as they gain in fair dealing.

We are stewards, and not masters, and hence we must trade in our Master's name, and not in our own. It is not ours to fabricate a religion, but to proclaim one: and even that proclamation is not to be made by our own authority, but it is ever to be based on that of our Lord. We are "labourers together with him." If a brother sets up in business for himself, he will make a mess of it, and fall into spiritual bankruptcy before long. His credit will soon run out when his Master's name is gone. We can do nothing in our heavenly merchandise without our Lord. Let us not attempt to act on our own account, but keep our place near our Chief in all lowliness of mind.

2. We may become false to our trust *by acting as men-pleasers.* When the steward studies the good pleasure of the ploughman, or the whims of the servant-maid, everything must go wrong, for everything is out of place. We are influenced by one another, and we influence one another. The greatest are unconsciously influenced in some measure by the least. The minister must be overwhelmingly influenced by the Lord his God, so that other influences may not warp him from his fidelity. We must resort continually to head-quarters, and receive the word from the mouth of the Lord himself, so that we may be kept straight and true, otherwise we shall soon be biassed, although we may not be aware of it. There must be no holding back to please one person; no rushing forward to satisfy another; no moving an inch even to gratify the whole community. We must not harp upon a certain string to win the approval of this party, neither must we be silent upon an important doctrine to avoid offending that clique. What have we to do with idols, dead or alive? O brethren, if you go in for pleasing everybody, you have indeed set yourselves a task! The toils of Sisyphus and the labours of Hercules are nothing to this! We must

not flatter men; we must speak plain words, and words which conscience will approve. If we please men we shall displease our Lord; so that success in our self-imposed task would be fatal to our eternal interests. In trying to please men we shall not even succeed in pleasing ourselves. To please our Lord, though it may seem very difficult, is an easier task than pleasing men. O steward, have thine eye alone upon thy Master!

3. We shall not be found faithful stewards *if we are idlers and triflers.* Do you ever meet with lazy ministers? I have heard of them; but when mine eye sees them my heart abhors them. If you plan to be lazy there are plenty of avocations in which you will not be wanted; but, above all, you are not wanted in the Christian ministry. The man who finds the ministry an easy life will also find that it will bring a hard death. If we are not labourers we are not true stewards; for we are to be examples of diligence to the household. I like Adam Clarke's precept: "Kill yourselves with work, and pray yourselves alive again." We shall never do our duty either to God or man if we are sluggards.

Yet some who are always busy, may yet be unfaithful, if all that they do is done in a jaunty, trifling manner. If we play at preaching we have chosen an awful game. To shuffle texts like cards, and make literary essays out of themes which move all heaven and hell, is shameful work. We must be serious as death in this solemn work. There are boys and girls who are always giggling, but who never laugh; and they are the very image of certain ever-jesting preachers. I like an honest laugh; true humour can be sanctified, and those who can stir men to smile can also move them to weep. But eevn this has limits which the foolish soon exceed. It is not, however, of the earnest eccentric that I now speak. The men I mean are sardonic and sarcastic. An earnest brother makes a mistake in grammar, and this they observe with a sneer; another devout believer errs in a classical allusion, this also affords them pleasure. The earnestness and the devotion go for nothing, or rather these are the secret reasons for the contempt of these superfine and superficial critics. The gospel is nothing to them; cleverness is their idol. As for themselves, these gentlemen are mainly concerned to find out what will bring them most honour in the philosophical school to which they belong. They have neither convictions nor beliefs, but only tastes and opinions, and the whole matter is a sport from first to last. I pray you, above all things, keep clear of the scorner's chair and the trifler's camp-stool. Be seriously in earnest. Live like men who have something to live for; and preach like men to whom preaching is the highest exercise of their being. Our work is the most important under heaven, or else it is sheer imposture. If you are not earnest in carrying out his instructions, your Lord will give his vineyard to another; for he will not put up with those who turn his service into trifling.

4. When we *misuse our Master's property* we are false to our trust. We are entrusted with a certain amount of talent, and strength, aud influence, and we have to use this trust money with a single purpose. Our purpose is to promote the Master's honour and glory. We are to seek God's glory, and nothing else. By all means let every man use his best influence on the right side in politics; but no minister has liberty

to use his position in the Church to promote party ends. I do not censure workers for temperance; but even this admirable purpose must not push out the gospel: I trust it never does. I hold that no minister has a right to use his ability or office to cater for the mere amusement of the multitude. The Master has sent us to win souls: all is within the compass of our commission which tends towards that; but that is chiefly our work which drives directly and distinctly at that end. The danger lies at this time in setting up theatricals, semi-theatricals, concerts, and so forth. Until I see that the Lord Jesus Christ has set up a theatre, or planned a miracle-play, I shall not think of emulating the stage or competing with the music-hall. If I do my own business, by preaching the gospel, I shall have enough to do. One object is enough for most men: one such as ours is enough for any minister, however many his talents, however versatile his mind.

Do not misapply your Master's goods lest you be found guilty of embezzlement. If your consecration is true, all your gifts are your Lord's, and it will be a sort of felony to use them for any other than your Lord. You are not to make a fortune for yourself: I do not think you will be likely to do that in the Baptist ministry. In no other way are you to have a second aim or object. "Jesus only" must be the motive and motto of your life-course. It is the duty of a steward to be devoted to the interests of his master, and if he forgets this for any other object, however laudable that object may be, he is not faithful. We cannot afford to let our lives run in two channels: we have not enough life-force for two objects. We need to be whole-hearted. We must learn to say, "One thing I do." In every item and particular of life the mark of consecration must be seen, and we must never allow it to be illegible. There will come a day in which all details will be gone into at the final audit, and it behoves us, as stewards, to have an eye to our Lord's scrutiny in every item of our lives.

5. If we would be faithful as stewards, *we must not neglect any one of the family*, nor neglect any portion of the estate. I wonder whether we practise a personal observation of our hearers. Our beloved friend, Mr. Archibald Brown, is right when he says that London needs not only house-to-house visitation, but room-to-room visitation. We must in the case of our people go further, and practise man-to-man visitation. By personal intercourse alone can certain persons be reached. If I had a number of bottles before me, and were to play upon them with a fire-engine, how much of the water would be lost: if I want to make sure of filling them I must take them up one by one and carefully pour the liquid into them. We must watch over our sheep one by one. This is to be done not only by personal talk, but by personal prayer. Dr. Guthrie says that he called upon a sick man who greatly refreshed his soul, for he told him that he was wont to accompany his minister in his visits. "While I lie here I shall follow you in your visitation. I keep on remembering house after house in my prayer, and I pray for the man, and his wife, and his children, and all who dwell with him." Thus without moving a step the sick saint visited Macfarlane, and Douglas, and Duncan, and all the others whom his pastor called to see. We ought thus to beat the bounds of our

parish, and go round and round our congregations, forgetting none, despairing of none, bearing all upon our hearts before the Lord. Especially let us think of the poor, the crotchety, the desponding. Let our care, like the hurdles of a sheepfold, enclose all the flock.

Brethren, let us hunt up destitute localities, and see that no district is left without the means of grace. This applies not only to London, but also to villages, hamlets, and little groups of cottages. Heathenism hides away among the lone places, as well as in the crowded slums of our mammoth cities. May every piece of ground be rained upon by gospel influences!

6. Another thing must not be overlooked: in order to faithfulness *we must never connive at evil.* This injunction will be warmly commended by certain brethren whose only notion of pruning a tree is to cut it down. A gardener comes to a gentleman's house, and when he is told that the shrubs are a little overgrown, he answers, "I will see to it." In a few days you walk round the garden. He has seen to it with a vengeance. He has done the garden, and done for it. Some persons cannot learn the balance of virtues: they cannot kill a mouse except by burning down the barn. Did I hear you say, "I was faithful, I never connived at evil"? So far so good; but may it not happen that by a bad temper you yourself produced more evil than that which you destroyed. "Keep that child quiet," says the mother to the nurse, and the nurse immediately throws it out of the window. She has obeyed her mistress, and effectually quieted the child; but small will be her praise. So you fly into a passion, and you "give it" to the people because they are not all they ought to be: are *you* all *you* ought to be? Do you say, "I will let them know that I am master here"? Is that so? Are you master? But you are, perhaps, moved to answer me by saying, "Do not you, yourself, hold a high position in your own church?" I do; but how have I gained it? I have no power but that which gentleness and love have brought me. How have I used my influence? Have I sought pre-eminence? Ask those who are round about me. But I forbear, and return to what I was saying: we must not allow sin to go unrebuked. Yield in all things personal, but be firm where truth and holiness are concerned. We must be faithful, lest we incur the sin and penalty of Eli. Be honest to the rich and influential; be firm with the wavering and unsteady; for the blood of these will be required at our hand. Brothers, you will need all the wisdom and grace you can get in order to fulfil your duties as pastors. There is an adaptation to rule men which would seem to be quite absent in certain preachers, and the place of it is supplied by an adaptation to set a house on fire, for they scatter firebrands and burning coals wherever they go. Be ye not like unto them. Strive not, and yet wink not at sin!

7. Some neglect their obligations as stewards by *forgetting that the Master is coming.* "He will not come *yet*," whisper some; "there are so many prophecies to be fulfilled; and it is even possible that he will not come at all, in the vulgar sense of the term. There is no particular need for us to make haste." Ah, my brethren! it is the unfaithful servant who says, "My Lord delayeth his coming." This belief allows him to put off labour and travail. The servant will not clean the room

by daily duty, because the master is away; and she can have a great clear up, in the form of a revival, before her Lord arrives. If we would each feel that each day may be our last day, we should be more intense in our work. While preaching the gospel we may some day be interrupted by the blast of the trumpet, and the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." This expectation will tend to quicken our pace. The time is short, our account is near; our Lord is at the door; we must work with all our might. We must not be eye-servants except in this sense that we labour in the Lord's presence since he is so near.

I am impressed with the rapid flight of time, the swift approach of the last great audit. These annual conferences return so speedily: to some of us it seems only a day or two since that of 1886: the last of them hastens on. I shall soon be giving in the account of my stewardship; or, if I should survive for a while, others of you may be summoned to meet your Lord; you will soon go home to your Lord if your Lord does not soon come to you. We must work on from hour to hour with our eye upon the audit, that we may not be ashamed of the record which will be found in the volume of the book.

We ought to pray much about this faithfulness to our stewardship, for the penalty of unfaithfulness is terrible. In the Doges' Palace at Venice we have seen the portraits of those potentates ranged in long succession round a great hall; one square is noteworthy, for it is a blank. If you do not look at any one of the portraits with attention you will be sure to fix your eye upon that blank, and ask, "What meaneth this?" There are the Doges in all their splendour, and this is a vacant place. Marinus Falierus dishonoured his office, and the great council of the city ordered his effigies to be blackened over. Shall this be the portion of any steward here? Shall we be immortal in disgrace? Shall everlasting shame and contempt be measured out to us as traitors to our Redeemer? Remember the word of the Lord Jesus, when he says of the unfaithful, that his Lord shall "cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Can any of you fathom that abyss of horror?

The *reward* of faithful stewards is exceeding great: let us aspire to it. The Lord will make the man who was faithful in a few things to be ruler over many things. That is an extraordinary passage where our Lord says, "Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and he will come forth and serve them." It is wonderful that our Lord has already served us; but how can we comprehend that he will serve us again? Think of Jesus rising up from his throne to wait upon us! "Behold," he cries, "here comes a man who served me faithfully on earth! Make way for him, ye angels, and principalities, and powers. This is the man whom the King delighteth to honour." And to our surprise the King girds himself and waits upon us. We are ready to cry, "Not so, my Lord." But he must, and will, keep his word. This unspeakable honour he will pay to his true servants. Happy man to have been the poorest and most despised of ministers, to be now served by the King of

kings! Oh, to be of the number of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! Brethren, can ye abide in your steadfastness? Can ye drink of his cup, and be baptized with his baptism? Remember the flesh is weak. The trials of the present age are peculiarly subtle and severe. Cry to the strong for strength, and yield yourselves to his almighty love.

Beloved brethren, we are bound to go forward, cost us what it may, for we dare not go back: we have no armour for our backs. We believe ourselves to be called to this ministry, and we cannot be false to the call. We are sometimes charged with saying terrible things about hell. We will not justify every expression we may have used, but we have never yet described misery so deep as that which will await an unfaithful minister. Ah, my brethren, the future of the lost surpasses all conception, if we view it by the light of the expressions used by the Lord Jesus Christ himself! The almost grotesque figures of Dante, and the horrors depicted by the mediæval preachers, do not exceed the truth taught by the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is not quenched. To be cast into outer darkness, to crave in vain for a drop of cold water, or to be cut asunder, are unrivalled horrors. Alas, that men will run the risk of these! A thousand times, alas! that any minister should do so; that any mortal man should climb the pinnacle of the temple, and from thence cast himself down to hell. If I must be a lost soul, let me be lost as a thief, a blasphemer, or a murderer, rather than as an unfaithful steward to the Lord Jesus. This is to be a Judas, a son of perdition, indeed. Remember, if any of you are unfaithful, you win for yourselves a superfluity of condemnation. You were not forced to be ministers. You were not forced to enter upon this sacred office. By your own choice you are here. In your youth you aspired to this holy thing, and thought yourselves happy in attaining your desire. Brethren, if we meant to be untrue to Jesus, there was no necessity to have climbed this sacred rock in order to multiply the horrors of our final fall. We could have perished quite sufficiently in the ordinary ways of sin. What need to qualify ourselves for a greater damnation? This will be a dreadful result if this is all that comes of our College studies, and our burning of the midnight oil in acquiring knowledge. My heart and my flesh tremble while I contemplate the possibility of anyone of us being found guilty of treachery to our charge and treason to our King. May the good Lord so abide with us, that at the last we may be clear of the blood of all men. It will be seven heavens in one to hear our Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Over the Hills and Far Away.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON, AUCKLAND.

THE sketch presented herewith is a picture, anything but flattering, of an outlook from the top of what we Aucklanders call "The Ranges." These consist of several lines of hills abounding with gullies and creeks, waterfalls and tree ferns, gigantic kauries and lovely creepers, and all the wealth of undergrowth and foliage that makes the Bush of New Zealand the most fantastic and delicious of sylvan scenes. Waitakerei is the general name of the Ranges, and being within easy riding



VIEW FROM THE RANGES, AUCKLAND.
Drawn and engraved by Thomas Spurgeon.

distance of the city, it is much frequented on high-days and holidays, of which, by the way, colonials do by no means stint themselves.

Royal birthdays and Bank holidays are, of course, kept by loyal and patriotic citizens, and the days of the saints are religiously observed. (It does not follow that in every case they are observed religiously.) But beyond these, the visit of an intercolonial cricket or football team is deemed quite sufficient reason for "knocking-off" work. Up go the shutters, and off go "the hands," and half Auckland is found encouraging the combatants.

And who would say them "Nay" in a land where sunshine rules supreme, and customs free and easy predominate? At least, as regards the recognized holidays, none would wish to hinder the pleasure-seekers. Let the "fast and favourite" steamers, gay with bunting, bear each its living freight to the bays and islands in the harbour, or on the coast. *Bon voyage* we wish them, and safe return. Hurrah for the picnics in the Bush, or by the sea, or up Mount Eden! Let the happy children have their fill of such health-giving outings, while even their parents for the nonce throw off the cares of yesterday, and as much as possible of anxiety about the morrow. Those best of medicines for mind and body, sweet sunshine and fresh breeze, can be obtained wholesale, "free, gracious, for nowt," on such occasions. Yet some would wish to bottle them, and dispense them with the orthodox string and sealing-wax.

See, here is quite a cavalcade—men, women, and children—whose very steeds enjoy the scamper most manifestly. If the truth were known, some of those steeds are by no means juvenile, and yet such is the exhilarating effect of the holiday, they seem to renew their youth, and even champ their bits as in the days of yore. Let me say, in passing, that one of the most mysterious of mysteries is a horse's age, especially when the nag is for sale. The years 1880 and 1881 must have been most prolific with horse-breeders, for every nag in 1887 is either six or seven years of age. Various explanations of this phenomenon are adducible; but perhaps the hint that it is impossible exactly to determine a horse's years after about that age may throw some light on an otherwise most remarkable matter. But to return to the cavalcade. The party is bound for "The Ranges." The Waitakerei waterfall is its probable destination, and, if all goes well, these horses and riders will be scampering back to town at nine o'clock in the evening, by the light of the crescent moon. Of course they will be weary, and next day feel very stiff; but what matter these minor drawbacks? The system is recharged with generous air, the nerves and muscles are braced by exercise. Happy Aucklanders! to nearly all of whom the Ranges are thus accessible—to none of whom is "a day in the country" little short of a miracle, as with some in the great cities at home. We need not envy Londoners their Battersea Park, or their Hampstead Heath, however much we may long at times for the advantages which can be found only there.

It must be candidly admitted that the ride to the foot of the Ranges is not very interesting. Once past the flourishing suburbs of the city, the land proves poor, and, therefore, is very little cultivated. It has a pumice-like appearance, and every square yard of it has been turned up by the gum-digger's spade. Into every foot of it his spear has probed, and every here and there he has found a lump of the resinous substance which once exuded from the Kauri pines—themselves long since destroyed by fire. Verily, nature is kind, for she arranges that the land which will bear nothing else, shall yield gum to the digger. Just as in other parts, the else useless rocks, crushed and fused, are found to contain the most fine gold, so here, the pumice clay, pierced and speared, gives up such treasure as the passer-by would not have dreamed of. There is an obvious moral here. "You are wise, and can apply it," as the Puritan preachers were wont to say as they hurried on to 27thly.

In this same "desert place" are to be seen several brick-yards, and, if I mistake not, the Auckland Tabernacle has to look to this district to find the hole of the pit from which it was digged.

Strange to say, too, in the midst of a stretch of country which grows little but stunted ti-tree, there are found patches of really good soil, like oases in the desert. Here fruit trees flourish (I'm afraid the codlin moth does too) amazingly; for the colonial fruit tree is as precocious as the colonial youth, little bits of sprigs growing what the precocious youth would call "regular bomers"—and a good many of them, too. Verily, there is a law of compensation at work hereabouts. Like the skylark's song between the showers, the verdant patches, the useful brickyards, the hidden gum make some amends for what might else appear unbroken gloom. Is there any life so utterly sad that there is no relieving feature, no compensating experiences? Surely not. I looked the other day upon a striking picture of a deep gorge down which the swollen and discoloured storm-waters rushed, while upwards towered frowning hills swept with the chilly mist. The only relief in the landscape was effected by a bright red coach and some light horses rushing round a bend in the mountain road. But this made all the difference to the scene, imparting life and vigour, if not beauty, to the whole. You may be sure that the great Master Painter will not forget the touches that relieve and lighten in your life's history, nor will the wise Disposer of Events forget to put the plots of good ground amongst the sterile. Nay, more; he will place treasure under that barren soil for you to seek and find.

One feature in this same landscape has only lately sprung into existence. Content, all too long, to bury its dead within the precincts of the city, Auckland has now gone to the other extreme, and every funeral *cortège* has to journey nine miles to reach the cemetery. Now, while even twelve miles to the foot of the ranges puts them, as I have said, within easy reach, the nine miles to the graveyard proves a terribly long journey. The road to school seemed always twice as long as the way home, and the principle is much the same in this case. But the City Fathers commanded it, and are we not bidden to honour our fathers *and mothers?* Wise or otherwise, the rule is made, and the cemetery surveyed, and the city of the dead, though founded little more than a year ago, is swiftly becoming peopled. Some of our friends and fellow-members are among the inhabitants thereof. "They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." We have learned some truths already on the road to the Ranges, and it will be by no means amiss, while we are out for a holiday, to glance at the graves and remember that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Cantering and galloping are at an end when the ascent begins, just as the fun and frolic of youth must slacken pace when the uphill life commences. Let the horses have slack reins, that they may bend their necks to their toil; and if you help horses thus, or perhaps even dismount for their comfort, never forget to aid such of your fellows as have too heavy a load to carry up too stiff a hill. We may well let the steeds stand occasionally, if only when an opening in the foliage affords a peep at the plain below and home beyond. But on the summit of the range the halt must be longer, for the view is as lovely as it is

extended. Such is the scene depicted in the painting by an artist friend of mine, which I have tried to reproduce for my readers. I must admit the comparative failure. Even the painting, good as it is, can scarce convey the charm of the scene, and the "cut" falls still further short of the picture. The view was taken on the homeward journey, for it is enriched with the glow of a sunset which makes even the broken branches of the withered tree beautiful and bright. Away in the dim distance (at least, it ought to be dim) is the outline of Cape Colville; within it is the dark form of Rangitoto, an island mount that once burned with fire: nearer is the southern outskirt of the rising city, while all about it flash the sparkling waters of the Waitemata. We feel like giving three cheers for the lovely view. Why, if the journey were twice as long and tedious, if the pumice land had neither orchard nor brickyard, it were worth our while to ride and climb to view this landscape o'er. Lovely prospect! let me feast mine eyes on thee. The graceful tree fern sways in the gentle breeze, the fantails fly almost to one's face, as if to welcome, but really after their prey; the sunlight flashes on sails and windows, making the one white as an angel's wings, and the other brighter than diamonds: the very clouds are pictures, "the dust of his feet":—

> "While far behind retires the sinking day,
> And fades on Auckland's homes its latest ray."

One could almost wish that the sun would go back ten degrees like Hezekiah's, or stand still like Joshua's, that the glory might not depart, nor night's black curtains hide the blissful view.

Going or returning, this glimpse is most delightsome, and in each case the truth it teaches is most wholesome. The climb is over, and it is no small satisfaction to trace the windings of the way by which we came. In looking back o'er our past history let us mark the hand of the Lord, and bless him for the tortuous tracks and winding ways by which he led us to the crowning height.

It is on or over these ranges that parties go "camping out." A fortnight is spent most delightfully thus in summer time. Twelve months back (dear me, it doesn't seem so long ago!) I told my readers of my outing under the title of "Something like a Holiday." Well, enjoyable as that was, it must be confessed that the turn in the road that first discovered to us the fact that Auckland had existed for two weeks despite our absence was a very welcome spot. I remember how, on the outward journey, I shouted at first sight of the Western Main, like those old Greeks who in the retreat of the ten thousand rent the air with their cries "The sea! the sea!" But then we were leaving home. The short rest over, we were glad again to see the Eastern Ocean and the scene of our several labours. We felt almost home as soon as we could see it, though miles of uninteresting country lay between. Having been "over the hills and far away," the return journey seemed all too long, and would have seemed longer still but for these encouraging glimpses of the home beyond. Is not this true also of life's pilgrimage? To climb where Moses stood, or to reach that happy spot where the pilgrims "were within sight of the city they were going to . . . and, drawing near to the city, they had a yet more perfect view thereof";

oh, this is "a help by the way," indeed. But John Newton speaks of it more fitly than I can :—

"As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
He sees his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot
Because his journey's end is seen.

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil when on the road."

The Patentee and the Preacher.

THE following appeared recently in one of the comic journals :—

"THE PATENT ARTICLE, AND HOW TO MANAGE IT.—The public are capricious. What they want is the latest thing, not the best. If you want to make a fortune over patent articles, the thing is to be last in the field. We know a fellow who had a genius for rotation of patents. He would *not* be cut out. He was originally a chemist, and invented a patent medicine. He made a pile over it in its first week; then some other fellow brought out a newer medicine. So our friend turned bootmaker, thickened the medicine a bit, turned it into the latest boot-polish, and made another little pile. Then another polish came out. But *he* didn't care. He altered his polish a bit, and made a very wholesome patent infants' food of it; then turned eminent physician, and gave lectures about it, till a new food came. Still undaunted, he turned hairdresser, and changed his food to a new hair-dye. And finally sold the patent rights of it, as a new explosive, to our War Office officials. After this he received a berth in the department at a high salary, on the understanding that he was not to sell the secret of his patent to a foreign power. Altogether he made a good thing of it."

As we read the above we were forcibly reminded of certain preachers. There are men who in theology are everything by turns and nothing long. They have always some fresh theory to present to the public. They adapt their views to the passing fancy. They are "all things to all men"; but in quite a different way from that intended by Paul. Perhaps like the rotating patent man they find it pays to deal in novelties. We think, however, that in the end those will have the best of it who are determined to know nothing among men but Christ and him crucified. The Christ of the Bible is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—*C. W. Townsend.*

William and Gavin Martin.*

THE Indian mission field is one of perennial interest. The dependence of the vast continent of India on ourselves, its enormous population, its ancient systems of religion, the peculiar constitution of its society, divided as it is into strata by the caste system, its varied races, its predominant village life, its liability to recurring calamity by famine or cholera, and the rapidly increasing influence of Christianity now making itself strikingly apparent, all combine to invest India with special interest as a field of aggressive Christian labour. Some of the noblest of modern missionaries have carried on their work and won their laurels there; and all sections of the church have sent heralds of the gospel to that land in obedience to the Lord's commission.

We have before us memorials of two missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, who spent their lives to good purpose in Rajputana, the province lying immediately south of the Punjab, and whose story is well worth reading.

William and Gavin Martin were natives of Lanarkshire, and went to India, the one in 1860, the other three years later.

William was physically a strong man and a good horseman; hopeful, buoyant, lovable in character; guileless as a child; full of ardour and enthusiasm, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, a keen sense of humour, and a good share of dogmatism. Gavin, the younger brother, was grave and thoughtful, and distinguished by calm judgment. Both were remarkable for singleness of purpose, and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christ and humanity.

William Martin, on reaching India, very quickly perceived that caste, if permitted to hold its place, would oppose a stiff barrier to the progress of Christianity; and at Nasirabad, whither he went to minister to persons dying of cholera, he opened a school, in which, from the first, he set his face against the caste system. The school was attended by high caste youths; but he gave out that boys of the lowest caste, the Mihters, if they applied, would be admitted. This purpose of his was hardly credited. At length a young man of the Mihter caste presented himself, and Martin received him into the school. The rage and astonishment on the countenances of the other boys would have formed a worthy subject for a painter. The school immediately diminished from seventy-one to twenty-three. Martin struck off the names of the absentees from the roll, refusing re-admission except on payment of a fine of a rupee. A short time sufficed to weary out the opposition, the scholars trooped back, and for that particular school the obstacle of caste was broken down. The system of caste is not peculiarly Indian, it is prevalent enough in England, and may be found in pretty full operation within the bounds of the Christian church; but the spirit of the gospel and the spirit of caste are inimical: they cannot live together, the one must cast out the other.

The Hindu "melas," or fairs, offer, as is well known, good opportunities for preaching the gospel. Martin took advantage of such

* Martin Memorials: Life and Work of William and Gavin Martin, Missionaries in Rajputana, India. By Rev. W. F. Martin, M.A. Edinburgh: A. Elliot.

gatherings whenever he could. "On such an occasion," he said, referring to a visit to one of these melas, "my New Testament generally opens at the fifteenth chapter of Luke. I read the touching story of the Prodigal Son. As soon as it was finished, before I had time to give any exposition, three young men at least were opening their knots, and taking out the three halfpence which was to make them possessors of one of the gospels. To at least one hundred and fifty people I spoke for an hour, but exhaustion at length compelled me to withdraw." Everywhere he found himself well received in such work as this, as indeed it was pretty generally the case.

Medical knowledge is of great service to a missionary as a key to open doors for the gospel which would otherwise be closed. All Martin's spare time was devoted to the study of medicine, and he acquired a wide reputation amongst the natives. His medical and surgical skill seemed to be an instinct. He had a decided rough-and-ready way with his patients; if they scrupled about doing as he wished, he did not hesitate to use physical force. A man once came to him with a disease in the eyes. Martin told him to lie on his back, that he might drop some liquid into them. The man hesitated, and wished to know first what the liquid was. Martin, in reply, caught him by the neck, and laid him on the ground, whereupon the man submitted without a question to the rest of the operation.

The most prominent incident in the work of the two brothers was the great famine that occurred in Rajputana in 1868-9. It spread over an area greater than that of Britain, and cut off a million and a quarter of human lives. Government relief works were organized, but officialism hindered their effectiveness; and none were more efficiently worked than the "talao," or reservoir, which the brothers Martin constructed at Ashapura, where a huge earthen embankment 900 feet long, 166 feet in thickness at the bottom, and strengthened by a wall of solid masonry built in the centre throughout its entire length, was thrown up across the valley, to retain the surplus rainfall from the upper country; thus making a reservoir a mile long, half a mile wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Upon this great and useful work 2,500 people were employed under the direction of the missionary brothers, and amongst these poor and grateful people they had unusual opportunities of Christian labour. Meetings on the Sunday of 1,500 people, listening with an attention equal to that of a congregation at home, classes for the children, for enquirers, Bible-classes, and arrangements for the regular treatment of the sick, filled their hands with incessant occupation. On the working days, at the sound of a gong at six in the morning, every bush and thicket sent forth to labour its threes and fours—the women tattered, yet decent; the men with only a rag round the head, and another round the loins; and the children unburdened with even a rag. Each went off to his allotted place—the men with picks and shovels, the women and children with baskets for carrying earth—and set to work, knowing that in the evening the day's work would be measured. Over each gang an overseer was appointed, and Mr. Martin's watchful eye superintended the whole work. The wages (famine wages, of course, barely sufficient to procure enough rice to support life) were $2\frac{3}{4}$d., $2\frac{1}{4}$d., and $1\frac{1}{4}$d., or less, a day, for men, women, and children

respectively. It was a great enterprise, and made the name of the brothers Martin revered throughout Rajputana, and won a place for the Mission in the hearts of the people. The United Presbyterian Church nobly supported its missionaries in this enterprise; £10,000 were sent out for famine relief, and £15,000 more have been expended in the support and education of the hundreds of orphans who survived.

A missionary's work carried on in the spirit of these men is no sinecure, and it is not be wondered at that Martin was at times dispirited. One morning as he was leaving the house, apparently with little hope in his heart, and no joy in his face, his wife called him back, put her hands on his shoulders, and, looking at him with tears in her eyes, said, "O Willie, Willie! much work and little prayer is hard work." The missionary turned back and knelt by her side, and they prayed together. He rose from his knees, and went forth strengthened and cheered, and never again was he tempted to sever work and prayer.

Good reason has a missionary to fall back upon the comfort derived from prayer; for, though the spectacle of dark idolatry may stir his spirit within him, as it stirred Paul's at Athens, yet to *live* in the midst of idolatry and accompanying vice is like breathing a nauseous and poisoned atmosphere. The long waiting for results, moreover, and the disappointment experienced when a convert who promised well falls back into sin, these lay a heavy burden upon the missionary's heart. Hussein Ali, Martin's first Mohammedan convert at Nasirabad, was one of this latter class, though afterwards he was by the grace of God restored. Heathenism is a vile sink from which to raise men; but it must never be allowed to lower the standard of holiness in the Christian churches in heathen lands. The solemn and faithful exercise of discipline, by maintaining the purity of the church, will best ensure its strength and ultimate success.

Gavin Martin died in his thirty-sixth year, after only eleven years of missionary life, with the orphans and native Christians around him. William came home in 1880, and, after a busy furlough of eighteen months, he returned to his work in Rajputana. His first and second wife, his brother, and two of his children were dead. He had left his surviving children in Scotland, and he went back alone, to be received by his people with demonstrations of joy. Two years followed of hard toil, in which he seemed daily growing in meetness for heaven, and then, on the 25th October, 1883, after a four days' fever, the strong, brave warrior laid down his arms, and entered into his eternal rest. The natives amongst whom he had laboured thronged the funeral, weeping. "My husband is gone." "My father! my father! Ah me!" Such were the half-suppressed cries that burst from sorrowful hearts. Eight native Christians claimed the honour of bearing the body on their shoulders, saying, "He saved us from death, and we will bear him to his grave."

"Around him Indian orphans weep,
The Eastern palm waves o'er him;
They laid him where his kindred sleep
Whom God had ta'en before him."

"Is life worth living?" is the cynical question of agnosticism. The question is easily answered—Such a life as this is worth living! "Verily

I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

C. A. D.

Touches of Nature in the Gospels.

THERE are two ways of testing the authenticity of an ancient work, first, by applying *external,* and secondly, by producing *internal* evidence. External evidence consists of the testimony of contemporary writers, and the history of the work itself; while internal evidence consists of undesigned coincidences found in the work itself, and if the work refer to human beings, of physiological truth, or agreement with human nature. The latter species of proof is the most satisfactory and conclusive, because it is the most difficult of all to counterfeit, and, we may add, it is the most difficult of all to obtain. That which constitutes the transcendent merit of Shakespeare is the marvellous agreement of his characters with the course of human nature, and as it is not contended that the authors of the four gospels were Jewish Shakespeares we may safely assume that, if we find a similar consistency between the characters they portray and human nature, they were simply relating plain unvarnished tales of real individuals.

It seems a pity that this test has not been more extensively applied to the Gospels by moral philosophers and others skilled in the workings of the human heart. Let us try if we can gather a few of these physiological coincidences from one gospel alone, that by St. Mark.

In the fourth chapter we read as follows :—"And when he was *alone* they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parable" (ver. 10); and again :—"Without a parable spake he not unto them; and when they were *alone,* he expounded all things unto his disciples" (ver. 34).

Now everyone is alive to ridicule and contempt; contempt, says the Eastern proverb, will pierce through the shell of the tortoise; but everyone is, at the same time, endowed with an instinct of curiosity. Knowledge can often be obtained only by questioning and inquiring, and especially was this the case before the invention of printing flooded every land with books. Yet, since the exposure of ignorance is liable to provoke ridicule and contempt, the vast majority of persons are very chary about revealing the extent of their ignorance; showing their hand by asking questions. When other persons are present, this sensitiveness is increased in proportion to the number of listeners. Anyone who has lectured classes or taught in schools will understand this remark. When, however, the persons assembled are strangers to each other (as at auctions and other promiscuous assemblies) the tendency becomes almost inveterate. Now the disciples, and those who associated with Christ, would naturally wish to be thought conversant with all his dark sayings and secrets, and would hesitate to let themselves down to the level of the outside multitude, by asking their own Master what he meant by what he said while preaching in public.

Therefore it is that the disciples almost always waited and obtained their explanations in private and *alone*. Thus it is that we read as follows:—"And when he was entered into the house from the people, his disciples asked him concerning the parable" (ch. vii. ver. 17); "And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out?" (ch. ix. ver. 28.) "And in the house his disciples asked him again of the same matter" (ch. x. ver. 10). "And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately, Tell us when shall these things be?" (ch. xiii. ver. 3, 4.)

Let us now notice another touch of nature. In chapter iii. ver. 21, we read: "And when his friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on him; for they said, He is beside himself." What was it that our Lord's friends heard of which made them think that he was beside himself?—that he "could not so much as eat bread." Christ did a great many wonderful things, but it was only this abstaining from eating that caused his friends (or "kinsmen") to conclude that he was losing his reason, and ought to be put under restraint. Great men are generally moderate eaters, and many illustrious persons have been exceedingly abstemious, the greatness of their thoughts and occupations, no doubt, keeping down their animal cravings. Napoleon I., say his biographers, never willingly spent more than a quarter of an hour at his dinner. Newton often forgot to come down to breakfast in the morning, or even to dress himself: he used to sit on the edge of his bed for hours together, lost in the cogitation of some absorbing problem. Socrates frequently forgot to eat. Xenophon tells us that he was extremely frugal, and often lived on next to nothing. Plato relates that on one occasion, "he stood wrapped in meditation in the open fields, apparently endeavouring to unravel his thoughts. He was seen to stand there from the morning, throughout the day, all through the night, and until sunrise next morning, when, with a prayer, he departed" (*Symposium*). Thus "great wits are sure to madness near allied." Now, any one familiar with lunatic asylums will readily admit that refusal to eat food is one very common result of insanity. There are probably few asylums of any considerable magnitude where one will not find one or more of the patients suffering from this species of affliction, and various devices have to be employed to compel them to take nourishment.

Here, then, is probably the key to the conduct of Christ's kinsmen. When he fasted for forty days he was alone, and no doubt they did not know where to look for him; perhaps they knew nothing at all of the matter at the time; but here he walked about openly among the people:—"There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat" (ch. vi. ver. 31); "And the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when his friends heard of it they went out to lay hold on him, for they said, He is beside himself" (ch. iii. ver. 20, 21).

Yet another instance. When we see the laws of nature, in any important instance, broken, or apparently broken, we are disposed to be afraid, notwithstanding that the violation of them should bode us no ill. More than that, we would be alarmed even though the preternatural event in

question should be that for whose occurrence we would give all we possessed. A young widow with her children weeping in unconsolable anguish for her husband, snatched away from her in the fulness of manhood and affection, would, we can have no doubt, be extremely terrified were the husband to sit up in his coffin and begin to talk to her. The general reason for this tendency is probably the reflection that the same power which violates the laws of nature in our favour, could and might violate them to our damage and destruction. We should feel that we had lost our sheet anchor in life; we should become terribly uncertain; we should not know on whom to depend, or what to expect next. Thus it was that some of our Lord's miracles, wrought solely for the benefit and behoof of his disciples, only filled them with alarm. It is not wonderful that, when they saw him walking upon the water, and thought it was a spirit, they cried out, but that, when after having wakened out of his sleep in the ship, he stilled the waves, and made a great calm, they should "fear exceedingly," does seem, without the help of the foregoing explanation, a little odd (ch. iv. ver. 41). In like manner, the Gadarenes were frightened when they saw a maniac restored to sanity:—"They come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind: and *they were afraid*" (ch. v. ver. 15).

These touches of nature could hardly have been the result of design. A fabricator would have dwelt upon the amazement, the wonder, the joy with which the people and the disciples witnessed Christ's miracles of grace and beneficence, but they would hardly have called special attention to that subtle, unlooked-for, but perfectly natural feeling of consternation and alarm, which will possess the mind under the circumstances in question.

No doubt numerous other instances of a like description, calculated to show that the men and women of the Gospels were realities, lived, moved, and had their being as they are described, may be discovered by those who will analyse patiently, and read, mark and inwardly digest what has been written for our learning.

A. W. HOLMES-FORBES.

The Bible ever New.

LORD, this morning I read a chapter in the Bible, and therein observed a memorable passage, whereof I never took notice before!

Why now, and no sooner, did I see it? Formerly my eyes were as open, and the letters as legible. Is there not a thin veil laid over the word, which is rarefied by reading, and at last wholly worn away? Or was it because I came with more appetite than before? The milk was always there in the breast, but the child till now was not hungry enough to find it out. I see the oil of thy word will never leave increasing whilst any bring an empty barrel. The Old Testament will still be a New Testament to him who comes with a fresh desire of information:—*Thomas Fuller.*

The Protestant Succession.

THE celebration of the jubilee of an English Sovereign is one of those rare occurrences which might well engross the national attention. In such an instance as the jubilee of a ruler of the character of our present Queen, the occasion most fitly inspired enthusiasm. The fifty years which have passed since the end of the reign of William IV. represent an era of progress, which is quite without a parallel in the annals of any nation; for, indeed, so complete is the transformation, that it may literally be said that we have passed from an old world into a new one. Our railways have been made; our metropolis has been almost entirely rebuilt; our provincial manufacturing towns have widened their borders to an extent that could never have entered into the dreams of former inhabitants; while in every direction the achievements of science have conferred untold benefits upon the people. Nor has the religious and moral progress been a whit behind the social and political; and one of the chief glories of her reign will be the example set to the nation in the Queen's home life. The extended period concluded by her Majesty's Jubilee has been a time of reform in the happiest sense. About five years before the Queen's accession, the Parliament itself was reformed; and the measure then passed, in the interests of the people at large, has produced abundance of good and lasting fruit. One thing has stimulated another; and thus to a degree which has never before been exemplified, the latest era has witnessed the development of philanthropic enterprise.

Just about a hundred years before the Queen's accession, what is known in history as the Evangelical Revival broke out in England and America; but great as were the blessings which were diffused by that movement, they have been equalled by what has since been seen in our midst. Christian work among the poor can hardly be said to have been carried on in any extensive way until after the death of William IV.; so that the Revival of the 18th century has had more than its counterpart in the Christian activity of the 19th, the new zeal having extended to all evangelical denominations. The days which went before were times of sowing: our own happier era has been a season of harvest.

In speaking of the Queen's ancestors, we need go no further back than the 1st of August, 1714, when, by the accession of George I., the triumph of the Protestant Succession, for which the patriotic party had so ardently worked and so fervently prayed, was finally secured. The peaceful revolution which then occurred changed the current of British history; and although they did not realize the truth all at once, it finally blasted the hopes of those who imagined that a Romish monarch could rule in this realm. But although the Protestant Succession became a fact, the unavoidable accompaniments of an anomalous situation could not fail to occasion uneasiness. The King was a foreigner, who was unacquainted with the language of the people he came to govern; and the age being one in which European dialects were less often mastered by statesmen than now, the ministers with whom George had to deal knew as little of German as the king did of English. The king had, of course, not been very happy in his birth and education;

for what has been called "the splendid profligacy of Versailles" was then copied by the smaller courts of Germany; and public opinion had no very effective way of making itself heard. If they were not actually disappointed with their new monarch, the people did not understand him; and mistaking interested ecclesiastical firebrands for patriots, serious disturbances, which were fomented by the Jacobites, followed close upon the king's coronation; and in these commotions many Nonconformist chapels were destroyed by the mobs. This was but the beginning of the storm which culminated in the ill-fated attempt to restore the Pretender in the ensuing year.

"This is a strange country," remarked George, as Walpole tells us. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park, with canals, &c., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal, in my own park."

This anecdote shows that the king had some sense of the humorous, although he is not supposed to have had much taste for literature, science, or art.

It may be noted that George Louis was born May the 28th, 1660, so that he was one day old when Charles II. entered London in state at the Restoration. In his twenty-first year, George came to the English court with the view of paying his addresses to the Princess Anne, who was afterwards Queen; but by direction of his father the business was not proceeded with, and the future king married the unhappy Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Zell, who, from 1694, to her death in 1726, was imprisoned in the castle of Aldhen, on account of an alleged crime, of which she is believed to have been innocent.

Still, whatever may have been his shortcomings as a man, and as a sovereign, George I. is interesting to us as the representative of the triumph of that Protestant Succession for the success of which our Nonconformist forefathers so ardently laboured and prayed. To this we owe so much, that we call our readers' attention to it.

At the exciting crisis of the Revolution there had been great enthusiasm manifested over the union of Nonconformists and Churchmen for the sake of maintaining the constitution; but everything was not thereby secured for all time, for although the reign of William had been favourable to the growth of religious liberty, the great soldier-King's successor, Queen Anne, did not move in the same direction. She was not a strong-minded woman, she could be easily influenced by designing favourites; and as to her religious principles, the Queen was perhaps little other than a compromise between the two parties which were conspiring for ascendency in the State. Although at her accession she distinctly undertook to maintain the Toleration Act in its integrity, the signs were unmistakable that evil times had come for all who were not strait-laced members of the Anglican church. The Queen did not return the usual gracious answer to the address of the three denominations, her sympathies were found to be with those Anglicans who hated the Dissenters more than they did the Romanists. In every sense the times were reactionary, and to such as were looking

for the spread of the gospel, they were altogether gloomy. The common people were too ignorant to see who were really their best friends, and were thus ready to cheer adventurous fanatics like Sacheverell, if they could but retain their may-poles and church ales. The reaction after the death of William was unmistakable. The anti-Nonconformist feeling ran high in London, while, as Calamy tells us, "in several parts of the country they talked of pulling down the meeting-houses as places not fit to be suffered." It is well-known that the mob not only threatened, but actually carried out in part their programme. They commenced to pull down the chapel at Newcastle-under-Lyne; and during the Tory riots in London some years later, the meeting-house of Dr. Burgess, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, was destroyed and the pastor burned in effigy. Sacheverell, whose grandfather was a Dissenter, and whose father was a Low Church clergyman, was a firebrand, and yet for the time he was the representative of the popular sentiment. He denounced Dissenters in no measured terms. He also made out the Revolution itself to be as great an error politically as "the Genevan discipline" was religiously; and such was the hold he gained upon the crowd, that when the Queen appeared abroad, the poor misguided people cheered her as the friend of the Church and of Dr. Sacheverell. There could have been no doubt as to the side to which the Queen's sympathies were given. Anne inherited the failings of the Stuarts; and though naturally indolent, she aimed at enlarging the prerogatives of the crown—a tendency which had worked such havoc and ruin in her family. If she could have had her way, she would have made the Established Church as dominant as the most rampant Tories desired. She was so much of a Jacobite, as to desire that her brother the Pretender should come to the throne as her successor. Under such a monarch, with all things showing a disposition to go from bad to worse against them, and with the possibility of a Romish king being actually set on the throne, can we wonder that our Nonconformist forefathers fervently prayed for the settlement of the Protestant Succession?

Although the times were evil, the Nonconformists contrived to hold their own in London and to make some progress, nor were their preachers, as a whole, unworthy of being heard in that so-called Augustan age of English literature. If in going the round of the churches early in the reign of Queen Anne, we had looked in at the old chapel at Devonshire Square, we should have found the venerable Richard Adams in the pastorate with Mark Key, who was no mean orator, for an assistant. In Southwark, the zealous Keach, who had held the pastorate since 1668, thus having held his own during the persecuting age, was living until 1704. Isaac Watts would have been found preaching at Pinners' Hall, whence he and his people removed in 1708 to their modest new chapel in Bury-street, St. Mary Axe. In the identical Crosby Hall, which is now turned into a dining-room, we should have come upon William Slater, the successor of Charnock, the latter having preached his Discourses on the Attributes of God in that historical pile; Matthew Henry was writing his commentary at Hackney; at Blackfriars, Dr. E. Calamy, the annalist, laboured as the successor of Baxter; William Tong was at Salters' Hall; while

Joseph Stennett, whose ready pen had aided the popular cause during the Revolution, was the chief London representative of those Sabbatarian Baptists who held that the Jewish Sabbath had never been abrogated. There were many other men of excellent attainments in other pastorates; but although the Dissenters seem to have stood at an advantage as regards the learning and fervour of their preachers, the age was not favourable to the spread of religion. The intolerance of a lifeless Anglican legalism was gaining ground on all sides. The times seem to have been peculiarly fitted for the nurture of fanatical non-jurors, who made a religion of their politics, and had little religion besides.

Sacheverell may be regarded as the embodiment of the fanaticism of the day: and by exalting him into a martyr, by means of a State prosecution, the Government made a fatal mistake, and injured the cause of liberty. The time-serving adventurer became a popular hero, the crowds who hailed him having been too ignorant to see where their true interests lay. Still, the cause which involved the Protestant Sucession, was too good a cause to be lost for want of counteractive effort. If the cry of "The Church in Danger" prevailed, the Jacobite conspiracy would gather strength, and the Pretender, the protégé of the Pope, would certainly come to the throne.

At this dangerous crisis, when traitors to their country were endeavouring to undo all that had been done by the Revolution, Thomas Bradbury, the Independent minister at Fetter Lane, entered the breach and rallied the fainting battalions of liberty with a conrage which never flagged until a decisive victory was gained. We have thus to regard Bradbury and Sacheverell as having been matched one against the other; and each representing a cause which would affect the course of English history. In a sense Bradbury also made politics a part of his religion, but in a very different manner from his Anglican opponent. The child of godly parents in Yorkshire, he had commenced preaching at eighteen, and although at first somewhat abashed by one who had despised his youth, he confessed that he was never afterwards subject to the fear of man. He was intensely hated by the Jacobites; and thus, during the Sacheverell riots of 1710, when several chapels in London were broken into by the mob, Bradbury's meeting-house in Fetter Lane was destroyed by fire. That was the Jacobite method of answering his arguments, and of generally thwarting the plans of those who were interested in securing the triumph of the Protestant Succession; but they must have totally misunderstood Bradbury if they thought that he could be disconcerted by such a mode of warfare. His courage rose in proportion as the violence of his enemies increased. As he himself assures us was the case, he was "lampooned in pamphlets, belied in newspapers, threatened by great men, and mobbed by those of the baser sort," but he was so far equal to the occasion, that Wilson, the Nonconformist historian, compares Bradbury with Luther: "A man of less intrepidity than Luther would scarcely have been able to effect the great work of reformation when he had to contend with a host of interested and designing priests backed by the strong arm of the civil power." When in subsequent years the foes of evangelical religion wished to place some restraint upon Whitefield, George II. prescribed making the great field preacher

a bishop as the only likely cure for his usefulness. It is said that Queen Anne wished to try the effect of this patent remedy upon Bradbury, and offered him a bishopric; but the bait was as ineffective as the threats which followed when the perplexed ministers perceived that the preacher was proof against all corrupting influences. There was one other thing the Jacobites could do—Bradbury could be assassinated; and an agent was actually engaged to murder him. Wilson tells us that the man hired to complete the diabolical design "went one day to the meeting-house in Fetter Lane in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of his person, and staid during the whole of divine service. But here it was that sovereign mercy overtook him; for Mr. Bradbury's discourse made such a powerful impression upon his mind as effectually to disarm his intentions, and prove the happy means of his saving conversion."

Being as energetic as he was courageous, Bradbury had not long to wait before the day of triumph came; and he was able to boast that he was the first to proclaim to the nation the fact, that the Protestant Succession had really taken place. The story has often been told, how a messenger sent by Bishop Burnet from the palace acquainted Bradbury, while in the pulpit, that the Queen was dead; and how, there and then, he astonished his congregation by returning thanks to God for the deliverance of England out of the hands of her enemies, while he prayed for a blessing on King George. The feelings of the excited audience found expression in the sentiments of the 89th Psalm. "O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee? Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them. Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain: thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm." The intrepid pastor and his devoted patriotic followers had defeated Sacheverell and his more numerous band; and although political spite and noise in different parts of the country culminated at last in the rising of 1715, the cause of Popery and of the Stuarts in England was lost for ever—the House of Brunswick had peacefully succeeded to an illustrious heritage. We enjoy the vast benefits arising from a continued adherence to the principles of the Revolution; but it is quite impossible for us, amid such associations as now surround us, to measure the joy of our Nonconformist forefathers, when on the 1st of August, 1714, they stood victors in the field against those who had threatened the cherished liberties of England. Men were earnest even in their wit in those days; and thus when Bradbury made one of the long-cloaked company of Nonconformist ministers who carried up an address to George I., he spoke sober historical truth even in repartee. "Pray, is not this a funeral procession?" asked a courtier. "Yes," replied the ready evangelical preacher, "it is the funeral of the Schism Bill, and the resurrection of liberty."

We see in these days so much dallying with Popery, and so much of the influence of Rome upon the Anglican church, that we think it well to remind the faithful of the struggles of former days. We cannot afford to lose an inch of Protestantism now. Our fear is that the watch-dogs are asleep, and that under cover of other professions certain

influential ones are undermining our Protestantism, and encouraging movements which will lead the nation back to the old superstition, if it does not meanwhile slip aside to utter irreligion. We are not alarmists; but in sober seriousness we feel that the age calls upon us to pray for our country with redoubled earnestness. The trumpets of Jubilee have had their hour, now for the rams' horns of gospel testimony, by which alone the accursed Jericho can be thrown down.

Lessons from the Queen's Jubilee Procession.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

"IF you go to see the Royal Procession, you must write us an account of it," said the beloved Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, as we were talking about the sight to be witnessed during the Queen's ride from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. Other and abler pens have given full descriptions of the pomp and pageantry by which the long-talked-of Jubilee was celebrated: our task is the humbler but, perhaps, more useful one of trying to tell what lessons we learned from the experiences of the day.

The first lesson we learned was an old and familiar one, but still one much needed in various quarters—*Don't prophesy unless you know.* Before starting to see the procession, we had to endure a running fire of suggestive questions, and to listen to quite a little volume of good advice. "Have you made your will?" "Is there room for you to be buried in your mother's grave?" "We should like to know what you wish about your funeral!" "Leave us a lock of your hair," etc., etc., etc., etc. The newspapers had published alarming hints as to the enormous crowds that were likely to occupy the streets that were to be traversed by the Queen, and it was expected that many of the coigns of vantage (not the ugly new Jubilee coins) would be seized overnight, and that early in the morning the whole line of route would be packed with a dense, immovable block of human beings, who would effectually prevent the ticket-holders from taking the places allotted to them. Supposing that by fighting fiercely we should succeed in securing our seats, we were comforted with the assurance that we should probably be compelled to retain them far into the night, and that we might think ourselves highly favoured if we did not have to sing, in a very minor key, "We *can't* go home till morning." Such was the prophecy—but the facts were far otherwise. We took the precaution of going by an early train, as many others did; but we had no more difficulty in taking our seats than we have in securing a sitting in the Tabernacle, when provided with the proper ticket; and before the last carriages of the procession passed we were able to return without difficulty or inconvenience.

We next learned how great was *the force of fear.* No doubt many had believed the prophets of evil, and had remained away from the rushing and crushing crowd. In our own little circle we met with many who feared to go, and who were afraid that if we went we should never return. In spiritual things, nothing is so paralyzing as fear. The triumphal progress of our King among the sons of men is shorn

of much of its power and glory because he has so often to say to his followers, "Why are ye so fearful?"

Next we noted the *value of volunteers.* The regular troops were required in so many places that it was fortunate there was a large force of citizen soldiers ready to stand for many hours, beneath a blazing sun, exposed to the cross-fire of a London holiday-making crowd, perhaps as galling to some of them as the bullets from foemen's rifles. The work of the great city of our God also needs many volunteers, and we want constant accessions to the army of the Lord of those who willingly yield themselves for the King's service. Still, we cannot do without the regulars; in the church of Christ, however many volunteeers come into our ranks, we cannot dispense with the veterans who have been victorious on many a well-fought field. When an escort was required for the Prince of Wales and other royal personages, it was not furnished by the volunteers, but by the Life Guards. In the army of the Lord there is work for both regulars and volunteers, ministers and so-called "laymen," paid workers and those who are able to support themselves, and at the same time to do good service for their Lord and Master.

We certainly learned that *we must not judge by appearances* as to the rank and character of those whom we saw. Many of the Queen's subjects and servants looked far grander than their royal mistress, and her sons and daughters and other relatives; just as we have seen some of our Lord's servants who, by their pompous demeanour and dignified air, have appeared to be far greater than their Master.

But the one lesson that impressed itself most deeply upon our mind was that which we learned from the fact that *we did not see the face of the Queen.* We saw state carriages, richly-caparisoned horses, gaily-dressed coachmen and footmen, lords and ladies, and even princes and princesses and kings in abundance, but the one object above all that we went to see was hidden from our gaze. The friend who had kindly provided us with seats had given us an excellent, but somewhat exalted, position for viewing the procession, and as the sun shone so brightly that the Queen kept her sunshade up, we missed the sight of her face. Our disappointment set us thinking. There is to be another Royal Procession by-and-by, when the King of kings and Lord of lords will come in his glory, with all his holy angels "to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." "We know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." Concerning those who will meet in the glory-land, the promise is: "They shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads." Till that day our prayer will be, "Show us thy face; lift upon us the light of thy countenance;" and our heaven will be begun below if he shall say to each one of us, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."

"Lift up your Eyes, and look on the Fields."

(John iv. 35.)

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

ONE day, about a year ago, after a seven hours' morning ride on horseback, we arrived at the open plain of Mukhrà where the rocky headlands of Gerizim and Ebal plunge down into it from the west. Now Jacob's well is there. And being weary, we, much better provided for than our Master, spread our carpets, sat thus beside the well, and having refreshed ourselves by a draught of its water, and eaten the food we carried, we lifted up our eyes and looked at the fair prospect before us. With Shechem about a mile behind, between the two mountains, and the village of Askhar (the ancient Sychar?) on the shoulder of Ebal to the left, we saw, as far as the eye could reach, fertile fields of waving crops, for harvest was nigh. And as with open Bible we meditated concerning the mission of the Weary Man who once spoke such wondrous words to a sinful woman at this sacred spot, the plain seemed to expand till it covered the earth, the fields to lengthen till they "embraced the world," and the Saviour's voice was heard again saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The field is the world.

Having in a previous paper, entitled "Say not yet four months," shown the urgency of these "marching orders," we now come to examine our motives and aim, our sphere and attainment. If we would succeed in our attempt to win men for Christ we must "lift up our eyes"; and if we, as the Master's servants, wish to know the magnitude of the work begun, and the measure of progress already made, we must "look on the fields," the eyes of our heart being enlightened, that we may know "what is . . . his inheritance among the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power." Our Master in this interview with the Samaritan woman is himself our great example.

If we would enter into his spirit we must *look beyond personal considerations.* He was hungry and weary, but forgot both in his love to this weary and hungry soul. And very likely the woman in her new-found joy forgot even to give him the draught of water he asked. But he had other meat to eat. He had meat to eat that WE KNOW OF. He was doing his Father's will, and finishing his work. Oh, the sublime, serene self-sacrifice into which he here gives us a glimpse! He looked not on his own things, but on the things of others. We may follow him, and we shall succeed in the direct ratio in which we do so. If we are willing to lose our life we shall find it; but seeking to save it, we shall lose it. "We are nothing, we can be nothing, we can do nothing, while consumed by the passion to be something."

It is our painful lot sometimes to see men in the Lord's work whose frequent object seems to be either to make their own position comfortable, or to surround themselves with a halo of magnificence. It is needless to say that such workers reap but a scant harvest. Indeed, have not the best of us some lingering taint of the same evil? And is not God's work thereby greatly hindered? How much grander the man who yields up all for Christ. Vernigaud, during the French Revolution, said, "Let our memory perish, but let France be free." In that spirit, and in order that the world may be free, may we look away from every selfish thought or unworthy ambition, and take a higher view! Lift up your eyes.

We must also *look beyond temporal attainments.* When Christ spoke of the harvest being already ripe, he looked not on the fields of corn, but on the streaming crowd of men already on their way from the city to hear his words of life, and to drink of the living water, for which they brought no water-pots, save their empty hearts. No golden harvest in the world's garners, no social remedies, no moral reformation, could satisfy the heart of Jesus, though he was not indifferent to any of these things. He could not rest short of the eternal life, that life which is life indeed; and if we can be content with less, we miss

so much of his mind. The salvation of the body, material, mental or moral, does not necessarily include the salvation of the soul. Making the home bright does not mean making the heart right. Many a man, if he were not so good, might be a good deal better; but having a little, he does not seek for more: the better is a great enemy of the best. And many a work and worker, if they had less tangible success, might, perhaps, have more gold which would stand the fire. Is there not a fear that much "Christian" work, which looks large in church reports and magazines, may, after all, prove but wood, hay, and stubble, being only temporal success, only commercial Christianity, only educational, when it should be spiritual; only of this world instead of breathing the spirit of heaven? Outward pomp and parade will never win the world for Christ: the true moving forces of the heavenly kingdom are probably the men of whom but little is known, but who, with a pure motive and a guileless heart, seek above all things to bring souls to Christ. But we are so apt to allow present things to talk the biggest. Let us take a longer view. Lift up your eyes.

For the highest blessing we must *look beyond denominational interests*. The Jews must have dealings with the Samaritans. Both sides will thus gain a blessing. The true worshippers are neither confined to Gerizim nor Moriah, and our spirit should embrace all those who worship in spirit and in truth. If we would look on the fields with the same eyes as Christ does, we must not forget that the field is larger than our corner of it. Working heartily where we are placed, let us at the same time take a wider view. Lift up your eyes.

And now, as before beginning his work, Nehemiah went out and viewed the wall of Jerusalem, let us look on the fields.

The first thing which will strike an unbiassed observer is the comparatively small progress Christianity has made in the world. If we divide the population of the earth into twenty-five fields, the proportions will be about the following:—

Protestants	2 fields.
Mohammedans	3 „
Apostate churches, Roman Catholic and Greek	5 „
Heathen...	15 „
	25

There are about eight millions of Jews, but this is too small a number to make any appreciable difference.

These things are worth noting; put roundly and plainly, without any claim to exactitude, but as near the truth as it is possible to go in general terms,

Scarcely more than a quarter of the world is even nominally Christian. Only one-twelfth of the world is Protestant. There are more Mohammedans than Protestants. There are more followers of Buddha than nominal followers of Christ.

Now, he would be a sanguine man who would say that more than one Protestant in four is a true Christian, born again by the Spirit of God. But, taking that view, it is an appalling inference that

Only a fiftieth of the world is really brought to the feet of Christ.

Such is our first view as we look on the fields. The second is scarcely more reassuring; for we cannot fail to note the vast disproportion of workers for Christ in the various fields. In some fields there are none at all: in many only a scattered few: while in others the workers throng so thickly as scarcely to find standing room, much less perform effective service. Indeed, in not a few instances they are engaged in undoing what others have just been doing: in many cases sowing where the seed has been sown a hundred times already, or reaping fields already reaped, and at best but gaining here and there a few handfuls of corn.

Still keeping to our division of the world into twenty-five fields, we find that in the two fields allotted to Protestants (call them England and America, for convenience) there are 150,000 persons wholly given up to Christian work; while in the other twenty-three fields there are not 5,000.

It is thus clear that, in proportion to population, there are about four hundred ministers at home to every missionary abroad. This is so easily read that the full force of the figures will not strike us at once. To make it more emphatic, consider:—

If these two Protestant fields were as void of labourers as the other twenty-three, there would only be *four hundred* workers instead of the present 150,000.

Or if the other twenty-three parts were supplied in proportion to the Protestant fields, we should need to send out at once *more than a million and a half missionaries*—that is to say, more than all the Christians in London. And a glorious thing it would be if so many were by some means scattered over the world. Perhaps we shall need a persecution such as they had in the early church to effect this.

If London were supplied with ministers in the same proportion as the heathen world, there would only be one preacher for each denomination—one Baptist, one Congregationalist, one Methodist, one Presbyterian, and one representing all the other Dissenters. These, with five Episcopalians, would have to suffice. How miserably inadequate such a provision would be we can see at a glance.

The man who thinks that the twenty-three fields other than Protestant are fully supplied, must, to be consistent, immediately advocate that henceforth England and America should have only four hundred preachers between them. And the man who thinks that we at home have not more workers than are needed (and of the right sort we have not nearly enough) must on the same principle earnestly urge that missionaries to the number of one million and a half should be commissioned to carry the gospel into foreign lands.

If it be urged that, although the labourers are few, the heathen are yet being rapidly won for Christ, the answer is at hand. It has very lately been publicly stated by one who should know, that the "century of missions," which has seen three millions of heathens won to Christ, has at the same time witnessed an increase in the heathen population of two hundred millions. This means, even if only half of it is true, that there are now over one hundred millions of heathens more than there were a hundred years ago, an increase of more than a million heathens a year.

Add to this that two millions a month die without Christ in heathen countries, and you get the appalling fact that, with twenty-four millions dying and one million living, there are—

Each year unreached by the gospel a separate detachment of twenty-five millions of souls. Next year twenty-five millions more!

This, too, in a world where (if we take one out of every four Protestants as a true Christian) there are twenty-nine million Christians. O soul of mine, look, look on the fields, until you grasp the meaning of these things! Say it softly: say it with tears: say it with a bleeding heart, that every year as many souls perish as there are saved souls on the earth! O God! how long? Are we content to have it so? Oh, that God's people would arise, and carry the message of life to the dying! There are daily hundreds of Christians, many of them with nothing to do, who stand on the south coast of England, and, looking across the channel, see, in clear weather, the very houses of a city with between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants, most of whom have never heard the gospel; and yet, because that city happens to be in France, nobody, or next to nobody, seems to care. Had it been in England, what a stream of ministers and missioners would have been turned upon it! And does Christ love the people in Calais any less than the people in Carlisle?

May God help us to look on the fields till we grow sick and ashamed of our selfish, worldly, useless lives, and arise to do his bidding—to go into all the world with the gospel of grace.

But many will say that, though the church has shamefully neglected the twenty-three fields, at least she has done well in the other two. Let us look on these fields more closely and we shall see whether even in this we are wise.

A Chinese missionary tells us they have twenty-four times the percentage of converts there that we have here. Does that look as if we had done well?

A poor lad in this country some time ago was asked if he knew who Jesus was; he said, "I know nothing, sir, but to sweep a crossing." Another boy, on being asked a similar question, replied that he "once heard a man called Jesus preaching on Bow Bridge." A girl, at one of our meetings in Shoreditch, said she never had seen a Bible till the night we showed her one. A lad in Yorkshire said he never had heard of God, or of heaven, or of hell, until the night he was spoken to in one of our mission meetings. A girl told my wife she never knew she had a soul before she spoke to her. All this in England, mind! Is it Heathen, or Christian? And do these things look as if we had done well?

Scarcely a village pastor but complains of the deadness and apathy of the villagers about religious matters. A friend of ours, earnest about souls, settled in a Cheshire hamlet, and very speedily, being grieved with the carelessness of the people, determined to visit them. In one house he encountered the husband, and wife, and several children. Turning to the man he said, "Will you come to chapel?" "No, I won't," he said, "I work hard all the week, and I like to rest and sleep on Sundays." "Well, perhaps you will come," he said, addressing the wife. "No," she replied, "I must stay at home to look after master." Then, pointing to the eldest girl, he said, "Couldn't she come?" "No," was the instant rejoinder, "she must stay at home to mind the baby." Thoroughly disheartened, the poor man did not know what to say, when the woman, seeing him look rather downcast, tried to cheer him up. This was the way she did it. "A lot of folks has been after us: the Primitives wanted us, and the chapel at the end of the village wanted us, and now you want us." She said, "None on us can come, Mister, but we go nowhere else you know, we go nowhere else." He fled; but had scarcely got to the garden gate, when the good woman, evidently softening, cried out after him, "Ye can have our Jamie, Mister, if he's any good to ye." Jamie was a little lad of six or eight years of age. This is only an extreme sample of a very general feeling amongst many people; a feeling fostered by the complex and unavailing efforts of the army of home-workers, working too often at cross purposes; a feeling that they are conferring quite a favour on Christianity generally, by having anything to do with any form of it. Does this seem as if we had done well? If we look only at London, and look long enough to grasp the meaning of its phenomena, we shall see a sadder picture still. The yearly increase in the population of the metropolis is variously estimated at 105,000 to 170,000. Take the lowest figure, that there may be no exaggeration.

It will probably be admitted that the number of real conversions may very fairly be estimated by the numbers who join the various Christian churches and missions. Of course, some who are true Christians do not join any body of believers; but, on the other hand, some who join the churches are not true Christians. So we set the one fact to balance the other.

It is impossible to tell the increase in some denominations, but we may argue from the known quantity to the unknown.

If we calculate the yearly increase in membership of the Baptist churches in London and suburbs, we shall find that each year there is a gain of less than two thousand members.

The population of London increases two thousand a week, and the Baptist church two thousand a year.

So it would need fifty-two denominations as large as the Baptist, increasing at the same rate, to do no more than keep pace with the growth of the population, without thought of reaching the already vast outlying mass.

Increasing at the same rate, remember! But while the London Baptists show an increase in 1886 over 1885 of between 1,800 and 1,900 persons, the Wesleyans only show 488, the New Connexion only 82. We have not been able to ascertain the statistics of the other churches.

But that we may draw as bright a picture as possible, let us suppose each denomination has the same increase as the Baptists. Amongst the free churches we shall thus have five sections—Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and others. Calculating an increase of 2,000 each, a year, we may reckon 10,000 for these bodies. Give the Established Church as many, and the mission agencies as many, too. Surely, this is a sanguine estimate. But this only makes thirty thousand, and leaves over seventy thousand of the increase in the London population unaccounted for. So that, if our very fair view is admitted,

There are in London, each succeeding year, seventy thousand more unconverted persons than there were the year before.

Or, say since 1870, despite all our church organization, and earnest work, there have been added to this modern Babylon one million of persons who do not profess to know anything of the grace of God.

One Million since 1870. Read it, and stand back in terror! Well may we sigh and cry for the desolation of our city! Well may we bend our heads in pain, and bow our hearts in prayer! Well may we cease to congratulate ourselves on our fancied successes, while so much remains to be overtaken. Well may we speak of this multitude as "lapsed." Oh, Christians of London, and saints of England, let us to our knees in agony of desire, and then to our work in an enthusiasm of effort! Let us confess our sins, and the sins of the church, and the sins of the city. With strong crying and tears let us plead, and it may be that God will yet arise, and purge this city, that it be no longer the "wen of the world."

Thus, looking abroad, or looking at home, there is much to sadden us. And dark indeed would be the outlook did we not look into the Book of God, and see there his gracious purposes towards our weary, weary world. It was written of old, "God loved the *world*," and it is true still. He loves it, and will yet reign over it. The earth shall stretch out her hand to God, the five continents, like five fingers that shall be clasped in the hand of eternal love. The dawn of day draws nigh.

Some years ago, after one of our special meetings at the Tabernacle, a young man came into the vestry, and said, "O sir, I shall never forget that meeting last night. All night long it has kept ringing in my ears—'Lost! lost! lost!' and I haven't been able to get a wink of sleep."

He sat down, and then said he would like to tell me his story. Years before, after leading a desperate life, he had run away from home, had gone to America, Australia, all round the world. He left his godly father and mother in Dundee, and never wrote to them. They sorrowed for their lost boy, and when several years afterwards he returned to his native place, he found his father was dead. This sobered him for a while, and his widowed mother took him back to her home in the hope of reformation. But alas! he was a stranger to the restraining influence of the grace of God, and in a very little while his conduct was worse than ever. At last his Christian mother told him that she could not have him at home to disgrace the family, and as he said himself, he "was driven off to London on prodigal's allowance."

His mother yearned for his salvation, but he would not allow her to speak to him about Christ; so very sorrowfully she packed his box for him, and saw him off.

The third or fourth day in the great city, he was attracted to the Tabernacle by the special meeting, and hearing the gospel, was aroused to see his sad condition, and during a sleepless night, as he said, the words "Lost! lost!!" kept ringing in his ears.

"This morning," he continued, "I thought it was about time to put on a clean pair of socks. So I got a pair out of the box my mother had packed for me. I put one on, and then the other; but in the toe of the second I felt something hard, and thinking to myself that I couldn't go about like that all day, I took it off again to see what was the matter, and that's what I found," he said.

Handing me a piece of paper he burst into tears, and shaking convulsively, he cried, "Oh, I'm lost! lost!!"

It was a letter from his mother—a tear-stained letter—he would not let her speak to him about Christ, but he could not prevent her writing to him. And with quick wit—for a mother's love is very ingenious—she had put the letter where he would be sure to find it, and where his curiosity would probably be aroused to read it.

A most touching letter it was. You can imagine how this mother, with her double sorrow, and her yearning love, would plead. One sentence I remember well. She said, "My boy, you have wandered far, but you have not got beyond the reach of God's grace, for he says, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,' and you have not got beyond that yet." And, thank God, he had not got beyond that.

Remembering this, let us take heart for the world. Sad and shameful though the outlook be, let us think of him who sitteth on the waterfloods. Though over the prodigal world we cry, "Lost! lost!! lost!!!" yet God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. *We* look out, and lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh. *They* shall soon look to the Crucified, and be saved, for the uttermost parts of the earth are his possessions; and he shall save them to the uttermost.

But the work before us is so gigantic, and the present progress so comparatively small, that, if we are to do anything on a scale worthy of our Master, we must lift up our eyes, and take wider, longer, higher views: we must look away from personal ease or fame; beyond any mere civilization or education; any social or moral reform; we must look up from old methods or ideas, if that be needful. And the common effort in which all Christian workers are engaged demands that we look past all our conventional, denominational, and insular boundaries; not, perhaps, removing our landmarks, but at least not suffering them to sunder our hearts.

Hear the words of another:—

"Gather the harvest in:
The fields are white, and long ago ye heard,
Ringing across the world, the Master's word,
Leave not such fruitage to the lord of sin.
Gather the harvest in.

"Gather the harvest in:
Souls dying and yet deathless, o'er the lands,
East, west, north, south, lie ready to your hands;
Long since that other did his work begin:
Gather the harvest in.

"Gather the harvest in:
Rise early, and reap late. Is this a time
For ease? Shall he, by every curse and crime,
Out of your grasp the golden treasure win?
Gather the harvest in.

"Gather the harvest in:
Ye know ye live not to yourselves, nor die,
Then let not this bright hour of work go by;
For all who know, and do not, there is sin:
Gather the harvest in.

"Gather the harvest in:
Soon shall the mighty Master summon home
For feast his reapers. Think ye they shall come
Whose sickles gleam not, and whose sheaves are thin?
Gather the harvest in."

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields." "I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS, FROM WHENCE COMETH MY HELP."

Notabilia.

A MESSAGE FROM EGYPT.

IN "The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus," published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Dr. C. S. Robinson, of New York, gives a most readable series of lectures relating to the past and the present in Egypt—discourses which will delight the antiquary, and strengthen the faith of Bible readers. Many persons who have heard, or read, of the extraordinary "find" of mummies in 1881, do not appreciate its significance. The news which came by telegraph to England was in some respects more wonderful than anything that has been told in our time respecting the ancient world. "The silence of thirty centuries was broken," remarks Dr. Robinson. "A new chapter had been written in the history of poor desolate Egypt. Some doubted, and some laughed; it was too astounding to be true."

In a cliff near the temple of Deir-el-Bahari "Some ancient Egyptian engineer had constructed the hiding-place whose secret had been kept for nearly three thousand years. A shaft six and a half feet square, and about thirty-seven feet deep, had been sunk in the solid rock; at the bottom of this shaft a long passage turned off towards the west, then abruptly towards the north, ending at last in a kind of oblong chamber, twenty-three feet long by thirteen feet in breadth. This was the mortuary chamber where the greater number of mummies were found. "Whose remains did the mummies represent? In the summer of this year, 1886, the mummy of Seti I., and that of Rameses II., with that of Rameses III., and that of Thotmes III., the obelisk maker, were divested of the resinous shrouds they were buried in, and the inscriptions were read with skilled knowledge of the characters the priests had used in the funeral rites and liturgies. So now there is visible in the museum at Bulak a long row of mummies, whose very names fill our whole imagination with amazement: there is the king who knew Joseph: there is the father of Pharaoh's daughter, and the founder of the dynasty that dwelt in Zoan. They are dead as stones; but each 'being dead yet speaketh,' as plainly as did Abel."

MURDER OF FEMALE CHILDREN IN INDIA.

It is difficult to interest English people in matters relating to India; but Mr. W. J. Wilkins of the London Missionary Society proves that he can write, even on this subject, in such a way as ought to prove acceptable to a wide circle. His elaborate work, "Modern Hinduism, being an Account of the Religion and Life of the Hindus in Northern India"—(T. Fisher Unwin)—is a book of well-arranged facts, which will prove most useful for reference. In its various divisions—*Early Life; Hindu Sects; Caste; Worship; Woman; Morals; Death and Future Judgment*—the author goes over the whole ground; and there is little indeed to relieve the dark picture. If any one doubts whether the dark places of the earth are still the habitations of cruelty, let him take notice of what is said about the still prevailing custom of murdering young girls.

"Out of every thousand of the Thakoor population, there are at least forty-two girls below the age of twelve missing. In 1856 an officer was appointed to investigate the facts of this wicked custom in Northern India. He personally visited the district, and states that of the villages visited by him, in 26 out of 308 not a single girl under six years of age existed. In another batch of 38 villages, he did not find a single girl; marriages were very rare there, and in some places were not known to have taken place within the recollection of the present generation . . . That these people do not differ from those of other lands in the proportion of the sexes may be shown from the following fact. The village of Raipoor, in the Umritsur district, had become so notorious for the commission of this crime, that in September, 1867, there were only eight girls to one hundred boys. A police force was quartered upon them

for two years, and in the next year thirteen girls, of whom ten are alive, were born to nine boys."

Such is India and its need of the gospel in the nineteenth century.

THE CHRISTIAN BISHOP AND TITHES.

Those who desire to be confirmed in their Nonconformity should read "The Growth of Church Institutions," which Dr. E. Hatch, of the University of Oxford, has just issued through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. As a result of laborious study of historical documents, the work sets clearly before us the way that primitive customs were set aside by ecclesiasticism. What resemblance has a modern bishop to one who held that office in the early Church?

"It has, no doubt, been sometimes maintained that the diocese in its modern sense is an institution of primitive times. But the recorded facts are far from supporting this view. They show that in the large majority of cases, a bishop, presbyters, and deacons, existed for every Christian community. As a rule a city had but a single community, and, consequently, a single organization. The officers were officers, not of a district, but of a community. Where there was more than one community in a city, there was, as a rule, more than one bishop. . . At Alexandria the communities of the suburbs, and of the adjoining district of the Mareotis, were no doubt regarded in some sense independent of, though subordinate to, the city bishop . . . In Syria also there were communities which had not a complete organization. But these exceptional cases do not vitiate the inference which the mass of facts forces upon us, that in the greater part of the Christian world each community was complete in itself. Every town, and sometimes every village, had its bishop."

Tithes date from the eighth century, and originally "they were a rent paid for the leasing of church lands," a proportion of which of course went to the poor. The payment was even sometimes voluntary; and thus differed essentially from the burdensome modern impost, the collection of which is at length causing riots throughout the country because tithes have become a charge which farmers in the present times of depression are unable to bear.

ARCADY—PAST AND PRESENT.

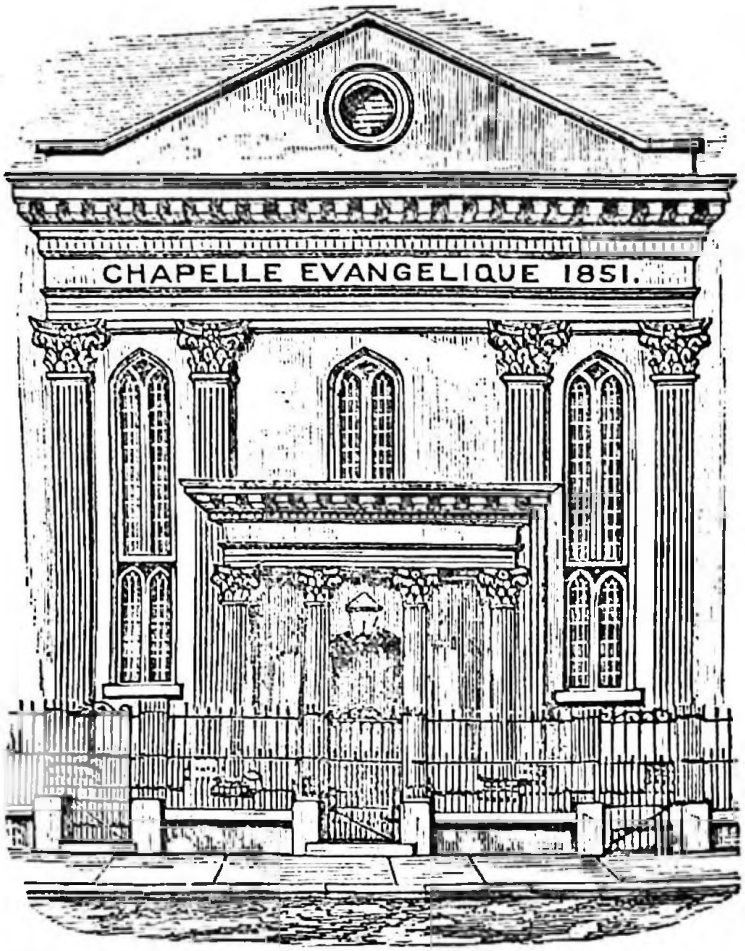
There can be no doubt that "Arcady: For Better, for Worse," by Dr. A. Jessop (T. Fisher Unwin), is one of the ablest books that have appeared on the condition of agricultural labourers. In his own chosen department, this incumbent of a Norfolk parish is quite as shrewd an observer as Gilbert White of Selborne was of another set of phenomena in the last century. We have this note on the past:—

"From all that I can learn—and I have taken no little pains to arrive at the truth—I have no hesitation in saying, that the agricultural labourer of seventy years ago was less frequently a sot than he whom we now have to do with. To begin with, he had no time at his own disposal, and no money to spend. But this was not all—he hardly knew what ardent spirits meant. There was a good deal of beer and cider given in the farmhouses, and he took all he could get; but gin and the other fire-waters he never tasted."

The present outlook is anything but a happy one. The peasants are aware of their wrongs or grievances, and they seem to have little love for those above them, while the best of the young men are being drawn away to the towns. This may well be the case so long as this description holds good of many of the cottages:—

"Hovels which the raggedest tramp would shun, preferring to sleep in an out-of-the-way cowhouse, lest fever or small-pox should bring his joyous career to an abrupt close: hovels which the local board of any borough in the kingdom would condemn in a week as unfit for human habitations, are, in a thousand instances, the only places that our country people can lay their heads in; they are all the more horrible because such people quietly acquiesce in their lot and make no complaints."

As Dr. Jessop says, clouds are over Arcady; but they are for the most part clouds of our own making.



New Baptist Chapel, St. Helier's.

OUR friends at Grove Street, St. Helier's, need and deserve the practical sympathy of their fellow Christians in England. They are "a feeble folk," and occupy a very isolated position. Theirs is the only Baptist cause in the Channel Islands. For more than twenty years they have been plodding on in the face of much difficulty and many discouragements, and now they are about to emerge from the obscurity in which they have been so long shroudde. Their present chapel and schoolroom have become too small for their needs, and they are on the point of removing to larger and more convenient premises, which until now have been occupied by a body of French Congregationalists.

These premises, which are well-situated, consist of a substantial and elegant chapel, capable of seating eight hundred persons; a large school-room at the side; and a residence in the rear for the chapel-keeper. The whole of the buildings (valued at £3,000), together with an organ, and all internal fittings, have been offered to the little Baptist church for the nominal sum of £670, towards which the friends at Grove Street have already, in cash and promises, £400. They will, however, need to expend some £600 in renovating and altering their new place of worship, so that, if it is to be opened free of debt, another £900 must be raised by Michaelmas. The case has the sympathy and commendation of the leaders in our denomination, and *we heartily wish it success.*

Pastor C. Spurgeon (of Greenwich) has promised to preach the opening sermon on September 25th.

Contributions should be forwarded to Pastor C. A. Fellowes, Stopford Road, St. Helier's.

Notices of Books.

The Pulpit Commentary, Isaiah Vol. II. Exposition and Homiletics. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. Homilies by Various Authors. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

The Pulpit Commentary is a vast undertaking. Hitherto we fear the very greatness of the conception has been its burden. It is like a pyramid, or some other colossal work of a great Egyptian builder of old: a labour which only a very brave and hopeful spirit would have entered upon. We consider the enterprise to have been a success from a literary point of view, whatever it may have been financially. It has added greatly to the resources of sermon-makers, and to the stores of all other Bible students. We have already criticized it honestly, and we therefore feel free to commend it with heartiness; for its good points are many.

The volumes are not all equal in value, nor even in soundness of doctrine; but that which is now before us may be accepted as one of the best. The name of the chief author is a guarantee for its accurate learning and thoughtful freshness. The subordinate writers are also preachers of honourable standing, who know how to make a workable outline. We think some of their sketches are not as suggestive of the gospel as they might have been, and ought to have been. Testing them by the fifty-third chapter, we accept the homiletics of Canon Rawlinson, but we do not think the four assistants are at all up to the mark. It is not so much what they say, as *what they do not say*, that we complain of. Substitution is the great theme of the chapter, and it is pitiful to be shy of it, omit it, or bring it in as a necessary evil.

This is a big book for fifteen shillings, and it has in it much that all ministers need to know.

Little Pilgrim Series of Tracts. By James Rennie, Colporteur, Hitchin, Herts.

Good gospel tracts, suitable for distribution. The common people will read them gladly. They may be had of the author, as above. He is one of the agents of our Colportage Society.

The Jews in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times. By James K. Hosmer. T. Fisher Unwin.

This is one of a set of histories of a highly popular kind. We will mention the others as we find time to read them; for they deserve close study, and will abundantly repay it. The tone of this history of the Jews is that of a faith, not exactly evangelical, but admiringly Christian. How interesting to read the story of God's ancient people and to see how they have suffered, and yet have survived, and risen out of poverty, oppression, and hate! What power they still have! They are the great money kings, and in almost every walk of life where genius is needed they lead the way. For five shillings Mr. Fisher Unwin gives us a large volume in clear type, neatly bound, and admirably illustrated. We marvel that any Jew can despise Jesus of Nazareth, since, to say the very least, his being born of Israel has shed a glory on the house of Jacol beyond all else which makes it famous We should anticipate the removal o many prejudices from Jewish readers if they would candidly study the history of their own nation as it is written here. Although the writer reminds us that some think the miracles to be mythical and legendary, yet even the greatest unbeliever must admit that in the character of Jesus of Nazareth we have all that is perfect and sublime; and this in itself is a moral miracle. Reading with no personal doubts, we are yet glad to note the open window for Israel's look at Christ. Oh, that the eyes of the people may be soon opened to behold their King!

We confess to great indebtedness to the author of this most readable and instructive volume; and we wish good success to the series of "Stories of the Nations."

Golden Counsels. Life Thoughts for Busy People. By W. Mann Statham. Elliot Stock.

A bright and sparkling little volume. It is patchwork certainly; yet the pieces are not common print, but of silken fabric.

Biblical Commentary on the Psalms. By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. From the latest edition, specially revised by the author. In three volumes. Vol. I. Translated by the Rev. DAVID EATON, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

To scholarly persons Delitzsch is a great prize; and this new edition is an improvement upon all that have preceded it. In writing upon the Psalms we at first thought this writer dry and devoid of unction; but as we proceeded we came to value him much more. He is one of the greatest of the German translators and expositors, and in that respect is of the utmost value to the student. This new edition contains numerous additions and emendations suggested by many years of further study; making what was good before better still. Our readers who are not scholars would not care for Delitzsch: he writes for Hebrew and Greek students.

A Handbook to the Epistles of St. Paul. By C. H. WALLER, M.A. J. F. Shaw.

AN elementary introduction to the epistles of Paul, by one whose writing is always edifying. Conductors of Bible-classes would find a famous series of lessons by taking one by one Paul's epistles and giving a summary of the contents of each one. This is not a very deep or comprehensive work, but it fairly answers to its title. The price is 5s. The book is a nice volume for a crown, but it does not contain so much matter as we hoped to find in it.

The Epistle to the Ephesians: its Doctrine and Ethics. By R. W. DALE, M.A., LL.D. Third edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN our volume for 1883 we gave a lengthy notice of this exposition. We did not agree with much in its manner of speech, but we had little to censure so far as its real doctrine was concerned. Mr. Dale always strikes us as being more Calvinistic than he thinks he is; and as often struggling against the gracious predestination which holds him to the faith. He has lately struck some telling blows for eternal verities. In the book before us he at one moment warms our heart with the precious truth which he states boldly, and in the next page he astounds us with his divergences from the line in which he appeared to be travelling; but after all, he is a fine man, and his book is the work of a master.

Similes of the Christian Life. By F. E. MARSH. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A PREACHER or teacher would think of a series of sermons or addresses as he read this book. It is not so much what it contains as what it suggests which makes this a desirable purchase: yet it is good in its own way. *Emblems of the Holy Spirit* equally gracious, and at the same price, namely, 1s. 6d.

The Story of the Four (Evangelists) and *The Picture of Paul (the Disciple).* By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A. Burnet and Co.

THESE books are weapons of the enemy which will only have power with weak minds. The writer of them does not conceal his views, but says outright, "The Substitution theory is absolutely false." We understand this; but we cannot understand how anyone believing the gospel of the grace of God can fraternize with such a preacher. We have only to do with his books, and we feel we have neither part nor lot with them.

The Old Gospel and the New. A Sermon preached by the Rev. GEORGE ROGERS, in the Albany Chapel, Camberwell, on March 24th, 1887. Price Twopence. Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited.

WE regard this sermon as a great literary curiosity, as the production of a man of eighty-eight, and as having been delivered by him extemporaneously. It is full of vigour, and, with the exception of maturity, it bears no token of old age. The discourse itself is an invaluable testimony to the orthodox faith. Those who love the old gospel should read it for their establishment; those who do not love it should read it for their amendment. George Rogers has remained faithful to the revealed mind of God, while large numbers of his Congregational brethren have been bewitched by the modern spirit. To us he has been a true friend, and to our students a loving father. His memory will be most dear to us if we survive him; but long may it be before his name becomes a memory! Friends should get this sermon, and keep it as a memento.

The Evolution Hypothesis. By W. Todd Martin, M.A., D. Lit. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

This treatise is very much to our taste. The author is a minister of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. His avowed object is to examine the essential and distinctive features of the New Cosmic Philosophy propounded and elaborated by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Far from assailing it in a declamatory tone, he acknowledges the high order of intellectual power, the vast and varied stores of exact knowledge, as well as the numerous instances and illustrations culled from the entire range of physical science, which the diligent enthusiasm of a life-time has devoted to the structure of this hypothesis. But notwithstanding all these presumptions in its favour, he challenges, as we think, very forcibly, its soundness and stability. The copious table of contents, had we space to recite even the headings of the chapters, would supply a *menu* of palatable dishes for those who relish "modern thought."

The present volume is divided into nineteen chapters, of which the earlier three are more or less introductory; and the final one a summing-up of the whole matter. Do you ask for the verdict? Here it is. "The student of nature, eager to frame for himself some intelligible conception of the world in which he lives, will not accept Mr. Spencer's hypothesis as a satisfactory response to his questioning."

Of the intermediate chapters we would draw special attention to four—"the limits of natural law"—"the origin of sentient life"—"the evolution of mind"—and "the evolution of morals." Knowing, as we do, that the fleeting fashion of popular opinion prefers reason to revelation, follows the *ignis fatuus* of its own generation, and prefers the caustic wit of the agnostics to the cautious wisdom of the ancients, we commend Mr. Martin as a safe guide through some of the dangerous passes that the student of our current literature has necessarily to traverse. As the alchemist of olden days sought the philosopher's stone, so do your academicians in the eventide of this nineteenth century crave after an all-embracing unified science, a single, simple, complete ideal, a skeleton key which shall avail to unlock all the mysteries of knowledge and all the arcana of nature.

"Such dreams are children of an idle, restless brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind."

Five centuries before Christ there was a School of Metaphysics that pretended to construct a system of the Universe. It derived its name from the district of its birth—Elea, a Grecian colony on the western coast of Lower Italy. Nineteen centuries after Christ there is a sect as positive, or more positive, than its predecessor, that proposes to solve the like problem by other methods. Space of time supplies scant measure to span the difference between Eleatic and Evolutionist theories. Nor, in the long run, will there probably be much to choose between the fossil names of Xenophanes, Melliosus, and Parmenides of the old world, and those of modern celebrities of the new epoch, such as Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley. All assumption of argument from accurate data dwindles down into less than nothing and vanity when the evidence comes to be sifted. We have no equity court in which we can examine witnesses on oath about such matters. But if we had—! . . . the discovery and the worth of the discovery might be appraised at another estimate than their own.

Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived. A Short Hand-book to the Synoptical Gospels. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. [Unitarian] Sunday School Association, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand.

Covertly the poison of Arianism is here introduced in connection with Biblical history. We are put to enquire whether Jesus did really claim to be the Christ, and whether he believed that he would reappear after death, descending from the sky? "If he did share this hope, which after events proved to be so unfounded, what value is to be attached to his teachings on other subjects?" (page 175). But we dare not quote more of such questions. Adoring the Ever Blessed One, we pray him to convert his enemies, and so prove his divine power and Godhead.

Knowledge and Faith. Studies, Theological and Biblical. By W. Adamson, D.D. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

With most of these "studies" we most cordially agree. There is in them great skill in dialectics, and generally a fair use of Scripture. The style is more than clear, it is transparently beautiful. This makes us the more regret that we cannot unreservedly commend the whole book; but the chapters on "The First and Second Adam," "Death by Sin and Life by Christ," "The Natural Man of Paul," and "The Resurrection of the Dead" seem to us to wander perilously away from the New Testament teaching on those themes. Dr. Adamson is better fitted to refute infidels than to run a tilt at a theology which has inspired the best services in the past, and is a vital and irresistible power to-day.

Studies in the First Epistle of Peter. By J. Cynddylan Jones, D.D. Vol. I. Bourne, 26, Paternoster Row. 5s.

Former Studies have earned for Mr. Jones honourable rank among expository preachers, and this volume sustains his reputation. The first chapter of 1 Peter contains definite teaching upon Redemption and Everlasting Love, and Mr. Cynddylan Jones does not depart from the plain doctrine of Holy Scripture, though he knows as well as we do that his statements will be stigmatized as old-fashioned. His teaching is sound, wholesome, and pleasant.

Edwin Paxton Hood, Poet and Preacher: a Memorial. By George H. Giddins. James Clarke and Co.

Mr. Giddins probably knew Paxton Hood better than we did; at any rate, we would not attempt to *dispute* the accuracy of his opinions, even when we do not agree with them. We may, however, record our own impressions. To us it always seemed that Mr. Hood kept to the old gospel, which is the joy of our own soul, and we should no more have associated him with Theodore Munger than with Theodore Parker; at any rate, we are not among those who detected in him a taint of heresy. He was not dogmatic, but we always judged him orthodox. We do not like this effort to number Mr. Hood with the "modern thought" men. If the attempt is made in his honour, while we sympathize with the motive, we would screen him from the dubious dignity: but we rather suspect that the scanty glory which surrounds the party suggests this stealing of a saint from another calendar.

Mr. Giddins in all but this matter writes of Mr. Hood most admirably. On this point we differ from him with all deference to his superior knowledge. We remember nothing of Mr. Hood as a teacher or as a preacher from which we should differ except his Pædobaptism. We had considerable intercourse with him, and always to our great delight, and yet we do not think that he concealed his peculiarities. Still, Mr. Giddins is quite right in expressing his views of his friend, and we have common ground in our equal appreciation of the departed worthy. His Memorial is so well written as to be most pleasant reading.

Discussions on the Atonement: Is it Vicarious? By the Rev. George Jamieson, A.M., B.D., D.D. William Blackwood and Sons.

A mountain in labour. Our author at great length heaps up objections against the doctrine of Substitution; and he seems also to doubt the doctrine of the Trinity, or to turn it into a Duality. We have no fellowship with this author's lucubrations.

The Doctrine of the Atonement. By Dr. Lewis Edwards, of the Welsh Presbyterian College, Bala. Hodder and Stoughton.

A volume containing a great deal of weighty instruction upon the Atonement. There is a want of order in the book, and this makes it less valuable than it might have been; but yet it suggests much thought, answers several objections, and is written from the old, orthodox stand-point. One seems to feel that it is a translation, and that it has been found difficult to fit the original thought with an English dress. We should hope that a certain number will read this work with pleasure; but we do *not* think that it will have a large circulation.

The Authoritative Inspiration of Holy Scripture, as distinct from the Inspiration of its Human Authors. By the Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A. Introduction by the Bishop of Liverpool. Blackie and Son.

This is the preface to "The Imperial Bible Dictionary," and we rejoice that it is published separately. Mr. Waller's doctrine of the inspiration of the Book itself we fully accept, but we believe also in the inspiration of its writers.

Mr. Ryle's essay is a condensed and forcible statement of the orthodox doctrine of inspiration. Our opponents talk of the true view of inspiration as *the mechanical theory;* but it is easier to nickname a truth than it is to disprove it. At this moment we believe the infallibility of Holy Scripture to be the centre of the conflict. To discuss the question of what is taught in Scripture is one thing, but to question Scripture itself is quite another. We can be largely tolerant of all teaching which reverences the Word of God; but for that conceit which calls God himself before the bar of human criticism, we have no word of denunciation sufficiently expressive. If we were dealing with heathen we could understand it; but from those who call themselves Christians it is not to be endured.

Whatever Mr. Waller writes is worthy of the most careful reading. We place his name upon the list of our most favoured authors, and recommend ministerial brethren to read everything that he has written. At any rate, all of his that we have ever seen has delighted and instructed us.

The Pilgrim's Progress and *The Holy War.* By John Bunyan. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. John Brown, B.A., of Bedford. Hodder and Stoughton.

It was meet that Mr. Brown, who is so great a Bunyanitish authority, should edit an edition of Honest John's two great allegories. Here we have them produced with true and genuine text for a crown each. *Neat* is the word which describes these copies. Nobody can want anything better, unless it be the old folks, and they will like a larger type. The preservation of the marginal notes is a great gain. Mr. Brown's remarks are not very numerous, but they are helpful.

The "Verily, Verilies" of Christ. By Rev. J. H. Rogers, M.A., Chaplain at Pau. Nisbet and Co.

From this devout work we learn that the double verily occurs twenty-five times in the Gospel according to John, and that they form a complete and connected whole. Our author even sees in them a complete scheme of Christian doctrine, arranged so as to indicate a gradual and clear progress. From this statement it will be clear that a minister is sure to get from these pages hints for a valuable set of discourses, and to many a weak thinker this is priceless help. The work contains nothing very original or profound; but it is good, gracious, profitable reading. The devotional element in it surpasses the expository, but there is a fair proportion of each. Pau may count itself happy to have such a preacher as Mr. Rogers: his doctrine is soundly evangelical, and his tone is deeply spiritual.

How to Study the English Bible. By R. B. Girdlestone, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Very simple and elementary teaching; but yet such as most people need. We recommend every Bible student to buy this manual, and work every line of it into his memory. We have placed a copy in the hand of each of our College men. It is ludicrous to observe the blunders which tolerably educated people will make upon simple things, because they are not grounded in rudimentary facts, but are supposed to know them by intuition. It is seldom wise to take it for granted that people know, and it is never wise to do so with ourselves. These plain teachings about the Bible should be known to all; but they are not, and, therefore, we commend this book as one of the most useful we have ever met with. Eighteenpence will be well spent in the purchase of this hand-book. A teacher might do a worse thing than read it to his class, chapter by chapter. It would certainly benefit himself, and we feel sure that it would interest and instruct his pupils. Try it.

Light by the Way: Brief Discourses. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. James Clarke and Co.

This volume contains thirty-six miscellaneous articles, contributed by the author in his lifetime to *The Christian World* newspaper. They are not controversial, nor do they bear reference to any current events. We presume they may have been occasional extracts from his sermons, in which some obvious truths that touch the very core of our common humanity are expressed with pathetic eloquence. To our idea, they mirror a man, distinguished in his day, like Robertson, of Brighton, not for his orthodoxy, nor yet for his heterodoxy, but rather for his independence. The doctrines he taught passed through the crucible of his own mind, and became moulded and coloured in accordance with his own intellectual apprehensions before they reached his congregation. Hence, while he was too narrow in the compass of his theology to be accounted a divine, he was so broad in his humanities (*literæ humaniores*) that disciples of Zoroaster or Confucius might have taken delight in his teaching. For our own part we always admired his genius, though we hardly ever agreed with his estimate of the gospel. The combination of a highly-gifted mind with an intensely sensitive, sympathizing disposition, goes far to account for the influence he exerted. The physician who describes your symptoms readily wins your confidence for his prescriptions, and yet that confidence may not be justified by the event. As an evangelist, Mr. Brown never could digest the atonement. His great hold-fast was the incarnation. We deplore his great shortcoming, but we say no more, for he is no longer with us. These essays are fairly good throughout; a pleasant souvenir of as honest and honourable a man as ever breathed.

Consider the Lilies of the Field. A Series of Plants and Flowers of the Holy Land. Pictured and Described from "The Land and the Book," and Professor Balfour's "Plants of the Bible." Nelson and Sons.

We do not know when we have ever seen coloured pictures so exquisitely finished. A flower and a city are placed in the same drawing. This small book is great in beauty. Just the thing for an elegant little gift to a lady.

A Cry from the Land of Calvin and Voltaire: being Records of the McAll Mission. Introduction by Dr. Horatius Bonar. Illustrated. Hodder and Stoughton.

An attractive book. The record of the McAll Mission is a bright page in the history of the church of Christ. This book at one shilling can never pay the publisher, but even at two shillings it would be cheap to the purchaser. We hope that this story will move the hearts of English Christians to aid the blessed work which is superintended by Mr. McAll. The religious hope of France lies in this direction.

The Expositor. Edited by Rev. W. R. Nicoll. Third Series. Vol. IV. Hodder and Stoughton.

"The Expositor" maintains its high-class character. Ministers who seek learned disquisitions on Biblical subjects will be much at home with it. The reading of Dr. Maclaren's Sermons on Colossians will be quite a relief from the sterner essays in which they are embedded.

The Survival of the Fittest and Salvation of the Few: an Examination of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." By A. S. Wilson, M.A., B.Sc. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and Paternoster Row.

Much more has been made of Mr. Drummond's book than it deserved. He is an excellent brother, but his book is open to many a question. Had it not been so good, many would not have denounced it, and had it not been so questionable others would not have praised it. Because no one can be quite sure whether it is good or bad, everybody must needs read it. After reading the book it has been harder to have an opinion upon it than before you saw it. The last sentence in Mr. Wilson's judicious essay is capital: "When Mr. Drummond gives us science we are delighted, still more so when he gives us religion; but when with the very best intentions he unwittingly substitutes Carlyle for Christ, we have no choice but to reject the stone that is proffered instead of bread."

Almost a Wreck; or, Love's Quest and Guerdon. By Mrs. Lucas Shadwell. Partridge and Co.

A thoroughly good and interesting story on gospel-temperance lines, by an enthusiast in the good cause. The descriptions of life, adventure, and mission work in Canada impart a freshness and variety to the story which will make it specially acceptable to young people.

Temple's Trial; or, for Life or Death. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Nelson.

This story will win for its author a foremost place among writers of fiction of a pure and elevating class. The various characters are no mere sketches, but photographic portraits with every gradation of tone: here deep shadows of deceit and violence, there the soft half-tones of the "charity that suffereth long" and is kind, blending with the high-lights of faith and self-sacrifice.

Dinah Mite. By Brenda. W. Isbister and Co., Limited.

The sound of the title might lead one to think it was a story of murder and outrage, but fortunately the orthography explodes that idea. It is a good temperance tale, and such charges of dynamite fired against the drink traffic will greatly help to demolish it. "Sooty" and "Smuts" tell the story of how the miserable Mite family, of Tripe Court, become pious and prosperous—as they say, "'Twas all along o' baby!"

Jonas Haggerley. By Rev. J. J. Wray. John F. Shaw and Co.

We need say no more than that this is equal to any that our dear friend Mr. Wray has ever written. It is capital, and so we say, "Buy it, and read it."

The Vision Stream; or, the Song of Man: an Allegory in Six Books. By A. Winton Buchan. Houlston and Sons.

Like ground glass: very fine, but we cannot see through it. There is, no doubt, much poetry in these six books, but what the author is driving at we cannot quite discern. By faith we feel assured that he is aiming at the good and the great. The author's work is tastefully dressed by the printer and binder.

Poems. By A. B. S. T. Woolmer.

If we must have poems let them be short and stirring, like these. It is quite a relief to escape from an epic to a lyric, because there is so much less to get through. A. B. S. is A Better Singer than the most of those we have to deal with; and the songs are gracious and devout.

Gems from the States: a Second Series of "Song and Sense" from Uncle Sam. Collected by Thomas Nicholson. Partridge.

Rhymes domestic, religious, national, and miscellaneous, from our cousins across the Atlantic. Very well in their way, but not of the sort which will create a rush to the booksellers, or block up Paternoster Row. The "national" pieces will be best appreciated by the great nation for which they were written; but it is interesting to see how our friends write of their great war, their murdered President, and the glorious emancipation which remains as the sweet fruit of a bitter tree.

Songs of Spiritual Thought. By George Rawson. Religious Tract Society.

Some of Mr. Rawson's hymns are current coin of the Christian church; indeed, he has contributed quite a considerable number of hymns to the "Psalms and Hymns" of the Baptist denomination. The little book containing these songs is truly worthy to be placed among the "companions for a quiet hour." The Religious Tract Society have laid the devout under much obligation by the issue of this series, which now comprises seven precious little books.

Always in Trouble, and other Original Temperance Readings, in Prose and Verse: being Evans' Temperance Annual, 1887. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

Well worth sixpence. Lively and forcible.

Pictures for Our Pets, and *Pleasant Talks about some of the Wonderful Works of God.* First and Second Series. W. B. Horner and Son.

Two nice little books for little boys and girls. Cheap at a shilling each.

Not so very Long Ago; or, "In the May-Dews of Childhood." By the Author of "At all Times." Shaw and Co.

It is no disparagement of this book to say that it is largely made up of "small talk." It is fitting it should be so, since it professes to be the happy reminiscences of her childhood days by an elder daughter of a country clergyman, who "not so very long ago" was one of a bevy of little ones in a happy home. It were well if all parents trained their children in the fear of the Lord, and made their home-life bright and beautiful, as did this good clergyman and his wife.

Norah Lang, the Mine Girl. A Story of Village Life. By Salome Hocking. Andrew Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square.

A love story, or trio of love stories; pious and rather pretty.

Through Trial to Triumph; or, The Royal Way. By Madeline Bonavia Hunt. Cassell and Co.

Unlike most works of fiction, this story is far from being "light reading"; for it is of a very serious cast throughout. The evident drift of the writer is to reveal some of the fruitful causes of the continual fret and misunderstanding which mar the married life of many a well-intentioned couple. Good counsel, especially in the direction of unreserved confidence, and, above all, prayerful seeking for divine guidance, characterize this tale, which is exceptionally good of its class.

Maggie Dawson; or, Watch and Pray. By the Author of "Wind and Wave Fulfilling His Word." Religious Tract Society.

An excellent story for our elder girls, who would know the blessed art of busily serving in the home, like Martha, while, like her sister, they are neither careful nor troubled. This golden thread runs through a story, here simple and quiet, there dramatic and thrilling.

Dickie's Attic. By Catherine Shaw. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Of the same order as "Jessica's First Prayer," and "Little Meg's Children," 'Dickie's Attic" will be a classic. It tells how poor folks in London slums, and especially how the godly among them, live and help their neighbours. It is a charming, pathetic story, and will be read at many Mothers' meetings.

Straight Paths, and *The Three T's.* By Harriet Carson. Nelsons.

Two stories for little folks: the first telling how the six orphan children of a godly schoolmaster strove to obey the injunctions of their dying parent—to "walk in truth," "walk humbly with thy God," "walk in wisdom," "walk honestly," "walk in the light," and "walk in love." The second story is of three bad lodgers—an evil tongue, an evil temper, and evil thoughts. Pure reading, good printing, tasteful binding of course.

His Master. A Story of School Life Forty Years ago. By S. S. Pugh. Religious Tract Society.

We believe that a great change has come over boarding-schools since such experiences of mental and physical torture and abominable doings as are recorded in these pages were possible; thanks to endowed-school commissions, middle-class schools corporations, and railway facilities for day scholars. Our author must have had a rough time of it; but he has turned his experience to good account, and boys will read with avidity what he has written, and should profit by the good advice so skilfully interwoven with the fun, mischief, and tragedy of the narrative.

By the way, is it absolutely necessary that every story of "school life" should include the burning down of part of the school premises?

The Squire of Sandal-Side. By Amelia A. Barr. James Clarke and Co.

Having no grain of the story-telling faculty, we marvel how people can invent such tales. This is a very attractive narrative. The scenery of the Cumberland dales is sketched as by a poet; indeed, the whole narrative is essentially poetical. For recreation this is first-rate. When you are tired, and yet do not want to sleep, you may find such a book as this most helpful. Very pleasant are the pages, and the moral flavour left on the soul's palate is clean and sweet.

The Young Carthagenian; or, a Struggle for Empire. By G. A. Henty. Blackie and Son.

Another handsome volume for intelligent boys, by a writer whose painstaking efforts to instruct and interest the "dear lads," as he styles his young readers, need no commendation from us. The thread of truth upon which he strings the pearls of his fancy is drawn from the most reliable sources, and this story of Carthage, in the days of her glory under Hamilcar and Hannibal, is second to none that have come from Mr. Henty's prolific pen.

Tied and Bound; or, the Story of Nan. By Evelyn R. Garratt. Religious Tract Society.

A simple story of the trials and temptations of young girls of the servant and work-room class. Young people who take up with Sunday-school teaching without experience of change of heart, will also find in the story a word in season. A very pretty gift-book for such.

The Gates of Eden. A Story of Endeavour. By Annie S. Swan. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

The authoress has won golden opinions for her many beautiful Scotch stories; among others the warm appreciation of Mr. Gladstone. This last effort of her genius is second to none of her works in strong common sense, sound judgment of character, and tender pathos. Here endeth the "review."

From the well-drawn pictures of the two ministers, Sandy Bethune and Robert Martin, we believe we could "point a moral," though we could not "adorn a tale" of Annie Swan. Was it not less the fault of the men than of the system which made it possible for them to enter the ministry, that they failed at the outset? Is not the system a direct reversal of the divinely-ordained method? Their parents destined them for the church as soon as they were born, and they are educated for that, and that alone. If, in the meantime, they should happen to become "pious," or be converted, so much the better; but ministers they are to be. We only throw out this hint for the consideration of those Christians who are lovers of a State church. Liberationists will thank our author for unconsciously confirming them in the faith.

The Head of the House. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Religious Tract Society.

The authoress has excelled herself in this beautiful story; what can we say more, except that this volume of nearly five hundred pages, is, as to type and binding, a pleasure to look upon?

Sundial Court. By Lucy Taylor. Religious Tract Society.

Another pathetic and withal lively story of life in a London slum. Alas, that there should be such an abundance of the very raw material ready to hand! Davy Trip, the proprietor of the "Happy Family," his little lame child Merry, Reuby, and little Rosy, will soon be familiar names to thousands of youngsters; and last, but not least, good "Sister Margaret" and her service for Jesus, will make them love the book and its story.

A Child without a Name. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Religious Tract Society.

"Ugh! another cast-up-by-the-treacherous-sea little boy," was our involuntary exclamation as we read the title and opening chapter. But we read on and on, becoming more interested in "the child without a name," and his foster-father, the old squire, two of the author's best creations. We noticed an inexcusable blunder in geography in chapter ii.; and while the fault-finding humour is on us we will remark that, here and there, an incident is rather too far-fetched.

Another King. By Janet Eden. Religious Tract Society.

A stern, self-righteous father; a wilful daughter and her unhappy marriage; a good clergyman, and a little child who loves hard hearts to Jesus, are the leading characters of a well-told story, suitable for the church-school library, or for presentation by the vicar's wife to young women leaving the village for service.

Notes.

AGAIN we have to notify the death of another friend to our work. Colonel Angus Croll passed away after a fortnight's illness. In years gone by he had been our generous helper, though of late we have not seen much of him. We pray that the consolations of God may attend his bereaved lady.

With all possible loyalty we record the Jubilee of her Majesty, with heartfelt thanks that the day was so bright, and that the conduct of the people was so admirable during the procession. Oh, that we could see some such enthusiasm for Jesus our King!

We have seen such remarkable enlightenments produced by Norcott's "Baptism Discovered," that we have prepared an edition at two-pence, which we should like to spread by thousands.

On *Monday evening, June* 6, the annual meeting of the SPURGEON'S SERMONS' TRACT SOCIETY was held in connection with the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. The report was presented by Mr. C. Cornell, the secretary. Addresses upon the work were given by the Pastor and Mr. J. T. Dunn, and prayer was offered by several brethren. During the twenty-one years of the Society's existence, about 257,000 of the Pastor's sermons have been sent out for distribution as loan tracts, in various country districts. Friends who desire a grant of sermons, or information as to their circulation, should write to Mr. C. Cornell, 127, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, S.E. Pastor Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, addressed the meeting. A post-card from Brethren Graham and Phillips, on the Congo, was read, and special prayer was offered for them, and for the friends of those missionaries who have recently been "called home."

On *Monday evening, June* 13, an unusually large number of friends gathered at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, in consequence of the announcement that special reference would be made to the jubilee birthday of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. Before coming to the particular business of the evening, two of the students offered prayer for Mr. F. Dann, who was about to sail for Leroy, Minnesota; and Pastor C. H. Spurgeon read a letter containing information of the illness of Miss Sharman, who was unable to write the annual report of her Orphan Home, in West Square, Southwark. Having prayed for her recovery, the Pastor called attention to the article upon his brother, which appeared in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, and again expressed his deep gratitude to God for the invaluable service which had been rendered to him and the church by the junior pastor during his nearly twenty years' co-pastorate.

Mr. B. W. Carr then read the following address:—

"METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"*From the* DEACONS, ELDERS, AND FRIENDS, *to the* REV. JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON.

"DEAR PASTOR,—It affords us great pleasure to congratulate you upon reaching your 50th birthday amid so much of divine favour. Long may the blessing of heaven rest on you and yours! In this prayer we are joined by thousands of our fellow church-members and other friends.

"You have now been one of the pastors of the Tabernacle Church for nearly 20 years, and you have seen with us the right hand of the Lord stretched out still in the work of his grace. Your presence and service among us have largely helped, under God, to secure the peace and prosperity of the Church; and because we know this, we embrace the present opportunity of testifying to your worth, and acknowledging our sense of it. Because such occasions for the public expression of our esteem have been few in the past, we would the more earnestly at this time declare to you our hearty Christian love, and our desire that every blessing may rest upon yourself and your beloved wife and children. Your work lies much more in the background than that of your brother; but it has been invaluable to the Church and its institutions, and those of us who know most of administrative matters are best aware of this fact.

"None prize your help so much as our senior pastor and the officers of the Church who work with you. We are thankful for the singular wisdom you manifest in connection with the business matters of the Orphanage, College, Colportage, and other Societies, and for your eminent discretion in difficult cases which have occurred in the pastoral work of the Church. We all rejoice that you are emphatically A BROTHER, not only to our senior pastor, but to us all. The compact, which you entered into when you accepted office, you have kept to the letter; and on all occasions you have so heartily identified yourself with our senior pastor that the wisdom of the action which made you his coadjutor has been abundantly proved. No finer example of brotherly love can be found than your conduct towards the senior pastor, whom we all love so well.

"We feel grateful to God for sparing your life, and enabling you with so much health and vigour to go in and out among us; and we think it most fitting that we should celebrate your Jubilee by giving you some visible token of our fellowship with you. We know that you do not "desire a gift"; neither do we present you one because of its intrinsic worth; but as a token

of our love we request your acceptance of this Address (which will be engrossed on vellum, and suitably framed), and also of the sum of £200, which is the spontaneous offering of the Trustees of the Orphanage, the Deacons and Elders of the church, and several private friends and members of the Tabernacle Church and Congregation.

"In the name of the Lord Jesus we wish you long life, and with increasing years ever-increasing joy in the Lord.

"June 8, 1887.

Mr. T. H. Olney spoke on behalf of the deacons of the hearty esteem in which they held the junior pastor, and Mr. S. R. Pearce gave expression to similar sentiments in the name of the elders, and also read an address which they, as a body, had prepared. Mr. A. Budgen presented a beautifully-illuminated address from the students of the College, and from the tutors and students a handsomely-framed engraving of Doré's "Christian Martyrs." Pastor J. A. Spurgeon responded with great heartiness to all the utterances of affectionate esteem to which he had listened, and expressed his own gratitude to God, to his brother, and the officers and members of the Church, the tutors and students of the College, and all the friends who had united in the numerous presentations of which he had been the recipient. The meeting was a true festival of brotherly love; it was brought to a close with prayer by Revs. J. W. Lance, of Beckenham; and Partridge, of the United States.

Mr. James Spurgeon has given £50 towards the Almshouses, and intimated his intention to divide a second £50 among the various works of the church.

At the close of the prayer-meeting, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon went across to the Newington Parochial Hall, and spoke at a meeting convened by the council of the Hospital Sunday Fund. Sir William I. Plowden, M.P., occupied the chair, and the speakers included the vicar of the parish, Rev. G. T. Palmer, Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., Sir Sydney Waterlow, and the Hon. Conrad Dillon. It is most important that the hospitals should be better supported. Nursing is now more expensive, and surgical appliances are more numerous: even in so small a matter as washing, a better observance of the laws of health has led to increased expenditure. It is the same in every point, and rightly so, for the sick ought to have the best possible attention. At the same time, those hospitals whose funds are invested in land find their rent-rolls much diminished, and hence, from lessened incomes come closed wards, and beds unused. We wish the Queen would give a hundred thousand pounds, and induce the nobility to follow her example. In the olden times a king at a Jubilee would have founded a monastery, or commenced a cathedral, and there is much more need that our great ones should endow hospitals, or build orphanages. How we wish the hint would be taken!

College.—Another of our students will shortly be leaving to join the brave band of labourers for the Lord on the banks of the Congo. Mr. J. G. Brown was accepted by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and it was intended that he should have a year's medical training before going out; but, owing to the deaths of Mr. Darling and Mr. Shindler, reinforcements must be sent without delay, and Mr. Brown will, therefore, probably leave England next month. It is a subject for hearty thanksgiving that our young brethren are so ready, and even eager, to fill the gaps in the ranks of those who count not their lives dear unto them for the sake of the Lord's work in Africa.

Mr. G. T. Ennals, formerly of Great Shelford, has become pastor of the new church formed in the London Baptist Association chapel, recently erected at Cann Hall-road, Stratford. Mr. A. Greer has removed from Teddington, to Great Broughton, Cumberland; Mr. W. G. Hailstone, from Falmouth, to Wycliffe Chapel, Reading; and Mr. J. Kitchener, from Leeds, to Mirfield, Yorkshire.

On *Friday, June* 17, the students spent a very happy day at "Westwood." In the morning they had a delightful and helpful speech from Dr. Strong, of Rochester, U.S.A., and at the evening meeting the following address was presented to Mr. Gracey by Mr. Budgen in the name of all the students:—

"From the Students of the Pastors' College to their Beloved Principal, Rev. David Gracey.

"Honoured Sir,—We, the students of the Pastors' College, desire to express our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for restoring you to health, and bringing you again to the place which, through so many years, has been the scene of your happy and successful labours.

"Since the day of your accident, and during the time of your enforced absence from us, the sympathy and love of each student have been manifested in numberless ways, whilst unceasing prayer has ascended to our Divine Lord for yourself and those dear to you.

"We venture to believe that the ties between Principal and students were never stronger than those which have existed between yourself and us: yet we would assure you that in our mutual grief those ties have been made more binding than ever, and to-day we greet you with truer loyalty and deeper love.

"One and all we thank God for the faith and patience he has given you in the severe trial through which you have passed, rejoicing that in your voyage to a distant land, seeking health, you have not been disappointed, and because in times of danger

the Almighty Arm has been your protection.

"And now we congratulate you upon being once more within the walls of our College Home, able to resume the work so dear to you. We are grateful that our bitter grief has passed, and our greater joy has come. Our one united prayer is that for many long and happy years you may be spared in health and strength to pursue your labours as Principal of the College, that numbers may yet reap the benefit of the ripe scholarship and wise counsel which it has been our privilege to enjoy.

"Signed on behalf of the College,

"A. BUDGEN, Sec.	"J. G. BROWN.
"W. RUTHVEN.	"A. CORBET.
"J. C. CARLILE.	"F. JAMES.
"A. HALL.	"B. G. KNIGHT.
"G. W. ROBERT.	"A. CURTIS.
"W. B. NICHOLS.	"J. W. DAVIES."

Mr. Gracey feelingly responded, and a special vote of thanks was passed to the other tutors for the extra services which they had so cheerfully rendered during Mr. Gracey's absence.

The day of prayer, *June* 20, appears to have been generally observed by the churches connected with the College, notwithstanding the widespread celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. In many places the preceding Sabbath was a season of special blessing.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor T. L. Edwards sends us the following report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Stockton-on-Tees:—

"My dear President, — Our dear brethren, after a fortnight's successful work in Middlesbrough, came on here. We had succeeded in securing the sympathy and assistance of all the Nonconformist churches in the town. Our senior Presbyterian minister — the Rev. John Bogue, M.A. — became our Secretary, assisted by Mr. Jewitt, of the Y.M.C.A., and of their laborious and hearty endeavours it is impossible to speak too highly. The services attracted large numbers, and not a few were, we believe, brought to decision. The influence of the mission will be long felt, too, in the impulse given to many Christians in our churches. We were delighted and astonished at the unvarying excellence of Mr. Fullerton's addresses, and Mr. Smith's singing. Their visit will always remain a most happy spot in our memory.

"I am sorry the thank-offering is not likely to be a very large one. That arises from the employment of our large Exchange Hall, which ran us into heavy expenditure. We engaged it in order to secure neutral ground.

"I ought to add that Mrs. Fullerton's services for women were most highly appreciated and successful."

Pastor H. Winsor also writes a cheering account of the Evangelists' visit. During the greater part of June our brethren have been at St. Albans, where all the Nonconformist churches have united, and successful services have been held. They are now taking their summer holiday, and next month they hope to conduct a mission at Bury St. Edmund's.

Mr. Burnham has recently visited Fivehead, where he was formerly pastor. He had a very hearty reception, and he believed that the services were the means of bringing some to decision for Christ. This month he goes to Frampton for a fortnight's open-air work.

Mr. Harmer had very encouraging services at Circus Chapel, Birmingham, taking into consideration the situation and surroundings of the building. He has since conducted a fortnight's mission at Brentwood.

We have received the following letter with regard to *Mr. Eyres'* mission at Greenock:—

"Mr. Thomas Eyres conducted a week of evangelistic services for children in Trinity United Presbyterian Church, Greenock, in the end of April. A preparatory meeting of elders, Sabbath-school teachers, Christian workers, and choir, was held on the preceding Saturday evening, at which Mr. Eyres gave a very stirring address on the importance of being filled with the Spirit; and much earnest prayer was offered for blessing on the services.

"The children's meetings were largely attended, especially the two at which Mr. Eyres gave his instructive and memorable lectures on 'Candles.' His gospel addresses were simple and full of illustrations, admirably adapted to secure the attention and win the hearts of children. Not a few professed to receive Jesus as their precious Saviour. The hearts of many parents and Sabbath-school teachers were filled with gratitude and joy, on seeing, in the conversion of so many children, their prayers answered, and their instructions crowned with blessing.

"I commend Mr. Eyres, with the fullest confidence, to my brethren in the ministry who wish to hold special services for the young.

"JOHN YOUNG, Minister."

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival, which this year commemorated both the President's birthday and the Vice-president's jubilee, was held on *Wednesday, June* 8, and was, in all respects, a glorious success. A rather heavy shower of rain fell in the afternoon, and made our visitors seek the shelter of the houses, tents, &c., but it was soon over, and all appeared to enjoy themselves as though the weather had been fine all day. More than 10,000 persons entered the grounds during the afternoon and evening, and the total receipts of the festival amounted to between £1,300 and £1,400. There was an unusual number of special attractions, which contributed to the success of the proceedings. Dr. Barnardo's brass band was again in attendance, and led

the children's processions. The orphans' singing, bell-ringing, and musical-drill, were in great request. Mr. Proudman's choir rendered good service at night. The boys' play-hall was transformed, by the skilful assistance of Mr. Walter Murton, of King's Lynn, into an international bazaar, by which over £100 was added to the funds. His decorations are hereby recommended to all who need to hire first-rate bazaar fittings. In the laundry enclosure Mr. and Mrs. Allison had a magnificent display of Oriental curiosities, which included a Bedouin encampment, the threshing-floor of Bethlehem, and life in the harcem, illustrated by living models dressed in costumes brought from the East. Mr. J. Plant, of West Norwood, superintended the work at the Orphanage bakery, where the articles for the refreshment stalls were made.

In the evening the numbers gathered around the platform were so large that we had to arrange for two meetings, one in the open-air and the other in the dining-hall. R. V. Barrow, Esq., J.P., of Croydon, was the chairman at the principal meeting, and the speakers were the Revs. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., F. A. C. Lillingston, M.A., H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., W. Cuff, D. Davies, H. O. Mackey, John Spurgeon, C. H. Spurgeon, J. A. Spurgeon, and Charles Spurgeon. As the Vice-President was fifty years old on the day of the festival, several presentations were made to him. Mr. William Olney, in the name of the Trustees of the Orphanage, the deacons and elders of the Tabernacle, and several friends in the church and congregation, presented to him an address, which is referred to elsewhere, together with a cheque for £200, as a token of the donors' esteem. Three of the orphans presented a monster Jubilee birthday cake in the name of all the children, and Mr. Charlesworth, on behalf of the Orphanage staff, asked the Vice-President's acceptance of a terra-cotta bust of himself. Pastor J. A. S. heartily thanked all the givers, and expressed his own joy at being permitted to take part in such a great and good work as that carried on by his brother.

Once more we thank all friends who in any way contributed to the success of the day's proceedings, and we pray the Father of the fatherless to reward them abundantly for all that they have done for the widows and orphans whom we try to help.

The sixth annual report of the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party informs us that, notwithstanding the illness which has prevented the ladies from meeting to work, they have been able to send 368 garments to the Orphanage during the year. May the Lord richly bless every giver and worker!

Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to hear from any friends, in town or country, who can entertain any of the orphans, boys or girls, who have no friends to whom they can go during the holidays in August. *Kind friends, please note that the Pastor will heartily thank you if you can help in this matter.*

Personal Notes.—We have received the following interesting letter from *Victoria*, Australia:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—For thirty years I have been distributing your sermons among the bush homes of this part of Australia, and I have scattered many thousands of them. I have walked from four to ten miles every Sunday during that time, with very little intermission, and I have found intense delight in doing so.

"I have a great deal I want to tell you, dear Mr. Spurgeon, but I will store it up till I meet you on the other side of the flood. I could tell you of many who have blessed you on their death-bed in this remote region. You get many a prayer from the Australian bush.

"It will interest you to know that your sermons were read by many in this uttermost part of the earth (as it was then) before they were published twelve months.

"In 1856, a friend copied out your sermon, 'Oh, that I were as in months past' (No. 51, 'Comfort for the Desponding'), and sent me the MS. That sermon was copied again and again. Then I got about twelve volumes of your sermons, and cut them up, and scattered them. Since then I get regular supplies: three copies of each sermon, and six copies of *Sword and Trowel*.

"I am getting on in years now, and for the last three years have had to use a tricycle. I travel a good distance, and get the people together in the bush, and read one of your sermons to them. I could tell you of so many who would have died in ignorance but for the light they received through your sermons."

A friend writes:—"A little while ago, a son of mine, on leaving a Baptist chapel in Oxfordshire, got into conversation with an old man on his way home, some few miles distant, when he said, 'A few years ago Mr. Spurgeon preached at ———, but the chapel could not hold the people, and he, therefore, preached in the open-air. They gave some of his sermons away, and one was given to my wife, and was made the means of her conversion first, and then of my own.' He had the sermon by him. My son, who takes much pleasure in circulating them now, gave him one, and, to the poor old man's great delight, he supplies him with them weekly. I need not speak of the esteem in which he holds Mr. Spurgeon, and his delight in hearing from any one who has heard and seen him, and can talk to him of the love of Jesus."

The following cheering letter comes from an unknown friend in *Scotland*:—

"I think it is only right to let you know that by your instrumentality I was led to accept of Christ as my Saviour. You may wonder how it came about. I will now

briefly try to give you an idea. I was under conviction of sin, and know not where to turn; all seemed dark. A young man tried to open up the way, but I got no deliverance. He said he had twelve sermons of yours specially suited for anxious souls, and there he said the way was made very plain. I read the first sermon, entitled, 'Jesus Only,' and the second, 'The Great Arbitration Case'; but no light broke in upon my soul. One day, that same week, I was going to G——, and I slipped the book into my pocket, thinking I might read it instead of a newspaper. As providence would have it, I got a carriage all to myself. I began to read the third sermon, 'Only Trust Him,' and after reading the most of it I was enabled to say, 'Jesus, I will trust thee, trust thee with my soul,' and that moment I knew I was accepted. I rejoiced that day as I had never done before. In G——, though a stranger, I felt I was not alone. I hope, dear sir, you will excuse me taking this liberty with you, but I thought it might encourage and cheer you to hear of one so far from the sound of your voice being led into the fold of the Good Shepherd through your teaching."

A minister in the country, writing to Mrs. Spurgeon, says:—"The other day I met with one of my hearers, a good old Christian woman, in much joy, her face shining. Knowing that she had been in much trial and sorely exercised of late, I asked her how she had been brought into such liberty and peace. She told me she had been reading one of dear Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and while reading it she had obtained such a blessed deliverance, all her darkness was gone, she was as a hind let loose. The sermon was one preached from Psalm cxi. 5, many years ago, and published in *The Baptist Messenger*."

A friend in the country writes:—"I take this opportunity of testifying to the exceeding usefulness of your weekly sermons, and other publications, especially *All of Grace*. I keep a copy for lending to members of my Young Men's Bible-class, and have reason to believe that its perusal has been blessed to more than one. A dear young fellow, to whom I lent it, has given evidence of conversion."

A Cornish friend writes:—"A short time since I was visiting a sick woman, and was guided to lend her your book, *All of Grace*. The next time I saw her she told me God had blessed it to her salvation; she said for a long time she felt to be wanting something, but no one had spoken to her about Christ; but your book showed the way so plainly that she was enabled at once to accept Jesus as her Saviour. I thought you would rejoice to hear of another trophy won for Jesus through your instrumentality."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 26, sixteen; June 2, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Smithers	3	3	0
Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	10	0
G. C., Cheltenham...	0	2	6
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Price, M.R.C.V.S....	4	4	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. Fred. Howard...	5	0	0
Brixham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. T. Almy	1	12	5
Folkestone Baptist Church, per Pastor R. Foster Jeffrey	5	1	0
A. M., Ferryden	10	0	0
Miss. E. Clark	0	2	0
Hill End	100	0	0
Mr. J. Price...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Williamson and family	14	14	6
Mr. W. H. Grange, per J. T. D. ...	1	0	0
H. I., Malta...	1	0	0
Mr. Kilby's Bible-class, Woolwich ...	0	5	6
W., per E. H. B.	0	5	0
Collections at Oaklands Baptist Chapel, Surbiton, per Pastor W. Baster ...	3	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
Mr. A. Falconer, for emigration expenses	20	0	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. R. Winstanley	0	5	0
Mrs. Westrop	3	0	0
Ashford	1	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. G. Boulsher	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
M. G....	0	10	0
Miss K. E. Cooper...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Gage Spicer ...	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. Henry Hayward	5	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	5	5	0
Master J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Passmore	10	0	0
Mrs. J. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Passmore	5	0	0
Miss Passmore	2	0	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0
E. D. A., in memoriam	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve	10	10	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0
Weekly offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 15 ... ... 33 10 0			
,, 22 ... ... 33 0 0			
,, 29 ... ... 30 0 0			
June 5 ... . 32 0 0			
,, 12 ... ... 33 0 0			
	161	10	0
	£575	16	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Miss Mary Stuart	50	0	0
Mrs. A. M. Dunn	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Mrs. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. Ferrett	0	2	6
Mr. John Cowell, per Mr. H. W. Spice	0	2	0
Mr. B. C. Lister	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0
Mr. A. C. Barker	1	10	0
E. P.	10	0	0
J. S., Ripley	0	10	0
Mr. George Mitchell	1	0	0
Collected by children attending Presbyterian Mission Sunday-school, Stoke Newington	0	12	6
A poor sinner	0	2	6
Mr. Joseph Beament	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Foster	0	4	1
Mr. Ezekiel Cole	0	2	0
The officers and teachers of South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Carter	1	0	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mrs. Hardy	0	3	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	0	10	0
Mrs. Willby	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	2	0	0
Mr. W. Arnott and family	3	10	0
Mr. A. W. Anden	0	5	0
Maggie	0	2	0
W. B.	0	10	0
Miss Emily Brock	0	5	0
Miss E. G. Woollard	0	10	0
A friend of the Orphanage	1	0	0
A thankoffering from a grateful heart	0	10	0
Psalm lxx. 1	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Maskell	0	2	6
Mrs. Leask	0	10	0
Mr. S. R. Turner	2	0	0
Collections at Surrey Square Mission and Sunday-school, Old Kent Road	2	5	0
Erixham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. T. Almy	1	10	0
Postal order from Richmond	1	0	0
Mrs. Clarke	0	5	0
Marian	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker	5	0	0
In registered letter from Aberdeen ...	0	5	0
Dr. Shaw	1	0	0
Miss Walford	0	10	0
Miss M. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	7	0
H. S. C.	0	5	0
A. M., Ferryden	10	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Per the Editor of "The Christian World"	1	0	0
Mr. James Crighton	25	0	0
Mr. James Stevenson	0	2	0
Miss E. Clark	0	3	0
Hill End	100	0	0
Miss B. Davies, per E. H. B.	0	12	0
Mr. W. H. Grange, per J. T. D. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	2	2	0
J. C. Michie	1	1	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
A mite from Bethesda Free Chapel, Sunderland	0	1	6
Mrs. Griggs...	0	2	6
Mr. Hardy	2	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Morriss	0	2	6
Mr. J. C. Sowerbutts	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Potter's Children's Box ...	0	14	0
Miss C. Donaldson...	1	0	0
Mr. T. P. Alder	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Martin	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Monk	0	15	5

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. F. Milne	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Higham	5	0	0
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	15	0
Mr. B. D. McDonald	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Karpele's little girls	0	12	0
Proceeds of lecture by Rev. W. Frith 2 0 0			
Dr. Voelcker 1 1 0			
	3	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Warren	0	4	0
Mrs. Cowdry	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Cole	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. C. Ely... 1 0 0			
Sale of Pictures 3 0 0			
	4	0	0
Mr. H. G. Gilbert...	1	1	0
Miss E. Bickmore and friends, per H. B. S.	0	11	0
Mrs. M. Cowan 0 2 0			
From a friend 0 2 0			
	0	4	0
Mrs. T. Walker	1	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Green	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Lathlean (No. 3 House, Girls', S. O.)	0	8	6
Hornsey Baptist Church, in commemoration of Vice-President's Jubilee, per Pastor J. S. Bruce ...	1	5	2
G. W. Frost and friends...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Cooper...	0	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. Creasey	0	2	6
Mr. K. Parson	0	5	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Dodwell	1	1	0
Mr. W. E. R. Hoskin	0	10	0
In memoriam, E.	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Tidswell	0	10	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Nathan Swallow ...	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Laker	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Allder	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Richardson ...	1	14	7
Collected by Miss Pledge	0	8	2
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	3	0
Collected by Miss C. Fairley	1	7	0
Collected by Miss H. Simmonds ...	0	6	8
Miss Daniell	1	0	0
Mr. A. M'Cay	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilkins	0	15	7
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Miss Toward 1 1 0			
Miss Guerier 1 1 0			
Pastor Jabez Dodwell ... 0 5 0			
Admiral Aldrich 0 5 0			
A friend 3 0 0			
	5	12	0
Collected by Miss A. Jeffrey	0	4	3
Collected by Mrs. E. Robin	0	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Bate	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. M. Elford... ...	1	2	9
Collected by Mrs. F. E. Barker... ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. M. Blake	2	10	0
Mrs. H. Warrener...	0	1	0
Miss Martineau	2	2	0
Mr. F. Pool	0	10	0
Miss Mackay	1	10	0
Mrs. John Twaites...	0	5	0
Miss Morris	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Leah Martin... ...	0	8	3
Collected by Pastor W. Dickins ...	1	3	0
Collected by Pastor G. Whittet ..	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	15	2
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Blake	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Wain	8	4	8

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Robertson	0	2	6
Mrs. William Beach	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Haynes	0	5	0
Mr. J. Beaumont	0	5	0
St. Leonards-on-Sea	0	2	6
Pastor E. G. Sones	0	5	0
Mrs. K. Greening	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton	3	4	0
Collected by Mr. H. Hook	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Moase	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. W. Medland	0	15	0
Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. J. Bullock	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	5	0
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Colquhoun	0	15	11
Mrs. Walker's box	5	8	7
Collected by Mr. W. King	0	10	1
Collected by Mrs. Seymour	0	5	0
A few friends, per Mr. W. F. Masters	5	5	0
Collected by Mr. James Simpson	0	7	6
Mr. James Bristow	2	2	0
Mrs. Grace Buik	1	0	0
Miss Katie Smith	0	2	0
J. M., in memoriam, per Pastor Charles Spurgeon	1	0	0
Friends at Mission Hall, Mill Road, Cambridge, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Miss E. Ellis (with two pairs of socks)	0	1	4
Collected by Miss Edith Esling	0	17	0
Mr. W. Jones	1	0	0
With best wishes, from a Churchman	2	0	0
Mr. William Macdowell	0	2	0
A trifle, with best wishes	0	2	6
Mr. W. Verry	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Lane	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Howes	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Matkins	0	2	6
Miss Jane Dickson	0	10	0
Mr. G. Harris	2	0	0
Mrs. Robson	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Munn	0	3	0
Lilian and Florence Deacon, per Mrs. Jeffrey	0	15	0
Collected by Master E. Ranson	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	2	5	6
Collected by Miss E. Terrell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Sortwell	0	16	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	7	0
Mr. J. C. Woollacott	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. F. J. Packman	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Annie Bunting	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Webb	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. John Robinson	0	4	0
William, Charles, Alfred, and Emily Jackson	0	13	0
Mr. S. T. Hudson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Barrah	0	12	6
A Dorset friend, F. M. H.	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Botting	0	18	6
Mr. Stephen Hubbard	1	1	0
Miss Marie Cornell and friends, per H. B. S.	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Padget	0	10	0
A friend "A. Z"	1	0	0
Mr. H. M'Clelland	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Battam	0	18	0
Mrs. Black	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Earl	0	12	0
Mr. Charles Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. H. B. Calder	1	0	0
Mr. T. R. Robinson	1	0	0
Mr. E. E. Gowing	0	10	6
Collected by Miss M. A. Congreve	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Roberts (No. 4 Girls', S. O.)	0	5	7
Collected by Mrs. M. A. Brewer (No. 11 Boys', S. O.)	0	16	8
Collected by Master C. Charlesworth	0	4	11
Collected by Mrs. Furness	0	8	6
Collected by Mr. W. J. Smith	1	5	0
Mr. J. Lundie	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Lennard	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. James Hooker	0	5	6
Mr. George Fitch	3	3	0
Mr. James Scott	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Amy Hall	1	8	9
Mr. J. Dickey	0	10	6
Mrs. J. Dickey	0	10	6
Miss I. J. Rintoul's six little pupils	0	10	0
Mr. C. L. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. Divers	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Berry	1	0	0
A Scotch widow	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	3	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mr. W. I. Palmer	1	1	0
Mrs. James Withers	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0
Mr. Herbert Sutton	0	10	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mr. Alfred Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Walter Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Simonds	0	10	0
Mrs. Lansley	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0
Mr. Beecroft	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. Leslie	0	3	0
Mr. Brigham	0	2	6
Mrs. Partitt	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ravenscroft	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Shepherd	0	2	6
	11	9	6
Rookery children's box	0	10	0
From a poor widow	5	16	0
Collected by Mr. W. Horwood	3	12	8
Miss A. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mr. C. J. Parker	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Aggiss, per Mr. C. J. Parker	0	4	0
Mr. George Cooper	2	2	0
Miss M. Speed	0	5	0
T. T. and E. M. H.	1	0	0
Mrs. Belsey	5	0	0
Another primula's bloom	0	10	0
Mrs. Wightman	1	0	0
Postal order from Penpont	0	5	0
Postal order from Reading	0	3	0
Collected by Master Arkley	0	3	3
Stamps from Aylsham	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	20	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Shaw:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Shaw	1	0	0
Miss Milne	0	2	0
	1	2	0
A. E. H.	1	0	0
Mr. F. A. Fawkes	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Ann Mackay	0	19	0
Mrs. M. Woolley	1	0	0
Miss K. Stewart Robertson	0	5	0
Miss Ramage	0	2	8
Miss Hopperton	0	10	0
Mr. H. Phillips, J.P., per Miss E. Turner	0	10	0
Mrs. Hudson	1	1	0
Miss Buckle	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Carpenter	1	0	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Rev. T. G. Mosscrop	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Williamson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	3	3	0
Mrs. Shearman	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Jones	0	2	6
Scholars of Eythorne and Ashley Sunday-school	4	0	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	6	0
Miss May Caroline Irwin	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Jane M. Todd	0	2	6
M. E. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Kelly	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
Mrs. England	1	0	0
Mr. P. Cockerill	1	1	0
Miss M. E Nicholson	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0
H. M. F.	0	3	0
Mr. Alfred Robinson	1	0	0
Mr. F. Gurney	0	10	0
Mr. James Millar	2	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
Mr. L. Jackson	0	10	0
Mrs. Ewart	0	5	0
Eskdale shepherd	0	10	0
Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Martin	0	12	1
A. H. N.	0	2	0
A. W. A. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. Westrop	3	0	0
E. B.	53	0	0
Lily and May Harrald's collecting-box	2	14	8
Mrs. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0
Mrs. Walters	1	0	0
Miss R. Dodwell and friends	0	1	4
Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	2	6
Mrs. Younger	0	5	0
Miss M. Clews	1	0	0
Adelphi	2	2	0
Miss E. Beakem	0	10	0
Mrs. Sandison	3	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mrs. Baker (presentation almanacks)	0	5	0
Mrs. Lutley (penny offerings at Sunday dinner-table)	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Ruddick...	0	2	6
Miss Symington	1	0	0
Llandrindod friends	0	10	0
Miss M. E. White	1	10	0
Mrs. James	1	0	0
Per Pastor C. L. Gordon :—			
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. E. Phillips 0 5 0			
Mr. W. Bradley 0 2 6			
Six friends 0 5 0			
Part communion collection 0 5 0			
	1	17	6
Miss E. Lovell	0	5	0
Miss A. Adams	0	5	0
M. P. H., A. P. H., and E. P. H. ...	3	0	0
Mrs. MacGregor	0	7	0
Mr. James Leiper	1	0	0
Mr. J. Everett	1	0	0
Mrs. Phillips, per Mr. J. Everett ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Mullis	1	0	0
Mrs. Couttie, per Rev. J. Gillies ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Parker	10	0	0
Miss E. Morrison	1	1	0
Mrs. Jennings	2	0	0
Mr. George Jingey	20	0	0
Mrs. Roberts and little John	0	5	2
Mrs. W. H. Bradbury	1	1	0
Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0
Mr. John M. Cook...	25	0	0
"Only a servant"	0	2	6
Mr. A. Pearson, sen.	1	1	0
H. W....	0	6	0
Mrs. Parsons	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Matier	1	0	0
Mrs. Samuel Dunn	0	10	6
Pastor W. J. and Mrs. Styles	2	0	0
Mrs. Harris and friend	0	2	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
In memory, S. P.	1	1	0
Collected by Miss I. Gardiner	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Smart	0	10	6
Miss M. Hyatt	0	10	0
S. B.	0	5	0
C. B.	0	5	0
Miss J. Johnston	0	2	6
Mrs. Sorrell	0	1	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6
Mr. A. Sutherland...	1	0	0
Miss E. Fleming	1	0	0
Mr. William Dorward	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Baxter	1	0	0
A servant girl near Forres	0	2	0
Mrs. Fryer	0	5	0
Miss A. Weir	2	0	0
Mrs. Bowman	0	2	0
Mrs. Selvwright	0	2	6
Postal order from Louth...	0	1	6
Mrs. FitzGerald	2	0	0
Mr. H. Lincoln, jun.	0	10	0
N. K.	2	0	0
Per Pastor J. Rankine :—			
Miss E. Clarke 0 14 6			
Mrs. Frith 0 5 8			
Mrs. Macdonald 0 5 3			
Mrs. Short 0 5 6			
Mrs. Rankine 0 5 6			
	1	16	5
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
Miss M. Milne	0	5	0
In memoriam, 17th July, 1885	1	5	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mr. James Martin...	0	2	6
Mr. J. D. Rockefeller	1	0	0
Mrs. Rockefeller	1	0	0
Miss Bessie Rockefeller	1	0	0
Miss Alta Rockefeller	1	0	0
Miss Edith Rockefeller	1	0	0
Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junr. ...	1	0	0
Miss Safelram	1	0	0
Rev. A. H. Strong, D.D....	1	0	0
Mr. Charles A. Strong	1	0	0
Miss M. B. Strong...	1	0	0
Miss B. Harrison	0	2	6
Miss H. Ellis	0	1	0
Miss E. Fry	0	4	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mrs. Batty	0	2	6
Mrs. Robert Smith, per Miss Lavender	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	2	4	6
Mrs. Thorne...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Church, Junr.	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Frederick Norris ...	8	2	0
Mr. A. Falconer	2	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Baptist Total Abstinence Association, per Mr. J. T. Sears	2	2	0
Per Mr. Harrison; Soven Dials' Mission	2	2	0
Duke Street, Richmond	5	18	3
Croydon Y. M. C. A.	12	3	6
Half proceeds Barry Road Chapel, Dulwich	1	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	2	2	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. George Palmer	50	0	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Mrs. Pakeman	1	1	0
Miss Pakeman	0	10	6
A member of the Church of England, Sheffield	0	5	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Miss A. S. Muir	0	5	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Amounts received at the Annual Festival, June 8th—			
Collecting Boxes:—			
Armstrong, Mr.	1	4	9
Allen, Miss	1	1	3
Apted, Mrs.	0	12	1
Austin, Miss L.	0	7	0
Aylifle, Miss	0	7	0
Ansell, Mr.	0	8	3
Allen, Mrs. A.	0	5	0
A. B. C.	0	4	10
Akast, Master F.	0	2	3
Attikin, Mrs.	0	1	3
Armitage, Miss	0	1	2
Buswell, Mrs.	1	4	7
Barnes, Mr.	1	0	0
Burton, Mrs. W.	0	17	3
Busby, Miss...	0	12	3
Bruin, Miss	0	12	0
Barnden, Mrs.	0	11	6
Butler, Mrs.	0	11	6
Bucknole, Miss	0	10	7
Bowes, Mrs.	0	9	5
Bible-class, Eynsford, per Pastor G. B. Richardson	0	8	8
Brake, Miss G.	0	8	4
Beecliff, Mrs.	0	7	10
Bruce, Miss	0	7	9
Barnard, Master W. ...	0	7	5
Black, Miss	0	6	7
Bourne, Miss	0	6	5
Blandford, Mrs.	0	6	1
Baldock, Master A. ...	0	5	3
Boultwood, Misses A. J. E. and S.	0	5	1
Benham, Miss	0	5	0
Beaven, Mrs. A.	0	4	9
Briggs, Miss	0	4	9
Baldock, Master H. ...	0	4	8
Bartholomew, Mr. ...	0	4	7
Brooks, Miss	0	4	7
Beavis, Master G.	0	4	4
Bowden, Miss	0	4	0
Ballands, Miss A.	0	3	8
Brown, Mrs.	0	3	7
Boswell, Mrs.	0	3	6
Box, Mr. J.	0	3	6
Baulf, Miss L.	0	3	5
Barnard, Pastor J. H. ...	0	3	0
Betts, Master W.	0	2	9
Beale, Miss	0	2	5
Bailey, Mr. G.	0	2	4
Buxton, Mr. P.	0	2	4
Buxton, Mr. P.	0	2	2
Bygrave, Master H. ...	0	2	0
Bennett, Mrs. R.	0	1	10
Brice, Misses C. and F. ...	0	1	9
Brice, Misses F. and G. ...	0	1	9
Bandall, Mrs.	0	1	7
Bellefontaine, Master ...	0	1	8
Brice, Master P.	0	1	1
Cooper, Mr. J.	3	10	10
Clements and Newlings, Messrs.	2	5	4
Coker, Miss A.	2	3	6
Casey, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	8	8
Causton, Miss E.	1	5	11
Chamberlain, Miss L. ...	1	0	3
Combe, Mr.	1	0	0
Chisholm, Mr.	0	14	0
Crickmer, Miss	0	13	2
Chamberlain, Master H. ...	0	12	10
Chapman, Mrs.	0	12	8
Chapman, Misses H. and E.	0	12	6
Cook, Miss A.	0	13	1
Cowell, Master	0	10	10
Clarke, Mrs....	0	10	0
Cockshaw's, Miss J., pupils:—			
Maud Clark ... 0 4 0			
Lizzie Roach ... 0 5 2			
Mary Rushner... 0 3 4			
	0	12	6
Charlesworth, Master E.	0	9	0
Cornwell, Mrs.	0	8	8
Charlesworth, Miss G. ...	0	7	7
Conquest, Mrs.	0	7	7
Chandler, Miss M. ...	0	6	3
Catley, Mr. B.	0	5	9
Clay, Mrs.	0	5	6
Cane, Mr.	0	5	5
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	5	2
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	1
Cornell, Miss M. A., per H. B. S.	0	4	2
Carpenter, Miss	0	4	0
Cook, Mrs. S.	0	3	11
Crane, Master W.	0	2	8
Clark, Mr.	0	3	6
Charlesworth, Miss F. ...	0	3	5
Cox, Mrs. J.	0	3	3
Crow, Miss L.	0	3	2
Carter, Miss...	0	2	11
Cressell, Miss	0	2	10
Curtis, Mr. P. W. ...	0	2	3
Cloud, Mrs.	0	2	2
Catley, Mr.	0	1	11
Child, Master D.	0	1	10
Cobb, Mrs.	0	1	10
Child, Master S.	0	1	9
Child, Miss E.	0	1	9
Clincker, Miss	0	1	2
Cranch, Master B. ...	0	1	1
Dice, Masters E. and S. ...	3	10	4
Dalton, Mr.	0	18	8
Davis, Mr.	0	17	9
Dolling, Master A. ...	0	12	9
Deakin, Miss	0	11	7
Dury, Miss	0	7	10
Davie, Master H.	0	6	9
Davis, Mr.	0	6	5
Durwin, Mrs.	0	5	10
Davis, Miss K.	0	5	6
Derrick, Miss	0	4	9
Doyle, Mr. L.	0	2	9
Dale, Miss	0	2	2
Drew, Miss	0	1	7
Esling, Miss E.	0	17	0
Edgington, Miss L. ...	0	13	6
Essex, Mrs.	0	8	7
Everett, Miss E.	0	7	9
Edwards, Miss	0	5	6
Everett, Miss	0	4	7
Emery, Miss	0	4	4
Ellerington, Miss	0	3	6
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	3	0
Eyles, The Misses L. and A.	0	1	11
Evans, Master S. H. ...	0	1	8
Field, The Misses G. and K.	1	2	1
Fellowes, Mrs.	1	1	0
Farrelly, Miss	1	0	7
Fremlin, Miss	1	0	1
Fuller, Master A.	0	17	9
Frisby, The Misses ...	0	10	3
Farmer, Mrs.	0	9	5
Fowler, Miss E.	0	9	4
Fairhead, Master H. ...	0	5	9
Fraser, Miss...	0	5	8
Fuller, Miss	0	5	0
Fern, Master C.	0	3	11
Fathers, Mrs.	0	3	10
Foster, Master E.	0	2	0
Fairbairn, Miss A.... ...	0	1	3
Greenop, Miss F.	0	19	10
Goslin, Miss A.	0	14	4
Grimes, Miss	0	14	2
Grant, Miss	0	10	4
Garrett, Charlie and Elsie	0	10	3
Goodwyn, Miss A.... ...	0	9	6

	£	s.	d.
Gage, Mrs.	0	6	8
Green, Mrs.	0	6	0
Glew, Mrs.	0	4	4
Gant, Mrs.	0	2	6
Gray, Mr. A.	0	1	11
Goldsland, Miss L. ...	0	1	10
Higgs, Miss	6	5	3
Hare, Miss	1	12	11
Holmes, Mr. R.	1	9	8
Hogbin, Miss A.	1	4	6
Hudson, Mrs.	1	4	5
Hollobone, Mr. H.	0	18	10
Harbert, Miss	0	16	9
Hawgood, Miss	0	16	6
Hunt, Miss (No. 5 girls') ...	0	16	1
Hardy, Mr. G.	0	10	4
Henderson, Master J. ...	0	9	6
Herrman, Mrs.	0	8	3
Hoyles, Master A.	0	7	11
Harris, Miss	0	6	11
Hewitt, Miss E.	0	6	4
Hall, Mrs.	0	5	0
Hall, Miss	0	5	0
Hubbard, Master W. ...	0	4	6
Harris, Mrs.	0	4	4
Hay, Miss J.	0	3	8
Hart, Mrs.	0	3	5
Hill, Miss	0	3	4
Hobson, Mr. W.	0	3	1
Hannam, Master	0	2	7
Hodby, Mr.	0	2	2
Haydon, Miss G.	0	2	0
Hurn, Miss E.	0	1	1
Hutchings, Mrs.	0	1	0
Johnson, Mr. J. W. ...	1	5	7
Johnson, Miss S. J. ...	0	7	1
Johnson, Miss S. A. ...	0	5	5
Johnson, Miss	0	3	1
Jones, Miss L.	0	4	10
Joyce, Mr.	0	3	11
James, Mrs.	0	3	2
Kerridge, Misses K. & N.	0	19	10
Keevil, Miss R.	0	6	3
Kendall, Mr. R.	0	1	1
Lindon, Miss R.	0	16	6
Lockyer, Mrs. M.	0	13	7
Little, Miss	0	10	10
Lance, Master W.	0	8	9
Lawrence, Mr.	0	7	8
Larkman, Miss	0	7	6
Lewis, Mr. S. J.	0	6	1
Lott, Miss	0	5	9
Luxford, Miss	0	4	3
Lardner, Tom and Harry	0	3	10
Lloyd, Mr. J. C.	0	2	3
Lucas, Miss A.	0	1	11
London, Master	0	1	1
Minter, Master E. Kirkham	1	3	8
Merritt, Miss	0	18	8
Mills, Mr. H.	0	17	4
Mann, Miss	0	16	4
Morgan, Mr.	0	13	11
Miller, Mr. D.	0	13	8
Merricks, Miss	0	12	8
Maxwell, Miss (No. 5 girls')	0	11	7
Marsh, Master A.	0	11	1
Manly, Miss F.	0	10	0
Mackey, Mrs.	0	10	0
Monro, Misses M. and E. ...	0	9	8
McCombie, Mrs.	0	9	4
Mutton, Mr. F.	0	7	8
May, Miss	0	6	8
Miller, Mrs.	0	6	7
Mills, Master F.	0	5	10
Morgan, Miss A.	0	5	4
Milner, Miss G.	0	5	3
Moppett, Mrs.	0	4	11
Manly, Master H.	0	4	4
Miller, Miss M. F.	0	4	3
Millsom, Miss	0	3	1
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	11

	£	s.	d.
Moulton, Miss A.	0	2	7
Mills, Master F.	0	2	0
Mills, Master W. R. ...	0	1	11
Morrie, Miss	0	1	11
Matthews, Miss M. ...	0	1	8
Mycroft, Miss	0	1	8
Narraway, Miss E.	0	14	6
Northcroft, Miss M. ...	0	14	2
Narraway, Master H. ...	0	13	11
Northcroft, Mr. W. ...	0	4	9
Nutt, Miss S. A.	0	2	8
Nutt, Miss A.	0	1	7
Oliver, Miss F.	0	9	1
Oliver, Mr. A.	0	2	0
Palmer, Mr. G.	1	4	4
Prebble, Mr.	1	1	1
Pearce, Misses C. and P. ...	0	18	1
Powell, Miss G.	0	17	10
Powell, Miss	0	16	6
Pearce, Misses J. and L. ...	0	14	2
Pearce, Master B.	0	10	6
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	10	0
Piggott, Miss A.	0	10	0
Pankhurst, Master B. ...	0	9	3
Peters, Miss S.	0	9	3
Pike, Mr. G. Holden ...	0	6	7
Pain, Mrs. C.	0	6	2
Pavey, Mrs.	0	5	3
Plant, Mr. H.	0	5	0
Palmer, Mrs.	0	4	1
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	4	0
Poole, Miss	0	3	9
Payne, Miss A.	0	3	1
Peabody, Miss	0	2	4
Perry, Mrs.	0	2	2
Payne, Master J.	0	2	1
Park, Miss F.	0	1	5
Parker, Mr. F.	0	1	1
Palmer, Miss	0	1	0
Roberts, Mrs. M.	1	6	9
Rugg, Mrs.	0	18	6
Ranford, Mrs.	0	12	5
Raiman, Mrs.	0	10	9
Rogers, Mrs.	0	10	3
Rayner, Mr. S.	0	5	10
Roper, Miss R.	0	5	4
Rowe, Mr. F.	0	4	3
Rose, Miss A.	0	3	8
Roberts, Mrs.	0	3	1
Ridley, Mrs.	0	3	0
Rose, Miss E.	0	3	0
Reading, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0	2	8
Ransom, Master H. ...	0	1	6
Shepherd, Miss F.	2	5	1
Stocks, Miss	2	3	1
Speh, Miss	2	1	6
Sandes, Misses Norah and Milly	1	12	0
Saunders, Mrs.	1	10	0
Swain, Miss	1	2	3
Smith, Miss C. J.	0	18	9
Sidery, Mrs.	0	15	10
Sharpington, Mrs.	0	14	6
Soulsby, Miss G.	0	14	3
Sullivan, T. and L. ...	0	12	4
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	12	1
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	8	9
Smith, Master E. L. ...	0	8	6
Simmonds, Miss	0	7	7
Spurgeon, Miss E. ...	0	7	5
Stevens, Mrs. F.	0	7	5
Snell, Miss	0	7	1
Swain, Mr.	0	6	9
Stammers, Miss	0	6	2
Smith, Master O.	0	6	1
Shenton, Miss	0	6	0
Smith, Mrs. G.	0	5	4
Sculfor, Miss	0	4	10
Scott, Miss	0	4	9
Saltwell, Miss	0	4	5
Smee, Miss	0	4	2

	£	s.	d.
Scott, Miss J.	0	3	9
Stone, Mrs.	0	3	7
Sage, Miss	0	3	7
Scudder, Miss	0	3	0
Stevens, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	2	10
Small, Mrs.	0	2	0
Simmons, Mrs.	0	1	8
Smith, Miss	0	1	7
Scudder, Mrs.	0	1	6
Smith, Miss S.	0	1	3
Slater, Master H.	0	1	3
Toms, Miss	1	5	0
Thomas, Miss	1	4	3
Tyson, Mrs.	1	4	1
Teverson, Mr. H.	0	14	2
Taylor, Miss	0	14	0
Thomason, Miss	0	9	5
Turner, Miss M.	0	7	10
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Rose ...	0	7	6
Thomas, Miss	0	5	9
Telling, Miss D.	0	2	9
Thomas, Mrs.	0	2	7
Tarlton, Mrs.	0	2	1
Unwin, Mrs.	0	3	10
Vears, Mrs.	0	15	4
Vero, Miss M.	0	7	4
White, Mrs.	2	4	0
Waterman, Miss	1	15	5
Webber, Miss	1	6	7
Wheatley, Miss	0	18	1
W———, Mr. B.	0	16	8
Wilmot, Mrs.	0	16	8
Walker, Miss D.	0	14	9
Webster, Master	0	13	0
Warren, Miss M.	0	12	4
Waddell, Mrs.	0	12	0
Walker, Mr. A. A. ...	0	11	10
Womersley, Mrs.	0	10	1
Watkins, Mrs.	0	8	5
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	7	7
White, Master G.	0	6	8
Warner, Master C. ...	0	6	8
Wilson, Miss A.	0	6	0
Wingate, Miss N.	0	6	0
Watkins, Miss A.	0	5	5
Weare, Mrs.	0	5	3
Wells, Miss	0	5	0
Watts, Mrs. A.	0	4	10
Waite, Mrs.	0	4	8
Wells, F. and H. ...	0	4	1
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	3	10
Wessell, Miss	0	3	5
Willis, Mrs.	0	3	2
Weston, Miss	0	3	0
Weeks, Master F.	0	2	11
Weeks, Miss J.	0	2	8
Weeks, Miss F.	0	2	4
Warwick, Master	0	1	10
Wickham, Mrs.	0	1	8
White, Mrs.	0	1	7
White, Master T.	0	1	6
Wheeler, Miss	0	1	2
Young women employed at Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard's, per Miss Marshall	1	10	8
Mrs. Young	0	9	0
Sums under one shilling ...	0	10	10
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	2	6
			178 2 5
Collecting Books:—			
Allum, Mrs.	7	1	0
Alderton, Miss	0	16	6
Bantick, Mr.	2	0	0
Brown, Miss J. H.	1	15	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	8	0
Bowles, Mrs.	1	5	0
Briggs, Miss	1	0	0
Butler, Mrs.	0	15	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	11	6

	£	s.	d.
Bonser, Miss	0	11	6
Cockshaw, Miss J.	2	19	6
Cable, Mrs.	1	2	6
Cann, Miss	1	2	0
Corsan, Miss B.	0	13	9
Cockshaw, Miss	0	12	6
Castle, Mrs.	0	11	9
Corsan, Miss Nellie ...	0	9	0
Chenoweth, Miss	0	7	6
Cox, Miss	0	3	0
Crumpton, Miss	0	2	0
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Douglas, Miss	0	12	6
Dee, Mrs.	0	7	6
Day, Miss	0	5	0
Ewen, Mrs.	1	5	6
Evans, Mrs.	1	0	0
Freeman, Mr.	3	17	0
Friston, Mr. O.	1	5	0
Fowler, Miss N.	0	10	2
Figg, Miss H.	0	7	0
Ferguson, Miss A.	0	6	8
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	5	0
Good, Miss	0	5	4
Goslin, Mrs.	0	5	0
Honour, Mrs.	1	0	3
Hunter, Miss	0	16	6
Hinton, Miss	0	8	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	5	0
Jephs, Miss	1	15	0
Lawson, Mrs.	0	15	0
Livett, Mrs.	0	8	0
Mann, Miss	5	12	0
McDonald, Mrs.	1	3	0
Maxwell, Miss	1	1	0
Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0
Mott, Mrs.	0	14	0
Miller, Miss H.	0	11	6
Richmond, Mrs.	0	15	1
Russell, Miss B.	0	10	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	5	0	0
Staveley, Miss L. ...	2	11	0
Stevens, Mrs. E.	0	15	6
Swain, Mrs.	0	4	2
Shayes, Mr. R. C. E. ...	0	2	3
Tiddy, Mrs.	2	0	0
Tuck, Master	0	7	6
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0
Walters, Miss	4	1	4
Wilson, Miss	1	17	0
Wheeler, Miss	1	7	0
Wardell, Mrs.	0	10	0
Ware, Miss	0	3	0
			73 17 9
Donations:—			
Mrs. Newman	0	15	0
E. W.	0	3	6
Miss Tilley	5	0	0
Mr. Isaac Watts (annual)	2	2	0
Mrs. Healy	2	0	0
Mrs. Wisdom, per Mr. Field	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	2	0	0
Mrs. Devenish	0	5	0
E. H. G.	0	10	6
Mrs. Abbot	1	1	0
Miss Edward's Sunday-school class	0	9	0
Miss Porter, collected from spots being made on table-cloth	0	10	0
Southwood Lane Chapel, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	12	0
Mr. James Cullingham ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. B. and family ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Arthur	1	0	0
Mrs. Critchett	7	10	0
Two friends	0	10	0
Mr. John Briers (annual) ...	2	2	0
Mr. Harmer	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
H. M.	0	10	0
F.	0	10	6
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Rev. A. Sturge	1	1	0
Miss Dunn	0	11	0
Mrs. Laver	0	10	0
E. S.	0	5	0
Anon.	0	1	0
Mr. Waters	1	1	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	0	10	0
Mr. Hillier (annual) ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Simmonds	0	6	0
A. B. K.	0	5	0
Mr. Turley	1	0	0
A country visitor, S. M. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. H. Bramley ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Perrett...	1	5	0
Maggie Unwin (orphan girl's card)	0	3	6
N. M., Clapham	0	7	0
E. M. S.	1	1	0
Lizzie...	0	2	6
E. Masters	0	5	0
Mr. H. Williams	0	10	0
G. T.	0	10	0
A friend, per G. T. ...	0	5	0
W. E. C.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Doyle ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Hewkley (annual) ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Oxenford (annual)...	0	10	6
D. A. J.	1	1	0
Collection at Cornwall Road Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Cullum	0	11	0
Mr. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hobbs	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Norris (annual) ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Tucker	0	0	6
Per Mrs. Mott:—			
Miss Hagger ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Davies ... 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Mr. Hoare (annual) ...	0	10	6
J. W., West Dulwich ...	0	9	0
Mrs. Maynard	0	12	0
B. W. C.	1	0	0
Mr. M. Romany	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Romany... ...	0	10	0
Mr. Wayre	1	1	0
Mrs. Wayre	1	1	0
Master F. Wayre	0	10	6
Miss Wayre	0	10	6
Mrs. Houlgate	0	2	6
Mr. R. P. Keys (ann.) ...	0	10	6
A friend	0	10	0
M. Springett	0	2	6
Mr. W. T. Mayers... ...	1	1	0
E. A. S., per Mr. S. Johnson	1	1	0
M. M., per Mr. S. Johnson	1	1	0
Friends, per Mr. H. F. Harding	0	10	6
Mrs. Bilborough, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon (annual)	1	0	0
Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P. ...	21	0	0
Miss Stiff	0	2	6
Ida Smith	0	10	0
Orton Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Hoye	0	10	0
Mr. Gamman	1	0	0
No. 1, per E. H. B. ...	0	10	0
M. Cracknell	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Yeldham (annual)	1	1	0
Mrs. H. G. Jenner, Kennington	0	2	0
Mr. Anderson	2	5	0
Mrs. Mackinnon, per Mrs. Allison	5	0	0
			99 18 0
Amounts given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage:—			
Albert Dennish	0	5	0
Robert and Ann Gallant...	0	18	0
G. F. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	4	0	0
Two sisters	1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Riddel ...	5	0	0
K. P. R.	0	5	0
A friend	1	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon without names	1	7	6
Mr. J. G. Wilkins... ...	1	1	0
Ada Wilkins	0	2	6
An old Park Street hearer	1	0	0
Mr. Blay	0	2	6
A Bristol friend, M. R. ...	0	10	0
A commercial traveller ...	25	0	0
G. J. R.	2	2	0
Mr. James Jackson ...	1	1	0
Young friends, Hampstead	0	15	0
The Misses Geikie... ...	2	2	0
Per Mr. E. Blewett:—			
Mr. John Morley 21 0 0			
Friends at Clapton Hall ... 4 0 0			
	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Collins ...	5	0	0
			78 11 6
			£1,212 5 8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 16th to June 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—6 gallons Milk, Mr. Bloomfield; 56 lbs. Bacon, "J. H."; 2 bags Haricot Beans, Mr. J. Hall; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Bread, Mr. N. Read; 18 bags Cabbages, Mr. W. Mead; 350 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Sheep, Mr. W. J. Graham; 56 lbs. Corn Flour, Messrs. Brown and Polson.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—A box of Ties, Mrs. Moore; 10 Night Shirts, Mrs. Wilkinson; 3 Shirts, 6 Mufflers, The Ladies' Dorcas Society, Gloucester, per Mrs. N. Wilson; 30 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. A. Stevens; 6 Flannel Shirts, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 12 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 5 pairs Socks and 2 Shirts, Miss Salter and her Bible-class.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—26 articles, Mrs. Moore; 29 articles, The Ladies' Dorcas Society, Gloucester, per Mrs. N. Wilson; 30 Ties, Mrs. A. Stevens; 34 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 36 articles, Surrey Square Mission, Old Kent Road, per Mr. C. A. Pavey; 6 Dresses, Miss Hunter; 4 Trimmed Hats, Mrs. W. E. Earl; 12 articles, for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Rolfe; 3 Aprons, for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Taylor; 12 articles, Mrs. H. Kidner; 240 Ties, Mr. W. Ross; 19 pairs Gloves, 6 Caps, Mrs. A. Stevens; 77 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 7 articles, Miss Shipway; 2 articles, Miss E. Ellis; 41 articles, Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, Hounslow, per Pastor E. B. Pearson; 5 articles, "S. H. L."; 14 articles, Miss M. Thatcher; 3 boxes of Trimmed Bonnets and Hats, Mrs. Hollingsworth; 14 articles, Miss Salter and her Bible-class, for No. 1 Girls.

GENERAL.—1 Bible Album, "for the Infirmary," Mrs. E. M. Westall; a Gold Locket, "Alpha," Kent; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Wood; 1 Patent Lawn Mower, Mrs. T. Coldwell; a quantity of Texts, Messrs. Morgan and Scott; 46 vols., Mrs. Hicks; a quantity of cut Flowers, Chatham Road Chapel, Wandsworth; 1 enlarged Photograph, Mr. S. Barrow; 1 small box of Flowers, A widow's mite; 12

trusses Straw, 1 peck Lentils, Mr. James Hall; 1 box of Movable Letters, Miss E. Cork; 1 Waterbury Watch, for boy "Docwra," and some pieces Cloth, "A Dorset friend"; 1 Box of Flowers, Mrs. E. Parsons; 50 copies of "The Treasury," The Trustees of Psalms and Hymns, per Mr. J. B. Mead; 6 Cards, for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Taylor.

BAZAAR.—12 pairs knitted Baby Socks, 7 pairs Socks, 7 Teapot Holders, Miss E. Marshall; 8 yards Tatting, "J. D."; 1 Quilt, 1 Antimacassar, Miss E. Packer; 1 Tea Cosey, 5 Frocks, 8 Pinafores, from Harrogate; 13 articles, Mrs. J. Workman; 1 Scrap Book, Harrogate; 12 Table Mats, Mr. W. Thompson; 6 dozen A 1 Sauce, Messrs. Brand and Co.; 31 vols., J. Nisbet and Co.; 48 vols., Messrs. Cassell and Co.; 120 boxes Fancy Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 12 boxes Fancy Biscuits, Messrs. Offen and Moore; 4 dozen boxes Chocolate, Messrs. Cadbury and Co.; 50 half-pound packets choice Black Tea, Messrs. Cooper, Cooper, and Co.; 2 articles, Mrs. Crickmer; 2 dozen Hawarden Sauce, 2 dozen Vinegar, 2 dozen Worcester Sauce, 6 dozen Pickles, Messrs. Hayward Brothers; 2 articles, Miss Butler; 1 Bag, made by the "Maories" in New Zealand, per Miss E. Turner; 1 Necklace, A friend, per Pastor E. B. Pearson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association...	30	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Fairford and Moyseyhampton, per Captain Milbourne	10	0	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Colne, per Mr. John Chappell	7	10	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. T. Bantock	10	0	0
Southern Association, per Mr. W. Beer	50	0	0
Aylesbury and Wendover, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	20	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham ...	20	0	0
Great Totham, per Mr. W. Morton ...	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
	£242	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
E. S.	5	0	0
H. M....	5	0	0
Mr. F. Cockrell	0	10	0
Mr. P. Galley	0	7	6
R. P.	10	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"...	14	8	3
Miss E. Clark	0	1	0
Hill End	50	0	0
Mr. Grange, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
"H. I., Malta"	0	10	0
Collected at Annual Meeting	21	11	1
Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
Mrs. Westrop	3	0	0
Miss H. L. Gibbon	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Henry Barrett	0	10	0
Mr. J. and Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
The Misses A. and E. Newman ...	2	0	0
Miss H. Newman	5	0	0
Mr. George Palmer	20	0	0
	£141	13	10

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Balance of collection, after services by Mr. Burnham, at Milton, Oxon. ...	0	13	6
Mrs. Lloyd	0	10	0
Mrs. Moore	3	0	0
Scotch note, from Leslie...	5	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	1	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Additional thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sheffield	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain's services at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea	4	12	0
Miss E. Clark	0	1	0
Hill End	50	0	0
Children of Trinity U. P. Church, Greenock, for Mr. Eyres' services ...	2	4	2
Mrs. Westrop	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Westbourne Grove Chapel	15	2	8
Mrs. Barnes...	0	12	0
	£101	5	4

£2 10s. from A friend, Abergavenny, has been allotted to the London City Mission work at Townley Street, Walworth; £5 note from J. S. was included in the Weekly Offering, June 5th; Postal Order for 2s. 6d. from Alyth has been given to Spanish Missions, with hearty thanks to the unknown donors.

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 13th 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

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,

1886.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Committee.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.
„ J. BUSWELL.
„ J. J. COOK.
„ G. EVERETT.
„ G. GOLDSTON.
„ G. GREGORY.
„ J. HALL.
MR. S. JOHNSON.
„ M. LLEWELLYN.
„ J. PASSMORE, Junr.
„ S. R. PEARCE.
„ F. THOMPSON.
„ C. WATERS.
„ WOOLLARD.

Hon. Sec.

MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

General Sec.

REV. W. CORDEN JONES.

OFFICE AND DEPÔT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,

SOUTHWARK, S.E.

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 guaranteed, if the funds of the Association will permit.

2nd.—By means of Book Agents who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales, to remunerate them for their trouble.

This second method is admirably adapted to the requirements of districts where the guaranteed subscription for a Colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers or other persons willing to become Book Agents may communicate with the Secretary.

The Association is unsectarian in its operations, "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere."

RATE OF PROGRESS.

This may be seen from the following Table:—

Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £	s.	d.	Visits to Families.	Date.	Colporteurs.	Sales. £	s.	d.	Visits to Families.	Services and Addresses
1866	2	927	18	1	114,913	1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	
1867	6					1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	6,745
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1881	78	7,673	3	6	624,482	7,544
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1882	79	8,038	2	2	620,850	7,149
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1883	76	7,921	9	3	592,745	7,514
1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165	1884	78	8,760	15	9	626,348	7,627
1874	29	2,937	1	7	217,929	1885	76	9,525	16	2	552,677	8,458
1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	1886	86	9,601	13	7	560,750	11,952
1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000							

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.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT. 1886.

THE work of this Association has never been more prosperous, nor its condition so healthy and satisfactory as during the past year, and for this the Committee desire to express their hearty thanks to God, "and to take courage."

The Lord has graciously supplied the necessary funds to maintain a larger band of Colporteurs than the Association has ever been able regularly to support previously, the year closing with no less than eighty-six.

By the receipt of a very liberal donation from a lady who desires to remain anonymous, but to whom the Committee acknowledge their grateful obligation, Colporteurs are at work in a few districts at the sole cost of the funds of the Association, without local aid. This contribution alone justified so considerable an outlay; but this special work cannot be maintained much longer unless friends in the neighbourhood arrange to provide subscriptions towards payment of the expenses.

It is with much regret that several Colporteurs have had to be withdrawn from important districts through the failure of necessary contributions; but it is hoped that well-wishers for the spiritual benefit of our villages will not allow an agency to be permanently discontinued, which is admitted to be specially adapted to the necessities of the rural districts.

The sales have exceeded those of the previous year by £75, the grand total for 1886 being £9,601 13s. 7d. This progress in the work is all the more gratifying, remembering that throughout the year complaints have been constant from many Colporteurs that so many persons in their districts have been without employment, and, consequently, that money had been scarce. It should be considered, too, that a large portion of these sales have been realized in small sums ranging from a halfpenny magazine to a shilling book, though occasionally more expensive books are supplied. The number sold is very considerable, and is as nearly as can be tabulated as follows: Bibles and Testaments, 32,431; books, 223,648; periodicals, 362,410; Scripture text and other cards, 171,014; total, 789,503.

Figures are inadequate to convey a clear idea of the character and influence for good exercised by this widespread distribution of God's own truth and healthy moral and religious literature. Facts, however, recorded in this report below, prove the fulfilment of the Divine promise "My word shall not return unto me void."

The Committee gratefully recognise God's bountiful help in the past, and confidently ask the prayers and practical aid of all Christian friends in their determination to press forward with increased vigour in this gracious work. It was never more needed than now; for though Colportage successfully battles with the evil, the issue of bad books and periodicals continues to be very large, and is followed by baneful effects.

Infidelity and sacramentarianism are fearfully prevalent, and their agents make liberal and diligent use of the printing press to disseminate their deadly teaching. Many of our villages are neglected altogether, and without a Christian visitor, or afflicted with the false teaching of disguised Romanism. Who, then, will help in this true Home Mission effort?

Approved godly men are sent throughout the land, who carry with them "the truth as it is in Jesus," speak a word for Jesus, anywhere and everywhere, as they are able, and are often the only bearers of the gospel message to quiet country places. They visit the lonely and afflicted, conduct simple gospel services, and work with all Evangelical Christians. The Colporteurs endeavour to dissuade the people from reading which is frivolous and worse, by recommending sound and interesting books and periodicals. Many have thus been led to discontinue the one and purchase the other, to their great satisfaction and profit.

The Committee appoint a Colporteur in any approved district where £40 a year can be guaranteed. This is usually paid by quarterly instalments in advance, no further charge being borne by the district.

Contributions to the General Fund are also continually needed to supplement subscriptions required from the Districts.

All communications should be made to the General Secretary.

The encouraging Reports, both from the Colporteurs and their friends, are numerous and voluminous, so a few are selected.

Mr. H. MEARS of Brentford, where he has laboured faithfully for many years, writes:—"I am very thankful to be able to report progress in my labours at Brentford, generally. The Lord has owned and blessed me *in sick visiting*. I give my Sunday morning specially to this work; and many melting times I have experienced by the bed-side. One dear old man, who looks for my coming every week, while I was praying put his hand out of bed, and holding my coat-sleeve, said, 'Do pray for my dear old brother!' and with his heart full of gratitude, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he thanked God for sending me to help and comfort him. There are many other cases which I have visited in sickness, and through reading and speaking to them, they have been led to think, and on recovery they have lived a different life, and began to read good books, which I have gladly supplied. I also visit homes where the people like to spend their Sunday at home, not thinking to go to God's house. *In these homes I sometimes hold short services*, two or three in a morning, where they will readily listen while I sing of the gospel of grace. One Sunday, while on my way in this work, I met a woman to whom I spoke about her soul, when a man came by, who was evidently careless and indifferent as to what day it was. I put my hand on his arm, and said, 'My friend, you are going the wrong way.' He said, 'What business is that to you, can't anyone go where they like?' I said, 'Decidedly not, for God has commanded us to keep His day holy.' He said, 'I wish people would practice what they preach.' I said, 'My friend, by God's grace I try to do so.' I then spoke to him of his danger, and said, 'Who knows but you have a dear, godly mother praying for you every day.' That melted the hard

heart, and with a contrite spirit, and looking surprised at my words, he said, 'Yes, Mr. Mears, I have a godly father too.' I have since called on him at his home, introducing my books; he takes the 'British Workman' monthly, and he and his wife as they can afford, buy other small books. The greater number of my customers would not buy the books they do if I did not take them. There are a great many in Brentford to-day bless God for the books I have introduced to them, especially Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons and other of his works, the 'Cottager and Artisan,' and others. I was calling one day at a house to leave a penny magazine where I had read and prayed several times; this day an old publican sat there reading his paper. The devil came very craftily, and said, 'You must not pray while that man is here'; I just told him to mind his own business, and I would mine. I then said to the woman, 'We will have a word in prayer before I go.' The old lady said, 'Our friend won't mind, I dare say.' He said, 'Oh no, you can go on about your business.' I was led to pray specially for him. When I rose from my knees he shook my hand and thanked me for what I had asked the Lord for him. Last month I commenced another kind of work: the relieving officer came and asked me if I would come and speak to the poor old people while he was giving them their parish allowance. I give an hour every Thursday morning before starting out on my round to this work, and thus in my humble way, as God helps me, I seek to 'sow the seed beside all waters.'"

Mr. DUCKETT, who has only recently begun work for the Association in Maidenhead District, has received tokens of spiritual *success in the conversion of souls*, also Mr. PARKES of Uxbridge.

Mr. DUCKETT writes:—"My work has been very much blessed in every way. Many people have thanked me for giving them *tracts*, also for speaking to them about their *souls*, and for my visits to the *sick*. *Several have thanked me for pressing them to give up bad kind of reading, and persuading them to take better books in the place of those they have been in the habit of taking.* The Mission work has been owned of God abundantly; over thirty persons have given up their life of sin, to serve the only living and true *God*. All these have been got *hold* of by my visiting them *first* at their own homes."

Mr. PARKES reports:—"You desire me to write more about the report which you have received in reference to the conversions which have taken place. In the first cottage prayer meeting we had one sister wept very much, and before she left the house she said that the Lord had forgiven her sins. The following Thursday she brought her sister, and she found the Saviour too. In each service that we have held on the Greenway, the Spirit of the Lord has been poured out upon us. In several homes where I have been with the books, whilst talking and praying with the people, the Lord has been pleased to carry home the truth, and they have given their hearts to Him. I have been to their homes since, and feel assured, from what I have heard, that they are trying to live the lives of Christians. We opened a cottage service on Uxbridge Moor last Tuesday evening. There are residing on that moor a lot of hard working people, and I find that there is much need of work to be done there, for the greater part of them are in spiritual darkness. I am pleased to say that on Tuesday evening there was weeping among some who were present. It is my greatest desire in life for the salvation of souls. Please pray earnestly that I may be made a blessing in this district."

CONVERSION BY VISITATION.

Many Colporteurs write of *cases of conversion and comfort through the President's Sermons and Books*. Thus, Mr. HODGE, of Wellow, writes:—"Mr.——— speaks of 'Abundant Grace' as being the means of great blessing to him. I visited Mrs.——— of Wellow, during her illness. She was in great distress of mind about her soul's salvation. She says that I have been the means in the Lord's hands of leading her to her Saviour. Mr.——— tells me that *Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon entitled 'Love's Complaining'* has been the means of great good to him. He thinks that God sent that sermon especially for him."

A DAY OF SPECIAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

Mr. GARRETT, of Axbridge, thus describes one of his days at work:—"I will mention one special day of success and encouragement after I had had about a fortnight of the roughest weather that I think I have experienced all the year. Left home about 7.35 a.m. to meet first up train to ride to nearest point, then shouldered my load, and not at all a light one, and walked some three miles to

L. Langford, then round to Wrington, called at some houses on my way, but without any success, till I thought to myself—this is a bad beginning, and one of my best rounds as well. Now I came to a house where I leave, regularly, Magazines. 'Come in,' says the cook, 'I will tell Miss you are here.' 'Thank you.' In a few minutes the young lady comes out, speaks kindly, pays for her books, tells the cook to put me some refreshment, and gives me an order for about 17 shillings' worth of books to bring next month; and as I passed the front door to leave, she called me back into the hall, and she and her mother bought over 10 shillings' worth more. Thanked them and went on, calling as usual, sometimes selling or getting an order, or leaving a tract; returned home about 8 o'clock at night; sold during the day £1 15s., and took 38 shillings' worth of orders."

The same Colporteur gives an account of his year's work, which is very encouraging:—"I will give a summary of last year's work. I find, I think, that the number of publications etc. sold, is equal, or almost so, to former years, but the amount realized is below the average, which I consider is getting back to low water mark for the Cheddar District. One reason of the falling off is, I have more opposition than I used to get; another reason is, many of my subscribers have been removed, either by Providence to some other place, or by death; while very many of the working class and farmers as well, tell me they cannot afford to buy or they gladly would. Sales during last year, 64 Bibles, 111 New Testaments, 751 bound books (under 6d. each), 1058 books at 6d. and above that amount, 14,282 magazines, 237 small books, 2,573 Scripture, Christmas and New Year Cards, 707 large separate Texts of Scripture, 851 Almanacs, 1254 Tracts given away, 59 Services or Addresses. Amount of sales for the whole year £271 13s. 4d. Average sale, per month, £22 12s. 9d. *I have heard of three who professed to have been converted during the past year.* One through looking at a large Scripture text on an Almanac; another, in a chapel where I held a Preaching Service; the third was a woman at Priddy, to whom I gave a little book. She told me this cheering news when I called on her last November. Saw her again the other day, when I called and explained the Word of God to her more fully. December was a rather tough month's work to get through. My loads seemed much heavier than former years, really more, some mornings, than I could possibly carry. Some parts of my district, I had to go the second time with books, etc. Selling went on well right up to late in the evening the day before Christmas. The greatest difficulty was carrying the loads and getting in the cash. I think this present year opens a little brighter, with regard to sales, I am thankful to report. Hope it will continue to improve."

GOOD RESULTS FROM MARKET WORK.

Mr. GOULD, of Halesowen, sends the following account:—"The work in Cradley Heath Market has been attended with good results. The people have been listening most attentively, although the weather has been very damp and cold. I have sold a good many books. One old man had a Testament given him with a penny that was given to help on the work. This old man was evidently impressed with what he heard; he gets the Testament read to him, and this deepens his convictions; he attends the house of God, and is there pointed to the Saviour; and he is now praising God that ever he heard the Gospel in Cradley Heath Market. He was saved at the eleventh hour, as he is seventy years of age. I am looking for still larger results amongst the young, whom I am working amongst, and they often come to me for advice and help."

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

Mr. BIGNELL, of Orpington, sends an interesting report as below:—"A few days since, I met a man who told me that he bought from me the 'Prince of the House of David' some three years ago. It was read by himself and his family with great delight; then he gave it to a young man who was just going to America to live. The young man read the book, and was so delighted with it that he lent it to many others. And he writes: 'Dear friend, I thank you very much for the "Prince of David" you gave me. I have read it myself. It is such an interesting book to me, that I am lending it to every one I can; and I believe that two men's lives have been quite changed through the reading of it.' This friend has given me an order for the 2/- edition to send out to this young man. No less than twelve persons have spoken very highly of this book during the past month."

BLESSING THROUGH SCRIPTURE TEXT.

I had called upon some servants to whom I sold some Scripture texts. Not long since, one of them applied to our church for membership. When visited by a member of the church, and being asked how she found peace, she said it was through a Scripture text on the wall of her bed-room. She had been to chapel and felt very anxious about her soul. She went home to her room to pray, but could not see how she might be saved. But as she was leaving her room, her eye caught this text on the wall—'What must I do to be saved?—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' She said, 'I saw it at once—that I had only to believe and be saved. I did believe; and I had peace, and was happy.' This young woman is now living a consistent Christian life, and trying to bring others to the Saviour whom she loves."

PREACHING AND PRAYING WITHOUT A BOOK.

"I was asked to go in company with Brother Hardiman to a mothers' meeting, to give an address. The lady at whose house the mothers' meeting is held is a Church lady, and has been accustomed to ask the clergyman of the parish to come in and speak to the mothers. But he not being able to pray or preach without his book, she thought she would like to get some one who could. So she asked one of the women if she knew any one, and was told of us; so we were invited. We were received very kindly, and taken into a large drawing-room, where there were about thirty women working. The lady asked them to put their work away, as they were to have a short service. They had been accustomed to use 'Hymns Ancient and Modern'; but we took some 'Songs and Solos,' and used them instead. We sang three hymns from 'Songs and Solos,' had two prayers, and I gave a short address for about twenty minutes. The women were affected by the service for good, and the lady herself said she enjoyed it very much."

FOUR CONVERSIONS THROUGH THE COLPORTEUR'S AGENCY.

Mr. MORGAN, of Calne, has been cheered by several *conversions through visitation from house to house*. He reports:—"Some time ago a woman died in my district, whom I had regularly visited for the last three years. When I first met her she was a stranger to the truth as it is in Jesus, but the death of her son about twelve months ago (whose case I then reported) aroused her as to the need of a Saviour. But for a very long time she was in a state of uncertainty, and to all my enquiries she would only answer that she hoped she would be saved at last. But some time before her death she was able to rejoice in Jesus as her Saviour; and just before her death she sent for me to come and see her, and when I went she gave such a clear testimony, as to her readiness to meet God, as cheered my heart. Just before her death, in wishing her daughter good-bye, she said to her, 'Be sure to welcome Mr. Morgan whenever he calls, for I am sure you will find in him a good friend, as I have done.' When I called there a few days after the funeral I found the daughter anxious about her soul's salvation; I tried to point her to Christ as the only Saviour from sin, and left with a prayer that the Lord would by His own Spirit lead her to trust him fully; and last month (February) I heard with joy that she, and her sister-in-law and niece (who lived in the next house, and whom I have constantly visited) had given their hearts to the Lord, and had joined the little church meeting at the village chapel close by. May the Lord grant that many more may follow their example! I may add that I am well received here, and the people seem glad to see me. The smallness of the sales I believe can be accounted for, not because the people are indisposed to patronize me, but because of their poverty they are unable to do so."

TWO WOMEN LED TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Mr. BOTWRIGHT, of Lymington, reports *several led to attend public worship* and conversions through reading Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury":—"I am pleased to say our work is going on favourably, and I am continually hearing and seeing some little things around me which speak well. Our bookselling is pretty fair, considering the season of wet, and dulness of the times. I met with a case the other day very interesting; calling at a house some time ago I had the pleasure of showing my books, etc., and having a little conversation and speaking about the future of the soul of man, and also a word about the Master, I passed on. Next month a godly sister was there

staying, we all had a word together; since that time they have bought a Bible, and other books. The sister has since been and told a friend of the great change in them both; they now attend the house of God, and are regular Bible readers. May we soon hear of their salvation! I have had a busy time, and have been blessed, and have been made a blessing. As far as one can judge, I do believe two have been led to the Saviour: one, a very old man, seems to be resting on Jesus; and a woman whose only daughter was led to Jesus shortly afterI settled here; and now the mother seems to be resting also, through the sale of Bogatzky's 'Treasury.' I have been informed by a gentleman here, who bought the book to give away, that two old people have also decided for Jesus. Both rich and poor seem to value our little work here; so thanking our heavenly Father for the many past mercies I take courage for the future."

THE POWER OF A GOOD BOOK.

The value of a good book cannot be over-estimated, and its mission is accomplished in a quiet and unostentatious manner, while the permanence of its influence is of long duration. A striking illustration of this is given by Mr. Mizen, of Downton:—About five years ago he sold to a lady a copy of a book entitled, "Three People." For some time he heard nothing further about the book, which, however, was like "bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days." The lady lent the volume to a young man who worked on one of the farms in the neighbourhood. He read it, and was strongly impressed, and finally converted to God through its instrumentality. He soon began to tell others about the "great salvation," and became an accepted preacher in the surrounding village chapels. Feeling that he was called to devote himself to the ministry, he sought and obtained admission to one of the colleges for preparation for the work.

After three years' study, the claims of the heathen were strongly laid upon his heart, and he is now preparing for mission work on the Congo, whither he hopes in due course to go forth to preach among the Africans "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

THE ONLY VISITOR.

This Colporteur also writes:—"I should like you to be with me sometimes at the bedside of the sick, to hear the thanks for the visit. I am often told, 'Nobody comes to see us but you.' I thank God I ever entered the work so blessed to my own soul, and to the souls of others. I am sure if friends could only see the work as I see it there would be no lack of funds."

PREACHING SERVICES.

"At the two places where I preach there is very much to cheer. At Lockerly three were received into the church in January, when I was there, and we believe others will be soon. The cause is in a very cheering state. At Redlynch the cause never was in a more prosperous state; the school is good, I think there are ninety children, or more. The behaviour is much improved, the attendance is very good, and we believe the Lord is working among us; there are five or six that ought to be in the church, we hope they will come out for the Lord altogether."

LONDON COLPORTAGE.

The difficulties in carrying on the work in London and locality are greater than in country districts, but experience proves that a suitable agent succeeds, and Mr. BEER of Greenwich is doing a good work. He writes:—"I am pleased to say that this last month has been the most successful as regards finances, and I believe spiritually too.

"One woman told me when I called she had good news to tell me. I told her I was so glad. She then told me she had been converted to God through reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in the 'Christian Herald.' I now take her the monthly one; she also comes to our Mission Hall, and says she has attended church service for thirty years, but did not get such help to her soul as she got from that sermon. She now wishes to take the Lord's Supper, and be baptized. She is over fifty.

"I have met many rebuffs, but the Lord has been round about me as a wall of fire. In the midst of a fight God enabled me to speak a kind word, and it was surprising how soon it was ended.

"Another man, whose wife never buys at the door, went into a shop where I sold a 'City Sparrows,' took it up from the counter, took a fancy to it, and bought it from

the shopman. Having read it told him to tell me to call at his house, and they now buy a cheap book every time.

"God has given me an entrance into two or three houses of the rich, and they wish me success, but many others won't even take a tract.

"In looking over my journal for extracts, I notice in January's report, first, a case of a poor man taken ill on Christmas morning. He had not thought about his immortal soul. God helped me so to explain the way of salvation to him, that he assured me, before his death, that it was well with his soul.

"Another aged old gentleman, when I first came to Greenwich, often used to ridicule me, and was 'going to let me have it' next time I called. When he was laid on a bed of death, sent for me to pray for him. Think of it, living eighty-two years a Christless life, and hoping for mercy at the last! I might say he carefully kept a tract I gave him at first, with the word 'eternity' on it.

"Another man came to the door very drunk, but urged me to come in and pray for him, and while I prayed, the great tears rolled down his cheeks; but on enquiry I learnt his wife was worse than he: sometimes two or three men bring her home drunk.

"The man who was going to kick me out was fairly civil this week. I called, although he would not take a tract.

"One young lady I met with had not been taught that she had a soul, and told me she had not troubled in the least. By persuasion, I sold her that nice book, 'Life in a Look,' trusting it will lead her to Christ.

"There is a great deal of novel reading here. One gentleman here, who is a leader in one of the chapels, sells a great many. Speaking to him on the subject, he says he suits all classes, and while they are reading them, they won't be doing anything worse.

"People are very civil on the whole, especially as they now begin to know me; but while this is so, my case is still a wonder to many. One woman told me, 'No razors to-day, gov'ner!' another said, 'We all have our portraits taken, sir!' I said, 'If you all follow the Lord Jesus Christ, you will all turn out to be most splendid photos,' &c.

"Many sick and dying beds have been visited, and the Word has been blessed.

"I have come across a very kind gentleman from Scotland; he is very much interested in my work, he also gave a free tea to 122 people from the Mission in Calstock Street."

The testimony of local friends is always valuable, and a few notices follow:—

Rev. ALF. KLUHT, superintendent of the colporteur supported by the Essex Congregational Union, writes:—"There have proved to be some eight or nine instances of spiritual good done. Perhaps, under God, *all* will prove, as most of them have, to be decided conversions. This is during the past year's work. Our committee is very pleased with the general results of the last year, the evangelistic work and its success having shown the extreme value of the colporteur as an agent in the mission of the Gospel."

DAVID WHITE, Esq., of Uxbridge, writes:—"Three conversions, many revivals. The colporteur has God's cause dearly in his heart, and is working very energetically to spread His truth and light among his fellow men. He is evidently doing a great good work here."

Rev. C. SPURGEON, of Greenwich, reports: "Two or three conversions, and many instances of good done by the reading of the books." Generally, he says, the work done is "very satisfactory; we are of good courage, and very thankful."

The following is part of an unsolicited letter received from a clergyman of the Established Church who was staying in the neighbourhood about two months:—"During this time we had ample opportunity for judging of the zeal and sincerity of Mr. ———, who has been appointed by your society. He has many difficulties to contend with. There are miles between the houses, and I have seen Mr. ——— over moors to go to a single farm-house lying some miles from his own home. He is very earnest and sincere in his visitation and services, and a very energetic worker."

Many other extracts might be given, but these will suffice to show the favourable opinions of those who employ Colporteurs, and it is hoped that the perusal of these statements will lead to the employment of many additional Colporteurs.

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable, on account of the number and variety of Books sold, but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1886 :—

BOOKS.

Bibles...	7,740	Books under 6d.	75,084
Testaments (various)	24,691	Books over 6d.	60,287
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,854	,, in Packets	59,223
,, John Ploughman's do.	8,011	Scripture Texts...	81,230
,, Books (various) ...	3,986	Cards in Packets	89,784
Almanacks (various)	15,203		

TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS ... ... 427,093.

MAGAZINES.

Adviser	2,317	Mothers' Treasury	4,236
Appeal	3,194	Notes on Scripture Lessons ...	4,516
Band of Hope	10,430	Old Jonathan	2,753
Child's Own Magazine	8,815	Prize	12,740
Herald of Mercy	4,136	Sunshine	15,599
Baptist Messenger	6,170	Chatterbox	5,995
British Workman	12,922	Our Darlings	3,672
British Workwoman	13,471	Sword and Trowel	5,329
Child's Companion	9,701	Friendly Greetings	3,652
Children's Friend	12,918	Young England	3,649
Cottager	7,465	Boy's Own Paper	4,437
Family Friend	15,964	Girl's Own Paper	11,972
Friendly Visitor	6,536	Quiver	13,530
Home Evangel	5,298	Spurgeon's Sermons...	7,086
Home Words	4,107	Sunday at Home	9,954
Infants' Magazine	4,680	Welcome	3,686
Mothers' Friend	3,710	Miscellaneous Magazines...	...112,894
Our Own Gazette	4,736		

TOTAL MAGAZINES... 362,410

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 86 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 140,000 Tracts, and made about 560,750 visits.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association :—

£103,718 7s. 3d.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,

OCCUPIED DURING 1886.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
*Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	J. Mohan	1866	Cambs. Association.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Mr. W. C. Toone.
Swindon	Wiltshire	B. Slatter	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	J. Taylor	1872	J. Southall, Esq.
Riddings and Ilkeston	Derbyshire... ...	Robert Hall ...	1872	W. H. Roberts, Esq.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Rev. J. Renney.
Dorking	Surrey...	G. Bass	1873	Mr. C. Peirson.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire ...	G. Boyden	1873	R. Cory, Jun., Esq.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	H. Maybee... ...	1873	Mr. Jacobs.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. W. G. Smith.
Worcester	Worcestershire ...	G. Athay	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton	1874	
Droitwich	Do. ...	J. Wharmby ...	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizon	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Moars	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Wellow	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Witney	Oxfordshire ...	J. Hook	1874	Oxfordshire Association.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Bartlett	1875	Mr. J. B. Ransford.
Castleton	Glamorganshire ...	T. Sabin	1876	John Cory, Esq.
Dover and Ewell .	Kent	J. Hines	1876	Rev. E. J. Edwards.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	Mrs. Thomas Bantock.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	S. Maw, Esq.
Pewsey Vale ...	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Mr. Sharman and Local Committee.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	H. Payne and H. C. Waller ...	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy... ...	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington	Hampshire	G. Botwright ...	1876	Rev. W. M. Mountford.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	R. H. Cook, Esq.
Halesowen	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould	1877	C. H. Clewes, Esq.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Association.
Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards ...	1877	
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	D. Witton	1877	R. Collins, Jun., Esq.
Kingsteinton ...	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Josh. Bolton, Esq.
Bower Chalk ...	Salisbury	E. G. Lawson ...	1877	Mr. Welch.
Gt. Yarmouth ...	Norfolk	W. McDowell ...	1877	Town Mission, S. W. Page, Esq.
Newbury	Berkshire	H. Grimwood ...	1878	A. Jackson, Esq.
Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	S. Shaw & R. Thorn	1879	Messrs. Fox. Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton ...	A. Portingall ...	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
*Cambridge	Cambs.	L. Eyres	1879	Cambs. Association.
Gresley	Derbyshire	R. Beard	1880	Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	C. F. Allison, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sandown	Isle of Wight ...	W. Coleman ...	1881	Colonel Birney
Cowes	Do. ...	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew ...	1882	Mr. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury ...	Gloucestershire ...	Thos. Nelmes ...	1882	Rev. A. Graham.
Thornbury	Gloucestershire ...	C. G. Hicks ...	1882	E. Cullimore, Esq.
Tring	Herts	J. Appleby	1882	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
*Tittleshall	Norfolk	H. J. Barringer ...	1882	Rev. T. A. Wheeler.
Willingham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	H. Bailey and F. H. Marshall	1882	Mr. W. Johnson.
Calne	Wilts	C. Morgan	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker ...	1883	Norfolk Association.
*Waterlooville ...	Hampshire	B. Neal	1883	G. S. Lancaster, Esq.
Great Totham ...	Essex	E. Deane and T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrikyber	Aberdare	Daniel Davies and J. F. Loar ...	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Wendover and Aylesbury ...	Bucks	J. Smith	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.

Moyseyhampton...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey	1884	Captain Milbourn.
*Crosby Garrett ...	Westmoreland ...	J. B. Brown ...	1884	Rev. G. McDonald.
Bristol...	Gloucestershire ...	W. Hutton and A. Walker	1884	"H. M."
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn ...	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer
Epping	Essex	G. Wheeler	1884	H. P. Brown, Esq.
*Haddenham ...	Bucks	E. Owers	1884	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Melksham	Wilts	J. W. Knee... ...	1884	Rev. G. Webb.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	A. Walker and S. Bartlett	1884	Mr. W. E. Edwards.
Winchester... ...	Hants	W. J. Singleton ...	1884	Miss L. Perks.
Launceston... ...	Cornwall	George Keene ...	1884	Mr. R. Peter.
*Upper Clatford ...	Hants	Samuel Need ...	1885	H. Taskor, Esq.
London	St. Luke's	E. J. Heath ...	1885	Rev. E. J. Farley.
Bromley	Kent	W. Hardiman ...	1885	Rev. R. H. Lovell.
Bulwick Lodges...	Northampton ...	H. Bailey	1886	Rev. J. B. Hart.
Okehampton ...	Devon...	G. J. Whiting ...	1886	Mr. W. V. Bray.
Portsmouth Soldiers' Home ...	Hants	B. Neal	1886	Miss Robinson.
Bath	Somerset	J. G. Easley ...	1886	Mr. Mager.
*Slough...	Bucks	J. K. Walker ...	1886	Rev. F. Smith.
Thurlow	Suffolk	J. H. Barker ...	1886	Mr. F. Pratt.
Littledale	Lancashire	F. W. Singleton...	1886	J. Dodson, Esq.
Uxbridge	Middlesex	S. Parkes	1886	D. White, Esq.
Maidenhead ...	Berks	G. Duckett... ...	1886	Miss Lassolls.
Weston - super - Mare	Somerset	S. Smith and E. Owers	1886	Rev. Spencer Murch.
Wandsworth Road	Surrey...	D. Gray	1886	Rev. E. Henderson.
Battersea	Do.	S. Shaw	1886	Rev. T. Lardner.
Thornton Heath...	Do.	G. Barnes	1886	
Estover	Devon	... ...	1887	H. Serpell, Esq.
Sedgley	Staffordshire ...	H. Gilks	1887	F. A. Homer, Esq.

No. of Districts occupied during 1886 :—80.

* Those Districts marked with an asterisk have either been suspended or discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

BOOK AGENTS :—

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.	DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.
Braintree	Essex	F. W. Fenton	Histon	Cambridgeshire ...	G. Mansfield
Newington	Kent	L. Thurlow	Prestoign	Radnorshire ...	S. Watkins

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1886.

	£	s.	d.
For Districts.			
Wendover and Aylesbury, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	70	0	0
Andover, per Mr. H. Tasker	15	0	0
Brentford, per Mr. Thos. Greenwood	40	0	0
Bower Chalke, per Mr. W. Martin: 1 0 0; Mr. Thos. R— 5 0 0; Baptist Church 5 0 0; Per Mr. Martin 0 10 0	11	10	0
Bethnal Green: Mr. C. E. Fox 20 0 0; Mr. W. R. Fox 20 0 0	40	0	0
Bath, Argyle Home Mission	30	0	0
Bristol, per H. M.	40	0	0
Bulwick Lodges, per Northampton Association	40	0	0
Borstall, per Mr. W. R. Craske	40	0	0
Bromley (Kent) Congregational Church	40	0	0
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	30	2	6
Cardiff and Penrikyber, Messrs. J. and R. Cory	80	0	0
Castletown, per Mr. J. Cory	40	0	0
Cheddar, per the late Rev. T. Davies	14	15	0
Crosby Garrett	40	0	0
Cambridge Association	150	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	30	0	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	30	0	0
East Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	20	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	40	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	30	0	0
Great Totham, per Mr. M. Morton	40	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. R. H. Cook	40	0	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins, jun.	40	0	0
Halesowen, per Mr. Daniels, for 1885	15	7	0
Ilkeston and Riddings, per Mr. H. Roberts	50	0	0
Ironbridge and Colebrookdale, per Mr. Sam. Maw	30	0	0
James Street, St. Luke's, per Pastor E. J. Farley	40	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, Sen.	40	0	0
Kingsteington, per South Devon Congregational Union	40	0	0
Kent (a friend for)	33	18	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	10	0	0
Littledale, per Mr. J. Dodson	40	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. R. Peter	30	0	0
Ludlow: Per Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald 1 0 0; Per Miss E. Fitzgerald 0 5 0; Per Miss Sheppard 0 2 6; Per Mr. J. Evans for 1885 10 0 0; Rock Lane Collection 3 19 0; Brimfield Green 2 5 3; Sundry Subscriptions 8 15 9	26	7	6
Melksham, per Mrs. Keevil	40	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. J. Belsham	40	0	0
Meyseyhampton, per Captain Milbourn	35	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Mr. P. C. Evan	40	0	0
Maidenhead	10	0	0
Norfolk Association: Tittleshall 22 10 0; Neatishead 40 0 0	62	10	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	40	0	0
Nottingham and Notts, for Arnold, 1885	40	0	0
Orpington: Per Mrs. Allison's Bible Class 16 9 9; Per M. A. H. 20 0 0	36	9	9
Oxfordshire Association: Stow and Aston 30 0 0; Witney 30 0 0	60	0	0
Okehampton District	30	0	0
Portsmouth, Soldiers' Home, per Miss Robinson	40	0	0
Pitsea, per Essex Congregational Union	40	0	0
Ross: Per Miss Ball, 1885 20 0 0; " " 1886 20 0 0	40	0	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	80	0	0
Uxbridge, per Mr. D. White	40	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor: Per Mr. A. Nisbet 23 18 0; Per Col. Birney 30 0 0	53	18	0
Sellinge, per Mr. Thos. R.	40	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon: Per Mr. Smith 25 0 0; Per Mr. Thos. White 5 0 0; Per Rev. W. Corden Jones 10 0 0	40	0	0
Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. W. Beer, Treasurer	200	0	0
Slough, per Berks Congregational Union	33	6	8
Tring: Per Mr. F. Butcher 2 0 0; Per Mr. T. G. Elliman 1 0 0; Per Mr. Thos. Glover 1 0 0; Per Mr. W. Humphrey 0 10 0; Per Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School 40 0 0	44	10	0
Thornbury: Per Mr. T. S. Childs 15 0 0; Per District 15 0 0	30	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. Thos. White	47	10	0
Thurlow, per Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	150	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks	40	0	0
Waterloo Ville, per Mr. G. F. Lancaster	30	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Thos. Bantock	40	0	0
Willingham, per Mr. W. Johnson	40	0	0
Worcestershire Association	160	0	0
Weston-super-Mare, per Rev. Spencer Murch	40	0	0
Total	£3,040	4	5
Differences between the amount of Arrears and Advances at the beginning and end of the year	154	16	5
See General Account	£2,885	8	0

Donations and Subscriptions to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Adelphi	1	4	10
Arthur, Mrs.	0	10	0
Armstrong, Mr. B.	3	0	0
Bragg, Mr. Jas.	0	10	0
Blott, Mr. W.	5	0	0
Bowley, Mr. E. J.	0	10	0
Beilby, Dr.	3	0	0
Best, Helen, in Memory of	3	0	0
B., Mrs., per Mr. Waller	0	10	0
Bashall, The Misses	1	0	0
Cows, The Lord's	15	0	0
Casson, Mr. W.	0	10	0
Corkett, Mr. J.	2	0	0
Collection, Metropolitan Tabernacle	81	4	3
Collected at Annual Meeting	20	0	0
Crawford, Mr. W.	0	10	0
Calder, Mr. G. A.	5	0	0
Cowdy, Rev. S., LL.D.	1	0	0
Castle, Miss	0	10	0
Clarke, Miss Ellen	0	5	0
D. L. A.	0	8	0
Dore, Mr. and Mrs.	0	10	0
Drayson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Dennish, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Dawson, Miss	1	0	0
D.E.G., Wilts	0	5	0
Dunbar, Miss	0	10	0
Dodson, Mr. J.	40	0	0
Dawson, Mr. E.	0	5	0
D. A. E.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
E. A. H.	0	10	0
E. G. K.	20	0	0
E. R., token of love for the Pastor	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Hanson	100	0	0
E. S.	5	0	0
Freeman, Mr. F. A.	0	5	0
Firstfruits	18	0	0
Field, Pastor T. B., for Baptist Sunday School, Appledore	0	10	0
Fox, Mr. W.	5	0	0
Fox, Mr. C. E.	5	0	0
Fox, Mr. W. R.	5	0	0
Friend, A. Milton	0	10	0
Friend, A	5	0	0
Friend, A, who enjoys Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	5	0	0
Friend, A	5	0	0
Friend, A, Kent	5	0	0
Friend, A	5	0	0
Friend, A, per Mr. B.	2	0	0
G. O. N.	1	0	0
Greenwood, Mr. B. J.	5	5	0
Gibson, Mr. Robert	10	0	0
Gloucestershire	1	1	0
G.	10	0	0
Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Gray, Mr. A. R.	1	0	0
Heaton, Mr. Geo.	0	5	0
Hadfield, the late Miss Lucy, Executors of	500	0	0
Hare, Mr. W.	0	10	0
Holman, Mr. B. E.	1	0	0
Heelas, Mr. D.	1	0	0
Hollis, Mr. H.	2	0	0
Highlander, A North	0	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Hadfield, Miss	5	0	0
H. M.	5	0	0
Hill End	100	0	0
H. M.	10	0	0
H. B.	50	0	0
Hunt, Mr. C.	2	0	0
Holt, The Hon. Thomas	5	0	0
Hall, Mr. Jas.	5	0	0
Hadfield, Miss	5	0	0
Hunt, Mr. C.	2	10	0
H. M., Brixton Hill Post Mark	10	0	0
Hector, Mr.	2	0	0
H. M.	10	0	0
Hacksley, Mr. and Mrs.	0	5	0
Jones, Rev. W. Corden, Lecture by	5	0	0
J. F. C.	0	10	0
Jenkins, Mrs.	1	1	0
J. F. C., Newbury	0	10	0
Keating, Miss C.	10	0	0
King, Mr. William	2	0	0
Kirtley, The Misses	5	0	0
Kitchener, Mrs.	2	0	0
In Memory of a dear Sister	563	16	8
L. K. D.	1	0	0
Long, Mr. Arthur	1	1	0
Long, Miss M. L. S.	0	5	0
Mead, Mr. J. B.	10	0	0
Mead, Mr. John	1	1	0
Mead, Mrs. John	1	1	0
Milligan, Mrs.	2	0	0
Mounsey, Mr. E.	2	10	0
McKercher, Mr. D.	1	0	0
M. P.	1	0	0
Matthews, Miss	2	0	0
Marsh, Mr. John	1	0	0
Macfie, Mr. W. A.	2	0	0
Neal, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1	1	0
Newell, Mr. E.	2	10	0
Ploughman, A	0	5	0
P. M.	10	0	0
Price, Mr. C. H.	1	0	0
P. W. A.	5	0	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	2	0	0
Palmer, Mr. Geo., J.P.	20	0	0
Pettier, Mr.	2	10	0
Price, Mrs., per Mr. J. K. Walker	0	5	0
Pole, Mrs.	0	5	0
Pentelow, Mrs. J.	1	0	0
Russell, Mr. Joshua	5	0	0
Roberts, Mr. C. W.	5	0	0
R., Mr. Thomas	5	0	0
Raybould, Mr. E.	1	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Roberts, Mrs.	0	5	0
Sermons, Readers of, Glasgow	1	0	0
Constant Reader	3	14	2
Shaw, Miss M. A.	0	5	0
Shaw, Mr., Collected by	0	8	9
Spliedt, Miss	1	0	0
Scotland	5	0	0
Satchell, Mr. F.	1	0	0
Simpson, Mrs. Jane	1	0	0
Smallridge, Miss	0	10	0
Smith, Widow	0	10	0
Scotch £1 Note, Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
Seard, Mr. A. H.	3	0	0
Thankoffering, per Mrs. C. Devenish	0	5	0
Thompson, Miss	0	5	0
Tritton, Mr. J. (the late)	5	0	0
T. L. W.	10	10	0
Turner, Mr. S. R.	1	0	0
Townsend, Mr. M. P.	1	0	0
Westrobe, Mr. A. H.	0	10	0
W. and E. H., St. David's	0	7	0
Wilkins, Mr. J. G.	0	10	0
Websdale, Mrs., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Westrop, Mr. H. W.	5	0	0
W. S.	5	0	0
Williamson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Windeatt, the late Mr. C. A., Legacy	50	0	0
Wells, Mrs.	0	5	0
York, the Misses R. and E.	1	0	0
Z. A.	25	0	0
Annual Subscriptions.			
Benson, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	0	10	0
Billing, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Blake, Rev. W. A.	0	10	0
Bilborough, Mrs. B. P.	1	1	0
Brayne, Mr. E., 1885-86	1	1	0
Davis, Mr. T. E.	2	2	0
Cassell & Co., 1885, Messrs.	2	2	0
Cassell & Co., 1886, Messrs.	2	2	0
Carrington, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Francies, Miss	0	5	0
E. B.	100	0	0
Evans, Mrs. E.	0	5	0
Frearson, Mr. H. B.	15	0	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Gunn, Mrs.	10	0	0
Hellier, Mr.	0	10	6
Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Harrison, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Izard, Mr. W.	2	2	0
J. and C. B.	1	1	0
Kent, Messrs. W., and Co.	1	1	0
Norris, Mr. A.	0	10	6
Newman, The Misses A. and E.	2	0	0
Newman, Miss	5	0	0
Lloyd, Mr. E. W. N.	10	0	0
Liberty, Mr. Chas.	0	10	0
Macgregor, Mr. W. G.	1	1	0
Murrell, Mr. W. C.	1	1	0
Parry, Mr. and Mrs. J. and C.	0	10	0
Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0
Passmore, Mr. J., Jun.	1	1	0
Partridge, S. W., Messrs.	2	2	0
Penston, Miss	0	10	6
Payne, Mr. Wm.	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. Thos. H.	10	0	0
Olney, Mrs. Jno.	2	2	0
Satchell, Mr. F.	1	0	0
Stiff, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Russell, Mrs. C. L.	0	5	0
Rouse, Rev. G. H., M.A.	1	0	0
Rodgers, Mr. John J.	1	1	0
R. Mr. Thomas	5	0	0
Watts, Mr. H. M.	0	5	0
Webb, Mrs. E.	0	10	0
Waters, Mr. C.	1	1	0
Wayre, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Thompson, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Tucker, Mrs. E. H.	0	10	0
Sums under 5/-	1	8	6
Total	£2,147	3	2

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year ending December 31st, 1886.

Dr. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—						
Wages	5,155	18	3			
Expenses	405	8	7			
Packs	25	0	0			
				5,586	6	10
To Depôt Expenses—						
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants ...	504	14	6			
Printing and Stationery	60	15	11			
Postages, Telegrams, &c.	26	11	11			
Cleaning and Sundries	6	2	3			
Advertising and Travelling	12	2	1			
Annual Conference Meetings	24	9	6			
Tracts for Distribution	7	18	4			
				642	14	6
To Balance carried to Capital Account				1,112	1	7
				£7,341	2	11

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Gross Profit on Sales				2,289	1	10
By Subscriptions—						
For Districts	2,885	8	0			
* For General Purposes	2,147	3	2			
				5,032	11	2
By Interest on Deposit				19	9	11
				£7,341	2	11

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1886.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—						
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	204	0	0			
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,435	1	9			
				1,639	1	9
To Capital Account—						
Balance, December 31, 1885	2,654	0	2			
,, from General Account ...	1,112	1	7			
				3,766	1	9
				£5,405	3	6

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Stock—						
At Depôt	544	3	11			
With Colporteurs	1,158	9	10			
				1,702	13	9
By Debtors—						
Colporteurs' Balances (in transit) ...	543	8	2			
Book Agents	68	7	8			
District Subscriptions (due)	342	18	5			
				954	14	3
By Cash—						
At Bankers	1,017	15	6			
Petty Cash	30	0	0			
On Deposit	1,700	0	0			
				2,747	15	6
				£5,405	3	6

Examined with vouchers and found correct,
JAMES A. SPURGEON,
BENJN. WILDON CARR, } Auditors.

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
April, 1887.

* £500 of this given on special conditions.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1887.

Another Word concerning the Down-Grade.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

NO lover of the gospel can conceal from himself the fact that the days are evil. We are willing to make a large discount from our apprehensions on the score of natural timidity, the caution of age, and the weakness produced by pain; but yet our solemn conviction is that things are much worse in many churches than they seem to be, and are rapidly tending downward. Read those newspapers which represent the Broad School of Dissent, and ask yourself, How much farther could they go? What doctrine remains to be abandoned? What other truth to be the object of contempt? A new religion has been initiated, which is no more Christianity than chalk is cheese; and this religion, being destitute of moral honesty, palms itself off as the old faith with slight improvements, and on this plea usurps pulpits which were erected for gospel preaching. The Atonement is scouted, the inspiration of Scripture is derided, the Holy Spirit is degraded into an influence, the punishment of sin is turned into fiction, and the resurrection into a myth, and yet these enemies of our faith expect us to call them brethren, and maintain a confederacy with them!

At the back of doctrinal falsehood comes a natural decline of spiritual life, evidenced by a taste for questionable amusements, and a weariness of devotional meetings. At a certain meeting of ministers and church-officers, one after another doubted the value of prayer-meetings; all confessed that they had a very small attendance, and several acknowledged without the slightest compunction that they had

quite given them up. What means this? Are churches in a right condition when they have only one meeting for prayer in a week, and that a mere skeleton? Churches which have prayer-meetings several times on the Lord's-day, and very frequently during the week, yet feel their need of more prayer; but what can be said of those who very seldom practise united supplication? Are there few conversions? Do the congregations dwindle? Who wonders that this is the case when the spirit of prayer has departed?

As for questionable amusements—time was when a Nonconformist minister who was known to attend the play-house would soon have found himself without a church. And justly so; for no man can long possess the confidence, even of the most worldly, who is known to be a haunter of theatres. Yet at the present time it is matter of notoriety that preachers of no mean repute defend the play-house, and do so because they have been seen there. Is it any wonder that church members forget their vows of consecration, and run with the unholy in the ways of frivolity, when they hear that persons are tolerated in the pastorate who do the same? We doubt not that, for writing these lines we shall incur the charge of prudery and bigotry, and this will but prove how low are the tone and spirit of the churches in many places. The fact is, that many would like to unite church and stage, cards and prayer, dancing and sacraments. If we are powerless to stem this torrent, we can at least warn men of its existence, and entreat them to keep out of it. When the old faith is gone, and enthusiasm for the gospel is extinct, it is no wonder that people seek something else in the way of delight. Lacking bread, they feed on ashes; rejecting the way of the Lord, they run greedily in the path of folly.

An eminent minister, who is well versed in the records of Nonconformity, remarked to us the other day that he feared history was about to repeat itself among Dissenters. In days gone by, they aimed at being thought respectable, judicious, moderate, and learned, and, in consequence, they abandoned the Puritanic teaching with which they started, and toned down their doctrines. The spiritual life which had been the impelling cause of their dissent declined almost to death's door, and the very existence of evangelical Nonconformity was threatened. Then came the outburst of living godliness under Whitefield and Wesley, and with it new life for Dissent, and increased influence in every direction.

Alas! many are returning to the poisoned cups which drugged that declining generation, when it surrendered itself to Unitarian lethargy. Too many ministers are toying with the deadly cobra of "another gospel," in the form of "modern thought." As a consequence, their congregations are thinning: the more spiritual of their members join the "Brethren," or some other company of "believers unattached"; while the more wealthy, and show-loving, with some of unquestionable devoutness, go off to the Church of England.

Let us not hide from ourselves the fact that the Episcopal Church is awake, and is full of zeal and force. Dissenting as we do most intensely from her Ritualism, and especially abhorring her establishment by the State, we cannot but perceive that she grows, and grows, among other reasons, because spiritual life is waning among certain Dissenters. Where the gospel is fully and powerfully preached, with the Holy

Ghost sent down from heaven, our churches not only hold their own, but win converts; but when that which constitutes their strength is gone—we mean when the gospel is concealed, and the life of prayer is slighted—the whole thing becomes a mere form and fiction. For this thing our heart is sore grieved. Dissent for mere dissent's sake would be the bitter fruit of a wilful mind. Dissent as mere political partisanship is a degradation and travesty of religion. Dissent for truth's sake, carried out by force of the life within, is noble, praiseworthy, and fraught with the highest benefits to the race. Are we to have the genuine living thing, or are we to have that corruption of the best from which the worst is produced? Conformity, or nonconformity, *per se* is nothing; but a new creature is everything, and the truth upon which alone that new creature can live is worth dying a thousand deaths to conserve. It is not the shell that is so precious, but the kernel which it contains; when the kernel is gone, what is there left that is worth a thought? Our nonconformity is beyond measure precious as a vital spiritual force, but only while it remains such will it justify its own existence.

The case is mournful. Certain ministers are making infidels. Avowed atheists are not a tenth as dangerous as those preachers who scatter doubt and stab at faith. A plain man told us the other day that two ministers had derided him because he thought we should pray for rain. A gracious woman bemoaned in my presence that a precious promise in Isaiah which had comforted her had been declared by her minister to be uninspired. It is a common thing to hear working-men excuse their wickedness by the statement that there is no hell, "the parson says so." But we need not prolong our mention of painful facts. Germany was made unbelieving by her preachers, and England is following in her track. Attendance at places of worship is declining, and reverence for holy things is vanishing; and we solemnly believe this to be largely attributable to the scepticism which has flashed from the pulpit and spread among the people. Possibly the men who uttered the doubt never intended it to go so far; but none the less they have done the ill, and cannot undo it. Their own observation ought to teach them better. Have these advanced thinkers filled their own chapels? Have they, after all, prospered through discarding the old methods? Possibly, in a few cases genius and tact have carried these gentry over the destructive results of their ministry; but in many cases their pretty new theology has scattered their congregations. In meeting-houses holding a thousand, or twelve hundred, or fifteen hundred, places once packed to the ceiling with ardent hearers, how small are the numbers now! We would mention instances, but we forbear. The places which the gospel filled the new nonsense has emptied, and will keep empty.

This fact will have little influence with "the cultured"; for, as a rule, they have cultivated a fine development of conceit. "Yes," said one, whose pews held only here and there a worshipper, "it will always be found that in proportion as the preacher's mind enlarges, his congregation diminishes." These destroyers of our churches appear to be as content with their work as monkeys with their mischief. That which their fathers would have lamented they rejoice in: the alienation of

the poor and simple-minded from their ministry they accept as a compliment, and the grief of the spiritually-minded they regard as an evidence of their power. Truly, unless the Lord had kept his own we should long before this have seen our Zion ploughed as a field.

The other day we were asked to mention the name of some person who might be a suitable pastor for a vacant church, and the deacon who wrote said, "Let him be a converted man, and let him be one who believes what he preaches; for there are those around us who give us the idea that they have neither part nor lot in the matter." This remark is more commonly made than we like to remember, and there is, alas! too much need for it. A student from a certain college preached to a congregation we sometimes visit such a sermon that the deacon said to him in the vestry, "Sir, do you believe in the Holy Ghost?" The youth replied, "I suppose I do." To which the deacon answered, "I suppose you do *not*, or you would not have insulted us with such false doctrine." A little plain-speaking would do a world of good just now. These gentlemen desire to be let alone. They want no noise raised. Of course thieves hate watch-dogs, and love darkness. It is time that somebody should spring his rattle, and call attention to the way in which God is being robbed of his glory, and man of his hope.

It now becomes a serious question how far those who abide by the faith once delivered to the saints should fraternize with those who have turned aside to another gospel. Christian love has its claims, and divisions are to be shunned as grievous evils; but how far are we justified in being in confederacy with those who are departing from the truth? It is a difficult question to answer so as to keep the balance of the duties. For the present it behoves believers to be cautious, lest they lend their support and countenance to the betrayers of the Lord. It is one thing to overleap all boundaries of denominational restriction for the truth's sake: this we hope all godly men will do more and more. It is quite another policy which would urge us to subordinate the maintenance of truth to denominational prosperity and unity. Numbers of easy-minded people wink at error so long as it is committed by a clever man and a good-natured brother, who has so many fine points about him. Let each believer judge for himself; but, for our part, we have put on a few fresh bolts to our door, and we have given orders to keep the chain up; for, under colour of begging the friendship of the servant, there are those about who aim at robbing THE MASTER.

We fear it is hopeless ever to form a society which can keep out men base enough to profess one thing and believe another; but it might be possible to make an informal alliance among all who hold the Christianity of their fathers. Little as they might be able to do, they could at least protest, and as far as possible free themselves of that complicity which will be involved in a conspiracy of silence. If for a while the evangelicals are doomed to go down, let them die fighting, and in the full assurance that their gospel will have a resurrection when the inventions of "modern thought" shall be burned up with fire unquenchable.

Life Discipline for our Ministry.*

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR WALTER HACKNEY, M.A., OXFORD.

OUR ministry is only a fragment of the great love-service of God. God is love, and love must minister. The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. His ministry on earth illustrates God's ministering throughout eternity.

1. The instinct of the true minister of Christ is seen at the beginning of the Christian life, as the leaf-form is defined in the opening hawthorn bud. It is the mother-instinct, self-forgetful and self-spending, described thus by the apostle:—"We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children: so being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us."

2. The true minister of Christ is anointed with the Holy Ghost. In his light we see light, and are led into God's truth. Without his guidance we are like men having their eyes shut, groping with their hands to find the light.

His grace possessing the heart moves our lips to speak in words overflowing from the living springs of love to Jesus. His indwelling forms our life after the likeness of Christ, imparting to our character, not the harsh, dissevering lines of unsympathetic pride, but the graceful blending of holy love with the wants and ways of men. His energy makes our work effectual. Within the words we speak, beneath the prayers we breathe, behind the life we lead, is divine potency.

Light, speech, holiness, power, are the gifts of his anointing.

3. The true minister of Christ is disciplined by pain.

We do not think Christ means us to be monks or hermits, separated from the ordinary life of men. For us, as for all, the grass is green, the sky is blue, the song of birds is sweet. For us there is the tender joy of love to wife, to child, to friend. For us there is the pleasant bracing of intellectual toil, the secret exultation of strength and victory.

We rejoice in some delights denied to other men. Nevertheless, the true minister, like his Master, must be acquainted with grief. This grief, in many modes, will be his discipline.

I. DISCIPLINE IS NEEDFUL TO FIT US FOR THE MINISTRY.

1. By discipline we learn tenderness and sympathy.

The heart of suffering man is so sensitive that we require a tender touch. Here is a crushed and broken life, ruined by misfortune or folly. There, a poor widow bereft of all. Next, we meet a soul burdened with conscious sin.

How can we teach them his tenderness who wept at Lazarus' grave, and died on Calvary; how can we reach to them the hand of blessing, if we are hard and cold? The man who has not tasted suffering, who has never passed into the bitterness of sorrow, is unable to comprehend

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* This paper was heard with intense delight by the assembled brethren. May it be equally profitable to those who read it!—C. H. S.

the blood-sweat of Gethsemane. Your ever-successful man is always hard. The heart broken by pain, or grief, or failure, grows sensitive to every need, and gentle to all. Is not this descriptive of Jesus: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench"; "He is able to run up at the cry of them that are tried, for he was tried in all points like as we are, yet without sin"?

2. By discipline we learn the truth, and to be true.

Newman wrote :—

> "When I look back upon my former race,
> Seasons I see, at which the inward ray
> More brightly burned, or guided some new way.
>
> * * * *
>
> And next, I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
> Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
> To my tormented soul such larger grace."

Discipline is a sure instructor of conscience. It drives away, as with a mighty wind, the shams and shadows of pretence and uncertainty. When a great stroke comes down, you are compelled to be true. The face of death makes a man let go mere fancies, and cling to facts. Brother Turner, now in China, from this platform, spoke to us in words like these:—"Brethren, as I lay there in a Chinese city alone, afar from all my friends, on the brink of the grave, I felt as never before the glorious reality of him in whom I have believed."

3. By discipline we learn to know Jesus more.

The ambition of the Christian life is to grow more closely acquainted with Christ: to depend more simply on his hand; to worship him more fully as God; to delight absolutely in his love and his loveliness; to place him before all, our precious treasure in whom all other good things are; a real joy, unaffected by any weakness, failure, change, decay or death.

The Christian's gladness in Jesus as far exceeds the earth-worm's pleasure, as the light of love in Christ's face on the cross outshone the malicious satisfaction of the priests below. But Christ's love reveals itself supremely in the hours of pain. Therefore could Miss Havergal say, she had never known a suffering real Christian, who did not thank Jesus for pain. This deepening assurance and experience of Christ's love, is the value and necessity of discipline. Jesus becomes more to us, our life centre, an abiding friend, an unchanging glory, giving to the words we speak, and the life we live, the strength and fulness of conviction and certainty. I have seen the evening star, blazing with rich splendour above the ruddy after-glow of sunset, when all the winds were laid asleep. I have heard growing in the distance the noise of an approaching train, which cast forth, in passing, a cloud of white vapour, lying like a snow-serpent across the view, obscuring for a moment the brightness of the star. I have watched that vapour disappear into nothingness as the noise of the train died down, leaving the heavens holy and serene, and the star-light brighter than before: and I have thought the sweetness and beauty and power of Christ's love, made real in discipline, is like that evening star, untouched and undimmed by the

noise and mist which earth's tumult and men's folly raise, abiding for us, the light of life, the brightness of his Father's glory.

4. By discipline we learn to love God's will.

This is the very heart of Christianity. All other things are only outer shells and forms. Is not the end of Christ's atoning work and risen power to make us say in truth—thrilling with joy to take upon our lips these words prophetic of our Saviour's life,—"I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart"?

But as he learnt obedience by the things that he suffered, so we must learn, in patience of suffering and fulfilment of duty, to say, "Thy will be done." It is not natural for men to do so; we rebel against our discipline; we struggle with it; its iron yoke is for us a hated bondage. We are like the bull which bellows with the blow, and would tear the earth in its rage. Listen to the cursing and bitterness, watch the feet swift to vengeance, among worldly men.

Yet this very discipline, when grace is in the heart, leads us to place our all in Christ's hands, saying, "Thou doest all things well"; "Thy will be done." Until we have learnt this lesson, we are not ready for the Master's use; we are not satisfied with him alone; we cannot speak of him aright; we shall never lead our people to tread the consecrated way.

The prayer which closes the Epistle to the Hebrews is this: "The God of peace . . . make you perfect . . . to do his will." Making perfect, *there*, represents exactly the process of discipline. It is the hand of God unfolding and restoring continually the spiritual life, until, in doing God's will, we attain to the stature of Christ.

5. By discipline we learn the law of sacrifice.

Mrs. Browning, in that great poem called the *Vision of Poets*, makes use of these deep-meaning words:—

> "To speak nobly, comprehends to feel profoundly."

Of poets she says:—

> "Every vatic word that sweeps,
> To change the world, must pale their lips,
> And leave their own souls in eclipse."

The Angel in the vision, who is making music out of their lives, asks the poets of olden time—the great tried ones—

> "Oh, ye gifted givers, ye
> Who give your liberal hearts to me
> To make the world this harmony,
>
> Are ye resigned that they be spent
> To such world's help?
> The spirits bent
> Their awful brows, and said, 'Content!'"

The poet, who afterwards wins a place among these tried ones, says to God:—

> "I laid my soul before thy feet,
> That images of fair and sweet
> Should walk to other men on it."

Certain of the gospels relate that Christ sets before the brothers seeking distinction in his kingdom this terrible question: "Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They said, "We are able." To this he replied, "Ye shall indeed drink of that cup, and be baptized with that baptism."

We cannot atone for human sin; our flesh and blood can never become men's spiritual life food; but we must pass under the same great law of suffering for the good of others. Paul, referring to this, says, "Death worketh in us, and life in you"; the very principle laid down before by Christ: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The Rock is smitten hard that water may flow to refresh the multitude. Our lives experience suffering, that through our pain they may receive abundant blessings.

Tender and sympathetic; true at heart, and able to receive new visions of the true; holding Christ as the nearest and dearest friend; delighting in God's will everywhere; our all placed on the altar of sacrifice: this is the essential fitness of a minister, and this is the result of life's long discipline.

II. OUR DISCIPLINE IS CONDUCTED BY CHRIST HIMSELF.

1. It is all under his control. Every breath of air, every spark of fire, every act of life, every thought of man—everything, both small and great, is ruled by Christ.

Some ways of discipline are very hard and strange.

We have heard of a deacon being a thorn in a minister's side. And who can tell the pain of a constant presence which is antagonistic, especially in the circle of chosen ones? A Judas at the table of the Lord! Who has not felt the tooth of slander, or of ingratitude, more keen than winter's wind? How terrible the fight with grim-faced poverty! How lonely the heart from which has slipped away into the unseen the light of a prophet's eyes! How cruel the anguish of constant pain; the slow torture of leaden-footed decay! But, whatever it is, Christ sends it. He brings us to the furnace as well as to the banqueting-house, and his banner over us, everywhere, is love. Let us not lose grip of that certainty. Christ sends it. If we see only human agencies and earthly conditions, we shall grow discontented and despairing.

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

2. It is all according to his purpose.

He loves us with an eternal love, and that love directs our lives. The end of our discipline is partly to be reached in this world, but chiefly in the great hereafter. Christ has a place and a task for every one of us. The essence of nobility in every sphere is the perfection of obedience to the will of God; not wealth, nor fame, nor blood, nor great achievements.

The cedars of Lebanon are glorious in their grandeur; but the moss clinging to the wall, and golden in the sunshine, is a glory too.

Whether we are moss or cedar, Christ's will decides. For moss and cedar there is perfect holiness of work and joy, there is loving discipline. Christ's design for us will always determine the discipline we receive.

3. It is all made possible by his grace. Not by the removal of the thorn, but by that heart-soothing promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," was the apostle's anguish allayed. It was in that power of Christ that he could say, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

A great soul once said, "I give my patient heart unto my patient God."

During a time of great trial, my walk each morning led me by the river's side; its dark waters gliding beneath the overshading trees, and past the quiet meadows. At last it spoke to me. "Sometimes, above, the sky is blue and cloudless; upon my banks the trees and grass are bathed in warmest sunshine. My face flashes with brightness, and the lark's rapturous song, the thrush's clarion note, the merry children's voices, all unite to make me glad. But at other times a dense, black, clinging fog drips down upon my saddened wave; the grass, the trees, the world around, are desolate and chill. Or the angry storm-blast breaks across me, shattering the feebler branches, and scattering the dying leaves. Or the icy hand of winter chains me down with frost. Yet, whatever the outward circumstance, I still flow on, on, on, on, for ever on, seeking my home in the great wide sea."

As I heard that voice I thought, "For me, too, there is a daily life of duty and devotion to God, for evermore to be fulfilled; whether skies above are bright with sunshine, or gloomy with threatening clouds; whether my portion is summer's gladness, or winter's cruel cold. And the promise of Christ is sure, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

III. LIFE'S DISCIPLINE IS SOON OVER.

> "The One remains, the *many* change and pass,
> Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly
> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity,
> Until death tramples it to fragments."

The day is drawing on when we shall see the King in his beauty, and the land which is afar off. Loved friends are gone into the world of light. They are with Christ. The past discipline of earth made possible their present glory.

We remember dear brethren who once walked with us here. The last interview I had with Mr. Anderson, of Reading, was full of significance to me. He lay upon his bed, so changed. His once large face sunk down, and hollow-cheeked. There was the same kind look in the eye, and grasp of the hand. No word was spoken. He lifted up his finger and pointed to heaven. I came away, to see him no more on earth. But that finger points me ever to the place where sorrow never comes, where life's discipline is over, where new work begins. For, brethren, they dwell not in eternal ease, but in perpetual service.

Matthew Arnold, in spite of his doubts and denials of many things, is compelled to speak thus of his father :—

"Oh strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

So can we speak of our friends in the greater confidence of Scripture statement. The King receives them with these words: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." "*Ruler over many things*," THAT is the point towards which our discipline tends. His servants serve him *there*, and learn to do so in the discipline they pass through *here*.

I had gone to a new house in Oxford, where from my study windows, I could see across the meadows to the Binsey Hills. Again and again, leaving my desk, I had looked upon the beauty of the scene. The trees and cattle marked upon the breadth of the wide green plain; the gleaming river, winding and bending yonder into larger reaches of light; the village beyond, with its white and red-walled buildings, nestling in the shelter of a wood, which crept up and clothed the hill-side with dark shadow, leaving fields for cultivation here and there. And over all, the radiant sunshine and the gladdening breeze. Late at night, I went once more into my room, drew up the blind, and looked outside. Where is that scene of beauty? All gone! A great black oblivion rests on everything, on meadow, cattle, trees, river, village, wood, all swallowed up in night, and none distinguishable. But right above the hill-side, in the lucid heavens, shone out the sparkling stars. Then I thought, the day will come when all my earthly life, its joys and heartbreaks, will be gone for ever, swallowed up in death's oblivion, and I shall be face to face with the lights of eternity. Afterwards came to me, as the voice of God within the soul, these words of Holy Writ: "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."

Let us then be thankful for every stroke of Christ's dear hand, sent to fit us for ministering here, and for the greater ministry of God throughout eternity: enduring patiently whatever comes: fulfilling faithfully our present duty: bearing in mind those words of one who went before us in the way:—"We faint not . . . . for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

A Student, Preacher, and Professor of Modern Times.*

BY PASTOR H. O. MACKEY, PECKHAM.

NO subject is more fascinating, as a study, than the way and degree in which a strong personality is able to influence others. Some men of striking individuality tell at once and directly upon the public. They are manifestly born to move the crowd, and influence the popular mind and feeling. The influence of others is less direct. By colouring the thought and forming the principles of those who are to become public speakers and teachers, they none the less truly, though indirectly, fashion their age. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, has done more through his "boys" than by his own personal labours in public. It is to this class that the subject of our present sketch mainly, if not exclusively, belongs.

William Morgan was born on the 22nd August, 1818, at a farm called Forge, in the county of Carmarthen. Stock and blood count for more than is generally imagined; and no little of the sturdy godliness and nonconformity he afterwards manifested were the outcome of a Puritan ancestry which had done so much for the evangelization of Wales. His father, David Morgan, was a lay-preacher, and frequently ministered in the neighbouring pulpits with great acceptance. There is an incident in David Morgan's life which reveals his transparent integrity as well as his fervent zeal. He had a horse to sell that had a hidden blemish. Taking it to a fair, he was narrowly watched by a neighbouring farmer, who was eager to discover inconsistency between his public teaching and his private action. When by-and-by a person was heard enquiring the price of the animal, which being named, he said, "It is too low for so good an animal." David Morgan replied, "It has a blemish you cannot see." The godless neighbour overhearing this, was now satisfied that life and teaching were in perfect harmony.

Though the family of David Morgan attended the Independent Chapel at Henllan, a few miles distant, the barn at the farmhouse was often used for stirring religious services. At the early age of nine years, William Morgan, having given evidence of true conversion, was received into the church at Henllan. During his boyhood, a Mr. Thomas, a clergyman of the Church of England, residing in the neighbourhood, took a great interest in the lad, and used playfully to argue with him on the question of Church and Dissent. This led young Morgan to study the question thoroughly, intensified his taste for the subject, and made him afterwards the redoubtable champion of Free Church principles. Following soon upon his father's death, he was apprenticed to a draper at Narberth for four years; thence he went to Carmarthen for a short time, and finally to London. In connection with this latter situation there was a library and debating society, of which he made diligent use, and by means of which he became a practised impromptu speaker and debater. In after years he attributed any

* "Life of the Rev. William Morgan, Professor of Theology at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen." By his Son, John Lloyd Morgan, B.A. Elliot Stock.

success he achieved to the knowledge and experience gained in the metropolis.

During all this time the thought of the Christian ministry as the goal of his life was ever before him, and he resolved to devote his activities to it. To this end he gave up his business, entered the academy at Froodvale, conducted by the scholarly Dr. William Davies. In the course of a year he left for Hackney Independent College, and from thence he went to Glasgow University. As the English Universities were then closed against Nonconformists, students who were anxious for an advanced education were obliged to seek the Scotch Universities, which they could enter without violation of their consciences. At Glasgow, Mr. Morgan came principally under the influence of Professor Robert Buchanan, Dr. Fleming, and Professor James Thomson. His chief delights were in mathematics, philosophy, and logic, and to this latter he owed much of his success in after life and service. Just at this time Dr. Wardlaw was the tutor of the Congregational Theological Hall in the city, and Mr. Morgan availed himself of the opportunity to attend his lectures to students, and his Sabbath ministry. During his last year at Glasgow Mr. Morgan's health declined, and at the end of his course he did not attend the degree examination. To recruit his health he visited the Continent, where he met Richard Cobden, in whose company he spent a few very pleasant days. He was invited to become the pastor of a church at Towcester; but feeling that his duty lay in preaching to his own countrymen, he accepted the pastorate of Union Street, Carmarthen.

From the beginning of his ministerial life he became an enthusiastic advocate of religious equality, though the subject was then a very unpopular one. In 1848 the late Edward Miall visited Carmarthen, and Mr. Morgan became one of his warmest supporters at the meeting called to discuss the Establishment question. In the course of his speech he laid down the proposition that "if the teaching of the Church of England is false, it does not *deserve* State aid, and if it is true, then it does not *need* it." Error, in order to its very existence, must be supported by external aid; but the truth has everything that is necessary to conviction within itself. This being the first movement of a public nature in which he took part, it became the means of making him known throughout the Principality as a thorough-going Nonconformist. He speedily became greatly in demand, and speeches and lectures in favour of Voluntaryism in Religion were everywhere requested. His relentless logic, balanced by his unvarying courtesy, made him a formidable opponent, and many of the plausible sophistries which had deceived the people never recovered from his blows.

Speaking once on the charge of schism, so often brought against Dissenters, he said, "We cannot be schismatics, because schism means discord or disagreement in the same body: but when dissent or separation has taken place, the schism has ended. The Ritualists and the Evangelicals are schismatics to each other. I may be a schismatic in relation to my own church or denomination, but I cannot be so in relation to a church which I have left." Mr. Morgan was witness of a strange incident in connection with the levying of Church rates in Carmarthen which added much bitterness to

the controversy, but which ultimately led to their abolition as a compulsory tax. Mr. James Bagnall, a corn merchant in a large way of business, declined, on conscientious grounds, to pay the rates. Several sacks of barley belonging to him were therefore seized by the police under a distress warrant. Only the barley belonged to Mr. Bagnall, the sacks were the property of another person, whilst the handcart in which it was conveyed had been borrowed without the owner's consent. When the latter became aware of the facts he ordered his men to take possession of it, which they did, upsetting the sacks in the street. Soon afterwards the owner of the sacks appeared, and laid claim to his property, and the corn was unceremoniously emptied into the street.

In the following November, when a vestry meeting was convened for levying a new rate, the previous action was seen to have done its work; for the Church folks were outvoted by more than double their supporters, and the question was finally settled in Carmarthen. In February, 1868, upon the resignation of the workhouse chaplain, Mr. Morgan carried a resolution not to appoint a successor, the ministers of the town being willing in turn to discharge the spiritual duties. The clergy strongly opposed this at first, being anxious to appoint an Episcopalian, though the large majority of the inmates were Dissenters. Being defeated, they at last yielded, and joined in the work; and the official entries show that the services have been attended to with greater regularity and efficiency since the change.

In 1861, Mr. Morgan was involved in a controversy with the Bishop of St. Davids, over the Education Question. The Bishop had fallen foul of the Government Inspector, Mr. Bowstead, who, though a Churchman, perceived the anomaly and injustice of a preponderance of Church schools whilst the population was a dissenting one. Mr. Morgan, as a representative Nonconformist, sided with the Inspector against the Bishop, and in the dispute that arose turned all his resources of logic upon the dignitary. He pointedly asked, "Will your lordship allow Dissenters to have a voice in the school management? Will you allow the mastership to be open to competition to Dissenters as well as to Churchmen?" and went on to add, "There is practically an inscription placed on the most conspicuous part of the National School, 'Dissenting children made Churchmen.'" When, in 1870, the scheme for national education was before the House of Commons, Mr. Morgan laboured earnestly to enlighten the people and secure their votes for a truly unsectarian system. He said, "I object to the introduction of what is called religious education into the public elementary schools, because the public schoolmaster is not the proper teacher, the day-school is not the proper place, and the State is not the proper paymaster." When the School Board was formed in Carmarthen he was elected unopposed as one of the members, which position he occupied for six years.

On the 1st January, 1863, Mr. Morgan received a letter from the Rev. T. L. Marshall, secretary of the Presbyterian Board, asking him to take the duties of Theological Tutor at Carmarthen College for six months. Here he seems to have found the work for which he was specially qualified, and, at the end of the six months, was permanently appointed, and held the office until his death. In addition to his duties as Theological Professor, Mr. Morgan invariably attended the ordination

services of the Students at their settlements, besides collecting personally large sums of money needed for the improvement of the College buildings. His idea as to what the preacher must be is full of instruction. "We have powerful doctrine, and we must get men of power to expound it; men with heads to comprehend the truth, and hearts to feel it. The most intellectual of their hearers then will be constrained to say that there was intellect in the sermon, and the devout will be constrained to say that there was sincerity. The one will say he studied hard, and the other, he prayed earnestly." In 1870 Mr. Morgan was invited to become the pastor of the English Congregational Church in Carmarthen, but after mature consideration he resolved to abide with his old charge. Of his preaching one has said that "Mr. Morgan always finished when the sermon finished," a judicious brevity that might be imitated by many others. Up to 1878 Mr. Morgan enjoyed fair health, but always suffered more or less from constitutional nervousness, which grew in his latter years to an alarming extent. In the summer of 1879 he spent some time on the Continent, both in the Black Forest and among the Alps, hoping to recruit his strength; but the improvement was very slight and temporary. In the following Spring—1880—Mrs. Morgan died, and the strain of grief told visibly upon him. Summer found him again a traveller, this time in Iceland; but he grew gradually weaker, and, though he attended the collegiate work with regularity, was obliged to renounce preaching. On April 24th, 1884, he attended the week-night service as usual, and, contrary to his custom, gave a short address. The ease and evident pleasure with which he spoke caused his hearers to imagine that he was recovering. But the next morning the news was brought that during the night his Master had called him from his service of toil to his service of ease, from work to reward.

Though his earthly career has ended, William Morgan's work is not yet finished. There are many who to-day are preaching and teaching the gospel who caught their inspiration from his glowing zeal, as well as their fitness from his powerful instruction; and to whom this memorial volume will be a welcome reminder of past fellowships and mutual love; and in the great day of account, the sower as well as the reapers shall rejoice at the Master's "Well done."

Avoid Cynicism.

"BEWARE of dogs," says the apostle. Dogs? Yes, Cynics! That is what he means. And we have much need to beware of the cynical spirit just now. The Cynic sneers at everything. If the subject is beyond his criticism, he sneers at the style; if the eloquence is that of truth, he sneers at the manner of the speaker.

A song, if in the higher chord, is a scream; if in the lower, it is a dirge. A thoughtful book is "dry as dust"; a lighter one is "talkee, talkee." The Cynic is easily furnished with the weapons of his warfare: a curled lip and dropped eyelids complete the costume.—*W. Mann Statham, in "Golden Counsels."*

An Evening at Costers' Hall.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

ONE of the most unfashionable evening assemblies to which I can remember ever to have been invited, came off during the present London season; but if brilliance and luxury were lacking, there was no want of interest to those, who, like myself, have been accustomed to pay some attention to human nature in its varied phases. The assembly referred to was neither more nor less than a costers' smoking party and sandwich supper; and the rendezvous was Costers' Hall, in the more crowded than genteel suburb of Hoxton. Of course it was not an open meeting; invitation-cards were issued according to the conventional manner of good society, and the number was limited to a select party of about one hundred and eighty. Those who came regarded the occasion as a high one; and they were, accordingly, not only arrayed in their best, but appeared with banners, music, and all the imposing paraphernalia of the costers' clubs. A drawing-room at Buckingham Palace could hardly create more commotion in its own vicinity, than this festival created among the thoroughfares and by-ways of Hoxton. The withdrawal of so large a number from the local out-door stalls, of course represented a partial suspension of business; but as it was nine p.m. before the company entered the reception-room, very little time was lost by the festival.

The fact that the men made so much of it, showed that the occasion was a rare one; and beyond that, so large, so orderly, and at the same time so enthusiastic a gathering, drawn together by one man—Mr. W. J. Orsman—showed how these hard-handed, uneducated, but still shrewdly-intelligent men in their own business, are amenable to Christian influences. Perhaps no people in London have more fully repaid, both directly and indirectly, for what has been done for them by philanthropists, than the large and varied class who come under the general head of street-traders.

On all festive occasions the genuine coster loves show and music; and, accordingly, while the silken banners are being placed against the wall, and the men wearing the insignia of office, as well as their more humble comrades, are being seated at the long rows of tables, the band, with its entire deafening power, gives us one or two tunes, to avoid loss of time. As the space is somewhat confined, the muscular capacity of the gentleman who plays the big drum is especially noticeable; while his compatriots who blow the wind instruments have nothing to complain of in the matter of lung-power. Presently great dishes of sandwiches appear, accompanied with coffee; and, then, speedily there is a marvellous clearance. Pipes and business take up the remainder of the evening, until nearly eleven o'clock. One course suffices a coster for his heartiest meal, and he is not disposed to waste time even over that.

Tobacco, which is happily of good quality, is handed round without stint, the result being that we soon seem to be sitting in a kind of bluish fog; but the gradual thickening of the atmosphere seems to have the effect of making the company more garrulous, although they

welcome the intimation that there are to be no long speeches. Then a tender chord is touched in many a heart by the reminder that that meeting is the first of its kind which has been held since the death of Lord Shaftesbury, who, to some of these people, was not only a Christian nobleman to be looked up to, but a personal friend, who was not above visiting the humblest in their poor rooms, and giving them advice or sympathy. A London coster is touched in a tender place by the mention of that name; but the cheers which are drawn forth by any reference to Lord Aberdeen, his successor, show that the good Earl's mantle has fallen on the shoulders of another.

Thus, amid the fragrant fumes of good coffee and choice tobacco, the men discuss their grievances and questions of business; and it is very suggestive to note how clannish they are in their references and sympathies. A few years ago the street-traders of London were so many units without cohesion, not possessing any supposed interest in common; but, now, they have learned in what sense union is strength, and they pride themselves on the prosperous stability of their societies. The clubs have taught habits of thrift; sobriety has been promoted until a fifth part of those found at the evening party were teetotalers; and the donkey and pony shows, held periodically, have tended to bring about an improvement in the animals, which is visible throughout London. What a transformation is this since the days when the very name of coster was synonymous with profanity, brutality, and drunkenness! Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour, and London Poor"—which has never run out of print—is a graphic picture of every-day life in the great city in the middle of this century; but in how many particulars would the portrayal now have to be revised? Organized as they are at present, if mediæval predilections still prevailed, the costers would constitute a very creditable Company of the City of London.

In what degree the case has thus altered for the better in the course of a generation, is really known only to those who remember what the coster was in what may be called his normal condition in former days. In the year 1861, when Mr. W. J. Orsman first began to study the coster's characteristics, and to do something to promote his reformation, one of his favourite purlieus was Golden Lane, St. Luke's—a maze of courts and alleys, which have since been either swept away or transformed. The locality was then so far a world in itself, that every phase of low London life was represented; and being too bad for verbal description, some of the more repellent features of that life were not a little surprising, or even perplexing, to those who saw them for the first time. Although the population was very mixed, the costers represented a large proportion; for the courts and yards which abounded, offered facilities for the carrying on of their traffic which could not readily be found elsewhere. Old Golden Lane was thus a centre of costerdom; but, at the same time, in its gutters, and in its houses, which had seen better days, ragged London was very fully represented. Its original old-time costardmonger may really have corresponded to the lexicographer's "man who sells apples"; but meanwhile the man had developed into a veritable general dealer, and, contrary to the theories of evolutionists, he had not advanced in good, but had receded from bad to worse. It was seen that if he was to be reformed, it would have to be

by agencies, of the existence of which the coster had as yet had little or no experience.

Coster was once defined by a member of the class as "a cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin'"; but though poor and faring hard, as a rule, the coster is shrewdly observant, and he was prepared to make a hearty response when he found that there were those who cared to notice him for the sake of conferring benefit or of imparting needed instruction. Hence, when once established, the Golden Lane Mission, as it was originally called, became as successful as anything of the kind ever attempted; and those who have chiefly assisted in carrying on the work have been those who first of all were themselves reformed. In other words, those who have been prevailed upon to secede from the ranks of the enemy have made the best recruits for pushing forward the aggressive work of the Mission Church.

Especially, now that London has increased to its present size, the coster is generally regarded as one of the most useful of itinerants; and, if questioned on the point, this is the character that he would give to himself. His chief delight is to come upon a glutted market; for he can then not only best serve his own turn, but he can most effectively serve the public by conveying to their doors goods which would, probably, find no other distribution. Fish, fruit, and vegetables represent his favourite commodities, and when these fail, through excessive dearness or scarcity, he is liable to be reduced to straits which bring him to the border-land of famine. Even in average times his lot is a sufficiently hard one; for in winter he must be up long before day, and in summer with the lark, in order that he may attend the early markets; and it is when, while doing this, he has to return without a load, that he feels the pressure of adversity. Not knowing what else to do, he may fall back upon wood, coke, baked potatoes, or hearth-stone; but any one of these will serve only as a poor makeshift for the more ordinary traffic. An exceptionally hard winter, when a large proportion of his customers are out of work, is the especial dread of the London coster; for it is then that his fortune is at its lowest ebb.

The coster is sometimes assisted by his wife; and, indeed, there is in London a large class of female street-traders who work on their own account quite independently of the men. These include water-cress and flower sellers, whose lot in the world is frequently a peculiarly hard one, their work necessitating attendance at the early markets, as already described in the case of the men. It was for these women, girls, and even children, that the late Earl of Shaftesbury felt the keenest sympathy, and consequently for whom, by way of raising a memorial to his beloved Countess, he founded the Emily Fund. This latter enables the most needy to obtain loans free of interest when they wish to make a start in business; and how greatly does it redound to the credit of one of the poorest of the industrial classes when we are able to say that although so many hundreds of loans have been granted, cases of non-payment rarely occur.

Viewing things from the necessarily circumscribed outlook of his own standpoint, the coster is at times found to be very conservative; for he has more than once found to his cost that the march of improvements or the growth of public opinion has a strange tendency to come into

collision with his own private interests. The older men, who have lived long enough to find that the weeks seem to be shorter than formerly, and who passed their youth before the era of modern Education Acts, are not found to be very enthusiastic in the matter of the work of school-boards, even if they do not actually oppose it. Having himself roughed it in the world, as his ancestors are supposed to have had to do before him, the coster of mature age cannot readily see that there is necessarily any connection between grammar learning and the fish and greenstuff trades. When we harbour so many prejudices of our own why should we expect it to be otherwise? He is, however, on such good terms with the police that the name of the chief commissioner would at any time be cheered to the echo; but parish authorities, who interfere with what the coster regards as his vested "right" to stand with his barrow in certain thoroughfares, are his clan's special aversion. Sir J. Lubbock, with his Early Closing Bill, is also regarded as being equally hostile to the coster's interests. Sir John and his Early Closing Bill were very adversely criticised at the costers' evening party.

To return, however, to Costers' Hall: that commodious and handsome building is regarded by the clan as being in a peculiar sense their own Institution. When so large a number of persons were driven out of the by-ways of Golden Lane by the march of improvements, it seemed to be something like a special providence that so commanding a site was secured in the very heart of Hoxton, wherein the various classes of street-traders could find a rendezvous after their own mind. It is there that many of them find a congenial religious home; and they are able to congratulate themselves on possessing a comfortably fitted upper room which will accommodate seven hundred persons. On any Sunday afternoon the building is found to swarm with hundreds of children—the rising generation of a class, who in the main will follow the occupations of their fathers and mothers. There is no legitimate purpose for which these humble traders may not appropriate the building which is called after their own calling. Religious and other meetings, convened for the coster's special benefit, are continually being held; and whenever a room is wanted for club or business purposes the accommodation can be had free of charge, thus delivering him from the snares of the public-house. The gain which has already accrued from this arrangement has so far been greater than can be readily calculated; it is shown in the thriving condition of the clubs; in the tendency to save which has become characteristic of the men; and, also, in their growing disposition to adopt the principles of temperance. A few years ago the very name of the coster was synonymous with drunkenness, brutality, and even worse things; but how great has been the reformation will be apparent to all who care to take the trouble to compare things as they are at present with that attained in the middle of this century. "When the religious, moral, and intellectual degradation of the great majority of these fifty thousand people is impressed upon us," wrote Henry Mayhew about thirty-five years ago, "it becomes positively appalling to contemplate the vast amount of vice, ignorance, and want existing in these days in the very heart of our land." He might well further ask if it was safe "to allow men, women, and children to continue in such a state."

What the condition of the people as a class then was, may be summed up in few words. They were generally addicted to drink; and their

pastimes generally were of the lowest and most demoralizing kind, being represented by gambling, pugilism, dog-fighting, and kindred diversions. Hating the police as their hereditary enemies, a boy or a man was praised for his pluck whenever he was able to chastise a member of the force; and if a policeman was injured for life, the assailant was sure to be extolled for his heroism. When the Chartist agitation was in progress, the costers were supposed to be generally in sympathy with the movement; and one authority of those days felt assured that, "in case of a political riot every coster would seize his policeman." At that time not three per cent. were thought to have any notion of the meaning of Christianity; but although they never attended public worship, they were prejudiced in favour of Romanism, because they thought that the priests visited the sick more regularly than the Protestants, and gave more away. Of course, when not more than one in ten could read, the opinions of the people would be founded upon mere prejudice, and thus prejudice accounted for their bitter opposition to religion. Broken-down mechanics would sometimes join their ranks; but rare indeed was it for an educated man to become a coster proper. Persons of genteel rearing, and who were classical scholars, were found pattering the songs and broadsides of St. Giles's in the streets; but these never ceased to consider themselves higher than those who traded with a basket or a barrow.

When we compare all this with what has since come to pass, we have every reason to thank God and take courage. The fact that the coster has been raised, that, indeed, his class differs in many of general characteristics from the class which existed in London during the early days of the ragged-school crusade, is known to all who are acquainted with his past history. The seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, who, while he was a Knight of the Garter, always took pleasure in being the recognized head of the coster clan, repeatedly referred in enthusiastic terms to this improvement, which to himself was one of the most marvellous and gratifying things in his experience. His testimony was the more valuable because the Earl never took things for granted, or depended on hearsay, but went among the people and judged for himself. Perhaps no man of his time was more thoroughly acquainted, through personal visitation, with the slums and by-ways of London than the deceased nobleman.

The improvement that has taken place in the condition of the costers' ponies and donkeys, is in itself a testimony to the alteration for the better in the condition of their masters. This has been partly brought about by the periodical shows that have been held, and which have stimulated a wholesome spirit of rivalry. It was represented by Mr. Mayhew, nearly forty years ago, that the costers were at that time generally kind to their animals; but this was far from being the case universally. At all events the shows were started for the purpose of fostering kindness to the animals, and it is thought that they have been successful. During the present summer Mr. Orsman hopes to have a great gathering, and an imposing show in the north of London.

In thus speaking of Costers' Hall, we have spoken chiefly about the costers themselves; but of course the work now carried on by Mr. W. J. Orsman and his band of a hundred helpers extends far beyond one class. The Mission Church now consists of between three and four hundred

members; and during 1886 as many as two hundred and sixty of these contributed threepence a week to the Fellowship Fund, which allows five shillings a week for six weeks during illness, and £2 at death. The weekly offerings in the year amounted to £62; the collection of Hospital Sunday amounting to £5 15s.; the Lord's Supper collection also amounted to £47, and this was distributed with discretion among the very poor members. During the year there were forty-six additions to the church. The seven hundred children in the school were taught by forty-one teachers.

All the agencies which imparted to the work its sterling character in Golden Lane have been continued in the new home. In the hard winter weather the soup-kitchen is open three days a week, when a quart of Irish stew and a large piece of bread are given for a penny; ragged children are clothed or fed; and the sick, as well as the very poor, are visited in their own homes. Though Mr. Orsman freely gives his services as chief pastor, and preaches himself every Sunday night—Mr. Hart taking the morning service—the work is sufficiently costly to need the contributions of outside friends. In a word, it is a comprehensive home mission effort, and, as such, is one of the most successful in London.

Persons wishing for further information, or desiring to contribute, may communicate with Mr. W. J. Orsman, Milton House, Shacklewell Green, London, E.

The Four Baptisms.

BY AN EPISCOPAL AUTHOR WHOM WE GREATLY ESTEEM.

THERE are *four baptisms* mentioned in the Bible. "The baptism of water," "the baptism of repentance," "the baptism of the Holy Ghost," and "the baptism of fire." "The baptism of water" is the emblem of all; but "the baptism of water" would be nothing without "the baptism of repentance," which it was intended to express; and "the baptism of repentance" will be unavailing—for peace, for holiness, for heaven—unless it is accompanied by "the baptism of the Holy Ghost"; and "the baptism of the Holy Ghost" is never far separated from "the baptism of fire." The four make one complete whole, and are the basis of the Christian life.

"The baptism of water" means two things: the one, that as the body is washed and cleansed by water, so the soul needs to be washed from its sins by the blood of Jesus Christ. And since the original and right method of "the baptism of water" is by immersion, it means also that as the baptized person goes down into the water, and then comes up again, so our old nature must go down and die, and be buried, and the new nature must rise and come up again by a spiritual death and a spiritual resurrection. But is it not to be regretted that, substituting what is permitted for what was instituted at the first, and changing immersion into sprinkling, we have lost the beautiful allegory, and made St. Paul's striking description, in the sixth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, inapplicable, if not unintelligible?—*Extract from a sermon by the Rev. James Vaughan, M.A., of Brighton*, 1879.

A Communion Meditation.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"The Lord Jesus *the same night in which he was betrayed* took bread."—1 Cor. xi. 23.

IT surely is worthy of attentive regard that Paul, who received his record from head-quarters, *i.e.*, from the lips of the King himself, speaks thus of the time and occasion of the institution of the Lord's supper—"The same night in which he was betrayed." Can it be that when Jesus told him all about it he laid special emphasis on this weird fact, so that with a sigh the apostle writes it down and draws the red line beneath that date, as much as to say, "It was not without reason that such a time was chosen—seek, my fellow Christian, seek out the why and wherefore. Your Master tells me it was just prior to his betrayal—an hour or so before his agony and bloody sweat, that he took the bread and wine and supped with his disciples. Why he left it so late, that he passed directly from the eating of bread to the threshing-floor of his passion, directly from the cup to the wine-press, I leave you to enquire, for there *are* lessons in the fact." In any case we are glad that it is thus recorded, because—

I. IT REMINDS US SO FORCIBLY OF CHRIST'S BETRAYAL.—Is there not a tendency to overlook this the earliest stage of our Saviour's shame and sufferings? Of his actual death we cannot think too often. It is of immense advantage to opened eyes—to view the flowing of his precious blood. Of his latest agonies we cannot think too highly.

> "By his death he gives us life—
> Peace is ours—he ends the strife."

But every step that leads to Calvary—marked as it is with love and blood—should be diligently studied and highly prized: the last is closely connected with the first, and, humanly speaking, our Master would not have been slaughtered on the tree if he had not first been betrayed in the garden. Pilate had not sentenced him if Judas had not embraced him with his traitor arms. The perfidious disciple was the leader in the chase, and but for his treachery Calvary had had two crosses on its summit instead of three.

And who shall say but that the betrayal was as hard to bear as the tribunal and all that followed? True, Judas did not wield the scourge, or smite him with the reed. Iscariot was not one of those who pressed the thorns into his brow, or drove the spikes through his kind hands: we do not even read that he was armed, like the rabble which followed him, with sword and staves. I doubt if he carried so much as a torch to light the way. Alas! he knew the way too well, and loved the darkness better than the light, because his deeds were evil.

Yet he was *armed*. Armed with a deceitful tongue. (His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.) Armed with false-hearted flattery; armed with a devil's kiss! His was the unkindest cut of all; his the heaviest stroke of any, man could give. Betrayed! Entrapped! Deceived! Victimized! O ye who know to any extent the bitter meaning of such words—enter, I pray you, into your Saviour's griefs, and have fellowship with his sufferings, as his own familiar friend in whom he trusted, which did eat of his bread, lifts up his heel

against him. Behold him wounded in the house of his friends—the Son of man—*the Son of God* is BETRAYED into the hands of sinners.

Craft, and guile, and greed unite to press a kiss upon his lips: say rather, to run a dagger through his heart. O Christ of God, how wondrous was thy love! Thou didst give thy back to the smiters, and thy cheeks to them that plucked out the hair: more wondrous still that thou didst give those lips of thine—those lips like lilies dropping myrrh—to the pressure of the arch-traitor's kiss. Brethren, it was *the same night in which he was betrayed* that Jesus took the bread and wine and communed with the chosen.

Let this feast remind us of his woe; let it prompt us to examine ourselves, saying, "Lord, is it I?" Let it inspire us to adherence more faithful, to love more fervent. Speak, blessed sacrament—speak! Speak of his unchanging love; Jesus can never be as Judas! Speak in the Master's name to us, and call us to love and loyalty, saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

II. If I am not much mistaken, the scene and circumstances surrounding its first observance, MAKE THIS SUPPER THE MORE PRECIOUS TO US.

"The night in which he was betrayed." The glow of sunset is on this picture, or, better still, the *after-glow* lights up the scene—the light is subdued and weird, but heavenly. On loaves, and chalices, and guests, the fading rays of the Sun of Righteousness are falling; fading, mind you, only to shine ere long with resurrection and ascension splendour. Does not this sunset glory gild the ordinance to-day? I would rather have it lit with such rose-tints than with the brighter light that blazed upon his baptism, or the rare effulgence of the Transfiguration. Thanks be unto our thoughtful Friend, who instituted this touching ordinance as he stood on the very verge of the last battle-field, the same night in which he was betrayed. It is the first-fruit of his passion; his Benoni, the son of his sorrow; but a very Benjamin to us, the son of his right hand.

As at times when looking seaward you notice how, beneath a low black cloud, the ocean shines resplendently, while all the islands in the gulf and far away stand out like gems, and all seems nearer and brighter than is wont, although the cloud is dark; so let this feast and the love which prompted him who ordained it appear more bright, more blessed for the dark cloud of the apostasy which so closely overhung them. When such a scene as I have described appears about our shores, the weather-wise predict a fall of rain. The apparent propinquity of the distance is a sure sign, they say, of the proximity of the showers. So may it be with us. Clear if indescribable, strong if strange, precious if peculiar is the light that shines upon this ordinance, reflected from so dark a storm-cloud as the betrayal; but, for us at least, that cloud

> "Is big with mercies, and shall break
> In blessings on our head."

Snow-white flowers look "whiter than the snow" upon the dark coffin lid. Even black smoke will seem quite white against the thunder cloud, and acts of love are ne'er so lovely as when in contrast to some dark deed of hate. Hail, hallowed ordinance! born on the eve of the storm; the last

wave of the loved one's hand ere he passed into the valley of the shadow of death. What say you, Christian friends! Was there not a reason—a why and wherefore—for recording that this Lord's supper was first ordained "the same night in which he was betrayed." Most grateful as we are for the feast, we love the love and admire the wisdom which spread the table hard by Gethsemane. Oh, that to-day we may banquet, as it were, beneath the olive trees!

III. Again, WE ARE HEREBY REMINDED, AND THAT MOST FORCIBLY, OF THE SAVIOUR'S MARVELLOUS LOVE.

Knowing, as he fully did, the events which were to make that night more dark than any Egypt ever saw — knowing of the imminent betrayal and of his certain death—"the same night in which he was betrayed."

The poet of the sanctuary has sung of his journey to Jerusalem:—

> "With all his sufferings full in view,
> And griefs to us unknown,
> Forth to the task his spirit flew,
> 'Twas love that urged him on."

So here, nothing short of love, abounding and eternal love, could have rendered it possible for even him to speak as he did, and sup and sing with his followers within bow-shot of his agony, and in sight of Golgotha. Already his soul was becoming troubled: he was soon to be exceeding sorrowful. His betrayer sat with him (at least for a while) at the table and shared the sop. The first sighings of the breeze which, rising swiftly, was to lay his Tabernacle in the dust, were audible to him, if not to others; yet he thinks not of himself, but of "these sheep," as he presently calls them.

In a few minutes he goes out to die; so here he makes his will—bequeaths to them his peace—"Peace I leave with you," &c.; promises them the Comforter; and since neither gold, nor silver, nor precious stones were his to leave (and his very raiment was prophesied away to gambling soldiers), he, as a parting legacy, appoints the Eucharist—a reminder most precious of the fact that having loved his own that were in the world he loved them to the end. Do you not admire the self-command by which he took the bread and brake it—the emblem of his own body sacrificed—and then the cup, though its contents so clearly represented "His own blood"?

Did his fingers tremble? Did his hand shake? Did his voice quiver? So truly man as he was, perhaps he felt these tendencies—'tis possible he showed them—yet on he went with the supper and through the psalm, the same night in which he was betrayed. "'Twas love that urged him on." What mighty love! Aye, and if it had been that Judas there and then should kiss and handcuff Christ, as might have been had Judas not been such a coward, as traitors always are, our Lord would not have failed to institute the feast: the omnipotence of love would have borne him gloriously on!

One of most impressive Communion Services I have ever attended was held in a little boudoir, my honoured father was the celebrant, my mother and brother and three friends the only communicants besides myself. The vehicle that stood in readiness outside was there to carry

me to Paddington. Thence rail and steamer were to take me 16,000 miles from "Home." You will not wonder, that, as we read and prayed and supped, some eyes were wet, and some throats choked. Yet though he felt it, none the less, one voice was firm though faint. He who read the scriptures, and addressed in words most choice the little company, maintained his self-possession; calmly and kindly he spake to all—and why? Because his heart was steeled or callous? Because he did not share the general grief? Nay, verily! Love for him who was to go, love for those he left, and love to God, who ordered all, inspired him to conduct a service, the details of which are photographed upon my heart, and help me even now. In far higher degree, our Lord—himself the most concerned in such a feast—yields not to feelings, shrinks not from duty; but for his disciples' sake, administers the ordinance, dispenses the sacred elements, and sings the hallelujahs—the same night in which he was betrayed.

It was the same love that bade him in his latest pangs provide apartments for his mother, and find her another son. His self-possession sprang from self-abnegation and almighty love.

"While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He could not flee;
What love his latest words displayed,
'Meet, and remember me!'"

"Thay Amen and Thit Down."

UNFORTUNATELY for Sunday-schools in some regions, a number of middle-aged gentlemen, who think themselves endowed by nature with oratorical ability, visit Sunday-schools to display their speech-making qualities. These gentlemen are very properly called Sunday-school bores; for they bore the children, bore the superintendent, bore the teachers, and bore every person with whom they are thrown in contact.

One of these gentry had a round of four or five schools, which he visited regularly, and as regularly bored his hearers, ending invariably with *Amen!*

Visiting one of the schools during his regular rounds, he made his appearance at the superintendent's desk, who felt greatly annoyed, yet, out of courtesy, asked him if he desired to say a few words.

"Wa'al, yes, I'll say just a word or two!" and straightening himself up, with one hand on the corner of the desk, and with the other feeling for pins at the bottom of his vest, he began: "Wa'al, chil'un, the superintendent wants me to speak to yer!" and feeling vigorously for the pins, "Neow, what shall I say—what shall I talk about?"

A bright little fellow, about four years of age, sitting in the front seat, who evidently had heard the orator before, jumped to his feet and called out, loud enough to be heard all over the school-room, "Thay 'Amen' and thit down!" The speaker collapsed.

Of course this paragraph relates to America only. It is taken from "*Gems from the States.*"

Mary Pryor.*

ON old London Bridge, near its Southwark end, stood, during the last century, an elaborately-carved wooden house, which, when it was erected, in the reign of Elizabeth, was accounted one of the wonders of London. It was called *Nonesuch House.* It had been brought over from Holland, and put together with wooden pegs, not a nail being used in the whole fabric. In this house lived Andrew Bray, a stationer and a Friend, and to him, in 1737, was born a daughter, Mary, whose unobtrusive, useful life affords us a pleasant glimpse into the quiet Quakerism of that period.

She was married at twenty-three to John Pryor, a woolstapler, of Hertford, having previously, to the chagrin of her old nurse, refused the offer of a rich merchant to become his second wife. "You might have eaten gold," said the nurse. "But," replied she, "I could not have digested it." Her Quaker home at Hertford provided her with something better than gold, and among her eight children she exercised the holy influence of a Christian mother. It was her custom to gather them in her chamber from time to time for prayer, and when they left home to keep up correspondence with them upon their spiritual welfare.

Soon after the birth of her first child she began to speak in the Friends' meeting at Hertford, and thus entered upon a work which was destined to have a pretty wide scope. The secret of her power lay not so much in the possession of great talents, as in living near to her Lord, and being ever alert to recognize and follow his guidance. To those who will hold themselves in an attitude of attention to him, the Lord says, "I will guide thee with mine eye"; and so Mary Pryor found it.

A tradesman in Hertford, for example, who had risen to high position, but had fallen into drinking habits, was taken ill, and Mrs. Pryor felt it laid upon her heart to visit him. She went, but his family refused to let her see him. Returning along a lonely road in the dusk, she saw two suspicious-looking men coming towards her, and put herself under the protection of a gentleman who was approaching from behind. The two men as they passed looked curiously at her and her companion. On parting from him she asked who it was to whom she was indebted for this act of courtesy, and, on his telling her his name, found that he was a noted highwayman. Her thankfulness for preservation was mingled, however, with pain when she heard that the poor man to whom she had tried to carry a message of mercy had put an end to his existence that very night.

On another occasion, when busy in domestic affairs, she felt an intimation that she ought to call on a person who lived two miles away. The impression, at first neglected, came again and again, and at length she started in the pouring rain, and, reaching the house, told her friend she believed she had been sorely cast down, but that the Lord would never permit her to be so tried again. The woman listened, and was comforted, and at the close of the interview confessed that she had purposed to destroy herself that afternoon, and showed the poison with which she had meant to accomplish the deed. God's people might often be

* "Mary Pryor, a Life Story of a Hundred Years ago." Hodder and Stoughton.

messengers of mercy in this way if they would listen for his command and run when he sends them.

Matters of wider interest occupied her thoughts, and she did not hesitate to adopt means for giving effect to her desires and convictions, from which many private persons would shrink. She was greatly exercised about the war with America then raging, and three times sought and obtained an interview with George III. to implore him to put an end to it. In a letter written to him on the same subject she said: "Suffer, O King, a faithful, affectionate subject to entreat thee once more to abolish the slave trade and to make peace. I believed it was the word of the Lord to thee, and I found great peace after I had delivered that message to thee some years ago . . . I believe that now, under this glorious dispensation, the continuance of these two great evils is an abomination to the Majesty of heaven, and may be the means of bringing upon the land even greater calamities than those we now suffer. Even now the most industrious and frugal poor, who labour early and late, cannot purchase the necessaries of life. Many of these, thy most useful and worthy subjects, are ready to sink under their burdens for want of a sufficient portion of bread . . . . . This from thy faithful friend and subject, Mary Pryor."

After the close of the war, she felt called to visit the meetings of Friends in America, and was furnished for that purpose with credentials from the Society of Friends in England. In the circumstances under which she set sail, we again observe the care with which she always endeavoured to submit herself to Divine guidance. She visited several of the best ships of the period, but did not feel easy to take her passage in any of them. At length, on sitting down in an inferior vessel called the *Fame*, she said she felt "so comfortable" that she must go in that ship. Her friends endeavoured to dissuade her, one of them saying he would not trust his dog in it. But having sought the Lord's direction, she saw no light on any change of plan, and she set sail in the *Fame*. She was now sixty years of age. The voyage occupied three months, and was miserable in the extreme. The old vessel sprang a leak, and for weeks crew and passengers had to work at the pumps to keep her afloat. At length, when all prospect of rescue seemed hopeless and the men were on the point of giving up in despair, Mrs. Pryor, who had maintained her calmness and encouraged the sailors all along, came out of her cabin one morning saying she had good news, for she had seen in a dream a vessel coming to their help that very day. She had forgotten the name of the ship, but if the female passengers would mention their maiden names it would be recalled to her memory. One of them said her name had been Archibald. "That," said Mrs. Pryor, "is the name of the ship that will save us." The men were cheered, and turned with new energy to the pumps; and that evening, just before the vessel foundered, they were rescued by a small Halifax schooner, named the *Archibald*. The crew and passengers attributed their deliverance to the influence of Mrs. Pryor; and here was the explanation of the guidance she believed herself to have received to sail in the *Fame*, contrary to the wishes of her friends.

In America she "bore testimony" in the Friends' meeting-houses in Philadelphia, and afterwards travelled 1,100 miles, speaking in New

York, Rhode Island, Nantucket and other places. At Philadelphia she found the Friends in comfortable, not to say luxurious circumstances. "The females seem much indulged, mostly keeping fires in their chambers when the weather is cold. . . . All my pleadings could not get me excused from a fire in my bed-room night and morning. . . . Blacks market for the families, and great confidence is placed in them. The older women-friends wear large bonnets and tippets lined with white silk, and some wear white sarcenet hoods. There are many very ancient Friends, several near eighty, which I did not expect. I wonder it should be reckoned an unhealthy climate."

A year was spent in those American labours, and she then set her face towards home, where she spent sixteen more serene years in the midst of her children, grand-children, and great grand-children, and died in 1815, at the age of 77. "To sit at the feet of my beloved Lord in his kingdom," said she, "is more than I deserve, but not more than I covet." Her history is an example of simple, whole-hearted allegiance to her God and Saviour. Such a life we all may live.

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human life is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love."

In the Highways—A Joyous Mission Day.

IN our March number we gave an account of a journey made by two or three friends with a pony and four-wheeler. This month we give a brief chapter of results, hoping thereby to move others to try the same pleasant work.

One Saturday in May, 1886, after a few hours' mission work, we found our lodging for the night in a Christian home, the lady of the house especially seeming to delight to entertain four labourers in the Master's service. She seemed such a happy Christian, and so full of love to Christ, that when we heard, some time after, that she had suddenly been called home, we knew that to be "absent from the body" was, in her case, "to be present with the Lord." Leaving our kind friends early on the Lord's-day morning, we began visiting from house to house, the first village being very small. In the next, a large one in which we stayed a long time, we found that morning several anxious souls, and we fondly hope that some two or three were led to the feet of Jesus by the power of the Spirit.

After twelve years of village work, reminiscences of the past mingle with present effort; thus we were reminded of passing through this village hastily one evening some ten years ago, having only time to scatter a few books and say a word or two as we rode through, and then of an unexpected visit fourteen days later, when on visiting a poor sick woman it was our pleasure to find that a little book, given to her grandchild a fortnight before, had been blessed to her conversion. As we journeyed through the next village, each turn of the road seemed to recall former days of proclaiming the good tidings.

One household had all the books we had left for nine years treasured up, and the good wife was one of a numerous host who bear up our hands at the throne of grace. A little further on stood a house where on our first visit lived two old people who earnestly desired to be saved, but no one had told them the way. Half-an-hour with them still lingers in the memory as a time when the Spirit was given and precious souls were drawn to him who is mighty to save. When we next called at the house, both the aged people were sleeping in the graveyard, but the testimony of those who had attended their last hours encouraged our brightest hopes.

At the further end of this scattered village we lingered some time, proclaiming, as we stood in our little chaise, the good news. The people came out and stood in their gardens or in front of their houses. Every one seemed to listen most attentively, it may be that the sympathy of the people was greater from the fact that a poor man in one of the cottages on our last visit was in failing health. The visitor then pointed him to the "Precious Blood" for cleansing. He heard, received, believed, and three or four months after fell asleep in Jesus.

It was a very dull day as to weather, and dining by the road-side might read like being a sad affair, but the reminiscences of the morning's work were too joyous for us to be dull. After leaving the aforesaid village, we passed through a district with scattered houses for some miles, and at every available point, besides visiting the houses, the driver proclaimed, "Behold he cometh with clouds," etc.; "The wages of sin is death"; "Prepare to meet thy God"; "Behold the Lamb of God"; "The Precious Blood of Christ"; etc., etc. About 4.30 we reached a more populous village, and after tea in a cottage, had an open-air meeting in the worst part of it. Many came to listen, and as we pleaded with them several seemed much impressed. The evening was passed in the same manner, and soon after sunset, we, after a short meeting in a village among some young men, had only to hasten home as usual, probably singing:—

'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.

T. S. H.

Gain by Loss.

WAS it not a pretty thought, that of the gay young Southern girl, dancing with a sort of ecstasy among the falling leaves, whose brilliancy she had never seen in her sea-coast home? To one near her, saddening over their fall, she said: "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond!" Is it not true that, as our little joys and pleasures and earth's many lovely things fade and pass away, they open spaces for us in which to see God's heaven beyond?—*From "Manners Makyth Man." By the author of "How to be Happy though Married."*

Scraps Gathered during a Visit to the Haunts of my Childhood.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I SAW a man at Earl's Colne who in his younger days was accustomed to hear my grandfather. To him I said, "And what kind of preacher was the old gentleman?" "Why," said he, "I used to leap into heaven before he had been long at it." "Well, well," I said, "why did you not stop there?" "Ah!" said he, "you may well ask me *that;* but you know, as well as I do, how soon we find ourselves in the world again, however much we rise. Still, such was the power of the good man's preaching that my wing-feathers used to grow six inches every time I heard him." "That was splendid growth! What would you soon have done with such wings?" "There, again, you see all that I got on Sunday I wanted in the week; for I had a terrible clipping for my feathers all the week long. I needed to mount up with wings as an eagle to live at all."

This account of the value of a ministry shows how greatly the Spirit can bless the preaching of the truth, and how the tried people of God appreciate that doctrine which lifts them above the world, and draws them near to heaven. Such a result flows only from the veritable gospel, preached from the experience and heart of a man of God. Oh, for more of such preaching!

At Yeldham a lady said to me, with great earnestness, "I heard you well yesterday." This was a new and very satisfactory way of putting it. There is possibly more art in hearing well than in preaching well, and there is sure to be quite as much grace. Perhaps, if more people would hear well, the discovery would be made that there is more good preaching in the world than the pulpit has credit for. To hear without prejudice, to hear attentively, to hear prayerfully, to hear as for eternity —this is to hear well. Happy preacher, who has many such hearers!

I heard a good word concerning a praying woman. One who heard her at a mothers' prayer-meeting said, with a sneer, "Why, that woman could pray all night!" "Yes," said one who knew her, "she not only could do it, but she has done it, and that is why the church prospers." Oh, for more of those whose importunities bring down showers of blessing!

We passed at Sible Hedingham the Baptist Chapel, which has long been known to me as the chapel near "The Sugar Loaves." It is a great mercy when there is much sweetness not only near, but in our houses of prayer. Let us hope it will always be so at Hedingham; but it is not so in some places that we know of, which seem to be built near "The Wasps' Nest." When once churches are embittered with internal strife, prosperity bids them farewell. It is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity, but the opposite is good for neither saints nor sinners.

At Castle Hedingham, a friend told us, "Here Dr. Watts wrote 'How doth the Little Busy Bee!'" *He* might have written it in a good many places, and some of us would never have written it in any place at all. We should have been more likely to think of getting away from the bees' stings than of making poetry about them. Common-place incidents awaken useful thoughts in those who, like the bees, "improve each shining hour"; while to those who gather no honey, however many the flowers may be, the most charming scenery suggests nothing at all. We see abroad what we have within ourselves. Dr. Watts brought his poetry to the village, and, therefore, he found poetry in it. Where could a man be, and not be instructed, if he carried stores of knowledge with him?

Much amused were we with the story of a clergyman, who was good enough to doctor his parishioners. A woman hoped to curry favour with him by saying, "Please see to me, sir, for I never go down to the meeting." "More shame for you," said he, "for I never see you at church." Another, thinking that he saw his cue, declared that he was a very regular meeting-goer. "That's right," said the parson, "I'll give you a double dose of physic." Thus he had them both ways; and very rightly too. If we were all less tolerant of those who use religion as a means of beggary, it would be all the better for the cause of honest godliness. Rowland Hill once sent away a blessed woman with a flea in her ear, because she talked so much about his blessed ministry and the blessed chapel that he soon perceived that she was spelling for a blessed almshouse. We have enough poor people who are really gracious without throwing out ground-bait for hypocrites.

The weather was hot, and the roads dry, but we could put up with travelling, except when we met a flock of sheep. Then the smother of the dust was something to be remembered. I could only say, "See what it is to have a flock about you!" Sheep make trouble and dust, but men make far more. How weary one sometimes gets of the cares, sorrows, sins, differences, ignorances, infirmities, and littlenesses of good people, when one has to bear with them from day to day, and lead on the whole company year after year! When it is well with my readers, I wish they would remember in prayer a shepherd with more than five thousand sheep, who has now led them along the road for a third of a century, and feels himself faint by the way. Please commend him to that Chief Shepherd of the sheep, who alone can supply strength and wisdom sufficient for so great a charge. We try to go before the sheep, but it is hard to go so fast as to outstep their dust. Truly the roads are dry and dusty now. They were never more so. The Lord's enemies are raising blinding clouds of it. Oh, for a glorious shower from those better clouds, which are the dust of Jehovah's feet!

Hop-pickers' Mission Work.

SO frequently in former years has this pen pleaded for the above-named mission, that it is no easy task to urge our suit with any degree of freshness. Yet, with the many calls upon the Lord's stewards in this day, we are fearful lest this *mission work at our own doors* should be forgotten, and the work hindered through lack of practical sympathy. For the information of the uninitiated we would briefly state the nature of the work, and then quote two or three random "jottings" from our journal of last September, which will serve to illustrate the variety of methods to which we resort in the hope of winning souls for Christ.

Many thousands of souls from the courts and alleys of London (and other cities and towns) migrate to Kent for the month of September, for the purpose of picking the hops. Grateful as we are for the blessing of God which has rested on mission efforts among the London poor, there is no disguising the fact that very, very many souls are not reached in their regular haunts; and, some years since, it occurred to us that, removed from their sinful associations for a season, and surrounded by healthier and happier influences, they might perchance be reached and blessed by the gospel. Subsequent years of effort among them have fully justified our expectations: God has evidently set his seal upon the work thus done in his name, as many renewed lives gladly testify. Each year has witnessed a growing interest in this mission among God's stewards, by whose help we have been enabled to increase our staff of workers, and extend the area of our operations. We daily visit the hop-gardens with supplies of Gospel literature for free circulation; embrace this opportunity of talking with the pickers over the bins; visit the "camps" on Sundays for personal intercourse with the "strangers" (as they are usually called by the unsophisticated home-dwellers); tend the sick and dying among them at any hour of the day or night; hold open-air services each evening in the villages, whither they resort in crowds to the shop or the ale-house; better clothe the thinly-clad and shoeless, against the occasionally treacherous weather of September; gather large numbers of them to free-teas on Sunday, in order that we may sing and speak to them of the Saviour's love; indeed, we venture to believe that this work has taught us something of Paul's meaning when he said, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORKER AT WORK

may be seen in the following "jottings" from our last year's journal:—

The Power of the Word.—A man, under the influence of drink, reeled up to the throng (at an open-air service) and began "playing the fool," and distracting attention. Mr. Kendon rose to give an address; but, instead of quietly announcing his text in the usual way, he looked straight at the man, and exclaimed abruptly, and with a loud voice, "Prepare to meet thy God!" This text he repeated three or four times, very deliberately, before making any remarks upon it. The effect was most thrilling, startling, silencing! The man ceased his fooling, quietly listened, and winced again and again under the Word.

An Infidel Silenced.—I was greatly interested with the following

dialogue. Meeting an old man returning from the gardens, J. J. K. pulled up his horse, and began :—

"So poor Mrs. Smith is dead!"

S. T. "Indeed! when did she die?"

J. J. K. "This morning at half-past three. And very *happily* she passed away, I am told. She was quite prepared, and only waiting for the summons."

S. T. "Yes, sir! I believe *she was* prepared, from what I know of her."

J. J. K. "Ah! it is a grand thing to be prepared for that hour, isn't it?"

S. T. "Yes, sir, it must be."

J. J. K. "And we all *may* be prepared, and *welcome* the hour by trusting in the Saviour. Good morning, Samuel."

Not a little surprised was I on asking "Who is that?" to hear, "An old and well-known infidel in the village." From the familiar strain in which Mr. Kendon talked with him, I had taken it for granted that he was one of his regular hearers. Judging from his conduct during this brief word or two, I half suspect that he begins to quake with dread, and to feel that, though he has *lived* in infidelity, he dare not *die* in it.

A few days later, it was my privilege, whilst visiting a garden, to have a long chat with the man. I seriously question whether he holds any longer to his infidelity. Indeed, I think he is "feeling after God, if haply he may find him." By the way, a brother misquoted the above text, the other day, thus—"if *happily* he may find him." Well, it *would* be a *happy* find for S. T. should he find God, as revealed in the person of his dear Son!

The Lost is Found.—Visited three "camps" of hoppers, and had a little reading, singing, prayer, and homely chat at each. As I commenced at the last, I noticed a woman suddenly start off. Too hastily I concluded that she was anxious to get out of the way of any chance home-thrust. On our way home I met her in a very agitated condition, with her little three-year-old son by her side. "Oh, sir," she said, "I hope you will excuse me for going off as soon as you came to our camp; but I had just lost my dear little lamb. He had strolled away just as I was going to wash him, and I had such a hunt for him, and was terribly afraid something had happened to him; and then I found him playing beside yonder pond." By this time her tears were flowing freely, and her little boy fondling her; a touching scene! "Oh, weren't you just *glad* when you *found* him?" "Indeed I *was*, sir! I can't *tell* you *how* glad [again embracing him]. My dear little lamb! His mother loves him, oh, *so much!*" Of course, in this incident, I had a fine text. I told her of "the Good Shepherd" who lost a lamb; and leaving the ninety and nine, went seeking the wanderer "*until he found it*"; and oh! he was "*so glad* when he had found it." He took it up on his shoulders, and gladly hastened with it to the fold. As I spoke of *her* as the wandering sheep, whom "the good Shepherd" sought with far more eagerness than she had sought her little lamb, the tears came freely; and soon she told me how she had, years ago, attended a Sunday-school, and heard and loved these things; but she had gone astray, and then, instead of returning, wandered further and further away; but how

glad she would be to get back, and to know that all was freely forgiven! I urged her to earnestly seek Jesus, nor rest till she could rest in his love, just as her little boy was then clinging to her. She promised faithfully that she *would;* and I left her, not without hope that this word "by the wayside" might prove an eternal blessing to her and her little lamb.

Saved!—We have had many seasons of refreshing and encouragement at Lamberhurst. During the past four years we have been struck with the interest manifested in the services by a decently-clad villager. He was most assiduous in his attention to little details that might in any degree contribute to our comfort in the work; and, once the service was fairly "under way," he would listen most hungrily and sing very heartily. After our last visit (in 1885) he was taken ill, and during the weeks he was laid aside, the messages he had heard on the Green came back to his memory and heart with renewed power, and led him to full decision for Christ. Such was the glad testimony from his own lips, which cheered our hearts this evening as we closed our service.

We hope this September to work from three centres, and thus cover a wider field than in any former year. Who will send us help in the shape of decent left-off clothing, boots, tracts, or money? Parcels may be sent, carriage paid, only to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S. E. R. Donations to Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, S. E.; Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or to J. Burnham, Brentford.

Notabilia.

JAMES I. AND THE VICAR OF BRAY.

AT a time when loyalty to the throne is finding various modes of expression, a readable account of the royal county—"A History of Berkshire," by Lieut. Col. Cooper King, F.G.S., which has just been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock—is likely to prove a really acceptable addition to the library. We do not agree with all that is said about Berkshire's archaic history and Palæolithic man; but when the author descends from the regions of fancy to the *terra firma* of real history we find him instructive and entertaining.

All have heard of the Vicar of Bray, who finding the martyr fires of Mary's reign "too hot for his tender temper," changed his religion as often as necessity required. The accommodating Churchman seems to have had a successor who partook of some of his own failings, as this anecdote, quoted by Mr. King, will show:—

"There is a tradition that James, when hunting one day, rode on before his hounds to search for luncheon, and came to the inn at Maidenhead; but the landlord lamented that he had nothing left in his house, for the Vicar of Bray and his curate were upstairs, and had ordered all that there was, but perhaps they would allow him to join them. King James went upstairs, and asked permission, which was glumly given by the vicar, but cordially by the curate. At dinner-time the king told so many stories that he made them roar with laughter. At last came the bill, when the king searching his empty pockets, protested that he had left his purse behind him, and could not pay; upon which the vicar angrily protested that he would not pay for him, but the curate expressed his pleasure in being able to make some return for the amusement he had given them. The bill paid, they all went out upon the balcony, when the huntsmen, riding into the town, and seeing the king, went down upon one knee in the street, as was then the custom. The vicar, overwhelmed with confusion, flung himself at the king's feet, and implored forgiveness, to which the king replied, 'I shall not turn you out of your living, and you shall always

remain Vicar of Bray; but I shall make the curate a Canon of Windsor, whence he will be able to look down upon you and your vicarage.'"

THE EFFECTS OF BAD COOKING.

The veteran story-teller Dr. Gordon Stables has just issued, through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, "The People's A B C Guide to Health"—a very useful shilling book for every household. In his introduction the Doctor utters what seems to be a very timely warning against quack remedies. "The newspapers of the day teem with these," he remarks. "Believe not these lying advertisements, with their paid for or forged certificates, and their trumped-up cases. Be warned, I beseech you, as you value life and future health."

In discoursing on the golden rules of health, he touches upon the advantages enjoyed, and the good influence exercised, by a properly-educated housewife. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," so they say, though it is by no means the rule. But when a badly-cooked steak comes in at the door, love skips out, for the time being, at all events. It is just the same among the lower classes, although they have a more practical way of expressing their feelings when put out, than we middle-class people have, and soot in the soup has sent many a man off to spend his evening and his hard-earned cash in the public-house.

RATIONALISM IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

The Rev. J. W. Oxford, M.A., Vicar of St. Luke's, Berwick-street, Soho, who recently issued "The Berwick Hymnal," has now just published through Mr. T. F. Unwin "A Short Introduction to the History of Ancient Israel." The book looks like a determined attempt to popularize in England the learned puerilities of Wellhausen and other "advanced" Germans; but it may not be unreasonably hoped, that to many minds this kind of teaching will carry with it a ready antidote in the sheer absurdity of some of the statements made. Wellhausen's article on Israel in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a disgrace to the standard book of reference in which it appears; and while useless to those who know anything about Biblical criticism, it is calculated only to befool those who are ignorant. To this German theologian, as Dr. Geikie says, "the Bible is a mere trickle of history through a meadow of fable." Such is the German teacher, and Mr. Oxford has indeed caught his spirit, when, in speaking of David, the sweet singer of Israel, he says that, "Old tradition knew him chiefly as a secular poet, the composer of drinking songs"; adding in a note, "There is not the least probability that David wrote a single psalm of our present collection." Could the force of absurdity further go? Is it not literally true, that there is nothing too ridiculous for the *savants* of the "higher criticism" to advance, and—if their word can be accepted—to believe?

JOSEPH IN EGYPT—THE PHARAOH OF THE OPPRESSION.

Since the memorable discovery of mummies in 1881, some astonishing facts have been brought to light respecting the Land of the Nile; and on this account readers will turn with all the greater zest to Professor G. Rawlinson's book on "Ancient Egypt," which Mr. T. F. Unwin has just issued in "The Story of the Nations" series. Though partially obscure, the story, as told by the monuments, is a wonderful one, and fully confirms the Scriptural narrative.

The "Shepherd Kings" constituted one dynasty of six monarchs, who may have reigned for two centuries; and the Pharaoh who received Joseph is supposed to have been Apepi. "It is clear," says Professor Rawlinson, "that Joseph's arrival did not fall, like Abraham's, into the period of the Old Empire, since, under Joseph, horses and chariots are in use, as well as waggons or carts, all of which were unknown till after the Hyksos invasion. It is also more natural that Joseph, a foreigner, should have been advanced by a foreign king than by a native one, and the favour shown to his brethren, who were shepherds (Gen. xlvi. 32), is consonant at any rate with the tradition that it was a 'Shepherd King' who held the throne at the time of their arrival. A

priest of Heliopolis, moreover, would scarcely have given Joseph his daughter in marriage unless at a time when the priesthood was in a state of depression. Add to this, that the Pharaoh of Joseph is evidently resident in Lower Egypt, not at Thebes, which was the seat of government for many hundred years, both before and after the Hyksos rule."

It is generally understood that Rameses II. was the oppressor of Israel; and the mummy of this monarch being one among the great "find" of 1881, the very features of his face have come down to us. The images of himself, seventy feet high, which this Pharaoh set up at the rock-temple of Ipsambul still remain; and, as Professor Rawlinson says, "constitute one of the most impressive sights which the world has to offer"; for there are portrait-statues "of the king who, if either tradition or chronology can be depended on, was the actual great oppressor of Israel—the king who sought the life of Moses—the king from whom Moses fled, and until whose death he did not dare to return out of the land of Midian." He was the builder of Pithom and Raamses; and hence, it is added, "We must thus ascribe to him, at any rate, the great bulk of that severe and cruel affliction which provoked Moses (Ex. ii. 12), which made Israel 'sigh' and 'groan,' and on which God looked down with compassion (Ex. iii. 7). It was he, especially, who 'made their lives bitter in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field,' service which was 'with rigour.' Rameses was a builder on the most extensive scale. Without producing any single edifice so perfect as the 'Pillared Hall of Seti,' he was indefatigable in his constructive efforts, and no Egyptian King came up to him in this respect."

Notices of Books.

Our venerable friend Mr. Thomas Cook, of Leicester, has sent us a very curious and interesting book produced in the Island of Iona by *J. McCormick and W. Muir*. No book has issued from that famous island for many years, but the two gentlemen above named have determined to issue fac-similes of old island books, both legends and authentic histories. The specimen before us is not printed with types, but is a quaint artistic copy of the original, made by some process unknown to us. We shall preserve it as a choice treasure. Prayers before commencing a voyage are here given, together with pleadings for God's blessing upon the babes of Iona. Literary men should encourage this educational outgrowth in the holy isle, where our own literature and religion had their nursery. Mr. Thomas Cook has founded a library for the people of Iona, and as he has visited the island nearly a hundred times already, we are not at all surprised to find him going again to do his best to encourage and stimulate this new industry. Books from Iona should be valued, and if produced by special processes they will have an originality and value of a peculiar kind. We wish abundant success to the enterprising brethren in the lone isle, to whom our readers can write for further information. Mr. Muir is of Edmonton, and is the gentleman who has produced fac-similes of the rare and singular works of William Blake, which are now sold by *Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of* 15, *Piccadilly*. The labour is nearly all hand-work, and only fifty copies are produced, so that they are not for common book-buyers. The Iona books will be of much the same order, and will be rare and precious—curios for libraries rather than books for the many.

God within us: and other Sermons. By the Rev. J. Coats Shanks. Alexander and Shepheard, 21, Furnival-street, E.C.

These sermons are excellent in matter, and vivid in style, besides being considerably under the regulation limit in length. Mr. Shanks is a pleasing rather than a robust writer. He is evidently a reader of the poets, and all his thinking has a semi-poetic setting. For ourselves, we desiderate less flowers and more grasp.

My Later Ministry. Sermons, &c. By Richard Roberts. T. Woolmer.

These sermons are superior for original thought and literary taste, and were delivered upon occasions on which that superiority was most likely to be displayed. Though the theology is not of the highest type, it is not below that which pertaineth to real life and godliness. The design is not so much to unfold the essential truths of the gospel as to remove objections against them. So far from yielding to the prevailing errors of the times, it exposes and refutes them with great ability and force. In this respect its value is unusually great.

Echoes of the Word. By John Hugh Morgan. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Here are fifty-eight short papers on New Testament subjects, originally designed for the instruction of Sunday School teachers, subsequently published in the Society's magazine, and now collected into a substantial volume of 278 pages. They have run the gauntlet of criticism, chapter by chapter, and have been afterwards adjudged by the Committee to be deserving of a permanent place in their library. What need of further commendation!

In Defence of the Faith. By Alexander Oliver, B.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

The author, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church in Glasgow, publishes twelve lectures on "Christian Evidences," delivered to his own congregation at Regent Place in that city. They are skilfully compiled by a diligent student, who has sought out solid arguments from various approved treatises, served them up with a collection of racy anecdotes, and garnished them with flora of choice poetry.

Daniel's Mysteries Unveiled. By F. J. B. Hooper, B.A. Elliot Stock.

We commend this pamphlet to commentators and students of prophecy; but for reasons which we will presently state, we cannot endorse it ourselves. The author is no tyro in the school of the mystics. His learning and research, his ingenuity and critical acumen, and, above all, his prodigious effort to get into full sympathy with the Oriental caste of thought, demand the fullest acknowledgment we can offer. His previous works prepared the way for this essay on the fundamental principles of the wisest, the most enigmatical, and withal the most circumstantial in dates of all the old Hebrew seers. Now comes the drawback. To Mr. Hooper's perception, the Book of Daniel is as pure an allegory as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Even the name of "Daniel" is as much a *nom de plume* as that of "Christian" in the work of our world-famed dreamer. To his idea there is no narrative; nothing but numerals; from first to last it is a myth. But we have never lost faith in the delicious story of the Four Hebrew Youths (R. V.) who fed on pulse, &c., three of whom were subsequently cast into the fiery furnace, and the other one into the lions' den, out of which perils they were all delivered. We stick like lichens to the narrative that charmed us in our childhood, fired the chivalry of our riper years, and continues to cheer us now that grey hairs here and there admonish us to number our days.

We are at home with the narrative part of Daniel, but we confess we are at sea when we come to the prophetic symbols. The Scripture itself fills us with holy awe, but the interpretations do not satisfy us. We are open to instruction. Into the sacred literature of "*the little horn*" we have never been bold enough to enter very deeply. Mr. Hooper has condensed into a hundred pages a systematic interpretation of a very suggestive kind. His arguments are terse and clear.

What puzzles us at this moment is *the date* at which the curtain was lifted and these mysteries were unveiled. The prophet said, "I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things? And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. . . . Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." Failing to perceive that a hand divine has yet broken the seal, we can only with Daniel rest and wait.

Rays of Messiah's Glory. By DAVID BARON. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

BIBLICAL, critical, and evangelical. Though written by one who is specially concerned for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh, who are Israelites, it is not the less, but rather the more, instructive to his brethren according to the spirit. The chief excellence of the book consists in the selection of the principal prophecies and names of the Messiah in the Old Testament, with an explanation concerning them. There are particular views of the return of the Jews to their native land, and of the personal reign of Messiah on Mount Zion, which will not, and need not, be accepted by all.

The Papacy of Modern Times. Glasgow Scottish Protestant Alliance.

TRUE to its title, this book is a full and faithful description of what Romanism now is. Though in itself unchanged from what it was in its most flourishing days, it adapts itself, with unceasing ingenuity and energy, to the difficulties with which, in any age, it has to contend. Its works, at such seasons, are in the dark, and little more is needed to restrain them than to bring them to the light. This is the object of the volume before us; which is a record of the proceedings of a convention of Protestants in Glasgow, in December last, at the instigation of a Scottish Protestant Alliance in that city. It consists of papers, and addresses, and other particulars in relation to that occasion. There is nothing in the sentiments or spirit of any of the convocations that can reasonably offend the most zealous advocates of the hierarchy to which they are opposed. The sentiments are such as are openly professed, and the spirit in which they are controverted is not of hostility to those by whom they are maintained, nor of any desire to interfere with their liberty of thought and action, provided the same liberty is conceded all round. Notwithstanding the encouragement given to Romanism by the ritualistic and unevangelical tendencies of the present age, there is no fear of the ultimate triumph of the Protestant faith; but that which hindereth must first be taken out of the way.

Surpassing Fable; or, Glimpses of our Future Home. By Rev. R. H. BRENAN, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS title of "Surpassing Fable" is taken from Cowper. It is well to stop where it does; for had it been added "and yet true," it would be beyond what it absolutely professes to be. Its main object is to prove this earth to be the future abode of the redeemed, for which purpose they are to have bodies similar to those they had before, with the exception of their being self-sustained; and to make room for them, there is to be no more sea. It is written in a devout spirit, and evidently with good intent. The gospel sentiments are announced so far only as they could be applied to the theory of the materialism of the heaven of the redeemed. The best answer that can be given to it is, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Communion, and other Sermons. By the Rev. WILLIAM FORBES. James Gemmell, Edinburgh.

IF the excellency of preaching consists in its adaptation to the hearers, we may readily understand, from the selection of sermons here given, why the author should have been popular and useful for a long series of years amongst the Highlanders in the far north of Scotland. An interesting memoir, with which the book commences, raises expectations of displays of cultivated genius and classic taste, which we look for in vain. As the productions of a man of considerable erudition, whose training and scholarship in early life were equal to those of many who attained to great literary fame, these sermons are highly to be commended for their simplicity of language and thought. The gospel can always speak better for itself than the most learned and eloquent preachers can speak for it, and especially to ordinary hearers. Happy they who can say, not from necessity, but from choice, "We use great plainness of speech."

Bible Topography. By Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

No one could have done the work better. It is full of topographical lore, and shirks no question of site, however beset with thorns.

Life of Queen Victoria: a Book for Young People. Nelson and Sons.

THOROUGHLY artistic. Engravings executed in highest style of coloured lithography. A charming souvenir of the Jubilee.

Great Britain and her Queen. By ANNIE E. KEELING. T. Woolmer.

PROFUSELY illustrated. A very readable outline of British history during her Majesty's reign.

The 19th Century. A History. The Times of Queen Victoria, &c. By ROBERT MACKENZIE. Nelson and Sons.

A BOOK which everyone should read. We hardly know of a more important piece of history, or one so clearly and fairly written. The author is fully in accord with everything which is liberal and progressive, but he gives no countenance to fanatical politics. This work is in its tenth edition, and after receiving sundry additions it is now a complete history of the century down to this date. France, Germany, Russia, and all the European Nations are fully described, together with America, our Indian Empire, and the Colonies. No better view of the world could be given within the space. Beautiful printing and good paper are well used upon such excellent writing.

True Royalty; or, the Noble Example of an Illustrious Life as seen in Queen Victoria. By JOHN W. KIRTON, LL.D. Ward, Lock and Co.

SURELY we shall soon come to an end of this Jubilee and its lives of the Queen. Dr. Kirton is a man who *can* write, and Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. are the very people to publish a popular book at a popular price. Taking binding, and superabundant engravings, and the low price of 3s. 6d., must cause this book to sell, if it is not too late in the day.

The Story of the Life of Queen Victoria told for Boys and Girls all over the World. By W. W. TULLOCH, B.D. Revised by Her Majesty. Nisbet.

BECAUSE revised by Her Majesty this "story" has a special value. We have had enough books of this kind, and yet we should have been sorry had this been unpublished. It is the tribute of a loyal Scot to the Queen, who had made his father her favourite chaplain. It is an historical document of considerable value.

Sundays at Balmoral. Sermons preached before Her Majesty the Queen in Scotland. By the late Very Rev. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., LL.D. Nisbet.

BETTER sermons than we expected. Sermons before Lord Mayors, and kings and queens, are generally poor things; but these are exceptions to that rule. We do *not* think that they would set the Thames on fire; but then they are not intended to do so. We are glad that our Queen heard discourses as good as these are: we fear she has heard many worse ones. Price 5s.

Masters of the Situation; or, Some Secrets of Success and Power. By WILLIAM JAMES TILLEY, B.D. Nelson and Sons.

ONE of the books which must be read. It is a sort of cabinet pudding, made up of all the good things in the kitchen. Lives of great men yield their telling incidents; books of wise men offer their pithy sentences; and words of notable talkers proffer their piquancy: when the whole are put together in a neat and natural style, we have wisdom made winsome. Success and power are shown to be the result of firm resolves, and concentrated faculties incarnated in industrious, sensible application. The book will be invaluable to young men. We might criticize its teaching here and there, but, as a whole, it is so rich and racy that we lay down the knife and take up the pen again, just to write, "Mr. Tilley, you are yourself master of the situation, and you deserve success."

Jerusalem, Bethany, and Bethlehem. By J. L. PORTER, D.D., LL.D. Nelson and Sons.

A MAGNIFICENT drawing-room book which deserves to be henceforth regarded as the standard work upon Jerusalem. We know of nothing comparable to it. All that concerns the Holy City is here. What pen could not set forth pencil has portrayed. What a present it would be for a beloved friend or an honoured pastor!

Notable Workers in Humble Life. By Rev. E. H. Hoare, M.A., Rector of Acrise, Kent. T. Nelson and Sons.

Mr. Hoare writes pleasantly. His selection of John Pounds, John Duncan, Robert Dick, Thomas Edward, John Ashworth, Thomas Cooper, Robert Flockhart, and George Smith, would seem an odd one did we not know that there are lengthy biographies of these men, and, therefore, it was easy to prepare condensations of them. Estimable as Dick and Edward doubtless were, they were not workers in the same sense as Ashworth, and Flockhart, and Cooper. Perhaps there may be virtue in this breadth of range, even as bees lurk in the foxglove's bell.

English Men of Letters: John Morley Keats. Edited by Sidney Colvin. Macmillan.

That a work of this high character should find sufficient sale to be remunerative at 1s. in paper cover, and 1s. 6d. in limp cloth, is very wonderful. We should have thought that the number of persons who could appreciate Keats would be too small to give sufficient circulation to this exceedingly well-written and judicious sketch and critique. What Keats would have become had life been prolonged, it is hard to tell; but from the first-fruits of his early days one might have looked for a Shakespeare, or a Spencer. Many of his expressions contain poetry at a white heat. His descriptions of nature seem half inspired, and all the more wonderful because the man was a Londoner. A mind akin to nature seems to know the world, and to create it within its own inner universe. Oh, that Keats had known the joy of faith in the Lord Jesus, and the spiritual life which comes of it! Perhaps in his last hours he learned to trust; but oh, that he had poured out his whole soul in song for Jesus throughout the whole of his short life!

Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley. Nelson and Sons.

Peter the Muscovite is truly called "the Great," for his was a monarch mind; and yet what a barbarian the man remained, even after he had risen out of the pit of ignorance! Born a despot, he never chanced upon the idea that the people had any rights: the State was one man, and that one man himself. This did not make his life an easy one; for the one man conceived that he must do everything himself, and his life shows how thoroughly he carried out the notion. "He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties; wins all his battles with his own sword at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church; models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand; regulates the treasury of his empire, and the account-books of his shopkeepers; teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed."

His despotism was haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, which would undo the labours of his life, and under this fear he even condemned his son to die, and caused his death by the fright of the sentence. He had so little self-control that we dare not quote some stories which we have read, which make him, in his passions, to partake of the nature of beasts. He was conscious of his own wildness; for he said, "I wish to reform my empire, and I cannot reform myself." Alas, poor Peter!

Religion of the purer sort no one suspected him of; but in shrewd common sense he abounded. He deserved an empire, because as soon as he had ascended the throne he quitted it to learn how to fill it. His self-denying life in the dockyards of Holland and England is more to his honour than his building of Petersburg upon a forest of a million of trees, driven as piles into the morass. One story of him we like much: "Are these all lawyers?" said Peter, when he visited the courts at Westminster. "What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back." Who will say that his reign had not some blessing in it for the Russians?

History of the Irish Presbyterian Church. By the Rev. THOMAS HAMILTON, M.A. [In the series of Hand-books for Bible-classes.] T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a very instructive history. In describing the wrestling of this church with Arianism, it teaches many lessons to the churches of the present day. Dr. Cooke deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance for his splendid battling with the deadly heresy, and blessed shall he be who shall do same sort of service for the present age. When once Socinianism was banished from the Synod of Ulster, the churches were multiplied exceedingly, and we doubt not that a period of joyful revival would be granted to the churches of our own land, if the demon of "modern thought" could be exorcised. This hand-book of condensed information is worth the two shillings asked for it.

The Bible-Work: the Old Testament. Vol. i., Genesis i. to Exodus xii. The Revised Text; with Comments selected from the choicest, most illuminating, and helpful thought of the Christian centuries. Prepared by J. GLENTWORTH BUTLER, D.D. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

THIS will be a marvellous work if ever it is completed. This fine volume contains Genesis and the beginning of Exodus; it will, therefore, take many such to finish the Old Testament. So far as we can see, the selections are made from the best and most instructive authors, and as comments they are pertinent to the text, and well chosen. Whether there is much freshness in this work for those who are possessed of extensive libraries, we greatly question; but certainly those who have few books will, by this Bible-Work, obtain the pith of some four hundred authors. On this last ground we commend the work. It is not an original exposition, but a valuable compilation.

Encyclopedia of Living Divines and Christian Workers of all Denominations in Europe and America. Edited by Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, LL.D., and Rev. S. M. JACKSON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IT is what it professes to be, a supplement to those Biographical Encyclopedias which, by a judicious rule, exclude living men. Alas, since this volume was put together many of the names are no longer on the roll of life! The work is American in tone. It omits several whom we account eminent: how could it be otherwise? But it gives the outline of almost everybody's life that one desires to know about. The price is 8s. To anyone who desires to have a complete library this will be an invaluable index. Dr. Schaff lays himself out to do his work thoroughly, and his labours are most helpful to his brethren.

Reformation Heroes. By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

IN every way to be commended. In these loose times, when the eternal truth is regarded by many as the mere fiction of a benighted past, it is wise to let the young people see that in the olden times there were men who believed in something, and would sooner die than be false to their beliefs. Dr. Newton has a great gift in making matters lively and plain for children. We can read his books with pleasure, though we are past fifty, for they are by no means childish: a really good child's book is pleasant reading for older folks.

Scottish Nationality, and other papers. By the late JOHN KER, D.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

IT is said of the good man, that "his leaf also shall not wither." Hence we commend the pious care which protects these fugitive pieces of a departed man of God. They contain no unworthy line, but much that will interest and instruct. Those readers who have already feasted on the writer's solid discourses will be glad of this dessert after meat.

D. L. Moody at Home. His Home and Home Work. With eight illustrations. Morgan and Scott.

IN the first two chapters we have a miniature of Mr. Moody's work at Northfield, and throughout the book we have engravings of the various buildings which have sprung up around this beloved servant of God. By far the greater part of the book is made up of addresses, talks, and remarks by Mr. Moody. The book hardly answers to its title, but it is full of good stuff, and contains much that can be quoted and ought to be widely proclaimed.

The Modern Sunday School, pp. 167, 2s. *Bible Studies*, pp. 128, 1s. 6d. *What shall I read?* pp. 88, 1s. 6d. *Pictures of the Past*, pp. 194, 1s. 6d. Sunday School Union.

Four very fair specimens of the good work that is constantly going on in "Old Bailey." That neighbourhood has a double renown. The dark and dismal walls of a prison, with its long record of crime and capital punishment, are happily confronted with one of the noblest institutes of Christianity, a fountain of light and sweetness that permeates the world with its beneficent influence. The books before us are elementary; that is to say, like grammars and dictionaries, they should be bought rather than borrowed. The *first* of them comprises a series of half-a-dozen essays by three several authors, tracing "The Sunday School" from its early inception to its present development. The *second* is of American origin, though without much originality; as a matter of condensation it is quite to our taste, for it supplies a plenitude of information in the fewest possible words. The *third* little volume is by a lady. Her theme is well chosen; her style neat and trim; but perhaps she trims too much. We approve in part, but dare not warrant all she writes. Works of fiction fall well within her range. Through a line of allegory, fable, parable, &c., this department of literature may be traced to days of yore; yet, notwithstanding some good modern instances, our idea is that the species degenerates, and

"A spurious brood now fills the press,
Laborious effects of idleness."

We less like her chapter on "Religious Reading" than any other part of the essay.

The last volume, "*Pictures of the Past*," is a dainty Jubilee prize, very prettily illustrated, an interesting souvenir of this year of grace, and a fit present for our younger bairns.

Our Own Illustrated Monthly. Sears and Sons, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

A little magazine intended to be used by each church as its own local organ. It is a good pennyworth, and is likely to be very useful in its own way.

Notes.

Still they go. Dear friends of long ago find their way home. The beloved W. Poole Balfern is singing before the throne in glory as once he sang here of grace divine. We saw him but a little before his decease, and delightful was the interview. "Ah!" said he, "some of your sayings when you were very young took strange hold upon me, and I understand them better now than then." I asked him to mention one, and he replied, "I prayed to be filled with the Spirit, and you turned to me, and said, 'We often ask that blessing, but do we know what we ask? The Spirit of the Lord is a spirit of judgment and a spirit of burning: do we know what it will cost us to be filled with him?'" Then we discoursed upon that theme, and bore our united testimony that it was no little thing to be indwelt of the Holy Ghost. No truer saint ever crossed our path than Brother Balfern, whose "Glimpses of Jesus" were what his own eyes of love and faith had truly seen.

A sister unknown to fame, beyond the Tabernacle, has at last gone home. Mrs. Hooper, at the age of eighty-seven, finished an earnest, faithful life of service and of suffering. We lodged with her when first we came to London, and we cannot forget her kindness in those early days. She was true to the core, and to the best of her ability served her Lord and the church.

It was a great shock to be informed as we entered the Tabernacle precincts, on Sunday, July 17, that our neighbour, Mr. G. M. Murphy, had died suddenly an hour or so before. His was a truly useful life, promoting temperance, education, and everything else which he conceived to be for the good of his fellows. He is said to have attended a thousand meetings during the past twelve months, and he was always a ready speaker. What a warning to those of us who are by no means so robust as he was! Oh, for grace to be ready when the final call shall come!

Corrections.—In our review, last month, of "The Little Pilgrim" series of tracts, we stated that Mr. Rennie is an agent of our Colportage Society. This is a mistake: he is employed by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland. May it prosper more and more!

In the notice of the new chapel at St. Helier the writer ought to have said of our friends there, "Theirs is the only *English-speaking* Baptist cause in the Channel

Islands," instead of "the only Baptist cause." Blunders will occur in the best regulated notes.

On *Tuesday, June* 14, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held. In the absence of the Pastor, through indisposition, the chair was taken by the president, Mr. J. T. Dunn. A most interesting report was read by the secretary, Mr. Hudson, and addresses were given by the treasurer, Mr. Boulter (who stated that the class had raised during the year £52 for the College and Spanish Mission), and Brethren Tysoe, Bullivant, Creasey, Ross, and Jones. Mr. Chamberlain sang some sweet gospel melodies, and good help was rendered by the choir from Vinegar Ground Mission. The members of the class seem full of life, and help to sustain the interest of several missions, such as Mr. Ross's, Vinegar Ground, Townley Street, Surrey Grove, Richmond Street, and Garden Row. Fifteen members of the class have joined the church, one has gone into the Pastors' College, one into the London City Mission, and one has become a colporteur, during the year. The class offers great advantages to young men who wish to obtain sound Scriptural knowledge. We want no classes for mutual amusement, but for holy edification and soul-winning.

On *Monday evening, June* 27, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. There was an unusually large number present, amongst whom were many friends from Shooters' Hill Road Chapel, Blackheath, where a branch society exists, from which 145 articles and £3 have come during the year. Addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. Duncan S. Miller, and W. Olney. The annual report, which was read by Mr. Harrald, contained several exceedingly interesting letters from ministers or their wives applying for parcels of clothing, or thanking the committee for supplying their wants. Next month we hope to give our readers a picture of the ladies at work making up the garments, and another illustrating the joyful reception of their gifts; and we may then print some extracts from the letters which have been received. During the year 58 parcels, of the value of £327 19s. 3d., have been sent out. The balance-sheet showed £9 15s. 6d. due to the treasurer, but this was more than cleared by a special donation from the Pastor. Contributions of clothing, money, or materials will be gratefully received by Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, special petitions were presented on behalf of Mr. J. G. Brown and Mrs. Weeks, who are about to sail for the Congo. Mr. Brown expressed his gratitude for the great benefits which he had derived from his College course, and asked the prayers of the church that a rich blessing might rest upon him and all his fellow-labourers in Africa. A very touching address was given by Mr. R. Wright Hay, upon his experiences at the Cameroons. This is one of the most valuable men that God has ever sent to a mission. We judge him to be the finest missionary speaker we have ever heard. After prayer by several brethren, the Pastor bade farewell to the departing missionaries in the name of the whole congregation. Will all our friends join us in asking the Lord to preserve his servants' lives, and to enable them to win multitudes of the dwellers on the banks of the river where so many of their comrades have fallen asleep in Christ?

Since this paragraph was written, we regret to find that Mr. Weeks has been obliged to return from the Congo through repeated attacks of fever.

At the close of the prayer-meeting, Mr. Spurgeon delivered an address in the tent erected for a ten days' BLUE RIBBON MISSION in Mr. Stubbs' meadow, Camberwell New Road. Considerable notice has been taken of the speaker's reference to the evils produced by the sale of intoxicating liquors by grocers, but to our mind all the evidence confirms what was said by the Pastor. This is what *The Lancet* says upon the matter:—

"MR. SPURGEON ON THE GROCERS' LICENSING SYSTEM. — Mr. Spurgeon is nothing if not severe and sweeping in his denunciation of what he believes to be wrong. We do not sympathize with all his views on matters of social policy, but we believe he is absolutely right about the grocers' licensing system. It is one of the most mischievous of the facilities offered for the growth of the drink vice in this country. Multitudes of otherwise respectable women, in all classes of society, are led to indulge in the pernicious practice of drinking secretly, by the ease with which they can procure spirits, and wine, and beer, while purchasing other household stores at the grocer's. A great deal has been done and said with the purpose of inducing the Legislature to abrogate this system of licensing, leaving the sale of intoxicating drinks to the licensed victuallers and wine merchants, from whom what is bought must needs be bought openly; but no argument as yet adduced has been potent enough to counteract influences and to outweigh interests which would be affected by the withdrawal of licenses from grocers. Whether further efforts may be successful remains to be seen. We fear they will not."

153 persons signed the pledge during the mission, several were moved to concern about their souls, and it is hoped that some found the Saviour.

On *Tuesday evening, June* 28, the public examination of the TABERNACLE DAY SCHOOLS was held in the Lecture-hall,

under the presidency of the Pastor. The answers of the children to the questions put to them upon history, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and the Scriptures, evinced the thoroughness of the training they have received from Mr. Johnson and his co-workers. The specimens of drawing, needle-work, &c., which were exhibited, were highly creditable to both teachers and scholars. The Pastor presented the prizes which he had provided for the successful boys and girls, and strongly recommended parents in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle to send their children where they could be sure that they would receive a sound secular and religious education. The longer we live the more are we sure that education without religion is a very questionable boon. We need good schools where the Word of God is had in honour.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting on *Monday evening, July* 11, the Pastor gave some account of his experiences during his visit, in the previous week, to various places in Essex associated with his early days. Readers of the Sermon, No. 1,972, "A Bit of History for Old and Young," will find in it a narrative of the scene in the arbour at Stambourn, where Richard Knill prayed and talked with the little boy who was staying at his grandfather's, concerning whom he afterwards uttered the prophecy which has been so wonderfully fulfilled.

Our invaluable brother, Mr. William Olney, was so impressed with what he had heard on the Sunday and Monday, that he suggested that special prayer-meetings should be held every night for the rest of the week: first, for thanksgiving for the many years of blessing experienced by the Pastor and the church; and, next, for supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of souls through the preaching of the gospel in the Tabernacle. Many gathered each evening, much prayer was offered, and we feel confident that the Lord, who has raised our expectations, will abundantly fulfil them. With such a praying church nothing can be impossible.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Huntley has completed his course with us, and has been accepted for mission work in connection with the China Inland Mission.

Mr. F. R. Bateman has returned from St. Helena after two years' arduous labour. He hopes to settle in England, and to make good use of the experience he has gained while he has been abroad. The church in St. Helena has written to us for another pastor, but at present we have been unable to find the right man.

Mr. J. E. Oates, of Bury, Lancashire, expects shortly to sail for the United States, where he will stay with Pastor W. L. Mayo, who has recently taken charge of the churches at Downington and Brandywine.

Mr. J. Davis, who has been assisting Pastor C. Spurgeon, at Greenwich, has accepted the pastorate at Mellish-street Chapel, Millwall; and Mr. E. S. Neale, formerly of Stanningley, has become pastor at James'-grove Chapel, Peckham. Mr. J. J. Knight is removing from the Circus Chapel, Birmingham, to Wotton-under-Edge.

The summer session was brought to a close on *Thursday, July* 14, by a devotional meeting, and addresses from those brethren who, having completed their College course, are leaving for their several spheres of labour. The previous day will be marked as a red-letter day in the College calendar. By the invitation of Pastor Vivian, and his generous church-officers, the President, tutors, and students proceeded to Loughton, in order to spend the day among the sylvan beauties of Epping Forest. The venerable "historian of Nonconformity," Dr. Stoughton, accompanied the party, and contributed not a little to the pleasure and profit of the brethren and friends. After an early dinner, provided by the Loughton friends with lavish hospitality, Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Stoughton addressed the brethren upon their responsibilities as servants of Christ and preacher of the truths of the inspired word, in th day of wide-spread defection from the fai of the gospel.

A long afternoon was spent in explorin the beauties of the Forest, or in gatherir round the President, who, "reclining unde the shade of a wide-spreading beech," delighted all by relating incidents of his childhood's days. Dr. Stoughton also contributed his quota of interesting reminiscences and anecdotes of contemporaries. The Loughton pastor, too, contributed wise saws and modern instances. Those who know *the* Pastor, his College, and the company they keep, need not be told that hearty singing and fervent prayer were part of the enjoyments of the day. After tea, tutors and senior students, in the name of all, thanked their generous hosts—and there was a host of ladies—for ministering to their enjoyment in such fashion as led some of their student guests to the conclusion that a Biblical problem which had perplexed the learned, was at last satisfactorily solved, namely, that of the exact locality of Eden.

The students are now away for their summer vacation, which will end on September 5. We have accepted as many candidates as we can receive then, and all others must wait till next year.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at St. Albans are thus described by Pastor H. W. Taylor:—

"We have had much reason for joy in the visit of our brethren. Our first thought was that they should conduct the mission in connection with the church of which I am pastor; but second thoughts were best, and we invited the other pastors and churches to share in the blessing we anticipated. The invitation was heartily accepted, each

chapel in the city was filled in succession every night, and we all have been gladdened and blessed in the result. From the first service down to the farewell, there have been signs and wonders wrought. A manifest quickening of spiritual life in the churches has been apparent. An enthusiasm for soul-winning has sprung up in unlikely places, and there has been a precious ingathering throughout the mission. I think every church has been a partaker of a rich revival, whose gracious influence tarries with us yet. The consecrated earnestness of our brethren has impressed us all. The mission has owed its worth and success to the forgetfulness of self which has marked their work, and the singleness of their aim for the Lord's glory throughout the campaign.

"The beautiful messages of song, rendered by Mr. Smith, were a benediction in themselves, and many a distressed spirit drank in hope and comfort as, with child-like simplicity, he pleaded for the soul's confidence in the Lord's finished work.

"Of our Brother Fullerton and his preaching, I feel quite unable to speak. I had previously known his work by repute, and honoured him as a successful soul-winner; but his sermons were a surprise to me. My brethren in the ministry, with myself, have been greatly blessed as nightly we have sat beneath the spell of his message. He is an able theologian, with a grand grasp of evangelical truth, and with a rare power of making simple and clear to the meanest intellect the doctrines of the gospel. His illustrations are specially fresh and forcible. He combines the force of the logician and the fancy of the true poet, both of which are consecrated to the Master's service, and held in thorough subjection to his passionate purpose of winning souls. His robust manhood is a marked feature of his ministry. I thought, as I looked at the large gathering of working-men, most of whom have never come to our sanctuary services before, how, in the absence of namby-pamby talk, and the presence of manly, honest, straightforward testimony, the secret of their attention and respect was to be found. I could write long concerning these dear brethren and their work here, but I must not. I can only say that, if our Alma Mater had done nought else but send forth these splendidly-equipped servants of God, it would have been a justification for its existence in the presence of angels and men. God speed our beloved Evangelists wherever they go!"

Our brethren have been resting during the past few weeks. This month they resume work at Bury St. Edmunds.

Mr. Burnham and *Mr. Harmer* are now making their arrangements for the coming season. They will be glad to hear from any brethren desiring their services. *Mr. E. A. Carter* is also at liberty, and will be happy to conduct evangelistic missions in any part of the country.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have reached India, on their way home. They had many invitations to hold evangelistic services, but they were only able to comply with a few of them, as they were anxious to return home. They expect to be in England this month. Letters for them may be addressed to the Tabernacle.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Wednesday, July* 6, the orphans were taken by special train to Brighton, and enjoyed a day on the beach. The weather was fine, and everything was done to afford them a day of real pleasure. Before starting for the train in the evening, the children marched round to the rear of Mr. Murrell's house, and, after singing several pieces, the visitors joined them in singing the doxology. Several rounds of cheers were given for the President and the trustees, and the children moved off for the return journey.

According to his annual custom, Mr. Wm. Ross kindly sent upwards of sixty pecks of fruit for the children to have "a strawberry tea" on *Tuesday, July* 12. This is always a red-letter day, and, we might add, a red-finger and a red-lip day at the Orphanage: the tea is served on the lawns, and the officers wait upon the children. Mr. Ross is as active amongst his guests as his years permit, and is, perhaps, the happiest of all the happy group. No wonder he was cheered to the echo, or that the youngsters wished him, and themselves, many happy returns of the day!

On *Wednesday, July* 13, a detachment of 54 children, and about 20 of the officers and friends, were entertained at Eastbourne by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Boulton. Dinner was served in the New Hall, and tea at Torfield, the residence of Mr. Boulton. The thought of entertaining a part of the children occurred to Mr. Boulton when presiding at a meeting given by the choir last autumn. The host expressed himself delighted with his guests, and, without any affectation, thanked them for paying him a visit: the boys, of course, are the indebted party, and will not easily forget the very pleasant day they spent at Eastbourne.

Many of the mothers of the orphans write to say that they are not able to receive their children for a holiday. We shall be glad, therefore, if our friends can arrange to take either a boy or girl for the whole or part of the time allowed between July 26 and August 25. At the time this note is being written, there are upwards of 80 children, who either have no friends, or whose relatives are too poor to take them. Dear friends, think of these poor little ones, and take them to your homes.

Several parties of distinguished Americans have visited the Orphanage of late, and have expressed their great delight with the arrangements of the Institution, and the

appearance of the children. We are always glad to welcome visitors, and shall be pleased if our country friends will arrange to look through the Institution when they are in town.

PERSONAL NOTES.—An American friend writes:—"You will congratulate me on the recent return of my son, the missionary from Burmah, for a brief furlough. His rendering of some of your sermons into Karen has made your name a household word in Burmah, as well as elsewhere. The Lord be with you!"

A lady in the provinces writes:—"I was visiting recently a dear old friend. She is seventy years of age, a widow, and childless; greatly afflicted, so that she is unable to move without assistance, and confined not only to her room, but also to her bed. On rising to leave, she said, 'Do you think you could by any means send a message for me to Mr. Spurgeon? I want him to know what a blessing I get from him every week. I have his sermons regularly. I read each one twice over, and then store up the thoughts that strike me most; these I give out in turn to the friends who come to see me, and oh, what a feast we get up in this chamber! Tell him he makes my cup run over, and fills my heart with gladness; but he shall know more about it when we get home."

The following interesting and encouraging letter has recently come from *California*:—

"No doubt you are receiving, from time to time, from different sources, evidences of the extent to which your words of gospel truth are reaching outside of your own hearers, and I know that such assurances of the seed of truth, planted in faith, springing up 'beside all waters' are the encouragements the good Master gives us to continued labour in his cause. In your sermon, No. 1,932, 'Love's Law and Life,' on the text, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments,' you say, 'Many of you do not love my Lord Jesus Christ . . . go home . . . write down in black and white, "*I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ*" . . . think it over . . . look at it, and look again, and oh, may the Holy Spirit lead you to repent of not loving Jesus . . . that you may begin to love him at once.'

"Being interested in the salvation of souls, during the week of prayer, I was in some way prompted (need I doubt by the Holy Spirit?) to write these words, 'I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ,' upon the black-board standing in our Sunday-school and prayer-room. Hardly expecting to leave them for the evening meeting, I placed them upon the board during the day, no one knowing who did it. I had to confess to being a little startled myself, after all, as others expressed themselves, on seeing those *hard* words remaining before me on entering for the evening service. They were commented upon, with some speculation as to the intent of the writer; and some words of exhortation followed from different friends. Nothing further was said of them until a few weeks later, when, in our deacons' meeting, among several candidates for baptism, was one young man who traced his experience from the evening of seeing your suggested words upon the black-board. They followed him, until, induced to give himself up to the love and service of our blessed Master, they were no longer true of the state of his heart, but he could say, 'I *do* love the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—June 23, twelve; 30, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wakeham	1	0	0
The students in the evening classes ...	7	7	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
Mr A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Holt	10	0	0
Mr. J. Currie	1	0	0
Miss B. Hoering	1	10	0
Pastor J. Coker, per Pastor W. D. McKinney	1	0	0
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class	23	10	0
Part collection at Carshalton, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coutts	1	1	0
Mr. E. Stanion	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. A. White, sen....	5	0	0
Mr. Jno. Cameron	1	0	0
An old friend near Brechin	0	10	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	5	0
Ashford	1	5	0
Pastor H. R. Brown	1	10	0
Mr. Jno. Hosie	1	0	0
Mr. T. E. Varley'	1	1	0
Mr. W. Abbott	2	2	0
The Editor of "The Baptist"	1	11	6
Miss Hoare, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Zion Baptist Church, Bacup, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	1	1	0
Miss Jephs	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor, per F. R. T. ...	2	10	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"...	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff (two months) ...	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
June 19 ... ... 6 8 9			
,, 26 ... ... 33 3 9			
July 3 ... ... 25 8 0			
,, 10 ... ... 27 0 0			
	92	0	6
	£168	19	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
From Budleigh Salterton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0	8	0
Widow Smith	0	5	0
Mr. James Spence	0	3	0
Miss Maggie Trevenen	0	5	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Per Pastor C. L. Gordon :—			
Mr. W. Turner 0 3 0			
Two friends 0 1 0			
	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2	0	0
Collected Mr. J. Gwyer	0	10	0
An old acquaintance, Penge	1	0	0
A Brixton sermon-reader, per Miss Edith Higgs	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	3	6
E. L. S.	0	10	0
Nameless	0	10	0
L. M.	0	5	0
Clara	0	10	0
Mrs. Calder	21	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grundy	1	0	0
Mrs. Wakeham	1	0	0
A friend, per Miss A. M. Morris ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Bradshaw	0	10	6
J. J., Harrogate	1	0	0
Mrs. Hopkins	0	10	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Mrs. Mills	5	0	0
The late Mrs. Cannings	10	0	0
Marion	0	10	0
A servant	0	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
Mrs. Lufbery, per Mrs. Halcrow ...	0	5	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6
Miss Newman	10	0	0
Mr. W. A. Tarber, per Miss Newman	2	0	0
Miss Eveline Davies	0	15	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
The fellowship meeting in Clapton Hall, per Mr. E. Blewett	5	0	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Holt	10	0	0
Mr. S. Priddy, sen....	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Cracknell	2	0	0
Miss Clover	0	5	0
Mr. R. Haynes	0	10	0
Free Church congregation of Strathbraan and Dalguise	0	15	0
Miss K. Ridley's Bible-class	0	10	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	5	0
A friend, Norfolk	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Underwood	0	6	0
Miss Bessie Shortreed	0	2	6
Miss Scoles	5	0	0
The Misses E. and A. Newman ...	5	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Charlotte Hockley	55	5	6
Mrs. M. S. Larlham	2	2	0
Rev. S. Cowdy, LL.D.	2	0	0
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Bown	0	10	0
Half Millie's savings	2	10	2
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
T. E. R.	0	2	6
Masters and pupils of Bethany House School, Goudhurst	8	12	3
Mr. A. Alexander	0	10	0
Miss H. Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	8	0
Mr. James Keith	1	0	0
Mrs. Law	0	5	0
Mrs. Bell	3	0	0
Master Bell	0	5	0
Mr. N. Leeder	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Collected in Jamaica, by Mrs. East :—						
Mr. E. Kinkead	2	0	0			
Mr. D. Henderson ...	1	1	0			
Dr. Phillippo	1	1	0			
Mr. P. Chapmas	1	0	0			
Rev. D. J. and Mrs. East	1	0	0			
Mrs. Gilbert	1	0	0			
Mrs. Butcher	0	10	0			
Mrs. Cochrane	0	10	0			
Mrs. D. Aoth	0	10	0			
Rev. J. M. Deniston ...	0	10	0			
Rev. P. Watson	0	5	0			
Rev. W. Teall	0	5	0			
Rev. J. Kingdon	0	5	0			
Rev. W. N. Brown ...	0	5	0			
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0			
Rev. T. Hutchins	0	5	0			
Rev. C. Brown	0	5	0			
Rev. J. H. Gayle	0	5	0			
Rev. E. Hewett	0	5	0			
Rev. W. W. Webb ...	0	5	0			
Rev. A. G. Kirkham ...	0	5	0			
Rev. S. J. Washington ...	0	5	0			
Rev. W. A. Tucker ...	0	5	0			
Rev. James Balfour ...	0	5	0			
Rev. T. Griffith	0	5	0			
Colonel Hicks	0	5	0			
Mrs. Oughton	0	5	0			
Miss Johnson	0	5	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson	0	6	0			
Students	0	6	0			
Dr. Robb	0	4	0			
Miss Bailey	0	1	0			
Arthur	0	1	0			
				14	10	0
Collected by Miss Newbold				1	5	3
Collected by Miss E. M. Prior				0	12	2
Mrs. Fletcher				0	2	0
Miss E. A. Fysh				0	1	0
A young ploughman				0	7	0
Dora, Isabel, and Grace Walker ...				0	3	6
C. G.				0	2	6
Mr. E. Newell				5	0	0
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis				2	2	0
Mr. J. Baker				1	0	0
Mr. A. Mitchell, jun.				1	1	0
Mr. F. Butler				1	0	0
Mr. S. J. Clements				1	1	0
Miss E. R. Yockney				0	7	6
Rev. E. J. Farley				10	0	0
Miss Farley				1	1	0
Mr. J. Farley				2	2	0
Miss Powell				0	5	0
Ruthie and Jackie				3	3	0
A friend, Glasgow				2	0	0
Mrs. Raymond				1	0	0
Mr. John Hill				2	0	0
Miss M. I. Maynard				0	5	0
Miss E. Castle				0	5	0
Mr. C. Weller and family				2	2	0
Postal order from Crieff				0	2	6
Miss Jones' evening class				0	7	0
Collected by Pastor C. D. Crouch and Mr. A. Lockwood				1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Franklin				1	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Day				0	2	6
George Maxted's first wages				0	10	0
Collected by Ernest Henry Oxford ...				0	8	0
Collected by Miss M. Holmes				1	16	0
Collected by Master E. C. Boggis ...				0	5	10
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps				0	18	0
Mr. and Mrs. McWalters				0	4	0
Mr. Hosegood's Bible-class at Kenyon Chapel				5	0	0
Mr. Alexander Allan				0	5	0
Mr. A. E. Bonser				1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hore	0	2	6
E. H. P.	0	7	0
Mr. Frederick Thomas	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	0	12	6
Mr. Swan	4	10	0
Mr. Worth	2	0	0
Dr. Pain	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Tutcher	2	0	0
Young women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	14	7
Mr. W. Henderson, per Mr. C. Cornell	1	10	0
Mr. Prior A. Belding	0	4	6
Postal order, Mark Lane	1	0	0
Collected by Miss H. Taylor	0	4	0
Miss M. E Jenkins and friends	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. S. Trevillion	0	6	11
Collected by Master Ernest Crisp	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. F. Brown	1	4	0
Mr. Denham	1	0	0
Wishing to be of some good; P. O., Hull	1	0	0
Collected by Lily and Jessie Cairns	1	1	0
Mr. L. P. Barry	0	5	0
Harry, Charlie, and Bertie Curtis and friends	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Saunders	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Evans	1	10	6
Postal order, Altrincham	0	10	0
Mr John Andrews	0	10	0
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon:—			
Postal order, 306,463	0	10	0
Mr. Simon Jones	1	0	0
	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Wykes	1	4	10
Miss Walker	2	0	0
An old friend near Brechin	0	10	0
A thankoffering to God	0	5	0
Mrs and Miss Bayley	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Kate Vincent	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Henrietta Brine	0	3	6
Mr John Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. William Graham	1	0	0
Mrs. Castle	1	0	0
S. N.	5	0	0
E. G.	0	3	0
Mrs. Hatchard	1	0	0
Miss A. Ross	2	0	0
Mr. Arthur Cowell	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	14	7
A. J.	0	10	0
American friend at the communion	1	0	0
Miss M. Hunt	0	10	0
T. A. H. P. W.	20	0	0
Invalid, Clapham Park	0	5	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends	0	5	0
Currant trees	0	3	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
Mrs. Baines	2	0	0
Collected by Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, and Artie Nash	1	9	0
Mrs. E. Cross	0	5	0
A sermon-reader, per Mrs. E. Cross	0	3	0
Mr. J. W. Mottershead	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Paddock	0	3	6
Mrs. Morgan	1	1	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hyd	0	10	0
An incurable	0	1	0
"In loving memory of Pattie"	0	9	0
Mrs. Ostler	0	10	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. O. Rossiter	6	2	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
M. B.	1	1	9
Miss Jessie Clark	0	10	0
Mr. John Cameron	0	17	6
Mrs. E. Sigmur	0	5	0
Lucy Spencer	0	10	0
Mrs. Roofe	1	0	0
Postal order and stamps (post-mark, Bridlington Quay)	1	1	0
Miss M. Pentelow	0	5	0
Mr. McClintock and friend	1	0	0
G. R. and A. C.	2	2	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant	100	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cockle	11	19	0
Mr. Sissons	1	6	9
W. B. B.	0	2	6
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Henry Critch	1	8	8
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	8	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Miss M. Jones	0	2	6
A friend	5	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Metropolitan Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society	2	2	5
Stockwell Jubilee Fête	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor 2 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parkinson 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith 0 10 0			
	3	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of one child for a year	20	0	0
Mr. G. Colyer	0	10	0
E. B. B.	1	0	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	2	2	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
Mrs. Watson	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery	1	1	0
Half Yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. A. M. Hallett's children	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. D. D. Sinclair (for June and July)	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Miss S. A. Muir	0	5	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
	£503	3	8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 112 lbs. Pickled Pork, Mr. E. Sparrow; 19 quarterns Bread, Mr. N. Read; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 22 quarterns Bread, Mr. Pringle; 28 lbs. Bacon, "J. H."; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 6 pecks Strawberries, Mr. Redman; 61 pecks Strawberries ("Strawberry Tea"), Mr. W. Ross and friends; 1 cask Butter, Anon.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—2 Flannel Shirts, Miss Coath; 3 suits of Clothes, A friend at Slaithwaite; 9 articles, Left-off Clothing, Mrs. Brows; 8 Ties, Mr. S. Street.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—39 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 article, Mrs. Morgan; 9 articles, for No. 6 Girls, Mrs. Moss; 17 articles, Mr. Bainton; 25 articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 1 Dress, A friend; 3 Dress Lengths, Mr. S. Street; 3 articles, Miss Taylor; 22 articles, for two girls in No. 5 House, Miss Dawson; 85 articles, and 24 yards Holland, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff; 12 Garments, 8 yards Print, M. O. S.; 30 Aprons, The Juvenile Jubilee Working Society; 1 pair Boots, Mr. J. Clark.

GENERAL.—500 Hymn Books, and 12 large edition "Voice of Praise," The Committee of the Sunday School Union, per Mr. J. E. Tresidder; half-dozen canisters Keating's Beetle Powder; 19 Chinese Lanterns, 2 dozen Pears' Soap, 1 Potato Masher, 400 yards Cord, Mr. Cooper; 1 pair Watch Pockets, Miss E. Nealed; 1 small cask Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 1 Table Cloth, Mr. R. E. Walker; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Moore.

ERRATUM.—"The Sword and the Trowel," July. Total £1,242 5s. 8d. should be £1,342 5s. 8d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Worcester Association	60	0	0
Mr. J. J. Tustin, for Horley	10	0	0
Thornbury, per Mr. E. Cullimore ...	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Northampton Association, for Bulwick Lodges	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassells	10	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks	8	6	8
Cambs. Association, per Mr. Moffat ...	10	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhiwceiber	20	0	0
Mr. J. Cory, for Castletown	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. Thomas White ...	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Southern Association, per Rev. R. Colman	50	0	0
Ross District, per Miss Ball	10	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	10	0	0
Dover District:—			
Collections, Salem Chapel 8 0 0			
Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Edwin 1 0 0			
The Misses Newing ... 1 0 0			
	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
	£343	6	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wakeham	1	0	0
Miss Higgs	10	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. A. Long	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Holt	10	0	0
Mr. E. Newell	2	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
E. J. B.	2	0	0
Mr. H. G. Harrington	1	0	0
A friend to the blessed Colportage work	0	2	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	10	0	0
Mrs. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. T. E. Davis	2	2	0
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. W. Lard	2	2	0
Mr. Dennish	0	10	0
Miss Penston	0	10	6
Messrs. W. Kent and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£81	13	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
H. E. S.	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas Holt	10	0	0
Miss B. Hoering	1	9	2
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Eyres' services in Trinity Free Church, Glasgow ..	4	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Middlesbrough	5	0	0
Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0

	£	s.	d
Mr. Charles Barker	1	0	0
Mrs. Grimshaw	1	1	0
Mr. J. McElkinney	0	5	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Circus Chapel, Birmingham ...	0	10	0
	£34	5	2

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 13th 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,

1886-7.

Trustees and Committee of Management.

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.
CHARLES SPURGEON.

Hon. Consulting Physicians.

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.
JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

ARTHUR E. DURHAM, Esq., F.R.C.S., M.B., &c.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.

E. NETTLESHIP, 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.

The Stockwell Orphanage,

FOR 500 FATHERLESS CHILDREN,

CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

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 must be given. As the number of candidates is far in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form of application. If a form should 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 of application should be returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Children whose fathers are living cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted. Whatever the plea may be, no exceptions can be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

If the case is entered on the list of satisfactory candidates, the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal enquiries. 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 accepted 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 proves to be less necessitous than others; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability; for the Institution is neither Hospital, Reformatory, nor Idiot Asylum. 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; hence many needy ones must be refused because there are others in still more deplorable circumstances.

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 applicants 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 at the Orphanage.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. Gifts of Food, Stores, Clothes, Books, Toys, and useful articles, are always welcome, and should be sent to the Head Master.

NOTE.—Letters requiring an answer should contain a stamped directed envelope.

ANNUAL REPORT,

1886-7.

PART I.—NARRATIVE.

HAPPY is the work of caring for the widow and the fatherless!

In completing the labours of well-nigh twenty years, we must bear our hearty testimony to the kindness and faithfulness of our God. The Stockwell Orphanage has been specially favoured by the Lord of Love. "Not one good thing has failed of all that the Lord God has promised." Faith has been honoured, prayer has been answered, and the Father of the fatherless has glorified his own name. If the history of our Orphanage could be written, and its details laid bare, it would be a marvellous chapter in the records of the goodness of the Lord, whose "mercy endureth for ever." O come, let us magnify the Lord, and let us exalt his name together!

Commencing with a family of six boys, in 1867, the Orphanage has now sheltered 1,151 fatherless children—869 boys, and 282 girls. The figures are soon written, but who can tell what they mean? How much of human misery has been relieved! How much of abject want has been prevented! It is no small thing to help one widow, but to have assisted more than a thousand is matter for overflowing joy. Let us be glad that we have been prospered so far. The beneficent influence of such a work extends far beyond the number of children actually sheltered, fed, and educated. The struggling mother, the orphaned brothers and sisters, and the burdened relatives become sharers in the blessing. A whole household is often lifted out of grinding poverty into hope and energy by being relieved of the one child which was more than the number they could possibly support. The placing of a single child in the Orphanage has often set a poor widow free to labour for the rest of her little ones. Heavy as her remaining burden may have been, she has just managed to bear it, and to get through with her exhausting task—a feat which she could never have accomplished had all her numerous little ones continued to tug at her skirts, and drag her down to hopeless destitution.

It seemed a daring venture, at the outset, to set about providing homes for 250 boys; but the enterprise rapidly grew beyond the original thought and intention of the President, and it now supplies accommodation not only for a quarter of a thousand of lively boys, but for an equal number of girls. The institution for boys was forced upon us by the generosity of a sister who is now at home with God; and when this was in full action, it was an absolute necessity that there should be a similar provision for girls. Do you not think it was so, dear reader? Would you have had the girls neglected? Of course you would not. So, then, the Orphanage had to be doubled; and let us

praise God that it has been done, and done joyfully, too. It has been no slavish bondage to build the Orphan-houses; for our great King has not bidden us make bricks without at the same time giving us the straw.

The ground upon which the Institution stands is freehold, the necessary buildings are all erected and furnished, and there is no debt, nor even the trail of one. From the first day until now the Lord has sent us ready money, and the Trustees have owed no man anything. Here, again, is reason for praising his name.

The work has been a growth rather than a creation, and every stage in its development has been crowned with loving-kindness. "Day by day the manna fell," and day by day the supplies have come for our growing family, so that the children have never had to forego a meal from any lack in the larder, nor to go shabby from any failure in the wardrobe. If the children's shoes have not been of iron and brass, but have worn out very quickly, yet new ones have always been forthcoming; and who would not sooner wear new leather boots than old and rusty iron ones? In the remembrance of all these years of All-sufficient grace, we would sing unto the Lord our loudest song of praise. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." We would even sing a song of the future by way of anticipation, for our joy sustains our hope, and we can boldly say, "The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us."

From every class of the community, and from well-nigh every quarter of the globe, the help has come by which we have been able to supply our large household. We have never sought State aid, aristocratic patronage, or ecclesiastical sanction. There was never a moment's necessity that we should do so; the work is on too high a level to demand or justify either of these expedients. The grace of God has influenced donors to give in token of thankfulness for the Lord's goodness to them. Because the gifts for the Orphanage are usually tendered as thankofferings to the Blessed God for mercies received, they are more sacred than those which are prompted even by the purest benevolence. In very many cases the donations are sent in gratitude for blessing received through reading *Spurgeon's Sermons*. It is a constant joy to the President to know that so many to whom he ministers in spiritual things contribute of their substance, and often from their penury, to the support of the preacher's work for the Lord. While we know that the gifts of our friends are rendered "as unto the Lord," the President cannot be indifferent to the minor motive, by which he is made a partaker of the joy. When a thankoffering to God becomes by the mode of giving a love token to the Lord's servant, it answers a double purpose. Assuredly it is not less acceptable to God on that account; for of old his servants in the Tabernacle were partakers with himself of the grateful offerings brought to the altar. "With such sacrifices God is well pleased!" The widow and the fatherless in this case stand in the place of the priest, and take their part of the meat-offering with the Lord.

It is due to the trustees of the Orphanage to say, that their loving labours in the conduct of the Orphanage have removed from the President the whole burden of the interior management of the Institution. He found that this was quite beyond his strength, and therefore he left

it in his brethren's hands. No mortal mind could carry out the details of all the works of which the President is the leader: there are not hours enough in the day, nor powers enough in one person. It was thought to be not only wise, but absolutely needful, to relieve the President, and he accepted the necessity. No man ever had a more devoted band of fellow-helpers upon whom he could devolve the burden. Every one is anxious to relieve the President of all anxiety. The Orphanage is a world in miniature, and its direction and control is not a light matter. "Many hands make light work," is a proverb which gathers up the wisdom of experience; but what must we say when many hearts are in full accord with the hands? It not only renders work easy, but it sets it to music, and perfumes it with pleasure. Difficulties there are, and not a few of them, but these are overcome. With so many children and workers, if all were angels it would need angels to manage them; but earnest men, with a hearty desire for the success of the Institution, have done well hitherto, and hope to become more and more skilful as experience brings wisdom. All who work and all who give may rejoice together that God hath blessed us hitherto. And "what shall the harvest be?" As yet we can only "know in part;" for "the time of harvest is not yet." The day will come when those who presided, and those who consulted, and those who served, and those who taught, and those who gave, and those who were the objects of all this care, shall rejoice together.

By a law in the spiritual kingdom not known to earth's husbandry, the sower bears the sickle, and reaps a continuous harvest. We are rewarded by the work. In this way the Lord strengthens faith, and sustains hope. Of the fifteen children who died in the Orphanage, we have the fullest assurance that they have gone to be with Jesus; and, while it is a grief to us that all the children who remain have not as yet found the Saviour, it is an unspeakable joy that so many are on the Lord's side, and are engaged in his service. This is the end for which we labour, and God will not disappoint our faith and expectations. Will our friends remember to pray for us? If walled in with prayer, the Orphanage will be canopied with grace and filled with spiritual life. Our children are like other children, partakers of a fallen nature, and their matrons and teachers have no more power to renew their hearts than others have. We must look up to the divine hand, and use the ordained means with faith in the quickening Spirit. If our boys become believers, and our girls grow up as daughters of the Lord God Almighty, how happy we shall be!

Brethren, give us of your money to provide for the bodily wants of these orphans, but above all enrich us with your prayers, that by God's grace they may be saved. Would each one of our friends do us the great favour to set apart a little time to be spent in special supplication for the Stockwell Orphanage? Our share of the work, whether President, Vice-President, Trustees, Head-master, or Staff, shall be joyfully carried out; but we think that while we serve our Lord in his little children, we may with some justice claim that our friends should supply the abode of his love with the gold of their liberality, and also with the myrrh and frankincense of their prayers.

PART II.—STATISTICAL.

Number of Boys received:—

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
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
15	April, 1883, to March, 1884	47	749	44	512	237
16	April, 1884, to March, 1885	43	792	37	549	243
17	April, 1885, to March, 1886	40	832	44	593	239
18	April, 1886, to March, 1887	37	869	34	627	242

Number of Girls received:—

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
15	April, 1883, to March, 1884	40	175	5	9	166
16	April, 1884, to March, 1885	45	220	4	13	207
17	April, 1885, to March, 1886	47	267	17	30	237
18	April, 1886, to March, 1887	15	282	29	59	223

Parentage of the Children:—

Mechanics	276	Policemen & Custom House Officers	13
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	174	Accountants	12
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	169	Commission Agents	11
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	165	Postmen and Sorters	8
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	123	Surgeons and Dentists	6
Mariners and Watermen ...	40	Journalists	5
Ministers and Missionaries ...	33	Solicitors	4
Farmers and Florists	24	Soldiers	4
Commercial Travellers	22	Architects...	2
Railway Employés	20	Fireman	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen...	20	Gentleman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	18		1,151

Religious Profession of Parents:—

Church of England	446	Presbyterian ...	23	Bible Christian ...	2
Baptist	280	Brethren	4	Society of Friends	1
Congregational ...	127	Roman Catholic ...	3	Salvation Army ...	1
Wesleyan... ...	107	Moravian	1	Not specified ...	156

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED :—

Balham	8	Highbury	1	Pentonville	2
Barnsbury	2	Holborn	9	Pimlico	6
Battersea	15	Holloway	13	Plaistow	1
Bayswater	6	Homerton	3	Poplar	5
Bermondsey	75	Hornsey	4	Rotherhithe	8
Bethnal Green ...	6	Horselydown... ...	6	Shadwell	1
Bloomsbury	2	Hoxton	11	Shoreditch	4
Borough	8	Islington	29	Soho	2
Bow	14	Kennington	10	Southwark	27
Brixton	29	Kensington	5	Spitalfields	1
Bromley	1	Kentish Town ...	9	Stepney	5
Camberwell	37	Kilburn	8	Strand	2
Camden Town ...	5	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Chelsea	7	Lambeth	61	Stockwell	3
Clapham	11	Lewisham	5	Stoke Newington ...	7
Clapton	5	Limehouse	6	St. John's Wood ...	1
Clerkenwell	11	Marylebone	18	St. Luke's	2
Dalston	2	Mile End	8	St. Pancras	4
Deptford	8	Newington	13	Sydenham	1
Dulwich	5	New Cross	12	Vauxhall	4
Finsbury	4	Norwood	9	Walworth	41
Hackney	15	Notting Hill	8	Wandsworth	15
Haggerston	1	Nunhead	1	Westminster	10
Hammersmith ...	5	Old Ford	1	Whitechapel	3
Hampstead	4	Paddington	5		
Haverstock Hill ...	3	Peckham	36	LONDON... TOTAL	741

Bedfordshire, Bedford	4	*Devonshire*, Torquay	4	*Gloucestershire*,	
„ Luton ...	1	*Dorsetshire*, Poole ...	2	„ Weirstone ...	1
Berkshire, Maidenhead	1	„ Portland ...	1	„ Wotton ...	1
„ Newbury ...	2	„ Swanage ...	1	*Hampshire*,	
„ Reading ...	18	„ Weymouth ...	2	„ Bournemouth...	1
„ Slough ...	1	*Durham*, Stockton ...	4	„ Christchurch...	1
„ Uffington ...	1	*Essex*, Barking ...	1	„ Hayling Island	1
„ Wantage ...	1	„ Boxted ...	1	„ Landport ...	1
„ Wokingham ...	1	„ Braintree ...	1	„ Lymington ...	1
„ Wargrave ...	1	„ Brentwood ...	1	„ Pokesdown ...	1
Buckinghamshire,		„ Chelmsford ...	1	„ Portsmouth ...	2
„ High Wycombe	1	„ Chingford ...	1	„ Portsea ...	1
„ Princes Risboro'	1	„ Coggeshall ...	1	„ Romsey ...	1
„ Winslow ...	2	„ Colchester ...	3	„ Southampton	4
Cambridgeshire,		„ Dunmow ...	1	„ Southsea ...	2
„ Cambridge ...	3	„ Halstead ...	1	„ Winchester ...	1
„ Cottenham ...	1	„ Hatfield Heath	1	*Herefordshire*,	
„ Histon ...	1	„ Ilford... ...	1	„ Ledbury ...	1
„ Soham ...	1	„ Leyton ...	3	*Hertfordshire*,	
„ Wisbech ...	1	„ Leytonstone ...	4	„ Berkhampstead	1
Cheshire, Birkenhead	1	„ Loughton ...	1	„ Dunstable ...	1
„ Chester ...	1	„ Maldon ...	7	„ Hoddesdon ...	1
Cornwall, Falmouth	2	„ North Woolwich	2	„ Redbourne ...	1
„ Penzance ...	2	„ Paglesham ...	1	„ St. Albans ...	1
„ Porthleven ...	1	„ Rayleigh ...	1	„ Ware	1
„ Truro ...	2	„ Romford ...	3	*Huntingdonshire*,	
Derbyshire, Belper ...	1	„ Stratford ...	1	„ Fenstanton ...	1
„ Derby ...	4	„ Walthamstow	4	*Kent*, Ashford ...	2
Devonshire, Appledore	1	„ Witham ...	2	„ Boxley Heath	1
„ Bideford ...	1	*Gloucestershire*, Bristol	4	„ Bromley ...	1
„ Brixham ...	1	„ Cirencester ...	2	„ Canterbury ...	1
„ Devonport ...	3	„ Gloucester ...	2	„ Charlton ...	2
„ Exeter ...	1	„ Nailsworth ...	1	„ Chatham ...	3
„ Plymouth ...	1	„ Painswick ...	1	„ Cranbrook ...	1
„ Stoke... ...	1	„ Stroud ...	2	„ Crayford ...	1

Kent, Deal	2	*Middlesex*, Tottenham	4	*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1
,, Dover	2	,, Walham Green	1	,, Bletchingley	1
,, Eltham ...	1	,, Whetstone ...	1	,, Catford ...	1
,, Eynsford ...	2	*Norfolk*, Dereham ...	1	,, Croydon ...	11
,, Folkestone ...	2	,, Holt ...	1	,, East Moulsey	1
,, Goudhurst ...	1	,, Norwich ...	1	,, Godalming ...	1
,, Gravesend ...	3	,, Yarmouth ...	1	,, Godstone ...	1
,, Greenwich ...	11	*Northamptonshire*,		,, Horley ...	1
,, Maidstone ...	3	,, Brackley ...	1	,, Kingston ...	3
,, Margate ...	6	,, Kettoring ...	1	,, Leatherhead	1
,, New Brompton	3	,, Northampton	1	,, Norbiton ...	1
,, Northfleet ...	2	,, Oundle ...	3	,, Red Hill ...	1
,, Orpington ...	1	,, Peterborough	1	,, Reigate ...	1
,, Plumstead ...	4	,, Thrapstone	1	,, Richmond ...	1
,, Ramsgate ...	2	,, Walgrave	1	,, Sutton ...	3
,, Rochester ...	1	*Northumberland*,		,, Tooting ...	2
,, Sittingbourne	2	,, Newcastle ...	1	,, Wimbledon ...	1
,, Tonbridge ...	1	*Monmouthshire*,		,, Woking ...	1
,, Tunbridge Wells	1	,, Blaenavon ...	1	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	3
,, West Wickham	1	,, Newport ...	1	,, Chichester ...	1
,, Woolwich ...	5	*Nottingham*,		,, Hailsham ...	1
,, Wrotham ...	1	,, Nottingham ...	1	,, Hastings ...	3
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	2	,, Retford ...	1	,, Lewes ...	1
,, Blackpool ...	1	,, Sutton ...	1	,, Newhaven ...	1
,, Bolton... ...	1	,, Worksop ...	1	,, Seaford ...	1
,, Liverpool ...	5	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1	,, Worthing ...	1
,, Manchester ...	2	,, Chipping Nor.	3	*Warwickshire*,	
,, Morecambe ...	1	,, Kidlington ...	1	,, Birmingham	3
Leicestershire,		,, New Headington	1	,, Coventry ...	1
,, Lutterworth ...	1	,, Oxford ...	1	,, Leamington	1
Lincolnshire, Boston...	1	,, Thame ...	1	,, Oxhill ...	1
,, Grimsby ...	1	,, Witney ...	1	,, Quinton ...	1
,, Lincoln ...	1	*Rutlandshire*,		,, Wolverhampton	1
Middlesex, Acton ...	1	,, Uppingham ...	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
,, Arlington ...	1	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1	,, Chippenham	1
,, Barnet ...	1	,, West Felton ...	1	,, Pinton Stoke	1
,, Chiswick ...	1	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2	,, Salisbury ...	1
,, Ealing ...	1	,, Taunton ...	3	,, Summerford Magna	1
,, Edmonton ...	2	,, Yeovil ...	1	,, Swindon ...	1
,, Finchley ...	1	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1	,, Warminster	1
,, Fulham ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	2	,, Westbury Leigh ...	1
,, Hampton-Wick	1	,, Fressingfield	1	,, Wroughton...	1
,, Harrow ...	2	,, Halesworth...	1	*Yorkshire*, Bedale ...	1
,, Hendon ...	1	,, Ipswich ...	5	,, Burley ...	1
,, Hounslow ...	2	,, Southwold ...	1	,, Leeds ...	1
,, Isleworth ...	1	,, Stanstead ...	1		
		,, Stowmarket	3		

Wales, Aberystwith	1	*Wales*, Haverfordwest	2	*Wales*, Rhyl ...	1
,, Bridgend ...	1	,, Hay	1	,, Swansea ...	3
,, Builth ...	1	,, Llandudno ...	1		
,, Cardiff ...	5	,, Llanelly ...	1		

Scotland, Dunfermline ...	1	*Isle of Wight*, Newport ...	1
Ireland	2	,, ,, Sandown ...	2
		,, ,, West Cowes ...	1

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	741	Wales	17	Ireland	2
Country	386	Scotland	1	Isle of Wight ...	4
		TOTAL		1,151.	

PART III.—DESCRIPTIVE.

Medical Officer's Report.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—In submitting my Annual Report for the year ending March, 1887, I have the pleasure to state that the general health of the children has been remarkably good. The ordinary ailments incidental to childhood have not exceeded the average, and they have readily yielded to treatment. One death occurred (a girl) making a total of fifteen in all who have died in the Orphanage from the commencement. When it is borne in mind that a large proportion of the children come of a consumptive stock, the rate of mortality must be regarded as remarkably low.

I attribute our healthy condition, under the blessing of God, to our sanitary arrangements, and the facilities for the close supervision of each case in the initiatory stage.

Several members of the Staff met with accidents, and several others were under treatment, but our books record results of the most satisfactory nature.

My best thanks are due to the members of our Honorary Staff, who are always ready with their invaluable aid to co-operate with me in the treatment of special cases; and to the Committee and Officers, who seek in every way to further my wishes.

I have the honour to be, your obedient Servant,

William Soper.

The President and Committee cannot be too thankful for the kindness and skill manifested by the Medical Staff in this most important department of our work.

During the year our friends who take collecting-boxes and books brought in the sum of £1,248 7s. 9d. Meetings are arranged for the collectors from time to time, when the President is pleased to see them, and personally to thank them for their efforts in a cause which is so dear to his own heart. Many more of our young people might help us in this way. Friends residing at a distance, who are not able to attend the meetings, correspond with the President personally, and send in substantial assistance. This is a very pleasant way of helping us, and we like thus to be brought into contact with loving friends, whose hearts and hands are devoted to this good work.

The children in the Orphanage were supplied with cards, and their friends collected £259 19s. 7d. This we look upon as a very precious offering, for it was for the most part collected in pennies, and was in almost every case a hearty expression of true gratitude. The parents of our children are a thankful company. God bless them!

Altogether the amount received during the year from collecting-cards, books and boxes, reached the noble sum of £1,508 7s. 4d., for which we are truly grateful.

The Young Ladies' Working Associations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Brixton, Reading, and other places, have rendered considerable help by their loving labours, and their services are very greatly valued by us.

Many friends who cannot combine with others in such a work have also rendered us good service by making articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 15. Could not others imitate these examples?

During the year, Mr. Charlesworth has gone to many places with a Choir of Boys, and he has met with enthusiastic receptions. The addition of £937 14s. 3d. to the funds of the institution from this source, after deducting all expenses, and the cost of the musical training of the boys, moves us to say very earnestly—"Thank you heartily, beloved friends, for thus helping me."

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS, MAY, 1886.

Science.

Electricity ...	Number of Certificates,	24
Geology	,, ,,	15
Physiography ...	,, ,,	20
Total		59

Drawing.

Freehand ...	Prizes, 3 ... Certificates,	39
Geometry ...	,, 18 ... ,,	16
Scale Drawing	,, 20 ... ,,	26
Totals	41	81

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENTS.

Number of Teachers	43
Members, "Young Christians' Band" ...	74

Scripture Examination, March, 1886.

Sunday-school Union—Clapham Auxiliary.—Results:—

The Silk Prize Banner.

Number of Prizes	8
,, First-class Certificates... ...	26
,, Second ,, ,, ...	122
Total	146

The Third Prize in the "Extra Special Prize Papers Examination" was taken by Florence Burrows.

In the Sunday-schools the children contributed to the Missionary Society—

For General Fund	£10	10	2
For Congo Fire Fund	1	16	9
Total	£12	6	11

They also contributed, in connection with our Band of Hope, for the Temperance Hospital, as under;—

Present Scholars	£13	6	9
Former Scholars	7	15	11
Total	£21	2	8

LETTER FROM AN EMPLOYER OF A BOY.

Burnley, May, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I was very sorry when I arrived home on Monday, and found that you had been to our place, and I had not the pleasure of seeing you. I can easily understand, after the care and training these boys receive from you, that you should be anxious about their welfare after they have left you. It gives me much pleasure to inform you that we are highly satisfied in every way with the boy you sent us. A finer little fellow never stepped into my shop. We find him strictly honest, and always active; and I have no doubt it will please you to know that, without request, he reads his Bible every night without intermission since he came. And when I asked him the reason, he stated that Mr. Spurgeon always liked the boys to read the Bible. He attends school and chapel regularly; and his conduct at home is equal to that in the business. Wishing you success in your noble work, and the blessing of him that maketh rich, upon your labour,

I remain, yours sincerely,

Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. R. P.

PART IV.—PERMANENT INFORMATION.

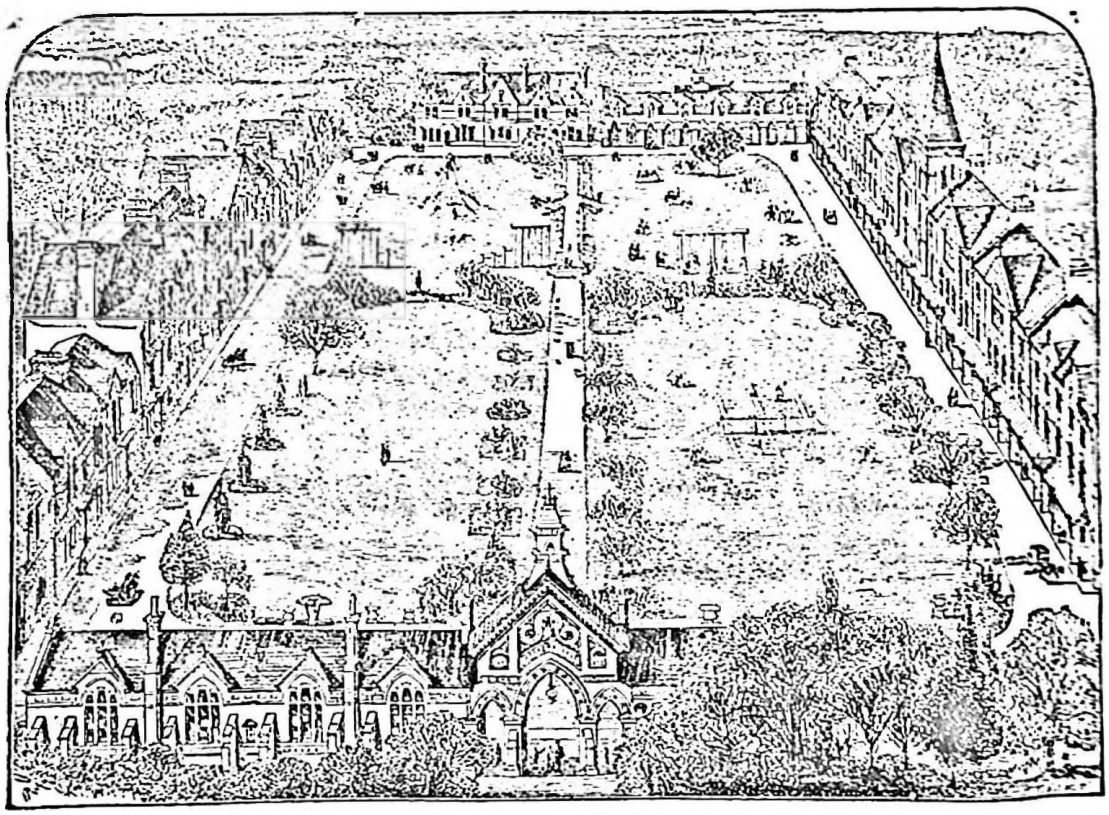
Our experience confirms us in the practice of THE SEPARATE HOME SYSTEM. We have not huge wards, nor vast barracks, but houses and families, after the fashion of ordinary society. The loss of home and parental influence is a calamity to a child, and the wisest course is to minimize the loss as far as possible by keeping up the family form. Covering an area of nearly four acres, in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for its purpose. Each home is complete in itself, and each family has its own "mother." The boys dine in one common hall according to families; the girls' meals are all prepared in their respective houses; and it is a rule that both boys and girls assist in all the domestic duties of the establishment. Family worship is conducted in each department morning and evening, and the children learn the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack. The terrace on the left-hand side of the quadrangle, with the schools over the centre block, is designed for 250 boys, and the terrace on the right for an equal number of girls. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in countless ways the excellence of the home system shows itself to those who observe its working.

Under our system careful supervision of each child is possible, and the best sanitary, moral, and religious conditions are secured. Though we cannot change human nature, nor make even good children perfect, we can do better for them in family groups than if we had them in great masses, and packed them away in grosses, like steel pens. Individual character comes out better in small groups than in large regiments.

The Institution is UNSECTARIAN: the question of the denominational connection of the parents has no influence with the Committee in considering an application. No child is prejudiced as a candidate by the creed of his parents. Why should he be? In a matter of pure

philanthropy, sectarian preferences should have no weight; although the characters of the parents and their usefulness in the church of God constitute in some cases a plea for a more speedy reception of their little ones, yet if Christian principles were lacking in the father the child should not be punished on that account; on the contrary, there may be all the greater need that the little one should come under religious training.

The supreme desire of the Committee of Management is that the children shall be instructed in the truths of our common Christianity, renewed in spirit by the Holy Ghost, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We are more concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ than devotees of a sect; and for this we will both pray and labour.



No question has ever arisen upon this matter, nor do we fear that any will arise. Ours is a work for Jesus, carried on in a purely evangelical spirit, and in it we have the hearty confidence and co-operation of Christians of all denominations. Upon the ground of our common faith in the cross, and our possession of the one life whose very breath is love, we meet to help the widow and the orphan, and feel that our union of heart is increased thereby. It has never occurred to us to use this charity as an instrument for increasing the number of our own community, nor should we know how to go to work to do so: the truth will command belief without being supported by bribes, while we fear that those who can be purchased for a church by gifts of charity can hardly be worth the price paid for them, however little it may be.

The Institution is OPEN TO ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY. No one section of society has the preference. In considering the claims of an orphan, the station in life occupied by the parents has small influence in the counsels of the Committee. It will be seen in the table of classes that, while almost every grade of society has been represented, by far the greater proportion of children belonged to the most necessitous classes. When a family has been dependent upon the weekly wage of the father, which in so many instances leaves but a slender margin for saving, the whole of their support ceases at his death, and the savings will scarcely suffice to meet the funeral expenses. When the income has been larger, a long illness, which often attends consumption, has eaten up all the savings, and left nothing in store. But for the ministry of an orphanage, a widow with many helpless little ones would despair. The relief afforded by our taking one child has often inspired a poor woman with hope, has given her a little breathing-space, and enabled her to accomplish her difficult task with the rest of her numerous tribe. Often have our hearts overflowed with sorrow and 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. Oh, that our friends could see the widows, they would be ready to give all that they have! We should have to hold them back. Frequently have we to see the hand of the Lord helping choice saints by means of our Institution, and then we have been exceeding glad. Are there not thousands who will share our burden and our blessing? Will not our reader continue to do so? Our subscribers may rejoice with us that the Institution has sheltered no less than 1,151 fatherless children up to the present date.

To secure the admission of a destitute fatherless child, NO PATRONAGE IS REQUIRED, AND NO PURCHASE OF VOTES. The most helpless and deserving are *selected* by a Committee, who give the first place to the greatest need. This is our rule, and we desire ever to abide by it. In this way help is rendered to those who are least able to help themselves, or to secure the assistance of others. Applicants are put to no expense, beyond providing necessary certificates. It is better that the admission of a child should be an answer to the bitter cry of need rather than a reward for diligence or a repayment for postage spent in worrying the subscribers for their votes. The amount expended, directly and indirectly, in qualifying for admission to some institutions, is in many cases almost equal to the value of the benefit secured. As it is impossible for us to receive all who apply, there is this satisfaction—the candidates are only declined for want of room, and not because they have failed to buy sufficient votes. The Committee appointed to consider the claims of the applicants devote considerable time and anxious thought to this department, and they endeavour to select the most worthy cases. Will our friends kindly bear this fact in mind, should an application in which they are specially interested not prove successful? 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 five or six applicants, some must be left out in the cold. It may so happen that a still more destitute child and a still more needy widow, knock at our door, and in that case, however earnest our friends may be, their chosen ones will have to wait, and

perhaps to be declined. We are compelled to set aside scores whom we would right gladly admit, and this would be the case if the Orphanage were twice its present size. We do not propose to increase our space, for we think five hundred children quite enough for one institution—certainly quite enough for us. Friends must be patient with us, and believe that we do our best.

The children are NOT DRESSED IN A UNIFORM, to mark them as the recipients of charity. We cannot endure this common piece of folly.

Orphanhood is a child's misfortune, and he should not be treated as though it were his fault. In a garb which marks him out as poor—a garb which is often grotesque and ridiculous, it is not easy for a child to acquire a feeling of self-respect. We wish the older institutions were free to break through the traditions which have so little to be said in their favour; we do not intend to come under the yoke at all.

In the arrangements of the Schools our object is to impart *a plain but thorough* ENGLISH *education*, in order to fit the boys for commercial pursuits. In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. As the boys attain the age for leaving, little or no difficulty is experienced in finding employers who are willing to receive them. Many of the old boys are now occupying good positions in large houses of business, three of them are Pastors of churches, and two have resigned first-rate appointments to labour in connection with the Salvation Army. It is a joy to us to know that many others are engaged in works of usefulness, while a far larger number are members of the Christian Church.

For the girls a plain solid education is attempted in the Schools, and thorough domestic training in the Homes. The Trustees will be glad to give special training where there are special capacities, and as openings occur for female talent they will be glad to have girls able to enter them. The special vocation of the girls must be left to their friends to determine on leaving: our usual plan is to ensure that, as far as possible, they shall be thoroughly fitted for domestic service in good families; but we are anxious to be guided by the providence of God, and the opportunities which offer themselves. No doubt the better the education, if it be of a really practical kind, the better is the child's chance in life.

The moral and religious training of the children is a matter of primary concern; and the earnest efforts of the matrons and teachers are supplemented by the labours of a staff of gracious Sunday-school teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and the neighbouring chapels on Lord's-day mornings, and Special Services are conducted at home, morning and evening. Mr. Daniels, Mr. Bartlett, and other friends, give much attention and prayer to this department of the work. A children's week-night service is held every Wednesday. Once a quarter the entire household is assembled to hear a special address. Leading ministers of all denominations and distinguished laymen have rendered important help in this matter.

A Young Christians' Band holds a monthly meeting, and the Members of the Band of Hope meet every week.

As the Orphanage is maintained by free-will offerings, we may indicate the special methods by which our friends can help us :—

(1.) By **Donations and Subscriptions.** All sections of the Church and of the community are laid under obligation, and we gladly add that members of every communion contribute to the funds of the Institution.

(2.) By **becoming Collectors.** Mr. SPURGEON will be glad to send special Collecting-books. Collecting-boxes and cards may also be obtained on application to the Secretary.

(3.) By **arranging for Public Meetings,** to be conducted by the Head Master with a choir of Orphan boys. The entertainment given by the boys is of a first-rate order, and is calculated to do moral and spiritual good. Our bell-ringers add to the attraction of the singing, and help to charm the ears of the audience. Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH will be happy to supply all particulars.

(4.) By **Gifts of Useful Articles.** Sometimes a friend 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 that comes to this mill.

(5.) By **Birthday and New Year's Offerings.** A festive season suggests a fitting opportunity for sending help to those whose orphanhood calls for special sympathy and succour. Our mercies are doubly sweet when they are shared with those who would otherwise feel the bitterness of want. We minister not to ourselves, but to the poor and needy. The Lord accept our work of faith and labour of love!

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS.

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 person 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, involving him in actions at law, and all sorts of unpleasantnesses. He has too much to do already, and does not want to have his back broken with the proverbial last ounce. Those are wisest who are their own executors, and distribute their money in their own lifetime; but if this cannot be accomplished, friends should at least make their wills, and see that they are plainly drawn up and properly 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.

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31ST, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,821	1	9
Provisions	3,765	3	7
Clothing	1,717	15	9
Laundry	429	17	9
Fuel, Gas, and Water	761	19	9
Books and School Requisites	161	8	0
Medical Expenses	161	7	8
Excursions and Travelling	76	17	0
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	45	1	7
Gardening and Sundries	58	18	8
	8,997	6	6
„ Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	486	0	0
„ Repairs, Alterations, Furniture, &c.	1,368	15	2
„ Poor and General Rates	162	2	6
	11,014	4	2
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund	2,000	0	0
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1887	3,000	5	6
	£16,014	9	8

	£	s.	d.
By Donations:—			
General	4,724	15	
Boxes and Books	1,508	7	4
Services of Song (less expenses)	937	14	3
	7,170	17	3
„ Legacies	4,522	11	6
„ Annual Subscriptions	371	2	0
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs and Insurance)	1,419	14	11
	13,484	5	8
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1886	2,530	4	0
	£16,014	9	8

Audited and found correct, this 27th day of May, 1887.

W. IZARD,
51, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES,
32, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Auditors.

JOSEPH PASSMORE,
WILLIAM HIGGS,
JAMES A. SPURGEON,
Acting Treasurer,
Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Our Reply to Sundry Critics and Enquirers.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ACCORDING to the best of our ability we sounded an alarm in Zion concerning the growing evils of the times, and we have received abundant proof that it was none too soon. Letters from all quarters declare that the case of the church at this present is even worse than we thought it to be. It seems that, instead of being guilty of exaggeration, we should have been justified in the production of a far more terrible picture. This fact causes us real sorrow. Had we been convicted of mis-statement we would have recanted with sincerely penitent confessions, and we should have been glad to have had our fears removed. It is no joy to us to bring accusations; it is no pleasure to our heart to seem to be in antagonism with so many. We are never better pleased than when in fellowship with our brethren we can rejoice in the progress of the gospel.

But no one has set himself to disprove our allegations. One gentleman, of neutral tint, has dared to speak of them as vague, when he knows that nothing could be more definite. But no one has shown that prayer-meetings are valued, and are largely attended; no one has denied that certain ministers frequent theatres; no one has claimed that the Broad School newspapers have respected a single truth of revelation; and no one has borne witness to the sound doctrine of our entire ministry. Now we submit that these are the main points at issue: at least, these are the only things we contend about. Differences of judgment upon minor matters, and varieties of mode in action, are not now under question; but matters vital to religion. Others may trifle about such things; we cannot, and dare not.

Instead of dealing with these weighty things, our opponents have set to work to make sneering allusions to our sickness. All the solemn things we have written are the suggestions of our pain, and we are advised to take a long rest. With pretended compassion, but with real insolence, they would detract from the truth by pointing to the lameness of its witness. Upon this trifling we have this much to say:—In the first place, our article was written when we were in vigorous health, and it was in print before any sign of an approaching attack was discoverable. In the second place, if we were in a debate with Christians we should feel sure that, however short they might run of arguments, they would not resort to personalities; least of all, to those personalities which make a painful malady their target. Incidentally, this breach of Christian courtesy goes to show that the new theology is introducing, not only a new code of morals, but a new tone and spirit. It would seem to be taken for granted, that if men are such fools as to adhere to an old-fashioned faith, of course they must be idiots, and they deserve to be treated with that contemptuous pity which is the quintessence of hate. If you can find out that they are sufferers, impute their faith to their disease, and pretend that their earnestness is nothing but petulance arising from their pain. But enough of this: we are so little embittered in spirit by our pangs that we can laugh at the arrows aimed at our weaker member. Do our critics think that, like Achilles, our vulnerable point lies, not in our head, but in our heel?

We are grateful to the editor of *Word and Work* for speaking out so plainly. He says:—

"In *The Sword and the Trowel* for the present month Mr. Spurgeon gives no uncertain sound concerning departures from the faith. His exposure of the dishonesty which, under the cover of orthodoxy, assails the very foundations of faith is opportune in the interests of truth. No doubt, like a faithful prophet in like evil times, he will be called a 'troubler of Israel,' and already we have noticed he has been spoken of as a pessimist; but any such attempts to lessen the weight of his testimony are only certain to make it more effective. When a strong sense of duty prompts public speech it will be no easy task to silence it.

"The preachers of false doctrine dislike nothing more than the premature detection of their doings. Only give them time enough to prepare men's minds for the reception of their 'new views,' and they are confident of success. They have had too much time already, and any who refuse to speak out now must be held to be 'partakers of their evil deeds.' As Mr. Spurgeon says, 'A little plain-speaking would do a world of good just now. These gentlemen desire to be let alone. They want no noise raised. Of course thieves hate watch-dogs, and love darkness. It is time that somebody should spring his rattle, and call attention to the way in which God is being robbed of his glory and man of his hope.'

"Only those who have given some attention to the progress of error during recent years can form any just idea of the rapid strides with which it is now advancing. Under the plea of liberalism, unscriptural doctrines are allowed to pass current in sermons and periodicals, which, only a few years ago, would have been faithfully resisted unto the death. When anyone even mildly protests, preachers and journalists are almost

unanimous in drowning the feeble testimony either by sneers or shouts. Throughout the wide realm of literature there seems to be a conspiracy to hate and hunt down every Scriptural truth. Let any man, especially if he belongs to an evangelical church, denounce or deny any part of the creed he has solemnly vowed to defend, and at once his fortune is made. The press makes the world ring with his fame, and even defends the dishonesty which clings to a stipend forfeited by the violation of his vow. It is far otherwise with the defender of the faith. He is mocked, insulted, and laughed to scorn. The spirit of the age is against him. So in greater or lesser measure it has always been. But when he remembers who is the prince of this world and the ruler of the age, he may be well content to possess his soul in patience."

This witness is true.

Let no man dream that a sudden crotchet has entered our head, and that we have written in hot haste: we have waited long, perhaps too long, and have been slow to speak. Neither let any one suppose that we build up our statements upon a few isolated facts, and bring to the front certain regrettable incidents which might as well have been forgotten. He who knows all things can alone reveal the wretched facts which have come under our notice. Their memory will, we trust, die and be buried with the man who has borne their burden, and held his peace because he had no wish to create disunion. Resolved to respect the claims both of truth and love, we have pursued an anxious pathway. To protest when nothing could come of it but anger, has seemed senseless; to assail evil and crush a vast amount of good in the process, has appeared to be injurious. If all knew all, our reticence would be wondered at and we are not sure that it would be approved. Whether approved or not, we have had no motive but the general progress of the cause of truth, and the glory of God.

Had there been a right spirit in those who resent our warning, they would either have disproved our charge, or else they would have lamented its truthfulness, and have set to work to correct the evil which we lamented. Alas, the levity which plays ducks and drakes with doctrines, makes game of all earnestness, and finds sport in Christian decision! Yet, surely there is a remnant of faithful ones, and these will be stirred to action, and will cry mightily unto God that the plague may be stayed. The gospel is too precious for us to be indifferent to its adulteration. By the love we bear to the Lord Jesus we are bound to defend the treasure with which he has put us in trust.

That ugly word "pessimist" has been hurled at our devoted head. We are denounced as "gloomy." Well, well! The day was when we were censured for being wickedly humorous, and many were the floggings we received for our unseemly jests. Now we are morose and bitter. So the world's opinion changes. A half-a-farthing would be an extravagant price to pay for the verdict one way or another. In truth, we are quite able to take an *optimistic* view of things. (Is that the correct word, Sir Critic?) We are glad to admit that there is much of Christian zeal, self-sacrifice, and holy perseverance in the world. Possibly there is more than ever. Did we ever say otherwise? We rejoice in the thousands of gracious, holy, large-hearted men around us. Who dares to say we do not? We see much that is hopeful and delightful

in many quarters. Is this at all to the point? May there not be much that is beautiful and healthful in a countenance where yet there may be the symptoms of a foul disease? The church is large, and while one end of her field may rejoice us with golden grain, another part of it may be full of thorns and briers. It often happens that causes of sorrow may be increased at the very same moment when occasions of joy are most numerous. We judge that it is so just now. The cause of God goes on in spite of foes, and his truth is sure to conquer in the long run, however influential its opposers. No, no, we are by no means despondent for the Lord's kingdom. That would be a dishonour to his eternal power and Godhead. Our amiable critics may possibly be pleased to know that they will not find us bathing in vinegar, nor covering our swollen foot with wormwood, nor even drinking quinine with our vegetables; but they will find us rejoicing in the Lord, and buckling on our harness for the war with as firm a confidence as if all men were on our side. Bad as things are from one point of view, there is a bright side to affairs: the Lord has yet his men in reserve who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

We have said, with deep grief that we should have had to say it, that many ministers have departed from the faith; and this was no unkind suspicion on our part, but a matter of fact, ascertained in many ways, and made most sadly sure. We trust that the Baptists are by no means so far gone as the Independents: indeed, we feel sure that they are not. Still, we do not say this in order to throw stones at others. A well-known Congregational minister, who is preparing a book upon this painful subject, writes us—"I have not a large acquaintance with the state of opinion in your denomination. I groan over my own. There are many faithful to Christ, and to the souls of men; but, alas! it seems to me that many have no kind of gospel to preach, and the people are willing that it should be so. Some of our colleges are poisoning the churches at the fountains. I very much fear that an unconverted ministry is multiplying." To the same import is a letter from another brother of the same denomination, who says—"I cannot agree with *The British Weekly*, that you take an 'extremely pessimistic' view of the evil. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that your conviction is faint compared with what the reality would warrant. —— College, for example, continues to pour forth men to take charge of our churches who do not believe, in any proper sense, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, who deny the vicarious sacrifice on the cross, and hold that, if sinners are not saved on this side the grave, they may, can, or must be on the other. And the worst of it is, the people love it." We could multiply this painful evidence, but there is no need, since the charge is not denied. It is ridiculed; it is treated as a matter of no consequence, but it is not seriously met. Is this what we have come to? Is there no doctrine left which is to be maintained? Is there no revelation? Or is that revelation a nose of wax to be shaped by the finger of fashion? Are the sceptics so much to the fore that no man will open his mouth against them? Are all the orthodox afraid of the ridicule of the "cultured"? We cannot believe it. The private knowledge which we possess will not allow of so unhappy a conclusion; yet Christian people are now so tame that

they shrink from expressing themselves. The house is being robbed, its very walls are being digged down, but the good people who are in bed are too fond of the warmth, and too much afraid of getting broken heads, to go downstairs and meet the burglars; they are even half vexed that a certain noisy fellow will spring his rattle, or cry, "Thieves!"

That the evil leaven is working in the churches as well as among the ministers, is also sadly certain. A heterodox party exists in many congregations, and those who compose it are causing trouble to the faithful, and sadly influencing the more timid towards a vacillating policy. An earnest preacher, who is only one of a class, says: "The old truths are unpopular here. I am told that I have preached the doctrines of grace to my cost—that is, in a pecuniary aspect; and I know that it is so. I cannot find anything to rest upon in the modern theories, but this places me in antagonism to the supporters of the chapel. They find fault, not with the style of my preaching, but with the subjects of it." In another place the witness is—"Our minister is an able and gracious man, but there are those in the church who are determined that no one shall remain here unless he is in favour of advanced opinions." Yes, the divergence is every day becoming more manifest. A chasm is opening between the men who believe their Bibles and the men who are prepared for an advance upon Scripture. Inspiration and speculation cannot long abide in peace. Compromise there can be none. We cannot hold the inspiration of the Word, and yet reject it; we cannot believe in the atonement and deny it; we cannot hold the doctrine of the fall and yet talk of the evolution of spiritual life from human nature; we cannot recognise the punishment of the impenitent and yet indulge the "larger hope." One way or the other we must go. Decision is the virtue of the hour.

Neither when we have chosen our way can we keep company with those who go the other way. There must come with decision for truth a corresponding protest against error. Let those who will keep the narrow way keep it, and suffer for their choice; but to hope to follow the broad road at the same time is an absurdity. What communion hath Christ with Belial?

Thus far we come, and pause. Let us, as many as are of one mind, wait upon the Lord to know what Israel ought to do. With steadfast faith let us take our places; not in anger, not in the spirit of suspicion or division, but in watchfulness and resolve. Let us not pretend to a fellowship which we do not feel, nor hide convictions which are burning in our hearts. The times are perilous, and the responsibility of every individual believer is a burden which he must bear, or prove a traitor. What each man's place and course should be the Lord will make clear unto him.

Bishop Hannington, of East Equatorial Africa.*

First Paper.

THE murder of Bishop Hannington, by order of Mwanga, the young King of Uganda, in 1885, inflicted a loss on Christian missions very difficult to repair. Hannington was a brave, lovable man, gifted with wonderful powers of endurance, an enthusiast for missions, with faith in God simple as a child's. He left wife and family in England, and gave himself up, body, soul, and spirit, to the cause of establishing Christ's kingdom in the region extending from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza. His heroic death at thirty-eight crowned his heroic life, which, though so soon and so suddenly terminated, will yet bear good fruit for Africa. This book, by his friend, Mr. Dawson, is one of the brightest we have met with for a long time, and brings its reader into familiar and pleasant acquaintance with the strong, humorous, irrepressible, wholesome personality of its hero.

James Hannington was born, in 1847, at Hurstpierpoint, near Brighton. His father was a wealthy merchant, and the boy roamed through the grounds of the charming family home with keen, enquiring eyes, till there was no secret of moss, or flower, or hidden chrysalis, or blackbird's nest that had not been probed by his busy fingers. To the end of his life he could not resist turning aside for a strange insect, a new plant, or an interesting geological specimen, wherever he might meet with it.

His first thirteen years were spent at home, and in travelling and yachting with his parents. He was constantly, with the best intentions, in some mischief or other; or on the verge of a serious accident; generally escaping, as fearless folk do, without much harm. It is recorded how, at the age of seven, he clambered unnoticed up the mast of his father's yacht, and was discovered high aloft, suspended on a projection by the seat of his trousers. He must have kept his mother in a state of constant nervous apprehension; and her tremors were not always groundless, for he lost his left thumb in an attempt to blow up a wasps' nest with gunpowder. The fuse not going off to his satisfaction, he poured the powder from his flask upon it, with the result that the flask exploded in his hand, and he was maimed for life. But who could be angry with the eager, merry lad?

The amplitude of his father's means relieved him from the necessity of working for his living, a condition of things very attractive, but not generally wholesome, for youths. Hannington's idleness, however, was always busy idleness. He was no lounger, or frequenter of clubs, yawning at a world that afforded him no interest. The careless years till he was twenty were occupied with yachting, shooting, and soldiering in the First Sussex Artillery Volunteers. He was passionately fond of travel, and made several trips on the Continent.

His father, who was an Independent, had built a chapel in his grounds; and this was the circumstance that gave the direction to young Hannington's life. In this chapel Nonconformist services were

* "James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa." By E. C. Dawson, M.A., Oxon. London: Seeley and Co.

held at first, but after a time Mr. Hannington joined the Church of England, and the chapel became a curacy under the rector of Hurstpierpoint. This brought James a good deal into contact with churchmen, and awakened in him a desire to seek "holy orders." His father did not oppose the inclination, and in 1868 he was entered as a commoner at Oxford. Volatile, yet full of latent strength, Hannington could not be called an industrious student. Like many others, he missed the golden opportunity of his under-graduate years, and did more boating than classics. But he was not an ill-informed man. In studies that interested him, such as chemistry, botany, natural history and medicine, he was accurate and thorough. His frank, kindly manner made him a general favourite, notwithstanding a quick, passionate temper. He was unselfish, open-hearted, lavishly generous, the organizer of wild pranks, the hospitable entertainer at noisy feasts. He seemed to be wholly given over to the spirit of fun. He loved to shock the susceptibilities of the staid folk around him. He would let off fireworks in college on the 5th of November in defiance of rules and regulations, gallop round the quadrangle on a chair at the head of his companions in riot. In short, he was one of those privileged fellows who, by general consent, are allowed to say and do with impunity things that would not be tolerated from others.

As this sort of thing is not generally regarded as favourable to the acquisition of learning, it is not surprising that at the end of his first year the Principal recommended him to look for a competent tutor in some quiet country place, where he would have no temptation to seek other friends than his books. The tutor chosen was the Rev. C. Scriven, of Martinhoe, a lonely little place on the North Devon coast. But our world is what we make it. Learning laid no more exclusive hold on him in the country solitude than it had done in the University. In the dark weather-beaten cliffs and rocks, the irrepressible undergraduate found distractions even greater than college life could offer him. Perilous scrambles from ledge to ledge in search of chough's eggs, the discovery of almost inaccessible caves, and the engineering of a road to them down the face of the cliff that the inhabitants of the rectory might visit them; hair-breadth escapes from dizzy falls and from drowning—these were the matters which mingled with his studies; and the wild daring life was pursued with as much zest as if the formation of his future depended on it. And perhaps it played no inconsiderable part in preparing him for his life-work. However, learning did not altogether go to the wall: in 1873 he took his B.A. degree.

"About this time," he writes in his diary, "a different tone began to steal over me insensibly—I prayed more." About this time, too, a college friend who had become curate in a country parish (and who is evidently, though he does not say so, the writer of the biography), felt it laid upon his heart to pray for him; and he wrote to him a letter in which he spoke of his own conversion, of the power of the love of Christ to transform a man's life, and urged him to make a definite surrender of himself to the Saviour. Thirteen months passed, and there was no response; but the faithful letter, though the writer knew it not, was working. Meanwhile, Hannington went up for his examination for priest's orders, failed, and was almost overwhelmed with

despair. Six months afterwards he tried again, passed so far as to be admitted to deacon's orders, and became curate under Mr. Scriven. Here is his own account, poor fellow, of one of his first services.

"I went over to Parracombe. Clerk: 'We are going to have service in the schoolroom this evening, sir; we like it better.' 'Oh, well, what does Mr. Leakey do?' Why, sir, he reads, prays extempore, and expounds. He don't preach no sermon, and don't wear no gown.' I, dreadfully nervous: 'I think I will read the evening service, Jones. Is there a Bible?' 'No, sir, there ain't; he do bring his own with him.' More nervous than ever, I gave out a hymn. Then, while they were singing it, in came a surplice, which I put on. Next a lamp, which was most acceptable. I then said I would read the Litany; so I commenced. Then a Bible was found and thrust on to the table, so I was able to read a lesson. Then came the most trying ordeal. The table was quite low. I had not my glasses, and did not like to hold my sermon case up before me, so I had to lean on my elbows, stick my legs out behind me, and thus read painfully through my paper. Moral: Learn to preach and pray without book."

Now that he was actually committed to the sacred work, he began to feel insupportably the incongruity of his position. The burden of his responsibility weighed more heavily on him every day. He felt he was not giving the people the word of life. He was God's messenger without a message. Under this load of care he sat down one day and wrote to his friend. A correspondence was thus opened up which ended in his finding peace. His friend sent him Dr. Mackay's "Grace and Truth," and it was the reading of the chapter entitled, "Do you feel your sins forgiven?" which opened his eyes. "I was in bed at the time reading. I sprang out of bed and leaped about the room, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of his wings in the assurance of faith that I am his, and he is mine."

The effects of his emancipation were soon observable in his preaching. The report of his earnestness and power drew crowds to the little churches, and his work grew delightful because it was real. He loved the people, the stormy moors, the wild cliffs, and the sounding sea. He loved his Master and his work. All was new. He believed that Jesus Christ had died for him, *and he knew that he believed.*

Not long after this critical change his father invited him to take charge of St. George's Church, at Hurstpierpoint. The invitation was at first anything but welcome. He did not take kindly to the idea of removing from his remote Devonshire parish. But after long consideration, the change was made, and he became curate of his father's chapel in 1875, where he spent seven busy, happy years, preaching his earnest, unconventional sermons to his crowded little congregations on the Sunday, and visiting amongst the parishioners through the week, with his pockets full of "goodies" for the children. He was a great man with the youngsters. He used to give them brief instruction upon their conduct to their parents, and to each other. They were not to "sneak," not to speak untruths, &c. When he next encountered them they were cross-examined. "Now then, what were the three things you were not to do, eh?" Correct answers were rewarded with a

bull's-eye. This sugar-plum policy towards the children is very effectual, and is a good deal better than the policy of the stick and the scowl.

He was married, in 1877, to Miss Hankin-Turvin. She made him a splendid wife, and his letters to her show how well he loved her. They begin variously: "My dearest wifie," "My dearest Missus," "My dear Bellinzona," "My dearest heart's beloved."

The clear ring of his gospel preaching, and his skill in dealing with anxious enquirers, brought him into great request as a mission preacher; but those who invited him to leave his own work, and engage in exhausting labours for their assistance, sometimes forgot there were such things as expenses. "I was put to £4 expenses," he says on one occasion, "and dear old Mr. ———, just as I was leaving, said, 'You will let me pay your cab-fare to the station!' This was the first word on the subject, and the evident simplicity and good faith of the dear old man quite took my breath away. 'No,' said I, 'I will pay it.' However, he insisted on my taking eighteenpence."

Hannington's thoughts were first directed to the foreign mission field in 1878, by the story of the deaths of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill, on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. He felt a strong desire to offer to fill the gap in the little Central African Mission army. The desire slowly ripened into definite purpose, and at length he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society for five years, on the simple condition that they would supply his place at St. George's Chapel. The offer was accepted, and, taking leave of his parish, he sailed for Africa in 1882. The story of his work from Zanzibar to the Victoria Nyanza must be reserved for another paper. C. A. D.

"Here's a big 'un."

THE brook was racing all around his little legs, and there he stood with his pickle-bottle conducting a fishery on his own account. Soon he shouted to his mother in particular, and to everybody else in general, "Here's a big 'un! Look! Look! Here's a big 'un!" His energy was amazing. At first we half suspected that a whale had come up the Wandle. But his exultation came too often to produce a continued effect. His mother did make something of a move at first; but when the great catches succeeded each other very rapidly she seemed to lose her early interest in the astounding news. Truly it was amusing to watch the stream, the navies of ducks, the darting swallows, the overhanging boughs and the deep-drinking cows, and to hear, above all other sounds, the victorious cry, "Here's another! Such a big 'un! Look! Look!" It reminded me of the wonderful discoveries which are going on all around us among the little men of light and leading, fresh from College. There they stand in the shallow brooklets, catching their "tittle-bats" of new theology, and bawling, each one more loudly than his fellow, "Here's another! Such a big 'un!" The stream runs on, and the children fish and cry, but there are deeps of which the brook-fishers know nothing. No alarm visits those greater depths because of these water-babies and their pickle-bottles: when storms shall come, there will be heard above them other voices than those of the children of the brooklets.—C.H.S.

The Gospel on the Race-course.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WHEN the Great Teacher first went about to fulfil his divine mission, the hill-side or the sea-shore had to accommodate the crowds who were "astonished at his doctrine"; and as it was in the beginning of the dispensation, so is it still—if the mass of the people are to hear the gospel at all, they must hear the glad tidings in the open air. In one sense it is saddening that it should be so; but on the other hand, the preacher himself should go forth with confidence, because he is actually treading in the footsteps of his Lord. At the same time, he should, with such an exemplar preceding him, strive to the utmost to be duly qualified for what must necessarily be an arduous service. Those who have excelled in the art of open air address have used hard, honest toil in preparation for the work. Where men rush at the task without fitness for it they may do more harm than good. "I was particularly pained by a young man who was attempting to address an audience in the East-end," says one, "and felt what a boon it would be if some experienced worker would take such novices in hand, and by directing their earnest efforts into proper channels, and teaching them the practical method of conducting such meetings, save them from the laughter, and the gospel from the contempt that is often brought upon it by such inexperienced workers." This is a very necessary note of warning. A good cause is injured by incompetent friends much more than it is obstructed by confessed opponents.

The Open Air Mission has carried on its operations for more than a quarter of a century, and has something like 1,100 members, many of whom make an annual return of their interesting work. Among the more prominent of its founders is Mr. John Macgregor, who, as *Rob Roy*, has, from time to time, entertained the world with descriptions of his adventures, in his now famous canoe, on the Jordan, on the Baltic, and on other waters. Next to the adventurous traveller comes the hard-working secretary, Mr. Gawin Kirkham, who shows special qualifications for the work, and who, besides travelling nearly a thousand miles a month, also sets a worthy example to his battalions by giving between four and five hundred addresses a year. When tested by its results, the Open Air Mission is proved to be a good and necessary work.

In this paper we will confine our remarks to what is done on the race-courses of the country, and we may as well commence with the principal centre of attraction at Epsom.

Not a very lively place at ordinary times, Epsom has had a most chequered history; for long before the twelfth Earl of Derby founded the race named after him, and the Oaks, called after one of his seats, Epsom had been a wonderful centre of attraction on account of the supposed healing properties of the waters which bubbled up from its mineral spring. In a brief space the obscure, old-fashioned village developed into a gay holiday town, with large inns, hackney-coaches, and sedan-chairs; but as the eighteenth century advanced, a decline set in, until the wells were at length utterly neglected.

The Ring, as it was called, was the same as the present Downs; and on summer Sundays in the days of Queen Anne and George I., it was a scene of fashionable dissipation, which, however, is far outdone by what may now be witnessed once a-year on the Sabbath before the Derby. On that day booths are open, the public-houses are crowded, while round-abouts, swings, shooting-galleries, and sparring-saloons, represent all the accompaniments of the lowest kind of fair. The scene, taken altogether, is almost as rough and brutal as the outlook presented at Moorfields, when Whitefield, by conducting open-air services, attacked the devil on his own chosen ground. In the midst of Sabbath surroundings, which are a disgrace to a nominally Christian nation, Mr. Kirkham and his preachers annually hold their services on the greensward near the winning-post.

Those who are engaged in conducting the services on the race-course say that there is less of opposition than formerly; but the examples met with of ruin through betting and racing are as numerous as ever. The gambling spirit which has got abroad is one of the greatest curses of the day; and the most alarming feature about this business is the fact that it is fast spreading among all classes. There is something so fascinating to human nature in getting money by chance, that large numbers of youths and credulous persons eagerly bite at the bait which sporting advertisers and others hold out to them, the result often being that ruin and disgrace overtake them. The large space devoted to sporting in every issue of the daily journals is in itself striking evidence of the inroads which the mania for gambling is making on every side. What London wants is an ably-conducted daily newspaper which would not only ignore, but protest against, vices and vicious amusements. When shall we see such a paper in London? Papers of the right sort are published in the provinces; why should our great metropolis be behind other parts of the country?

There are people who think that the gospel is wondrously out of place on a race-course—and, indeed, in any other place where the devil holds carnival; and yet assuredly where the disease is raging, there the remedy is most wanted. The Word will not be faithfully preached in any great concourse of people without trophies being won by it; and there is reason to believe that the impression made even on race-courses is frequently deeper than ordinary observers would suppose. Some of the people who go to races are in the condition to receive good impressions, and they are thankful to such as look after them. Many, though not old in years, are worn out in the vicious service of the world; and, knowing that their end cannot be far off, they are led to think of death whether they will or not. "I've seen twenty-five Derbys, but I don't think that I shall see another," said one such, who was too ill to be out, and yet was found on the course. "There are only two things I want now, the grace of God in my heart and a coffin," he added, thus showing that he was well aware of his sad condition. Others are met with, who are quite as needy, but are not quite so well aware of their extreme need—prodigals who have run to great lengths in waste and riot, who, nevertheless, are occasionally awakened at an open-air service to pray with the publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner." Take this example—a sporting-man's own confession:—

"Some time back I was a betting man, a reckless sort of a man, not caring for anything except to get money either for drink or betting. I had been on the race-course, and had lost £165, and came away penniless. Wandering from the course into Epsom town, I saw a mob of people, and went to see what was the matter. I found that it was a preacher of the Open-Air Mission who was speaking. It seemed as if God spoke through this man to me, and showed me that I was a lost and ruined sinner. My whole sinful life came up before me, and I thought to myself, if I die I shall be lost; and I began to think what I could do. As I listened further to the preacher, I found I could do nothing, but that God in his infinite love had given his Son to die for me. John iii. 16 was repeated, with other texts, till I felt I could stand it no longer, so I prayed God to have mercy upon me as I stood in the crowd, and I there and then accepted Christ as my Saviour; and oh, what a blessed peace came to my poor troubled heart! I had lost £165; but, friends, I went home richer than I came, for I had found Christ to be my Saviour. Since then I have been a happy man. My wife and children are happy too; and, although the devil tempts me, God gives me grace to overcome."

One of the members of the Mission who was accustomed to visit Newmarket was well acquainted with Frederick Archer, the premier jockey, who committed suicide last autumn. As all are aware, Archer commanded an income which enabled him to maintain something like the state of a nobleman; but his mode of life brought so many penalties that at last his earthly career ended in darkness. The Christian friend we have mentioned says of poor Archer:—"He always took the tracts and books, and on two or three occasions after the races he has spoken to me. On one occasion I said to him, 'You have been very successful in your racing.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but I cannot win the great prize.' I said, 'You should seek to win Christ.' He asked me what I meant by that, and then I told him the gospel. He seemed much impressed, and ever after when he met me he spoke. On one occasion, when a gentleman spoke rudely to me, and refused the offered book, Archer came forward and spoke to me, and took two books. I believe he was under deep impression about his soul."

For the last twenty or thirty years, a number of friends at Epsom have taken care that the gospel should be preached to the throngs who come to the races. The people thus congregated represent so many social grades, that the preacher and the tract-distributor need plenty of tact and common sense to enable them to deal wisely with them. Large numbers of tracts are always given away, some going to ladies and gentlemen in their carriages, the poorest adventurers of the town taking their share, while gipsies and betting men receive due attention. Thieves at the Derby are a class by themselves; for when, as was one year the case, eighty-five of the light-fingered fraternity were captured while carrying on their "work," how large must the body have been to which they belonged! The crowded racecourse is a harvest-field for thieves, and many leave the ground losers in more senses than one.

During the annual spring saturnalia at Epsom, the gipsies, and many of the outcast population of London, find friends in the evangelists

when there are no others to befriend them; and even among these outcasts, individuals listen with gratitude to the words of life. To the poor gipsies, especially to such as are nearing the last hours of life, the words of Scripture come as a new revelation, something that they have never heard before. Where can such a book be procured? No wonder that, when really understood, the message appears at first to be too good to be true.

The outcasts who tramp wearily from London to Epsom, in the hope of getting stray coins in all sorts of nondescript ways, are a study in themselves. Too poor to pay for even the commonest lodging, they sleep in the open air, and suffer greatly if the weather happens to be cold or wet. They seem to be in need of everything that either body or soul requires; and not seldom, it is absolutely necessary that they be fed as well as taught.

Every man who volunteers to engage in religious services on race-courses must, of course, expect to carry his cross by meeting with ridicule or persecution; but, on the other hand, the worker may be as often encouraged as opposed. Occasionally, those who mock and laugh are rebuked by members of their own order far more effectively than they could be by "one of the cloth." A case of this kind occurred on Epsom Downs, some years ago, when a group of the faster or baser sort of betting men showed a disposition to make sport of what a certain preacher said. "I am a betting man, and live by it," sternly remarked the individual in question, addressing his comrades. "I attend most of the races in England, and also in France. I have frequently listened to these men preaching God's word, but never have insulted them, and hope I never shall; and if you care not for these things, you had better pass on; there is no compulsion for any of us to stand and listen. One thing I believe, when you and I come to die, we shall be glad to send for such men, though we may mock them now. I have known a few betting men who, like myself, did not attend to these things, but when death came, they left the world in great fear!" The man who spoke thus had had a godly mother, and he doubtless remembered her words. He afterwards respectfully listened to what was said to him, and also gratefully accepted a Testament—"Not because I have not one at home, but because it is offered me at the Derby."

Some will say that such a man was not far from the kingdom of God; but the most unlikely characters, viewed from the human standpoint, are close upon entering in at the strait gate. Such were a father and two sons, illiterate and profane, whose whole life-business it had been to attend races, and riot in iniquity. The word reached their hearts, and the change that was effected was one of those miracles which convinces the world that there is something more in religion than they suppose. The men learned to read and write; the eldest of the sons became a local preacher, and all three became leaders at prayer-meetings.

Such is the character of the work carried on, and such are some of its results; and they are sufficiently encouraging to prompt our friends still to go on sowing beside all waters. When we come to consider what the character of racing is, however, and what mischief is being

wrought among all classes by the insidious growth of the gambling mania, the wonder is, how any persons can be found to defend the race-course. We hope it may be otherwise now, but the agent of the Open Air Mission who attended Oxford Races in 1861, seems to have been the only one on the ground who was opposed to races on principle. He then said, "Clergymen of the Establishment are to be seen attending the races, showing by their presence that they approve of it." He added, "I put forth all efforts to obtain assistance here, but all without result. I was assured by a gentleman that it was useless to continue my endeavour, 'for' said he, 'I don't believe that you will find a man in Oxford who will raise his voice against the races.'" Seven years later, Mr. W. H. Etches, vicar of Loughborough, was found preaching to the throng on the race-course in the open air.

Perhaps some may be tempted to say that we paint the race-course in exaggerated colours; but we may remind such objectors that there are racing men who themselves virtually acknowledge that the ring on a race-course is a kind of hell upon earth. "Can anything be done to check the filthy and obscene language made use of by some of our betting men?" asked a writer in the columns of *Bell's Life in London* some years ago. "Why should not betting men be made to use decent language on a race-course?" he added. "To look at them they would be taken for better-class men, dressed as they are, and covered with jewellery; but their mouths are volcanoes of fire, brimstone, and all the symbols of the lower regions." All who have been on a race-course during a meeting know that this description is literally true.

It behoves all right-thinking persons clearly to understand what racing has effected, and what it has failed to effect in this country. The stock argument of its apologists is that the breed of horses has been improved; but according to Mr. Thomas Hughes, who opposed the motion for adjournment in the House of Commons, in 1872, there are "many eminent authorities that think that this is by no means the case." The same speaker then showed what the Turf, as an institution, had really done for the country:—"It has given to the British nation a system of gambling that is the most corrupting, the most insidious, mischievous, and abominable that has ever cursed any country. Even within my own experience, and in my own profession, which sometimes has to deal with such subjects, I have known of instances that may be counted, not by tens but by hundreds, in which absolute ruin has accrued to young men. Within my own personal experience, and in the case of settlements of which I myself am a trustee, I have had to raise upwards of £20,000 for youngsters who have lost it upon the Turf, and that whole sum has gone into the pockets of some of the greatest rascals that remain unhung in this country. I say, therefore, that the great festival of the English Turf is not one that should be recognised by this House."

This is a testimony that cannot be ignored. While such an institution as racing exists we may rejoice that the agents of the Open Air Mission carry on their operations in the very camp of the enemy. In his office, 14, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, our friend, Mr. G. Kirkham, manages the affairs of the Society with tact and wisdom; and in addition he personally addresses open-air audiences from one end of

the country to the other. Last year there were over two hundred race-courses visited by agents of the mission, and a still larger number of fairs, fêtes, and similar gatherings.

"Show me thy Face."

THOSE who from time to time attend the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, have, no doubt, heard Mr. Chamberlain sing, with such pleading pathos and tenderness, these words—"Show me thy face." We want inspiration for work, power for service, a deeper sense of our own unworthiness, a fuller consciousness of Christ's power and glory, and so we pray

"Show me thy face—
My faith and love
Shall henceforth fixèd be,
And nothing here have power to move
My soul's serenity."

Let me see the King's face. Mine eyes have been dazzled with the world's glare and glitter, which have proved vain and deluding; but here in the King's face is the very centre of all things that are pure and lovely and of good report. In creation God commanded the light to shine out of darkness. He said, "Let there be light," and there was light; but in the work of grace he hath "shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"Show me thy face" may well be the prayer of a Christian worker tired in his Lord's service, and yet longing for success. Are you crying, "Oh, for the zeal of Peter, the love of John, the boldness of Paul, the spirit of the Puritans, and the bravery of the Covenanters"? Then rejoice, my brother, that here and now you may obtain these blessings by looking into the face of the living Christ of God. I remember once seeing a portrait of the face of Jesus Christ drawn by a skilful artist, and as I first looked, it appeared to be the face of the dead Christ; the crown of thorns was upon his brow, and drops of blood and sweat bedewed his forehead. As I gazed, a mist seemed to roll away from the eyes, and lo, they were wide open! I started back, and said, "Surely it is a thing of life." Beloved, the face into which we gaze is not the face of the dead Christ; for, as we look there, only blank despair and despondency take possession of our hearts; but we are looking into the face of the living Christ, who, with a look, imparts confidence, courage, and strength, as we hear his voice above the storms that rage around us, saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

Men have lived who have carried in their faces inspiration and encouragement. There have been brave soldiers who, by putting themselves in the midst of their armies, have turned the tide of battle; men once halting and hesitating have, at the sight of their commander's face, rushed on to victory. The Captain of the Lord's host is never absent from his soldiers. He who ever liveth hath said, "Lo, I am with you alway!" Are you among the tired servants of God who,

because the motive power of true service is weak within you, are ready to give up in despair? Then go to your knees, and let this be your prayer, "Show me thy face." It may be that you have given up: the hands that once grasped the sword are hanging by your side listless and weak; the heart once beating with love and devotion to the cause of Christ is now cold and hard. You deplore this, and yet you are helpless to alter it. Your surroundings were once bright and happy, but now gloom and sorrow envelop you. By looking into the face of Jesus Christ, the spark of love will kindle into a flame; the heart, cold and stony, will become a heart of flesh; and the glory that beams from his face will scatter the gloom and darkness that now surround you. Again, I say, weary worker, desponding one, let this be your prayer, "Show me thy face."

Some travellers, while crossing the Alps, were overtaken by a severe snowstorm. One of the company, becoming very weak and tired, said to his companions, "I cannot go on, I must stop and rest, my strength is almost gone." His friends knew full well that for him to remain meant death, and tried to persuade him to press forward; but to no purpose; he flung himself down in the snow. They passed on without him; and then, when left alone, the numbness peculiar to such circumstances was gradually creeping over him, when he remembered that in his pocket-book he carried the portraits of the loved ones at home. He looked into the faces of his wife and children, and each one seemed to be saying, "Come home, father, come home!" "Ah!" he thought in his dreamy despair, "they will soon be expecting me, and I, like a coward, am lying here to die." One look into the faces of his loved ones, one thought of home, brought the man to himself; he sprang to his feet, animation was restored, and he was saved. Despairing one, are you giving up when so much remains to be done? In your weakness, overcome by the coldness of the world, wounded by the cruel attacks of the enemy, blinded by the drifting storm of unbelief, let this be your cry, "Master, show me thy face."

"In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun."

So far we have addressed these words to a Christian tired in his Lord's service; but, perhaps, dear reader, you are a stranger to the joys and sorrows of service. It may be that you have never looked into the face of him who loved us and gave himself for us. In the name of the great Master we would urge you to make this your prayer: "Show me thy face." He who has said, "Look unto me," will reveal to you the beauties and glories of his reconciled face. It is no great wonder that we may look to him; the wonder is that he should look upon us. What hope that look inspires within us! When we are beclouded by sin and unbelief, his face beams with the glory of heaven, the beauty of the bright and morning star. How many a poor sinner, driven to the very verge of despair, and weighed down under a sense of loneliness, has felt the shadows and gloom depart when he has seen the King's face!

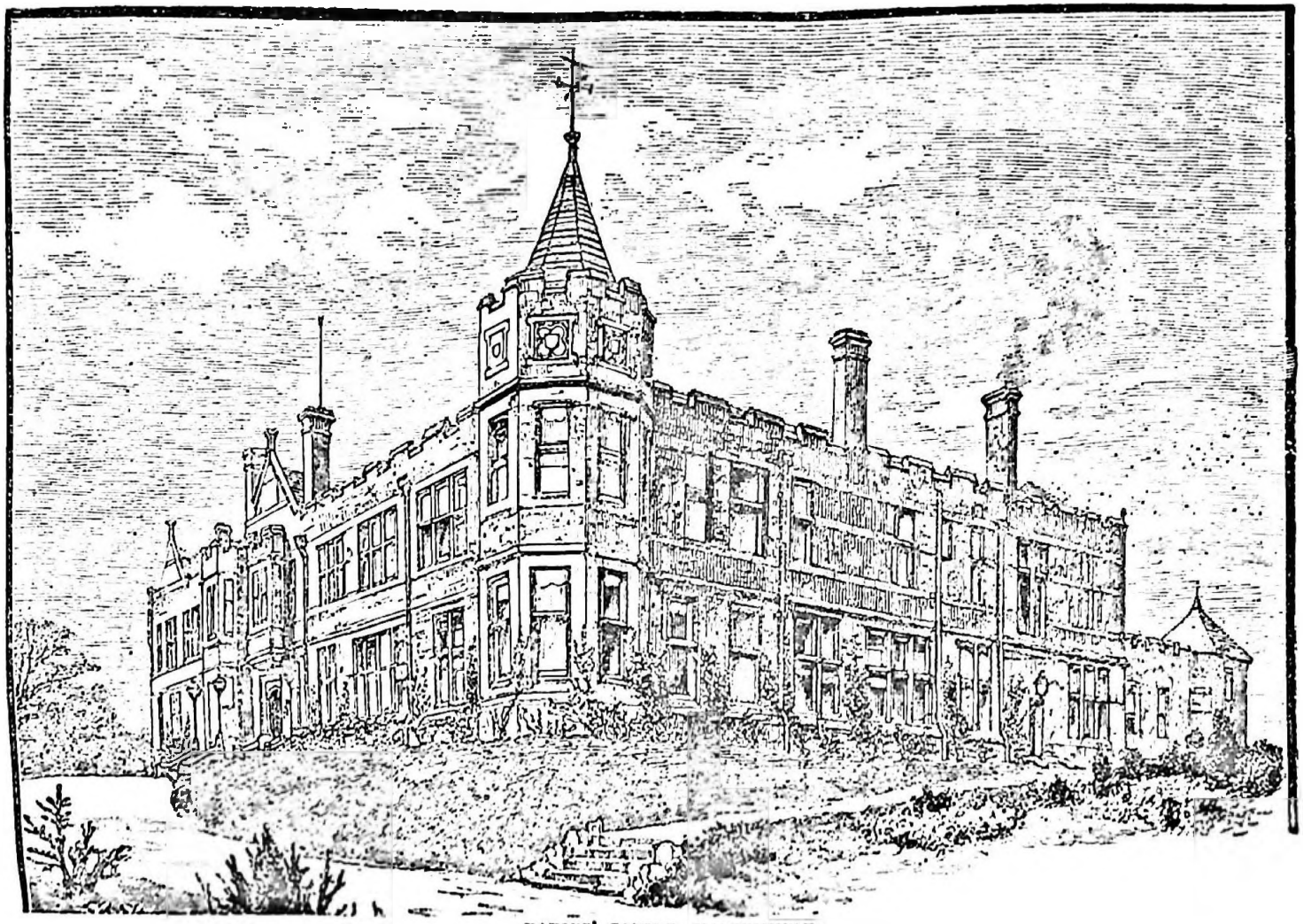
In the French Revolution, when the mob rose, and pulled down that dreary prison, the Bastille, prisoners were brought out who had not seen the light of day for many years. One released captive, who should have been in the prime of life, had been brought, by his long imprisonment, to a premature old age; and when his neighbours and friends struck off his chains, he stood in their midst, with his long grey hair and matted beard hanging about him, a picture of helpless weakness and imbecility. His friends congratulated him upon the fact that he was free; but he gave no answer. His aged father came, and flung his arms around him, crying, "Look up, my son, you are free," but still no answer issued from his lips. Then came his mother, feeble and tottering, and wildly cast herself upon his bosom, crying aloud, "My son, my son, don't you know me, your own fond mother?" But still no response did he utter. And then from that crowd came one who, in early life, had surrendered her heart's affections to the liberated captive; and, with tender, loving hands, she parted back his grey locks, and gave one long, earnest look into his dull eyes, and as she looked she spoke. "Robert, don't you know me, your own Marguerite?" As her eyes, beaming with tenderness and love, gazed down into his, the man started up, returned the look, lifted his hands to heaven, and cried aloud, "Is that you, Marguerite? Then, thank God, I'm a free man!" One look of love, a few words spoken in tenderness, and the light of reason flashed in his eyes; he knew he was free, and rejoiced in his liberty. Thus it is with the prisoner delivered from long years of bondage and sin: relatives and friends may fail to help, but when HE reveals his face, when HE speaks, the darkness of the past, the burden of sin, and the gloomy doubts of years are all gone. The prisoner rises into new life, liberty, and joy. "Show me thy face" is a prayer that may be yours to-day; a prayer that he will answer. As you cry, "Show," "Reveal," he responds, "Look, believe, and live."

"Would you lose your load of sin?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
Would you know God's peace within?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus."

A. A. HARMER.

Angry People.

MAKE no friendship with an angry man! This is an inspired counsel. You never know when or where he will break out. "Come on! come on!" said a gentleman to a little girl, at whom a dog had been barking furiously. "Come on! he's quiet now." "Ah, but," said the little girl, "the barks are in him still."—*From "Golden Counsels," by W. Mann Statham.*



BADIER' CASTLE, HAWKHURST.

A Home for Babies.

ON one of the fine days of last summer a special train from London carried a distinguished company down to Hawkhurst, in Sussex, one of the most picturesque districts of South England, and near to the field where William the Conqueror vanquished Harold, the English King. On arriving at Etchingham, conveyances were in readiness to convey the visitors a distance of six miles to Hawkhurst, where the Princess Mary of Teck was to open the large house called Babies' Castle, the building of which was just completed, and which henceforth was to serve as one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The show of loyalty on the part of the country people was very remarkable; for not only were thousands abroad in holiday attire, but triumphal arches, mottoes, and banners along the entire route, gave expression to the good wishes of the population as regarded the work undertaken in connection with the Castle, while they constituted a genuine popular welcome to the royal visitor.

Interesting as they were, it is not our intention to describe the opening ceremony and the proceedings which followed, but rather to show the pressing need of the infants which Babies' Castle is designed to shelter. Partly provided by the munificence of a deceased friend, the house is one of the most attractive and healthy retreats for necessitous infants that has ever been erected.

We give instances to prove how greatly help for infants is needed. A woman, looking very pale and faint, was noticed by a well-known lady while walking in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. The woman, who was really no more than a girl, nineteen years of age, carried a child, of which she was the mother—a child only three weeks old. The poor mother had been confined in an institution, where she had remained but a fortnight; and when encountered she possessed no better home than the shelter of a Drury Lane lodging-house. Having no certain means of gaining a livelihood, she was actually under the necessity of going forth with her infant into the cold and slushy streets to beg for food. She was willing enough to adopt a better mode of life; and she was accordingly admitted into a home where her health was attended to, and where she was taught more effectively to help herself. The girl-mother went into service, while the infant found a home at Babies' Castle.

Our second case is that of a woman whose husband met with an accident in the docks, which caused his death. Five months after this calamity the widow's third child was born; but, owing to a malignant disease, which affected her left shoulder, the poor woman was unable to recover strength after her confinement, and hence she gradually sank and passed away. In her last hours she suffered more in mind than body when she thought that her three little ones would have to go to the workhouse. At this moment a deaconess connected with Dr. Barnardo's Homes discovered the sufferer in Shadwell, and promised that the three children should all be cared for properly in the Homes. This quieted the distressed mother. The promise was faithfully carried out. The two elder girls are in the Homes at Ilford, and the youngest is one of the family at Babies' Castle.

It should be thoroughly understood that Babies' Castle is not to be perverted into an inducement to vice. Infants in distressed circumstances will not be refused admission for the one reason that they are illegitimate; but in every instance the babe must be destitute and homeless. No child will be taken in without its case being thoroughly investigated. The whole of each infant's antecedents, and the antecedents of its mother, will have to be completely made known.

Babies' Castle is constructed to accommodate a hundred infants, and it is thus a necessary branch of a very comprehensive mission, which, having its centre in the East End of London, has its outposts in the suburbs, in the provinces, in one of the Channel Islands, and even in the Dominion of Canada, where Dr. Barnardo is planting a colony on his own account, a large area of land having been given for the purpose. During the last year 1,111 children of different ages were admitted, while the income for all purposes amounted to over £70,000. Dr. Barnardo conducts one of the most extensive home missionary agencies in Great Britain, and we believe that it is one of the most fruitful of good results. He is a wonder to us. Assuredly he goes from strength to strength, and there seems to be no end to his schemes of usefulness. The good effected must be immense. May such a work never lack friends or funds!

The Young Dutchman.

SITTING the other day to see enquirers, a young Dutchman came into the room. He had crossed from Flushing, and desired to tell Mr. Spurgeon his difficulties of soul. He began: "Sir, I cannot trust in Christ." Our answer was, "Why not? What has he done that you should speak so ill of him? I have trusted everything in his hands, and I believe him to be quite trustworthy. What do you know against his character?"

"Indeed, sir, I know nothing against him, and I am ashamed that I have so spoken, for I believe the Lord Jesus to be worthy of all confidence. That was not what I meant. May I trust him to save me?"

"Of course you may, for you are commanded to do so by the gospel, which says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' You are warned against not believing by the words, 'He that believeth not shall be damned.'"

"I may, then, trust Christ; but does he promise to save all who trust him?"

"Certainly. I have already quoted to you the promise of the gospel. It is also written, 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' If Jesus does not save you upon your trusting him, you will be the first that he ever cast out."

"Ah, sir, I see it! Why did I not see it before? I trust, and Jesus saves me. I am well repaid for coming from Flushing."

We prayed, and he went his way trembling for joy. Reader, if you are in his case, may the like light come to you!

C. H. S.

The Preacher and his Work.*

BY "PREDIGER," ST. PETERSBURG.

PREFACE.

THIS treatise though very brief, is the result of many years' reading. It lays no claim to originality: the thoughts it contains are gathered from or suggested by others. May he, whose servants it seeks to help, but without whose blessing it will be in vain, graciously use it!

THE MINISTER.

A minister is set apart to glorify God and help men.

A true minister dares not be other than a minister.

Few men are so closely watched as ministers, and there are none whose inconsistencies do so much harm.

Ministers are put in charge of souls, and will have to give account of them.

No man is fit to be a minister who would not joyfully live and die in the lowest sphere so long as he can serve his Lord.

No one can so easily do harm as a minister.

If you are seeking to be admired, it will *at last* be better for you had you been a ploughman than a pastor.

A trifling and inconsistent minister is a laughing-stock to bad men, and a sorrow to good ones.

RESPONSIBILITY.

"If thou speakest not 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.*"

As a minister, when I think who I am, and who sent me, and how awful the account I must soon render, I tremble.

Our opportunities of doing *harm* are immense. My brother, a million years hence your influence will tell on souls! Take care lest *you* lead men to ruin.

If there be one sight in the universe calculated to inspire terror and dismay, it is that of a faithless minister about to be consigned to his doom.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

Public teaching is useless without private prayer.

A minister is in duty bound to bear his people daily to the throne of grace.

If you wish to preach well you must pray much.

Generalities are the death of prayer.

Plead *with* God before you plead *for* God.

Better neglect your body than your soul, your meals than your prayers.

He that lives most in prayer grows most in grace.

Let prayer ascend when you wish blessing to descend.

Neglect of prayer arises from want of faith: he who believes will pray.

A little prayer does more than a great deal of study.

* A friend from abroad has sent us the following sententious sentences. They may be useful to others besides ministers; but we wish our friend would put them in the way of preachers. May God bless each sentence!

THE SPHERE.

You turn the helm of your life when you choose the sphere of your work.

Go where you can do most *for* men, not where you can get most *from* men.

Be more concerned about your ability than about your opportunity, and about your walk with God than either.

Your sphere is where you are most needed.

He who called you to the ministry will give you a sphere of service.

There is no place without its difficulties: by removing you may change them, it may be you will increase them; but you cannot escape them.

Those who push themselves into a sphere they are not fitted for in this life will regret it in the next.

Christ knows best where you can serve his people; *trust him, and he will place you there.*

THE PULPIT.

The moments you spend in the pulpit will tell on the ages you must spend in eternity.

The *piety* of the pulpit decides the piety of the pew.

Never go into the pulpit without Christ.

In the pulpit self and the concerns of time must be forgotten.

There is no place where Christ is more ready to reveal himself to his servants than in the pulpit.

How easy it is to dishonour God in the pulpit!

Thousands of souls have been lost through the mistakes of the pulpit.

Every moment spent in the pulpit is privileged time.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

Remember that you are in the presence of God, and that you address HIM. Never pray to be admired of men.

Let the sermon be omitted rather than the prayers be slurred.

The prayers should make the people feel *the reality of prayer.*

The prayers prepare the ground, the sermon sows the seed.

The manner in praying does more than the matter in preaching.

THE VOICE.

A gentle voice is of untold value. All can attain it.

Feigned voices are the great causes of relaxed throats.

He who seeks, by a feigned voice, to make men wonder, makes them smile.

Speak oftener, and your voice will not fail so often.

The voice depends on the heart.

If we think how we are saying a thing, our hearers will see it, and despise us for it.

A man cannot walk well when he thinks *how* he is walking, nor speak well when he thinks *how* he is speaking.

A man's own heart is influenced by the tone of his voice, and the tone of his voice is affected by the state of his heart.

PREACHING.

You must live *with* God if you would preach *for* God.

Manner tells quite as much as matter.

Preach as you will wish you had preached when you stand before God.

Ask often, "What does *Christ* think of my preaching?"

One earnest man does more than ten eloquent ones.

Live well, and you will not preach badly.

PREPARATION.

Without God's blessing you will never prepare a sermon that you will not regret in eternity.

The state of the heart decides the fate of the sermon.

Never begin to prepare till you have clearly decided whether you want to gain men's praise or save men's souls.

Prepare your heart, then your sermon.

Prepare your sermon with the judgment-seat in view.

In your preparation, remember that it may be the last sermon some who listen to you will ever hear.

When preparing your sermon, forget yourself.

If you desire to make a useless sermon, make a beautiful one.

THE SERMON.

Heart-sermons reach hearts.

One weak point will injure ten strong ones.

The Bible reiterates the same things again and again.

Great sermons are given, not made.

Harshness will produce resentment, gentleness contrition.

The strongest part of all great sermons is the close.

More depends on the last two minutes than on the first ten.

The aim of our sermons should be to reform the heart rather than to inform the mind.

Every sermon may be your last.

No sermon is a success which does not touch the heart and move the will.

Make men remember the text.

TEXTS AND DIVISIONS.

Choose your text for usefulness.

Reject every division which might strike, but would not help.

It is God's Word, not our word, that convicts and converts.

Some can only be won to God by love, some can only be driven from sin by fear: use pleading and threatening as the Scriptures do.

Value truth more than taste, souls more than symmetry.

Let divisions always be: 1. Useful. 2. Simple. 3. Concise.

STYLE.

Simple language alone reaches the heart.

Vanity will make a man speak grandly, piety plainly.

Striking and special are synonyms, when used respecting sermons.

Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on.

You will not move a man if you do not make him understand you.

The Great Teacher never used a big word.

DELIVERY.

To keep attention, mix questions with statements.

Think of your hearers' needs, and it will help you; of their criticism, and it will hinder you.

In large assemblies speak more slowly than in smaller ones.
Make each one feel that you are speaking to *him*.
Your hearers think about what you think about.
Address the lowest, and you will reach the highest.
Make men listen, and do not let them misunderstand.
For whom do you preach, for *Christ*, or for *yourself?*

THE CONGREGATION.

Think more of the people than of the preacher.

Nearly three-fourths of every audience do not understand the great truths of salvation.

Get a great heart if you would like a large congregation.

Twenty are hungry of heart to one hungry of head.

It is easy to manage a congregation when they are kept near to Christ.

Forsake God, and your congregation will forsake you.

VISITING.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*."

It is not the time of sickness so much as the time of convalescence that decides the future life. Remember this, and seize opportunities.

Let each one feel that you are his personal friend.

Get others to talk: what a man says to you has more influence upon *him* than all you can say to him.

"If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

If you neglect the sick and they die, it will be sad to think that you lost the last opportunity of helping them; if you neglect the sick and they recover, your power to influence them will be weakened for ever.

HABITS.

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Principles and habits are as readily taught as Greek and Latin, and they are of vastly more importance.

Evil habits begin in cobwebs, and end in chains.

Good habits are begun with difficulty, but continued with joy.

He who sees little does less.

Read no book, do no act, harbour no thought, that makes God less near, Christ less precious, eternity less real.

If piety decay, zeal will die.

Have no self.

Be actuated in *everything* by principle.

A minister's habits should be such as to impress men with the truth of his character, and the dignity of his calling.

BOOKS AND READING.

The books you read will decide the life you live.

The greater the man the fewer the books.

A man of one book is a man of power.

He who wants to preach well should read Baxter's "Reformed Pastor," and read it often.

No book published within the last thousand years has done so much to promote good preaching as Fénelon's "Dialogues on Eloquence."

Whitefield and Jay were great students of Matthew Henry.

No man has ever become a truly great preacher who did not know and love the Bible.

Read with a purpose, or read not at all.

No one can estimate the result of giving or lending a book.

PRAISE.

He who seeks praise seldom gains it.

Praise makes a wise man humble, a fool proud.

A minister should be saddened by some men's praise.

When men praise thee, ask, Will Christ accept me?

Life praise is better than lip praise.

Christ praised Mary more than Martha.

"As the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold; so is a man to his praise."

Some men will praise thee to try thee.

If a good man praise *thee*, praise God.

Seek souls for Christ, not praise for self.

"How can ye believe which receive honour one of another?"

SUCCESS.

He who grasps authority seldom gains influence.

He who wishes to succeed must seek men's welfare, not their "well done."

Do not prove truth too much, or you will make men doubt it.

Affectation spoils good sermons, and makes bad ones ridiculous.

The successful man is the man who has done most for others.

You *can* do all God calls you to do.

What we *do* depends on what we *are*.

If our words are to have power with men, our lives must convince them of our sincerity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All changes in life begin by a change in thought.

You will not succeed if you have two objects.

Aim to be a good public reader; few are, but all ought to be.

A wise man may be in haste, but not in a hurry.

God helps by hindering.

Nothing is good with God's frown, nothing bad with his smile.

Manner is something with all, everything with some.

Contradict lies by life.

Be always at leisure to do good.

If you are a hireling, flee when danger threatens.

When you are willing to bear the guilt of a sin, it is not necessary to reprove it.

You need not flee from temptation if you are willing to commit the sin.

Here are some of your Lord's own words as a finish:—

"Ye are my friends." "Lo, I am with you alway." "My reward is with me." "Watch and pray."

A Story of Grabbington Grange.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DO you know the old squire, whose name is Mr. De Scraper? He lives down at Grabbington Grange. A rare specimen is he of a holdfast. There was a bulldog in our parish, and they did say that when he once got his teeth well into anything, the only way to loose him was to cut his head off: I am half afraid that De Scraper would have held on if his head had been off. I know his *will* was good for that; for he would have liked to have held everything after he was dead, and made no end of codicils. Getting blood out of gate-posts is nothing compared with getting money out of his close fist. Yet, you know, where there are flowers there will be bees, and where there are guineas there will be collectors. Faint hearts never win fair ladies, and fair ladies with faint hearts never win subscriptions. One of the unconquerables made up her mind to tackle De Scraper, and to arrange for other ladies to take up the begging if she did not succeed with him. Everybody prophesied that the whole lot of them would be beaten; *and so they were.* But how could they be blamed? for De Scraper's heart is ten thousand times harder than adamant. Hannibal is said to have softened rocks with vinegar when he went over the Alps; but no boiling vinegar, nor even vitriol, could affect the valve which in the old squire occupies the place of a heart.

Here's the story, as I had it the other day:—The first caller went in smilingly, as if nobody ever did deny her, and nobody ever could do so. To her the squire was very gracious, and said that hers was a capital object, and he would consider it; but as he never let his left hand know what his right hand did, he should not name any amount. This was all the dear lady could get, and so she thanked him, and went on her way hoping. Had there been any anonymous amounts sent in for the society, our amiable sister would have put one or other of them down to her magical power over Scraper; but as there was not even a nameless button in the list, it was clear that both Scraper's left hand and right hand had agreed to give nothing, and that they both knew it.

Number two resolved not to take such a put-off, but to get ready cash, or at least a promise for a certain amount. She was as resolved as a dentist drawing an eye-tooth. This time the squire put his foot down, and also kicked. He said that he had a mind of his own, and he would not be driven by anybody. Nobody was more free than himself when he chose to open his purse; but he was not to be forced, for he was a John Bull Englishman, and would do as he liked. "Give freely," said he, "or don't give at all"; and he evidently chose the latter course. With virtuous indignation he showed his persecutor to the door. It seemed that, whether the collectors were pleasing or pressing, they fared very much alike.

A friend with a collecting book for Foreign Missions was started off by De Scraper with a flea in her ear. He declared that it was a dead robbery to the poor at home to be sending out pocket-handkerchiefs to naked niggers. Why send missionaries to the Cannibal Islands when we had plenty of heathen at hand? He would not give a penny to be sent to foreign parts while trade was so bad at home. Not he. We all

know that line of things; but when the squire put his thumbs each one in a top corner of his waistcoat, so as to throw back his coat, and then spoke with oracular dignity, his reasons came with special power, and made the missionary collector feel as if she would rather be at a Bible-class.

Upon reflection this last victim resolved to tell her tale to one who looked after ragged children, and picked up waifs and strays. She could at least bore the old gentleman in another place. Hers was the very thing. De Scraper had allowed that the home heathen had a claim, and how could he avoid giving something? The lady was not missioning the Carriboos, nor the Red Indians, nor the Greenlanders, but she asked for a little help for English arabs who had never seen Arabia. How would old skin-flint get over this? Very easily did he find a way of escape. He was clearly of opinion that the relief of the poor, and the education of the lower orders, ought to be taken up by government in a systematic way, and should not be left to personal effort. He did not hold with our paying privately just to save the public purse: we might be doing harm by dealing piecemeal with an evil which ought to be met on a grand and comprehensive scale. No, with every respect to the good people who were so Quixotic as to interfere, he thought it best to let the thing alone till it grew so bad that Parliament would be forced to interpose, and then the thing would be done properly.

A committee meeting was held—at least, I call it a committee meeting—and it was resolved to keep the ball rolling. A bright-eyed, cheerful lady most touchingly appealed to the squire for an orphanage. Was it one of those for which votes could be purchased? Then he would not give a farthing to such a trafficking concern, which only enabled those to get charity who had most friends and least needed it. Now, the bright-eyed lady had chanced to bring a friend with her, and she at once put in a word for an institution into which the children are admitted without polling. Quick as thought De Scraper wanted to know whether this orphanage was in the country or in London; and, finding that it was in London, he observed that it was a senseless thing to keep the dear children in a crowded metropolis, when out upon the downs large spaces might be bought, and the orphans raised amid fresh air and country scenes.

Bowled out again, the ladies sent on two more to try the exactly opposite plea: their institution was one to which the trustees received children on their merits; but the squire would give nothing, because this placed too much power in the hands of a few. As the buildings were away from town, on a fine breezy common, he also declined, because it was taking the children of our city poor away from their natural surroundings, and giving them notions of space and air which they could never realize in after life, and thus they would be unfitted for town labour. To be quite truthful, he also admitted that he did not much care for orphanages, as it was his belief that they encouraged imprudent marriages; and no doubt people had all the more children because they hoped that, by hook or by crook, they would come to be provided for.

Perseverance is a virtue, and it is to be hoped that it has its own reward, for, assuredly, no other reward fell to the lot of the benevolent

visitors at Grabbington Grange. The art of parrying had been learned by our squire, and the more practice the ladies found him, the more expert he grew in it.

The assailants felt strong when they took up hospitals, but there was not one out of the whole noble army of these against which he had not something to say. He would not give because they were on the allopathic system, or because wine was prescribed, or because they had endowments, or because they had none. Special hospitals were too contracted in their aims, and general hospitals attempted so much that he was sure they did nothing well. Besides, there was Hospital Sunday, and if one gave a handsome amount on that day to the funds of all the hospitals it was better than doling it out in driblets to this and to that. Bravo, Squire! If you don't save your soul you'll save your bacon—and you have plenty of it, for you are a hog all through.

A young gentleman called upon him with a new scheme, which involved a new building; but our old squire was down upon him at once. "We have quite enough established, well-tried institutions, and I am not one of those who would trust my money to young enthusiasts, who very naturally wish to air their theories at the expense of other people."

A Primitive Methodist, whose bow had never returned empty before, wasted his arrows upon this man in armour. De Scraper professed great religious liberality; but he was not a Dissenter, and could not subscribe to the erection of a building in which worship would be held which differed from that of the Church of England. Being still more sorely pressed, he grew warm, and dilated upon the wickedness of spending money in bricks and mortar, when so many were poor and naked at our very doors. In fact, he made the Methodist brother half ashamed of himself, though he did not quite know why. The squire was figuring as the defender of the poor, and the Methodist was forced to take the place of a wicked wretch who would turn the children's bread into bricks, and their butter into mortar.

The Home for Stray Cats nearly had him, for he was always weak in that direction, but he recollected himself, and made his escape. A Salvation Army Captain almost vanquished him with her earnestness, but, like Sir John Moore, he gained a victory by a wise retreat. But, despite a few hopeful moments in which it seemed possible that he might yield pence, even if pounds were out of the question, the squire remained hard to the last; the ladies were beaten; and the youthful enthusiast and other allies shared in the general defeat.

The reader will, perhaps, be curious to know the exact locality of Grabbington Grange, but we decline to inform him. The gripes may be catching like many other diseases, and we should not like one of our subscribers, through curiosity, to venture into tainted air. You, brethren, never look askance upon collectors. Poor ministers, with their worn account-books dotted with the names of donors, are always received cheerily; they find in you a large heart, and receive from you help according to your ability. As for the various schemes of religion and philanthropy, conducted by the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, you are prompt to aid them, and need no urging. Your own home-claims are not forgotten. Your minister and your church rejoice in

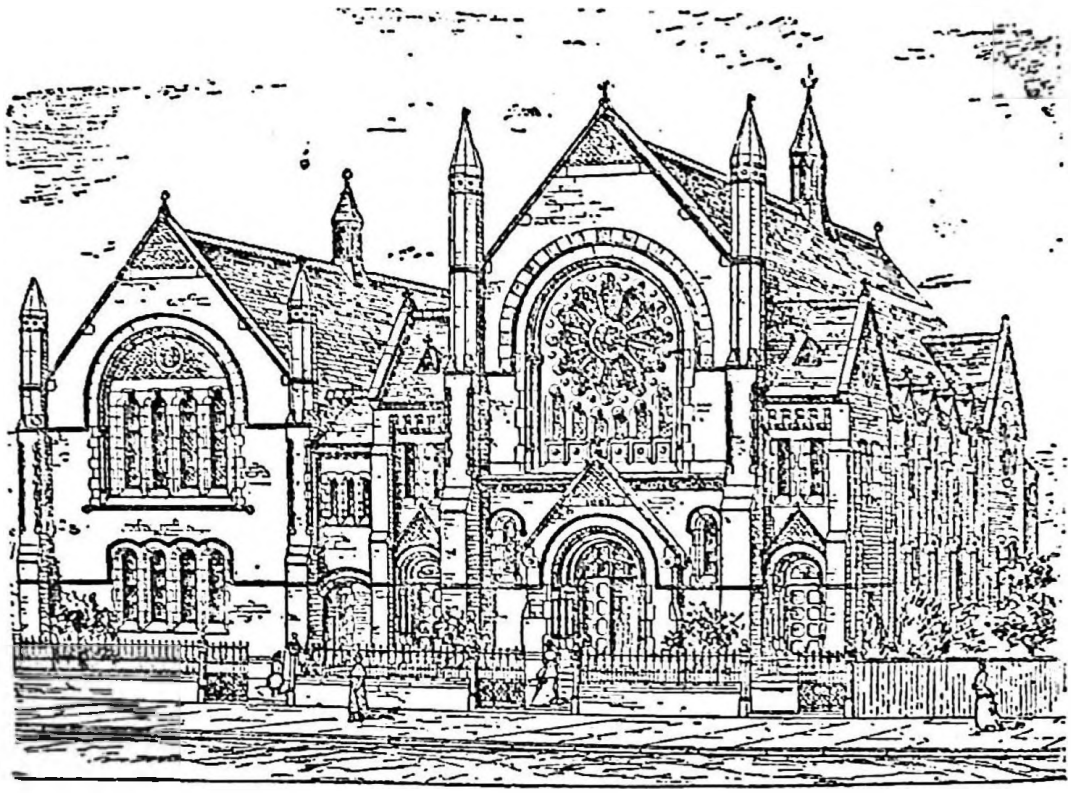
your liberal gifts. Go on as you have begun, and leave our squire alone. He is growing old, and I hear he has bought a cheap coffin to save a part of his funeral expenses. I hope concerning him what the old lady hoped of her pig. "Well, well," said she, "I hope he will cut up well, for he's no mortal use while he's alive."

"Not worth Praying for."

SOMETIMES facts recorded even about the heathen may lead to serious thought among Christian men. Here is an incident culled from a daily paper in India of recent date:—"In the Golden Temple of Umritsur, the religious capital of the Sikh people—the temple which was lavishly beautified by Runjeet Singh—it was, until lately, the custom to offer daily prayer for the safety and prosperity of his son Dhuleep. But the other day the report was spread abroad in the bazaars of the city, that Dhuleep Singh had gone over to the Russians, and was plotting mischief with them against the British *raj*. Thereupon the priests of the Golden Temple decided that Dhuleep Singh was no longer worth praying for; and the daily prayers for him have ceased." Loyalty to the English Government seems to be the only motive that led to such an extraordinary resolve; for during the long residence of the Chief of the Sikhs in England, no such a change was suggested. But now the subject has become a rebel, his relationships with the British, under whose beneficial rule they live in peace and prosperity, being altered, the attitude of the priests has become changed too.

It is a question whether to a loyal servant of Jesus Christ any man can become "not worth praying for." When we contemplate some who seemed once true to his gospel and government, that have now assumed an attitude of rebellion, does not some such feeling that actuated the Umritsur priests arise within our heart? Is this right? The question is not so easily to be dismissed as we may at first sight conclude. "Pray for me," cried Simon Magus as he heard the terrible words that fell from the lips of Peter; but we have no indication that his request was complied with. Jeremiah was distinctly commanded to abstain from praying for the people, and this prohibition came more than once (Jer. vii. 16; xi. 14; xiv. 11); and this in presence of the fact that the Israelites entreated him again and again to plead their cause with God (Jer. xxxvii. 3; xlii. 2). On the other hand, we are urged by Paul to make "supplications, prayers, intercessions for all men," because "this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour"; yet John says of a certain sin, "I do not say that ye shall pray for it." Our Lord prayed "not for the world" in the same sense as he prayed for his own people; but when his enemies were employed in driving home the nails that bound him to the cross, we find he pleaded on their behalf, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He who taught us to pray for our enemies, can hardly be supposed to have looked upon anyone as "not worth praying for"; and the more we become like him the less possible will such a thought be to us. We may be forced to pray with great fear and trembling; but our heart will hover over the worst of sinners with hope, and love, and tearful pleading until life has become extinct.

ROBERT SPURGEON.



Wimbledon.

OUR brethren at Wimbledon, under the pastoral care of Mr. C. Ingrem, have quite outgrown their little chapel, and have, therefore, sold it. They have obtained an excellent site, and are now proceeding to put up the school, which they must, for a while, use as a chapel. This is the smaller of the two buildings shown in the plan.

Wimbledon itself has grown rapidly, and provision ought at once to be made for the population. Here is a church of about two hundred members on the spot, ready to tackle the work. They have paid £1,000 for the site, and have about £500 as a nest-egg. But they need £2,686 for the first contract, and, therefore, require outside help, and that speedily. We consider it to be one of the best modes of using money to provide houses of prayer for these growing populations; especially when there are Christian people ready to occupy them. Churches must have suitable buildings to meet in, and to work from; and when we help to erect these, we have virtually digged a well in the desert, and planted a garden whose fruit will bless coming generations.

This is an instance of an earnest and successful man, at the head of a good united band of people, struggling to raise a building suitable for an advancing neighbourhood. With present sitting accommodation for only two hundred, there is yet a self-supporting church, and much already accomplished. Mr. Ingrem is one of our College men, and in every way a man of the right sort. His career is one to look upon with pleasure and gratitude. We commend him and his work to the generous aid of all our friends.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Notabilia.

THE REASON WHY LUTHER WAS STRONG.

IN "Martin Luther, His Life and Work," by Dr. Peter Bayne, which Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued, we have one of the most notable books of the present year. We should be the last to subscribe to all the opinions—theological, ethical, and scientific—of Dr. Bayne, and we half incline to the opinion that his views of the Papacy might become modified for the better if he could be sent to school for a term to Mr. Grattan Guinness; but, nevertheless, this last portrayal of Dr. Martin is a performance which cannot fail to be interesting or bracing to the Protestant mind..

While all admit that Luther did wonders; it is necessary that we should clearly understand the source of his strength. He read the Bible early in life; but a Doctor of Erfurth told him that "he would not find much in the book"; and until there was spiritual enlightenment, this prophecy remained true. There are still those among us who do "not find much in the book"; some read to-day only to become more confirmed in their attachment to the Romish apostasy. Luther reads after the divine fire has touched his heart, and he becomes one of the mightiest agents for the pulling down of Satan's strongholds that the world has ever seen. "I did nothing," we find him saying; "the Word worked and worked and accomplished. Had I chosen to ally myself with insurrectionary force, I might have set Deutschland in a bath of blood—I might at Worms have started a fray that would have shaken the Kaiser on his throne. But what would it all have come to? It would have been a revel of fools, with general destruction to body and soul. I did nothing. I let the Word work!" His study of the Scripture was incessant, but he prayed as well. Deitrich, who was Luther's companion at Coburg during the sitting of the Diet of Augsburg in 1530, says, "No day passes without his spending at least three hours, and these the best hours, in prayer. One time I had the happiness to overhear him pray. Thou good God, what faith was in his words! With such reverence does he beseech God, and with such faith and such hope, that you think he is speaking to a father and a friend!" While devoting so large a proportion of time to prayer, he never curtailed his industry, but worked so diligently that he produced "enough theological literature for the reading of half a lifetime." It is well for the world to be told once more what was thus accomplished in the olden times; for what prayer, faith, and the Word could effect in the sixteenth century they can accomplish still.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH DEPICTED BY A CHURCHMAN.

A very remarkable book in some respects is "Only a Curate; or, Experiences and Reminiscences of Clerical Life," by E. G. Egomet (T. Fisher Unwin). The name is a *nom de plume*, and just about the time that his work appeared the author passed away. Many will regard the book as a piece of sensational fiction, and it would have gone forth with more effect if a preface had explained what we know to be the fact—viz., that the things described are true incidents selected from every-day life in the Anglican communion. We thus look upon the narrative as being more of an autobiography than a tale. Egomet finishes up with this summary of his experience in what has sometimes been called the Poor Man's Church:—

"*First Sole Charge.*—A rector purchases a rectory of nine hundred pounds a year for two thousand pounds; never resides, and employs a curate at the rate of one hundred or one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

"*Second Sole Charge.*—A young married curate purchases a living of three hundred and fifty pounds for nine hundred pounds. After a year's residence his wife dies, and the disheartened, disgusted rector leaves. The bishop appoints a curate at one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, the absent rector drawing two hundred pounds.

"*Third Sole Charge.*—An aged vicar, drawing three hundred pounds per annum, retires, employing curates from eighty to one hundred pounds per annum.

"*Fourth Sole Charge.*—A *locum tenens* rector, engaged at one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, has to sue the newly-appointed vicar for balance of stipend.

"*Fifth Sole Charge.*—After a *local tenency* of six months receives no pay, and has to apply to a guarantee society. The money was recovered.

"*Sixth Sole Charge.*—The rector suspended for three years for habitual intoxication, and for being drunk on several occasions whilst officiating in the pulpit. A drunken rector held the living for thirty years. Falling down dead, his place was filled by two imbecile lunatics; succeeded by a vicar who, after a residence of a few months, was suspended.

"A drunken rector and a swearing clerk
Are sure to keep the people in the dark."

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE DOWN-GRADE.

Speaking of the churches founded by Puritans, which afterwards lapsed into unevangelical teaching, Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnel, in the life of his grandfather, published about twenty years ago, remarks: "It is true that some of the Nonconformist churches lapsed into Arianism and Socinianism; but the evil was almost entirely confined to those cases in which the choice of a minister was vested in the trustees, and not in the church—a mode of action in contravention of Congregational principles." This significant fact shows that the people did not originally want any toning down of gospel truth to suit the taste of "advancing-with-the-times" preachers; and the emptied chapels —once thriving centres of evangelical light—dotted about the country, afford unmistakable ocular proof that people do not want them now.

OLD AND NEW SPAIN.

Those who read Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's "Moors in Spain," in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series, will probably come to the conclusion that there is little choice between Islamism, pure and simple, and that paganized Christianity, with an Inquisition to enforce its decrees, which has completely succeeded in beggaring the Peninsula, and in making the country, from the Christian missionary's standpoint, the most sterile soil in the whole world. Mr. Lane-Poole says: "The true memorial of the Moors is seen in desolate tracts of utter barrenness, where once the Moslem grew luxuriant vines and olives, and yellow ears of corn; in a stupid, ignorant population, where once wit and learning flourished; in the general stagnation and degradation of a people which has hopelessly fallen in the scale of the nations, and has deserved its humiliation."

This looks as though the author thought that if the Moors had remained, the continued ascendency of Spain would have been ensured; but the fact is, that the dying of the Moslem system—a universal blight and mysterious paralyzing influence—is to-day in Turkey among the most striking phenomena that travellers can witness. If Spain had ever been Christian, she would not have gone down; and it is because she is so utterly Romish, and prejudiced against the gospel, that she is unable to rise. It is a wonderfully curious story that Mr. Lane-Poole has to tell, but he might have drawn clearer distinctions between Christianity and priestcraft.

Notices of Books.

PLEASE note that books which are reviewed in these pages are honestly judged upon their own merits, and not upon the merits of their authors. When we receive a book, and consider it to be upon the whole a good one, we do not think it right to condemn it because its author has been heretical in other works. We are not judging the man, nor the whole of his writings, but simply the volume before us. It may be wise to intimate in our review that the writer is not considered to be sound; but sometimes we are not aware of that fact, and we cannot be supposed to know everything. If any questionable book has received commendation from the editor, or his helpers, it has been done in ignorance; for we have no sympathy with any departure from the faith once delivered to the saints. At the same time, we decline to follow those rabid brethren who will not accept a good book because at some time or other, or on some point or other, the writer was not absolutely orthodox. Before us are many works, and we do our best to weigh them; but we know that we make mistakes, and we have no hope of rising out of the danger of doing so. It may be well to note that nearly all the notices are by the editor, but some few are from other hands, so that it may not always be correct to quote these notices, as publishers constantly do, as by *C. H. Spurgeon in The Sword and the Trowel.* This is mentioned merely for the sake of accuracy, and not because the editor wishes to escape from the responsibility of anything which he inserts. So many books come before us, and so many other matters claim our attention, that we may accidentally let a black sheep pass muster, but it will not be so if we can help it. The marvel is that, despite our supposed severity, books come to us in such great numbers: certainly it is not because we flatter. We know that our favourable word is worth having, for in several instances a whole edition has been sold by one of our notices, at least so the authors have gratefully acknowledged. This makes us the more careful in our judgment. We should think it a robbery of the public to recommend a book out of personal friendship to its writer. Strict impartiality has been our rule, so far as a fallible mortal can be unbiassed, and we believe that this constitutes the value of our review department, such as it is.

We give an extra quantity of notices this month, that we may get clear before the new books come in.

A Century of Village Nonconformity at Bluntisham, Hunts. 1787 *to* 1887. By R. W. DIXON.

AN extremely interesting chapter in the history of Nonconformity. The church in Bluntisham has, indeed, an honourable record in the past. May its future be worthy of its palmiest days! *Coxe Feary*, the founder of the community, is a name enrolled among the worthies of our Israel, and we feel grateful to Mr. Dixon for making him more widely known. A copy of this well-written history should be found in every Nonconformist's library. It is not a dry narration of facts, with lists of names and statistics, but is an all-alive account of the struggles and triumphs of brave men who dissented when it was costly to dissent, and suffered for the faith because they had a faith worth suffering for. This book ought to be published in London, but it bears no name except that of the printer. Copies can be purchased of the pastor of the church, Mr. W. C. Bryan, for a half-crown each.

Vita Vinctis. By ROBINA F. HARDY, ANNIE S. SWAN, and JESSIE M. E. SAXBY. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A GROUP of five stories equally good. They breathe a true missionary spirit, and are calculated to inspire a sense of duty and courage in the face of many difficulties. Fiction in her homeliest garb is well used to convey the truth.

Tom Larkins; or, the Boy who was no good. By C. A. BURNABY. Religious Tract Society.

A SHILLING story-book, telling how a very bad boy became a very good boy, and even a choir boy. It is rather sensational, but no more so than tales of its class. It is more suitable for the village church boys than for our well-taught Sabbath scholars.

Israel: a Prince with God. The Story of Jacob re-told. By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

Exceedingly good. Not only spiritual, as everything from our brother Mr. Meyer would be, but also thoughtful, fresh, suggestive, and thoroughly practical. We rejoice at every remembrance of the good work done in Melbourne Hall, Leicester, by this laborious worker, and we are glad to see that Mr. Meyer is likely to be useful with his pen, as well as with his tongue. Oh, that hundreds of our younger men gave signs of such real godliness, such true devotion, and such clear knowledge of the gospel as we see in this pastor!

Moses: his Life and Times. By George Rawlinson, M.A. ["The Men of the Bible" series.] Nisbet and Co.

As easy to read as a story-book. Its information is wonderful. Our author makes Moses live before your eyes. Such is the writer's acquaintance with Eastern history, manners, and scenery, that he becomes the Macaulay of Moses, only without the inaccuracy of our English historian. This is grand change for half-a-crown. If the other "Men of the Bible" find such biographers, the publishers will have to enlarge their premises. Friend, *buy this book.* We believe you will thank us for the advice when you find yourself fairly fascinated by it.

Solomon: his Life and Times. By Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Nisbet and Co.

Archdeacon Farrar has a highly picturesque style; but his attractions lie not in his style only, he has something to say which is the product of wide knowledge and profound thought. We wish we could trust him, but we cannot; we find that his statements, when they verge upon theology, often need confirmation, and frequently require revision. He is too credulous towards modern criticism, and treats a mere assertion of a sceptical scholar as if it were an unquestionable fact. In the present case, much can be learned from this life; but the reader should regard it as little more than a notable guess at Solomon's history. How the great king ended his career the reader is likely to know quite as well as the Archdeacon. If the reader is also wise enough to find the Lord Christ and his church in the Canticles, he may feel it no shame to agree with Bernard, even though Farrar should chide him. Yet, with every discount, Farrar's "Solomon" is well worth reading, and it constitutes such a magnificent word-picture of the great king that one rises from it with a more vivid idea of the royal preacher than one is likely to obtain by any other means. The cost is only half-a-crown: the literary taste, and skill, and learning are worth a thousand crowns at the least.

Praise: Meditations on the One Hundred and Third Psalm. By Mark Guy Pearse. T. Woolmer.

To Christian people who have a relish for holy things it is only needful to say that this is another book by Mark Guy Pearse. At once they ask, "What is the price?" It is priceless, but it costs 2s. 6d. to transfer the stock.

Common Praise: a Hand-Book of Nonconformist Church Music. By F. G. Edwards. J. Curwen and Sons.

Those who are enamoured of choirs and organs will here find directions derived from the experience of an adept in the science, who was once organist at Surrey Chapel. We maintain a stern simplicity of worship as a protest against the elaborate ceremonials of the day which even Dissenters run after. "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." It is expedient to me, doubtless, to endeavour to show that a congregation can be maintained without tickling their ears with music. Behold, they go to their churches and chapels and enjoy sweet sounds which charm their senses, and they suppose that their sensations of delight are spiritual worship. "But it attracts the young people." Perhaps it does, and the reason is a handy one; but it puts us in mind of the widowers who never marry to please themselves, but always for the sake of the children. Why not advocate Japanese juggling on Sunday because it would attract the young? We shall come to *that* yet, or even to worse.

Theism and Evolution. By JOSEPH S. VAN DYKE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. A SERIOUS attempt to refute the atheistic theory of evolution on its own ground! We are emphatic on that word "serious." Our modern sceptics, infidels, and anti-theists have a way of their own, and that is by no means a serious one. They are for the most part scoffers. They sneer, joke, pun, chaff, and laugh at their own jests, rather than listen to the voices of reason and revelation. We do not suppose that there are many, if any, unbelievers who are such by pure conviction. They are entangled: the books they read, or the companions they associate with, hold them captive.

It is not want of temper on our part, but haughtiness of tone on their part, which prompts this reflection. We judge that their conceited mannerism conceals a latent mistrust, or unrest of conscience. Few men carry their hearts on their sleeves; fewer still have had the courage to register the action and reaction of their own conscience. One book of this kind has been the priceless treasure of centuries. Little men have dotted down little things in their own line; but still, "The Confessions of Augustine" shines out and sparkles, a star of first magnitude. Their *savants* are only meteors in comparison with our saints; but yet they are too wise in their own conceit to acknowledge any sense of frailty.

Disciples of Christ are often harassed with doubts, which distress them much, though they cannot destroy their faith. Floats there in our mind a distich by a poet of the last century—"But stop, my friend, a still small whisper hear; he knows no faith who never had a fear." If this be so with true believers, how must things fare with those who have no faith, but, like houseless mendicants, are seeking one? Any honest, ingenuous thinker, who has cut himself adrift from the traditions of his childhood, "the prophecy," as said Solomon, "that his mother taught him"—a tradition which grew with his growth, and ripened with his rising years—must, if sincere, be startled ever and anon with shocks that electrify his inmost soul; else he may justly suspect that his conscience is affected with a creeping paralysis, and is in peril of being seared as with a hot iron.

Dr. Van Dyke speaks of "*atheistic forms of evolution.*" Have any of our friends ever challenged the meaning of that word *evolution?* For our own part, we do not exactly know what it correctly expresses; though we presume it is borrowed from the most exact of all the sciences. In our school days we understood it to be an algebraic or geometrical term, the reverse of involution: this latter being the raising of powers, while the former was said to be the extraction of roots. Involution was the multiplying of a quantity into itself any given number of times; while evolution taught us to find the particular root of a number. But the old text books of our boyhood stand us in poor stead to-day. We hear old familiar words, but they have new and unfamiliar meanings attached to them. Of course it is to Charles Darwin's famous treatise on "The Origin of Species" that we owe the fresh impetus given to the study of nature in our times. The theorists who have followed in his wake—notably Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley—in their attempt to dispense with God and guidance, revelation and religion, have far outstripped all those deductions which can be supported by exact observations, though the aforesaid observations are vaunted as of higher value than any oracle of heaven. How the first spark of life was kindled without Jehovah, the universal Father; without the Eternal Son, who hath life in himself; without the Holy Spirit, who quickens, illuminates, and energizes every animate, sentient, intelligent phenomenon of the animal and physical cosmos; without, in fact, the Trinity in Unity and the Unity in Trinity of the holy catholic faith, is a problem in front of which our most advanced thinkers halt, as if they had reached a gulf they could not ford or fathom.

The volume before us is modest and well meant. The author assumes that Scripture and science are never at variance, optical illusions notwithstanding. Books like this are not worthless, even if they do not fall like thunderbolts upon the encampment of the Philistines; for they rouse the patriotism of our noble army of Christian recruits. Our batteries must never cease firing in this warfare, whether we silence our

assailants or not. Since Darwin's death, the scientists have been so feeble in fight that we suspect they run rather short of ammunition. "*Evolution*" in geometry we all accept, but evolution as a scheme for dispensing with a Creator will soon be numbered with the dreams of folly.

Sunny Sundays. Hints for Conversational Classes. The Fruits of the Spirit. By S. M. HOLWORTHY. Nisbet and Co.

AN odd book. Grandma says some very good things to her little congregation; but the whole concern is rather a mix-up. The dear god-children (whatever that may mean) were in very safe hands in the main; but we hope the majority of Christian parents reading this magazine would prove to be equally clear and able instructors. We are not much struck with the work.

Echoes from a Village Church: Words spoken in the Parish Church of Hinton Waldrist. By the Rev. F. HARPER, M.A. Shaw and Co.

SHORT—very short, but sweet. We seem to recognize the titles of several of these sermons, and a good deal of their material; but as the preacher does not conceal his obligations, we do not mention this as a fault. He has preached Christ earnestly and briefly, and he deserves our hearty thanks.

Rays from the Sun of Righteousness. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

Bible Warnings. Same author and publishers.

THESE are first class. Anything for the young by Dr. Richard Newton should be within reach of every Sunday-school teacher and scholar.

Young People's Prayer Meetings, in Theory and Practice. By Rev. F. E. CLARK. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

THE plan of prayer-meetings for the children is very well defended, explained, and enlarged upon. We do not think there is much that is new or very suggestive to a pastor who is already wide awake; but it will prove useful to workers among the young, who want showing how. The book is American, but the work which it advocates will suit every land.

The Children for Christ. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

ALTHOUGH we are unable to accept all that our writer puts before us, and cannot endorse his teaching upon infant baptism, we most cordially recommend the book. We would venture to say that if every mother in our land could be possessed of a copy, and train her children according to the spirit of the volume, the rising generation would be a holy and God-fearing one. Portions for each day are followed by simple and short prayers, and both must prove helpful.

The Daily Fountain for the Young. By JOHN MITCHELL. Partridge and Co.

A COMBINATION of Daily Portion and Birthday Album. The price is only two shillings. The texts are instructively selected. We cannot say that we judge the meditations to be at all deep or striking; but they are devout and orthodox. Many young people would be glad to own such a Birthday Book.

A Garland from the Parables. By WILLIAM EDENSOR LITTLEWOOD, M.A., late Vicar of St. James', Bath. Second edition. W. Mack.

WE do not wonder that these poems survive. They have a pith and a force in them which make them too vital for oblivion. If they had been turned into prose they would not have been prosy, and that is no ill test to which to put a friend's verses. If there is no point in the sense itself, it is idle to put the words into rhyme; for what is rhyme without reason? Mr. Littlewood gives us interpretations of those parables from which he culls his garland. Here is a pretty, sententious bit:—

THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.

"But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."—Matthew xiii. 29.

In olden time, to weed the land
Required an eye discreet,
And rightly, for we understand
Their tares were like the wheat.

And still in modern days we pause;
Alas! that no one dares
To hint that *we* refrain, because
Our wheat is like the tares.

Notes on the Book of the Revelation. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. John F. Shaw and Co.

Wherein Millenarians are Wrong. By Rev. JAMES GALL. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The Two Dispensations: Gentile and Millennial. By JOHN WILLIAMS. Elliot Stock.

WHAT though the labouring press is groaning beneath the prolific multiplication of books on the Apocalypse, none need be displeased or distracted in any degree by the number of the commentators, nor by the variety of their commentaries. One prefatory verse of "THE REVELATION" itself has for a long time buzzed in our ears, and held us spell-bound. It is the third verse of the first chapter, "Blessed is he that readeth," &c. The student is thus encouraged to hope that he may keep abreast with the seer, and he who reads may become almost as entranced as he was who wrote it, with the enchanting symbolism which depicts in glowing colours, and describes in gorgeous language, things that were, things that be, and things that shall be hereafter. Possibly it may hap here among the students, as in the parable, among the expectant virgins, some may be wise and some foolish. It is for our friends to appraise the value of this conjecture. Our main pity at the moment is for the majority of those who publish their lucubrations. As there is no blessing pronounced on the perusal of commentaries, our fear for the large majority of such authors is that their enterprise will not pay the expense of a first edition. But that is mere detail.

The three volumes before us are "diverse one from another," though they are all of them published in this year of grace 1887. Let us say a word upon each.

Mr. Newberry is always interesting. His gloss aims to be brief, analytical, accurate, and devout. It ought to be very helpful to the average student of Scripture, who does not know enough of the niceties of the Greek to follow the original text. We suppose that subscribers to Mr. Hurditch's "Footsteps of Truth" have already sampled this work in the pages of that periodical with a considerable measure of satisfaction.

Mr. Gall seems to be a partisan of present religious societies; so he is jealous of any interpretation of prophecy or parable that might perchance put the skid on popular efforts for the conversion of the world. His voice falters at the chorus of the Apocalypse, "*Even so, come, Lord Jesus,*" in response to him who saith, "*Surely I come quickly. Amen.*" To his idea, a literal interpretation of the sure word of prophecy betrays a misunderstanding, both of the purport of the manifesto and the purpose for which it has been published. What with Sunday-schools, Missionary Associations, Mildmay Park Conferences, and the Salvation Army, he thinks we are driving the team faster than it ever sped since the days of the apostles. Alas, say we, that the show of vitality is so spasmodic! As we are unable to concede his premises it would be useless for us to parley about his conclusions. While he imagines that the whole world is to be brought under the sway of the Redeemer, before he cometh with clouds, we fail to imagine why, in that case, "*all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.*" So, amidst visions of the night, our dreams differ.

Lastly, Mr. John Williams, in a book of larger bulk, far too clever, too confident, and too conclusive for our mental, moral, or spiritual digestion, invites a notice for which we must humbly apologize to our subscribers. The sacred and the secular, prophecy and party politics, are oddly mixed up in his reveries. The opening of the seals he understands exactly. Not the year only, but the day of the month he specifies in each instance. The first seal was opened A.D. July 24th, 96. The second seal A.D. May 20th, 451, and so on till the sixth seal A.D. Sept. 24th, 1870. Then comes "*The war in heaven; or, the Berlin Congress.*" And a little further on, "*The Devil's Diplomatic Manœuvre,*" in which the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone figures as "*Satan's deluded human representative.*" This is violent, virulent, vicious—a flagrant libel on a living statesman. In still worse taste, Mr. Williams tells us: "Events pre-suppose that God the Holy Ghost, in harmony with the permission given to Satan,

induced Earl Beaconsfield," &c., pp. 282, 283. Enough! We forbear to finish the sentence. Is not such a treatise a serious breach of literary ethics? Our marvel is that Mr. Elliot Stock allowed his good name to appear at the foot of the title-page.

The Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction, Notes, and Maps. (2 vols. of the "Hand-Books for Bible-classes and Private Students.") Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

These two hand-books make up an invaluable aid to Bible-class teaching upon the gospel according to Luke. Dr. Lindsay gives enough, but never too much; we wish we could say this of all who attempt to expound the Scriptures.

The Sum of Saving Knowledge. With Introduction and Notes by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A., (Same series as preceding.) Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

An invaluable treatise. The Christian world should be grateful for the republication of this capital piece of sound divinity; but we do not suppose it will be, for nowadays anything sells better than orthodox theology. At 1s. 6d. it is a very cheap reprint, for which the Messrs. Clark deserve hearty thanks.

Thirty Thousand Thoughts, being Extracts covering a Comprehensive Circle of Religious and Allied Topics. Edited by the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, M.A., Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A., and Rev. Charles Neil, M.A. Vol. V. Nisbet and Co.

Even unto this last we are unable to see the usefulness of the plan of this work. The scheme was laid down at the commencement, but the result is that the extracts are more in a muddle to our mind than they would have been had there been no plan at all. Moreover, we do not judge the extracts themselves to be so excessively valuable as to be worth putting into huge volumes. Some of them are surpassingly precious, but more are excellent common-places, and nothing beyond.

If any rich deacon should make his pastor a present of these five volumes the good man would be bound to be very grateful. Moreover, if he has only a small library he will find himself enriched with a good share of quotable material, and he will also refresh himself with thousands of good and wholesome thoughts. So that his deacon would have done a generous deed, and he would receive a full reward in the improvement in his minister's sermons.

We could not recommend men with shallow purses to lay out 16s. on a volume like the present, especially as it is Vol. V., and there are more to follow. Baptists cannot approve of the article on Baptism, and we should think no Calvinist would consider the extracts upon election to be worth his reading, unless he could forget them as soon as he closed the book. Much of this section is sheer rubbish: a little outspoken Arminianism would have been nearer the truth. Still we do not make a great point of this, for in so large a mass of writing there must naturally be somewhat with which we could not agree. The work is great, but we do not think it a great success.

Ripples in the Twilight: Fragments of Sunday Thought and Teaching. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

Macduff is always good. It is the water of life even when it is only a ripple, and it is the light of coming day when only twilight. We do not place these odds and ends of thoughts among the best things our friend has produced, but still they have a value of their own, and are quite fresh and new.

Mornings at Mildmay. Notes of Lessons from the Beatitudes. By E. C. Partridge and Co.

Gracious matter. Those must be very memorable hours which are spent on Tuesday mornings in Room No. 6, Conference Hall, Mildmay Park. These notes contain nothing very fresh or profound, but much that is devout and practical.

The Kingdom of Heaven, and Dives and Lazarus. By Anglicanus. Elliot Stock.

Anglicanus will not make many converts to his interpretation of the story of Lazarus and the rich man. He thinks our Lord is the beggar full of sores, and the Jewish hierarchy the rich man. This will never do. We do not see anything in his little book which is likely to edify.

The Story of the Nations. Carthage. By Alfred J. Church, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin.

No reader of fiction can have been more absorbed in his author's day-dreams than we have been in these veritable records of actual history. He cannot have been profited even to a fractional part of our profiting. How Carthage could not conquer though victory was long within her grasp, and how Rome could not fall though her doom seemed often sealed, are two of the marvels of history! That the Sidonian city should be blotted out so remorselessly by her rival seemed as absolutely needful as it was brutal; there was not room in the same world for two such imperious queens as Rome and Carthage. Did the curse of Canaan follow the lords of the far-off Tarshish? Was it possible for the worship of Melcarth and Astarte to be allowed to throw its baleful shadow over the civilization of the west? Surely the Lord wrought with the insatiable ambition of Rome, and used it as his sharp axe with which to hew down the evil branch which sprang from the old accursed root of Baal and Ashtaroth.

The character of Hannibal shines like a bright particular star amid the storm-rack of these Punic wars. Roman courage, cool as the steel it carried, is also seen to a wonderful advantage, and strikes us as bearing, among earthly things, a wonderful likeness to that faith which staggers not at the promise through unbelief. When Hannibal had pitched his camp at the third mile-stone from Rome, there was a sale within the city of plots of land, whereon the enemy's camp then stood. The small matter of Hannibal's being there did not hinder the biddings! This is a style of confidence which cannot be counterfeited; but where it is truly possessed, it makes it a joy to undergo affliction; indeed, tribulation only adds a new zest to life. Roman doctrine we abhor, but if we could obtain and exhibit the old Roman faith, we should regard it as one of the greatest acquisitions with which we could be enriched. Firm conviction of the truth of the old Calvinistic faith is the best possible material out of which to fashion a steadfast, immovable life, which shall always abound in the work of the Lord. Puritanism supplied backbone to Cromwell's Ironsides, and it will yet, we trust, nourish a race of men valiant for the faith, who will hold the standard of truth against all comers in these evil days. Lord, send it, because of thy cause and covenant!

A Dictionary of Philosophy in the Words of Philosophers. Edited, with an introduction, by J. Radford Thomson, M.A. R. D. Dickinson.

When human ignorance grows confident it speaks philosophy. This Dictionary is a sort of index to the innumerable dreams and dotings of men who obtained credit for being wise. We suppose it must be a valuable work, for so many eminent professors praise it; but to us it reads like a catalogue of a madman's library, or a list of the fancies bred in an opium den. So long as we are in this mad world we shall have need to know the terms and phrases by means of which it arranges and methodizes its follies, and this is the very book to help us to supply that need: yet the information which it affords has little or no intrinsic value, and a man knows as much that is worth knowing before he understands most systems of philosophy as he did before he heard of them. Having turned to one marvellous philosophy after another, as described in this dictionary by the philosophers themselves, we have felt inclined to enquire for Democritus, that we might have a hearty laugh with him at all the philosophical generations. Whether or not a single hearty laugh would not have done mankind more good than all the philosophies we will not say; but we are of opinion that the most of them are too much honoured when they are laughed at. Wit is folly in sport, but philosophy is folly in earnest.

Of course, by all this we mean philosophy "falsely so called"; but as yet we have not met with any other kind of philosophy, nor do we expect to meet with philosophy truly so called except in connection with revelation, and the devout thought which draws its life therefrom.

Little Folks: a Magazine for the Young. New and Enlarged Series. Cassell and Company.

As good as ever. We don't see how it could be better.

English as She is Taught: being Genuine Answers to Examination Questions in our Public Schools. Collected by CAROLINE B. LE ROW. With a commentary thereon by MARK TWAIN. T. Fisher Unwin.

WHO would have thought that so much fun could have been found in the answers of children at examinations! Yet our observation leads us to accept these as genuine blunders, and not the inventions of mirthful inventors. The particular use of reprinting them we do not see, except it be a moment's laugh. Here are some splendid mathematical answers:—

"A straight line is any distance between two places."

"Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together."

"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else."

"To find the number of square feet in a room multiply the room by the number of feet. The product is the result."

Disease and Sin: a New Text Book for Medical and Divinity Students. By A MEDICAL MUSER. Wyman and Sons, 74—76, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

No doubt there is something of truth in this striking volume, but it is pushed much too far, so as to verge upon absolute cruelty to the suffering. Disease is not in every case caused by a violation of natural law on the part of the afflicted, neither would the most careful observation of the laws of hygiene prevent certain persons from falling into sickness; for, as our author admits, we are the creatures of parentage. Besides, there are surroundings, necessities, and inward accidents, which may involve pain which cannot be stayed, and create disease which medical skill is as yet unable to touch. That physical evil on a broad scale has come of moral evil is doubtless true; but to put the finger on any case of disease, and say, This man sinned, or his immediate parents, is to turn truth into falsehood, and act the part, not of "a medical muser," but of an unsympathizing dreamer.

A History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. By T. DUNBAR INGRAM, LL.D. Macmillan and Co.

OUR author is of opinion that the Union between England and Ireland was undertaken from the purest motives, and carried through by fair and constitutional means. This is certainly a very different view of the case from that which we have taken, for we have always judged the Union to have been the product of bribery and fraud. We are puzzled. History, like statistics, can be manipulated; but who has manipulated in this case we will not pretend to decide. How far Dr. Ingram is accurate in his statements, and correct in his inferences, his readers can judge for themselves: he certainly takes a view of things which will be new to many, and he has produced an important historical document.

Great Waterfalls, Cataracts, and Geysers, Described and Illustrated. By JOHN GIBSON. Nelson and Sons.

A FASCINATING subject well worked out, both by author and artist. Very interesting to us are the falls of the Congo. What a river it is! What must Africa be which contains four such mighty streams as the Congo, the Zambesi, the Niger, and the Nile! This huge continent can only be won for Christ at immense cost. Is the church capable of the self-denial which it will involve? This work is produced in Messrs. Nelson's usually excellent style. It is a treat to read of falls of water in this rainless summer-tide. May we have falls from the firmament ere long.

Hints on Spectacles: when Required, and How to Select Them. By W. ACKLAND, Surgeon and Optician by Special Appointment to the Queen. Horne, Thornthwaite, and Wood, 416, Strand.

MOST wise hints. The author of this sixpenny treatise is a master of his art. We would trust him with our eyes in preference to any other oculist. Spectacles bought at random may prove a serious injury: a little care and expense in due time may save sight, and this is more precious than mines of gold.

Only a Factory Girl. Scenes from West London Life. By UNA. Nisbet and Co.

A BRAVE young lady has seen for herself the factory girls in their haunts, amid the foul tobacco-smoke and the fouler talk of licentious lads. Certainly, it was a brave deed, worthy of that Una whom we have so often seen riding in her glorious innocence upon a lion. To go to the filthy theatre, and the still viler music-hall, and then to tell the story for love of God, and the poor daughters of Eve! Well! few could, would, or should have done anything of the kind; but *Una* did it, and we thank her.

This plea for help for the saving and uplifting of factory girls deserves to be widely spread. No doubt the surroundings of work-girls in London are well arranged for the production of immorality of every kind. To provide cheap, clean, and quiet lodging is often to give elbow-room for purity, which else is apt to be driven into the kennel by sheer lack of space. New hearts do not prevent the need of new homes; say rather that they add fresh force to the demand.

A Treatise on the Principle of Sufficient Reason. By Mrs. P. F. FITZGERALD. Thomas Laurie, 28, Paternoster Row.

WE admire the freedom of the press; men and women may print whatever they like. We have an equal admiration for the freedom of the desk: we may read what we like, or let it alone. After trying this noble volume in many places, and finding it equally stiff at all points, we give it up. Our freedom is asserted by leaving "the Principle of Sufficient Reason" alone; and we believe we have more than sufficient reason for so doing. When the squirrel found that what he was trying his teeth upon was not a nut, but a lump of cast-iron, he wisely left such solid fare for some stronger and more metallic animal than himself; whether that animal ever came along the tradition doth not tell us.

Buy your own Cherries. By J. W. KIRTON. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. Partridge and Co.

SENT forth in such an attractive form, this story should take a new lease of life. The illustrations look like sepia drawings, and are graphic and telling. For fourpence we have here the best possible temperance tract, so adorned as to become self-preserving, and so touching that the man who does not yield to its argument must be very far gone from original sobriety.

Lead, Kindly Light. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. With illustrations by F. Dadd, engraved by R. Paterson. T. Nelson and Sons.

HIGHLY artistic, but we do not see the suitableness of the engravings to the verses. Our imagination pictures far more of an "encircling gloom" than Mr. Dadd has drawn, and of "the night is dark, and I am far from home" we have a much more terrible notion than any which his drawing would suggest. The work is produced in a faultless manner, and it will charm many.

The Cookery Primer. By AGNES C. MAITLAND. Hogg, Paternoster Row.

OUR Dr. Kitchener says that this is a sensible book. It contains receipts for very cheap and wholesome dishes fit for hard-working thrifty people. It is a good shilling's worth viewed from a printer's point of view. Next to godliness cleanliness, and next to cleanliness thrifty cookery.

Oliver Cromwell and other Poems. By DAWSON BURNS, D.D. S.W. Partridge.

WE do not like giving an opinion of a relative's babies or of a friend's poems. These are most readable verses: some of them seem a little made-up and laboured, but others go with a flash and a rush. The variety is great and the quality well sustained throughout—never gold, but never dross.

Dado; or, Stories of Native Life in East Africa. By WILLIAM YATES. Andrew Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square, E.C.

GOOD! likely to interest our young people in Eastern Africa. What a work yet lies before the Christian church! When shall we begin to begin? Dado, a youth of the Gallas tribe, was brought to England, and gave great promise of usefulness. Here is the story of his brief life.

Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By ERIC S. ROBERTSON. Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane.

A WORK of high literary merit. The idea of selling it for a shilling is worthy of a great publisher; but whether it will result in increasing the greatness of his income we do not care to divine, for we remember George Eliot's wise saying: "Among all forms of mistake prophecy is the most gratuitous."

Puritanism is very roughly and unfairly handled by Mr. Robertson; but we did not look for much else in a life of a great Unitarian poet. The estimate of Longfellow given in this critique is, we think, soberly made and lovingly moulded. He was not the greatest of poets, but he was one of the most useful of them; and he will live in the popular mind when greater men will lie hidden among the embalmed of history.

The question as to whether he was as great a poet as Tennyson is a very proper one to be discussed at a High School for young ladies, or a Mutual Improvement Society of men who are soon to be; but such comparisons are unwise from the beginning. We should, however, think that Longfellow never produced such poor things as certain of our laureate's later off-throwings; if the American could not rise so high he would not sink so low as his great contemporary has done. The bulk of us feel that we can *understand* Longfellow, but full often we cannot tell where Tennyson is, nor what he is singing about. We confess that we have no right to expect a man to sing for us common-place people only; and if he prefers an audience made up of the few, of mind circuitous, and thought involved, he must be allowed his preferences, and much good may they do him.

To return to our theme — these "Great Writers" are wonderful books for a shilling, and Robertson's Longfellow is one of the best of them.

"*Great Writers.*" Edited by ERIC S. ROBERTSON, M.A. *Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* By HALL CAINE. Walter Scott.

WE have felt the spell of a master's wand while reading this story of a man of real genius, who was like a powerful engine which fails to do its work from lack of some one screw or bolt. Had he been more deeply religious he would have become a leader among the mystics; even as it was, Hazlitt said of him, "His genius had angelic wings, and fed on manna." Opium was his bane for years, and though he mastered it, his life was clouded by its influence. This life is as good as it is cheap: we mean good in the direction of literary excellence, and interesting incident; beyond this it makes no attempt to go.

Biographical Sketch of the Life and Work of Mr. William M'Gavin, followed by Notes from M'Gavin's "Protestant." Edited by Mrs. MARIA DENOON PEDDIE. Edinburgh: Religious Tract Society, 99, George Street. London: Partridge and Co.

THE biographical part of this pamphlet is meagre indeed. We hoped to have seen a life of the eminent Protestant controversialist, and instead thereof we have some sixteen pages of remarks about him. The rest of the book consists of notes from M'Gavin's famous "Protestant," which is a marvel of trenchant argument. In its own day "The Protestant" did grand service, and it is useful still as an armoury. Mrs. Peddie, who edits this compilation, is a hearty defender of the faith, and we wish her every success in her mission. So few care anything about truth in these days, that it is refreshing to meet with an old-fashioned Anti-papal Advocate.

These Seven Years; or, The Story of the "Friendly Letter Mission." By V. M. SKINNER. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depôt. London: Partridge.

A GATHERING up of incidents connected with Miss Skinner's Friendly Letters. We have here a specially instructive instance of what can be done by an earnest worker whatever form her efforts may take. It is cheering to see how much personal work of a really spiritual sort is being quietly done for our blessed Lord. The night is dark, but it is not without its stars. The false doctrine and the loose practice of many professors sadden the hearts of the gracious; but, on the other hand, the consecrated lives of many holy men and women tend to lift up the hands that hang down. Doubtless the Lord is among us still.

The History of Pudsey. By the late SIMEON RAYNER. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, F.S.A.S. Longmans, Green, and Co.

PUDSEY is highly honoured by having such a history. Mr. William Smith has edited the work of the late Simeon Rayner; and has thus supplied Pudsey with a bigger memorial than that which he prepared for Morley. We say bigger, but it is by no means better, for the subject is a comparatively narrow one, and falls short in interest of the story of Morley. We have a weakness for these topographical books: they are the gossip of history, the chit-chat of geography. In their homeliness they furnish the mind with recreation, and the brain with rest. It is a healthy thing that a man should think well of the place wherein he was born or nurtured. Something of the honour which is due to parents is reflected upon the place of parentage. Better far than tales of battle are the records of the peaceful growth of village and township, and the rise and decay of families. The annals of our forefathers, the pictures of their antique abodes, the descriptions of their manners—all these have a quiet charm about them, and help to make hours of leisure bright, cheerful, and useful.

This is a noble volume. One is tempted to ask—How comes Pudsey to be so favoured when many a larger place is left unhonoured and unsung? It has, probably, an unusual number of public-spirited men who have aided in a publication which will be an honour to their town.

Notes.

THE news from the Congo is most sad. *Mr. Comber* has been taken home. He was an invaluable leader in the daring service of the Lord in Africa. Having already seen his brother, and sister, and wife wither in the breath of the fever, he has himself now yielded to the same baneful influence. Still in calm faith the servants of Jesus press forward. They should have the special, hearty, and daily prayers of all the saints. Mr. Weeks has been obliged again to return, broken down. The mission needs peculiar guidance and comfort in this dark hour. Surely, friends at home will find funds when brave men give their lives. It may be the Lord will also direct his servants into methods less expensive of precious life.

One of our brethren, Mr. J. W. Setchfield, has just sailed for St. Helena. The withdrawal of shipping from that lone island, by reason of the route by the Suez Canal, impoverishes the inhabitants, and tends to create a general depression. Pray that the church of God may increase, even if the population should continue to decrease, and that the members of the church may be distinguished for holiness and zeal.

Our article on "The Down-grade" has been reprinted, and can be purchased of our publishers, at 1s. 4d. per hundred. A friend in the north proposed this reprint, and another ordered a thousand for distribution. As silence is the favourite policy of the adversary, it may be wise to spread this testimony for the truth as much as possible.

The Baptist newspaper has our hearty thanks for its friendly feeling at all times, and especially at this present. We wish it prosperity.

We understand that an agreement is to be made between certain denominations not to put up chapels where there is one already. There is upon the surface some sense in this. Where the gospel is truly preached in a village, and one chapel is enough for the population, it is folly to build another. But what is to be done when the gospel is not preached? We know places with three chapels where there is equal coldness and death in each one of the three. If a fourth were built, to be tenanted by the same sort of lifeless professors, it would be a waste of good bricks; but if there came along a faithful preacher, who gathered a living people about him, it would be a pity that he should be hindered in his work by the existence of mere buildings. Let the man go ahead, and find a meeting-room for his people. The fact that there is or is not an erection called a chapel in the village is utterly inconsiderable: it may even happen, if false doctrine is preached in the aforesaid chapel, that it is a powerful reason for building another house in which the gospel of our Lord Jesus may be faithfully proclaimed. On mere denominational lines we, personally, enter into no compact whatever. The duty of preaching the gospel to every creature is not removed from us by the fact that in a certain place there are edifices in which the word of God is supposed to be preached, but really is not preached. There are many divisions which ought to be obsolete, but the division between believers in Scripture and believers in mere philosophy is deep and vital.

Our volume on Psalm cxix. will be ready with this month's magazine. We hope it will be a favourite book with many. It is taken from *The Treasury of David*. Those who have read *Bridges on the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm* will know how the psalm lends itself to devout meditation. The price of our comment is 3s. 6d., and the title is *The Golden Alphabet of the Praises of Holy Scripture*.

The fourth volume of *My Sermon Notes, Acts to Revelation*, is nearly finished, and will, we trust, be issued with the October magazine. So long as men have to work at high pressure, they will be glad of occasional help from an outline, and it is to the advantage of the gospel that those at hand should be thoroughly scriptural and evangelical, as we trust ours always are.

The congregations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle have, during the past month, been more crowded than usual. While the regular seat-holders have been absent at the sea-side by hundreds, strangers have poured in to occupy their places. The fruit of these services will, therefore, fall outside the wall; but prayer is asked that it may be exceeding great. Prayer is offered with holy enthusiasm, and revival is sought with great earnestness. Oh, that the Lord would sweep away error by a mighty tide of his Holy Spirit! It cannot be effected by any other means.

The prayer-meetings during the month have been well sustained, although the senior Pastor has been absent from several of them through severe illness, and many friends have been out of town. Mr. William Olney has usually presided, and he has had the willing and hearty help of many of the officers and members of the church. This invaluable brother is much afflicted, and we ask the prayers of God's people on his behalf.

On *Monday evening, August* 8, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon occupied his brother's place, and gave a helpful address. Mr. Levinsohn described his recent visit to Palestine, and, together with Mr. Sternberg, missionary to the Jews, asked the prayers of the church for a blessing on the work among God's ancient people. We believe in seeking the salvation of the house of Israel; but many are dubious. When Lord Shaftesbury was acting on the Lunacy Commission, it was attempted to prove that a certain person was insane, and it was given in as culminating witness that he actually was a contributor to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. "Indeed," said Lord Shaftesbury, "and are you aware that I am the President of that Society?"

On *Monday evening, August* 15, Pastor C. H. S. was again at his post; there was an unusually large attendance, and a most delightful spirit pervaded the whole meeting. Many brethren prayed, Mr. Hewson gave an account of his tent-work in Ireland, Mr. Harmer spoke and sang with much power, the Pastor delivered brief addresses at intervals, and two American ministers testified to the usefulness of Spurgeon's sermons, and other works, to themselves and the members of their congregations. Altogether, it was a gathering long to be remembered. It is like a heaven below to see so many hundreds coming together to seek the divine blessing.

On *Monday evening, August* 22, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, and several friends who are going out to China as missionaries, in connection with the China Inland Mission, came to the Tabernacle to ask the prayers of the church. Many petitions were presented, and a spirit of intense heartiness pervaded all the meeting. Mr. Taylor spoke of the progress of the work, and of the gracious manner in which the Lord has provided the means of carrying it on. Mr. Coulthard, who returned eighteen months ago, broken down in health, and is now going back to China, gave a brief account of his labour there. One of the younger brethren also spoke with much fervour, and the Pastor addressed each member of the missionary band personally, and prayed for them one by one, the congregation adding a hearty "Amen" to each petition.

College.—Dr. George Duncan is removing from Huddersfield to Hornsey Rise: Mr. W. Hackney, M.A., from Oxford to Graham Street, Birmingham; and Mr. W. Julyan, from Bournemouth to Back Street, Trowbridge. Mr. N. Heath has gone to Fleet, Hants; and Mr. J. T. Owers, to Zion Chapel, Great Grimsby.

Mr. F. Dann has arrived safely at Leroy, Minnesota, and received a very hearty welcome; and Mr. W. Clatworthy has settled at Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio. Mr. T. L. Johnson, who has been in England as the representative of the Baptist General Association of the Western States and Territories, U. S. A., has returned to America for the purpose of stimulating amongst the coloured churches the work of appointing coloured freedmen to mission stations in Africa.

Mr. G. D. Cox, who sailed for Australia some months since, has settled at Geelong, Victoria; and Mr. J. Glover has removed from Brisbane to Rockhampton, Queensland. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Gibson, informs us that Mr. H. Wood is leaving Longford, Tasmania, to become pastor of the church at the Launceston Tabernacle. Mr. T. Breewood, after nine years of earnest and useful service at Walthamstow, feels the need of a warmer climate for his wife as well as for himself. He has, therefore, arranged to sail for Australia, in the P. and O. steamer *Parramatta*, on the 23rd instant. We heartily commend him to the sympathy

of brethren at the Antipodes who can guide him to a suitable sphere of labour.

Mr. A. J. Edwards sends us good news of our brethren in South Africa, and of his own settlement at Graaff Reinet, Cape Colony, the place from which John Maynard came home in order to enter the College. The church there has had a trying experience; but we trust that now, with such a pastor as Mr. Edwards, a rich blessing will be experienced. He has already reopened one preaching station sixty miles from Graaff Reinet, and is trying to open two others: one of them is at such a distance that the preacher, when he visits it, has to travel by post-cart, and be absent from his home two days and a-half. We have been glad to see, at the Tabernacle lately, a deacon from the church at Pietermaritzburg, and to hear from him a cheering account of the progress of the work carried on there by Mr. Peach. The church needs and deserves help towards the removal of the debt of £650 still remaining on the chapel recently erected. We ought to take care of the colonial churches, for we cannot tell how soon mere colonies will become empires—things grow so fast in these days.

Evangelists.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* engagements are as follows:—Aug. 27, Bury St. Edmund's; Sept. 17, Wisbeach; Oct. 8, Taunton; Oct. 22, Weymouth; Nov. 12, St. Helier's, Jersey. They have also sufficient applications to last them until next summer. These brethren are workmen that need not to be ashamed, and the Lord is with them. We ask for them, in every place, the loving co-operation of all our friends. No one need fear that they will teach unsound doctrine, or use sensational methods.

Pastor D. R. Morgan reports that *Mr. Burnham* had successful services at Frampton, Gloucestershire, where he has promised to go again in October. This month he is to be at work among the hop-pickers in Kent.

Mr. Harmer has been occupied on Sundays supplying for ministers out of town. This month, with *Mr. Chamberlain*, he is to conduct missions at Rickmansworth, Thornton Heath, and Bradford.

We have received the following report of the children's services held by *Mr. Eyres* at Riccarton, Ayrshire:—"The meetings were good, much interest was manifested, and I believe that many boys and girls were brought to the Saviour. At the close of the services forty-eight letters were sent to Mr. Eyres, thanking him for his visit, and telling him that the writers had given their hearts to Jesus. The teachers, also, were much blessed and stimulated."

Orphanage.—We are very grateful to all the kind friends who have entertained the orphans whose relatives could not receive them during the holidays. In several instances the children have so won the hearts of their hosts that they have wanted to keep them, and already they have undertaken to shelter them again next year. May the Father of the fatherless abundantly reward all who have shown kindness to any of these little ones!

The Lord supplies our needs, but friends will note that we are receiving more from the dead than from the living. Still, it all comes from the living God.

Colportage.—The work of the Colportage Association is still successful, and although checked here and there by districts which have to be given up through the failure of local contributions, on the whole there is much reason for thankfulness that so large a number should be worked in the very places where agricultural depression renders it difficult to obtain support. A new district has been opened at Peckham and East Dulwich in connection with Pastor Frank M. Smith's work at Norfolk Street. The colporteur is supported by the liberality of Mr. George Williams, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and has a splendid field for work.

The Committee will be glad to arrange for other districts where £10 quarterly can be guaranteed. The following extract from the Report of the Worcester Association just published, will be read with satisfaction, and should encourage others to try the Agency in their districts:—

"Whether we read the reports of meetings of the Baptist or Congregational Union, or of the Annual Meetings of County Associations, the one question that with persistency pushes itself to the front is 'the evangelization of the villages, and the neglected portions of large towns'; and it is not too much to aver that, among the many means suggested to meet this necessity, such as 'grouping of churches,' and rendering aid to Mission Pastors, for which the Baptist Union is trying to raise £50,000, *no one kind of Christian effort has met with such universal favour as the employment of colporteurs.* The Bible-woman was the '*missing link*' for the City, the colporteur has proved the '*missing link*' for the villages of our land. I say proved, for Colportage has been long enough in the field, and done sufficient good work to prove itself worthy of the confidence of the Christian Church.

"This Association was the first to employ colporteurs in this part of the country; others have followed our example.

"It is a cause for sincere thankfulness that our agents have continued their work through the past year to the satisfaction of their superintendents; the following statistics will show with what result:—1886-7. Villages visited, 183; hours employed, 9,913; meetings held, 319; attendants, 14,164; visits, exclusive of those to the sick, 35,344; visits to the sick, 598; open-air services, 22; times read the Scriptures, 608; Scriptures sold, 701; tracts distributed, 7,586; periodicals sold monthly, 2,118; periodicals sold

yearly, 25,339; amount received for books sold, £526 11s. 1d.

"Thus, amid continued depression, the work proceeds; your agents are brought into contact with thousands of people over whom they are gaining more or less spiritual influence: in the minds of young and old seeds of truth are being sown, truth which we profess to believe is potent for good in the hearts and lives of these people, and capable of making them wise unto salvation. This living contact is of vast importance; you will note especially the visits to the sick, many of whom would never have had a word of Christian counsel and comfort but for your colporteurs. One of the colporteurs has commenced a cottage-meeting, which has been attended by forty or fifty persons on Sunday evenings during the past winter. Another, assisted by two ministers in the neighbourhood, has been holding three weeks' special services in three separate village chapels, which were well attended. We commend this latter movement to the pastors of all our churches, and hope to hear of their thus linking themselves with the colporteurs in this work, which will be a change to themselves, and an encouragement to the colporteurs.

"The united testimony of the agents to the continued necessity for their labours is, we are thankful to say, accompanied with an equally united expression of opinion that their work is not in vain, neither are they tired, but speak of increased pleasure in the work.

"It now only remains for the Committee to press upon the Churches the vast importance of continuing this good work in our midst. While every one is saying, 'No money,' 'No money,' our Colporteurs have sold £42 worth more books than in the preceding year: with one exception, this is the best year since we commenced the work."

All communications will receive prompt attention if addressed to the secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 28th, fourteen; August 4th, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Harris	0	10	0
Mr. George Harris	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Stiff	25	0	0
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0
Mrs. Kemp-Welch	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	8	0
Pastor W. Hamilton	0	5	0
King Street Church, Oldham, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton	2	2	0
A friend, per Miss A. M. Morris ...	0	5	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Half collection at New North Road Chapel, Huddersfield, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	5	1	8
Mr. John Scivwright	4	0	0
Per Pastor T. Graham Tarn:—			
Mr. C. F. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. G. E. Foster 1 1 0			
Mr. F. G. Gifford 1 1 0			
Mr. I. Nutter 1 1 0			
Mr. J. S. Watts 1 1 0			
Pastor T. Graham Tarn ... 1 1 0			
	6	6	0

	£	s.	d.
From Scotland	25	0	0
A friend, per Miss S. A. Harrison ...	0	5	0
C. A. M.	20	0	0
Mrs. Hamilton	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	7	6
Mr. John Gibson	20	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	1	0	0
Mrs. Ambler, per Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.	10	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—			
July 17 ... ... 31 11 6			
,, 24 ... ... 6 17 3			
,, 31 ... ... 27 10 0			
Aug. 7 ... ... 37 3 6			
,, 14 ... ... 27 15 0			
	130	17	3
	£294	17	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Harris	0	10	0
The Young Women's Bible-class, Lewin Road, Streatham	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jeannie Pearce ...	0	10	6
The grateful grandmother	0	10	0
Forest Hill Children's Jubilee Fund (for use of tent)	5	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	13	0
Collected by Mr. Alfred Perkins ...	0	11	0
W. S M.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Silverside	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Meritt	0	5	0
Mrs. Sale, per Miss M. Porter	0	5	0
Mr. F. Wilcock	0	5	0
Two sermon-readers, per Mr. D. Watson	0	1	0
Mr. J. Culpin	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Bessie Hamilton ...	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas Cammack	5	0	0
P. H.	1	0	0
West Calder Free Church Y. M. C. A.	0	5	0
West Calder Free Church Sunday-school	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Eatock	0	10	0
A country minister	0	3	0
For mother's sake	1	2	0
St. Andrew's Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor J. G. Gibson	0	16	0
Mrs. Sellers	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	1	1	0
A mother and daughter; Hawera ...	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Bartlett	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Jordan :—			
Mr. Gordan	0	2	6
Mrs. M'Gaw	0	2	6
Mrs. Cameron	0	2	6
Mr. Heaney	0	2	0
Mrs. T. M'Afee	0	1	0
Miss Jordan	0	2	6
	0	13	0
A working man, Rhode Island (less 8d. paid for registration)	0	9	4
Mr. H. Coghill	50	0	0
J. S.	10	0	0
Mr. J. W. Gilmour	0	10	0
Mr. Walter Martin	0	8	0
The late Miss Grant	20	5	8
Dalston Junction Baptist Church, per Pastor W. H. Burton	7	0	0
Mr. John Orr	1	0	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
Dr. Bellby	2	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	2	10	0
Miss Shaw	1	0	0
Stamps from Ballater	0	2	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	10	0
Mr. Dixon	0	10	0
A Jubilee thankoffering for the blessings of Queen Victoria's reign	10	0	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Collected by Miss M. Woodhams ...	1	1	4
Mr. George F. Jobbins	5	0	0
Mrs. Evans	1	0	0
Miss M. Paterson (less 6d. paid for registration)	1	19	6
Mrs. Fraser	0	6	0
C. A. P.	0	8	3
Mr. W. Collin	1	0	0
Mr. John Scivwright	4	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mrs. Parsons	3	0	0
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
A friend, per Miss S. A. Harrison ...	0	5	0
Miss Mills	0	2	6
Mr. Charles R. Norrish	0	5	0
A thankoffering	140	0	0
Mrs. Macleay	4	0	0
Miss Mary Kight	0	5	0
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gravestock	0	10	0
Miss B. M. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Watts, per Pastor T. Grahnm Tarn	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Manning	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. W. B.	0	5	0
The Misses Murray	2	0	0
Strawberry money	0	10	0
Miss C. Maxwell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Bickford	2	5	0
Mr. John Gibson	20	0	0
Mr. George Sinclair	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Jones	5	0	0
Miss Jane Key	2	0	0
Mrs. Holcombe	1	0	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams and friend	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :—			
E. P. 1 0 0			
Smaller sums 1 10 0			
	2	10	0
Mr. Pateman	0	5	0
Mrs. Moubray	1	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	6	19	6
Collected by Miss E. A. Sims	1	5	0
A friend at communion	0	5	0
J.	0	2	6
Mrs. Ferrier	0	1	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Surtees ...	500	0	0
Mr. G. H. Quincey, Boston	2	0	5
Per Pastor W. Burnett :—			
Pastor W. Burnett's box ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Burnett's box ... 0 10 4			
Mrs. Bolton's box 0 2 9			
Mrs. Record's box 0 3 0			
Mr. Perry's box 0 5 0			
	2	1	1
Mr. C. H. Hopping	0	1	0
Collected by Miss J. A. Oxley	0	4	0
Per Mr. A. Lockwood :—			
Mr. Binstead's box ... 1 0 1			
Miss Bodle's box 0 6 1			
	1	6	2
Mr. J. Brown	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Riddle	0	5	0
St. Peter's Sunday-school, Dundee, per Mr. G. L. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. J. McCulloch	0	5	0
Lewis Hawken, orphan boy's card ...	0	12	0
Per Pastor J. Chadwick :—			
Lord's Supper 1 10 0			
Collected by Master J. Chadwick 1 0 0			
	2	10	0
Mr. T. T. Clarkson	0	5	0
Mr. E. Whitehead	4	0	0
Anonymous, Derby	0	5	0
Lewisham High Road Congregational Sunday-school, per Mr. R. V. Thompson	2	3	0
The late Mr. E. Lister, per Mr. C. Gillott	0	2	0
Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle	0	13	1
Messrs. Unwin Brothers	1	1	0
Sale "S. O." Tracts	0	1	0
Mr. W. E. Stace	0	10	0
Alpha	75	0	0
Mr. J. Bickford	0	5	0
Miss Lizzie Bacon	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Dodwell	0	0	3
Highbury Hill Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. T. Smith, jun.	0	12	0
Collected by M. Nelson Read	0	10	5
Collecting books, per Mrs. Blant ...	1	12	0
Mr. W. Beale	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0
M. D., for festival tickets	0	1	0
Westbourne Grove Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. F. P. Tuffley ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. Kelley	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	2	0
M. S. H.	1	0	0
Mr. E. Porter	1	1	0
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Half Yearly Subscription :—			
H. E.	0	2	6
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. W. Worth	0	2	6
Mr. D. D. Sinclair	0	2	6
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. F. Hallett	0	5	0
	£969	16	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 15th, 1887.—Provisions:—5 churns Milk, Mr. R. Higgs; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; ½ Chest Tea, Messrs. Pannett and Neden; 450 Mince Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 20 quarterns Bread, Mr. N. Read; 20 quarterns Bread, Mr. Smith; a quantity of Buns, Messrs. Carter and Son; 2 Cheeses, Mr. H. V. Moss.

Boys' Clothing.—13 Garments, The Ladies' Working Association, Surbiton, per Mrs. Baster; 320 Straw Hats, Friends at Luton, per Pastor H. W. Taylor; 1 Coat, Mr. George Hilder; 1 Overcoat, 2 Shirts, 1 Suit, Mr. J. Jackson.

Girls' Clothing.—26 articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Surbiton, per Mrs. Baster; 15 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; a quantity of girls' Straw Hats, Messrs. Eustace, Robinson and Co., Dinnock, J. T. Willis, F. M. Willis, per Pastor F. J. Feltham; 56 articles and 1 piece Cashmere, The Fleet Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. M. Aylett; 2 Aprons, Miss Clara Oakley; 1 box of reels of Cotton, Mr. T. P. Chard.

General.—2 dozen Wash Leathers, Mr. J. Cooper; 1 load of Firewood, Mr. Jonas Smith; 1 set of Toys, Mr. J. Walker; 1 Crib Quilt, Mrs. Spencer.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. S. Child, for Thornbury ...	10	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. R. Peter	20	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. A. Maw	7	10	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. R. H. Cook	10	0	0
Mr. J. Dodson, for Littledale	20	0	0
Wolverhampton District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston	10	0	0
For Stratford-on-Avon, per Secretary, W. Corden Jones	10	0	0
	£123	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Pottinger	1	0	0
The late Mrs. Judd (collected)	0	4	7
Mrs. Williamson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	1	1	0
Dr. Beilby	2	0	0
Mr. Phillips, per Mr. H. Mears ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Mansell	5	0	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Mr. W. Mainwaring	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. C. Murrell	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Francies	0	5	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
	£29	9	1

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Frampton Mansell ...	1	17	0
J. S.	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Watson	2	2	0
A Gresham Brixtonian	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Carter	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Brentwood	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at St. Albans ..	7	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood	1	1	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson	2	0	0
Dr. Beilby	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Cheltenham	43	11	8
Thankoffering for Mr. Eyres' services at Riccarton, N.B.	3	3	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	5	0	0
Mr. H. Mansell	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Higham Hill	1	10	0
Mr. William Coutts	5	0	0
	£103	12	8

Gold watch and chain, to be sold for the benefit of the Orphanage, received with thanks from Mrs. Peel.

Received with thanks for Mission to Hop-pickers:—H. M., £5; Mr. R. Hellier, 10s; Miss A. J. Norman, 10s; Mrs. C. Newton, 1s.

£1 received from "An Afflicted Missionary in India" has been allotted to the Orphanage.

£1 from a young member of the Tabernacle Church has been given to the Church Poor Fund.

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 13th 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, 1887.

The Case Probed.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE controversy which has arisen out of our previous articles is very wide in its range. Different minds will have their own opinions as to the manner in which the combatants have behaved themselves; for our own part we are content to let a thousand personal matters pass by unheeded. What does it matter what sarcasms or pleasantries may have been uttered at our expense? The dust of battle will blow away in due time; for the present the chief concern is to keep the standard in its place, and bear up against the rush of the foe.

Our warning was intended to call attention to an evil which we thought was apparent to all: we never dreamed that "the previous question" would be raised, and that a company of esteemed friends would rush in between the combatants, and declare that there was no cause for war, but that our motto might continue to be "Peace, peace!" Yet such has been the case, and in many quarters the main question has been, not "How can we remove the evil?" but, "Is there any evil to remove?" No end of letters have been written with this as their theme—"*Are the charges made by Mr. Spurgeon at all true?*" Setting aside the question of our own veracity, we could have no objection to the most searching discussion of the matter. By all means let the truth be known.

The Baptist and *The British Weekly*, in the most friendly spirit, have opened their columns, and invited correspondence upon the point in hand. The result has been that varied opinions have been expressed; but among the letters there has been a considerable number which may be roughly summarized as declaring that it would be best to let well alone, and that the writers see little or nothing of departure from the faith among Baptist and Congregational ministers. This

is reassuring as far as it goes, but how far does it go? It goes no farther than this—it proves that these worthy men view matters from a standpoint which makes them regard as mere changes of expression novelties which we judge to be fatal errors from the truth; or else they move in a peculiarly favoured circle; or else they are so supremely amiable that they see all things through spectacles of tinted glass. We cannot help it, but in reading these carefully-prepared epistles, there has passed before our mind the vision of the heroic Nelson, with the telescope at his blind eye, and we have heard him say again and again, "I cannot see it." With a brave blindness he refused to see that which might have silenced his guns. Brethren who have been officials of a denomination have a paternal partiality about them which is so natural, and so sacred, that we have not the heart to censure it. Above all things, these prudent brethren feel bound to preserve the prestige of "the body," and the peace of the committee. Our Unions, Boards, and Associations are so justly dear to the fathers, that quite unconsciously and innocently, they grow oblivious of evils which, to the unofficial mind, are as manifest as the sun in the heavens. This could not induce our honoured brethren to be untruthful; but it does influence them in their judgment, and still more in the expression of that judgment. With one or two exceptions in the letters now before us, there are evidences of a careful balancing of sentences, and a guardedness of statement, which enable us to read a good deal between the lines.

If we were not extremely anxious to avoid personalities, we could point to other utterances of some of these esteemed writers which, if they did not contradict what they have now written, would be such a supplement to it that their entire mind would be better known. To break the seal of confidential correspondence, or to reveal private conversations, would not occur to us; but we feel compelled to say that, in one or two cases, the writers have not put in print what we have personally gathered from them on other occasions. Their evident desire to allay the apprehensions of others may have helped them to forget their own fears. We say no more.

Had there been no other letters but those of this class, we should have hoped that perhaps the men of the new theology were few and feeble. Let it be noted that we have never made an estimate of their number or strength: we have said "many," and after reading the consoling letters of our optimistic brethren we try to hope that possibly they may not be so many as we feared. We should be rejoiced to believe that there were none at all, but our wish cannot create a fact. There is little in the letters which can affect our declarations, even if we read them in their most unqualified sense, and accept them as true. If twenty persons did *not* see a certain fact, their *not* seeing cannot alter the conviction of a man in his senses who has seen it, has seen it for years, and is seeing it now. The witness rubs his eyes to see whether he is awake; and then, bewildered as he may be for a moment that so many good people are contradicting him, he still believes the evidence of his own senses in the teeth of them all. I believe in the conscientiousness of the divines and doctors of divinity who tell us that all is well, and I cannot but congratulate them upon their ability to be so serenely thankful for small mercies.

But over against the bearers of cheering news we have to set the far

more numerous testimonies of those to whom things wear no such roseate hue. What we have said already is true, but it is a meagre and feeble statement of the actual case, if we judge by the reports of our correspondents. We have been likened by one of our opponents to the boy in the fable who cried, "Wolf!" The parallel only fails in the all-important point that he cried "Wolf!" when there was none, and we are crying "Wolf!" when packs of them are howling so loudly that it would be superfluous for us to shout at all if a wretched indifferentism had not brought a deep slumber upon those who ought to guard the flocks. The evidence is to our mind so overwhelming that we thought that our statements only gave voice to a matter of common notoriety. Either we are dreaming, or our brethren are; let the godly judge who it is that is asleep. We consider that what we have written in former papers is quite sufficient to justify our earnest endeavour to arouse the churches; but as more proof is demanded we will give it. Our difficulty is to make a selection out of the mass of material before us, and we will not burden our readers with more than may suffice.

In the month of July last the secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance issued a circular, from which we quote a paragraph:—

"It is only too evident to all who are jealous for God and his truth, that on one side there is a perilous growth of superstition and sacerdotalism, and on the other, of unbelief and indifference to vital religion. The substitutionary sacrifice of our blessed Lord and Saviour is lightly esteemed, and even repudiated, by some prominent teachers; the future destiny of the sinner has become, in consequence, a vain speculation in the thoughts of many. The plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the personality of the Holy Ghost, and his presence and power in the church of God, with other verities of the faith of Christ, are qualified or explained away in many instances. The results of this erroneous teaching and perversion of the gospel are painfully apparent; worldliness, sensuality, and luxury, with the desecration of the Lord's day, abound, and Christian liberty has become license in the walk and conversation of many professed disciples of Christ."

This circular we had not seen or heard of when our first "Downgrade" article appeared in August. We had had no communication, directly or indirectly, with the Alliance. This Association has a Council, by no means fanatical or precipitate, and we are prepared to say, with no disrespect to the happy brethren who judge everything to be so eminently satisfactory, that we think as much of the judgment of this Council as we do of theirs. Possibly we now think far more of that opinion, since we have seen extracts from letters of brethren of all denominations, sent to the Alliance, in which they cry "Wolf!" in tones as earnest as our own.

There is no use in mincing matters: there are thousands of us in all denominations who believe that many ministers have seriously departed from the truths of the gospel, and that a sad decline of spiritual life is manifest in many churches. Many a time have others said the same things which we have now said, and small notice has been taken of their protests. Only this day we have received by post the Report of the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Association of Baptist Churches, issued in June last. It contains an admirable paper by its President, of which the keynote will be found in the following sentences:—

"We live in perilous times: we are passing through a most eventful period; the Christian world is convulsed; there is a mighty upheaval of the old foundations of faith; a great overhauling of old teaching. The Bible is made to speak to-day in a language which to our fathers would be an unknown tongue. Gospel teachings, the proclamation of which made men fear to sin, and dread the thought of eternity, are being shelved. Calvary is being robbed of its glory, sin of its horror, and we are said to be evolving into a reign of vigorous and blessed sentimentality, in which heaven and earth, God and man are to become a heap of sensational emotions; but in the process of evolution is not the power of the gospel weakened? Are not our chapels emptying? Is there not growing up among men a greater indifference to the claims of Christ? Are not the theories of evolution retrogressive in their effect upon the age? Where is the fiery zeal for the salvation of men which marked the Nonconformity of the past? Where is the noble enthusiasm that made heroes and martyrs for the truth? Where is the force which carried Nonconformity forward like a mighty avalanche? Alas! where?"

Dr. David Brown, Principal of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, in a valuable paper upon Scepticism in Ministers, which will be found in *The Christian Age* of Sept. 14th, says:—

"This is a very covert form of scepticism, which is more to be feared than all other forms combined; I mean the scepticism of ministers of the gospel—of those who profess to hold, and are expected to preach, the faith of all orthodox Christendom, and, as the basis of this faith, the authority of Scripture; yet neither hold nor teach that faith, but do their best to undermine the sacred records of it. Now, what is the root of this kind of scepticism? I answer, just the same as of the more sweeping and naked forms of it, the desire to *naturalize*, as far as possible, everything in religion." . . . . . .

"The one thing common to them all is the studious avoidance of all those sharp features of the gospel which are repulsive to the natural man—which '*are hid from the wise and prudent, and are revealed only to babes.*' The divinity of Christ is recognized indeed; but it is the loftiness of his human character, the sublimity of his teaching, and the unparalleled example of self-sacrifice which his death exhibited that they dwell on. The *Atonement* is not in so many words denied; but his sufferings are not held forth in their vicarious and expiatory character. Christ, according to their teaching, was in no sense our Substitute, and in justification the righteousness of the glorious Surety is not imputed to the guilty believer. It is not often that this is nakedly expressed. But some are becoming bold enough to speak it out." . . . . . .

"I should not have said so much in this strain were it not that all our churches are honeycombed with this mischievous tendency to *minimize* all those features of the gospel which the natural man cannot receive. And no wonder, for their object seems to be to attract the natural mind. Wherever this is the case, the spirituality of the pulpit is done away, and the Spirit himself is not there. Conversion of souls is rarely heard of there, if even it is expected, and those who come for the children's bread get only a stone—beautiful it may be, and sparkling; but stones cannot be digested."

We have occupied no time in selecting these three testimonies,

neither are they more remarkable than a host of others; but they suffice to show that it is not a solitary dyspeptic who alone judges that there is much evil occurrent.

The most conclusive evidence that we are correct in our statement, that "the new theology" is rampant among us, is supplied by *The Christian World*. To this paper is largely due the prevalence of this mischief; and it by no means hides its hand. Whoever else may hesitate, we have in this paper plain and bold avowals of its faith, or want of faith. Its articles and the letters which it has inserted prove our position up to the hilt; nay, more, they lead us into inner "chambers of imagery" into which little light has as yet been admitted. What is meant by the allusion to the doctrine of the Trinity in the extract which is now before us? We forbear further comment, the paragraph speaks very plainly for itself:—

"We are now at the parting of the ways, and the younger ministers especially must decide whether or not they will embrace and undisguisedly proclaim that 'modern thought' which in Mr. Spurgeon's eyes is a 'deadly cobra,' while in ours it is the glory of the century. It discards many of the doctrines dear to Mr. Spurgeon and his school, not only as untrue and unscriptural, but as in the strictest sense immoral; for it cannot recognize the moral possibility of imputing either guilt or goodness, or the justice of inflicting everlasting punishment for temporary sin. It is not so irrational as to pin its faith to verbal inspiration, or so idolatrous as to make its acceptance of a true Trinity of divine manifestation cover polytheism."

Nothing can be required more definite than this; and if there had been any such need, the letters which have been inserted in the same paper would have superabundantly supplied it. As several of these are from Baptist ministers, and are an ingenuous avowal of the most thorough-going advance from the things which have been assuredly believed among us, we are led to ask the practical question: *Are brethren who remain orthodox prepared to endorse such sentiments by remaining in union with those who hold and teach them?* These gentlemen have full liberty to think as they like; but, on the other hand, those who love the old gospel have equally the liberty to dissociate themselves from them, and that liberty also involves a responsibility from which there is no escaping. If we do not believe in Universalism, or in Purgatory, and if we do believe in the inspiration of Scripture, the Fall, and the great sacrifice of Christ for sin, it behoves us to see that we do not become accomplices with those who teach another gospel, and as it would seem from one writer, have avowedly another God.

A friendly critic advised us at the first to mention the names of those who had quitted the old faith; but, if we had done so, he would have been among the first to lament the introduction of personalities. At the same time, there can be no objection to a gentleman's coming forward, and glorying in his "modern thought": it spares others the trouble of judging his position, and it is an exhibition of manliness which others might copy to advantage. Those who have read the statements of the advanced school, and still think that from the orthodox point of view there is no cause for alarm, must surely be of a very sanguine temperament, or resolutely blind.

Our lament was not, however, confined to vital doctrines; we

mentioned a decline of spiritual life, and the growth of worldliness, and gave as two outward signs thereof the falling-off in prayer-meetings, and ministers attending the theatre. The first has been pooh-poohed as a mere trifle. *The Nonconformist*, which is a fit companion for *The Christian World*, dismisses the subject in the following sentence: "If the conventional prayer-meetings are not largely attended, why should the Christian community be judged by its greater or less use of one particular religious expedient?" What would James and Jay have said of this dismissal of "conventional prayer-meetings," whatever that may mean? At any rate, we are not yet alone in the opinion that our meetings for prayer are very excellent thermometers of the spiritual condition of our people. God save us from the spirit which regards gathering together for prayer as "a religious expedient"! This one paragraph is sorrowfully sufficient to justify much more than we have written.

The same newspaper thus deals with our mention of theatre-going preachers. Let the reader note what a fine mouthful of words it is, and how unwittingly it admits, with a guarded commendation, that which we remarked upon with censure:—

"As for theatres, while we should be much surprised to learn that many ministers of the gospel take a view of life which would permit them to spend much time there, yet, remembering that men of unquestionable piety do find recreation for themselves and their families in the drama, we are not content to see a great branch of art placed under a ban, as if it were no more than an agency of evil."

Let it never be forgotten that even irreligious men, who themselves enjoy the amusements of the theatre, lose all respect for ministers when they see them in the play-house. Their common sense tells them that men of such an order are unfit to be their guides in spiritual things. But we will not debate the point: the fact that it is debated is to us sufficient evidence that spiritual religion is at a low ebb in such quarters.

Very unwillingly have we fulfilled our unhappy task of justifying a warning which we felt bound to utter; we deplore the necessity of doing so; but if we have not in this paper given overwhelming evidence, it is from want of space, and want of will, and not from want of power. Those who have made up their minds to ignore the gravity of the crisis, would not be aroused from their composure though we told our tale in miles of mournful detail.

It only remains to remark that brethren who are afraid that great discouragement will arise out of our statements have our hearty sympathy so far as there is cause for such discouragement. Our heart would rejoice indeed if we could describe our Nonconformity in a very different manner, and assure our friends that we were never in a sounder or more hopeful condition. But encouragement founded upon fiction would lead to false hopes, and to ultimate dismay. Confidence in our principles is what is most to be relied on, next to confidence in God. Brave men will hold to a right cause none the less tenaciously because for a season it is under a cloud. Increased difficulty only brings out increased faith, more fervent prayer, and greater zeal. The weakest of minds are those which go forward because they are borne along by the throng; the truly strong are accustomed to stand alone, and are not cast down if they find themselves in a minority. Let no man's heart

fail him because of the Philistine. This new enemy is doomed to die like those who have gone before him; only let him not be mistaken for a friend.

Deeply do we agree with the call of the more devout among the letter-writers for a more determined effort to spread the gospel. Wherever more can be done, let it be done at once, in dependence upon the Spirit of God. But it is idle to go down to the battle with enemies in the camp. With what weapons are we to go forth? If those which we have proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds", are taken from us, what are we to do? How can those evangelize who have no evangel? What fruit but evil can come of "the new theology"? Let us know where we are. In the meantime, those of us who raise these questions are not among the idlers, nor are we a whit behind the very chief of those who seek to win souls.

Some words have been used which call the writer a Pope, and speak of this enquiry as an Inquisition. Nothing can be more silly. Is it come to this, that if we use our freedom to speak our mind we must needs be charged with arrogance? Is decision the same thing as Popery? It is playing with edged tools when the advanced men introduce that word, for we would remind them that there is another phase of Popery of which a portion of them have furnished us grievous examples. To hide your beliefs, to bring out your opinions cautiously, to use expressions in other senses than those in which they are usually understood, to "show," as *The Christian World* so honestly puts it, "a good deal of trimming, and a balancing of opposite opinions in a way that is confusing and unsatisfactory to the hearer," is a meaner sort of Popery than even the arrogance which is so gratuitously imputed to *us*. It is, however, very suggestive that the letting in of light upon men should be to them a torment equal to an Inquisition, and that open discussion should so spoil their schemes that they regard it as a torture comparable to the rack and the stake. What other harm have we done them? We would not touch a hair of their heads, or deprive them of an inch of liberty. Let them speak, that we may know them; but let them not deny us the same freedom; neither let them denounce *us* for defending what they are so eager to assail.

What action is to be taken we leave to those who can see more plainly than we do what Israel ought to do. One thing is clear to us: we cannot be expected to meet in any Union which comprehends those whose teaching is upon fundamental points exactly the reverse of that which we hold dear. Those who *can* do so will, no doubt, have weighty reasons with which to justify their action, and we will not sit in judgment upon those reasons: they may judge that a minority should not drive them out. To us it appears that there are many things upon which compromise is possible, but there are others in which it would be an act of treason to pretend to fellowship. With deep regret we abstain from assembling with those whom we dearly love and heartily respect, since it would involve us in a confederacy with those with whom we can have no communion in the Lord. Garibaldi complained that, by the cession of Nice to France, he had been made a foreigner in his native land; and our heart is burdened with a like sorrow; but those who banish us may yet be of another mind, and enable us to return.

How we Kept the Jubilee.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THAT the Colonies are loyal to the crown is a thing which "goes without saying." Like dutiful children who are happiest when they are "helping mother," Britannia's little ones are glad of an opportunity of expressing their filial feeling, and doing the mother country a good turn.

It may be hinted by some that, as the child who thinks it is helping mother is often really in the way, so some of Britain's dependencies have been encumbrances upon her rather than aids to her. This is doubtless true in certain cases, but there is with every colony a respect and reverence for the old country—the mother of us all—which prevents us from being other than affectionate, even if occasionally troublesome, children.

Men and money have been freely given in view of British wars and schemes; and in all the Colonies, from snow-clad Canada to our sunny South, Victoria's Jubilee has been hailed as the fittest possible opportunity for a hearty and united expression of thanks to God and of loyalty to the queen.

Here, in Auckland, we commenced our celebrations on the first day of the week, the best of all the seven. There was scarce a pulpit in the city that did not speak of the Jubilee, and it was quite remarkable to note what a run there was on Leviticus twenty-five for texts. Our own morning subject was "The Original Jubilee," and we were glad to have our memories refreshed as to the strange yet all-wise regulations that obtained with ancient Israel.

Nor was the subject gospel-less because about the law. It was "our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." We noted particularly that as the Jubilee year began on the Day of Atonement, there was an intimate connection between the loud trumpet and the mercy seat—bright picture of the freedom wherewith the Son makes us free through his sprinkled blood.

The evening theme was a right royal one—royal in a twofold sense, for while the text spake of things touching the King, to our gracious queen we were indebted for quoting it as her own Jubilee motto and her inscription in the Victorian testaments: "Peace on earth—goodwill toward men." This was on June 19th, a date that would have been dear to us in any case. What reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, unless memory failed, did not pray for a blessing on *M. l'Editeur?*

Monday and Tuesday, of course, were holidays, the wonder being that holiday-loving Aucklanders had not consecrated the whole week to festivity and carnival. I verily believe that if our June did not correspond to your December (though not nearly so severe), the festival would have been prolonged for five or six days. But just now Jupiter Pluvius is exercising his little, brief (but very damping) authority. Boating and outing, and camping-out and pic-nicing are out of the question, and there is little pleasure for colonials if these *al fresco* jollifications are impossible. Unfortunately, both the holidays were wet, yet on the Monday most people ventured out to lay in store for the next

day—the great day of the feast. To whomsoever else it was a holiday the shopkeepers did not find it so; but I suspect they were far gladder of business than of idleness in these dull times. Even so short a revival of trade must have cheered them immensely. They were 'cute enough to label everything "Jubilee." There were Jubilee parcels of grocery and of drapery; Jubilee jellies and jams, Jubilee unbrellas, and Jubilee hats. Alas, too, there was Jubilee whisky and Jubilee beer! One brewer actually had the audacity, in returning thanks to his "numerous and esteemed customers for their very liberal and loyal support in the past," to announce that he had "specially-brewed ales prepared, wherewith all loyal subjects can drink with enthusiasm the health of her most gracious Majesty on the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign."

Surely the climax of absurdity was reached when some humane individual in this district, witnessing, I suppose, the difficulties of colonial housewives on washing days, invented and patented a Jubilee clothes-prop.

Meetings of all sorts, and, as they proved, of all sizes, were advertised for the Monday night. I myself was anxious to be a speaker at one, and a hearer at another, and would have felt devoutly thankful had another fertile brain invented a Jubilee apparatus enabling one to be in two places at the same time. At 7 o'clock I formed one of a crowd of pedestrians, which surged up and down our principal street, where the transparencies and illuminations for the morrow were making, as it were, their trial trips. Part of the throng lingered patiently around the theatre, despite the rain and a brass band, to see a promised display of fireworks. By 8 o'clock I was inside the Choral Hall, which always revives hallowed memories, since for two years it was our evening place of worship. On this occasion, a United Temperance Festival was being celebrated with Sir William Fox in the chair. Round him were ladies and gentlemen of various Temperance organizations arrayed in all the glory and beauty of their regalia. A few representatives of "the cloth" and several distinguished laymen occupied seats on the platform, and immediately behind us was a string band, and behind it a large choir.

After prayer had been offered, and the National Anthem sung, Sir William delivered an address, in which he referred in terms of admiration to her Majesty's private and public virtues, and to her noble example as a wife and a mother.

My own turn came soon; but I must not bear witness of myself. Suffice it to say that a remark, as expressive as it was ungrammatical, once made to me by an old settler, contrasting present roads, &c., with the past—"*Things isn't then as they was now*"—served me as a peg on which to hang congratulations as to the progress of the past fifty years. Perchance the peg was none the worse for being crooked—the thoughts hung thereon may not slip off so readily.

I hurried in a four-wheeler (not a typical Londoner—our four-wheelers are two-horsed barouches!) to the hall of the Y.M.C.A., to hear what might remain of a lecture in course of delivery by Major H. C. Dane, on "America: As it is." I arrived in the middle of the last course but one, yet managed to make a good meal. The audience was

poor—*i.e.*, numerically—partly through inclement weather, partly on account of other attractions; but principally because the lecturer, able and eloquent as he proved himself to be, was a stranger in these parts.

How true it is that most folk work more on holidays than at any other time! Certainly this was so with some of us on the Tuesday. Our colonial "Westwood" was to be the scene of juvenile festivity in the evening, and our colonial Tabernacle was to have its turn on the Wednesday. Elaborate preparations had to be made for both. If the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* could have seen their Auckland correspondent on both these days with scissors and paste and gold paper and crimson silk, preparing mottoes for decoration, they would not have disputed his claim to be called *a man of letters*.

Early in the evening our guests began to arrive, and Bachelors' Hall was soon ringing with the voices of happy-hearted girls and boys. But this is not the place to tell of the joys of the juveniles. What with bonbons, and lollies, and fireworks, the fun was fast and furious. At seven o'clock two brakes arrived, to transport us all to town to see the sights. Of course, the Tabernacle was our first stopping-place. In front of its imposing columns blazed, in three-feet letters, the words "JUBILATE DEO," with "V. R." above them. The wind was rather high for the gas jets, and the I was put out. Having seen to that blind eye, away we went, with our minds already inclined to believe that no display could possibly eclipse our own. I expect everyone thought the very same of theirs. But were I to tell particularly of our illuminations, you friends in London would laugh at me. Your great metropolis was a blaze of light, the cable tells us. Well, we did our best, with portraits of the Queen to any amount, and V.R.'s, and F.D.'s, and D.G.'s. With difficulty our conveyances crawled through the crowded thoroughfares, but we were able slowly to parade the chief streets, and our little charges were delivered to their mothers in quite good time; while we, like the wild beasts, went back to our "den."

But Wednesday, so far as the Auckland Tabernacle is concerned, was *the* day. Again the "Jubilate Deo" flashed forth its praise to God (I and all this time, for the night was calm and still). Within the building an unexpected sight met the eyes. Round the railless rostrum was a broad band of blue silk, with "VIVAT REGINA" in large gold letters—the two words being divided by a beautiful painting of Her Majesty, in a massive gilt frame.

Saucers of camellias edged the platform, while wreaths of violets (this was winter time, mind you!) depended from gas brackets, ornamented marble vases and columns, and garlanded the Queen. Above the platform was a crimson silk scroll, with "Peace and goodwill to men" upon it.

At 7.30 the meeting commenced with prayer, and praise, and Scripture reading. Then the Pastor gave a short address, exhorting to gratitude to God and honour to the Queen. Next he made some reference to the Stockwell Orphanage. "Whatever," saith one of my readers, "had that to do with the Queen's Jubilee?" Just this: that we had determined at this eventful time to send to London the best token our depressed times could afford of our interest in the Editor's work, and our gratitude for favours received from many readers of his

magazine. The collection was for the orphans—the whole of it—"not a mite would we withhold."

Service though it was, the people's applause could not be restrained, and the Queen had to share the honours of the evening with C. H. S. Soon after eight Major Dane was called on to speak on, "What shall we do for the poor children?" A passing but pleasing reference to the Queen, and America's esteem for her, brought him to the Orphanage, and the world's esteem for its President.

The lecturer was quite "at home" when he began to talk of American philanthropy, the Newsboys' Home, and kindred institutions, of which he knows so well. Thrilling incidents, pointed lessons, apt allusions, a few wise witticisms, with pathos and eloquence rarely equalled, captivated the audience for more than an hour, and (to my knowledge) changed some sixpences into half-crowns, and brought the offering up to £40. A jewelled ring was also given.

I had expressed a hope that we might be able to forward a Jubilee sum (£50) as a birthday gift to the President of the Orphanage, but I hardly expected to get so much of it on the spot. And now that it has swelled to the desired amount, how small the offering seems to send so far! how small, too, in comparison with the great gifts which helped to build our Tabernacle! Yet to those of us who know who gave, and how straitened are their circumstances, the gift assumes its truer proportions, and he who knoweth all things reckons it at its real value.

At all events, it is the freewill offering of a grateful people. It furnishes me with an excuse for writing this all too personal paper, and makes my article a *definite* one. Moreover, it proves beyond doubt that thousands of miles' remove does not weaken the loving regard the people feel for the best of queens and the noblest of men.

Right glad were we thus to record our grateful gladness, and thus to crown the joys of Jubilee.

God save the Queen!

God bless the Orphanage and its President!

Auckland, June, 1887.

World-wide Triumphs of Christianity.

CONSIDER the astounding rapidity of the advances of Christianity within the latest and most enlightened of the centuries. I measure here upon this table three hands' breadths to represent the first 1500 years of the Christian era. In this space of time Christianity gained 100,000,000 adherents. But in the next three fingers' breadths, that is, in the 300 years immediately succeeding the Reformation under Luther, it gained 100,000,000 more. In the next finger's breadth, that is, in the single century in which we live, it has gained 210,000,000 more. In the last century Christianity has gained as many adherents as in all the eighteen preceding centuries of the Christian era. The number of Christians in the world is now estimated at 410,000,000.

[*We quote this from Joseph Cook, and would be glad of information as to the correctness of the figures.*—C. H. S.]

Bishop Hannington, of East Equatorial Africa.*

Second Paper.

IN a previous paper we sketched Mr. Hannington's early life, and left him on the eve of leaving his work in England for the service of Christ in Africa. The missionary party sailed from London in May, 1882. They were "a motley crew." Nine belonged to the Church Missionary Society, ten to the London Missionary Society, bound for Lake Tanganyika; Major Smith, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and Miss Angus, of the Baptist Zenana Society, were also of the number. "We had thus," says Hannington, with characteristic fun, "many persuasions represented; and—will you believe it?—we all dwelt together in peace and friendship!" The accommodation was pleasant enough in the vessel which left the Thames; but at Aden, the Central African party were transferred to an overcrowded, filthy, old vessel, called the *Mecca*, which swarmed with cockroaches, black ants, and other vermin. In this miserable tub they reached the island of Zanzibar, and after the usual wearisome preparation in the way of packing, and getting together a caravan, crossed the thirty-mile channel to the mainland, and started for the interior.

Through country which, but for its tropical vegetation, reminded them of English wood scenery, they reached their first station, Ndumi, where they struck acquaintance with an African well. "You might cut the water with a knife," says the cheery missionary. "An English cow or an Irish sow would have turned from it. However, it boiled well, and added body to our tea." Further on, the party encountered a peculiarly African danger, one which recently caused so much loss to one of our own Congo stations. The high grass around the camp burst into a blaze, and the palm trees carried the flames high into the air. These conflagrations can only be got under by following them up from behind, and beating them down with green boughs.

It would take too long to trace this journey from the coast to the great lake in detail. Perils from river-crossing, from malaria, from robbers, pitfalls, fevers, from savage beasts, and savage tribes; discomforts from ants, from dust-storms; troubles with the porters, with the baggage, with the natives respecting *hongo*, or tribute; these make a constant variation in the story. Hannington was never free from fever, but he marched resolutely on, and was the life and soul of the party. This is how he describes a march: "Take it as a rule, you start at sunrise, which is often so gorgeous that it defies description. During the early hours herds of antelopes bound into the thicket at your approach. Wild boar, giraffe, fresh tracks of elephants, but never elephants themselves, are met with. Presently you enter dense tangle, so thick that it seems to defy even the wild beasts to penetrate it. No view is to be had. The pathway itself is at times quite hidden; and yet, in the dry season, the leafless boughs form no protection against the burning rays of the sun. Now we come upon the dry bed of a pool, and I discover

* "James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa." By E. C. Dawson, M.A. Seeley.

a shell that I have never seen before. It considerably enlivens me, and the next mile passes without a murmur. Then a shriek of joy. 'Elephants?' 'No, or I should not have made a noise!' 'Giraffe?' 'No.' 'Water?' 'No.' 'Well, *what?*' 'A tortula.' 'What's that, a snake?' 'No, a moss; haven't seen a vestige of moss for a hundred miles.' '*Oh!*' with an emphasis that no explanation will easily convey. Afterwards, 'Ona Bwana, mbuzu!' (See master, a baobab tree). Ah, yes, sure enough, standing out in solitary grandeur, there it is; and that means water, and a halt for the night." Hannington himself was a source of constant interest to the blacks, and his watch was an unfailing attraction. "There is a man in it," they would cry. "It is Lubari; it is witchcraft; he talks; he says, 'Teek, teek, teek.'"

At the missionary station of Uyui he was seized with dysentery, and brought to the gates of death, and it was found necessary to leave him there, while the party pressed forward. He even chose the site for his grave. "His stay with me," says Copplestone, the resident missionary, "was a real blessing. His spirituality was very deep. Oftentimes he would say, 'Come, Copplestone, sing me one of your consecration hymns.' His favourite was, 'I am coming to the cross.' Those were hallowed times never to be forgotten." After a few days, however, the caravan, which had gone on, was compelled to return, and take another route; and Hannington, to his great joy, found himself sufficiently recovered to go on with them in a hammock. His iron will pulled him through where a man of less purpose would have succumbed. In spite of his weakness he enjoyed his changeful life. Drenching rain succeeding furnace-like heat, soaked clothes by day and wet bed-clothes by night, could not damp his spirits.

At length they reach the mighty Nyanza, an event which caused great excitement. The scenery of the lake, as they traversed its southern reaches in their canoes, was beautiful and varied. Cormorants, darters, belted-kingfishers, constantly crossed their track. Crocodiles and hippos floated lazily on the surface. When they landed for lunch, the people all flocked down to see the first white men who had ever passed that way. They pulled their hair and beards; and wanted to know if their boots grew to their feet. The sleeping accommodation of our travellers was sometimes sufficiently romantic. There is a sketch (and the book contains a great number of Hannington's humorous sketches) of Hannington in a bed on the lake shore, under an umbrella, with an open-mouthed hippopotamus standing by. "A storm on the lake had drenched all our things," says Hannington. "I had my wet bed and blankets carried up a little way from the swamp-belt of the lake. The boys and men were afraid to remain with me so far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining, and, unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I commended myself to the care of the Almighty, and fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to my head caused me to start wide awake. What could it be—a lion? No; lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object—a sleeping white man, with an umbrella over his head; so, bellowing out his surprise, he made off for the lake."

Many a capital glimpse we get of the natives, and their manners and customs, through Hannington's animated pen. Here is a photograph of a palaver, or what he calls a *council of war*. He wanted canoes to cross the Nullah. "A council of war on an occasion of this kind," he says, "is a really fine sight. I would sit on my bed in the tent, and have the curtains at both ends flung aside. Then the ambassador would take the seat of honour next to me, his chief attendants near him, while close to me would be my men and boys. All around the tent without would crowd a throng of breathless listeners. I would tell my head man in Kiswahili, what I wanted, and this he would translate in Kirima to the ambassador. He would say three or four words only at a time, snapping his finger between each sentence, and further pausing for the audience to exclaim, 'Baba.' As, for example: 'The great white man ('Baba!') 'has come a long distance' ('Baba!') He has come to teach the black man.' ('Baba! Baba!') 'He asks the black man to be kind' ('Baba!' rather feebly); and so on; and if he spoke for an hour no one would move, or interrupt, or object until he had concluded. Then all eyes would be turned to the ambassador, who in the same solemn way would state his objections. The first council of this kind is amusing enough, but when they come to be repeated two or three times a day, one's patience is most sorely taxed. The patience required in dealing with Africans is almost superhuman."

But at length the resolute, bright-hearted missionary was beaten back. Racked with fever, torn by dysentery, scarce able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony; with his arms lashed to his neck lest their least movement should cause intolerable anguish to his diseased and swollen liver, he had to be carried back to Msalala in a hammock, and thence to the coast. "It sounds very luxurious," says he, "to be transported from place to place in a hammock. Well, all I can say is, let those who think they would like it, try it. I could write a book on the subject; I have had such an experience of the excitements, monotonies, and discomforts of the hammock. I will give you just an illustration. Sometimes the man in front falls down, and I fall forward. Sometimes the man behind would trip up, in which case I fell on the back of my head. At another time he would glide on to his knees, and let me down in several inches of black mud. Yet, again, *both* bearers would trip simultaneously, and a complete downfall would take place. Then boughs would hit one in the face, or the men would bang one against the sharp-pointed stumps of trees; or, stepping unequally, jump one up and down like a pea on a drum. One good man who carried me had a kind of spring-halt, which was particularly unpleasant, especially after a meal. As for being lifted under and over fallen trees, being handed down deep ravines, and up the other side, with one's feet far above one's head, why, that happened so often that I grew accustomed to have my heels high in the air." The comical sketches which accompany this description greatly enliven it.

Forced to return home in 1883, he resumed his work at Hurst, as though he had never left it; but his heart was in Africa. He counted the days when he should have sufficiently recovered his wasted strength to return to Africa and retrieve his first repulse. Meanwhile, he placed himself at the service of the Society for deputation work at home

When at length he obtained an interview with the medical board, which opened to him a remote chance of returning to Africa, he wrote to his wife a letter of almost frenzied joy, beginning thus:—"My dear—— Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! Amen. HALLELUJAH!!! HALLELUJAH! And again I cry, Hallelujah!"

The Church Missionary Society, having determined to consolidate their African mission by placing it under the oversight of a bishop, resolved to appoint Hannington to the post. After his consecration he spent four months more in England organizing his new diocese, and adding to his working staff. Amongst other places, we find him at Southampton, at an Undenominational Conference arranged by Canon Wilberforce, his account of which will be interesting to our readers. "On arrival," he says, "I found myself forming one of a select party—the Canon, Mr. Spurgeon, Lord Radstock, and the Earl of Lichfield. Every word of the conversation (after they had got to the end of cross-questioning me, which took about an hour) seemed worth listening to. On Thursday we commenced with prayer, at eight, conference at eleven, at which Mr. Spurgeon first spoke, then the Bishop, then Lord Radstock. Afterwards Lord and Lady Ailsa, and Lord and Lady Mount Edgecombe, came to lunch, and spent the day. They all seemed bright Christians. Spurgeon and I had a good time together, and I enjoyed his society immensely."

At the close of 1884 he returned to Africa by way of the Holy Land, and inspected and organized the mission-stations on the coast. One of his letters reveals the practical difficulty which attends the administration of infant baptism, not only in mission work abroad, but in the church at home. It runs as follows:—"I find that the custom has been to baptize children up to the age of eight years, who have been received from the slave dhows. Hence they get Christian names, and are, of course, educated, as far as is possible, as Christians, and go out into the world as such. The education they receive, good as it is, in too many cases does not seem to lead to conversion; and so these go forth, some of them with very bad characters, yet bearing the name of Frere Town converts and Christians. This is, of course, the history of the church at home, and its bane, but might surely be prevented here without our being accused of being Baptists. Bp. Smythies, I rejoice to find, feels very strongly as I do, and insists that in the churches of the interior there shall be no baptism till after conversion." The Episcopal Church, and all the other Pædobaptist churches, will find it a great gain to their usefulness and purity, when they throw over this unscriptural, unnecessary, and injurious practice, and baptize believers only, as commanded in the Word of God.

It is satisfactory to note the Bishop's opinion of native capacity. "I do not at present think," he writes, "that U-Ganda itself wants the flood of Europeans about which our brethren talk. 'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit.' I believe (between ourselves—whisper it not) I believe that with the present staff of natives Frere Town and Rabai could be worked by one European effectively. I am sure, however, unsatisfactory as natives often are, that not enough is done to develop any of their powers except those which relate to laying a cloth."

In March and April of 1885 he accomplished a journey to Taita, then the most western post along the north-western route from Frere Town, and accessible only across 200 miles of difficult and dangerous desert. Danger and difficulty enough he encountered, but the hardship was not without its rewards, even in the beauty of the scenes which met his view. At the extremity of this journey he was within sight of one of the great mountains of the interior. "As we topped a rise," he says, "suddenly before our astonished gaze flashed Kilima-njaro in all his glory. How lovely the great mountain looked—all radiant with the rays of the rising sun! We had by the best fortune arrived at this point of vantage just at the hour of sunrise, when the vast silver dome for a short time shakes aside the mist wreaths which during the rest of the day so frequently enswathe his snow-crowned summit. From where we stood, and at this distance, the two peaks were merged into one. The sight was so surpassingly beautiful that it called forth loud and long exclamations from the stolid Africans around us. We called a halt, and as long as time permitted we feasted our eyes on snow under the burning sun of Africa."

At another point on the same journey he says: "I have seen no place in Africa so beautiful as this: rapid torrents dash down the mountain sides, forming a succession of lovely cascades. There are grassy slopes, fern-clad rocks, even shady lanes, in which the blackberry abounds; nooks entirely tropical, and snow-clad heights. You have, in fact, panoramic views of the scenery of the world."

At Frere Town, in May, he ordained two native deacons. They had given for many years proof of sincerity and zeal, and were the first natives of East Africa admitted to that office. After the ordination service fifty-seven communicants knelt at the table of the Lord. Soon afterwards he held a confirmation, when thirty-three candidates assembled in the early grey of the morning. A journey into the interior to plan two fresh stations was next accomplished, and then, in July, he started on the great journey northward to the Victoria Nyanza, from which he was destined never to return. His aim was to reach the lake by a shorter and healthier route, and in this idea he was not mistaken; but he was ignorant of the fact that his entry into U-Ganda from the north-east would excite alarm amongst the natives, on account of rumours of a European invasion from that quarter. For every foreseen difficulty he had provided; his plans were laid with prudence, and carried out with boldness and decision. He reached without disaster what he considered to be the end of the perilous part of his journey—the frontier of U-Ganda; and the blow which struck him down was as though a bolt had fallen from the blue.

Upon that splendid but fatal journey it is now our lot to follow him.

On Thursday, July 23rd, the bishop started at the head of a caravan 200 strong, an army of peace though marching to the pulling down of strongholds; taking with him William Jones, one of the two natives recently ordained. The particulars of his journey are obtained from Jones's narrative, from Hannington's letters, the last of which was to his wife, dated August 11th, and from his pocket diary, which was recovered by a Christian lad at Rubaga, who bought it from one of the band that

murdered him. They passed safely, though not without extreme peril and delay, through the territory of the war-like Masai, underwent great privations for want of food, and had some hair-breadth escapes from elephants and rhinoceroses in their efforts to procure food for the famishing caravan. They reached Kwa Sundu on the 11th October, whence the bishop decided to go on to the lake with 50 men, leaving Jones in charge of the remainder. Twenty-eight anxious days followed without news, and then came a trembling messenger with the report that the bishop and nearly all his men had been massacred. The bishop had left on the 11th October as we have already said, notwithstanding that he was suffering from an abscess in the leg. The second week he walked 170 miles, at the end of which journey he writes: "Climbing a hill the Lake burst suddenly upon us, long before I expected it, for hills which we saw miles away proved to be islands." The country was densely populated, and it was terribly anxious work, as he was perpetually surrounded by a crowd of obstructives, who seemed to be ever on the point of resorting to violence. At length the storm burst upon him. "October 21st. Wednesday. About half-an-hour brought us to Lubwa's. His first demand in a most insolent tone was for ten guns and three barrels of powder; this, of course, I refused. They then demanded that I should stay three days; this I refused, and when the same demands were repeated, I jumped up and said, 'I go back the way I came.' Meantime the war drums beat. More than 1,000 soldiers were assembled. My men implored me not to move, but, laughing at them, I pushed them and the loads through the crowd and turned back. Then came an imploring message that I would stay but for a short time. I refused to hear till several messages had arrived; then, thinking things were turning my way, I consented . . . I climbed a neighbouring hill, and to my joy, saw a splendid view of the Nile, only about half-an-hour's distance, deep creeks of the Lake visible to the south. Several followed up; and one, pretending to show me another view, led me farther away, when suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord I put myself in thy hands, I look to thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. The exertion and the struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces, so that I was exposed; wet through with being dragged along the ground; strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. Now, I thought, I am to be murdered . . . Then arose a new agony. Were all my men murdered?"

He had been seized by order of Lubwa the Sultan of U-Soga, who awaited orders from Mwanga the young king of U-Ganda. The hut in

which he was confined for that last week of his life was wretched in the extreme: no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, but no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all around him, and rats and vermin *ad lib.* "I fear I am in a very caged-lion frame of mind," he writes, "and yet so strained and shattered that it is with the utmost difficulty I can stand; yet I ought to praise His holy name, and I do." He had a wonderful power of attracting others to himself. On the 25th October he writes, "My guards and I are great friends, almost affectionate, and one speaks of me as 'My whiteman.' Three detachments of the chief's wives, they say he has 1,000 nearly, have been to-day to see me. They are very quiet and well-behaved, but greatly amused at the prisoner." On the 28th he wrote: "Woke with fever fast developing: O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii." And again. "October 29th, Thursday. (Eighth day's prison.) I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx, which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

This is the last entry in the little pocket diary. On that day the order arrived from Mwanga. Hannington was conducted to an open space without the village and surrounded once more with his own men. Then with a wild shout the warriors fell upon his hapless caravan men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round him, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure the respect of the most savage. He spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were uttered. He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the Ba-ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then, as they hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the noble spirit leaped forth from its house of clay and entered into the presence of the KING.

Out of the fifty men who accompanied him only four escaped. These carried the tidings of the massacre to Mr. Jones at Kwa Sundu who remained there a month longer, hoping against hope, and then, on the 8th December, sorrowfully turned his face from the Lake, and led his men back to the coast. It is a fearful thing to have such splendid lives sacrificed. Our own noble Comber has, in a different way, died for the same transcendently glorious object—the salvation of Africa. But life is not *mere living.* A life is not "thrown away" when it is poured out, like the water at Bethlehem, at the feet of the GREAT KING; and Hannington's life has given a momentum to the East African Mission which will not soon be lost.

C. A. D.

Odd Incidents in Scotch Struggles.

WHEN Episcopacy was being forced upon an unwilling people in Scotland, the uneasiness of the people found expression in many ways, many of them amusing, and some of them extremely questionable. Mr. Cameron says:—

"For non-compliance with bishops' orders, four hundred ministers were ejected from their charges in the dead of winter. The charges thus rendered vacant were filled up by raw young lads, untutored and unbred. A gentleman in the north is said to have cursed the Presbyterian ministers, 'because,' said he, 'since they left their churches we cannot get a lad to herd our cows, they are all turned ministers.' 'They were the worst preachers I ever heard,' said Bishop Burnet; 'they were ignorant to a reproach, and many of them openly vicious.' These were not the men likely to reconcile the people to the loss of their favourite pastors, who were both men of God and of learning. Much contempt was shown for these 'curates,' as they were called. At one time the tongue of the kirk bell was cut out, at another time the kirk door was barricaded; on one occasion a boy emptied a nest of ants into the curate's large boots as he was going to the pulpit, which, after compelling him to afford considerable amusement to his audience, obliged him to bring the sermon to an abrupt conclusion. One of these curates sent a threatening letter to the women of his parish to appear in church next Sabbath; a large number responded, each having a baby in her arms. The curate had not long proceeded in his service when the first child began to cry, then another, and another, till the whole of them joined in the chorus, and the voice of the preacher was drowned in a universal squall."

"By an Act of Parliament the bishops were deprived of their rank and temporalities; the prelates made no attempt to defend their order, and seemed anxious to avoid all public notice. Their seclusion was so complete during the summer of 1689 that Dundee, in writing to Lord Melfort, spoke of them as now become the 'kirk invisible.' A very considerable number of the curates remained in the church and took the oath of allegiance; this, along with signing the Confession of Faith, secured for them a position in the Presbyterian church. In some cases, especially in the Highlands, where the Jacobite feeling was strong, it was venturesome to pray for William and Mary. A tradition lives still in Morven that the minister there was threatened by the laird, one of the M'Leans—a Jacobite—that if he dared to pray for William and Mary he would shoot him in the church. The minister entered the pulpit next Sabbath as usual; the laird sat opposite him, wearing a dangerous and determined look. Having placed the Bible before him on the board, the clergyman pulled out two pistols from his pocket and placed them ready for action; meanwhile he prayed for the king and queen with his eyes open. The laird was so impressed with this clerical bravery that he became his best friend, and, in a short time, his father-in-law." *Allan Cameron, M.A., in "The Church of our Fathers," concerning which book, see "Reviews."*

"What Can You See?"

HE was a left-handed carman, who mounted the dickey of an Irish car, and drove me to my destination in Dublin; leastways, I fancy so, because he held the reins in his right hand, and used the whip with his left; and that is not quite the way we usually drive on this side of the Channel. But though he was left-handed in his movements, and a most queer-looking man, yet he seemed to have all his wits about him. Before he set me down at the door of my friend, I gleaned from his conversation I had yet some lessons to learn during my brief visit to the capital of the Emerald Isle.

Certainly there was not much appearance of the emerald about the quay at Dublin; everything seemed to be dull, dark, and dirty. As I mounted the car, I remarked to Patrick, the driver, that things seemed very dreary in this drizzling rain.

"'Tis, indeed, a soft morning," said he; "but surely you don't call this rain?"

"Well," said I, "I am only a stranger in these parts, but it seems very much like it to me."

"Och, sir," says he, "it's only a little sea-fret."

Well, thought I, if this is how the sea behaves while fretting, I hope I shall not come near it when in trouble again.

We had not gone far before I took my watch from my pocket, and expressed my surprise at seeing the shops closed at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, sure," said Pat, "you forget, sir, you are an Englishman, and you are about five-and-twenty minutes too fast, sir."

He doubtless had reference to my watch; but I felt somewhat of the same sensation as I used to experience when a lad at school, with my toes pointing to a chalk line, and I heard a voice distinctly say, "Smith, go down one."

But, after all, it was a timely check. I saw clearly the first thing I had to do in Dublin was to get right in point of time. This gave me an opportunity of speaking a word to the driver of the importance not only of being right with time, but right for eternity.

I remarked to my host how strangely I was taken aback with my watch on arriving.

"Ah," said he, "we cannot set our Irish time to English clocks; we look up to the sun as our source and test for time. Indeed," said he, "I am glad to say that not only does the natural sun regulate our movements in getting up and lying down, but Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, regulates our movements during the day, for I am pleased to tell you that the whole of my household are on the Lord's side."

This was cheering information to a servant of Christ, to know that a holiday week was to be spent in a home where you could truly say, "They all belong to the whole family in heaven." Reader, you will do well with me whenever you think of the difference between the time in Ireland and our time in England, to pause for a moment, and ask yourself the question, "Am I right? Is my time being spent right? Is my health being spent right? Are my talents being spent right? Is my wealth being spent right? Is my soul right with God? Can I truly say what I often sing, 'It is well, it is well with my soul'?"

My second lesson learnt in the city of Dublin was from a barefooted boy. He was rather rude in his behaviour; but even from his quaint conduct towards me I am thankful to have gained a useful lesson.

Being anxious to catch the train for Bray, I asked this barefooted lad whom I chanced to meet if he knew the way to the railway station.

"Indeed I do," was the quick reply; "is it yerself that wants to go there?"

"Yes, my lad, and I shall be glad if you can direct me there."

He immediately struck an attitude like some strolling acrobat, extending his right foot, at the same time raising his right hand at right angles with his shoulders, and addressed me as follows:—

"Can yer see up there, sir?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Right up the hill, sir? Can yer see the top of the hill, sir?"

"Yes," said I.

"Right to the very tip-top, sir?" said the boy.

"Yes, I think I can," I replied, becoming quite interested.

"Sure, then," said he, "it isn't there, sir," and off he ran in an opposite direction, seemingly delighted to leave me in perplexity as to which was the right way to go. I must confess it was somewhat vexing to be left in this uncertain state; but one thing the boy had done—he, like many of the preachers of the present day, had informed me correctly what I ought *not* to do if I wished to gain my desired destination.

There is one cheering thought: we learn many things important to know from negatives as well as positives. The Psalmist, in his first utterance, gives us a warning what *not* to do if we would have a blessed life. When he declares, "Blessed is the man that *walketh not, standeth not, sitteth not.*" There are truly many spiritual advisers today who are very clear and emphatic in telling us what we ought not to do, and here their mission seems to end; but I am glad to bear testimony that Jesus still stands declaring through his word, his work, and his servants, to all wandering and weary ones, that he himself is still the way, the truth, and the life, and that all who would come to the Father must come by him. His promises are still as clear as crystal—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Thus two lessons, within the first two days of my brief stay in Dublin, were emphatically impressed upon my mind. First, take heed that your time, talents, &c., are all regulated by the one true standard for time and eternity.

Second: in seeking a final destination, never depend solely on human agency, or you may be left, like myself by the Irish lad, with incomplete information. It is well always to carry a guide-book in your pocket, for the Scriptures cannot be broken; they were written for one grand purpose, to tell man how he might get home to God.

My third lesson was one I hope never to forget, for it came at the time like an inspiration from heaven into my soul.

Christian conventions have done much in bringing blessings to believers, as well as in stirring up soul-seekers to go out after lost ones. Those who have ever had the privilege to spend a week at the Pastors' College Conference, London, can fully appreciate the remarks made about blessings received during a week's gathering together in holy convocation.

It was at a conference of this kind in the Union Buildings, Dublin, where I met with the incident which brought so much blessing to my soul. The building was crowded the whole week through, and the adjoining Baptist and Presbyterian churches were open for overflow meetings. Hundreds of ministers, delegates, and friends came flocking in by special trains from all parts of the island. To see the delighted countenances of the pilgrim Protestants, as they came together day by day to hear the word of God, it reminded one of how the Lord's ancient people used to come together in the city of Jerusalem. At the closing evangelistic meeting in the large hall, I was one of the speakers selected to give a gospel address. During the after-meeting, arranged for prayer and counsel, I joined the Christian workers in the body of the hall. Seeing a good brother feeling his way across the building with his hands on the backs of the seats, I at once discovered he was a blind man. Thinking he was seeking the door, and seeing he was going in the contrary direction, I made at once towards him, in order to help him.

"Friend," said I, "you are going the wrong way for the door; take my hand, and let me lead you."

"I don't want the door," said he, "I am walking along these seats seeking anxious souls who wish to be led to Christ."

At this remark I was quite taken aback, and I exclaimed, "You seeking anxious souls! Why, you are a blind man, and cannot see!"

He smiled with a heavenly smile, and said, "True, friend, I am a blind man, and have no natural sight." Then, squeezing my hand, he said with loving tender tones, "Can you see?"

"Yes," I replied, "and your affliction makes one feel thankful for our natural sight."

He still gripped my hand with a tighter grasp, and said, "But friend, *What can you see?* Can you see Jesus as your Saviour?"

"Oh, yes, thank God. I have known him as my Saviour for some years."

He immediately let go my hand, and went gliding along by the backs of the seats, exclaiming as he did so, "I don't want to waste my time, then, bothering with you; I want to find some seekers, and try to lead them to my Saviour."

I stood for a moment speechless, struck by this poor maimed man's earnestness for Christ. I watched him with great interest. It was not long before his hand glided on to the shoulder of a weeping widow. I listended attentively as I heard him ask, "Sister, do you know Jesus as your Saviour?"

"No, I do not," she replied, "I wish I did."

"Bless the Lord," said he, "you see he has sent me, a poor blind creature, to tell you of his willingness to save you just now."

Really, it was beautiful to listen to his conversation; his very touch seemed full of sympathy. He stayed till quite a late hour, working among the anxious ones. Even after the gas-lights were turned out, I heard him about his Master's business. But the words he addressed me with, "What can you see?" have never left me.

I have sometimes thought, "Shall I ever see that maimed man rise up in judgment against me; having no sight, yet bringing in precious sheaves; he, lost to all sense of time as long as souls needed salvation, while we are sometimes anxious for retirement as soon as the clock has struck a certain hour."

The sight of this man, and the message he spoke unto my soul, have more than repaid me again and again for my journey to the Dublin Convention.

Reader, let me put the question once more. "What can you see?" Can you see yourself as a sinner? God's word declares you are such. If this is clear to your vision, have you yet been able to say, "I can also see Jesus as my Saviour"?

Young man, buried in the busy city, "What can you see?" Can you see the tears you are causing to flow down the cheeks of your godly father and mother in the country homestead, as they think of the conduct of their lost laddie buried among the giddy multitude, knowing well the Sodom in which yon have chosen to conceal from them your whereabonts.

Young maiden, "What can you see?" Can you see the dangers that beset your path? If so, thank God for the light he has given you, and seek daily to see the One who says, "I am the Light of the World," and endeavour to walk in his footsteps, for, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

J. MANTON SMITH.

About Clocks.

BY PASTOR MORISON CUMMING, BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

FROM an intimate friend of ours, whose grandfather's great-uncle became a notable man, we derive our first story about clocks. When a boy, this notable "grandfather's great-uncle" was a shepherd near the Grampians, and it was remarked that he ever brought home his flock to the tick of the clock. His seniors wondered at this exact reckoning of time, until they discovered that he had made a dial on an old skull bone of an ox. That boy, who became a skilled mechanic, was appointed watchmaker to King George III., and was an intimate friend of the king, and often the worthy monarch amused himself at the workshop of his gifted subject. But time beat him at last. He lies buried in "Merrie Islington," where a street bears his honoured name. To what eminence may we not attain if we will only *keep time!*

How notable the flock that is never late when the food of heaven is dispensed! An apostolic congregation waited for the preacher. They could say, "We are all here." Now the preacher waits for the flock; and "five minutes' grace" must be given before a fair start can be made in the service of him who "waits to be gracious." It would be enough to make our friend's grandfather's great-uncle rise from the dust if he knew how tardily some flocks gather. O ye flocks of late comers, repent, and let every moment of Sabbath service witness to your punctuality. How seldom can the whole congregation join in singing, "Praise *waits* in Zion, Lord, for thee"! At times, perhaps "the boot is on the other leg." We heard a good deacon say the other day that, when a boy, he was asked by a preacher, "What should a minister preach about?" The future deacon replied, "About *twenty minutes.*"

We have reason to believe the boy's mother did not bear Eli's character, for the deacon can endure more now.

But may not the preacher forget that there should be a limit to his deliverances? Mr. Cuff, of Shoreditch Tabernacle, was preaching in a country village once, during an afternoon service, and when he had got to "thirdly," a countryman in a smock-frock leaned forward over the front of the gallery, and looked anxiously at the clock. The preacher coolly informed his hearer of the time, and that the sermon was nearly ended. At once, the rustic spoke up: "I bean't tired o' your sermon altogether, sir, but *the cows must be milked.*" We believe the countryman has ever since been a favourite with the preacher. Yes, and there are many things that "need to be done," and these often fill our hearers' minds when, getting beyond our time, we forget "*about*" what we should preach. It is no use tacking on the lost "five minutes' grace" to the end of the service; for thought of the *works* that must be done will spoil the *grace* that would otherwise be in many an excellent discourse. Charles Lamb made up for going late to his office by coming away early; and there are other *lambs* whose weakness would lead them to similiar conclusions. Let us not tax them too much by over-lengthy sermons.

The late Dr. Brock, himself a watchmaker at the time, once listened to an able sermon from the late John Angell James. Mr. Brock was sitting immediately over the chapel clock. He enjoyed the sermon immensely, and in order to protract it he slyly stopped the clock for a minute or two at a time, letting it on again at intervals. But all hearers are not Brocks, nor are all preachers Jameses. We cannot close this homily, however, without telling what occurred when an old friend, now entered into rest, was conducting an Old Year Service at Whepstead, years ago; though we know not what moral to draw from it. Thomas Cole, a name well known in heaven, and blessed by many on earth who heard from him the word of life, was the preacher. It was a Watch-night Service, held in a cottage, and the room was crowded. Near the stroke of midnight a woman fainted in the midst of the company, and the congregation was much disturbed. Mr. Cole put his hand behind him, and stopped the pendulum of the old eight-day clock that stood against the wall. And when all was quiet again he allowed the new year—*by that clock*—to come in decently. He was a man of resource; and if you had known this modern Joshua you would say, "And just like him." Can you draw an inference? Let time be our servant, not our master. Let us redeem it. It flies swiftly, it will soon be gone. Its priceless moments are ours to deal with—to work and live in; unredeemed, they are the drops of a river that bear us with a flood to darkness and despair. We may stop clock-ticking, but time sails on. It is not checked, but it can be freighted with deeds justly done and words fitly spoken, that shall be to the enriching of ourselves and others when time is no more. So redeem it, and a new golden age shall dawn on you, for—

> "We live in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex.*

BY PASTOR A. PARKER, LATE OF COLNE, LANCASHIRE.

CROMWELL, as a name, is familiar to every student of English history, and the name is one which, on account of its historical associations, seldom fails to call forth expressions either of disapprobation or approval, according to the particular view of political subjects which the speaker may hold. To one who regarded the person of a king as something sacred, Cromwell would be a regicide of the worst description; whilst to another, who considered the rights of the many of paramount importance—though the act which made a bad king a martyr might be regretted—he would be a hero whose praises all the poets should sing. But "Old Noll" is indifferent alike to praise or blame; in fact, he never cared much for either, but less now, for he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

The subject of the present sketch is not the Cromwell known by the name of Oliver. The Cromwell now under notice lived in a previous age, under the rule of even a worse king than Charles the First, and in an age abounding in abuses, of which to-day we have no experience.

Lord Cromwell was one who made his own name; he was not a born legislator, although born with qualities necessary to such an office. He owed his seat in the "upper house" to no accident of birth, for he was of humble origin—his father was a smith, his education was scanty, and his means anything but large. But in his case perseverance brought its own reward, and by this he gradually emerged from obscurity, and at length reached one of the highest stations in society.

That he was a Protestant requires no other proof than the fact that Gardiner was ever his foe; but the following amusing incident bears testimony to the same effect; for surely no Catholic, however lacking in reverence, would have ever attempted to induce the great head of the Papal See to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. This, however, was effected by Cromwell. It appears that the lease of certain pardons or indulgences belonging to the town of Boston had expired, and in order to renew these a journey to Rome was necessary. This errand Cromwell undertook; and, knowing that so great a favour usually meant a large fee, he set himself to devise how he might obtain the pardons without paying the price. He proved himself equal to the occasion. Knowing that the successor of St. Peter had somewhat improved upon the habits of his reputed predecessor, and that the frugal diet of the Galilean fisherman was not fashionable or popular at the court of Pope Julius II., Cromwell presented his holiness with a few dishes of jelly, made after the most approved English fashion, which so pleased the Pope that, after having obtained a recipe for the further manufacture of the same, he renewed the pardons without delay. Probably there are not a few who, at the risk of being considered epicures, would prefer the English jellies to the Romish pardons.

In course of time Cromwell obtained the position of solicitor to Cardinal Wolsey, by whom he was employed, among other things, in the suppression of certain small monasteries. In this particular work both

* Epitomized from "Acts and Monuments" of John Foxe.

master and servant would be equally zealous, the former because he liked the revenues, the latter because he disliked the establishments. Much as Wolsey valued Romish institutions, he set far higher store by himself, and convents might sink provided that thereby he himself might swim. But the Cardinal's reign was only of short duration, and his decline was as rapid as his rise.

After the fall of Wolsey Cromwell succeeded in ingratiating himself with Henry the Eighth, by whom he was speedily advanced, first to knighthood, then to garterhood, and at length to the earldom of Essex. In this position he was not slow to show himself an enemy to Rome and her institutions. Abbeys and monasteries were very numerous, and as powerful as numerous. The one great power with the world generally is that of money; and of this there was no lack among those who had renounced the world and retired to the cloister in order that they might lead a religious (?) life. Bribes would have silenced the opposition of many, but these had no influence with Cromwell; whatever might have been his opinion of the ascetics of a bygone age, when men and women sought the cloister as a refuge from the godlessness which disgraced the latter days of the Roman empire, his opinion was not good concerning the monks, abbots, and friars of his own day. His impression was that the convent was entered for other reasons than those mentioned: probably he was right. Acting according to his convictions, he prosecuted a vigorous campaign against all these so-called religious houses, until, if they were not all overthrown, their prestige and influence were considerably undermined.

That he was a determined foe to the Papacy there can be no doubt. In convocation he opposed the doctrine of Rome, and in ordinary life the practices of Rome. There is one story which tells how he helped a person who was prosecuted for eating meat during Lent; and another relates how he threatened to punish a friar if he persisted in wearing his cowl. This latter incident may have the appearance of intolerance, but we must remember that those were not the days of religious liberty: the authority of Rome had not been cast off sufficiently long to admit of this.

One pleasing trait in Cromwell's character should not be overlooked. In his high position he did not forget the friends of his humbler days. Many who had shown him kindness when he was plain Thomas Cromwell, were rewarded by him when he became Lord Essex.

But however numerous his excellencies, or few his defects, he was ever in danger from the active malice of Gardiner. Rivals in politics, and opponents in religion, there was nothing in common between the two men, and by such a one as Gardiner, no opportunity would be lost to humble his rival and exalt himself. In this he was successful, and at length Cromwell was suddenly apprehended on the charges of heresy and treason, and committed to the Tower. How well the charges would have been maintained we cannot say, for the merits of the case cannot be decided before the defence is heard; but there was no examination. By a very singular coincidence, he died under an Act which he himself had caused to be enacted. It was to the effect "that anyone committed to the Tower should be put to death without examination." This Act would scarcely have been passed by the same agent had he been able to

foresee *all* the consequences; but it was law, and by that law he must die. The charge of treason was based upon an expression used by Cromwell concerning the king's divorce from Anne of Cleves; he is reported to have said that "he wished his dagger were in him that had dissolved the marriage"; this, it was argued, was meant for the king, who was, undoubtedly, the cause of his own divorce. Assuming that the words were intended for the king, it would not have been the greatest possible calamity if Cromwell's wish had been realized; possibly the divorced queen might not have died with grief at the event; nor other queens, who owed their position to the caprice of such a man, have been greatly injured.

On July 28th, 1540, Cromwell was beheaded. As was the custom, he delivered an oration from the scaffold, and offered prayer previous to resigning himself into the hands of the executioner; both his address and prayer give evidence of a deep piety, and with a few extracts from the latter we close this sketch.

"O Lord Jesus, who art the everlasting life of them which die in thee, I submit myself unto thy most blessed will. I have no merits or good works which I may allege before thee. Let thy blood wash away the foulness of my sins; let thy righteousness cover my unrighteousness. Grant me, Saviour, that when death hath shut up the eyes of my body, yet the eyes of my soul may still behold thee; and when death hath taken away the use of my tongue, yet my heart may cry, and say unto thee: Lord! into thy hands I commend my soul; Lord Jesus! receive my spirit. Amen."

Passing the "Dudgeon" Light-ship.

MR. SPURGEON, Dear Sir,—If the following narrative is worthy of your *Sword and Trowel*, it might do good by stimulating others to service for our kind and merciful God.

After serving the devil for over forty years without wages, except sin which bringeth forth death, the Lord took me in hand; and, blessed be his name, brought me out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light and liberty. Having had the privilege of sitting under the spell of my first esteemed and beloved pastor, the Rev. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, for some ten years, I was greatly assisted in knowing the will of God to usward, and our privilege of serving him in our day and generation. Having the smile of God still upon me, I left Sunderland in 1866, when the Lord directed me to Stepney Green Tabernacle, and afterwards to the East London Tabernacle, where I have been in fellowship for ten years under my much-esteemed friend and pastor, Archibald G. Brown.

When first brought to Jesus, I was red-hot to do something for God's cause. I thought of missionary work; but alas, not being educated, the Lord said to me, "Begin at home!" So directed, I held meetings on board the ship I commanded, addressing Sabbath-schools and prayer-meetings when on shore. The good Lord helped me to hold forth when opportunity offered in our busy coasting voyages; and I was always glad to give a missionary or a minister of the gospel a voyage for the sake of the company and instruction.

During the whole of this period of over twenty years I have been passing the *Dudgeon*, a light-vessel in the German Ocean, some twenty-three miles north of the Norfolk Coast; so one fine day, in 1866, I said to myself, "I wonder if the poor fellows, who very seldom get on shore, would accept a few tracts; at any rate, I will try them." Always having a good stock by me, together with a few hundreds of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, a legacy which my dear father left me on his death-bed, and which I intend, God willing, to hand over to my son at my death, if the Lord allows me to die on shore, I steamed close to this light-vessel, and threw on board her my first parcel, composed of two newspapers and some religious periodicals, taking care to put in the centre some tracts and *one* of Spurgeon's sermons. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Thus, for some twenty years, I continued weekly to throw these silent messengers on board the *Dudgeon*, without any apparent result except the thanks of the men, but I always asked the Lord to bless them to some poor soul.

In the course of a few years I became pretty well known to the crew of the *Dudgeon*, nine in number. The poor fellows had three months on board at a stretch, and only a short time at home. As I always called going northward, they generally had their letters written for their dear ones at home, and I acted as postman for them. It was nice and somewhat exciting, as I threw my parcel, and they threw their letters, and called out, "Thank you! God bless you!" all in the space of a few seconds as we steamed past. One day, however, in 1880, in picking up their letters, I noticed one of them addressed to myself. I opened it, and read its contents, and thanked God, and took courage. It was as follows:—

"To Captain Robert Meldrum, of the s.s. *Ludworth*.

"We, the united crew of the *Dudgeon* light-vessel, desire to render our sincere thanks to you for your kindness in these many years supplying us with newspapers, and good books, and tracts, and these sermons of Spurgeon's. There is one of my fellows, I can't get him to do anything; but he is always reading the one you put on board some time ago. We are sure the Lord will repay you, if we cannot, for your kindness. "Signed, F. H. SLATER, for the crew."

P.S.—Most of the tracts were given by Pastor A. G. Brown; the books, and *Sword and Trowel*, by Pastor H. Dunington.

Thus the Lord privileged me, in my humble way, to do service for him. God grant that eternity may reveal the result of it!

Yours truly,

ROBERT MELDRUM,

An old sailor, and a constant reader of your *Sword and Trowel*.

Hartlepool, July 30, 1887.

Work and Weal.

I HAVE just learned a lesson from a poor humble charwoman. "How are you, Mrs. A———?" "Nicely, sir," she said; "a day's work does me good." What a lesson for the religious valetudinarian and the spiritually indifferent! What health and happiness come from work! "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work!"—*From "Golden Counsels," by W. Mann Statham.*

Hop-pickers' Sayings—Quaint and Curious.

THE picturesque writer of character sketches would find amongst these folk abundant fresh and unhackneyed material. Their expressions abound in quaint humour, albeit not seldom coarse and unconventional. Speaking generally, their notions have been gathered, not from books, but from oral traditions. Their ideas with regard to religion, in any form, are singularly vague, and may be summarized in the words of an old woman, who, crouching over her fire of thorns, watching listlessly the progress of the "cabbage-joint" boiling in a disused meat-tin, looked up at me, and, with an oath and a coarse laugh, said:

"What be ye come 'ere for, master? Them things don't consarn us hedge-folk."

Or, again, for further illustration, take the rejoinder of an old hag, who, pulling her black cutty-pipe out of her mouth, thus tried to shut me up:

"It ain't no manner of use comin' 'ere, master. We sort ne'er gets to the better place."

This appeared to be spoken with all the earnestness of conviction, and with a desire to save me wasting time, which might be more profitably employed elsewhere.

There is a charming *naïveté* in the proposal made in the following conversation, which may strike some as not a little amusing. The speaker was a particularly ugly and dirty old woman, who sat on the ground smoking a short black pipe. Her words illustrate the manner in which we are sometimes received, as well as the utter unconsciousness of many as to their degraded condition. Thus she welcomed me:

"I say, master, have you a few coppers for me to get a bit of tea? You promised me them last year."

"Did I? What a good memory you must have! I don't remember seeing you at all."

"But you did; and I should like to strike a bargain with you."

"What kind of bargain?"

"Why I should like *to marry you*."

"Should you really? Why so?"

"'Cause then I'd have as many glasses as I wanted to, and plenty of baccy."

"If you came to my house, you would have to do without either beer or baccy; I don't allow them in my house."

"That wouldn't do at all for me, master. What's a woman got without her pipe and glass?"

Then what will the ladies say to this? Talking one day to an old dame, who, like the last, was fond of her pipe, I was informed that—

"There bean't a woman in the land but likes her baccy; only they ain't so open and honest as me."

Liking it herself, she regarded its use as universal, and rather plumed herself on her honesty in doing openly what others (according to her) did secretly. No lady reader will for one moment imagine I endorse or entertain such a notion. I merely give it as illustrating the self-satisfied ideas prevalent amongst many of these people.

They are well content, too, with their manner of life. Said one old man:

"I don't loike houses."

"Why not, my friend? They are more comfortable surely than huts."

"Noa; they be so draughty."

"It's a foine life," said another, "in the medders. It ain't so bad at other times as 'ere at the picking."

"Why so?" I enquired.

"'Cause, you see, we gets the scrapings of the country at hopping time; and it ain't nice mixing with such."

"You don't live in these huts," I remarked to a frail old man, "in the winter, do you?"

"Ees we do, just the same."

"But surely you find the huts cold at that season? Where do you pitch them?"

"In the New Forest. And we goes out and cuts a 'eap o' vearns (ferns), and puts 'em in the 'ut, and we crawls under 'em; and depend on it, it's just about 'ot."

"But when the snow's about, don't the frost and cold and wet get in?"

"Bless you, sir, no they don't. Whoy, I'd a deal sooner be in them 'uts nor in houses; they be so draughty, and smoke so."

"You be a parson?" queried one man, when offered a tract.

"Yes, I'm one of a sort; but what I want is to save souls."

"Don't you trouble about that; we're all right, but I'm sorry for you."

"How so? what do you mean?"

"Why, don't it say, 'Jes came to save sinners, not the righteous'? We're sinners, and we'll be saved; and you're righteous, and you won't be."

Distortions of Scripture of this kind are by no means uncommon amongst those who have picked up a phrase or two without comprehending the meaning thereof.

Their notions of physiology are very hazy. Take one instance. I found a man lying down in a gipsy van. Said he:

"I'm very poorly, sir."

"Ah!" said a friend of his, "you see, sir, he's had a fall, and knocked off one of his kidneys."

How this conclusion had been reached was unexplained. Here is a novel way of cleansing the mud off a child. A little one had fallen down in a puddle, and got very muddy indeed. The mother took it up, went to the side of the hedge, gave it a good rub on the grass, rinsed it in the ditch, rubbed it again on the grass, and setting it down almost breathless said, "Run along, ducky."—*From "Among the Hop-pickers," by S. Chinn.* *(See Reviews.)*

Sketches of Bush Work in Queensland.

BY PASTOR W. HIGLETT, TOOWOOMBA.

MY previous communications* having referred to work immediately connected with my own church, it will be a profitable change to give some information as to Baptists of other nationalities in the Queensland Bush. As might be expected, the advantages offered by the Australian colonies to agricultural settlers prove an attraction to other than British subjects. From nearly every European country, from Asia, from the United States and Canada, they come to our shores and settle in our midst; and, with the exception of the Chinese, upon whom a poll-tax is levied, they are all heartily welcomed. Queensland alone has an area of over 668,000 square miles, or nearly twelve times that of England and Wales. Yet, whereas the population of the latter equals about 450 to the square mile, we in Queensland can scarcely place a solitary individual upon every two square miles of our vast territory. It is not surprising, therefore, that we welcome all who will help to cultivate the soil, and thus add to the wealth of our colony. Of the foreigners among us the recent census gives 14,206 Germans, 2,834 Danes, and 1,836 Scandinavians. Other countries furnish much smaller numbers, and the above will be sufficient for all the purposes of this paper. The proverb that "birds of a feather flock together" is strikingly illustrated in the case of these settlers. Many arrive utterly

* See *The Sword and the Trowel* for 1885, p. 134; 1886, p. 181.

ignorant of the English language, and naturally seek some location in close proximity to those who speak their mother tongue. Our system of nominated immigrants also fosters this, and the result is that there are districts almost exclusively occupied by German or Danish colonists respectively. They soon acquire sufficient English for all business purposes; while their children, being sent to our free and excellent State schools, become as proficient in one language as in the other. These State schools will, doubtless, be the chief means of blending all nationalities into one great Australian race; but the object of this paper is to deal with the present rather than with the future. I need hardly say that the majority, both of Germans and Danes, are Lutherans, yet among them are many true and zealous Baptists, who, having been led into the truth in the fatherland, continue therein steadfast and immovable. In and around Toowoomba there are not less than five German Lutheran churches, with three ministers. There is no German Baptist church in the district, but I know of six such churches in the colony, and about nine or ten Germans, with their children, are connected with my own church or its bush station. Twice in the house of Mr. Karsten Peters, at Meringandan, I have preached to crowded German audiences, and I should be welcomed as often as time permitted me to visit them.

There are two German Baptist churches connected with our Association, and it is my visits to these that I wish to describe. After attending brother Young's anniversary in Ipswich, last year, I left next morning by train for Harrisville. This is the present terminus of the line which will soon be opened as far as Fassifern. On alighting I found Mr. Karl Krüger waiting for me with a spare horse, and we were soon on the road to Engelsburg, which was about twelve miles further on. There, in the scrub country at the foot of the range near Cunningham Gap, is a community of hard-working, industrious, and thriving Germans. The English families in the district are few, and their spiritual wants are ministered to by the Primitive Methodists, who have a preaching-station supplied, I believe, from the church at Rosewood. At the time of my visit Mr. Wilhelm Peters combined the work of farming with the duties of the pastor of the Baptist church, and since his retirement, through ill-health, Mr. Karl Krüger has followed in his footsteps. In the heart of the scrub, near the State school, is the Baptist church, a good substantial wooden building, capable of seating 170 persons. It was erected at a cost of £250, and was opened free from debt. Commencing with the special Christmas, or New Year meetings, there had been a very gracious revival among the people, and on Sunday, 14th February, 1886, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered in Warril Creek to no less than thirty-four persons, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators who came to the spot from miles around. With these additions, the church then numbered about 130 members. There was some uncertainty as to my arrival, yet about seventy persons assembled for the service. My knowledge of German being very limited, brother Peters conducted the greater part of the service, and I preached from Luke x. 20. I aimed at simplicity, and believe I was understood by all but a few of the most elderly persons present. These often find the acquisition of another language too great a task for their declining years, and frequently give it up in despair. A prayer-meeting followed the sermon, and during this, Sankey's hymns were sung. I can hardly describe the effect this produced upon me. The music from the American organ was the same, the tunes were the old familiar ones, but the words were German, and the impression it made seemed equally mixed. As I walked home with brother Peters in the calm peaceful evening, which the moon made almost as bright as day, I realized that there are ties stronger than that of nationality, and that, although of different speech, we had but one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.

Another of these German settlements is Marburg, some fifteen miles north-west of Ipswich, which I visited the next full moon. It is considerably in

advance of Engelsburg. There is a busy little township; a new school of arts (which, on the opening night, was lighted by electricity, the motive power being supplied from the neighbouring saw-mills); and my host, Mr. J. L. Fredreich, who is the principal storekeeper, has telephonic communication between his house and the store, and between the store and Walloon—the nearest railway-station—six or eight miles distant. The German Baptist church here is not connected with our Association. It has a membership of about 150, and is well able to support its pastor. Owing to a variety of circumstances, our meeting was a failure, at least, as regards numbers. There were only seven present, including Pastor Michael Bernoth, then minister of the church. He had but recently arrived in the colony, and knew less of English than I did of German, so we could only converse by the kind assistance of Mr. Fredreich.

Next afternoon I started for Minden, calling on the way upon Herr Gottfried Nitz, the pastor of the church. This Minden church is an offshoot of the one at Marburg, from which it is distant about five miles. It has about twenty-five members, and has joined our Queensland Baptist Association. Mr. Nitz left his work on his farm, and accompanied me. We took a short cut along a bridle track, through some very rough country, arriving at Herr Trüloff's about four o'clock. The population here is very scattered, all being farmers; and I believe the State school teacher is the only Englishman in the locality. Despite a heavy shower of rain, which fell just before service time, there was an attendance of over thirty, some of whom had ridden several miles to be present. The service was a very hearty one, and was conducted by brother Nitz and myself, in a manner very similar to that at Engelsburg. By the time our meeting ended, the weather had cleared, and being anxious to reach Toowoomba by the morning train, I accepted the proffered hospitality of brother Arndt, who lives some six miles from the church, in the direction of the station. After a cup of hot tea or cocoa at brother Trüloff's, we were again in the saddle at about 9·30 p.m. The rain had made the roads very heavy, and as the journey was chiefly uphill, travelling was slow and cold, and I was not sorry when we reached our destination, about eleven o'clock. The good Frau Arndt had not reckoned upon her husband bringing home a visitor, and all had retired for the night, so I had to put up with the consequences of being an unexpected guest. Shall I tell what these consequences were? No, I had better keep silence. The revelation might be too startling for some readers. Let it suffice that after sleeping as best I could in German fashion, *i.e. under* a feather bed, I rose early next morning, breakfasted, and by 6·45 a.m. was on my way to the station, in company with brother Arndt.

I have said enough to enable some idea to be formed as to work amongst the Germans in Queensland, so I will pass over a more recent visit to Minden, and proceed to mention my experience among the Danes. In September last, I was waited upon by two brethren, with the request that I would visit them, to form a Danish Baptist church. They represented that in Freestone Creek, and Swan Creek, there were a large number of their countrymen. The majority were Lutherans, and received periodical visits from the Danish Lutheran minister of Brisbane. There were, however, a few Baptists, who had been ministered to occasionally by brother A. C. Jensen, a member of Jireh Baptist church, Brisbane. Now they desired to be formed into a church, and hoped to make some arrangements by which brother Jensen could reside among them, and be their pastor. As I was then the president of our Baptist Association, the Rev. J. Kingsford, the esteemed and venerable pastor of Jireh church, had referred them to me, with a letter of recommendation. I made due arrangements, and next week left for Warwick, a railway journey of sixty-five miles towards the border of New South Wales; brother Jensen, from Brisbane, accompanied me. Mr. Christian Andersen met us with a spring cart, and a drive of about ten miles towards Killarney brought us to Lower Freestone Creek. During our stay we enjoyed the hospitality of a struggling, industrious farmer, with a large family, whose name was Jens Christian Petersen. He

might fitly be called a singing-pilgrim; for, with the love of Christ in his heart, he had a new song put in his mouth, and never seemed tired of singing, his favourite hymns being the Danish version of Sankey's. About three o'clock there arrived from Swan Creek (four miles off) a man and wife, name Therkelsen. These had been recently brought to the truth through the labours of brother Jensen, and now desired baptism, which I was requested to administer. Having, therefore, heard their testimony, we made a few simple preparations, and adjourned from Mr. Henrichsen's house, where we then were, to a suitable place in the creek hard by. The spot was very retired, and the banks being about fifteen feet deep, we were completely hidden from view. The spectators were few, for there had been no time to notify it. At the water's edge a Danish hymn was sung, of which I understood nothing. I then offered prayer, and afterwards immersed the candidates into the Triune name. The scene will ever be a memorable one to me, as being the first occasion of my administering the ordinance in such a truly primitive style. Having returned to the house, and changed our attire, brother Jensen read a portion of Scripture, Acts viii. 14—17, I think, and then prayed, with his hands placed upon the heads of the newly-baptized persons. I could not understand what was said, but think the practice is open to abuse, although it appears to be the custom among Danish Baptists. About four years ago, when a young man in the district wished to be baptized, he took a special journey to Toowoomba; and, after hearing his testimony, I immersed him at the close of our usual Sunday evening service. He has now gone to America.

One cannot help noticing that everywhere the name of our President is known and esteemed. No author is more commonly met with on the bookshelves, both of English and German Colonists. Even in this obscure spot, I discovered a well-used book, containing a Danish translation of some recent sermons delivered by the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Who can tell where the influence ends? But this is a digression, and I must return. The same evening I formally constituted ten Danish Baptists into a Christian Church. The number is small, but the Ephesian church at its commencement was not much larger, and its prospects are as bright as the promises of God. I remained with them another day, and we spent the morning in going round to announce a meeting for the evening. Mr. Petersen's room was crowded with fully fifty persons, of whom scarcely a dozen were English. I conducted the service in English, singing Sankey's hymns. At the close of my address, we tried the experiment of singing "There is a Gate that stands Ajar," each in his own or native tongue. The Danish, of course, preponderated, but it succeeded so well that I regretted we had not commenced in that manner. Brother Jensen then gave an address in Danish, and a very interesting and hearty meeting was then brought to a close. I received pressing invitations to visit them again, but have not yet been able to do so. The recent floods have been very disastrous in that locality, and the traffic on the branch line to Killarney has not yet been resumed.

The limits of a paper are reached. Now that Imperial Federation is in the air, it may arouse the interest of readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and lead them to pray for those who are endeavouring to lay the foundations of righteousness upon which alone a nation can be established, and by which alone it can be exalted.

Notices of Books.

My Sermon-Notes: Romans to Revelation. Part IV., completing Vol. II. With Indices of Subjects and Texts. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s. 6d.

THE last portion of our *Sermon-Notes*. We hope they will be useful to friends who go out into the villages to preach. In the four parts, which can be had in two volumes if preferred, there are 264 outlines; so that at the price of 10s. for the four, the outlines cost a half-penny each. They ought to be worth that.

John Ploughman's Almanack for 1888. Passmore and Alabaster. Price One Penny.

AMID many labours we have found time to prepare the annual Sheet Almanack, and we think it is rather good. The best portrait yet produced makes the centre piece, and the cost of it is such that the sheet would have been cheap at twopence. Will our friends see it put up in stables, work-rooms, and kitchens? "John Ploughman's Talk" has reached 340,000. An interesting article might be written upon the books which have reached a similar circulation.

Key to the Tithe Question. A Handbook on Tithes. By Rev. W. M. HAWKINS. Hamilton, Adams. Cloth Boards, 2s.

MUCH of this book first appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*. It affords materials for the study of the burning question of tithes. Of course it is intensely against the present system, and from this point of view it is rightly called, "THE CLASSIC on the Tithe Question." We shall hear a great deal more of this matter before long; and yet there will soon be nothing to dispute over, for many farmers will not be able to pay either rates, rent, or tithe. If things continue as they now are, there will be nothing for anybody.

The Religious Tract Society is forward with its Christmas cards, &c. The little boxes of *The R. T. S. Note Paper and Stationery* we much like; but the box marked *Series C. For General Use* is by far the best. Here are twelve sheets of note-paper and envelopes, with floral designs. The price is one shilling. The *Christmas and New Year's* cards are pleasing. They will maintain their position by their deeply religious tone and their general goodness rather than by surpassing excellence of style. Of course for the highest productions of art, provided for the wealthy few, we look elsewhere: the Society caters very well for the many. *The Picture Packet No. 18 with Illuminated Texts* pleases us most. Although we have no fault to find with the productions before us, there is room for the Society to do better things, and we hope to see such further on in the year.

A Ministry of Twenty-five Years in London. Being a History of the Baptist Church, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood. By the Pastor, W. STOTT. J. Mack.

THE memory of what the Lord has wrought for his people should not be suffered to die out. Our beloved brother, W. Stott, has founded, gathered, and built up one of our most prosperous London churches, and he desires to glorify God by recording his great mercies. To his own church, and to those who have known our brother all through this story, there is a peculiar interest in every page, and we think many besides will like to have and to preserve this history. We need a Baptist Historical Society, to collect and store up the many church histories now issued from the press.

The Church of our Fathers: being Lectures on the History and Principles of the Scottish Church. By Rev. ALLAN CAMERON, M.A. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

A MINISTER does well to give his people such lectures as these, for they tend to confirm faith and stimulate zeal. The Scotch church has a history worth the telling; but all these matters need repeating in the ears of each generation, or they cease to exercise due influence. Mr. Cameron has made a very readable book by selecting the leading events, and narrating them briefly and vivaciously. It is a sort of book which will make the reader long for more, and in many cases put him upon studying the fuller records from which Mr. Cameron has drawn. We have made an extract or two to give our readers a taste of the quality of the book.

The Christian Revelation of God the Basis of True Philosophy. By the AUTHOR of "The Gospel of Divine Humanity." Elliot Stock.

So far as we can understand the teaching of this volume, it is a re-assertion of the very ancient statement, "Ye shall be as gods"; only it is put in a more subtle form, and goes further. If the author does not say that we are gods already, he does at least get so far as to assert that the highest idea of God is "the conception of the one indwelling Spirit of Universal Humanity, whose fullest expression or manifestation is personal in the form of perfect Manhood, the Son of God." As Christ is one with God, so every man is, or is to be, one with God. "The measure and stature which, in his ascended divine manhood, has been attained, is the measure and stature which all are born to attain—the measure and stature of Christ, filled with all the fulness of God." We have come to this at last—that man is God. This is a descent into presumptuous ignorance, beyond which human folly can scarcely go in the pride of its wisdom. It is supposed by this writer that agnostics and atheists will find his philosophy easier to believe than the old faith. We greatly doubt it. It is very fine to dismiss the truth as mediæval and scholastic, but by what name might not common sense and reason stigmatize the doctrine that the Spirit of Humanity has neither beginning of days nor end of years, and is, in fact, the Divinity? All possible errors seem to us to be contained, at least in germ, in the humano-pantheism of this author, and all revealed truth is corrupted or evaporated. Yet certain good people judge "modern thought" to be a harmless, if not a helpful, thing.

The Attraction of the Cross: and other Sermons. By Rev. A. FÜRST, D.D. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon Street.

A PUBLISHER lately told us that sermons do not sell: even when disguised by being arranged as chapters, and made up into a book, they hang on hand. We trust that these discourses will be an exception to the rule; certainly they deserve to be. In style they are bright, in doctrine they are sound, in number they are twenty-five, and in length they are somewhat short. We have found them profitable reading, and there is a freshness and unexpectedness about the author's manner of speech which makes it easy to follow him with a wakeful mind. The first part of the title of the volume is the name of one of the sermons: we do not like this method of naming books, although our American publishers have subjected volumes of our own sermons to the same misleading method of nomination.

The Little One's Text-Book. With Selected Passages for Reading, and Original Verses. By Rev. P. M. EASTMAN. Whittingham, 91, Gracechurch Street.

WE have not had a better text-book under our eye. In the half-crown form it is a charming birth-day album for a little boy or girl. Mr. Eastman's verses are fully down to a child's capacity. There are pictures, coloured borders, verses, texts, and places for names of friends. What would you more?

Among the Hop-pickers. By SAMUEL CHINN. Alton, Hants. Shaw & Co.

A PLAIN, unvarnished statement of a very needful and successful work. We have usually called our readers' attention to evangelistic work in the hop-gardens of Kent; but this is the report of a capital enterprise in Hampshire. The record of work done is delightful: it makes a book which has all the attractions of a novel, and yet contains nothing but sober fact. Mr. Chinn and his fellow-helpers are evidently at home in their work, and find a pleasure in it. We have enriched our magazine with part of a chapter, hoping thereby to lead many of our subscribers to purchase the book for themselves.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. By BISHOP HEBER. With Fifteen Illustrations.

Jerusalem the Golden. With Illustrations. By CLARK STANTON, R.S.A. Nelson and Sons.

Two pleasing books, made up of artistic sketches, illustrating two of the famous and favourite Songs of Zion. A life of the author is followed by the hymn set by music, and this by illustrations, in which fancy displays her silver filigree.

The Growth of Church Institutions. By Rev. Edwin Hatch, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A valuable chapter in church history. We have full faith in the accuracy and impartiality of our author, but we should think that he will bring a storm upon his devoted head from the Anglican party. This is a herald to a larger work, which is in preparation: we might call it, "ecclesiastical study made easy." The fact that a large portion of the tithes was originally the property of the poor, and that the right to tithe on the part of the clergy stands or falls with that of the poor, is exceedingly interesting; but we should hardly think that it will yield many pleasurable reflections to those who grasp tithes ordinary and tithes extraordinary. The more competent men will unveil for us the past, the more shall we marvel how we got to be where we are at this present after the light of God's word had once shone on men. The departure from primitive simplicity was gradual; and many little wanderings brought the church to be very far removed from her original. Church history, truthfully written, is suggestive of repentance and reform, fear and hope. Intelligent readers, who take an interest in theological and ecclesiastical subjects, will do well to sit at the feet of this Oxford professor.

The Everlasting Salvation, or some Elements of Soteriology. By the Rev. Alexander Millar, of Renton. Edinburgh: E. and S. Livingstone, 15, Teviot Place.

No uncertain sound here! The voice is clear and ringing as the sound of a trumpet. By some mistake we have left unnoticed a work which is far more to our mind than any of the new school. For this we would most earnestly apologize. Mr. Millar belongs to the most definite and out-spoken of Calvinists, and carries a drawn sword in his hand for all who are not clear on the doctrines of grace. We will not swear by all that he says, but we are, for the most part, at one with him. Assuredly he does not fail in the thoroughness of his orthodoxy. If he goes too far in any respect, we may truly say that even his failings lean to virtue's side.

We were not aware of a fact which he states—"The three great Presbyterian churches of Scotland profess to disown all the peculiar doctrines of Arminianism. Any minister in any of these three churches can be legally deposed if he is proved to teach the peculiar doctrines of Arminianism." Yet all Presbyterians are not Calvinists. We suspect that it is one thing to make laws, but quite another thing to enforce them. Mr. Millar has nothing to fear from the law of his church, but we should not wonder if many of his brethren judge him to be extremely narrow. He reminds us of our dear departed friend, Dr. Kennedy, and of the late honoured Joseph Irons, of Camberwell. Sovereign, special, efficacious grace is his theme, and he speaks with the accent of conviction.

Letters to a Mother, with a Brief Sketch of Earlier Experiences. By G. Hazlerigg, Minister of Zion Chapel, Leicester. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street.

Those who can read and enjoy such letters as these are, we fear, sadly few. They are deep, spiritual letters by one who has done business on great waters, and knows the winds and the waves. Believers of that school of experience of which the late William Gadsby was a pattern did not look for cleverness and polish in the preachers and writers whom they followed; they were content with plain, personal statements of the inward conflict between corruption and the new-born nature. Such old-fashioned folks will find in this volume a feast of savoury meat such as their soul loveth. Mr. Hazlerigg presents to us, on the whole, a much brighter experience than we have seen described by brethren of his school; and he is never happier than when his pen writes of Jesus, his All-in-all. Letter-writing is almost a lost art: we only jot down a few hasty words upon a card where our forefathers would have covered a sheet of foolscap. We are delighted to meet with a brother who in letters to his mother finds it in his heart to write of things of the heart, and things touching the King. May such devout men never cease from among us! Carnal persons may sneer, and clever people may criticize, but many a spiritual person will approve, and receive real edification.

What are we to believe? or, the Testimony of Fulfilled Prophecy. By JOHN URQUHART. Mack, Paternoster Row.

YES; this book will be very helpful as a weapon against scepticism. Ministers could use it for lectures upon fulfilled prophecy—a subject brimming with interest. To confirm our people in a deep and intelligent belief in the infallible inspiration of Scripture is one of the great necessities of the present emergency; and such a book as this would make an admirable guide to those who are anxious to study the subject with the view of discoursing upon it. We are glad that our brother David Davies is followed in his charge at Weston-super-Mare by one so well established in the faith of the sacred Word.

The Scripture Doctrine of the Church. By the Rev. D. DOUGLAS BANNERMAN, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THE word "church," we are here informed, occurs one hundred and fourteen times in the New Testament; and in all instances, with the exception of three, in which it relates to the assembly at Ephesus, it applies to the church of Christ, either as visible or invisible, or in a particular locality. This church is supposed to have had its commencement in the covenant made with Abraham and his seed, and is traced through the Jewish dispensation, and the synagogue services, and the teaching of Christ and his apostles, to the close of revelation respecting it. The Presbyterian form of church government is seen by the author along the whole line of observation, in which theory his readers, to sustain a prolonged interest in his work, require to agree with the author. That which will be interesting and profitable to other Christians might be brought with considerable advantage within a much smaller compass. As, however, the whole was delivered in a course of lectures on behalf of the Free Church of Scotland, and in connection with an endowment for that purpose, it must be acknowledged to be in its literary and Biblical research very worthy of the occasion. The theological views, as far as they are pronounced, are clearly evangelical and well defined.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels in the Revised Version. Chronologically Arranged in Parallel Columns. By S. D. WADDY, Q.C., M.P. T. Woolmer.

HARMONIES have their uses, if too much value be not attached to them. The Holy Spirit judged it best to give us four lives of our Lord, written from different standpoints, for in this manner he could give us the best idea of his varied glories. If we had four profile portraits of a friend taken from different angles, we might wish to have a full-faced picture painted therefrom, and it might, if well drawn, present our friend under yet another aspect; but we question if we should value it equally with either of the other four. A Harmony, as such, has not the authority of either of the four narratives from which it is made up, since errors in that making up are more than possible, and a word, or action, put out of its place, may not wear the same character as in its true position.

Mr. Waddy has done his work carefully. To be a lawyer, and yet a Christian, is thought by some to be a marvel; but what shall we say of the miracle of grace exhibited in one who is both a Queen's Counsel and a Member of Parliament, and yet is found in the kingdom of heaven? How gladly must he turn from the law to the gospel, and from the discord of the Commons to the harmony of the evangelists!

Every student of the New Testament should have such a work as this at his right hand, and as this is handy in form, and is founded on the Revised Version, it has peculiarities which will commend it to many.

Christian Childhood. By the Rev. ARTHUR E. GREGORY. T. Woolmer.

No doubt it contains many good things, but the error of infant baptism sadly taints this little book. One bit of truth upon the point we gladly accept—"Probably few Nonconformist parents ever set before their children their baptism as having any bearing whatever upon their after-life." This is hopeful; we trust the day will come when all parents will teach their children the need of faith in Christ, and the duty of baptism as the next step after faith.

Rinalpho's Dream: a Poem in Five Cantos. By WILLIAM MARSHALL. John Kensit, 18, Paternoster Row.

MR. WILLIAM MARSHALL makes a pathetic appeal to Nonconformists to seek rather the reformation of the Church of England than the disestablishment of it. This appeal is most sincere and brotherly, and arises from a pure desire for the defence of Protestant truth. We cannot too much praise the spirit of the writer, which goes far to secure for his entreaties the kindliest attention.

But we are quite unable to see any force in his arguments. We cannot see how it can be to the advantage of Protestantism to maintain a church which our author admits needs to be Re-protestantized. But even if we could see this point, we should not be an inch nearer to our friend Mr. Marshall's views, since we believe that it cannot be right to do evil that good may come, and we are conscientious in the belief that the setting up of any one sect as a State church is a grievous injustice to other bodies of Christians. We will do nothing out of mere policy. The right will stand without our attempting to bolster it by wrong. A church which is a church ought to have the power of reforming itself: to attempt to purge it by an Act of the Legislature appears to us to be an intrusion of the secular into the domain of the spiritual. Of course, if a so-called church is really only the religious department of the civil service, we ought to unite in modelling it into better form: but we think it would be far more consistent with common sense to shut up the department altogether.

In several of the remarks of Mr. Marshall upon the influence of the Rome-ward tendency in its operation upon Dissenters, we sorrowfully agree, and we think he is also right as to the decay of the No-popery feeling. But we do not suspect the Gladstonian Nonconformists of any sympathy with the priests because they go in for Home Rule, neither do we think that Dissenting teetotalers are any the less thoroughly Protestant because they rejoice to see a Father Mathew or a Cardinal Manning advocating temperance. When a fire is to be put out, or a mariner saved from a wreck, one does not enquire into the religious views of the next in the crowd.

When Mr. Marshall begins to hammer the Ritualists we are quite at home with him. More power to his arm! In his beliefs and desires we are heartily with him, but not in the policy which he suggests. We do, however, recommend *him* to reform his own church from within, and we will fight Popery in our own way.

Some of the verses of this poem we must quote, for they will indicate the vigour and decision of the rest. The poetry is not much, but the hard-hitting is noteworthy; we only wish those could feel it at whom it is aimed. The acting of the holy story of the Redeemer's all through the year has often struck us in the same way as it does the writer; but we could hardly have equalled his forcible condemnation, even had we used our sternest language:—

"Our Reformers had meant that mankind, by reading
The Bible thro' yearly, should know it;
But the clergy now thought that they ought as tragedians
To act out its story, and show it
With drapings and trappings and suits of woe,
And flowers and shifty scenes,
Pathetic postures, parades for effect,
And other theatrical means.

"They, a day in the year, deemed Christ a baby;
Three days they bewailed him dead,
And acted his funeral; then in a minute,
By the clock, their agony fled
And they called for mirth; he no more was a corpse,
But a wanderer gliding on earth:
Then they cried him just risen to heaven on clouds.
One month they awaited his birth.

* * * *

"The clergy behind their altars anon
Set images; so that all
Who came to partake of Christ's Supper, must needs
Before an image fall.
They seduced by every means the souls
For whom Christ came to die.
If they preached some parts of the gospel, they preached
Betwixt them the Popish lie."

A-Fa; or, the Story of a Slave Girl in China. By RODERICK MACDONALD, M.D. T. Woolmer.

A STORY of a Chinese Medical Hospital. It is a pretty little book for ninepence.

The Land of the Pharaohs, including a Sketch of Sinai. Drawn with pen and pencil. By the Rev. Samuel Manning, D.D. New edition, revised and partly re-written. By Richard Lovett, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

When we received the first edition of the beautiful work we were delighted with it. This new edition, which is brought down to date by various additions and amendments, is still more valuable. Eight shillings for such a drawing-room book is too little. Nothing has been spared to make the book worthy of the highly excellent series of which it forms a part. We notice that Mr. J. M. Cook mentions this book as one of the best that a traveller can take with him up the Nile. Those who have to make a personally-conducted voyage thither with their minds alone will see in their own easy chairs almost as much as most people see in a *dahabeah*, if they will keep this volume open before them.

Should any of our readers feel inclined to see the Land of the Pharaohs for themselves, they can do it with ease under the care of *Thomas Cook and Sons*, who have steamers on the Nile. Mr. J. M. Cook has kindly invited us to be his guest at Luxor, but we fear that we shall be unable to accept his invitation this year. The sight of this book has set us longing, and we suspect that it will have the same effect on thousands of readers.

Hungary in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times. By Arminius Vambéry. T. Fisher Unwin.

Who knows anything about Hungary? We heard something about it when Kossuth was a popular hero, and we have also read of it as a specimen of what Ireland may be under Home Rule; but beyond this it is to most Englishmen an unknown land. For this reason we are glad to meet with a well-written and condensed history of the Magyar race, from its first emigration from the Ural even to this day. A nation which, to a large extent, was the barrier against the advance of the Turks into Europe, though it suffered grievously from them, has a history worth recording Its rise under King Matthias, and its after decline and restoration, are all instructive to the student of practical politics. Szechenye (what a conglomerate of letters!) has well said, "Many there are who think that *Hungary has been*, but for my part, I like to think that Hungary shall be." Herein lies a lesson for those who glory in the past of the church to which they belong, but do not repeat the virtues of their sires.

We commend this work to all students. It is one of the series of *Stories of the Nations*, and by the whole series a grand idea is carried out.

People in our Circuit: Reminiscences of Methodist Life. By L. M. Senior. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

This is a narrative so realistic as to be not only homely, but at times prosy. Mr. Senior has evidently drawn from the life; and life, even among Methodists, is not all love-feast and revival. We have been forced to read on, chapter after chapter, even when we have half thought it to be a downright rig marole. There is a charm about actua life, when honestly recorded, which you miss in fiction, even when it is written with a magic pen. Hence this bulky volume will find readers where a work of a higher order might have failed; and we are glad of it, for we believe that the tendency of it is to do good. Pure Methodism we have here, and no mistake; and the writer is of the Conference conferential, making small excuse for all wicked agitators who have at any time questioned supreme authority and disturbed denominational peace. We gather that he is by no means an advocate of total abstinence, but he gives a very fair account of the various parties who quarrel over that subject, and, on the whole, sums up the matter with moderation. We should not wonder if this chatty book becomes a favourite with Wesleyans: it is a queer sort of talkification, and yet we return to it with pleasure at leisure moments, and shall do so many a time. It is a fine specimen of religious gossip in its best form.

The Collected Remarkable Travels of George Pitt (accompanied by his wife) Round and over the World. Glasgow: James G. Smeal, Crosshill.

Our Quaker friend writes plainly and sensibly. His notes might almost serve as a guide-book. He travels with his eyes open; but when he makes up his journal he knocks out all the fanciful bits, if, indeed, they ever suggest themselves to his robust mind.

Josephine Butler. A Life Sketch. By W. T. Stead. Morgan and Scott.

Josephine Butler has been one of the bravest of women, and none is better able to appreciate her than W. T. Stead. Few know the dangers and difficulties through which this heroic woman has fought her way. We do not endorse all that she has said, but she needs no man's endorsement, she is quite able to hold her own.

Life of Samuel Johnson. By Lieut.-Col. F. Grant. Walter Scott.

Somehow one can always read a life of Dr. Johnson. Boswell left such a quarry of material, that those who come after him find no difficulty in putting up their memorials. Dr. Johnson is a very interesting character, and yet one hardly knows why. Perhaps it is his being truly himself which gives him such noticeable points. He rates as a philosopher, a sage, and an example. No one questions the rating; but was he either of these to any really eminent degree? Beyond his literary achievements, what is there in him to make him a constant source of interest to so many? What he owes to Boswell! Is not the Johnson of to-day the production of Boswell? We are apt to think, when we remember this case, and the men whom Mr. Smiles has created out of nothing, that, after all, *for fame* a man is more fortunate in having a biographer than in leading a remarkable life. But what is fame? What is man's judgment upon man? The true estimate of a life is that which proceeds from the last judgment-seat. Let us live in the shade or in the light with our eye to that great trial hour!

This is another of a wonderfully cheap series of "Lives of Great Writers." What a mass of mental food for a shilling! The books have no religious character, and we speak of them only from a literary point of view.

Robert Moffat, the Missionary Hero of Kuruman. By J. J. Deane.

William Carey, the Shoemaker who became "the Father and Founder of Modern Missions." By J. B. Myers. Partridge and Co.

Two books which should be secured immediately for the Sunday-school library. Nicely illustrated, tastefully bound, and well written; we commend them both most heartily. The more of such stimulating missionary literature the better. Eighteen-pence is a price so low that we are half inclined to complain of the publishers for excessive cheapness.

Outlines of a Gentle Life. A Memorial Sketch of Ellen P. Shaw. Edited by her Sister, Maria V. G. Havergal. Nisbet and Co.

Very devout, but with scarcely enough of incident in it to make a striking biography. Had she not been the sister of Miss Havergal we should not have heard of Mrs. Shaw, who belonged to the best order of Christian workers, and was an eminently devout woman; but was not rendered remarkable either by singular talent or special adventure.

Memoirs of Thomas Smith Thomson, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Medical Missionary at Neyoor, Travancore, South India. By J. H. Hacker, of the London Mission, Neyoor. Religious Tract Society.

By many thousands of our Indian fellow-subjects Dr. Thomson was known and loved for his works' sake, and it is but right that we at home should hear of and magnify the grace of God that was in him. Mr. Hacker has done his work well, with one exception, which, while we regret, we forgive—the memoir is too short. It must help to encourage the missionary spirit, and ought to have a wide sale.

A Century of Village Nonconformity. By R. W. Dixon. S. Harris and Son, Bishopsgate Street Without.

A second edition of this book, which we noticed last month, has been issued. It now bears the name of a London publisher, and we wish it a large circulation.

Watching for Souls. Being a further Account of Gospel Efforts in Connection with the Evangelistic Mission. By C. Russell Hurditch. Shaw and Co.

This is an account of the work carried on by Mr. Russell Hurditch. How can we do other than rejoice that Christ is preached! There will be no uncertain sound in the rooms, halls, or tents which this brother uses as gathering places for hearing the gospel. He has worked on for many years with a faith and patience which command our hearty esteem. We suspect that, like ourselves, he has to mourn over the loss of many able helpers. Perhaps the circulation of this report may bring him new friends.

The Blessings of the Tribes. By the Rev. Frederick Whitfield, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

Admirable. Mr. Whitfield is a well-instructed minister of Christ, and his pages abound in priceless teaching. The theme which he has selected gives ample space for the exercise of fancy, but we do not think that our author errs in giving a loose rein to imagination. He displays a chastened genius, and a ripe scholarship. It is a great pleasure, after going about among other books, like an inspector in a fish-market, condemning articles unfit for food, to be able to sit down to such wholesome spiritual meat as we have here.

Evidently this good man is as wretched a pessimist as we are, for he says:—"Believer, be ready. The days in which you live are very solemn. Error is increasing on every side. The truth as it is in Jesus is being diluted with false philosophy, tradition, and ecclesiastical ceremonialism. Every day men are pleading for further compromises and further departures from the simplicity of the gospel. Everything must keep up with the spirit of the age, forgetting that the spirit of the age is *apostasy*. All this requires a heart true to the Saviour, loyal to his Word, and abiding communion with Christ. Watch and pray, lest the flood-tide, which is rising in every form, and on every side, carry you along with it, as it is carrying multitudes around us. The Lord is at hand."

Bits about America. By John Strathesk. Author of "Bits from Blinkbonny." Edinburgh: Oliphant.

We remembered how we relished the "Blinkbonny Bits," and we were, therefore, glad to meet with another lot of *bits* from the same hand. We have not been disappointed, but these are not *so* good. The sketch is hurried, and reads like a set of newspaper lettters, and yet we have enjoyed reading it. A Scotchman would be more at home with this book than we are. "*Young horses swanked about pokingly.*" What language is this? This book is one of Oliphant's shilling series.

How Nell found the Golden City, and other Stories. Joseph Parker: a Man who Lost and Found his Way. Repository, 15, Cursitor Street, E.C.

Samples of a series of twelve very small threepenny books in neat cloth binding, from our Baptist Tract Society. The narratives are evidently real experiences of the Lord's dealings in providence and grace, and are likely to be blessed to young and old. As gifts they would be valued more than tracts, for they have a more attractive appearance.

Father Fervent. By John M. Bamford. T. Woolmer.

A gracious Methodist story. It cannot pretend to the wit and sparkle of Daniel Quorm; but yet it is lively and winning. In point of solid Christian experience, even old Daniel cannot beat it. A class-leader neglects his work, but is revived, and then gives himself wholly to it. Our Methodist readers will enjoy it, and those who are not Methodists will be interested by it.

Re-enlisted! or, Under Fresh Colours. A True Story. By Alice F. Thornton. Church of England Temperance Publication Depôt. 9, Bridge Street, Westminster.

A good temperance story, likely to lead others to temperance, and to salvation. A wild, good-for-nothing soldier fellow has a hard fight against his besetting sin. A Baptist minister wins him, and a bishop confirms him: between the two he ought to be all right. Our church friends will like the little book.

Notes.

In our article on "The Down-grade," in last month's magazine, we alluded to the editor of *The British Weekly* as a "gentleman of neutral tint." In this we referred only to the article which he had written upon the subject in hand, and to his apparent neutrality in this one controversy. We were not thinking of his paper, or of his doctrinal views: we knew nothing about those matters, and had no occasion to allude to them. We are glad that this friend decidedly objects to any one's imputing to him a neutral tint; it is the last thing which we would wish to do. The more decided the colour of his newspaper becomes, the more shall we rejoice, for we feel sure that it will be of the right sort.

There has passed away out of our membership, Wm. Bilborough, a plain and humble man, who was in the habit of intense prayer three times a day, and whose walk and conversation corresponded therewith. In a back street he kept a second-hand furniture shop, and as the streets around are haunted by fallen women, he placed in his window the following:—"*Notice. Any poor and unfortunate sister that requires a good home, will she kindly enquire within?*" He was the means of rescuing many, and he preserved a record of 148 who have stood fast, and are now honest women. He was a hero in private life. As his pastor, it was a great joy to be remembered in his constant intercession, and to have fellowship in his holy service by rendering help when it was required.

The Christian says:—"*The Sword and Trowel.*—The notices of books, for which this little magazine is famous, are unusually bright and interesting this month. We strongly recommend every preacher of the gospel to buy this number. The trumpet tones of warning given in the editorial call for our most serious attention. But even more valuable is a really remarkable treatise entitled, 'The Preacher and his Work.' This latter should be separately printed, and sent to every preacher in the land, lay and cleric."

We have reprinted it, and it can be had of our publishers for one penny.

We have just printed a second edition of 10,000 copies of the cheap re-issue of Norcott's *Baptism Discovered*, as the first edition was almost exhausted. Abundant testimony of the usefulness of this little book continues to reach us. Many believers, through reading it, have been led to scriptural belief and practice in regard to the ordinance. Copies can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, at 2d. each, or 8s. per 100 for distribution, or in larger type at 6d. in paper covers, 1s. in cloth. Norcott is also being translated into the Welsh language.

The advertising columns of newspapers are full of advertisements of pictures, cards, &c. One of these uses the name of Mr. Spurgeon in this connection. No one has any right to couple our name with his wares, much less with that sort of gambling which consists in the giving of a prize. Some years ago a parcel of very beautiful cards was sent to us for review, and the price was so low that we commended them. The words thus used have been taken and applied to parcels of goods which we have never seen. We cannot too strongly express our reprobation of such methods of attracting customers.

Mr. Edmund Cracknell, who has long been known to us as a Baptist minister, has visited the Colonies, and now employs himself in furnishing intending colonists with information. As we have full confidence in Mr. Cracknell, we may be doing friends a service by saying that he is to be found at 5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster.

The work at Bethlah Chapel, Thornton Heath, has developed very rapidly, and there appears to be every probability of the formation of a strong and useful church there before long. Almost from the opening the chapel has been quite full on Sunday evenings, and recently it has been the same in the mornings; and, best of all, the word preached has profited the hearers, for it has been mixed with faith in many of them. Fourteen have been baptized already, and others are coming forward to follow their Lord's example. An Evangelistic and Gospel Temperance Mission is being conducted by Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain while these "Notes" are being prepared, and some of the first-fruits of a larger ingathering have been received. A Band of Hope and Gospel Temperance Society have been formed, after an admirable address by Pastor Walter Hobbs, of Norwood; and many abstainers, both adults and juveniles, have been enrolled. Open-air services have been held on Sunday evenings; and, as the outcome of this branch of the work, two rooms have been secured, in neglected parts of the district, for Cottage Gospel Missions through the winter. Over 200 children and about 20 teachers have joined the Sunday-school, which is now carried on with such difficulty that it is felt that an infant schoolroom must be erected at once, as it is impossible efficiently to teach the other children while the younger ones are in the same building. To make the new room available for separate services, &c., at least £100 will be required. If any of our readers

would like to assist in this work, their contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, or Mr. J. W. Harrald, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

The Mission in SURREY SQUARE, OLD KENT ROAD, has also been carried on vigorously and successfully. Every part of the work appears to flourish, and bring forth fruit. Here, also, it has been found needful to enlarge the premises by building a large room, which will be used for Bible-classes and various smaller meetings than those carried on in the hall. Candidates from this Mission continue to come to join the church at the Tabernacle. This chapel, and that at Thornton Heath, have both been opened by us in 1887. May we hope to do equally good work of this kind in 1888? This will depend upon what means we are entrusted with. To one generous friend Surrey Square Mission Hall is mainly due, for his large help cheered us onward: is there not another?

All the *Monday evening prayer-meetings* at the Tabernacle during the past month have been very largely attended; in fact, the numbers are nearly as great as at the Thursday evening services. It is a subject for devout thanksgiving that so many hundreds, and almost thousands, meet together week by week for prayer and supplication, especially when we remember how many churches have abandoned prayer-meetings altogether, and in how many others it is with difficulty that the meetings can be sustained at all.

On *August* 29, most of the College evangelists were present, and gave additional interest to the gathering. Mr. J. T. Mateer related some incidents connected with the missions conducted by himself and Mr. Parker in the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., and Mr. Parker sang, "All we like sheep have gone astray" in tones that would have filled a building much larger than the Tabernacle. The sweet singers of our Israel make these meetings bright with holy song.

On *September* 5, Mr. William Olney, junior, gave an account of the progress of the work at Haddon Hall, which is very encouraging. A party of missionaries, chiefly ladies, connected with the China Inland Mission, came to ask for prayer for a blessing upon their labours in China. Mr. Tomalin, who had been labouring in that land for nine years, gave many interesting instances of conversion and steadfastness that had come under his own notice. The Pastor prayed personally for each missionary, and to his petitions on their behalf the congregation uttered hearty "Amens."

On *September* 12, Pastor G. Wainwright spoke of the blessing which had rested upon his work for the Lord in Manchester, and prayer was offered for him. Earnest supplication was offered for the restored health of Mr. W. Olney, who is so dear to all the church. The College was the subject of special prayer, as also those pastors who have gone out from it. So many praying men are present, that we are able to have a succession of short cries to heaven, and this, varied with longer pleadings, and an interval of silence now and then, tends to give variety to each meeting. Over the whole there rested the presence of the Holy Spirit, and we went away refreshed.

On *September* 19, the special subject for supplication was ministerial faithfulness to the gospel. Several of the students prayed, and consecrated themselves unto the Lord. Among the visitors whose voices were heard were Messrs. G. H. Dean, of Sittingbourne, and S. Thompson, of Beckenham, both deacons of the churches in those towns. Mr. Parker was present, and sang, with great power, "What must I do to be saved?" and "What can wash away my stain?"

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Corbet has accepted the pastorate of Orangefield Church, Greenock.

Mr. H. J. Martin, formerly of Allahabad, has become pastor at Arthur-street, King's Cross; and the following brethren have removed:—Mr. W. Gillard, from Bideford, to Croyde and Georgeham, Devon; Mr. W. Goacher, from Congleton, to Thaxted, Essex; and Mr. W. Thorn, from Dover, to Totteridge-road, Enfield Highway.

Mr. J. F. Avery, who has laboured for over fourteen years with much acceptance and success at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has accepted an invitation from the Temple Church, New York. Mr. J. D. Gilmore, who returned to New Zealand on account of the state of his health, reports himself as well, and settled at Ponsonby, Auckland.

On *Tuesday, September* 6, the autumn session was commenced by the tutors and students spending the day at "Westwood." About twenty new men were received into the College, bringing up the number to between 80 and 90. During the day two meetings were held, when addresses were given by the President, Vice-President, and Professors Gracey, Ferguson, and Cheshire. In the evening a number of the brethren went down to Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath, and held an Evangelistic and Gospel Temperance Service, which was well attended, and resulted in the avowal of two conversions, and the taking of eighteen pledges.

As the College re-opens, we beg for prayer that we may be able to send forth men full of the Holy Ghost, and sound in the faith, who shall resist the incursions of deadly error, and feed the flock of God.

Several brethren, who were formerly in the College, are seeking fresh spheres. We shall be glad to inform vacant churches of suitable ministers.

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and*

Smith have, during the past month, conducted missions in Bury St. Edmund's, Stowmarket, and Wisbech; and in each place the services have been very successful. This month they go to Taunton and Weymouth, and in November they are to be at St. Helier's, Jersey.

Pastor M. Cumming thus writes of their work at Bury St. Edmund's:—

"Dear President,—We have just parted, most regretfully, with our beloved brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, after a fortnight's mission. It has been a season of very happy and successful service for our Divine Master, and one that we shall not be able to forget, for its gracious fruits will ever be with us. Our brethren may well be highly esteemed in the churches. Everyone who hears them seems struck with their admirable fitness for their work, while their transparent character and whole-souled devotion inspire confidence and earnestness everywhere. I cannot imagine two men more likely to remove the prejudices which so often exist towards evangelistic work of this sort. Each is most efficient in his own work; both the singing and speaking reach a lofty standard, and in a unique way the work of one becomes the complement of the other.

"I hesitate to make any statement of the number of conversions, but the work has been of the most useful character. Very many enquirers have waited after the services, and we are glad to know of many true cases of decision for Christ. Beyond these evident results there has been much blessing that may not be so readily spoken of, but which is felt and realized, in increased earnestness among Christians, and pleasant joyfulness in our assemblies.

"It has been good to see the eager throngs at the services, and perhaps never has our town been so stirred by the preaching of the gospel. In the clearest and most faithful fashion, hundreds, who never go to a place of worship, have had the gospel set before them; and not a few of these, we trust, will be led to obey the gospel. The services for men only, and women only—the latter conducted by Mrs. Fullerton—are of immense service in extending the interest and area of the mission work. Mr. Fullerton's services for men only are not talks on morals, but seasons of faithful preaching and paternal persuasion; and, undoubtedly, are the means of gathering men together to hear the word who would not come to a general meeting. I shall forward you our thankoffering in the course of a few days—as soon as the accounts are closed."

Mr. Burnham has been labouring among the hop-pickers in Kent, and has had the help of a considerable number of brethren from the College. The wet weather somewhat hindered the work, and the contributions from friends have been less this year than usual; but it is believed that much good has been done; and, at all events, the gospel has been brought before many who are not accustomed to hear it. Mr. Burnham goes to Blisworth and Milton, Northamptonshire, this month.

Mr. Harmer has had the efficient help of *Mr. Chamberlain* in his missions at Rickmansworth and Thornton Heath, and they are now labouring together at Bradford. The latter part of the month Mr. Harmer is to be at Stroud.

Mr. Parker expects shortly to sail for the United States, where he judges, from his former experience, that there is abundant scope for evangelistic efforts. *Mr. Mateer* hopes to settle down to pastoral work at home. He is an excellent preacher, and is worthy of a good position.

Will friends kindly note that for a long time the funds of the Society of Evangelists have been very low? All our work needs the generous consideration of our many friends. A hint will, we trust, suffice.

ORPHANAGE.—Last month we mentioned that we were receiving more money for the Orphanage from the dead than from the living. The magazine was scarcely issued before a generous friend, who has often helped us before, sent us a cheque for £500. We blessed the Lord, and thanked the giver for this noble help. Long may the donor live! Continued requirements bring continued supplies from our gracious God.

Just as this paragraph was written we received news of the arrival of a large quantity of vegetables, fruit, bread, flour, cakes, &c., as a harvest thankoffering from Pastor J. Stanley and his friends at Semley. We very heartily thank every contributor.

Special Notice to Collectors.—The next collectors' meeting will (D.V.) be held on *Friday evening, Oct.* 14. The President hopes to preside, and he will be glad to see all the collectors, young and old, who can make it convenient to be present. These meetings are always full of interest. Collecting-books or boxes for friends in town or country can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

The Orphanage choir engagements for October are as follow:—Oct. 4, Tufnell Park; 11, East Dulwich; 18, Streatham; 20, Brixton; 22, Rochester; 23, 24, Chatham; 25, Sittingbourne; 26, Sheerness; 27, Canterbury; 28, Eythorne; 29 to 31, Dover; Nov. 1, Deal.

COLPORTAGE.—The following jottings from current reports of the Colporteurs will give a good idea of the work:—

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

"Various editions of the Queen's life have sold well. I sold on the whole, 282; value, £12 14s. 5d."

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

"There is a great difference in the people in my district since I first began work, when many doors were not opened to me at all. This has nearly come to an end, and is the result of good books which have been sold, tracts given away, and the Word read and spoken."

"THE BRITISH WORKMAN."

"A narrative in the February number, entitled, 'Put the Coals on your own Fire' resulted in much good to one man to whom I sold it."

"YET THERE IS ROOM."

"After speaking from these words, three months ago, one man was made anxious as to his soul's future state. He went home, and with his wife prayed for mercy. The result is that he and his wife enjoy salvation through faith in Jesus."

TRASHY LITERATURE.

"At one house a woman told me that her daughter had been almost ruined through reading novels and other rubbish, but hopes now a change will be brought about, as she has gone into a clergyman's family, where good books and good example will be influencing her."

BIBLE-CARRIAGE WORK.

"The Lord has used me this month in scattering much precious seed. On Saturday and Monday evenings, I have been in the markets and streets with my Bible-Carriage, and had many people round me, to whom I have spoken about the love of God. This month I have sold 64 Bibles and Testaments, 600 gospel story books, and other good books, and have given away 1,260 tracts."

These accounts are selected from many more, and fairly describe what is being done by our Colporteurs in about 80 districts all over England. What more thorough and practical agency can be found to press Evangelical truth home upon the people? It reaches them in their homes, and appeals to them personally. Many are led to give up injurious reading, and to peruse good magazines and books; and, above all, many precious souls are brought to Jesus. Cannot many other persons be induced to help the work by sending Colporteurs to unoccupied districts? £10 quarterly will secure the services of a Colporteur, and the association will be glad to hear from any friends with a view to work new districts, or to receive help to the general fund, which is much needed. The Secretary's address is W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark.

PERSONAL NOTES. — A French pastor writes:—"I know it is refreshing to you to hear of the good the Lord is doing through your ministry, to souls abiding far away from you. Let me tell you, therefore, with Christian simplicity, that I preached in my church, a few months ago, on this text, 'Thou hast left thy first love.' I put into my discourse a great deal of your sermon on that text, after having made it my own by personal assimilation. It was given to me, *and to you*, that after and through the preaching of that sermon, a few souls, who had indeed left their first love, and had become real backsliders, were awakened and brought back to the Saviour, and to true Christian life in him. Through that sermon, also, and through those that followed, a new impulse was given to my church, which stood in great need of a spiritual awakening."

The same writer also mentions an interesting instance of the usefulness of part of another sermon to an invalid lady, and refers with much thankfulness to the help that he has derived from the sermons in his own experience and his service for Christ.

A friend, a medical man, sends us a most cheering account of the usefulness of *All of Grace*. Last Christmas he gave a copy to a sick doctor in whom he took a deep interest, and he was very thankful to hear recently that it had been blessed to his conversion. Our friend's description of his interview with him is very touching. He writes:—"Yesterday I stood by his side, he was very ill, he took my hands, and as well as he could, between his tears, and the shortness of his breath, told me that he was saved, that he was a child of God, that his sins were all forgiven, that he was washed in the blood of his Saviour, and clothed in the robe of his perfect righteousness; and, recovering his breath, he said very solemnly, '——, will you tell Mr. Spurgeon that this has all come, in God's mercy, to me, a poor sinner, by that book?' pointing to *All of Grace*, which was lying open on his bed."

A ministerial friend writes concerning *The Golden Alphabet of the Praises of Holy Scripture*:—"Your *Golden Alphabet* is no A B C, but conducts into the deepest secrets of holy experience. I have just been reading, with great delight and refreshment, the charming preface, and the exposition of the first octonary. It will be for long my daily devotional reading, and I know I shall drink with joy of these living waters which the Lord has given the church through you.

"I am glad you have published your 119th Psalm in this form. In the *Treasury* it befits the student, but here it becomes the sweet, wise, holy companion of the believing soul in its hours of penitence and prayer."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—September 1, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Wilson	0	10	0
H.	50	0	0
A friend	4	4	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Moiety of collection at Hoghton-street Chapel, Southport, per Pastor J. J. Fitch	5	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Mr. R. C. Latham, balance from Norfolk-street Church, Peckham ...	2	12	11
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mrs Edwards	2	0	0
Mr. W. Fowler	50	0	0
Mrs. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
A valued friend	10	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff (two months) ...	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 21 ... ... 31 6 0			
„ 28 ... ... 31 10 0			
Sept. 4 ... ... 25 0 0			
„ 11 ... ... 34 1 6			
	121	17	6
	£260	11	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Jones	0	5	0
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Arrott	1	0	0
M. L. C.	0	5	0
A sympathizer	0	10	0
H.	50	0	0
Mrs. Pearce	0	5	0
Mrs. George Watt	0	2	6
Charles Street Sunday-school, Camberwell New Road	2	0	0
Mrs. Kennaby	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Tattersall	2	2	0
Mrs. Adlem	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	3	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	0	0
Miss M. Tillotson	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mr. Thomas Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Duly	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	10	0	0
E. W.	0	2	6
A Midlothian farmer	5	0	0
D. L. A.	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Watts (less 7d. for registration)	1	19	5
Mr. Frank Jackson	4	4	0
A well-wisher, Dunfermline	0	2	6
The late Mr. William Struthers ...	5	0	0
A friend, per Mr. James Struthers ...	0	2	6
E. G.	1	0	0
Mrs. Seymour	2	0	0
J. B., Reading	0	2	6
Per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon:—			
Auckland Tabernacle Jubilee offering 50 0 0			
Dr. Kenderdine 5 0 0			
Mrs. Baxter 1 0 0			
	56	0	0
Mr. John Currie, for S. O. Tracts ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cuthbert Axtens	1	1	0
A friend, per Pastor A. H. Collins ...	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Harvest thankoffering from Baptist Church at Alice, South Africa, per Pastor J. F. M. Warren	12	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	10	0
Miss Sprot	5	0	0
A tithe	2	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	0	19	0
Mr. Walter S. Cowell	5	0	0
Miss L. Thatcher	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	2	10	0
Mr. U. E. Cooper	1	10	0
Sunday evening collections at the Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth 29 0 0			
Miss Robinson 5 0 0			
	34	0	0
Mrs. Burt	0	10	0
P. S., Bridge of Allan	0	7	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	0
A well-wisher, E. H.	0	3	0
H. A. B.	1	0	0
E. F., Leicester	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
E. M. S.	500	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Mrs. Moorley	1	0	0
Mr. John C. Thwaites	0	10	0
Invalid, Clapham Park	0	5	0
An Australian sympathizer	5	0	0
M. B.	1	1	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
W. H. P.	0	8	3
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Mr. William Mingins	1	0	0
A thankoffering from friends at Risby	0	14	6
A friend, per Miss E. Fyson	0	5	0
L. E. P., per Pastor W. Brown ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
J. T.	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Taylor	0	10	0
Mrs. Brock	0	10	0
Miss E. Brock	0	10	0
B. A. M.	0	3	0
A thankoffering	0	2	6
Miss Cousin	2	0	0
Mr. W. Ackland and a friend in the country	1	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6
Mr. H. Jackson	1	5	0
Mrs. Essex, per Mr. Hassell	2	0	0
The Misses and Master Young	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mrs. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Allan	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. Strange	0	2	6
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott 12 14 6			
Messrs. Morgan and Scott ... 3 3 0			
	15	17	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
E. E.	5	0	0
A. R.	0	2	6
A friend, Sandown	0	2	6
Mr. W. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Morgan	0	4	3
Mr. R. A. J. Paxton	0	5	0
Pastor George Hearson	0	10	6
Mrs. T. Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. A. B. McMasters	3	0	0
Mr. W. A. Lamb and Lady	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. T. Goslin	1	3	10
Miss Lavender	0	5	0
Mr. W. Hawker	0	5	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. T. J. Wade	1	5	0
A friend, per Miss E. Jutson	1	0	0
Miss Fanny Fisher...	10	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Stockwell Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	18	0
Mrs. Cludlaw	0	10	0
Mr. W. Older	0	5	0
Lieutenant Johnston, per Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Anon., postal order, Clapham	0	5	0
Miss Lewis	1	0	0
Miss H. J. Dew	1	0	0
Mrs. Hoare	1	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Hynard	0	10	6
Mr. J. Goodchild	5	0	0
M. N....	0	1	3
Mr. J. B. Turner	1	1	0
Mr. R. Elwood	1	1	0
Miss Hayes	0	5	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	1	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mr. E. J. Reed 1 0 0			
Mr. W. W. Wildsmith ... 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Orphan boys' collecting cards, per list	66	17	6
Orphan girls' collecting cards, per list	63	16	9
Retiring collections after sermons by Mr. V. J. Charlesworth :—			
St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh 3 18 0			
John Knox Ch., Edinburgh 1 4 0			
Free St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh 6 13 1			
	11	15	1
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. T. Howe	1	1	0
Messrs. A. and L. Rothschild	2	2	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	5	0
Quarterly Subscription :—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Miss A. S. Muir (for July and August)	0	10	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. W. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey (Aug. and Sept.)...	0	5	0
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
	£984	12	10

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Angell, A., 5s; Andrews, F., £1 1s; Allison, S., 5s 6d; Barter, A., 6s 6d; Banyard, S., 6s; Brown, S., 7s 5d; Beadle, H., 2s 8d; Berry, G. E., 4s 6d; Bishop, H., 6s; Bowen, G., 7s; Bowles, J. N., 5s; Bowles, E., 6s 2d; Borrows, L., 4s 6d; Bristow, J., 13s; Barnard, D. J., 5s; Bramley, T., 12s; Bishop, G., 15s; Brooker, G., 14s 7d; Boorman, Geo., 2s 2d; Barson, E., 8s 6d; Bates, Ss; Beattie, S., £1 2s; Cambridge, A., 7s 10d; Chandler, J., 2s 2d; Callam, F., 1s; Cartland, S., 1s; Cooper, C., 5s; Chamberlain, 7s 6d; Crean, J., 4s 3d; Cook, C., 7s 3d; Cosens, A., 6s; Cassell, E., 3s 6d; Cann, F., 8s 6d; Cleverley, 3s 6d; Coman, C., 2s 2d; Davis, A. H., 3s 3d; Deverall, F. G., 10s 6d; Dorr, C., 3s 10d; Dillon, 5s; Dean, A., £1 1s; Edwards, G. H., £1; Earthole, E., 9s; Edgley, W., 8s; Farr, G., 2s; Fitch, E., 12s; Ford, W., £1 1; Game, E., £1 1s; Gammon, A., 10s 10d; Garvan, W., 1s 8d; Goatley, G., 5s 2d; Gant, F., 5s 1d; Green, A., 8s 8d; Huzell, C., 5s 7d; Hurst, J., 4s 1d; Hodgson, £1 5s; Hills, E., 4s 7d; Hatcher, J., 7s; Howard, F., 3s 7d; Harris, W., 12s 8d; Hill, G., 12s; Hart, A., 5s; Hammond, G., 2s; Hughes, R., 4s 6d; Hawken, L., £1 1s; Hamlet, A. J., 15s; Harris, J. B., 9s 3d; Ingram, W., 15s; Jarvis, H., 2s; Jennings, A., 2s 6d; Jaques, K., 3s; Kemp, G., 2s; Kemp, G., 2s 9d; Kent, J., 10s; Kibble, G., 2s 6d; Kelland, S., 13s 4d; King, A., 4s; Lenson, P., 8s 4d; Landeryou, F., 8s 3d; Lowne, J., 3s; Ling, W., 6s; Lewis, A., 6s; Mannell, W., £1 1s; Morrell, H., 15s 6d; Moppett, F., 7s; Marks, A. T., 1s; McDouall, R., £1 3s 3d; Mead, B., 2s; Mitchell, W. 15s 8d; Maclean, C., 3s 3d; Miller, C., 6s 6d; Moore, 8s 6d; Norton, R., 2s 6d; Newman, A. T., £1 11s 6d; Ounstead, 10s 7d; Platt, A., £1 12s 6d; Pitney, F., £1; Park, G., 3s 6d; Peachey, 5s 8d; Ponton, B., 8s 6d; Peverall, 13s 8d; Ponsford, £1 1s; Rhodes, J., 4s; Rogers, W., £1 1; Rununcus, H., £1 1s; Read, F., 4s; Roberts, £1 1s; Ryc, C., 10s; Stapley, A., 3s 10d; Stone, W., 5s; Spurgeon, H. and W., £4 1s 7d; Stokes, G., 3s; Smith, R., 12s; Sutherland, J. 5s; Steed, S., 3s 3d; Sargent, E., 5s 5d; Stringles, W., 3s 4d; Symonds, T. A., 7s 5d; Sayer, 8s 1d; Sambell, 6s; Sabine, A., 1s 8d; Taylor, G., 10s; Treeby, H., 13s; Trim, J. T., 12s 2d; Tant, J., 5s; Tanner, Joseph, 6s 3d; Tanner, James, 6s 3d; Tressider, W., 8s; Taylor, F., 2s; Unwin, E., 18s 1d; Virtue, £1 2s; Valler, 15s 6d; Ward, R., 15s 1d; Webber, C., 4s; White, P., 3s 1d; Walker, 7s 6d; Wallace, H., 17s 7d; Walker, A. J., 7s 6d; Winnen, J., 3s 1d; White, J., 5s; Wardill, S., 6s 6d; Westbrook, H., 6s 2d; Wratten, E., 10s; Warner, G., 6d; Westhrop, C., 3s; Worker, A., 1s 6d; Wallace, F. G., 13s; Young, 1s—Total, £66 17s. 6d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Attfield, B., £1 1s; Attkin, E., 7s 3d; Bullock, L., £1 2s 9d; Bullock, £1 1s 10d; Botham, L., 10s; Boyles, L., 4s; Beck, M., 1s; Broadhouse, N., 2s; Bond, N., 15s 6d; Burrows, F., 3s 1d; Buddle, F., 7s 1d; Bridgeman, A., 10s; Butler, K., 4s 10d; Bull, L., 17s 6d; Buck, B., 5s; Belcher, S., 2s 6d; Betham, L., 5s 9d; Blatchford, H., £2 11s; Bennett, L., £1 1s; Bunting, P., 6s 9d; Blake, L., £1 1s; Barlow, F., 5s; Bishop, K., 8d; Buckland, A., 6s 6d; Boorman, V., 2s 1d; Carroll, M., 5s 3d; Collins, E., 6d; Cable, F., 11s 2d; Crowther, N., 10s 1d; Cousins, L., 8s 3d; Cooper, K., 4s 6d; Collis, H., 14s 3d; Craggs, A., 12s 9d; Cox, E., £1 1s; Clymer, A., 6s. 2d; Carr, 6s 1d; Cowlin, E., 11s 3d; Caple, A., 5s; Cheshire, B., 8s 6d; Chamberlain, M., 16s 2d; Caister, E., 10s 7d; Dickerson, E., 18s 7d; Dance, F., 5s 8d; Epps, F., 4s; Epps, F., 14s; Edwards, H., 3s; Francis, J., 2s; Filby, E., £1 1s; Guiver, K., 7s; Gort, G., 2s 6d; Grey, M., 7s 9d; Green, G. 7s 4d; Hoidge, A., £1 1; Haisell, J., 12s; Hobbs, M., 9s 4d; Hunt, E., 16s; Hinchley, L., 7s; Ingle, F., 8s 3d; Johnson, M., 8s 6d; Johnson, M. A., 4s; Johnson, K., 3s; Jackson, A., 5s; Johnson, L., £1 1s; Jessop, P., 7d; Jessop, K., 12s 7d; Knowles, L., 5s 4d; Kelland, J., 13s 3d; Kingaby, A., 6s; Lyons, 4s; Long, M., 4s; Logan, K., 8s 11d; Lawson, A., 4s; McKinlay, F., 5s; Mimms, A., 15s; Mayhew, E., 8s 4d; Mash, L., 13s 9d; McLauchlan, M., 1s 1d; Maycock, M., 9s 8d; Mitchell, M., 1s 6d; Nutt, C., 3s 7d; Newton, K., 2s; Newton, A., 9s; Nash, M., 2s 9d; Owen, D., 5s 5d; Olden, P., 6s; O'Leary, J., 5s 3d; Pearce, R., 3s; Peepal, G., 7s; Powney, A., 3s 5d; Parsons, B., 3s 2d; Pope, A., 1s; Page, M., 5s; Pope, L., 1s 4d; Parker, A., 3s 6d; Parmenter, M., 5s 7d; Parry, R., 1s 6d; Pentecost, E., 2s 8d; Poole, A., 5s 6d; Pope, F., 4s 6d; Pennington, F., £1 1s; Pickering, C., £1 1s 6d;

Paller, C., 8s; Robottom, G., £1 1s; Ramplin, S., 3s; Runnacus, A., £1 1s; Rushman, H., 3s 9d; Roberts, H., 5s 3d; Rowsell, J., 10s 2d; Richards, K., 9s; Spraughton, M., 2s 2d; Staines, C., 11s 6d; Smith, J., 2s; Smith, P., 15s; Sayers, A., £1 2s; Smith, A., £1 3s 6d; Sutton, R., 1s; Saisbury, G., 2s 8d; Thirkell, R., 10s; Seymour, J., 10s; Stone, E., 4s 6d; Shorter, S., 7s. 1d; Smith, C., 9s; Thomas, N., 2s 10d; Trolley, K., 11s; Thompson, L., 15s 6d; Thorpe, E., 12s; Tressider, £1 1s; Tilly, G., 17s; Tollworthy, E., £1 2s; Unwin, M., 6s; Williams, L., 4s 7d; Williams, N., 3s; Witham, P., 17s 5d; Walker, M., 2s 6d; Woode, I., 6s; Wright, L., 6s 3d; Williams, D., 4s 2d; Walker, P., 3s 3d; Woodcock, T., £1 2s 6d; Witmorn, N., 5s; Westwood, F., 6s; Warwick, £1 1s.—Total, £63 16s 9d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—7 jars of Jam, Anon; 56 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 cask and 1 box Butter, A friend, S. N.; 1 box Fruit, Mr. Newman; 1 sieve Plums, Mrs. Mills; 2 cases Soap, a lover of the Orphanage.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—A parcel of Socks and Gloves, Anon; 1 parcel Boys' Clothing, &c., Mrs. George Spencer; 12 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Allen.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—66 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 articles, Mrs. Rolfe; 60 yards Dress Material, Mrs. Wainwright, sen.; 9 articles, Mrs. Dale; 2 Dress Pieces, Miss M. Duncan; 12 pairs Knitted Wool Stockings, Miss Allen

GENERAL.—1 Picture, Miss J. Robertson; 50 Comb Bags, Mrs. Wood; 1 dozen each Brushes and Combs, 4 dozen Cakes of Blacking, 3 lengths House Flannel, Mr. J. Cooper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 15th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Butler, for Bower Chalk	1	0	0
Okehampton district	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassells	10	0	0
Burstowand Horley, per Mr. J. J. Tustin	10	0	0
Wilts. and East Somersetshire Association	30	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. Thomas White	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, for Newton Abbot	10	0	0
"H. M.," for Bristol	20	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£136	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Robinson, Portsmouth	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	1	0
From Ulceby	0	5	0
H. M.	10	0	0
Miss E. Hadland	1	1	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss Smallridge	0	10	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
	£19	7	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mauchline Christian Union, thankoffering for Mr. Eyres' services	1	2	6
H.	50	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	4	0	0
Dr. Kenderdine, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	5	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Eyres' services at the Free Church, Saltcoats	1	10	0
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	5	0
	£122	17	6

The following contributions have been received by Mr. Eyres towards the funds of the Society of Evangelists:—Chowbent, sundry contributions, £2 15s; Union Presbyterian Church, Kirkdale, £1 6s 9d; St. James' Church, Liverpool, 4s 7d; Mr. D. Maclachlan, Oban, £2 3s; U. P. Church, Eglinton Street, Glasgow, £3; Mr. Francis Martin, Paisley, £1; Mrs. Martin, £1; Free Church, Shettleston, £2; Trinity U. P. Church, Greenock, £2; Orphan Homes of Scotland, per Mr. Quarrier, £5; A mother in Orphan Homes of Scotland, £1; Free Church, Prestwick, £1; Mr. James Miller, £1; Freewill-offerings, Bute Hall, Prestwick, 7s 3d; Mr. James Beckett, 5s; Mrs. Stewart, 10s; Mr. George Silver, 5s; Mrs. Travis, 10s; Baptist and E. U. Churches, Paisley, per Pastor J. Crouch, £2.—Total, £27 6s 7d, less travelling expenses, printing, &c., £11 1s 2d.

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 13th 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, 1887.

A Fragment upon the Down-Grade Controversy.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

BY this time many of our readers will be weary of the Down-Grade controversy: they cannot be one-tenth so much tired of it, or tried by it, as we are. When the first article appeared, a friend wrote to warn us that he who touched this theme would gain no honour thereby, but would bring a host of enemies around him. We believed his prophecy, and with this as part of the reckoning we went on, for a solemn sense of duty impelled us. The result is not other than we looked for: the treatment our protest has received is neither better nor worse than we expected: possibly we have personally received more respect than we reckoned on.

Hitherto (and this matter is now merely in its beginning), the chief answer has come from the public teachers, and as far as their public answer is concerned, it amounts, at its best interpretation, to the admission that there may be a little amiss, but not enough to speak about. They are sorry that a few brethren go rather too far, but they are dear brethren still. Many good men lament the fact that liberty is, in certain instances, degenerating into license, but they solace themselves with the belief that on the whole it is a sign of health and vigour: the bough is so fruitful that it runs over the wall. At any rate, denominational peace must be kept up, and there must be no discordant charge of defection to break the chorus of mutual congratulation.

The intense desire for union has its commendable side, and we are

far from undervaluing it. Precious also is the protest for liberty, which certain valorous souls have lifted up. We rejoice that our brethren will not submit their consciences to any man; but the mercy is that we do not know of any man who desires that they should. Specially is the object of their brave opposition as free from a desire to rule over them as from the wish to be ruled by them. It is a pity that such loyalty to liberty could not be associated with an equally warm expression of resolve to be loyal to Christ and his gospel. It would be a grievous fault if the sons of the Puritans did not maintain the freedom of their consciences; but it will be no less a crime if they withdraw those consciences from under the yoke of Christ.

To pursue union at the expense of truth is treason to the Lord Jesus. If we are prepared to enter into solemn league and covenant for the defence of the crown-rights of King Jesus, we cannot give up the crown-jewels of his gospel for the sake of a larger charity. He is our Master and Lord, and we will keep his words: to tamper with his doctrine would be to be traitors to himself. Yet, almost unconsciously, good men and true may drift into compromises which they would not at first propose, but which they seem forced to justify. Yielding to be the creatures of circumstances, they allow another to gird them, and lead them whither they would not; and when they wake up, and find themselves in an undesirable condition, they have not always the resolution to break away from it. Especially in the company of their equally-erring brethren, they are not inclined to consider their ways, and are not anxious to have them remarked upon; and, therefore, in this brief paper we venture to make an earnest appeal from brethren assembled, to brethren at home in their studies quietly turning over the matter.

As much as possible we beg them to forget the obnoxious reprover, and to look the state of affairs carefully in the face, and see if it strikes them as it does us. We will put it plainly, not to provoke, but to be understood.

As a matter of fact, believers in Christ's atonement are now in declared religious union with those who make light of it; believers in Holy Scripture are in confederacy with those who deny plenary inspiration; those who hold evangelical doctrine are in open alliance with those who call the fall a fable, who deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, who call justification by faith immoral, and hold that there is another probation after death, and a future restitution for the lost. Yes, we have before us the wretched spectacle of professedly orthodox Christians publicly avowing their union with those who deny the faith, and scarcely concealing their contempt for those who cannot be guilty of such gross disloyalty to Christ. To be very plain, we are unable to call these things Christian Unions, they begin to look like Confederacies in Evil. Before the face of God we fear that they wear no other aspect. To our inmost heart this is a sad truth from which we cannot break away.

It is lawful to unite with all sorts of men for good and benevolent and necessary purposes, even as at a fire, Pagan and Papist and Protestant may each one hand on the buckets, and in a sinking ship, heathen and Christian alike are bound to take turns at the pumps. For useful, philanthropical, and political purposes, united action is

allowable among men of the most diverse views in religion. But the case before us is that of a distinctly religious communion, a professed fellowship in Christ. Is this to be made so wide that those who contradict each other on vital points may yet pretend to be at one?

Furthermore, we should greatly object to the sniffing about for heresy which some speak of; but in this case the heresy is avowed, and is thrust forward in no diffident style. No words could be more explicit had they been selected as a challenge. We have not to deal with those tares which were like the wheat, but with thorns and thistles which declare themselves openly. Whether the Down-Grade evil has operated on few or many is a question which may be waived: it has operated manifestly enough upon some, and they glory in it. Yet professedly sound believers are in full accord with these outspokenly heterodox men, and are linked with them in set and formal union. Is this according to the mind of the God of truth?

The largest charity towards those who are loyal to the Lord Jesus, and yet do not see with us on secondary matters, is the duty of all true Christians. But how are we to act towards those who deny his vicarious sacrifice, and ridicule the great truth of justification by his righteousness? These are not mistaken friends, but enemies of the cross of Christ. There is no use in employing circumlocutions and polite terms of expression:—where Christ is not received as to the cleansing power of his blood and the justifying merit of his righteousness, he is not received at all.

It used to be generally accepted in the Christian Church that the line of Christian communion was drawn hard and fast at the Deity of our Lord; but even this would appear to be altered now. In various ways the chasm has been bridged, and during the past few years several ministers have crossed into Unitarianism, and have declared that they perceived little or no difference in the two sides of the gulf. In all probability there was no difference to perceive in the regions where they abode. It is our solemn conviction that where there can be no real spiritual communion there should be no pretence of fellowship. *Fellowship with known and vital error is participation in sin.* Those who know and love the truth of God cannot have fellowship with that which is diametrically opposed thereto, and there can be no reason why they should pretend that they have such fellowship.

We cheerfully admit that among men who possess the divine life, and a consequent discernment of truth, there will be differences of attainment and perception; and that these differences are no barriers to love and union. But it is another matter when we come to receiving or rejecting the vicarious sacrifice and the justifying righteousness of our Lord. We who believe Holy Scripture to be the inspired truth of God cannot have fellowship with those who deny the authority from which we derive all our teaching. We go to our pulpits to save a fallen race, and believe that they must be saved in this life, or perish for ever: how can we profess brotherhood with those who deny the fall of man, and hold out to him the hope of another probation after death? They have all the liberty in the world, and we would be the last to abridge it; but that liberty cannot demand our co-operation. If these men believe such things, let them teach them, and construct churches, unions,

and brotherhoods for themselves! Why must they come among us? When they enter among us at unawares, and are resolved to stay, what can we do? The question is not soon answered; but, surely, in no case will we give them fellowship, or profess to do so.

During the past month many have put to us the anxious question, "*What shall we do?*" To these we have had no answer to give except that each one must act for himself after seeking direction of the Lord. In our own case we intimated our course of action in last month's paper. We retire at once and distinctly from the Baptist Union. The Baptist Churches are each one of them self-contained and independent. The Baptist Union is only a voluntary association of such churches, and it is a simple matter for a church or an individual to withdraw from it. The Union, as at present constituted, has no disciplinary power, for it has no doctrinal basis whatever, and we see no reason why every form of belief and misbelief should not be comprehended in it so long as immersion only is acknowledged as baptism. There is no use in blaming the Union for harbouring errors of the extremest kind, for, so far as we can see, it is powerless to help itself, if it even wished to do so. Those who originally founded it made it "without form and void," and so it must remain. At least, we do not see any likelihood of a change. A large number have this state of things in admiration, and will go on with it; we have no such admiration, and therefore have ceased from it. But we want outsiders to know that we are in nowise altered in our faith, or in our denominational position. As a baptized believer, our place is where it has ever been.

Why not start a new Denomination? This is not a question for which we have any liking. There are denominations enough. If there were a new denomination formed the thieves and robbers who have entered other "gardens walled round" would climb into this also, and so nothing would be gained. Besides, the expedient is not needed among churches which are each one self-governing and self-determining: such churches can find their own affinities without difficulty, and can keep their own coasts clear of invaders. Since each vessel is seaworthy in herself, let the hampering ropes be cut clean away, and no more lines of communication be thrown out until we know that we are alongside a friend who sails under the same glorious flag. In the isolation of independency, tempered by the love of the Spirit which binds us to all the faithful in Christ Jesus, we think the lovers of the gospel will for the present find their immediate safety. Oh, that the day would come when, in a larger communion than any sect can offer, all those who are one in Christ may be able to blend in manifest unity! This can only come by the way of growing spiritual life, clearer light upon the one eternal truth, and a closer cleaving in all things to him who is the Head, even Christ Jesus.

The "Down-Grade" Joke.

BY R. F. WEYMOUTH, D.LIT., M.A.

IF any further proof were needed that the solemn warnings recently given in this magazine concerning the present state of the Christian ministry and the Christian church were not ill-timed, it is furnished by a recent paragraph in *The Freeman*. To many readers it must have been a sorrowful surprise to read the opening paragraph in the issue of October 7th. The paragraph in question begins the account given by "Our Own Delegate," of his visit to Yorkshire to attend the Sheffield Assembly. Of the Baptist ministers and delegates who were his fellow-travellers to that assembly, "Our Own Delegate" says, "a merry party we were"; and to that surely no objection can be justly made. But the account proceeds to state that among these ministers and others (whether in the "too excellent, well-cushioned saloons" or in the third class is not absolutely clear), "*Of course, the great joke was the Down-Grade question. It did not seem to be treated very seriously. It was about thus: Most thought it was but the 'big gooseberry' of the dull season. The successful men had little sympathy with the outcry. The unsuccessful thought, 'Say what you will, there is something in it.'*" It is right to say at once that I learn on good authority that the particular phrase "big gooseberry" did not refer to Mr. Spurgeon's articles, but to newspaper correspondence and articles.

But omitting from consideration that one expression so unhappily, and, no doubt, unintentionally equivocal, there yet remains the mournful fact that such a subject was treated only as a joke by such men. It was not any particular extravagance or absurdity that some more able man or more "successful" preacher pointed out in Mr. Spurgeon's way of putting the case. It was the "question" as a whole that seemed so ludicrous; that is to say, the question whether the Christian church at this present time is or is not on the perilous inclined plane of laxity, alike of doctrine and of practice. This it was which constituted, "of course, the great joke," far transcending all others in brilliancy, which was especially relished by the merry party of Baptist deacons and divines. Such is the statement which "Our Own Delegate" has put on record, substantiated by his personal evidence as having been himself one of the party.

But for such evidence, one could not but ask, can it possibly be true? That the purity of those who are "the salt of the earth," the clearness of the shining of those who are "the light of the world," the health and vigour or sickness and failure and decrepitude of "the church, which is his body," should be a matter of indifference to *any* who profess and call themselves Christians, is melancholy enough. But here we find "men of light and leading" among us (to borrow once more Burke's oft-quoted phrase) to whom this subject not only does not seem a momentous one, one deserving of being "treated very seriously," but who find in it matter of laughter, merely a fitting playground for their wit. Or shall we be told, those of us who share Mr. Spurgeon's views, as I do in saddest sincerity, that we have altogether misread our Bibles, missed—in the dulness and crass stupidity that characterizes us all,

and notably Mr. Spurgeon—the humorous element in the Scriptures, and misunderstood the spirit of the apostles and of our divine Lord himself, and that therefore such notions as ours are, "of course," only fit to be treated with derision?

Without entering into a long disquisition, let me entreat the serious attention of my readers—my jocund friends included—to just four passages in the authorities we all profess to revere.

1. As to Christian practice: "Be not conformed to this world," writes St. Paul to some whom he regarded as holy and heavenly-minded men—"God's beloved ones, [his] called holy ones." Indeed, one would think, to read the Epistles of Paul, that he was earnestly desirous that all his converts should live *in* the world, as though they were not *of* it, with their affections set on higher objects, mindful ever that their citizenship is in heaven, ever gazing with longing eyes at the things that are eternal though unseen, the "eternal weight of glory." But is all this an error? Was the inspired writer (whatever that inspiration may have been) only laughing in his sleeve when he wrote about not being "conformed to this world"? If he were now here among us, with Timothy and Titus and Silvanus, and his other helpers in the ministry of the Word, would they all frequent balls and card-parties, and go in a body with the Rev. A. B. and the Rev. C. D., and a dozen or two of their deacons, not to that prayer-meeting yonder (which is good enough for less-exalted souls, and may suit their dimly-lighted intellects), but to hear Henry Irving and Miss Terry, or to witness "Les Cloches de Belville," and then would he declare amidst universal merriment and nods of judicious approval, that he had only been jesting in his Epistle to the Roman Christians?

2. As to doctrine: St. John writes (as correctly given in the Revised Version in verse 9 of his Second Epistle), "Whosoever goeth onward (*marg.*, taketh the lead) and abideth not in the teaching of Christ, hath not God: he that abideth in the teaching, the same hath both the Father and the Son." I have been accustomed for many years to regard these words as containing a warning of simply awful import, a warning prophetically uttered concerning precisely that loudly-vaunted "advanced thought" which will "lead onward," and which refuses to abide in the teaching of the apostles concerning Christ and his redeeming work. Is there not something said somewhere about a tall fabric erected of "wood, hay, stubble" being wholly consumed, with the dreadful addition that the builder himself is only "saved so as through fire"? Truly, it makes one shudder. What then of him who "hath not God"? A Christian teacher who turns a deaf ear to the voices of prophets, psalmists, apostles, and finds what he thinks is better spiritual pabulum in the works of modern philosophers and poets, or in his own lucubrations! If indeed he "hath not God," what an awakening for him hereafter! But doubtless our merry divines will decry all this as a mere hallucination. "Look closer," methinks I hear one of them say, "and read between the lines, and you will clearly see the reflection of a quiet smile on the writer's face: it is only a joke!" Yes, indeed, a ghastly and impious joke!

3. As to anxiety on the part of ministers concerning the work to which they are—or are supposed to be—called of God, St. Paul

enumerates his sufferings for the Lord's sake: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods," and so on, culminating in this, "There is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches. Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is made to stumble, and I burn not?" So elsewhere, in addressing the elders of the Ephesian church, he bids them "remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." But times have changed. It is not so now. Now let any one lift up the voice of warning, and ministers and deacons and delegates will listen certainly, but it is for the fun of the thing! Facetiousness runs rampant! See what energy he displays in beating the air and chasing shadows full gallop! Oh, it is a "great joke"! Yes, our ministers, the "successful men"—by the way, I have been puzzling myself to find out how this epithet would be expressed, to do it justice, in New Testament Greek: had I been in one of those "well-cushioned" saloons I might have had the question answered; but to return—our "successful" ministers, or at least some of them (for, thanks be to God, there are many exceptions still) are wiser than the apostle pretended to be, and no such anxiety distresses their tranquil lives, provided they themselves are "successful."

4. As to responsibility: (and does not responsibility press specially and heavily on our men of light and leading?) it is the "venerabile nomen Iesu" that I have now to appeal to; let us listen with bowed head: "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on me to stumble, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." It has been often remarked that our Lord was never known to laugh. There is no "joke" here; and if it is so that the Church is deluding herself with a mere idle conceit that she is "rich and increased with goods, and has need of nothing;" while some, perhaps many, of her ministers and other m en of influence are tripping up babes in the faith with stumbling-blocks in matters either of faith or practice, those solemn words of our Lord may possibly have some bearing on the case. Dear brethren, "successful" and "unsuccessful" alike, who may chance to read this pag, ponder those words of Jesus, I beseech you, and consider how far, if ae all, they are intended or available for *your* guidance and admonition.t

No doubt, there are fitting times to be jocund, and fitting subjects for merriment too; but also there are times when God will "set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry," and there were some of old for whom "a book of remembrance was written before him." It is assuredly better to be among those "that weep now," for they "shall laugh" hereafter.

A Modern Romance of Mission Work.*

THE story of the Abyssinian military expedition has been already told from the politician's and the soldier's point of view; it may be instructive to learn it yet again from that of the Christian missionary. The life of the man of God we now briefly sketch was so bound up with the events in Abyssinia, that the mere recital of it will help make them live again in vivid remembrance.

Theophilus Waldmeier was born a Roman Catholic, in Canton Argau, Switzerland, and brought up with severe religious zeal by grandmother and mother; the former forcing him to kneel on the ground for three hours daily, praying with rosaries and psalter. Rebelling against this, he was severely beaten, and thus made to hate the religion of fear and superstition. The priest to whom he was expected to make confession he had often seen indulging in intoxicating drink, and playing cards; so he said, "The priest is a greater sinner than others." For this he was again cruelly punished, and in his misery ran from home to his uncle, at Lörrach, who received him kindly, and adopted him as his son. This proved the turning-point in his career. Visiting at his uncle's house was a young man named Deimler, who often spoke about the gospel, and who ultimately was the means of the conversion of both uncle and aunt. Gospel meetings began to be held in the house; the runaway lad was impressed, became a Christian, and in three years' time entered St. Chrischona College, to train for missionary work. Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, coming one day to the college to seek for a missionary for Abyssinia, young Waldmeier was chosen, and in September, 1858, was publicly consecrated to his life-work.

The journey through Egypt was full of interest to the opening mind of the youth; the ancient temples now in ruins speaking eloquently to him of the decay of hoary superstitions. The heat was very intense, the earth being torn with great gaping cracks, and the sperm candles in the boxes on the camels' backs being melted. Some of the party suffered greatly, and when a Mr. Schroth died, "We had scarcely strength to bury him, as we lay on the sand, and scooped out a hollow with our hands as best we could, whilst the plaintive cooing of a turtle-dove, on a sycamore tree near by, added to the melancholy feelings that possessed us." Five weary months of travelling, and they at last reached Abyssinia, six thousand feet above the sea-level, with its beautiful flowers, fresh water, and pure atmosphere, so refreshing to their jaded bodies and fainting hearts. An introduction to King Theodore quickly came through the Prime Minister, an Englishman, named John Bell. Magdala was appointed as their head-quarters, and here some of the seven missionaries taught mechanical work as well as religious truth to the Abyssinians, whilst others applied themselves assiduously to the learning of the language. The royal Secretary, Debtera Sauneb, attended daily the classes, became a Christian, and is still bearing a good witness for the gospel. On December 4th, 1859, Waldmeier was married to Susan Bell, the daughter of the Prime Minister, who had formerly

* "The Autobiography of Theophilus Waldmeier, Ten Years with King Theodore in Abyssinia, and Sixteen in Syria." S. W. Partridge and Co.

been a lieutenant in the English navy. The great need of this brave race, like that of other peoples, is a better government. King Theodore once remarked to the missionary, "My country is like a paradise, only I am sorry to say *it is inhabited by donkeys.*" If it were not irreverent, we might say that this is not peculiar to Abyssinia. The people do not belong to the slave race of Africa, they are of Caucasian type, intelligent, kind, and sympathetic. They have a law book, which is consulted in difficult cases, the king being the arbiter of justice as well as political ruler. The people are not allowed to bring their litigation directly to the king; a man being appointed to mediate, who is called Afa Negus ("the mouth of the King"). He hears the statements of the people, and brings them to the king, who then pronounces judgment in low tones, and then the Afa Negus proclaims it in a loud voice to the people. An incident, showing the royal shrewdness, Mr. Waldmeier relates with evident zest. "Once I was riding along with the king through the country. A man stood afar off, and cried, 'Ishau Hoy! Ishan Hoy!' ('Your Majesty') until the king said, 'Speak, my son.' The man replied, 'I have found twenty dollars on the way, and as I do not know to whom this money belongs I have brought it to your Majesty.' The king answered, 'That is good of you; keep the money with you until the man is found who has lost it, and for your uprightness I give you another twenty dollars.' The man went his way rejoicing. But he was envied by one of his friends, who thought, 'If money can be got so easily, I shall take my forty dollars which I have saved from many years' service, and bring them to the king, telling him that I found them." The man brought the money to the king, and said that he found it, and did not know to whom it belonged. The king, perceiving the trick, said, 'Go and give it to my treasurer.' The man went with great sorrow, and handed over his forty dollars to the royal treasury."

The religion of Abyssinia is a strange one, being a mixture of heathenism and Judaism. They worship the goddess Sabbathoe, in all probability the "Ashtoreth, Queen of Heaven," mentioned in the Bible. Drink offerings, cakes, and incense are offered to her in her synagogues; the priests, monks, nuns, and prophets take part in the fantastic rites and sacrifices. They believe that not only Jesus Christ, but the Virgin Mary, died for the salvation of the world, and that fastings and the intercession of the saints are of great value. There is only one preaching service in the year—namely, on Easter Day, and the sum of the sermon of five minutes on that occasion is: "Give the poor fasting priests plenty of gifts in kind, and you shall be blessed." They have two sacraments, baptism and the communion. Boys are baptized forty days after birth, whilst the girls have to wait until eighty days, because "Adam entered into Paradise forty days after his creation, and Eve followed him after another forty."

In 1859, just before the arrival of the Protestant missionaries, King Theodore had given orders that the Jesuits, who had formerly done much mischief, and caused great bloodshed in the country, should leave Abyssinia. This was largely the result of having read the Bible for himself. In June, 1860, by royal permission, Protestant mission premises were built at Gaffat, seven days' journey from Magdala, and here a small

colony of Europeans gathered. Large numbers of natives flocked to the place to learn the mechanical arts, and to these the gospel was earnestly preached. The admiring wonder of the Abyssinians at the Christians' skill was only modified by one fact. They said: "You Europeans are a wonderful people, and God has revealed to you everything except a medicine against death, for you die as we do." Gratifying results followed the mission work. A soldier came one day begging for an Amharic Bible. Finding he was a sincere enquirer, the precious book was given him, for which he was very grateful. Studying it in loneliness, he was brought by the Holy Spirit to the Saviour, and soon began to teach the gospel to his fellow-soldiers and to others. This led to regular meetings for worship, by which many were taught to trust in Jesus Christ. At another time, a monk took back with him to his monastery some Bibles, where the monks read them through with deepest interest. One day one of them said, "The Bible does not say that God has ordered men to go and sit in solitude, and spend their lives in idleness, but we read that Jesus ordered his followers to go and preach the gospel to every creature. We must not remain here, but go and preach the gospel." And they went out, declaring the new-found truth to their fellow-countrymen.

The missionaries were greatly regarded by the king, who often took them with him in his journeyings. Once, the king met "a poor woman with scarcely any clothing upon her half-starved body. He got down from his mule, and gave her his own *shamma*, and then as he also wanted to give her some money and had none with him, he asked me whether I could lend him a few dollars. I answered, 'Yes, your majesty, I have about five dollars here, and you can have them.' He took them and gave to the poor woman, who went away rejoicing. In the evening the king gave me a hundred dollars. I said, 'I gave your majesty only five dollars.' He said, 'I return and give like a king'"

In the year 1862 events began to occur that threatened trouble to the missionaries. John Bell, the English Prime Minister, had been killed in battle against a rebel at the end of 1860. The Queen had since died, and thus the two greatest influences for good over Theodore were withdrawn. Marrying again, and being disappointed in his new partner, the king gave way to drink and vice. An imagined slight at the hands of Captain Cameron, the English representative, further angered him, and an insulting letter from a Frenchman, M. Lejean, added further fuel to the flame. Then came the discovery of a book written by Dr. Stern the missionary, in which there appeared some things uncomplimentary to the king. This greatly enraged Theodore, who brought Dr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal to a hastily-summoned court, and they were then sentenced to be executed. Mr. Waldmeier went with trembling heart to the king, and with tears pleaded for mercy, and the lives of the condemned were granted them in answer to his intercession; imprisonment, however, took the place of death. At the beginning of 1866, the English government, alarmed at the captivity of their Consul and the missionaries, sent an embassy to negotiate the delivery of the prisoners. An unfortunate blunder in the official letter of introduction caused new misunderstanding, and the captives, who had been released and started on their homeward journey were seized again, and reimprisoned. On

the 13th April, 1866, Mr. Waldmeier was taken prisoner in his own house, and the mission work at Gaffat came to an untimely end. The sufferings of the party were very great: they were put into a small hut, scarcely anything to eat being allowed them, and in momentary dread of death. The king's own people also suffered terribly at his hands. Tortures and executions in every possible way were devised. Hundreds were killed by shooting and burning to glut the royal rage. Hearing of the arrival of the English expedition for the release of the captives, the king left Debra Tabor for Magdala, 200 miles distant, a journey which took them six months to accomplish. At a halting-place on the route, Theodore, greatly enraged at a suggestion that he should send a message of peace to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir R. Napier, tried to shoot Mr. Waldmeier, but the pistol would not discharge. He then flung his spear, which missed the missionary, entering deeply into the ground. Terrible was the strain upon their feelings as day by day the English expedition grew nearer, and the missionaries knew that the king was growing more fiercely sullen in view of its approach. When at last the royal messenger arrived, and summoned them all to the king's presence, it was to a violent death they expected to go. The cruel courtiers looked on with gloating delight at the prospect of a slaughter of the European intruders; but, to the utter astonishment of all, the king, with a sudden return of reason and justice, said: "Sit down; do not be afraid. I was advised to kill you and all the Europeans, but you have not done anything against me, and I shall not kill you. My death is near at hand, and *I do not like that you should go before and accuse me in the presence of God!*" So the king spared their lives when his chiefs would have massacred them. Is it any wonder that the missionaries returned from the royal interview believing that their Father in heaven had power to turn the hearts of men whither he would in answer to their earnest prayers?

When the siege of Magdala began, King Theodore stood with his officers on the brow of the fortress, watching how his soldiers fell before the advance of the British troops and their powerful arms. His armour-bearer said: "Your majesty, let us lay down our arms and surrender!" "No;" said the king, "let us not fall into men's hands, they have no pity, let us fall into God's hand." He took a pistol and shot himself through the head, falling instantly dead on the ground. Fifteen minutes after, the fort was taken, the expedition over, and the captives released.

Thus closed the most exciting episode in the life of this modern missionary; but Mr. Waldmeier has since been permitted to continue his work, and is now a missionary in Syria, connected with the Society of Friends. May the stormy period of his middle life yet melt into the calm beauty of a successful and blessed old age, and may he rejoice to meet the Lord whom he has served, the Lord who so wondrously "looseth the prisoners."

H. O. M.

Better than Pearls.

DURING the pearl-fishing season, a village at the northern end of the island of Ceylon presents a very busy scene. "About a hundred boats go out daily," it is said, "each having about ten divers on board. The daily bring-in of oysters is about thirteen or fourteen thousand. They are placed in an enclosure, carefully counted, and then sold." Purchasers remove them to their own private yards, and "leave them till the insides rot away. Afterwards the filthy remains are carefully washed, and pearls of various sizes and shapes appear, to the delight of the traders. The washing part of the business is frightfully disgusting, the smell of putrid matter being almost unbearable to a European. But this is borne cheerfully for the sake of the pearls."

Desire of "gain" alone impels the dealer to endure the repulsive odours as he moves about among the heaps of rotting matter; and only the hope that he may "gain" souls, more precious far than pearls, could possibly compel a missionary in a heathen land to live among the people. Putrefying masses of idolatrous rites, and heaps of decaying superstitions, fill the very atmosphere of daily life with poisonous influences. The missionary cannot escape the touch of these baneful odours if he would persist in his work and "gain" men for Christ. A feeling of utter disgust and horror is often with great difficulty suppressed, as fresh apprehensions of the decomposing filth around are thrust upon him. That this is no exaggeration all those can testify who have come close to the daily life and doings of the worshippers of idols, themselves obscene in form. As the soul-winner moves about he finds constantly that his higher feelings are shocked, while there constantly breathes forth from his soul the wish, "That I might gain some!" Paul, within the compass of four verses, writes these words five times, as though his pen *would* persist in formulating over and over again the intensest longing of his heart. Amid such surroundings the work is not "pleasant" in the usual sense of that word; but it is just the work our Saviour came to do. No one can estimate aright *how he felt as he walked amid scenes of utter decay, sin, and death*, while he dwelt among men. His eye saw and his soul realized infinitely more of the complete rottenness of all that sin had touched than is possible to any of us. Hence he can fully enter into the feelings of those who are "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked," repulsed by the half-hidden yet defiling ceremonies of heathenism, and yet who are driven by a sense of the value of souls to dwell amid the very scenes that offend, that they "might by all means save some."

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Fretting.

TO fret is to fray out. A garment is fretted when ravelled at the edges. It is not great troubles that do the worst work. We seek divine strength, and make great spiritual effort to triumph over these, but experience endorses the truth that little worries, like mosquitos, destroy rest and peace.—*W. Mann Statham, in "Golden Counsels."*

The Mohurrum in London.

HOW MOHAMMEDANS CELEBRATE THEIR MARTYRS' DEATH.

BY J. SALTER.

MOHURRUM is the name of the first month of the Mohammedan year, and, according to the followers of that faith, the world was created in this month (September), and Adam, the first of the Mohammedan prophets, came into existence. Among Englishmen the name Mohurrum is more associated with the great Eastern ceremony that begins with this month and continues for ten days. The occasion is to commemorate the martyrdom of Ali, the fourth Khalif, son-in-law of the Arabian prophet himself, and Ali's two sons, Hossein and Houssein. The Khalif was assassinated in the Mosque of Cufa, Hossein was poisoned, and Houssein died with thirty-three wounds from lance and sabre. This took place in the year 680. So perished the grandsons of Mohammed, only forty-eight years after his death; their murders were the outcome of jealousy and faction. The story is of thrilling interest, especially to Mohammedans, who still repeat it with the deepest emotion.

The occasion, however, is differently observed by the Shiahs and the Sunnis—the two chief divisions of the Mohammedan world. The festival belongs to the Shiahs alone, for they conceive that Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law, should have been the first Khalif, and not the fourth; so they hold a maunday, and bitterly curse the first three Khalifs as usurpers. The Sunnis, who accept the first three Khalifs as rightful successors of the originator of their faith, regard the festival with the deepest aversion, and should they meet the procession of the Shiahs, bloodshed would follow.

In India, the Shiahs are most numerous, and much money is expended in the preparations and decorations of the processions, especially on the Tazia, which represents the bier of the martyr Houssein. In London materials and opportunities are not so favourable for their favourite display as in India. There they parade the city; here their demonstration is confined to the docks. But the Albert docks are a mile long, and as they go the round, the fanatics have a two-mile parade, which they can repeat, should their enthusiasm be equal to it.

There are scarcely at any time less than five hundred Mohammedans, of various nationalities, in these docks, and though, in their working attire, they are far from attractive, yet, when they prepare for a gala, they appear in all the colours of the rainbow, and in the various costumes of India and Arabia.

The Mohurrum this year commenced on the 18th of September, the Mohammedan New-year's day. The celebration should commence with the preparation of the Ashura Khana, in which a hole should be digged, and a fire kindled, about which the excited Shiahs fence with swords and sticks, with cries to the martyrs. In London, the celebrants approach as near to these requirements as possible. Men assemble from the various large steamers to take part in the procession as opportunities occur. On Sunday, all hands were at liberty, and, according to Mohammedan ideas, the demonstration was then the most complete. The

gathering on that occasion amounted to nearly four hundred men. As many flags as could be collected together were utilized for the occasion, without considering what nationality they represented; hence German and French, English and Russian, were in friendly proximity. These floated on bamboo stems, long and short, intermingled with any household flags available. Each man carried something; swords and staves they ought to have had, but the swords were absent on this occasion, and their staves were more for display than for fencing, for they were covered with coloured paper and bunting.

The men who formed part of the procession made themselves as grotesque as possible. The occasion was to represent the ten days' matam, or mourning; but it was so odd as to excite mirth in the spectator. Some of their dresses were decorated with as many colours as could be got, in which green, yellow, and red played a conspicuous part. The highly decorative head-gear of some was an indescribable compound; one was attractive by an extravagant fez extemporized out of a native broom made of twigs, and stuck in a portentous turban. Their hair and beards, also, had suddenly grown for the occasion extravagantly long, but on closer inspection the additional hair was found to be only tow, of which they had made a free use on shipboard. Others of them approached to the likeness of a clown, of English renown; for, in addition to the romantic dress they wore, they had smeared their sable faces with a red and blue pigment. One, indeed, had taken a hint from our London Sambo, for he had tried to make a black face white. Music they had, too, that suited the procession. The noisy dhool repeated its monotonous sounds responsive to the bony fingers of the player. But every procession could not command a dhool. Our Easterns, however, have inventive minds, for they armed themselves with disused biscuit tins and with marrow-bones. They plied these newly-invented instruments with vigorous effect. The native *bansri* was also in use; this is an instrument something like a small clarionet, without keys, such as the snake-charmer and the conjuror use in their performances; but its notes were too mild to be heard, for, added to the noise of the dhool and the marrow-bones, the voices of the men who formed the procession rose to a shout, and died away to a whine, passing with a rapid crescendo from piano to forte, and then with diminuendo to da capo. This whining was intended to represent their grief for their martyred heroes. Tears there may have been, but we did not see any; indeed, it would have been dangerous, for the pigment on their faces might have suffered, and so they restrained their grief within prudent limits. Their shouts were unintelligible to most spectators, but they were invocations to the murdered Khalif and his sons, with dignified attributes added to each name. So they passed on with nimble step, led by a *bana*-bearer, who wielded his bana furiously, for it was his duty to clear the way for the procession; but on this occasion there was no way to clear, for it was perfectly clear already. He was attended by a grotesque character, a little behind, on each side, right and left, who ran and darted about as though to seize on some belligerent Sunni, but there was not one to seize; and, when he advanced unexpectedly on a wondering Feringhee, he very prudently darted off in another direction. One item was interesting and unusual in this Mohammedan procession—a London policeman marched

in the van and in the rear, which, no doubt, contributed largely to the confidence and peace of the procession.

On the eighth day of this commemoration it is usual to carry lances through the city to remind the spectator that the martyr Houssein's head was carried in triumph on a lance by the command of Yazid. But the London procession had no lance, so they decorated a bamboo, and bound a bundle of tow on the top to represent the martyr's head. A bier called Tazia and Tabut (for it is known by both names) is constructed, and made highly decorative. The one used in the docks was constructed of wood, but all the wood was concealed by coloured paper, and was about four feet long by about twenty inches. They called this a *namuna*, or model of the original. This was occasionally carried round with the procession, but on the Ashura or tenth day it was an essential part of the demonstration, for after bearing it with them in the usual parade, it was ceremoniously thrown into the dock amidst the invocations and wails of the actors: this was to represent the martyr's burial, and formed the closing scene of the Mohurrum in London.

We were not a little interested by noticing in the procession a number of Swahilis who had been deported from Central Africa by the Arab slave-hunter, and released from the slave dhows by our cruisers. They are nominal Mohammedans, and we doubted if they knew anything about the difference of Shiah and Sunni. We mingled with them, and tested their information on this subject, but soon found that they were quite ignorant of the sections into which Islam is divided, and the martyrs, whose deaths they were celebrating, were unknown to them. We naturally enquired why they took part in such a demonstration, but we could only discover that it gave them a holiday and an enjoyable amusement. We happened also to come across a pensive Afghan who had witnessed the whole affair with very ruffled feelings, for the Afghans are Sunnis. "They are fools," he said, "and are making a foolish display," and then he added with some spirit, "If half the number of Afghans met them, they would kill everyone of them." "We do far better," he added after a pause, "we collect money and relieve orphans and widows, the lame and the blind; and we think that is more acceptable to Allah than this foolery." We thought so, too, and so far we approved his faith. But we already knew that such was the custom of the Sunni on the Ashura or tenth day of the Mohurrum.

Faith is not Credulity.

A VERY worldly lady, to whom I spoke of the power of faith, answered me, "Oh, sir, do not think that I have no faith; my friends always say that I am too credulous; I assure you that I believe whatever is said about visions, haunting, and ghost stories."

Poor thing! She could not conceive that she was constrained to believe all this nonsense because she despised the true ground of faith, and that she was hounded by fear of ghosts because she would not believe on God and his Son.

In the imperial city of Berlin, where, according to statistical records, scarcely two per cent. of the population go to church to hear the Word of God, necromancy is most flourishing.—*From "Self-Will and God's Will." By Otto Funcke.*

Whole-heartedness in our Ministry.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION,

BY PASTOR E. ROBERTS, NOW OF THE SOUTH LONDON TABERNACLE.

IN such a ministry as ours, a ministry which has the love of Christ for its mainspring, the gospel of God's grace for its theme, the Spirit of God for its power, salvation from sin and the development of holiness as its objects, and eternity for the full working out of its results, whole-heartedness ought to be easy. Ministers know it is not easy. In the hush of midnight hours how seldom can we honestly lay our day's work at the foot of the throne, and say, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up"! An undivided heart, winged feet, the tongue of fire; for these we long, but from these we are often far distant. Nevertheless, whole-heartedness in our ministry is possible, for it has manifested itself in some consecrated men. And if some have reached it, so may we. The whole-heartedness which shines in some men's ministry bids us reckon it as a possibility in our own. God wants us to have it, and, God helping us, we will not rest satisfied without it.

What it is has found grand illustration in some consecrated men. Baxter was an embodiment of it. John Knox, leaving his bed to cry, again and again, "Lord, give me Scotland, or I die," was an embodiment of it. Wesley, Whitefield, Carey, Judson, Moffat, were all illustrations of it; modern expositions of an ancient sentence—"This one thing I do." Two years ago Thomas Comber stood on this platform. In far-away Africa there sleep the wife of his youth and the brother of his love. His devotion to the spiritual welfare of that land has already cost him dear, in bodily pain and toil, and in keener anguish of heart; yet here he stood to plead with us for Africa, and fully resolved to go back and lay down his own life in serving Christ there, if so the Master see fit.* Perhaps the completest human illustration is found in Paul. Such words as fell from his lips, to whose truth he called the Holy Ghost as witness, could only truthfully spring from a heart filled with one purpose. The tears of friends could not melt that purpose; neither could deadly danger daunt it. "What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Again he soars to a wondrous altitude of devotion, to a height where few can follow him: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." It was such a wonderful thing to say that he felt compelled to introduce it with a solemn guarantee of its truthfulness. The spirit which animated him rises before us in these words, "For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all

* Our friends know well that, since this address was given, our beloved and honoured brother Thomas Comber has been called to his rest and reward.

means save some." May I not say that whole-heartedness in our ministry is our being what these men were and are?

He who would see spiritual qualities in their fullest beauty must look above men. Whole-heartedness, like all else that is lovely and of good report, shines brightest in the Master. Spurning glittering temptations of worldly wealth and glory with the words, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and *him only* shalt thou serve"; forgetful of bodily hunger, because he found meat in doing the will of his Father; forgetful of weariness after days of travel and toil in the overpowering delight of communion with God; anxious for the cross. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" because he knew what a rich fruitage of glory to God and good to men that cross would bear: he who poured out his soul unto death to save our souls from death, best teaches us what whole-heartedness is. Let this mind be in us, which was in Christ Jesus, and whole-heartedness in our ministry will be to us no longer a beautiful but distant ideal. We shall mount and reach it in one grand step.

The reasons why we should exercise a whole-hearted ministry are numerous and weighty.

1. We are divinely called thereto. Under the New Testament dispensation the gospel ministry is as truly a divine institution as was the Aaronic priesthood under the old dispensation. And we, if we be true men, are as really called of God to our ministry as was Aaron to his priesthood. Others may be doing work to which their tastes have led them, or which circumstances have forced upon them. We are doing a work unto which God has led us by the guidings of his providence, and the promptings of his grace. This invests our ministry with an infinite grandeur, and puts us to shame if we be otherwise than grandly consecrated in the discharge of it. The call comes to us by him whose marred visage doubly emphasizes it. When we hear him say, "Go, and preach my gospel; feed my sheep; feed my lambs"; we cannot look on that sorrow-worn face, and scarred brow, and pierced hands and feet, without remembering that, at the call of our necessity, *he gave himself for us.* To give oneself is to give all that can be given. It is to reach the extremity and bound of giving. Christ might have done less; even he could not do more than give himself. And he gave himself to serve and save us. Shall we respond to his call who gave himself by giving less than ourselves? Infinitely less is our all than his all; but shall he not have our all? Yea, by the memory of his broken heart in his work for us, we will stir ourselves up to whole-hearted work for him.

2. We have a divine example before our eyes. Our ministry is a continuation of Christ's: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." The record of his divine ministry is, therefore, an example for our human ministry, in the carrying out of which we are "labourers together with him." The former manifests in perfection the spirit which should inspire the latter. There must be much of oneness between the ministry of Christ and ours, seeing that, minus the adjective, one of his titles is borne by us. Peter calls him "the Chief Shepherd." A chief implies subordinates. Who are these subordinates?

Are they not those whom he raises up, and sends to do his work, with this charge laid upon them: "Feed my sheep"? "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, shepherds and teachers," among whom we are glad to reckon ourselves. Behold, then, how the Chief Shepherd shepherded! With what intensity of love, with what tenderness of sympathy, with what divinity of patience, with what utter abandonment of self, even to the length of laying down his life for the sheep! In all these things he has set the under-shepherds an example that they should follow his steps.

Paul also hints at this truth in his second letter to the Corinthians: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." "We pray you *in Christ's stead*." We stand in his place, we carry on his work, as preachers and pleaders we represent him. How would he have pleaded with men to be reconciled to God? We can conceive how he would have done it, although it is difficult to put the conception into language. Let that unspoken conception become the inspiration of our ministry. Under its influence our work will not be a mere round of professional duties, but it will be the spontaneous outflow into holy activities of a heart in which the Spirit of Christ is the supreme power. Our pleadings with men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God will burn and throb with all our heart in them, because we shall plead more as Christ would have done.

3. The bearing of our ministry upon Christians calls for whole-heartedness in us. I mean not simply our ministry as to the matter of it, but as to its manner also. We are not only preachers, we are "ensamples to the flock." Our spiritual tone bears upon the Christians with whom we are associated, as well as the doctrines we proclaim. The preacher is himself a moulding influence. To some extent we may be dragged down or helped up, stimulated or chilled, by our church members. To a greater extent they are dragged down or helped up, stimulated or chilled by us. When the Roman soldiers, nearing the British shores, saw those shores lined with Britons in fierce battle array, fear seized upon their hearts, and unnerved their arms, until the standard-bearer of the ninth legion, waving high the standard, and crying, "I am resolved to do my duty to Cæsar and to Rome," leaped into the sea, and rushed towards the shore. At such an example of soldierly whole-heartedness fear died out of other hearts, and they became strong to do and dare. It is only a few who rise Christward by direct imitation of Christ himself. As that Roman standard-bearer heard in his soul the call of duty to his king, and marched forward unheeding others, so are there gracious souls here and there who hear above all other sounds the voice which bids them be true to their King, and they press forward in his footsteps, no matter who may halt, or turn aside, or fly. But as the many then only pressed forward when they saw their duty to their king interpreted in the devotion of one, so the many now press forward after Christ only as other Christians lead the way. Brethren, we are standard-bearers in the army of King Jesus. They who are not standard-bearers expect to hear us cry, "Be ye followers of me." Whether we say it or not, they do follow us. What

that means depends on what we are. Oh, for grace to mould our people into prayerfulness, diligence, consistency, and intensity of Christian life, by the force of our own prayerfulness, diligence, consistency, and intensity!

4. A still more solemn thought is the bearing of our spiritual tone on those who are unconverted. Hearts are needed to win hearts. Close argument, graceful style, are things to be desired, but they are not chief things. The minister's prayer may be "the finest prayer ever offered to a Boston audience"—his sermon may be homiletically perfect, soundly argued, brightly illustrated, elegantly expressed, and, with all that, may be cold, heartless, dead. Sinners go away pleased with the man, but remain strangers to the Master. One of the essentials to a soul-winning ministry is that it should throb and burn with the warm emotions of a living, loving heart. In my boyhood days I attended a Bible-class conducted by a lady who had every requisite for the work except the one just mentioned. There were no conversions in that class. Away on a summer holiday, she came under the influence of Lord Radstock, and came back to us with a quickened heart, and thrilled with a fervent spiritual life. Before the next winter passed away, seven members of that class were led to the Saviour by her teachings, and, of the seven, I rejoice in being one. The change was not so much in what she said as in how she said it. Her heart went with her tongue; our hearts yielded, and we were won.

5. We must also strive after whole-heartedness in our ministry for our own sakes. The proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt." I do not say that our familiarity as ministers with sacred things will do this; but it will, unless we are careful, bring us dangerously near to another evil. It will have a tendency to make our work mechanical. Some ministers are praying and preaching machines. On the brink of the decline that leads to such a depth our feet perpetually stand, and they are only safe from gliding down the steep as we prayerfully and earnestly seek to put all our heart into every fragment of our ministry. There is another danger to which we stand exposed, viz., the temptation to lower the quality of our work sometimes. If we are asked to preach with a view, we probably select what we consider our best sermons, and stir ourselves up to do our best every way. If we are asked to preach to a large congregation, or to a congregation rather above the average in intelligence, we probably seek to find out acceptable words, and to carry to them "apples of gold in pictures of silver." There is nothing wrong in this: only there comes to us a temptation to relax our efforts when preaching to a small, or poor, or uneducated congregation, and to think that something less than our best will do. Of course, the same style of preaching is not suitable in every place alike. The arguments which are highly appreciated in one congregation might be altogether out of place in another. The illustrations which are needful in one congregation might be trivial, almost childish, in another. This, however, is purely a question of style. Whatever be the style we adopt, we ought always to do our best. Whether the congregation be large or small, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, we ought always to throw into our work all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. If we be whole-hearted in our ministry,

we shall be enabled to do this; and shall spurn every temptation, on every ground, ever to do less than our best. Yet another danger besets our path, the temptation to go in for grand orations with a view of winning applause for self, rather than stand to plain gospel preaching with the single view of winning souls for Christ. It must be confessed that this is a snare into which some of us would find it exceedingly difficult to fall. We have tried to sin in this direction, and have met with scanty success. Nevertheless, whether we can do it or not, the temptation comes to us to try. Shall we try, brethren? Yes, we shall, unless we be whole-hearted for Christ in our ministry. For only this will lead us constantly to exercise it for Christ and Christ alone. If we were all gifted with Apollos-like eloquence, it might prove a curse instead of a blessing. The tongue of Apollos is only good when the heart of Apollos governs it, and keeps it true to noblest aims. Kibroth-hattaavah is not simply the name of a graveyard on Israel's line of march 4,000 years ago, it is also the name of many a pulpit where Christian ministers have died and been buried, as to spiritual power and usefulness, because they lusted for fame, and went in to win it with flowers of speech. Whole-heartedness will keep us from this unholy lust, and will move us to speak, whether with stammering or eloquent tongues, "always, only, for our King."

Moreover, how splendidly proof against discouragement this whole-heartedness will make us! In some spheres especially, it is not the easiest thing in the world to "keep a cheerful courage up." Words of cheer from human lips are like angels' visits. Other words are unlike them. If any new departure be attempted, horrified voices exclaim, "It was never so seen in Israel." Good brethren remind the Lord in prayer that the cause is in a very dead, cold state; and that it is a long time since anybody was converted. All of which is the reverse of cheerful and encouraging. In spite of few conversions, church coldness, and the most candid criticisms, how to "keep a cheerful courage up"?—that is the problem. Will not all our heart in our ministry help to solve it, by making us largely independent of the opinion of others, and content with the approval of our conscience and of our God? The thought of a continent across the flood laid hold of Columbus until all his heart was moved to seek it. Before he was able to compass ships, money and men for his great voyage, he met with enough discouragement to turn any man aside. But he was not discouraged, neither did he turn aside. His whole heart was in the enterprise. The thought of a beautiful white enamel which should transform the rude pottery of his day into a thing of beauty laid hold of Palissy, until all his heart was filled therewith. Before he realized his dream, he met with enough discouragement to kill an ordinary man. But he pursued his dream, until it became a reality in his grasp. His whole heart was in the work. The idea of carrying the gospel to the heathen laid hold of Carey, until all his heart went out towards this work. Before any practical shape could be given to his idea, he met with enough discouragement to make almost any man abandon it. But he did not abandon it. Dr. Ryland's "Sit down, young man: when the Lord wants to convert the heathen, he will do it without you," might make him sit down, but it could not make him give up. He steadily and unfalteringly pursued his idea, and

succeeded in laying the foundation of all the noble missionary enterprises of modern times. His whole heart was in this matter. The permanent lesson from these facts is, that whole-heartedness is a fine specific against discouragement. It takes a deal of cold water to quench a heart all on fire.

The desirability, the necessity, of such a spirit in our ministry will be admitted by all. The question arises, "How to keep it up?" We are probably not far from right in this matter when we enter College, while we are passing through it, and when we leave it to enter upon our life-work. We also have gleams of it through the after years, especially during our Conference week. But our tendency as Christian men is to coldness, deadness, dividedness of heart—and our tendency as Christian ministers is in the same direction. How can we keep the sacred fire burning, the heart glowing and united, and our ministry all suffused with the tenderness and vitality of whole-heartedness? The answer must be, that the corrective to our tendency as men is the corrective to our tendency as ministers, viz., fellowship with Jesus. By much communion with Jesus we shall catch the mind that was in him, feel in our hearts something of the warmth of his love for men, become imbued with a growing estimate of a soul's preciousness, rise to a fuller realization of the divinity of our work, see more clearly that to glorify God is the one thing worth living for and worth dying for, and drink of the same refreshing fountains which sustained him to and through the cross. Living much with Jesus we shall grow to be much like Jesus, and so shall secure and maintain every quality that is needful to beautify alike our life and our ministry.

Getting at the Soul of the Matter.

HOW sadly apt are we to put up with the shells when nothing is worth having but the kernel! We kneel for a few minutes, and call it prayer: our eye runs over a chapter, and we think we have read the Scriptures. Let us mend in this thing. Unless we get to God in devotion we have not truly worshipped: we have presented dead devotion to the living God. We ought to be able to say with the Psalmist, "The desire of our soul is to thy name and to the remembrance of *Thee*." If our devotion leaves us this side of Christ it leaves us short of comfort.

Bradford would never leave a duty till he had found communion with Christ in it. He ceased not to pray till he had really prayed, nor to praise till he felt his heart adoring. He would not quit an act o humiliation till he felt melted, broken, and contrite. Holy Bernard exclaimed to his Lord, "*I never went from thee without thee*"; he would not quit the Mercy-seat till he had found the mercy, nor leave the Table of communion till he had really communed.

Have we not good reason to see to this? lest our life should become a series of shams, a succession of empty parcels, labelled aright, but altogether destitute of reality. C. H. S.

An Irish Archdeacon.*

JOHN ALCOCK, Archdeacon of Waterford, was one of those holy men whose life adorns any church. For half a century he carried on a quiet, gracious ministry, impressing every one with the conviction that he walked with God, and showing how a full consciousness of acceptance with God through Christ is the most powerful motive to holiness of character. His entrance upon his sacred life-work was determined in a manner which we cannot exactly commend. His father, who was a physician in Kilkenny, said to him one day, when he was thirteen or fourteen, "John, what would you like to be?" "A doctor, sir," was the prompt reply. "Well, Ben and Nat are going to be doctors: I think you had better be a clergyman." "Very well, sir," said the dutiful son, and so the matter was settled. A short and easy method, indeed! Flippant it seems to us; and yet this was a respectably serious mode compared with the course sometimes adopted in similar cases. Thus "called," he was sent to college, where, however, the Lord called him in a higher fashion. At that period few students made any profession of religion, and those who did so were marked men. Alcock came under the influence of a fellow-student, Henry Peters, who, as some one afterwards said, "glided like an angel through the halls of the college, watching for any poor sinner he might lay his hand on, and lead to Christ." By him Alcock was led to Christ, and these two, with a few like-minded men, kept each other up by means of a weekly prayer-meeting in their college rooms.

The text of Mr. Alcock's opening sermon, after his ordination, struck the keynote of his whole ministry. It was this: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." The conversion of his own aunt was one of his firstfruits, and the work of grace went steadily on. His preaching was attended with great power. He belonged to the Evangelical school, and held with the strong grasp of intense conviction the great truths which the Reformers recognized and taught. All his doctrinal preaching was based upon personal experience. There was nothing cold or stereotyped about it; it was addressed to the heart as much as to the head. "Talk of Mr. Alcock's voice!" said one; "why, his very finger is full of eloquence. Only to hear him say, 'Come!' is worth another man's sermon."

Like his college friend, Peters, he watched for souls, and one instance of usefulness may be given. "He held, on Sunday mornings, a Bible-class for young men, which was greatly valued. One day a member brought a friend of his own age, who was spending a few days with him. This youth, who was evidently very intelligent, listened attentively, and seemed greatly impressed. He was a Roman Catholic by birth and education; but, having unusual abilities, had endeavoured to fit himself for Trinity College. Whilst pursuing his classical studies he had been brought into contact with Protestants, whose conversation, and still more the perusal of the New Testament in the original Greek, had shaken his faith in the dogmas of his church. But, like others in a similar

* "Walking with God: a Memoir of the Venerable John Alcock, Archdeacon of Waterford." By his Daughter. Hodder and Stoughton.

position, he felt the quagmire giving way beneath his feet, without finding a firm foothold on the rock of truth—he learned to doubt Rome without learning to trust Christ. Discouraged, sorrowful, despairing, he was ready to fall into the abyss of scepticism. So interested was he, however, in Mr. Alcock's teaching that he was persuaded by his friend to stay another week, solely that he might attend the class once more. This time the impression was deepened; but his parents wrote, urging him to come home, and on Monday he went to engage his seat on the mail-car. Mr. Alcock chanced (was it chance?) to meet him on the way. He recognized him, and, crossing over John's Bridge, shook hands with him, and asked him whither he was going. The young man explained. "Come first for a walk with me," said Mr. Alcock; "you will have plenty of time afterwards to take your seat." He complied; and during that memorable walk poured his difficulties into the pastor's ear, telling him all that was in his heart.

Mr. Alcock felt that the work was an important one, and that much guidance would yet be required by this perplexed but earnest soul. "Do not go home to-morrow," he said to him; "stay here a little longer." The youth consented to remain in Kilkenny for the whole of his vacation. Next day Mr. Alcock found him a classical pupil, and this led to other engagements of the kind, which enabled him to maintain himself whilst pursuing with eager interest studies of a more important character. Gradually the light from above broke on his soul; he learned the way of the Lord more perfectly, and when established in the faith became a teacher of others. He entered the ministry, and is well known to friends of the work of Reformation amongst Irish Roman Catholics as the Rev. Thomas Moriarty. He himself says: "The turning point of my life was the casual meeting with Mr. Alcock, on John's Bridge."

From Kilkenny Mr. Alcock removed to Tralee, where his preaching made an extraordinary impression. His wisdom, also, in the treatment of Roman Catholics, was conspicuous, and bore good fruit. There were in Tralee two young girls whose mother was a Romanist, but their father, dead some years before, had been a Protestant. The relatives offered to provide for them if they would become Protestants. One consented, but the other, with commendable honesty, refused. The relatives consulted Mr. Alcock, stating their intention to apprentice the one, but to leave the other alone. "Do nothing of the kind," said he; "treat both girls alike, and do not interfere with J——'s religion—only pray for her." Both girls were, accordingly, apprenticed to a Christian dressmaker, with the stipulation that J—— should be allowed to attend mass. But the kindness and consistent piety of her employer gradually won upon her. She came of her own accord to hear Mr. Alcock, and became at length a more decided convert than her sister.

The Home Mission and the Irish Society were two agencies set on foot in the Episcopal Church for the evangelization of Ireland, as the result of the wave of religious earnestness which passed through the land in the early years of the century. In connection with these societies, Mr. Alcock made a good many evangelizing tours, preaching twice a day in different places, sometimes for a month or six weeks at

a stretch. He also inspected the schools which were fostered by the Irish Society, where the peasants were taught to read their native Celtic; and many a diligent scholar might be found poring over his book by the light of a splinter of bog oak, over the peat fire of his cabin, in the wilds of Kerry or Connemara. Many of them loved the Word of God. Mr. Alcock used to tell how, in company with one of the teachers, he was driving across a bog, when the teacher called to one of the scholars, who was cutting turf at a distance, "Have you got your Testament about you, Pat?" Pat drew it at once from inside his ragged garment. "Would you be willing to part with that Book now?" asked the teacher. The poor man pointed to his head, and drawing his finger across his throat, said, "*I'll part with this first.*" Nor was it a mere empty boast. Many poor men and women proved in those years their faithfulness to the teachings of the Irish New Testament, even unto death. The priests denounced the mission preachers from the altar. Mr. Alcock came in for honourable mention on one of these occasions, when the priest warned his flock against "a fellow named Alcock, or Gamecock, who is going about the country on a black pony, with a bag of heretical books behind him, which he gives amongst the people. If any of ye goes to hear him, I'll make hares of ye." These threats of "making hares" of people, or "turning them into rats," or "fastening them to the ground," struck fear into the hearts of the ignorant and superstitious.

The years of the *famine*, 1847 and 1848, will never be forgotten in Ireland. Mr. Alcock, as might be supposed, threw all his energy and affection into efforts for the relief of the starving. When the disaster first made itself felt, he was seriously ill, and was expected to die; but even in his wanderings his love for the people showed itself. Once he woke suddenly from slumber, and turned to his wife with a look of anguish. "O Pen! there's such misery and destitution. They are dying of starvation, and here am I doing nothing. I *must* go down to Cork to see what can be done for them. I *must* get up."

Like many another good Churchman, Mr. Alcock was full of apprehension at the passing of the Irish Church Act, in 1869; but like many others, he was agreeably disappointed with the result, and confessed that it had "succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectation." He held, of course, views on this subject with which we can have no sympathy. He maintained that every nation in its corporate capacity, ought to worship God, and, therefore, ought to have an Establishment of religion; and that "dissidents from an Established religion ought willingly to support their own form of worship; accepting their share of the public burdens in return for the protection and toleration which the State ought equally to extend to all." But this is just what the "dissidents" do; they maintain their own form of worship, and share in the public burdens, but they regard it as unjust that they should also be required to support the form of worship to which they object.

Mr. Alcock was appointed Archdeacon of Waterford in 1866, and thus filled the office at the critical period of the great change. He took an influential, though quiet, part in all the affairs of his own diocese. He was more than once sought after to accept a bishopric, but to every such application he gave the answer, "I will not move from my present

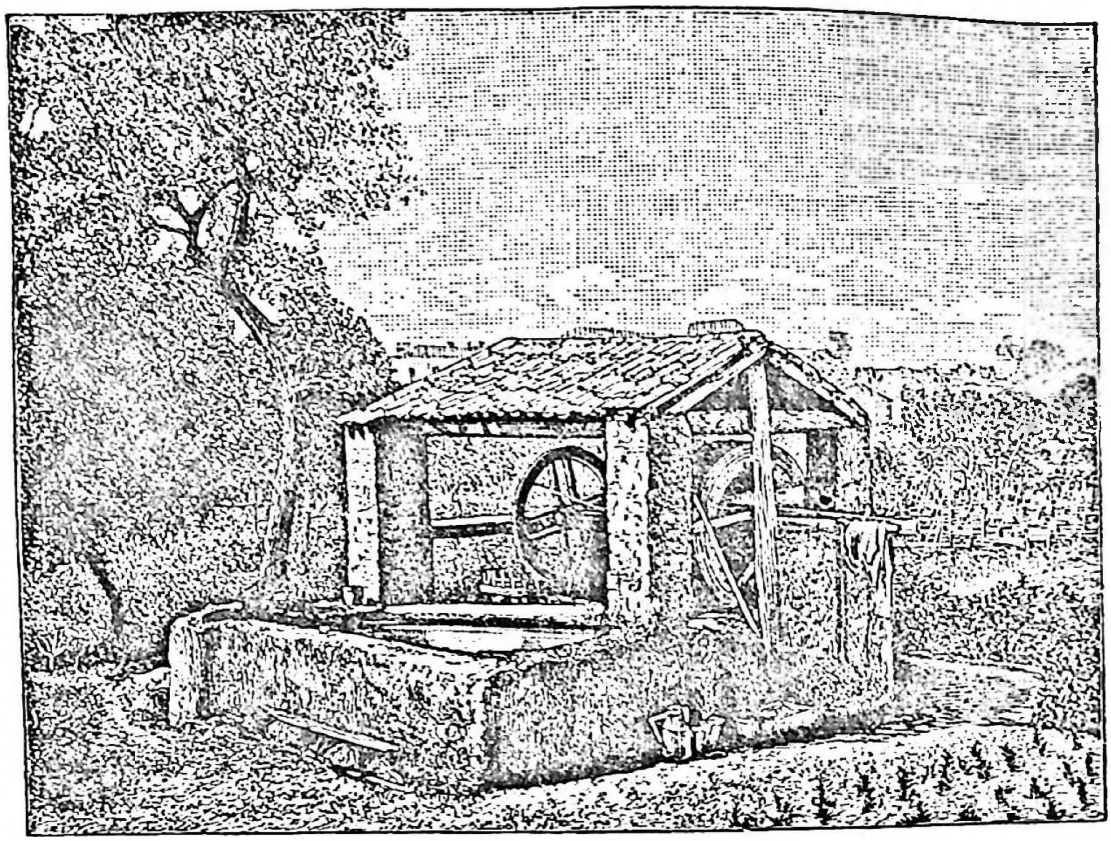
post until I am called to rest." The closing years of the good man were very calm and happy. "Love surrounds me; I dwell in domestic love, and believe the Love whence all comes. Realities become still more real. The shadows of time gather round, and the dawnings of the eternal day seem to break." He died in 1886; and so closed a pacific and honourable life, which his daughter has done well to place on record. Those closing years might have been thus described :—

"So I am watching quietly
Every day;
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say—
Surely it is the shining of his face!
And I look to the gates of his high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me." D.

An Answer to Prayer.

ONE Sunday morning during the Russian war (1854), when H.M.S. *Vesuvius* was anchored off the mouths of the Danube, the signalman of the watch reported a remarkable appearance of a cloud in the sky, over the southern horizon, resembling an inverted canoe and a man on his knees in the attitude of prayer. It did not at first occur to us that it was anything but a cloud, peculiarly shaped and sharply defined, and many times larger than a canoe. Presently, however, the figure of the man moved to and fro, still in the attitude of prayer, and it was at once recognized as a mirage. The cutter, an eight-oared boat, was sent away immediately in search of the canoe; and as it pulled towards the cloud, and when about three or four miles from the ship it disappeared on the horizon, and re-appeared soon after inverted and enlarged in the sky, pulling towards the canoe, on reaching which the man, who had risen from his knees on the approach of the boat, was seen to step into it; the canoe to be taken in tow, and the cutter to steer for the ship again, their reflection soon disappearing from the sky; and in a minute or two after both the canoe and cutter appearing on the horizon. I may add that, although the men were distinctly seen magnified in the reflection, they could scarcely be seen at all without the aid of a spy-glass when on the horizon. On arriving on board, the man, who was a dark-skinned and half-naked native, having almost the appearance of a slave, was questioned, when it was ascertained that he had drifted out of the Danube with the loss of his paddles. Drifting he knew not whither, yet knowing that there was no possibility of regaining the river, and no probability of his finding the land again, he realized the helplessness of his position, and prayed to God for help; and we have seen the marvellous way in which his prayer was answered. G. L. S.

The writer of this singular incident sends us his name and address, as token of his good faith. Assuredly, truth is stranger than fiction.—C. H. S.



Let all the Plants be Watered.

OUR engraving is from the South of France, and illustrates the process of irrigation as it is carried on in the East. There is Solomon's wheel at the cistern, and his pitcher at the fountain. We bought the photograph, which the artist had taken with no thought in his mind of the Book of Ecclesiastes. It shows the usual wheel by which the water is pumped into the cistern, from which it flows by little channels and water-courses all over the garden. Note the young plants in rows, and the pitcher or waterpot by which each one is refreshed in due course.

Is not this a figure of the personal care which the Lord has for each one of his chosen? From his own fulness he pours forth grace to meet the needs of all the plants of his right-hand planting. How cheering to think of the sacred processes of wisdom and love, by which the water of life is made to visit every plot of the Lord's inheritance!

Should not this, also, instruct believers as to the true work and office of a church? Should there not be arrangements that all parts of the Lord's work should have their needs supplied? From the centre in the pulpit, by the various ministries, and especially by the great wheel of the prayer-meeting, spiritual force should be distributed over the whole community. School, senior class, village station, tract district, Young Christians' Band—all should receive their suitable supply. Have we forgotten any in the general distribution of love, and prayer, and faith? If so, let us mend our ways, and take heed that no one is overlooked. Lord, water us all, that we may water all! C. H. S.

A Steam Engine in Nazareth.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

FROM the plain of Esdraelon, a winding road up a steep hill leads to the place which once was the home of Jesus. With chastened, eager hearts we pressed on and up, thinking the while sweet thoughts of him whom we call Saviour and King, until reaching the summit of the road we "came to Nazareth, where he was brought up." There it lay before us, embosomed in an amphitheatre amongst the mountains of Galilee. At a distance it looked like a huge white bird in a giant green nest; and, lovely in its seclusion, it seems an ideal scene for those thirty sacred years so hidden from our gaze in the silence of Scripture.

As we passed to our tents, at the other end of the town, we were very attentive observers, and were rewarded by seeing one thing we did not expect. Puff, puff, puff, came the vapour into the road from a house on the right. There again: Puff, puff. What is it? It surely cannot be—yes it is—a steam engine! Fancy that! A steam engine in Nazareth! It was quite a shock to our preconceived ideas, and the descent from the realm of imagination to that of fact was very rapid. Yet amongst many happy memories of that hallowed spot, none occurs oftener, or suggests more, than this:—

So life presents many unexpected combinations. Sharp contrasts and strange incongruities meet us every day. Jacob and Esau in the same family; Lot in Sodom; Judas among the twelve; Peter at the high-priest's fire; Antichrist in the Temple of God; a sceptic in the pulpit; a rogue in the church; an honest man in the world; a sinful heart a temple of the Holiest; the old man and the new man in the same man; a sincere believer with a bad temper; an earnest worker with a besetting sin; a great sufferer a happy saint; a Christian in the theatre; a man of God running a distillery; a follower of Christ keeping a beer-shop; a cargo of rum, gunpowder, and missionaries for the heathen in the same ship; unconverted parents with praying children; a godly father with a prodigal son; a holy wife with a brutal husband; a loving God and an ungodly world. All these anomalies and contrarieties somehow recall the steam engine in Nazareth, though perhaps the association is as strange a combination as any of the others.

So the present is linked to the past. We build on the foundations our forefathers laid; other men laboured, and we have entered into their labours; we reap what they have sown. It will not do for the nineteenth century to despise the past. The Atlantic liner must not slight Columbus. Adam sinned, and we are sinners; Christ died, and we can be saved from sin. The blood of Calvary still cleanseth; the Life of Nazareth is still our example. Our liberties are the result of noble struggles in days gone by; our Protestantism the fruit of the Reformers' courage. What we have is determined by the past; what we shall be depends on what we are. There would have been no steam engine in Nazareth if Christ had not lived there. But for Christian interest, it, like all the surrounding villages, would long ago have disappeared under Bedouin lawlessness and Turkish tyranny. *Its* present is certainly the outcome of its past.

So the East and the West are joined together. God has made of one blood all who dwell on the earth. Man everywhere is our brother, but we have a special interest in the Orient. Our civilization, and, above all, our faith, came from the sun rising, like the wise men from the East. Be it ours to remember the cradle of our religion, and to send back again the glad tidings; let the ships of Tarshish carry the precious freight to what is, in a peculiar sense, the continent of our King. Then shall they come both from the East and the West and sit down in the kingdom.

So the hush and the rush of life are closely allied. Quiet Nazareth, the symbol of the trusting Christian; the whirling engine, like the wicked who cannot rest; there they are side by side. The one, hushed into calm by the voice of Jesus, knowing the rest he gives; having the peace of God in the heart, and in quietness and confidence their strength. The other spending their fevered existence in the mad race for riches, in fight for fame, or in struggle for pleasure. Even in circumstances of ease the ungodly man may have a surging heart, and amid pressing trial the Christian may still have "a heart at leisure from itself." It would be well if we all learnt the necessity of having seasons of hush, to make us strong in the midst of the world's rush and hurry. Let us often leave the steam-engine, and go to Nazareth.

So the natural meets the spiritual. The world needs both. God does not annihilate our powers when he dwells in us by his Spirit. He sanctifies them. He does not disdain our efforts in his cause, though he could easily dispense with them. There is no question as to which is the greater power in the world—the steam-engine or Nazareth. Yet Nazareth makes room for the steam-engine. It is quite true we want more of the spirit of Nazareth in the world's work: it is just as true that we want more steam-engine in the work of the church. Many Christian organizations are Nazareth *minus* the steam-engine. They are sweet, but not strong. God wants our business talent and executive ability in his church. He wants healthy bodies as well as saved souls. He wants both practice and doctrine. Our faith is to be known by our works.

So Christianity welcomes civilization. Indeed, it includes it. The Bible is a great civilizer. Christian nations make most progress. We have the promise for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come. Only do not let us mistake the one for the other, as if to be civilized necessarily meant to be Christian. Every steam-engine is not in Nazareth.

So Science and Revelation go hand-in-hand. The steam-engine does its work as well in Nazareth as anywhere else, and there can never be any need for science to quarrel with God's Word. The *theories* of science may not be in unison with it, and science may oppose our ideas; but what is revealed can never contradict what is known.

Puff! puff! puff! goes the steam-engine in Nazareth, and so it grinds our corn.

Finding Signs when we Want Them.

AN agricultural show was being held in the neighbouring town, with all its attendant amusements, on the day fixed for my catechism class. Two boys came as a deputation from the class, begging leave of absence for themselves and the others for that afternoon, in order that they might go to the show. I answered, "That is not the thing for you children, it is only for the big people; you understand nothing about it, and will learn nothing good there. I will not exactly forbid you to go there, but——" Scarcely was this "but" out of my mouth when the boys shouted, "Good-bye, sir!" and off they were, as if blown by the wind. The other children, boys and girls, were standing in the plantation behind the parsonage, awaiting the decision.

Before they reached the little company, the ambassadors shouted, "We are to go"; and the others, nothing doubting, waved their caps in glee, and joyously re-echoed the shout in their broadest dialect. That I did not like their going, that it would do them no good to go there, they had not heard; they understood nothing but "I will not exactly forbid you"; that was the essence of my speech for them, and out of the half permission they had quickly constructed, "We are to go!"

Of course, I did not reproach my children, but this taught me that "we great children" often treat God as those little ones treated me.

How easily we find a sign for what we wish to do! How lightly we say, "It is the will of God," when we are anxious to have it so! How inclined we are to find that the Lord points out the way when it suits our view of the case, and how difficult it is to see the real signs of God when they do not suit us!"—*From "Self-Will and God's Will." By Otto Funcke.*

A Correction of an Old Proverb.

SOMEBODY has defined a proverb as "The wisdom of many, and the wit of one." It may be the folly of many, and the want of wit of one.

Take for example the oft-quoted, "Better late than never." A friend is invited to dinner to meet a few friends. The time comes; so do the other guests; but not *he*. After waiting and waiting, till patience has ceased to be a virtue, you sit down to dinner, with your temper damaged and the dinner much the worse for waiting. You are rather more than half through, when the guest comes bustling in, with "Better late than never" on his lips. Common courtesy compels you to invite him to begin at the beginning, and everybody has to wait for him a second time till he has caught up with the courses. It was bad that he was not in time; worse that he came late.

The minister has got into the most interesting part of his sermon; each eye and ear is engaged, when somebody comes walking down the broad aisle, drawing to himself all the attention, and spoiling all that passage, while from his face beams the expression, "Better late than never." But the minister and the people do not agree with him. They unite in thinking that he had better have stayed away altogether, or at least have come in very quietly and taken a seat near the door.—H. L. WAYLAND, D.D.

"Who can tell?"

"SIT you down, sir," said H. P., as we called to see him one Monday afternoon; "I know you were praying for me last night, for it was the best night I've had for three months." "You're quite right, Henry, for F. H., the tract distributor, walked up to the platform during the hymn before the sermon, and asked me to remember you at the throne of grace." "And now, sir, would you like to hear of my conversion?" "Very much," said I; and here his old wife, rather deaf, drew her chair nearer, and, putting her elbows upon her knees, rested her chin upon her hands, and looked up into her husband's face to catch, if possible, every word. "Nigh thirty year ago, Mr. G., the Scripture reader, who lived in Wheeler's-row, held cottage services at his house, and my wife used to go." "Ah those blessed times!" chimed in the old lady. "I was a hard drinker, and a wicked man, and spent nearly all, and sometimes all, my money at the public." Here the voice of the wife was again heard: "I spent many an hour on my knees for you, Henry." "This night my missis said, 'I'm going to the prayer-meeting; will you come?' 'Come! No, I should think not. And if you go, I'll dout the fire, lock the door, and go to bed, and you may stay out all night.' The wife went, and I pulled the fire to pieces, locked the door, and went upstairs; but do you think that I could undress, and get into bed? No; I couldn't. There I stood, half-scared, but what at I didn't know. Fear filled my heart. I came downstairs, pulled the fire together, put on my shoes, and never stopped to lace them up, and started off for Wheeler's-row. 'Twas an awful cold night, but I didn't feel it. When I got to the place, I looked into the window; and, between the curtains, I could see nearly all who were there. There sat Mrs. G. with a baby, and this baby would cry. There I stood in the cold, which I never felt, and heard a wonderful sermon out of Ruth: 'Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' Thinks I, that's what I must say to my missis, for she's a-going the right way, and I a-going the wrong. When they got up to sing the last hymn, I bolted off, and got home, and there was a splendid fire, seemed as though every ember had caught; and when my missis came in, and saw the fire, and saw me, she looked mighty pleased, and said, 'Henry, you should have been with us to-night; we've had such a beautiful meeting.' 'Whose baby was that crying?' I said. 'Mrs. G.'s; but how did you know?' 'Who spoke from these words, "Where thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"?' 'O Henry! you were outside then. Praise the Lord! Are you coming with me?' said she, as the tears trickled down her cheeks. 'By God's help I am,' said I, 'for I'm wrong, and you're right.' For the first time in our lives, sir, we knelt together, and my wife poured out her soul to God, and so did I; and from that time 'her people have been my people, and her God my God,' and for twenty years we held a prayer-meeting every week in that cottage."

F. E. B.

The Way the Deacon Looked at it.

BY PASTOR W. PARRY, PONTYPRIDD.

DEACON POLLARD, as he was called, lived about five miles out of the fair city of Santa Cruz, California. He lived on a farm, although originally he was a calico-printer, and a native of Lancashire, England. Like many of his countrymen, he possessed a good share of natural courage; providence had bestowed upon him a stout heart. He had adopted the tenets of Calvin, and was a strong believer in a special providence. He had held the office of deacon for several years in the First Baptist Church, Santa Cruz. Though having a considerable distance (about five miles) to go to meeting, the deacon was seldom absent. When such an event happened it was noticeable, and regretted, for the deacon led the singing, and almost invariably assisted to sustain the meetings, either by prayer or a short address.

The way to chapel was not only far, but unpleasant, and even dangerous. He drove his little waggon over no royal roads. Mud in winter, a foot deep in some parts, bridges that gaped, and yawned, and creaked, and swung, as if inviting the poor traveller to destruction, and deep gullies, once the haunts of bears and the homes of rattlesnakes, had to be traversed by the deacon from his farm to chapel.

The district was once infested by Mexican Spaniards. To a man they were bigoted Catholics, and looked with a suspicious eye upon the white man and Protestant. Deacon Pollard was a marked man. His uncompromising principles, and, perhaps, somewhat stern manner, reproached their loose conduct, and their zealous but immoral religiousness. Coming home one evening from meeting, and just passing through one of the deep and dark gullies along his way, a desperado levelled his pistol at his head, and fired. The shot singed his whiskers, and grazed his cheek, but the deacon was not hurt. The ruffian and would-be murderer fled. The deacon thanked heaven for his deliverance, and continued his journey. Soon after arriving home his wife observed his face, and asked what had happened. The deacon concealed nothing, but gave a plain, simple, but truthful account of the event. Naturally his wife and family were greatly alarmed and vexed. When meeting-time came around again, the deacon was seen, as usual, getting ready. But before his preparations were completed, Mrs. Pollard determined to discuss the matter with him. "Deacon," said she, "I hope after what has happened you don't mean to go to meeting to-night." "Yes, my dear," said he, "it certainly is my intention." "I know you are not afraid of going all that way alone, but the danger," said she. "Ah! you think of the danger," said he; "I suppose it is somewhat natural you should do so; but I am thinking of something else." "Deacon," said his wife, "don't you value your life? do you think it is so worthless that you need take no care to preserve it?" "I think," said the deacon, "I set a proper value on my life; but as to my sacrificing or preserving it, that is an entirely different matter. We look at this matter differently. You see the human side of this late affair; I look at the divine side. You think of the ruffian with his pistol and bullet, and all his desperate and cruel purposes; I think of the kind Father that turned aside his hand, and defeated his sinful intentions. My dear," said the deacon, "I don't think so much of the danger as of the deliverance; not so much of the deadly purpose of the assassin as of the dear, kind providence that frustrated all his deadly plans. You see man in this matter; I see God. Believe me, my dear wife,

'Not a single shot shall hit
Till the God of love sees fit.'"

With that, the deacon finished his preparations, mounted his waggon, and drove forth to attend the meeting, facing darkness and death without hesitation, trusting, as he said, God, and not fearing man.

Medical Missions in Rome.

LETTER FROM MRS. WALL.

DEAR SIR,—It is now rather more than a year since Mr. Wall opened a large hall for evangelistic work in the Prati di Castello. This new quarter of the city is situated near the Vatican, and was not long since a part of the Campagna Romana, and full of malaria. To render it more healthy its level has now been raised about ten feet. Several new bridges are in construction, and streets, many of them composed of palaces, are already built.

These great changes have brought thousands of workmen from many parts of Italy into this quarter. In Rome these men, far away from their homes and families, have no one to care for them. They are oftentimes found sleeping from fifteen to twenty in a small room. Their average wages of twelve shillings a week, of which two shillings at least go for their miserable lodging, are inadequate to feed and clothe themselves, and to support their families at home. Hence they are obliged to live on insufficient and unsuitable food, which renders them liable to various diseases. Working, as many of them do, at the foundations of the buildings, in water below the level of the Tiber, or under a blazing sun with the thermometer oftentimes above a hundred, the daily sick-rate is very high. During the summer hundreds have been stricken with fever.

Our two medical missions in other quarters of the city have been greatly appreciated. Many have availed themselves of the doctor's advice and medicines, and the good nutritious soup which is always provided for the sick ones. At the Medical Mission in the Via della Consolazione, among the patients no less than seventeen of these fever-stricken workmen presented themselves one morning. We advised their going to the public hospital, seeing they really required rest: they told us this was quite impossible, for if they left their work for more than a few hours together they would be discharged, "And then what would our families do?" added one almost in despair. It was plain to us then what ought to be done. These men, unable to leave their work, too poor to pay for medicines, and no provision made for them by the municipal authorities by which they can obtain them gratis, need some place near their employment where they could be medically and kindly cared for, which would oftentimes help them to escape pernicious fevers, which, when not fatal, leave the constitution shattered for life.

It is to give a little timely help, when and where it is most needed, that we have decided to open a Medical Mission in this new quarter of the city, in the assurance that, while thus relieving the body, the highest interests of the soul will be most effectually promoted. The husband far away from his wife, or the boy or girl from home, without a helper or a friend, who are cared for in the time of sickness and helped in Christ's name, will, we think, more readily believe in him as the Good Samaritan healing and binding the wounds of men. Then, returned to their distant homes, healed in body and in soul, they can testify that Jesus, the living Saviour, not only delivers from the pains of hell, but also from the sin and vices of the life that now is.

The hall in the Prati di Castello, in which Mr. Wall holds evangelistic services, can be used, also, for this new Medical Mission, and the furnishing has been in part paid for by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. All that we now need to commence our work will be £60 for the doctor and the medicines for the first year, and the remainder of the furnishing, which we feel sure our kind friends will not delay in sending us, as they will see the great importance of beginning this Mission as speedily as possible.

Commending this appeal in the name of the Great Physician to your sympathy and prayers,

Believe me, dear Sir, yours in the service of the Master,

EMILY J. WALL.

35, Piazza in Lucina, Rome, Italy.

Notices of Books.

My Sermon-Notes: a Selection from Outlines of Discourses delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. Spurgeon. New Testament Series. Passmore and Alabaster.

This is the second large volume of "My Sermon-Notes," and comprises the New Testament Outlines which have appeared in Parts iii. and iv. It is a large book for five shillings, and we hope it will be worth many crowns to the purchaser.

Sketch of the Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster.

All that anybody needs to know about this troublesome personage can here be learned for twopence. With plenty of cuts, and readable letterpress, this ought to be largely sold. It is hardly necessary for the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* to say that he is not in the least degree responsible for this sketch. Still it is very fairly drawn.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1888. Passmore and Alabaster, Price One Penny.

Will be ready in a few days. We trust our readers will find this Annual as good as in former years. Mrs. Spurgeon has taken great pains in arranging the daily texts. To us it is a joy to speak to so many of the Lord's family by this little penny Almanack, for we have large evidence that we do not speak in vain.

Christian Baptism: a Divine Institution for Believers and their Children. By the Rev. S. D. Scammell. Elliot Stock.

Christian Baptism: a Reply to "Christian Baptism for Believers and their Children," by Rev. S. D. Scammell. By Rev. George Duncan, D.D. Price 2d. Passmore and Alabaster.

We are spared the task of reviewing Mr. Scammell's treatise by Dr. Duncan's answer to it. We are sorry to differ in any point from so excellent a brother as Mr. Scammell, and we are glad to believe that in the most weighty truths we are well at one; but upon Infant Baptism we are far as the poles asunder from him. Dr. Duncan is a master in debate, and sees through a sophistry with eagle eye.

Self-Will and God's Will, or, How to Discern what is God's Will in the Perplexing Questions of Life. By Otto Funcke. Translated by Elizabeth Stirling. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a choice drop of honey. Experienced Christians will prize it for the deep things of God, and the way in which it teaches souls to trust and submit. We do not suppose that the book will suit the modern school, but old-fashioned believers will feel that here is a bit of the old mystical divinity—the very marrow of theology. We mean to give extracts to enrich our pages: we ought to have commended this glorious treatise some months ago, but we have been overdone with books, good, bad, and indifferent.

Messianic Prophecy. The Prediction of the Fulfilment of Redemption through the Messiah. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This book was favourably reviewed in these pages last June, and from the reviewer's stand-point he justly awarded it his praise. But our attention has been called to certain remarks of Dr. Briggs with which neither we nor our reviewer could have a shade of sympathy. We believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration"; and, therefore, lest any one should dream that we could give up a chapter of Esther, or of Daniel, or of any other inspired book, we feel bound to express our decided dissent from this work, so far as it raises questions upon inspiration. We may well have failed to see the error in this instance, since so much of our learned theological literature is tainted at one point or another, and this work far less so than many we could mention.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. VII. January to June, 1887. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co.

This is a serial of a very high class, and we always value the half-yearly volume. Preachers will appreciate it in proportion to the soundness of their judgments.

The Enchiridion of Augustine. A Treatise on Faith, Hope, and Love. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is one of a collection of Christian classics, designed to form a distinct series. Much better thus to publish a minor work of the great author in full, than to condense any of his larger works, for it is seldom that abridgments prove satisfactory. Need we tell our friends that this Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, is not to be confused with St. Augustine (by contraction St. Austin) missionary to the ancient Britons, and founder of the See of Canterbury, who flourished two centuries or more later? But what about the title, "Enchiridion"? Well, Laurentius asked Augustine to furnish him with a "hand-book" of Christian doctrine, in response to sundry questions of creed and counsel. Augustine, whom we commonly speak of as one of the early Fathers, answered him in a little book, or a long letter, of which this is a translation. It contains one hundred and twenty-two brief paragraphs, in the last of which he naïvely says, "It is for yourselves to judge whether you should call it a *hand-book*, or should use it as such." The general drift is comprised in this sentence: "God is to be worshipped with faith, hope, and love." To the first of these he appropriates one hundred and five paragraphs, following more or less closely "The Apostles' Creed." To the second he allows but three paragraphs, in which he makes a rather slovenly reference to the Lord's Prayer. To the third he devotes five paragraphs, showing the pre-eminence of the grace of love. We are not less entertained or less edified in the perusal, because we do not accept it as our *Enchiridion*. It is a fair specimen of the evangelical and the ethical teaching of the fourth century (or shall we say the juncture of the fourth and fifth centuries, A.D.?) by the most renowned ecclesiastical writer of his times. We are not much in accord with him on the "one baptism for the remission of sins"; still less do we sympathize with his conviction "that the souls of the dead are benefited by the piety of their living friends, who offer the sacrifice of the Mediator, or give alms in the church on their behalf." There it is, a neat little volume, redolent with a savour of apostolic teaching, but rife with the germs of a corrupt departure from sound doctrine. Augustine is generally held in good esteem by Protestants. Only two Œcumenical Councils had been held up to his time. Eleven centuries passed away before the Council of Trent gave to the Latin church a final brand of apostasy.

Congregational Church Hymnal. Edited for the Congregational Union. By GEORGE S. BARRETT, B.A. Part II., Litanies and Chants, with music. Hodder & Stoughton.

THOSE who use litanies, chants, and anthems, will find here all that they need.

Organs, Organists, and Choirs. A Book of Hints and Suggestions for all interested in Nonconformist Church Music. By E. MINSHALL. J. Curwen and Sons.

"WHERE ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We know nothing of organs, organists, or choirs; but those who wish to acquire this knowledge will find in Mr. Minshall a guide, a counsellor, and friend. Is he not the chief musician of the City Temple?

Methods of Church Work. Religious, Social, and Financial. By the Rev. SYLVANUS STALL, A.M. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

ANY able pastor who has been a few years at his post will know all that this bulky book can tell him, and a good deal besides. To younger men it might prove suggestive. It is a sort of book to be in a reference library, or to be lent round and glanced over by many; but we do not think anyone is likely to read it through for reading's sake. It is an eminently practical directory for ministers who mean business.

Sermons. Second series. By the Rev. JOHN KER, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

DR. KER'S Sermons are beyond criticism, and we must all rejoice that a second series has appeared. Before he quitted us for the better land, this eminent man of God prepared these discourses for publication. All who value choice specimens of pulpit eloquence will make these their own.

Christ and Christianity. The Light of the Ages (Asia, Africa, Europe). By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. Charles Burnet & Co.

Light? Yes, lighter than vanity. What possible good can be accomplished by such writing we know not. Is Mr. Haweis the apologist for all the idolatries of all ages? He seems to admire everything but the Gospel. He declares that the once popular doctrine of the Vicarious Sacrifice of Christ in the sense of substitution has dropped out of most English pulpits; and he evidently rejoices in that which to us is a source of heart-break. This is the precious churchman who would have been so greatly injured by entering a Nonconformist pulpit that his Bishop felt compelled to interfere to prevent the calamity. That particular pulpit might not itself have either suffered or gained much from the presence of such a personage; but Nonconformity need not weep its soul away because Haweis must not officiate in her temples. We have no fellowship with such imaginings as those of Mr. Haweis.

Specific Unbelief England's Sin. By Andrew Simon Lamb. Nisbet.

That men do not submit themselves to the righteousness of God is charged upon them as their greatest sin, and very rightly so. Our author fears that the doctrine of imputed righteousness is little preached, and his fears are far from being groundless. Does not *The Christian World* call this doctrine immoral? Persons who are tarred with that brush would never have patience to read this work; but we judge it to be a timely and weighty word of warning upon a matter which is too little considered.

The Philosophy of the Gospel. By the Rev. Hugh McIntosh, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

We do not know much about the philosophy, but the gospel of this book is as clear as a bell. Our author is on the lines of Boston and the Erskines, and we are rejoiced that Scotland has sent us such a man to enlighten the southern suburbs of London. He is evidently a man of power. Some of his descriptions have too many words in them for our Saxon taste, but the brother cannot help his great skill in rhetoric; neither would we make a single depreciatory remark, for the man is on the right tack, and has salt in him, and this is the main thing in these days. As the profits are to help pay for the new Presbyterian church at Brockley, we hope they may be large; but he must be a peculiarly favoured man who finds printed sermons and addresses bringing in much ready cash. We feel a deal more sure of the profit which will come in a spiritual form to the reader than of the pecuniary gain to the writer. May he live to write another day.

Days of Blessing in Inland China, being an Account of Meetings held in the Province of Shan-Si. With an Introduction by J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S. Morgan and Scott.

A delightful account of communion of saints with their Lord in the Chinese province of Shan-Si. Surely their hearts burned within them, and, as a consequence, burning words were spoken. Hudson Taylor delivers himself like a prophet of God: it is good to read his short, sententious utterances; and, better still, to hear them. We speak from personal experience. This account of meetings far away is calculated to bring a blessing upon those at home who read with spiritual discernment. One and six will purchase a bound copy of this report.

The Children of Madagascar. By Herbert F. Standing. With Map and many Illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

We are getting to be on speaking terms with the children of all nations, for the Society has introduced us to so many young nations. This is a lively and yet solid book. It deserves an attentive reading, and it will be sure to win it, for it tells so much that is worth knowing, and tells it in the very best fashion. We would sooner read this book for children than one which is written for adults, for it has all the virtues and none of the vices of literature for juveniles.

The Time is at Hand; or, Things which must Shortly Come to Pass. By E. WARDELL-POTTS. W. B. Horner and Son, 27, Paternoster Square.

OUR author has the future all arranged and laid out like a map of the world upon Mercator's projection. It may be so, but then it may not be so. It will please some to see the Scriptures put to such a use, and they will accept the ideas of Mr. Potts because he puts them into Biblical language; but it would be easy to set forth a very different scheme in a like manner. Most of the events which Mr. Potts sees in inspired prophecy, we also see to be there; but the order in which he sets them we do not see. *That* is his own, and it may be right, and it may be wrong. We confess we have small love for these speculations.

The Coming Kingdom. By HENRY VARLEY. Second Edition. Whiting and Co.

AN attractive, not to say charming, volume; albeit rather popular than profound. No wonder that a first edition was rapidly exhausted. The treatise is compiled in forty chapters save one; and each of these sections is bedecked with a selected piece of poetry. Our friend speaks in mellow tones. His meditations on "the kingdom" mature his faith in the King eternal, invisible. As a meek and lowly follower of our blessed Lord, he draws the shoes from off his feet in the prospect of his near advent. We approve his modesty. Where the divine oracles are swathed in mystery it ill becomes any of us to dogmatize.

The Church, The Body, The Bride. By F. N., Erith, Women's Printing Association, Westminster.

THE title is hugely pretentious. "This book," to quote the preface, "is the product of circumstances which call for explanation." Well, we pity any poor book that is introduced to the public with a pitiful apology for its appearance. The author seems to be at variance with the Brethren—that is to say, the Plymouth Brethren. He writes as one who feels aggrieved, and thinks it worth while to air his grievances. Let him be glad that he has regained his Christian liberty.

Notes on the Early Church: a Manual of Church History. From A.D. 64 to A.D. 500. By the Rev. R. O. THOMAS, F.E.I.S. Thomas Murby, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

A HANDBOOK of church history of the first five centuries founded upon the plan and text of Mosheim. Much labour has been spent in condensing. It makes a good class-book.

Truth and Trinity, the New Reformation. Also, Remarks on the Eastward Position. Wyman and Sons.

READ "Trash and Trinity," and you hit the mark. The writer has a genius for picking up anything which seems to him to be new, no matter how erroneous it may be.

Fragmentary Records of Jesus of Nazareth: from the Letters of a Contemporary. By FREDERICK R. WYNNE, A.M. Hodder & Stoughton.

A STRIKING line of thought by a master in Israel. The letters of the apostle Paul are used as corroborative and illustrative of the narratives contained in the four gospels. The reader feels that he is in safe hands in this argument, even though certain modes of expression may not be pleasant to his ear. Here is much that will help to establish those who have by grace believed; and yet *the* best confirmation comes by quite another road.

Loving Counsels: Sermons and Addresses. By the Rev. CHARLES GARRETT. T. Woolmer.

WE have a sincere affection for Mr. Charles Garrett. He is a Wesleyan, and we do not follow in that track, and yet we are very closely agreed in almost everything, and of one accord at heart. Our brother is intense and hearty, a genuine lover of the gospel, and a fervent advocate of temperance. These Sermons and Addresses are full of pith and point; and they are pre-eminently practical. Mr. Garrett is eloquent because his heart is in his work. This saves him from dwindling into a rhetorician, and keeps him a living force for good, both for the church of God and for all moral purposes. God bless the man, and use his book for the highest ends.

"Acceptable Words": Gleanings, Practical and Experimental, from the Ministry of the late A. A. Rees. Shaw.

Arthur Augustus Rees, of Sunderland, was one of our saints. To the immeasurable loss of all his friends he has fallen asleep, and this little book is a literary memorial of the dear departed. All who remember him should at once procure a copy. Those "Acceptable Words" will be welcomed and treasured; but they fall short of being a fair sample of our friend's best things. We are grateful to the kindly hand which preserved these fragments; our only regret being that we have not more of them, and especially more of the choicer kind.

An Earnest Life: being Memorials of George Wilkins, of Derby, Printer, Preacher, and Painter. By his Widow; with a Preface by the Rev. W. Crosbie, M.A., LL.B. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. Derby: Wilkins and Ellis.

This is the memoir of *a man*, an individual, a person who formed his own view of things, and practically kept to it. More than this, George Wilkins was a man of God, and the Lord owned the work which he did for his name. Derby is a great loser by the death of such a man. His widow has done well thus lovingly to preserve her husband's memory. She sets a very modest value upon her work; but she has done it very well, and she has produced a nice little readable memorial, where one of the regular cut-and-dry biographers would have overlaid the good man with a mass of uninteresting detail. Derby should see to it that not a copy hangs on hand to burden the excellent lady who has to mourn over so sad a bereavement.

Short Biographies for the People. By various writers. Vol. iv. Religious Tract Society.

This is the fourth set of first-rate biographies, and you get twelve nicely bound together for 1s. 6d. They are excellent reading for schools, families, and, indeed, for everybody; and as each "life" can be had for a penny, and is written with care and skill, everybody can have his fill of biography without expense or toil. With personal profit we have read Bruder, Alderman Kelly, Christmas Evans, Faraday and Gossner, and we feel that we have had large remuneration for the pleasurable task of examining the work.

The Rainbow Round the Throne, and other Poems. By the late F. Tucker, B.A. Edited, with a Sketch of his Life, by his son, Leonard Tucker, M.A. Elliot Stock.

All friends who remember *Francis Tucker* will be glad that his son has prepared this worthy memorial of him. In him we had sweetness and light, with an emphasis upon the first word. His preaching was greatly enjoyed by the friends at the Tabernacle, who still speak with enthusiasm of "O Wheel," and of "Brighter Light than we can Bear." His general hearers must have felt that his preaching was almost too good, too sweet for every-day consumption; but to congregations used to less soothing tones it was a great treat to hear "dear Mr. Tucker." We would not lead the reader to imply that there was anything effeminate about him. No. The love which overflowed in his utterances was true, natural, unaffected; and the profitableness of his words was in due proportion to their pleasantness. In his palmy days he was a master in Israel, and in his later days a father; while in every period of his life he was a brother greatly beloved of us all. The Sermons which we have mentioned are in this volume, with others equally remarkable. In looking them over our memory carries us back to happy days when we conversed in truest fellowship with Brock, and Tucker, and Lewis, and Katterns, and David Jones, and others who are now with God. They were men yesterday; they are memories to-day: we shall meet them again to-morrow.

Life on the Congo. By Rev. W. Holman Bentley. Religious Tract Society.

The very mention of the Congo touches the heart of a Baptist. This little book is wealthy in information, put in a pleasing form by our esteemed missionary, Mr. Bentley. It should have a large sale.

Arcady: For Better, for Worse. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Popular Edition. T. Fisher Unwin.

An extraordinary book. Its revelations as to the lives of the agricultural labourers sixty years ago and now, are most remarkable. Dr. Jessopp probably knows little or nothing of those godly poor among whom the Dissenting minister would be at home; but he knows a great deal of the surly, the drunken, the political, and the ignorant plodders over the clods. To these lost sheep he has ministered according to his light. He makes us question many modern improvements, as for instance, the removal of toll-gates; but, at the same time, he makes us feel greatly glad that the labourer is not now quite the starved slave he used to be. Dr. Jessopp, in his style and spirit, reminds us of Kingsley, for he evidently sympathizes with the honest worker.

He is the admirer of the great landlord who has enough money to be able to improve the condition of his estate, and all upon it; but he evidently admires him for the labourers' sake. There are dark days coming for the farming interest in England, unless something unforeseen occurs, and our hope is that this unforeseen event may occur.

Some will doubt the existence of the superstitions which our author exposes, but we have come across them personally, and our belief is, that if gospel teaching were to be withdrawn for a single generation, our countrymen would become as superstitious as the heathen. But one thing is clear—the villager's folly does not run in the direction of idolizing parsons; he has, somehow, conceived a dislike for the class, although he is not slow to admit an exception as soon as he meets with a true friend and teacher.

In reading "Arcady," one is moved with ardent longing towards our villages and hamlets. Oh, that by some means the gospel in its power could be brought to bear upon every one of them! We must return to this subject ere long.

In Sympathy. By James Walker. Manchester: Abel Heywood.

Just the thing for public readings and for the spare half-hour. The tales and sketches are brief, interesting, wholesome, and are on a great variety of subjects. The many poems, grave and gay, are musicful and purposeful. The volume is handsomely got up, and costs but three shillings and sixpence.

The People's A B C Guide to Health. A Book for Every Household. By W. Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N. Hodder and Stoughton.

We are unable to review this book, which should in preference have been sent to *The Lancet*, but we cannot help saying that we rejoice in the godliness which pervades it, and that we differ from the doctor in his permission and prescription of stimulants. If these things are injurious to persons in health they must be rank poison to the sick. The book contains a measure of sound sense, and much useful instruction; but those who believe in homœopathic remedies will not accept it.

Land, Labour, and Liquor; a Chapter in the Political Economy of the Present Day. By the Rev. Wm. Burgess, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Listowel. Ontario: S. Briggs. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository.

The name of the publisher reminds us that one of the best of Christian workers has passed away. Mr. Briggs is missed in a thousand ways. This book is a storehouse of useful information upon temperance subjects in their bearing upon Canada. Indeed, it will be read with interest by any one who wants to know about the great Canadian Empire, its present political economy, and the hopes and fears which surround its future. It may be purchased at 337, Strand, for 4s.

Shadow and Sunlight. Poems. By Arthur Moore. City of London Publishing Company, 5, Friar Street.

Poetry. These pieces are, many of them, very good, and none of them could be condemned; still, as a whole, the volume does not rise out of that praiseworthy mediocrity to which immortality is denied. There is much worth reading, but we do not light upon a verse which we feel compelled to quote. We suppose good people must make verses: but it is labour as profitable as grinding the air.

Elijah: his Life and Times. By Rev. W. Milligan, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

We take pleasure in this series of *Men of the Bible.* This is worthy of the series; but we hardly think it so good as "Moses," by Rawlinson. "Elijah" should have been written by one who has poetic fire and great enthusiasm. For learning, Dr. Milligan is unsurpassed, and hence his work is invaluable. He is very attentive to the points assailed by critics, and he gets some good hits here and there at the modern men. Elijah somehow is not in tune with defences and apologies; his answer is the fire from heaven. We felt this after reading Dr. Milligan's work, but yet we retain a deep sense of the research and instructiveness of his outline.

Gleanings from the Book of Ruth. By Robert Brown. Partridge and Co.

We have a great respect for the writings of Mr. Robert Brown, for he is sure to give utterance to some of the deep things of God. But this allegorizing of the marriage of Ruth and Boaz is not at all to our mind. We are far from being squeamish, but we cannot see in such an expression as "the man turned himself," anything approaching to the teaching which Mr. Brown makes out of it. Indeed, we judge his talk upon this verse, and upon several others near it, to be mere wild spiritualizing, which may have a savour of great apparent wisdom about it, but it is really folly. Having already delivered this book so many times as Bible Readings, the excellent author would have been well advised if he had allowed it to remain unprinted, for the most admiring of his friends will hardly justify all that it contains.

The Valleys and Villages of the Bible; or, Scripture Scenes Illustrated by Sacred Localities. By Josiah Viney. Elliot Stock.

The valleys and villages give scope enough for one who is determined to spy out the land and bring home clusters therefrom. Mr. Viney blends the observations made in his travels with the facts recorded in Scripture, and produces a very pleasant little book, which will be welcomed by the young people. Such writings quicken interest in Bible history, and this is an admirable result.

Lessons on (1) *the Names and Titles of our Lord;* (2) *Prophecies concerning our Lord, and their Fulfilment.* By Flavel S. Cook. M.A., D.D. Nisbet.

Very good indeed. A teacher might get a year's addresses out of these pages of condensed matter. To the foolish useless: to the wise a noble shilling's worth.

An Exposition of the New Testament. By Matthew Henry. Thomas C. Jack, 45, Ludgate Hill.

This handy edition of Matthew Henry has now reached vol. ix., Colossians to James. It is fair to state that it is not by the great Commentator, for he left his work unfinished, and it was carried on by able hands, but hands very inferior to his own.

Notes of Sermons. By Rev. J. M. Pendleton, D.D. London: Baptist Tract Society.

For fifty-five years the venerable, scholarly and eloquent author of these seventy-five sermon outlines has served the church of Christ. He is one of th ablest preachers and teachers in th Baptist denomination on the other si of the Atlantic, and his "Notes" a sound, searching, savoury. They in struct and interest, edify and stimulate. Young preachers will find them very helpful.

Sermon Pictures. By Rev. James Walker. Manchester: Abel Heywood.

This neatly got-up, three shilling volume consists of pungent, forceful, pointed, and pithy annotations on three hundred and forty-three texts of Scripture. Young speakers will here find "feathers for arrows" and baits for their hooks. The anecdotes are abundant and good.

Four Sermons for Young Men. Preached in City Road Chapel in May, 1887. By W. J. Dawson. Woolmer.

Very good, Mr. Dawson. Stirring, sterling, stimulating. A very little book with life in it.

Christ in the Tabernacle: with some Remarks on the Offerings. By Frank H. White. Partridge and Co.

The seventh edition of our friend's most precious book. The coloured plates are exquisite.

The Hope of the Forresters. By WATKINS CARNE. Bible Christian Book Room, Paternoster Row.

THE characters in this drama are mostly of the upper-crustacean order. The mischief of wine-drinking habits is descanted on in unmeasured terms. The natural order is observed—drink, "play," debt, Jews, ruin, flight, a drunkard's grave. Per contra—total abstinence, piety, philanthropy, thrift, prosperity, honour.

Fritz of the Tower: a Tale of the Franco-German War. By L. LOBENHOFFER. Religious Tract Society.

THE story of Fritz is remarkable if true, and clever if invented. As to the pictures of wide-spread desolation, misery, and heart-break consequent upon the war—"civilized warfare," forsooth—the descriptions are evidently true. The writer will have done good service if his well-told story shall imbue young people with a determination to have no peace with war.

Our Little Lady; or, Six Hundred Years Ago. By E. S. HOLT. Shaw.

WHILE the story, as such, will interest and amuse, the minute description of the manners and customs of our countrymen in the thirteenth century, will instruct our young friends as much as if they had regaled themselves with condensed Marcet's "History of England." The religious state of our country at that period is well described.

Hagar's Reparation. By EDITH CORNFORTH. Wesleyan Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

A PRETTY, original, home-life story, suggested by some lines of Mr. Ruskin's descriptive of "a life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all the elements of costless and kind pleasure." It might do giddy girls good, but will be most appreciated by thoughtful, sensible maidens.

All for the Best; or, Bernard Gilpin's Motto. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Shaw and Co.

THE story of good old Gilpin's arrest by order of Bonner, his journey to the stake—as was intended—and the saving of his life by his leg being broken, is a good old stock anecdote, and a capital peg to hang a story on. The author has given us a quaint, interesting, and godly tale—short and sweet.

Through Stress and Strain. A Story of the Huguenot Persecution. By EMMA LESLIE. Religious Tract Society.

THE young people of the present day are none too well read in the history of the Papacy; and as for the persecutions of the "Israel of the Alps," and the Huguenots, what do they know? Stories like the one before us, which will make our children eager to read these red-letter histories, we heartily commend. Our children must be made acquainted with the murders and massacres perpetrated by the Roman Antichrist. The harlot of the seven hills changes not. Chameleon-like she may take her hue from her surroundings, but only that she may the better deceive. She hates the gospel as bitterly as ever. "Through Stress and Strain" will cause the reader neither stress nor strain, but pleasure and profit.

Jerry's Little Nell. By A. PITTIS. Shaw and Co.

A CHARMING little story of poor-London life. A laugh-and-cry-over-it story.

Wild Lottie and Wee Winnie. By ASHTON NEILL. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

THERE is nothing particular in it to recommend, and little to find fault with. It may suit the class of girls indicated by the title.

A Door of Hope. By JANE T. STODDART. Edinburgh: Anderson, Oliphant, and Ferrier.

As there is always too large a demand for works of fiction, we are glad to see the Popular Shilling Series of this enterprising Scotch firm in competition with the yellow railway-book-stall class of novels. Some of Messrs. Anderson's series are cheap reprints of stories we have favourably noticed, and, as far as we know, are quite equal to "The Door of Hope," which is, though a love story, innocent recreative reading, with the salt of Christian truth in it.

A 1. A Weekly Paper, Edited by Mrs. Stephen Menzies. Price One Penny.

The amazing success of "Our Own Gazette," for young women, has very naturally induced Mrs. Menzies to labour in another field, and she would now cater for young men. We have seen an advance copy of the first number, dated November 5, and we like the look of it. It is lively and gracious. There is no mistake about the ring of the paper; it is true metal, but it is not heavy; it is devout, but not dull. If the paper can be kept up to the quality of the first number, it will fill an orbit of its own, and spread light far and wide. Any bookseller will get it for you.

Our *Mildmay* friends occupy a special corner in the region of Christmas cards and illuminations. Not only do they excel in gracious tone, but in artistic purity. This year *the Mildmay* list is not long, but choice. *The Stand Calendar* sent free by post at 1s. 2d. is first-rate. Two large illuminated Cards, *Heart's-Ease*, are grand works of art. Price 2s. 3d., packing included. *Winged Minstrels* are beautiful life-sized birds, Bullfinches, Blue Tits, Reed Warblers &c.: these are three in a series for 3s. We like the Bullfinch best, but they are all first-rate. *Voices of Song* are also bird beauties, but they are on a smaller scale. Six cards 2s. *Joyous Melodies* are yet a stage smaller, and are twelve for 2s. We cannot say that *Forest Treasures* please us: fungi and agarics do not well illustrate Scripture: a text on a toad-stool does not seem at home. The *Sepial Vignettes* are artistic and cheap, and have lines for the names of sender and receiver. We cannot afford space for more details, but would in a word commend all that comes from the Deaconess House, Mildmay Park, London, N.

Raphael Tuck issues texts and poems selected by C. H. Spurgeon. They are in the best style, but do not strike us as very new. Who can invent a novelty where the utmost art has already done its best?

Wheeler Brothers, 96, *Mildmay Park*, send us some good and cheap goods. Some strike us as designs which we have seen before, but our wonder is that such really good things can be sold at the price. Here, for instance, we have a packet of six beautiful cards for one penny; and this in several different forms. *The Ruby Calendar* is a new idea. Price sixpence.

Mr. James Hawkins, 77, *Paternoster Row*, issues many marvellously cheap cards, but his *spécialité* this year would seem to be books nicely packed in boxes. We have before us *Songs of the Dawn*, selected from the poems of Horatius Bonar, Charlotte Murray and others; *The Garment of Praise*, and other poems; and *The Homeward Journey*, a selection of poems by Mrs. Pennefather and others. *Communion* is a ribbon-tied little volume nicely got up, but we wish publishers would not repeat their designs in the same publication, for it has a disappointing effect. *The Master Presence*, a selection of poems by W. A. Garratt, Denham Smith and others, and *Divine Peace*, a selection of poems by A. F. Purdon, H. M. Warner, and others, are first-rate.

We always use the Calendars of *Bemrose and Sons*, 23, Old Bailey. They are very handy. You have only to pull off a paper day by day, and you have the date before you. There are three kinds—*The Scripture Calendar*, *The Daily Calendar*, *and the Proverbial Calendar*. We believe they are a shilling each.

Notes.

Thanks to numerous friends for kind enquiries. Sickness has turned the worker into a sufferer for a while, but it has only brought physical pain, and not depression of mind, on this occasion. The battle raging around has needed mental calm, and it has been given. "Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed," &c.

Hoping to leave very speedily for the South of France, we should be glad if friends would send their usual or unusual aid to our Orphanage, College, Evangelists, Colportage, &c., as soon as they can. We say this partly that there may be the less writing for those to do who fill our place at home, the chief of whom is our beloved wife, who has enough of her own work to fill her hands. But we should also feel the more at ease if we left the funds in a

vigorous condition. We are not anxious, nor afraid; but in a time of special weakness, and also of sore travail, one would be peculiarly glad of the cheer which comes through human sympathy and brotherly help. The Lord will provide—of that we have no doubt; but we venture to remind his stewards that he usually provides for holy work through their gifts. It has been our lot to superintend, not without daily strain; we appeal to our brethren in the Lord to make our burden lighter by their prompt liberality. Great are the demands of our enterprises, and for many a week the income has been very far short of the expenditure. This is usual at this time of the year, but we shall be glad when the fall of the year falls no further. We have no debt, and we have shots in the locker; but at this time we should welcome the present assistance of our many helpers. With the five hundred orphans, the students, the colporteurs, and the evangelists to think of, what could we do if faith did not quietly rest in her faithful God?

Personally, we should be glad to receive no letters while we are away. Friends are asked *not* to write to Mentone, as it is possible that we may not go there at all. Our intention is to move about, and keep clear of the burden of letters by giving no address. All *necessary* letters sent to "Westwood" will be attended to as far as possible; but if people write to us abroad, we cannot promise them any answer; in fact, we do not intend to send them any. Rest is needful, and must be had. We hope no one will think this discourteous. Necessity has no law.

As it is, we have more than enough to do during our rest to keep us from rust. Among the "unconsidered trifles" is the bringing out of the weekly sermon. This costs us a fair day's work. We issue the sermon week by week, wherever we may be, and as we have no goods of this sort laid up for many days, we have the work to do in the same way as at home.

The three articles on *The Down-Grade* can be had of our publishers in pamphlet form for twopence.

We have felt peculiar pleasure in a fraternal message from a band of London ministers, who have not gone upon "The Down-Grade," and are not likely to do so. We thank them from our heart. The following resolution was passed with the most hearty unanimity by the representatives present at the half-yearly meeting of the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches, held at Brentford, October 11:—

"Resolved, that this meeting of Pastors and Delegates of the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches, recognizing and deeply deploring the present widespread and awful departures from revealed truth, and believing the same to be largely traceable to the bold proclamation of error from some pulpits of various denominational bodies, desires to express its sympathy with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in the position he has taken in defence of truth, and his uncompromising exposure of the evils referred to in his articles recently published, entitled 'The Down-Grade,' considering his action worthy of the highest commendation of all who are anxious to preserve and maintain the truths we hold in common.

"And that this resolution be signed by the Chairman and Secretaries, on behalf of this Association, and forwarded to Mr. Spurgeon.

"(Signed)
"J. S. ANDERSON, Chairman.
"JOHN BOX, } Hon. Secretaries."
"JOHN HARRIS, }

The preachers at the Tabernacle on Lord's-days, during the senior Pastor's absence, will be as follow:—November 13, morning, W. H. Burton (Dalston); evening, W. Stott (St. John's Wood); 20, Charles Spurgeon (Greenwich); 27, morning, H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D.; evening, Mark Guy Pearse; December 4, morning, A. G. Brown (East London Tabernacle); evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 11, H. D. Brown, B.A. (Dublin); 18, morning, R. H. Lovell (Bromley); evening, Mark Guy Pearse; 25 David Davies (Brighton). May the Spirit of God be with each of his servants, and send upon the church and congregation a dew from the Lord! Prayer for this end is earnestly requested.

On *Monday evening, October* 3, a large number of the members of the OPEN-AIR MISSION met for tea in the schoolroom, and afterwards helped to swell the congregation at the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who had been absent for two Monday evenings through illness, was sufficiently restored to be present. It was reviving to see such a noble band of men. The meeting seemed all alive at the very beginning. Dr. Eccles, of Upper Norwood, introduced Mrs. Baldwin, from Morocco, and spoke and prayed on behalf of the Medical Mission work in North Africa. Mr. Huntley, of the Pastors' College, and five other missionaries of the China Inland Mission, who were about to sail for China, were commended to the Lord in prayer, and each one addressed personally by the Pastor. Mr. G. Kirkham, secretary of the Open-Air Mission, stated that there were more than 1,000 members of the Mission, who had, during the past year, visited 794 races, fairs, regattas, shows, and reviews in the United Kingdom. He gave a judiciously short account of the Open-Air Mission; and then prayer on behalf of the work was offered by several open-air preachers, including Mr. Gill, the well-known missionary from the Coral Islands, and Mr. Moore, the Vicar of Emmanuel

Church, Wimbledon. How intensely this last brother prayed! All hearts were warmed. The Pastor then delivered his promised address on "Soul-winning," which will be published as soon as he can find time to prepare it for the press. The whole meeting was one of great spiritual power and blessing.

On *Tuesday evening, October* 4, the Pastor presided at the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION in the lecture-hall, which was quite crowded with Mr. Elvin's noble band of helpers and friends from the various mission stations under his care in the metropolis. During the year the 129 members of the Association have conducted 1,701 services on Sundays, 253 in Sunday-schools, and 1,031 on week-nights, an increase of 149 on the previous year. The total cost of the work for rent, gas, travelling expenses, printing, postage, &c., has been a little over £300, which has been met by collections at the mission halls £136 5s. 5d., donations from churches visited and various friends £82 6s. 6d., and the Pastor found the balance, £85. This is one of the most useful and economical agencies for the preaching of the gospel, and its influence might be extended to an almost indefinite extent if more funds were available, and if more churches desired evangelistic services. There has been quite a dead season of late in many churches as to special efforts, and it is time that they woke up. As to funds, we can only say that the harvest, truly, is plenteous, and the labourers are ready, but money is needed for the hire of halls, and other necessary expenses in connection with the work. Mr. G. E. Elvin, 121, Camberwell New Road, S.E., will be happy to receive contributions, or to hear from qualified brethren who desire to give their services for evangelistic meetings in London, or to hear from churches and congregations desiring missions.

Addresses were delivered by the Pastor, and Messrs. Maples, Cox, W. H. Elvin, Shurmer, Hobbs, and L. C. Hammond, and solos and duets were sung by several members of the Association. It was an earnest, prayerful, intense meeting, quite in harmony with the character of the work.

On *Monday evening, October* 10, the annual meeting of the LADIES' MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, in the absence, through illness, of his brother; and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and Messrs. W. Olney, B. W. Carr, and J. W. Harrald. The report stated that several of the poor women who had been helped by the Society, while grateful for temporal assistance, had been led to think of spiritual matters, and some had been brought to decision for Christ. There is need of additional workers and funds for this useful agency for reaching the very poor in their hour of greatest distress.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, the same evening, the principal subject of interest and intercession was THE CHINA INLAND MISSION. Several missionaries who were either returning to China, or going out for the first time, were present; three of them gave brief addresses; and prayer was presented on their behalf by several brethren. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon spoke to the missionaries of the work they were undertaking, and commended them to the Lord in prayer. Mr. J. Hudson Taylor also prayed for them, and for the absent Pastor.

THE DAYS OF SPECIAL PRAYER FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS were duly observed by our Tabernacle teachers; in fact, they made arrangements for various gatherings extending over a week, so as to reach all classes of the scholars. In previous years these meetings have resulted in great good to the young people, and it is believed that the recent efforts will also be blessed to many. At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, on *Monday evening, Oct.* 17, a large number attended, several of the officers and teachers spoke and prayed, and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon gave an address on the preaching of Noah as illustrative of the work of a Sunday-school teacher. We are glad to be able to add, before going to press, that the Spirit of God has rested on the teachers in a remarkable manner, and the children have felt the power of it. Some six hundred children came together on a Thursday evening simply for a gospel service: no music, no magic lantern. About 120 remained to an after meeting, all deeply impressed. The Lord's arm seemed to be made bare among the children. Let his name be magnified!

COLLEGE.—In response to a request from our brother Trapp, on behalf of the Mission Committee of the Bradford Association, Pennsylvania, we are sending out Mr. W. A. Biss to take charge of three country churches. Friends may be interested in knowing that of the students who have left the College since the last Conference only two have accepted pastorates in the United Kingdom, so that we are not overcrowding the ministry at home. Several brethren are ready to go abroad as soon as suitable openings occur.

From Tasmania we have received the not wholly unexpected tidings of the death of our brother W. Compton, formerly of Gosport. We helped him to go out in the hope that his valuable life might be lengthened for a few years, but his departure was delayed too long, and, though everything that care and kindness could think of was done for him by our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, he gradually faded away. If ever there was a man thoroughly consecrated to God, it was Mr. Compton. We are not surprised to hear that all through his illness he wanted to

preach, and that he would do so on three occasions when quite unfit for it.

Mr. H. Wood's removal to Launceston, Tasmania, has necessitated several other changes. Mr. A. Hyde has gone from Deloraine to Longford; and Mr. H. D. Archer has accepted the pastorate at Deloraine. Mr. Gibson has asked us to send out a man for Perth, where he resides, and we have selected Mr. J. E. Walton, who has done excellent work during the last five years at Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham. He hopes to sail for Tasmania next month.

Mr. R. Maplesden, who has been in this country and in America on account of the state of his health, has just returned to mission work in Southern India, in connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union. He will be stationed at Secunderabad, Nizam Territory. Mr. A. H. Huntley has sailed for China, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission.

Mr. R. S. Latimer has removed from Willingham, to Colne, Lancashire.

Evangelists.—During October *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have conducted missions at Taunton and Weymouth. At the former place the interest in the services was very widespread, and the blessings of salvation were realized by many. This month our brethren go to St. Helier's, Jersey; in December they are to be at Cambridge; and in January at Edinburgh.

The Secretary of the Hill-Street Church, Wisbech, sends us a detailed and interesting account of the services held in that town by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. We cannot spare the space for the whole of it, but we insert the closing paragraph:—"The meetings have ended, but not the power. Others are still being brought in; and on Friday last a meeting in Park Hall, recently fitted up by the Hill Street Church, was numerously attended by converts and enquirers. These meetings will be continued by Pastor J. W. Campbell, who all along heartily co-operated with the Evangelists.

"The churches of the town have all been benefited, Christians have been aroused, and a general awakening has been experienced. And no wonder; for these servants of Christ are not only powerful as preachers, simple in language, direct in their appeals, holding up Jesus Christ, and him crucified, but they are men in earnest, fervent in spirit, of strong faith, and evidently moved by the power of the Holy Spirit. Our hope is that, at some future day, they may revisit us; and, meanwhile, we trust that other churches will secure their services, and receive, as we have done, an abundant ingathering of souls. Our prayers follow them in their work for the Master through the length and breadth of the land."

Mr. Burnham has united with other brethren during the past month in special services at Chesham and Cranford, and he has also held evangelistic meetings at Blisworth and Milton, Northamptonshire. The work at Chesham was of a peculiarly gracious and cheering character. This month Mr. Burnham is to visit Wellington, Salop, and Winslow, Bucks.

Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain had great blessing in their missions at Bethel and Totley Street Chapels, Bradford. Crowded congregations gathered to hear the gospel spoken and sung, and a considerable number in each place received the word. Mr. Harmer has since visited Rotherhithe and Stroud; and this month and next he takes charge of the work at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath, during Mr. Harrald's absence with Mr. Spurgeon in the South of France.

Mr. Parker has sailed for America. Applications for *Mr. Mateer's* services should be sent to 13, Doddington Grove, Kennington Park, S.E. We heartily commend this brother for special services among the churches.

Mr. Eyres has been accepted by the China Inland Mission. He expects shortly to sail for China. His evangelistic services for children have been very useful.

Orphanage.—On *Friday evening, October* 14, a number of the collectors, though less than usual, met at the Orphanage, to bring in the amounts they had collected. It was a great disappointment to the President that he was prevented by illness from meeting his noble band of helpers. In his absence, his brother, the Vice-President of the institution, presided. The first item on the programme was the presentation of the Bibles which the Trustees had agreed to give to all the children who were in the Orphanage on the Queen's Jubilee day. The boys and girls then interested their visitors by their singing, bell-ringing, and recitations; and in the course of the evening an address was given by Pastor E. Roberts, of the South London Tabernacle, who spoke of the visits of the orphans to Ashford, and gave various reasons why the collectors should continue their services. The total amount sent by post, or brought in on the day, was about £125, a smaller sum than usual. We hope our young friends and other helpers will not get weary in well-doing; for we need more money rather than less. Our birdies will not leave off eating; do not forget to bring the seed.

The engagements of the Orphanage choir for this month are as follow:—November 7, Guildford; 8, South London Tabernacle; 11, Swindon; 12—14, Cheltenham; 15, Gloucester; 16, Ross; 17, Hereford; 18, Coleford; 19—21, Stroud; 22, Reading; 26, Fulham; 28, Battersea; 29, Lower Edmonton; 30, John Street Chapel, Bedford Row.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 29, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Office box at Metropolitan Tabernacle	0	10	3
Half collection at St. Andrew's Street Chapel, Cambridge, per Pastor T. G. Tarn	7	2	2
Mrs. Forbes, Ontario, Canada, per Pastor R. Herries	5	0	0
Anon, E. R....	0	3	0
Mr. George Rose	1	0	0
Mr. James Bain	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Billing...	1	0	0
E. C.	0	4	0
Mrs. Richards	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Holt	50	0	0
Mr. A. J. Parker	10	0	0
Rev. W. Stott	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Annual collection at Toowoomba, per Pastor W. Higlett	2	0	0
Mr. James Campbell	2	0	0
Miss S. J. Hannam	1	10	0
Mr. R. Bannatyne	5	12	6
The late Mrs. Osborn	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt..	3	0	0
Mr. W. De Few	1	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 18 ... ... 6 18 0			
,, 25 ... ... 32 5 0			
Oct. 2 ... ... 23 12 6			
,, 9 ... ... 28 5 0			
	91	0	6
	£193	7	11

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 15th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Cottage meeting in Justice Street, Aberdeen...	0	8	0
J. M.	1	0	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	9	3
Mrs. Forbes, Ontario, Canada	5	0	0
An Almanack reader, Edinburgh ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. J. H. Fuller 2 2 0			
Mr. J. R. Grubb, Oxford 1 1 0			
Mr. T. J. Collier 1 1 0			
Mr. Jos. Long 1 0 0			
Mr. Thomas Gregory ... 0 15 0			
Mr. Cox 0 2 6			
Mr. E. Deane 0 2 6			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
Mr. Holmes 0 2 0			
Mr. W. L. Palmer ... 3 0 0			
Mr. Hill 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier (quarterly) ... 0 5 0			
	9	18	6
Miss Lydia Berridge	0	2	0
A friend of the orphans	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	6	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	0	0
E. C.	0	12	0
Miss Birrell	1	0	0
Lady Forester	5	0	0
"Feed my lambs"	0	5	0
Mrs. Richards	2	2	0
Mrs. Mannington	2	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Holt...	50	0	0
Judith and Edith...	25	0	0
A poor widow	0	2	6
Jewellery sold	4	0	0
Onslow Baptist Sunday-school, South Kensington	0	19	2
Rev. W. Parry	0	5	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	6
Mr. Samuel Bown	0	10	0
Miss C. E. Berry	0	1	0
Birds from Paradise	2	0	0
Miss L. Tanton	1	0	0
Mrs. Leask	1	0	0
Mr. T. Steer...	0	10	0
Miss E. Bickerton Evans...	10	0	0
Miss Mary Bateman, per Mr. Fullerton	0	10	0
W. S.	1	0	0
E. T., Cumberland...	0	5	0
Harvest thankoffering at Newton Craven Arms, per Pastor M. Matthews	0	11	6
Mr. J. Brockie	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
From Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	10	0
Miss Annie Rogers	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	2	0	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0	8	0
Pastor F. J. Flatt and friends at Bugbrook (with quantity of bread, butter, honey, fruit, vegetables, &c.)... ...	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Norris	10	8	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. John Mee	0	7	6
Mr. Henry Nichols...	0	10	0
H. M...	10	0	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1	0	0
Mrs. Chinnery	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	8	0
Mr. Walter Worth...	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Gurney	0	10	0
Miss M. Hall	3	0	0
The late Mrs. Osborn	1	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Postal order from Ely	0	10	0
A Walberton friend, per Mr. H. Southey	1	1	0
Mr. William Smith	5	0	0
Miss H. Ward	1	0	0
M. R....	2	0	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0
A country minister	0	3	0
For Jesus' sake	0	2	0
A small shot from Penzance	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Ivie Campbell, jun. ...	1	2	0
Collected by Mr. George S. Puttock ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Holcombe	0	5	0
Miss I. Cooper	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
A friend, per Miss I. Cooper	0	2	6
S. H.	0	2	6
J. and S. Jones	1	0	0
Miss Thirtle	0	2	6
Mrs. Smither	1	0	0
X. S.	10	0	0
Postal order from Maidstone	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Lang :—			
Miss E. Wyatt	0	2	6
Mrs. F. Beckingsale	0	5	0
Pastor H. Wilkins	0	5	0
E. F.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Whittard	0	5	0
	1	0	0
Mr. F. Baldry	0	2	6
Colonel H. Yule	0	10	0
M. G. B., Hull	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens (one book and nine boxes)	5	10	11
Postal order from A.K.	0	7	6
Mr. A. Lavers	0	10	0
Mr. W. Dimock	0	2	6
Mr. E. Colquhoun	0	4	0
Miss Colquhoun	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Miss Chenoweth	2	0	0
Friedrich Gleiss	0	2	0
Miss King	0	2	6
Mr. B. Lodge	0	10	0
Mr. R. P. Keys	0	10	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	18	8
Mr. J. Larard	0	12	0
Automatic box at Orphanage	0	9	6
Collected by Miss S. Mitchell	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Thorn	0	4	8
Collected by Miss A. M. Ekins	0	4	3
An afflicted brother, A. A. B.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Reay	0	15	0
Postal order, Derby	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	2	7	2
Collected by Mrs. E. Perry	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Cable	0	11	0
P. O., Edinburgh	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	6	0
Collected by Miss E. Bicknore	0	15	2
G. S.	0	10	0
Mr. Wells, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Miss M. Jones	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. C. D. Judd	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. Jeffrey	0	6	6
Mr. D. Goodall	0	1	0
Miss E. Girdlestone and friends	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Gallyon	1	11	4
Collected by Mr. Kendall	0	1	2
Collected by Mrs. A. Laker	0	14	6
Collected by Miss Reed	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. Stringer	2	8	5
Collected by Miss Martin	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Chenoweth	0	5	0
Collected by Miss G. S. Brown	0	8	3
Collected by Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Wardell	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Payne	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	0	16	3
Collected by Mrs. Ewen	3	3	3
Collected by Miss Spencer	0	14	1
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Battam	1	3	0
Collected by Mrs. White	0	0	11
Dr. Thomas, per Rev. J. Mitchell Cox	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Lambourne	0	2	5
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Lester	1	11	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Violet Kemp Houston	0	10	9
Collected by Miss E. Davies	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cutler	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Robin	0	10	8
Collected by Mr. I. J. Brown	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Plummer	1	0	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. E. R. Pullen	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	12	3
Collected by Mr. John Robinson	0	5	0
Miss F. Mutlaw	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. J. Simpson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Merritt	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. W. F. J. Taylor	0	2	0
Per J. T. D., a widow, per Mrs. Ward	5	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	1	10	0
Miss Day	0	5	0
Miss Pratt	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Greenop	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	2	6
Mrs. Muir and friends	1	2	6
Mrs. De Few	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Saunders	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Duff	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	16	6
A friend, per Mrs. Roberts	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	18	0
Collected by Mr. S. Pearce	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. J. Hooker	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	12	6
Collected by Miss G. Soulsby	0	9	0
Collected by Miss S. C. White	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Snape	0	13	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	11	7
Orphan boys' and girls' collecting cards, 2nd list:—			
Gregory, M.	0	18	6
Oakey, F.	1	1	0
Green, W. S.	1	1	0
Howell, R.	0	3	0
Hewitt, H.	1	3	0
Hallam, E.	0	4	9
Fitt, M.	0	15	0
Neave, L.	0	15	0
Haydon, E.	0	10	0
	6	11	3
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Westbourne Grove, sale of programmes	2	1	6
Parnell Road, Old Ford, sale of programmes	0	5	5
Wynne Road, Brixton, sale of programmes	0	15	7
	3	2	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. J. T. Clarkson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. D. D. Sinclair (for Sept. and Oct.)	0	5	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Received at collectors' meeting, Oct. 14th:—			
Collecting books:—			
Andrews, Mr. W.	1	8	6
Bonser, Miss	0	7	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	1	0
Brown, Miss	0	18	6
Charles, Miss F. B.	0	10	6
Fryer, Miss S.	0	13	0
Fowler, Miss N.	0	10	0
Hoare, Miss	0	12	3
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	14	9

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Hinton, Mrs.	0 10 6	
Jephs, Miss	1 16 0	
Lawson, Mrs.	0 15 0	
Leworthy, Miss	1 1 0	
McDonald, Mrs.	0 10 0	
Miller, Miss H.	0 10 0	
Pearce, Miss Jeannie ...	0 6 6	
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2 10 0	
Voss, Mr. E. T.	0 14 6	
Walters, Miss	0 5 6	
Willis, Mrs.	1 5 0	
Tea tickets sold	1 1 6	
		19 1 0
Collecting boxes:—		
Akers, W. and F.	0 1 9	
Andrews, Mr. W. E. ...	0 2 0	
Armstrong, Mr. T. ...	0 16 11	
Austin, Miss	0 9 5	
Biddell, Miss J.	0 2 0	
Bigg, Miss L.	0 2 3	
Barnden, Mrs.	0 16 1	
Brake, Miss G.	0 13 1	
Buswell, Mrs.	1 3 8	
Brice, Misses F. and G. ...	0 2 3	
Biddell, Miss A.	0 2 6	
Bilby, Miss	0 5 8	
Barber, Miss	0 5 10	
Bruin, Miss	0 11 6	
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0 10 10	
Brice, Mr. G.	0 2 8	
Barter, Miss	0 2 3	
Brooks, Miss	0 5 1	
Bowles, Mrs.	0 1 8	
Burgess, Miss	1 4 8	
Cox, Miss A.	0 1 7	
Clode, Mrs.	0 1 11	
Child, Master S.	0 2 3	
Crichton, Miss	0 1 2	
Culver, Mrs.	1 2 2	
Curtis, Master P. W. ...	0 1 9	
Child, Miss E.	0 2 4	
Child, Master D.	0 2 4	
Cook, Miss	0 5 4	
Cooke, Miss	0 2 5	
Cozens, Master E.	0 2 10	
Conquest, Mrs.	0 5 5	
Crisp, Master E.	0 5 11	
Davie, Master H.	0 6 2	
Debenham, W.	0 1 11	
Derrick, Miss	0 7 1	
Dolling, Miss A.	0 1 4	
Dolling, Miss E.	0 1 9	
Deacon, Lilian and Florence	0 12 0	
Everett, Mr. (Robert Street Sunday-school)	0 12 9	
Elford, Miss E. M. ...	1 1 2	
Eyles, Annie and Ada ...	0 2 0	
Esling, Miss E.	0 8 0	
Eldridge, Miss A.	0 2 3	
Ellerington, Miss E. ...	0 3 1	
Frisby, The Misses ...	0 9 5	
Fox, Miss A.	0 1 1	
Fox, Albert	0 1 1	
Frisby, Master I.	0 5 1	
Field, Mrs.	0 3 1	
Fowler, Miss E.	0 6 0	
Gerard, Miss C.	0 7 2	
Hertzell, Mrs.	0 3 8	
Hoyles, Master A. (penny collection at Sunday dinner table)	0 13 5	
Hillier, Mrs.	0 12 3	
Holland, Master	0 1 5	
Hawgood, Miss	1 3 3	
Hillen, Mrs.	1 11 5	
Howell, Miss M.	0 4 8	
Howlett, Miss A.	0 5 8	
Hartley, Miss	0 1 1	
Hannan, Mr.	0 1 3	
Jones, Miss E. E.	1 17 8	
Johnson, Mr. E.	0 7 0	
Lindon, Miss R.	0 14 10	
Larkman, Miss B. ...	0 8 6	
Lucas, Miss A.	0 3 0	
Lucas, Miss S.	0 5 5	
Lancefield, Mrs.	0 2 1	
Mackey, Mrs.	0 9 9	
Mills, Master F.	0 5 3	
Maber, Mr. W.	0 1 10	
Messent, F. C.	0 1 6	
Morris, Miss F.	0 2 4	
Mallison, Mrs.	0 3 5	
Martin, Miss N.	0 7 8	
Mimpress, Mrs.	0 4 0	
Matthews, Florrie and Willie	0 2 10	
Nobbs, Miss M.	0 3 7	
Newman, Miss L.	0 4 1	
Nutt, Miss E.	0 3 3	
Pitt, Miss	0 16 6	
Pavey, Miss	0 9 8	
Podmore, Mrs.	0 10 5	
Price, Miss E.	0 4 1	
Pearce, Misses C. and P. ...	0 11 3	
Patrick, Mr. E.	0 1 3	
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0 6 4	
Palmer, Mrs.	0 3 10	
Quenell, Mrs.	0 4 1	
Russell, Mrs.	0 3 2	
Ransom, Master H. ...	0 2 0	
Rose, Miss A.	0 2 6	
Rose, Miss B.	0 2 2	
Russell, Miss	0 2 1	
Roe, Mr. F.	0 3 0	
Retford, Miss E.	0 3 2	
Stoke, Master	0 1 3	
Sullivan, Masters T. and H.	0 3 4	
Stewart, Mrs.	0 6 11	
Slatcher, Master H. ...	0 2 5	
Selth, Miss	0 8 9	
Stevens, Mrs. J.	0 6 1	
Saffell, Master E.	0 3 0	
Stacey, Miss...	0 8 5	
Stocks, Miss L.	0 4 10	
Smith, Mr. G. O.	0 3 3	
Sullivan, Miss L.	0 4 1	
Terry, Miss R.	0 1 8	
Turner, Miss M.	0 4 2	
Taylor, Miss H.	0 8 10	
Thomas, Miss	0 8 6	
Trevillion, Mr. J. S. ...	1 14 3	
Thomas, Miss	0 14 4	
Taylor, Mrs.	0 3 2	
Tyson, Mrs.	0 5 4	
Wells, Miss	0 5 0	
Wallis, Miss L.	0 1 8	
Watkins, Miss	0 5 5	
Wilmot, Mrs.	0 12 3	
Watts, Mrs.	0 5 1	
Westmoreland, Mrs. ...	0 1 9	
Wheeler, Miss E.	0 2 3	
Wickham, Mrs.	0 5 2	
Warren, Miss M.	0 13 3	
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. Rose	0 4 6	
Woodside Baptist Mission, South Norwood, per Mr. T. Feaver	1 1 9	
Sums under one shilling ...	0 6 2	
		43 0 4
		£361 18 3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—1 hamper of Apples, Mrs. Mills; 1 bag of Onions, Mr. D. Parkins; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds of harvest thanksgiving, from friends at Erith; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread,

&c., friends at Baptist Chapel, Forest Hill, per Pastor J. C. Foster; 2 bags of Potatoes, Mr. J. Barnes; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, &c., proceeds of harvest thanksgiving, Semley, per Pastor J. Stanley; 28 lbs. of Bacon, J. H.; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, &c., friend at Baptist Church, Corton, per Mr. A. L. Barnes; 1 bag of Apples, for No. 2 girls' house, Mr. George Keep; a quantity of Blackberries, a party of school girls, per the Misses Wiseman; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Bread, Butter, Honey, Grapes, Apples, Plums, Flowers, Vegetables, &c., from friends at Bugbrooke, and 1 box of Figs and Sweets, per Pastor F. J. Platt; 1 case of Apples and 1 Marrow, Mr. F. Higgins; 224 lbs. of Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 5 Loaves and 1 bag of Onions, Mrs. Ambrose and friends; 2 bags of Haricot Beans, Mr. J. Hall; 1 box of Blacking and 1 bottle of Black Ink, Messrs. Carr and Sons.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—1 Overcoat, 2 Jackets, 1 Coat, 6 Vests, 2 pairs of Trousers, 1 Flannel Shirt, 6 pairs of Socks, 1 pair of Gloves, Mrs. H. J. E. Brake.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—41 Articles, The Girls' Working Party, per Miss Lowe; a few Articles, A Friend, per Miss Epps; 48 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 26 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 4 Articles, Mrs. Ransome; 36 pairs Gloves and 6 Neck-Ties, Mr. J. Lenty; 1 parcel Trimmings, Mrs. S. Davis.

GENERAL.—A Box Fancy Goods for Sale Room, "Anon."; a Small Box of Flowers, A Widow's Mite for the Orphan Girls.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 15th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. White, for Uxbridge	40	0	0
Mr. J. Dodson, for Littledale	20	0	0
Great Totham District, per Mr. W. Morton	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor District, per Colonel Birney	20	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	15	0	0
In loving memory of A. B., for support of a colporteur for one year	50	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins, jun.	40	0	0
	£285	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
U. J.	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Billing...	1	0	0
E. C.	0	4	0
Collection at South-street Chapel, Greenwich, after sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	22	12	7
Mr. Thomas Holt	25	0	0
Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
Mr. John Mee	0	2	6
M. R.	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£83	0	1

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 16th to October 15th, 1887

	£	s.	d.
A friend, per Messrs. P. and A. ...	0	10	0
"Adelphi"	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Holt	25	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain's services at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath	1	17	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Eyres' services at White Memorial Church, Glasgow	2	10	0
Mr. R. Bannatyne...	5	12	6
M. R.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Stowmarket	6	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
	£45	12	6

Received by Mr. Eyres for Society of Evangelists:—Cunningham Free Church, per Mr. Alexander Macintosh, £3; Rev. A. Andrew, Glasgow, 3s. 8d.; Mr. William Miller, Riccarton, £2; less travelling expenses, &c., £2 7s. 5d.

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 13th 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, 1887.

Restoration of Truth and Revival.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OH for a great and general revival of true religion! Not a burst of mere excitement, but a real awakening, a work of the Eternal Spirit. This would be a glorious reply to scepticism, and would act like a strong wind in clearing the air, and driving away the miasmata which lurk in the stagnant atmosphere. There would then be small honour paid to men who mar the gospel of our Lord, and truth, which has fallen in our streets, would again ascend her throne. Let us pray for such a visitation of the Holy Ghost with our whole souls. It is not only desirable, it is essential; we must either be revived by the Lord himself, or the churches will descend until error and ungodliness swallow them up. This calamity shall not happen, but only divine grace can avert it.

At the same time, we cannot expect a gracious revival till we are clear of complicity with the deadening influences which are all around us. A man of God writes us: "You cannot well overstate the spiritual death and dearth which prevail in the provinces. Where the 'minister is successful' no Unitarian would be offended with the preaching, and where 'not successful,' we see a miserably superficial handling of the Word, without power. Of course there are valuable exceptions. What can be expected as to spirituality in the church when deacons are better acquainted with 'Hamlet,' and Irving's actings, than with the Word of God? And what about the next age, when the children are treated to pantomimes, and a taste is created for these things?" This brother's lamentation is of a piece with hosts of others which load our table.

They come from men who are second to none in spiritual weight. Either these brethren are dreaming, or they are located in specially bad places; or else there is grievous cause for humiliation. We will not go deep into this question, it is too painful. The extent to which sheer frivolity and utterly inane amusement have been carried in connection with some places of worship would almost exceed belief. We call the attention of our readers to the fact that *doctrine* has been the ground of battle in the Down-Grade struggle which has been chosen by our opponents, but on the matter of prayer-meetings and worldliness they have been prudently silent. Certain of them have in this affair exhibited that discretion which is the better part of valour.

If any of our churches have been guilty in this respect, how can they expect the divine Spirit to work with them? Wherever the statement which we have quoted, or a similar one, can be proved, we are at a loss to know how conversions can be looked for. The Lord our God is holy, and he cannot compromise his own glorious name by working with persons whose grovelling tastes lead them to go to Egypt—we had almost said to Sodom—for their recreations. Is this walking with God? Is this the manner in which Enochs are produced?

It is a heart-sorrow to have to mention such things, but the work of the Lord must be done faithfully, and this evil must be laid bare. There can be no doubt that all sorts of entertainments, as nearly as possible approximating to stage-plays, have been carried on in connection with places of worship, and are, at this present time, in high favour. Can these things promote holiness, or help in communion with God? Can men come away from such things and plead with God for the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers? We loathe to touch the unhallowed subject; it seems so far removed from the walk of faith, and the way of heavenly fellowship. In some cases the follies complained of are even beneath the dignity of manhood, and fitter for the region of the imbecile than for thoughtful men.

Brethren in Christ, in every church let us purge out the things which weaken and pollute. It is clear to every one who is willing to see it that laxity of doctrine is either the parent of worldliness, or is in some other way very near akin to it. The men who give up the old faith are the same persons who plead for latitude as to general conduct. The Puritan is not more notorious for his orthodoxy than for his separateness from the world. Liberal divines do not always command the respect of the public, but they gain a certain popularity by pandering to prevailing tastes. The ungodly world is so far on their side that it commends them for their liberality, and rails at the orthodox as bigots and kill-joys. It is a very suspicious circumstance that very often the less a man knows of the inner life, and the less he even cares to speak of it, the more heartily he is for the new theology, the theory of evolution, and the condemnation of all settled doctrine. Those who would have a blessing from the Lord must avoid all this, and determine to follow the Lord fully. Not only must they quit false doctrine, but they must receive the gospel, not as dogma, but as vital truth. Only as the truth is attended with living faith will it prove its own royal power. Believers must also sweep the house of the leaven of worldliness, and the frivolities of a giddy generation. The evil which is now current

eats as doth a canker, and there is no hope for healthy godliness until it is cut out of the body of the church by her again repenting, and doing her first works.

Those who through divine grace have not defiled their garments must not content themselves with censuring others, but must arouse themselves to seek a fuller baptism of the Spirit of God. Perhaps these evils are permitted that they may act as a sieve upon the heap gathered on the Lord's threshing-floor. Possibly they are allowed that our apathetic churches may be aroused. We know already of several cases in which true ministers have gone over the foundation truths again with their people, and have preached the saving Word with clearer emphasis. In other cases churches have been summoned to special prayer about this matter. This is a good beginning: let it be carried out on the widest scale. As one man let us cry mightily unto the Lord our God, that he would arise and plead his own cause. Now, if never before, let those who are loyal to Jesus and his Word be up and doing. A boundless blessing is waiting for the asking. We believe in prayer. LET US PRAY LIKE ELIJAHS.

In reference to the Down-Grade controversy and the Baptist Union, we are urged to further action; but it would be far easier to take a foolish step than to retrace it. We will move when we are moved, and not before. Conferences, societies, and leagues are proposed: all are admirable, no doubt; but which out of many suggestions is the most suitable? We do not see our way. May the Lord himself direct his people! Meanwhile, to redouble our prayers, and to seek a revival in all our churches, cannot possibly be a mistake. Prayer, mighty prayer, can do wonders. This is *the* work of the present hour. Pray without ceasing, and preach the faithful Word in clearer terms than ever. Such a course of conduct may seem to some to be a sort of standing still and doing nothing, but in very truth it is bringing God into the battle; and when HE comes to avenge the quarrel of his covenant, he will make short work of it. "Arise, O Lord, plead thine own cause!"

S. O.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

ONE winter evening I stood in front of a large gate, curiously fashioned, upon which, inwrought in the iron, are the two large letters, S. O. Turning to a friend at my side I reminded him how Charnock speaks of "God's incomprehensible SO," and that set me thinking whether I comprehended even this "S. O." in ironwork.

These cabalistic characters have haunted me for many days, and have often strongly reminded me of an hour's conversation I once had with a Finn, on a steamboat in Sweden. With an elevation of the eyebrows, a shrug of the shoulders, and a wave of the hands, his unvarying exclamation at the end of each sentence was, So! *So!!* SO!!! Each time the voice, the eyebrows, the hands, and the shoulders got higher and higher—So-o-o-o!

But we are still in the presence of this gateway. When it opens,

where will it lead? What enclosure does it shut off from the public and common gaze? And what may the S. O. mean?

Now, it happened at that moment that I remembered writing in my Bible the outline of a reading in Nehemiah, wherein I had traced the naturalness of the events which are there recorded, crystallizing the thought around a little word which often occurs in the history. The letters on the gate spelt that little word. It seems as if Nehemiah, being the God-appointed man for the God-appointed work, and the set time having come, was able to build, and to organize and to teach, without much apparent effort. Everything happened "so."

This is how it reads. A need arose: "*so* I prayed." He had a desire in his heart: "*so* it pleased the king to send me." A long journey and many dangers lay before him: "*so* I came to Jerusalem." He urged the people to build: "*so* they strengthened their hands for this good work." Everything came "of course," because all was "of grace," and the work was done happily, and therefore done heartily, and therefore done well. "*So* built we the wall." "*So* we laboured with the work." "*So* neither I nor my brethren put off our clothes." "*So* the wall was finished." When the building was done, the teaching began: "*so* they read in the book. They explained the reading: "*so* the Levites stilled the people." Obedience followed: "*so* the people went forth." Praise came as a consequence: "*so* stood the two companies that gave thanks in the house of God."

By a somewhat curious commingling of ideas, it seemed to me that the one building was somewhat like the other. Everything about both was most natural, there was nothing forced or hysterical in either, and the history of the two was very similar.

Behind that strange S. O. lay a building that was begun in prayer: it was undertaken at the word of a King: the man of God who began the work came at length to the right place and moment, and favour was given in the sight of the people. So they built: so with Sword and Trowel they laboured (and yonder is a Sword and a Trowel chiselled on the wall): so the sacred enthusiasm which clothed them was never laid aside. So the work was finished. Then came the book, and the teaching, and the work, and the praise. All worked most sweetly, and without friction, because all was in the way of God's will. He commanded, as at creation, and it was SO.

I may be mistaken, but I thought I now saw a little further through the gateway guarded by that majestic S. O. Surely it means Success Ordained.

A few days after this I had occasion to turn up a text in a new German version of the Bible, which seemed to shed more light on the monogram on the gate. It is in the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, and there it reads: "SO he giveth to his beloved *in* their sleep." He not only gives his children restful sleep, but even when his workers rest, he supplies the need of their service. Temporal help for the Lord's work is given, it is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.

Looking up at the gateway again, the meaning of the golden S. O. seems plainer. It speaks of Supplies Obtained.

For a dim recollection of the circumstances which gave rise to the institution (ah! there I have let the cat out of the bag; it is an

institution) showed me the Lord's servant, though wide enough awake in other directions, concerning this thing asleep. But while he slept it grew, he knew not how. Without his moving voice or finger, the Lord gave to him, and gave so abundantly, that it was quite clear only God could thus have given, though, of course, he sent one of his servants with the gift.

And a most vivid vision came to me of the later years, when, notwithstanding the heavy responsibilities of the great enterprise, the servant of the Lord yet trusted Him for all supplies, resting on his faithful word. SO he giveth his beloved sleep.

The S. O. was much clearer now, yet only like the little crescent of the new moon which that night had arisen, and shed a feeble radiance on the trodden snow. In its light I looked again at the sculptured gateway, and beheld the birds, and considered the lilies. I thought I heard the Saviour's words, "Are ye not much better than they?"

But it will need the sunshine to illuminate that motto, and make the mystic meaning plain. Here it comes, joyous and bright. "God SO loved that he gave his Son," "That he might bring many sons to glory." "If God SO loved us, we also should love one another." "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it to me." See how the iron device glows in that light!

S. O., that is the Motive: S. O., that is the Measure of the work. For if God the Father gives his Son to seek the world's orphans, must not we give our best to care for those he loves?

A little way inside the gate, cut in the stone, I read: "A Father of the fatherless, a Judge of the widow, is God in his holy habitation"; and on the wings of memory I was carried to the place where I had last seen the same words. It was in the British Syrian School at Nazareth, where holy ladies teach the children of the Holy Land. And the scene of a quiet Sunday afternoon came up before me, when the little ones in one of their class-rooms sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"—sang it in English, though with a very foreign accent; sang it with childish voices, where once the Saviour was a child; sang it, perhaps, on the very hill where they once sought to hurl him headlong down. Up rose the hymn—

> "Again he comes! from place to place
> His holy foot-prints we can trace.
> He pauseth at our threshold; nay,
> He enters, condescends to stay."

In through this gate at which we have been standing He enters—He stays: for surely in all such ministries He is present by his Spirit, and lives again. Whether it be in far-off Syria or in crowded London, the Word is thus made flesh, and dwells among us.

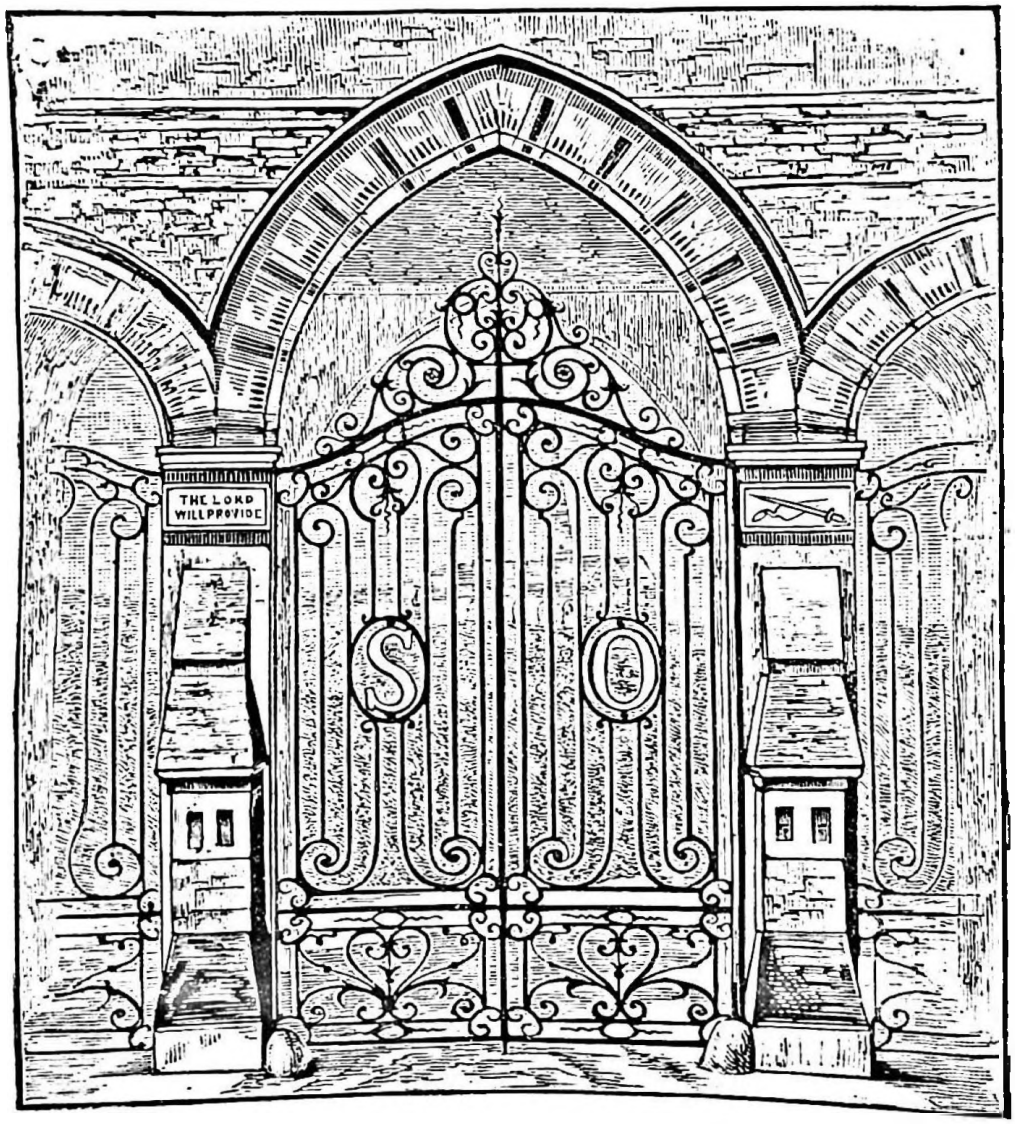
> "Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
> 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by'?"

Poor fatherless children, thrown upon the cruel mercies of a cold world, are like rudderless ships in an angry sea. Who can tell how soon they may be engulfed in the waters or flung on the awful rocks? But if they reach the shelter of the home beyond this gate the storm

becomes a calm ; and should they here find the harbour of refuge which is open to all the tempest-tossed, surely there will be joy in heaven, and the angels well might say, "SO he bringeth them to their desired haven." By loving hands the place of refuge has been prepared, and there the child enjoys the fulfilment of the word, "in thee the fatherless findeth mercy." "As we have heard, SO have we seen."

Now I think I have it : that must be the meaning of the S. O.

Before bidding the reader adieu it is due to him, I think, to explain that the gate in question leads to the Stockwell Orphanage, and that I have been informed that the letters are only the initials of its name. While I cannot deny that S. O. might stand for Stockwell Orphanage, I cannot accept that explanation as sufficient. I would submit that this may only be a coincidence, and that my rendering of it is the true one. I am certainly inclined to think I am right.



Preaching at Fairs.

HE who would trace the origin of our English fairs can hardly expect to be successful in his enquiries; for, although the charters of most of them are comparatively modern documents, the fairs themselves date their origin too far back in the past to enable us to be certain of our ground. As was almost inevitable when nearly everything was ruled by the church, the early fairs appear to have been controlled by ecclesiastics, and being held on saints' or fast days, they were a source of considerable gain to the cathedrals around which their booths were originally put up. In early times they were a kind of annual supplementary great market; and, in days when modern appliances were unknown, it is easy to see that annual gatherings in the chief centres of population were indispensable to enable the people to obtain necessary supplies. In a description of Stourbridge fair, as he found it in 1723, Defoe tells us that woollen manufactures to the value of £100,000 would be sold in a week; and, as regards the temporary buildings, he adds: "The shops are placed in rows, like streets, whereof one is called Cheapside; and here, as in several other streets, are all sorts of traders, who sell by retail, and who come principally from London with their goods; scarce any trades are omitted." When the necessity for these great gatherings passed away, and the ancient legitimate market became superseded by so-called "pleasure fairs," the fairs themselves degenerated into scenes of riot and demoralization, which in time became too considerable a nuisance to be endured. One after another of the suburban and other gatherings was proscribed; and many which have been allowed to hold on because of their trade still need to be reformed.

The fairs of the distant past were thus what the population needed to complete the conveniences of their every-day life; but the fairs of the earlier part of this century were something so entirely different that quiet-living people of these days can hardly be expected to be aware of the gross iniquity they directly encouraged as recently as the opening years of the present reign. There is, for example, in *The City Mission Magazine* for 1839, a description of Fairlop fair as it was on the Sunday of the Forest carnival fifty years ago, which is still astonishing on account of its revelations of wild license which the magistrates of that day permitted. There were booths, gaming-tables, and places even far worse put up under the trees, and 60,000 people would be present on the Sabbath, the whole presenting a scene too bad to be described in its grosser details. The confusion on the ground and on the road during the Sunday night of the fair in 1839 was almost unparalleled, on account of a terrific thunderstorm, causing horses to run away with overcrowded vehicles, and resulting in other accidents.

After the passing away of Whitefield, the Wesleys, and their heroic helpers, not very much was done in the way of carrying the Word straight into the enemy's camp; but when a more hopeful epoch had opened, after the accession of the present Queen, an experiment was made by invading Fairlop fair. Had Whitefield been on earth, that fair at its worst would have been the very place he would have chosen for his work; and we vainly try to imagine what would have been the effect among the licentious, gambling, and drunken crowd if the clear,

far-reaching voice of the fervent evangelist could have sent the gospel message reverberating among the ancient oaks. Fifty years ago all the rowdy elements which were found in force at Moorfields in the days of George II. appeared to have been revived in Epping Forest. A tract distributor, who was present, says: "I met with a great deal of insolence. I was spit upon, whipped, caned, &c., and treated with the most abusive language." The poor gipsies seem to have been far more tractable than any who came from the great city; and their willingness, and even strong desire, to receive spiritual instruction was thought to be very remarkable. Public opinion in regard to gipsies is in these days far from being so favourable. As to the fair itself, the accounts of the wickedness which the Christian visitors afterwards circulated were the direct cause of its suppression on the Saturday and Sunday.

In some cases the weekly market of certain towns has decayed, while the fair has survived, and one notable example of this is found at Barnet, the old town on the North-road, which in ante-railway times had 150 coaches passing through it daily. The autumnal fair, which comes off during the first week in September, is still of importance; but we may be fearful that it retains many of the undesirable characteristics which made the fair notorious in the past. Many of the worst phases of London life were surpassed at this place; and the language of the dealers, which still needs much reformation, used to be repulsively profane. Then, the ignorance of the drovers has often shocked, by its extreme heathenishness, those who have discovered it. It was at Barnet fair, years ago, that a drover—probably typical of many others—was discovered who did not know what was meant by the question, "What must I do to be saved?" The man had never attended a place of worship, he had never heard of Jesus Christ; and thus, although he had some glimmering that he was a sinner, he could not tell how he was to be saved. How are such people ever to be reached unless the gospel is taken to them on the ground they frequent? One advantage is, that when listened to at all, the gospel strikes such people by its divine novelty. The man in question listened with great attention to what was said to him about Christ being the Lamb of God, and he was greatly astonished when he learned that it was the Son of God who died for sinners on the cross.

In other days, before it was abolished as a nuisance, in 1872, Charlton fair, near London, was one of the worst of its kind in the kingdom. This, in large measure, arose not only from its being exclusively a pleasure-fair, but from the frequenters having a license to appear in masquerading dress. As this was the case, both old and young embraced the opportunity to appear in ridiculous costumes, representing the Emperor of China, or even Satan himself, while others appeared on the scene in habiliments even more disgraceful. If it had been possible for the gospel to be out of place anywhere, where sin was rampant, and where evil-doers abounded, it would have been at such a Saturnalia as this; but, as it has so often happened, the Word proved its power in the very place where the devil seemed to reign. What a grand practice-ground for an open-air preacher who goes forth in unwavering confidence in his message, is a scene of this character! With what eager alacrity would Whitefield or Wesley have invaded the enemy's country!

In a private communication, recently received, our friend Mr. Kirkham says: "Charlton fair was the abomination of abominations. Not only was the devil personified, but death also. I have seen a man carried on a stretcher, to personify a dead man. I once noticed the powerful effect of reciting Scripture at this fair. It was Sunday evening, and a lovely moonlight one, too; but the light was not sufficient to read by, so I repeated from the stage of a show the story of the Prodigal Son, amidst profound silence."

On one occasion a band of eighteen of the agents of the Open-Air Mission went on to the ground, and what occurred was thus described by one of the company:—"A large number soon gathered to listen. A man and his wife were seen weeping, and on being asked what was the matter, they said that they could not tell, only that they had never felt like it before, and instead of going into the fair, they were going to take the advice given—to go home and pray—and immediately turned to go home. Another man with his boy was attracted by the preaching as he was going into the fair. He stopped and listened, and then confessed he was a backslider, and said he should retire home again, and went out of the fair-field. A young man came, and said he was a backslider, the son of praying parents at North Shields, and he remained with us the whole of the evening. Some visited the booths with tracts, and were much encouraged by the reception they met with." How singular it is that backsliders are so frequently encountered at such places, often outrunning in sin those who have never known anything about religion! This fact was noticed by a friend who visited Bexley fair in 1868. "I was able to preach Christ to very many, who listened with rapt attention," he remarked; and then added, "I cannot help observing what numbers of backsliders I find at these places."

It was once said, in regard to Peterborough fair, that "the people look for the open-air preachers as regularly as for the fair itself." At the autumnal gathering, especially, it is said that a great many happy meetings take place, and that a good deal of legitimate business is transacted, although the so-called "pleasure" programme turns the balance on the side of evil, a great concourse of the young and the unthinking being drawn from the surrounding country. Year by year the scene is regularly visited by Mr. Kirkham and his comrades, while friends belonging to the town also lend their assistance. On one occasion two working-men freely gave the whole of two days to the management of a Bible-stall in the field, at which nearly five pounds' worth of books was sold. The day was when preachers in such a place would not have been very cordially greeted, but the change which has occurred in this respect is as remarkable as it is satisfactory. It is evidently becoming less and less popular, even among the rougher kind of people, wantonly to annoy those whose sole object is to benefit others; and persons who have not been brought to love religion in their hearts still make a stout stand for fair-play. "When any opposition arises we are sure to find friends," the preachers assure us, adding, "If any one makes himself obnoxious the people generally take the preacher's part, and eject the disturber—sometimes too roughly."

We have seen this fair described as "Satan's great day at Peterborough"; but there is a brighter side when the gospel finds acceptance

among the representatives of so many classes, when Bibles are sold at a recognized stall, and when tens of thousands of tracts are distributed. On one occasion, after Mr. Kirkham had addressed an attentive audience, a friend, who followed with an address, says, "There must have been many people attending that fair who attended the house of God, for the singing was sustained so well, that I had the impression my friend had brought a large staff with him, but it was not so. He had come with only one brother. . . . Bass and tenor voices were distinctly heard, making the service of God melodious, even in the midst of Peterborough fair." The instances of the Word striking home to the heart of the most unlikely characters are very singular. Now it is a poor man, who would conceal his emotion by wiping his eyes with a ragged handkerchief; the next is a runaway lad, who has no work, and who needs some one to advise him; while a third is one who, having taken too much to drink, mistakes the preacher for a Cheap-Jack, and offers to become a buyer. "Here, let me have that purse!" he cries. "Just at that moment a passage of Scripture was quoted by the preacher in the ordinary course of his address," says one who witnessed the scene. "It seemed like a dagger to this poor man. For a moment he stood as one struck dumb; then he hurried out of the crowd, and, leaning his head on a cart, wept most pitifully." Probably the happier days of a Christian home rose before him, and the truths taught in youth, but since unheeded, arrested him, and brought him to a full stop in his sinful course. In the past, when Sunday came between the fair-days, as it sometimes did, there was always a good opportunity for effective service, on account of the cessation of business, and large gatherings were attracted to hear addresses in the open-air. The worst scenes of all were witnessed in booths, which were licensed by the magistrates to be open all night. It seems incredible that our civilized society should sanction an arrangement which led to doings that might have disgraced a tribe of savages. Think of servant girls, and other thoughtless young creatures, being attracted to such scenes, and coming away without that pearl of innocence, which, so long as it is retained, is a woman's chief dower.

The evils of this October Bridge Fair are now, however, considerably reduced. Some years ago the magistrates received a petition from the Church of England Temperance Society to prohibit the sale of intoxicants after seven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Kirkham testifies that the difference in the general outlook since this reform is as the difference between Pandemonium and a world of order.

One of the most notable examples of a once useful institution having degenerated into a nuisance, is seen in the case of Nottingham Goose Fair, which is held at the beginning of October, and which, being now nothing better than the shadow of the original gathering for legitimate autumn trading, ought to be abolished in the interests of common morality. "That Goose Fair has degenerated of late years is a fact sufficiently evident to every one who has lived long enough to witness it," once remarked a leading paper of the town. "It has now become, in a great measure, a festival of drunkenness, disorder, and uproarious conduct, and every year brings fresh and unmistakable proofs of its degeneracy." The worst feature about the business is seen in the

admission that, "There is no such thing as keeping a servant within doors at Goose Fair." Still, the Saturnalia is not what it was in bygone years; for the fair is now continued for only three days instead of nine.

The vast concourse of people attracted into the great market-place makes up so dense a crowd that preaching is difficult, except on the Sunday, when the business of the stalls is suspended. It is a great opportunity for tract distribution, however, and, on an average, probably 50,000 may be put in circulation. The colporteur also arranges his attractive-looking bookstall in the very midst of the throng, and a similar station is occupied by the agent of the Pure Literature Society. A large amount of what is good is thus distributed, but the magistrates would confer vast benefits upon Nottingham if they would abolish the fair.

In itself, the subject of fairs is one of great interest to literary enquirers, and, although these gatherings for trading purposes have degenerated from their original design, it is a very good sign when they are made a means of spreading abroad religious truth. We suppose that there is no more persistent fair-goer in England than our friend Mr. Gawin Kirkham, the secretary of the Open-Air Mission, and he is frequently assisted by comrades as devoted as himself. The gospel is thus brought within hearing of great multitudes, while hundreds of thousands of tracts are circulated every year.

It is also interesting to find that, in the foreign field, fairs are also taken advantage of to disseminate the Scriptures. Annually, on the banks of the Volga—which, having a course of between two and three thousand miles, is the greatest river of the Old World—the celebrated fair of Nijny-Novgorod is held; and this gathering still remains what it has been for a very lengthened period, the greatest fair of which we have any record, either in ancient or modern times. Some years ago, Mr. Macgregor, when on one of his excursions in the *Rob Roy*, visited this fair; and he remarks in a private letter: "I was ten days there entirely alone among 250,000 people. But long ago, since then, a railway was made, and this swallowed up the camels for other duties." The value of cotton and woollen goods sold at each gathering exceeds three millions sterling; while the value of raw and manufactured silk is between one and two millions. The area of the fair, having temporary and other buildings erected on it, is some seven or eight square miles in extent. In 1874, the year before the Duke of Edinburgh visited the scene, goods to the value of £24,000,000 were brought together, and nearly all changed hands.

This vast concourse of people, in the midst of modern Russia, who thus come together for legitimate trading purposes, is, to the outward eye, about as complete a realization as is possible of Bunyan's dream of Vanity Fair; for there are the Rows which literally represent the different nations of the earth. The 50,000 inhabitants of the town are increased by a quarter-of-a-million during the fair; and about a million come and go altogether. Though we are not aware that there is any attempt at open-air preaching among these people of so many nationalities, the Bible Society has its agents on the ground to disseminate the Scriptures; the fair-time extending from the opening of August to the middle of September. This sending forth of the Bible to the ends of the earth, from such a centre, is the happiest feature of the

great mediæval-like fair; otherwise, all the worst evils from which we suffer at home, under similar circumstances, seem to be intensified at Nijny-Novgorod. "The Oka and Volga are literally covered with boats of all descriptions," says one; "thousands of bargemen swarm in the dirtiest holes, spreading epidemics, whilst the lowest amusements are carried on in the houses. The fair is under the control of a special committee, who raise more than 400,000 roubles for shop-rents." It is possible to distribute some six or seven thousand copies of the Bible; but when we consider the numbers who attend to buy and sell, that is a comparatively small number. It is almost to be wondered at, that in a time of such extended missionary enterprise, the grand opportunity to send the Scriptures to the ends of the earth which presents itself at Nijny-Novgorod, is not turned to greater account. G. H. P.

The Fear of Man Rebuked.

IN many ways "the fear of man is a snare." I had before me a large and intelligent audience, of whom I stood in awe, which was perplexing enough, and yet I gave wings to my imagination, realizing the truth of Shakespeare's words, "Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows." My eye was early directed towards a stout gentleman, who occupied a front seat. He had a broad, massive forehead, and a facial expression that a physiognomist might have made a study. While others were moved by the varying moods of the speaker, he was as impassive as

"The still-born figures of Madame Tussaud."

When the meeting was over, I eagerly enquired who was that remarkable man who sat in the front of the platform, and had so much disturbed my peace of mind? "Oh, sir," was the answer, "that is a sad case; it is only a few days since the poor old gentleman was discharged from the Lunatic Asylum."—*Thomas Hudson, in "Temperance Pioneers."*

Brave Singing.

I COULD take you to a poor fellow in one of our English country villages who stood alone against the squire in trying to sustain Methodism in the village. He was turned out of his farm, and all his property sold. The morning before the sale he said, "I could not sleep; I kept praying. It was hard work to see our household treasures scattered; and to see my wife and children without a home. At breakfast-time I said to my wife, 'Lass, we have never had a morning without prayer and singing. Perhaps this is the last time we shall have a home of our own; shall we give it up this morning?' 'No, we will not,' said she"; and, with desolation before them, they sang—

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though health, and strength, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast hope relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies."

Charles Garrett, in "Loving Counsels."

Meetness for the Master's Use.

AN ADDRESS AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR FRANK H. WHITE, OF TALBOT TABERNACLE.

"A WORD to a minister," said McCheyne, in a letter to the apostolic Burns, "is worth a word to three or four thousand sometimes." Beloved brethren, in the fly-leaf of my Bible I have the following:—There are three things which believers should pray for.

1. A new inspiration in Bible study.
2. A new enthusiasm for Christ.
3. A new qualification for winning souls.

Do not these three requisites aptly express your need and mine, as ministers of Christ—men separated unto the gospel of God, committed to spend and be spent in the service of our blessed Redeemer? For my part, I declare I desire such with all my heart and soul. Give me these, and I go from this Conference happy and content. Nor will anything less satisfy me. Whoever, either in speaking or praying, during this holy week, helps me to these attainments, that man is my best benefactor. Brethren, we are bound to one another by a threefold bond. Is this not so?

(1.) Sharers in the "common salvation"—partakers of one "common" life in Christ Jesus the Lord—do we not each alike stand under the cover of the one precious meritoriousness, heirs together of the same glorious hope, all homeward-bound to the same fair haven of sweet rest in heaven?

(2.) Put into the same ministry, to each of us the command is given to preach among our fellow-sinners "the unsearchable riches of Christ," so that we can one and all say, "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." "If ministers knew the preciousness of Christ," says Payson, "they would clap their hands, and cry, "I am a minister of Christ; I am a minister of Christ!"

(3.) Then, our third bond is, we have been trained in the same school; we have listened to the same instructors. Not a few of us sat together at the feet of the venerable Professor who has just addressed us. We have drawn at the same fountain; our hearts have kindled at the same flame. Then, again, are we not all "sons of one man"? If not begotten by him, in the gospel he has tutored and trained us. We are so bound up with him, and he with us, that all the world over none dare claim the peculiar place which we can and do in his affection to-day. Like Judah, we can say, "He is near of kin to us"; and with the men of Israel, also, if others have two parts in him, we have at least "ten." By this threefold bond, then, we seek this day every man to be his brother's benefactor, and by our pleading with God and with one another, to win this threefold blessing—a new inspiration in Bible study, a new enthusiasm for Christ, a new qualification for winning souls.

I. A NEW INSPIRATION IN BIBLE STUDY! Bible study! What study is like it? What knowledge can vie with the knowledge of this Book? since

to know it is to know the mind of him who made heaven and earth, who is God over all, blessed for evermore. With the knowledge of this Book is bound up, not only our holiness and happiness, but our usefulness also. Here is truth—the truth which sanctifies, which satisfies, which saves. Here we learn, not only what to minister, but *how*. Only as we are acquainted with the precious things which are contained here, can we obey the apostolic injunction, "Preach the Word"; or that other, "Take heed to thyself and to the doctrine"; "Hold fast the form of sound words." Or that other, "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." O brethren, if we were Bible students in our College days, how much more do we need to be such now! Oh, let us *study* the Word—search it as for hid treasure. Let us sound continually its mighty depths—drink deep and long of its pure streams. Let us estimate its knowledge at a higher value than ever. Remember, all our fresh springs are here. We shall not weary ourselves and our hearers with stale and heartless talk, if we are living in, and on, the living Word. If it is living in us, it will be in us a well of living water continually bubbling up to their blessing and to ours. We shall not want for matter, nor for motive power either, in our preaching. Both shall be given us if only this Word is allowed to dwell in us richly.

A new inspiration in Bible study; *not a new Bible.* God forbid! we are well content with the old one. We say of it what David said of Goliath's sword, "There is none like that, give it me." No, not a new Bible, for who shall write it? To what section of the Christian church shall the work be entrusted? Into whose hands shall it be placed? Would any one party ever agree among themselves? Blessed Book! we will hold thee till we get a better. Its every word is as precious to us as it is pure. No, brethren, no new Bible. After one of the very first sermons I preached in America, in an elegant building in the great city of Boston, the pastor came forward, and exclaimed, "Brother White, you are like all Scotchmen and Englishmen, you hug the Bible." Oh, brethren, let us hug the Bible more and more! Remember Bunyan's portrait of a faithful minister: "The best of books in his hand, and the law of truth writ on his lips, the world was behind his back. He stood as if he pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head." Oh, let us be "out-and-out" Bible men—men of one Book. Other books we will read in the light of this Book. Over all other books the Book of God shall have the pre-eminence. One gem from this ocean is worth more than all the pebbles from earthly streams. "Often the doctrine of Christ for me," says McCheyne, "appears common, well-known, having nothing new in it, and I am tempted to pass it by and go to some Scripture more taking. This is the devil again—a red-hot lie. Christ for us is ever new, ever glorious." Oh, brethren, with all our getting in these days of knowledge-hunting, let us get "a new inspiration of the Bible": more inspired we cannot make it. What we want is, that it should be more inspired *to us;* that our hearts should be brought more into harmony with its precious teachings, more in touch with its holy precepts. When Mr. Haldane was expounding the doctrines of grace to those Geneva students, one of them said, "I see it; I see it." "But do you see it in your *heart?*"

replied Mr. Haldane. O brethren, we want more heart-sight, more heart-study, more heart-understanding of this blessed Book! It is emphatically a book for the heart. Do not misunderstand me; I plead for no slovenly study of the sacred Scriptures. God forbid! By all means examine and compare the original with as much critical nicety as you are able; get down deep into its roots. Be even microscopical in your examination of its every word, only keep the lamp of love and devotion burning all the while. Have the whole skeleton before you, become familiar with the entire osteology of Scripture doctrine; divide, dissect every tissue and nerve. Be never so minute and accurate in your investigation, but observe well the current of life that flows through it. "The blood is the life" in more senses than one. Have communion as you read of him of whom it testifies. "Exercise a spiritual habit in a spiritual atmosphere." There is nothing which will quicken the sacred spark into a flame so soon as the devotional study of the Bible. "Even old familiar texts," wrote our friend Mr. Mayers the other day, "will often strike us with new power. Constant familiarity may have rubbed them bright and smooth like some well-worn coin; but if only we will let the Holy Ghost re-cut them for us, we shall be perfectly astonished as one after another these ideals of God's own heart open to our gaze."

II. A NEW ENTHUSIASM FOR CHRIST. We are not content with the old, however great it might have been—that enthusiasm which possessed us at the beginning. Alas! it is even possible that some among us had more enthusiasm for Christ then than we have now. Shame on us, shame on us if this be so! Ought we not to love him more, a thousand times more than at the beginning! Yet who that knows himself is not painfully conscious that this does not follow? The oldest amongst us in the school of Christ is not necessarily the most advanced. Those who have had the most forgiven do not always love the most (else he, who is speaking to you, would be the greatest lover). Suffer, then, this word of exhortation, and let us seek to replace our very best days by *better still;* to add to our very fullest measure of love for our Lord by still greater love. "And this I pray," says the apostle, "that your love may abound yet more and more in all judgment and knowledge" (perceptiveness and spiritual insight). Of Count Zinzendoff it was said, that he had but one passion, and that was "Christ." "One passion, and that Christ." O brethren, let us take a fresh intake of Christ this morning! Let every heart among us open to the full to him, open to his large, wide, deep, and mighty love! Here lies the secret of an effective ministry! Oh, for such views of Christ as inspired the pen of holy Rutherford! Listen to him for a moment! "Brother, I may from new experience speak of Christ to you. Oh, if ye saw in him what I see! A river of God's unseen joys has flown from bank and brae over my soul since I parted with you. I urge upon you communion with Christ, a growing communion; there are curtains to be drawn aside in Christ that we never saw, and unfoldings of love in him. I despair that I shall ever win to the far end of that love, there are so many plies in it. Therefore, dig deep, and sweat, and labour, and take pains for him, and set by as much time in the day for him as you can, for he will be won with labour. Alas, my misguiding and childish

trafficking with that priceless pearl, that Heaven's jewel, that jewel of the Father's delight hath put me to great trouble! Oh, that he would take a loan of me, and my stock, and put his name in all my bonds and serve himself heir to the poor mean portion which I have, and be accountable for the talent himself! *Gladly would I put Christ into my room to guide all; and let me be but a servant to run errands, and act by his directions—let me be his interdicted heir.*"

Yes, a new enthusiasm for Christ. *Not a new Christ.* God forbid! What could you and I do with a new Christ? No, no, a thousand times NO! For there is none other name given among men whereby any child of Adam can be saved. If our ministry, then, is to be a soul-saving ministry, we must preach no new Christ. The Christ whom we proclaim must be the Christ whose day Abraham saw, as raised on the tip-toe of a God-given faith, he gazed across the vast expanse of the ages and beheld the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"; the Christ of whom Moses wrote, and of whose sacred person and work the office and garments of Aaron were both a prefigurement and a prediction; that Christ whom David called "Lord" and in whose righteousness he wrapped himself centuries before the Incarnation; that Christ of whom Isaiah and the rest of the prophets witnessed, in due time "born of a woman, born under the law"; whom the Baptist heralded; whom Peter and John called Master, and on whom multitudes of both Jews and Greeks believed, and being baptized called on his name; the Christ for whom holy martyrs have given their lives in every land, and for whom, I trust, every man of us here can from the heart say, "for me to live, and if need be to die." No, no new Christ, but a new enthusiasm for the old Christ—old, yet ever new. "O beauty, ancient and new!" exclaimed Madame Guyon, "why have I known thee so late?"

A new enthusiasm for Christ. Whence shall we fetch it, whence shall we fetch it? Oh, if we are able, let us tell one another this week! Let us pass from brother to brother this sacred secret. I charge you so to do good and communicate. Can it be that we are ministers of Christ, and need that any man should teach us how to become filled with the Saviour's love? "The love of Christ," says David Sandeman, "came rushing into my soul last night like the waves of the sea." That same love, like a mighty ocean, is swelling in upon our hearts this morning. Let us open the doors, that it may flow in and bear all before it. O brethren, the only secret of a new enthusiasm for Christ is—Christ himself! Nowhere else is it to be obtained. It was here that the great apostle to the Gentiles fed his unquenchable flame for Christ. It was under the mighty impulse of a Saviour's love that he spent his life in ceaseless efforts for the souls of men. "The love of Christ constraineth me," was his witness; not constrain*ed* me, but constrain*eth*. Brethren, is the love of Christ a present reality to us? Can we say that it constraineth us? Not that it *did* constrain us, or ought, but it does? Why not? Did not Christ die for us as truly and as really as for Paul? If Paul saw in a crucified Saviour so mighty an argument for a holy, self-denying, self-sacrificing life, do we not see the same? When the devoted Henry Martyn lay in a prostrate condition, stung by the cruel taunts of a man whom he had long sought to win to Christ in the gospel, he was entreated by his friend Mrs. Sherwood to

rid himself of his tormentor. He replied, "Not if his spirit were ten times more acrimonious and exasperating." Then smiling in his gentle and winning way he pointed upward, and whispered in low but earnest tones, "For *him*, for *him*." As with the apostle, so it was with this beloved missionary, as he lay fever-stricken, and oppressed with the burning heat of his Persian home, the love of Christ constrained him.

III. A NEW QUALIFICATION FOR WINNING SOULS, and for the ministry of the Word, whether in soul-winning or soul-watering, gathering in the lost, or guiding the saved; a larger measure of the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ: not another spirit, not the spirit of the world; but more Holy Ghost, more of the Holy Spirit's anointing. This anointing we have already received; we have an unction from the Holy Ghost, else we have no right to be in the ministry; but what we need is anointing in a fuller measure, more of this divine unction, more oil; in a word, more of the Holy Ghost. Too long have we lived as if the question were, How much of the Holy Ghost is needful to get along in our ministry fairly well, or in order to keep us from actually losing ground? The question is, How much of the Holy Spirit may we receive? In Corinthians it is written, "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God. Yea, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." But there is all the difference between possessing the Spirit and having the Spirit in a rich and abundant measure: in a word, "being *filled* with the Spirit." "*Fill* thine horn with oil, and go," said the Lord to Samuel, when he was about to send him to the work of anointing David to his kingdom. Is not that the word of the Lord to us this morning? "Fill thine horn with oil." Mind, it is "*fill*" thine horn. No half-measures. A full horn is needed for a full obedience. Not one of us knows to what service the Lord is calling us; but with a full horn we are ready for anything and everything that he commands us to do. Whence come most of our failures? Not from a lack either of opportunity or ability, but from *a deficiency of spiritual power*, a lack of that holy meetness which is required in those who would be vessels for the Master's use. "I am deepened," says McCheyne, "in my conviction that, if we are to be instruments in the work of a pure, widespread revival, we must be purified from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Oh, cry for personal holiness, constant to God, by the blood of the Lamb! Bask in his beams, lie back in the arms of love, be filled with his Spirit, or all success in the ministry will only be to your own everlasting confusion." O brethren, to every one of us the Lord says this morning, "Fill your horn with oil!" Remember, in the Acts of the Apostles, the men to the front in the work of God were men filled with the Holy Ghost. It does not seem that the Lord took much account of any others in the first advances of the gospel. And has not this been the case ever since? Let me not be misunderstood: God can, and does, I doubt not, use a preacher when in a cold, dead state of soul himself, to quicken and bless others; for he is sovereign, and will be debtor to no man. Moreover, the truth is none the less pure because it flows through an impure channel. But it is not usual for him to do so. Them that honour him he will honour. All things being equal, that man is most used of God who is most

filled with God. Yea, when all things are equal, this is frequently the case, for God will often pass by great attainments to put honour upon a life of personal holiness. It is not great talents that God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God. A word spoken by you when the conscience is clean, and the heart filled with the Spirit of God, is worth ten thousand spoken in the unbelief of sin. John Livingstone used to say, "I found that much studying did not help me so much in preaching as the getting my heart brought to a spiritual disposition. There is sometimes somewhat in preaching that cannot be ascribed to either the matter or expression, and cannot be described what it is, or from whence it came; but with a sweet violence it pierceth into the heart and affections, and comes immediately from the Lord. But if there be any way to attain to any such thing, it is by a *heavenly disposition* of the speaker." O brethren, let us "fill our horn with oil" ere we go forth again!

"Take heed to *thyself*," says the apostle, as well as to the doctrine. Be careful what you preach; take care, also, *how you live.* The negro minister's prayer at the ordination of another negro minister, was, "Lord, make he good like he say, make he say like he good." Among the divine directions for the ordering of the services in Ezekiel's temple, we find that of the daily meat-offering, a hin of oil to temper (R.V. *moisten*) the fine flour. O brethren, let us present to the Lord in his blessed service the fine flour of sound doctrine; but be sure it is well moistened with the oil of the spirit of holiness! Let us never go forth, then, to preach or to teach, to do the least service for God, until our horn is full of the oil of the Holy Spirit. But we read of two kinds of oil in connection with the sanctuary of God in the wilderness: oil for anointing, and oil for the light—pure oil, beaten—the one was not less needful for the service of the sanctuary than the other. Without oil for the light, the house of the Lord would have been in darkness; and without the anointing oil, the priests who served therein would have lacked an essential qualification for their ministry. Both the "oil of the light" and the "anointing oil" are symbols of the Holy Spirit of God, but in different operations. The one is a type of his light and life-giving presence, by which the saving truths of the gospel are both perceived and appropriated; the other, of his sanctifying and sustaining power, by which these truths are displayed in daily walk and service.

Without the Spirit of God we are none of his, and so stand in no priestly relation to his Sanctuary. For this we need the "oil for the light." Without the Spirit of God, even when we have been brought into that blessed relation, we are utterly powerless to discharge any one of its responsibilities, to fulfil the least of its claims; for this we need the "anointing oil." We want both if we would be as John the Baptist, burning and shining lights; if we would combine, as McCheyne puts it, "the flaming zeal of the seraph, with the knowledge of the cherub." O brethren, besides a new inspiration for Bible-study, a new enthusiasm for Christ, we need also a new qualification for winning souls, for teaching saints, for instructing babes, for the work of the ministry generally. And we can only get this as we are filled with the Spirit of God. In his gracious operations we have all these qualifications. Remember the Word of the Lord to Zerubbabel, in Zechariah: "Not by

might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Of that remarkable candlestick, mark the secret of the brilliancy of its light, the power and beauty which attends its ministry. Side by side were the two olive trees. These two olive trees witnessed to Christ in his two-fold character of Priest and King. See how the golden oil empties itself into the bowl, and through the golden pipes into the seven golden lamps! Behold in this the secret of an effective ministry. See how every one of us may become a burning and a shining light. Mark! there is not only *contiguity*, there is *contact*. The candlestick is in connection with the olive trees. There is a free course for the oil to flow. The channels are open. Every hindrance is removed. Besides this there is a rich *copiousness* of supply. This is a picture, not simply of union, but of *communion*, close, continuous communion. In one of Job's parables, he cried, "Oh, that I were as in months past, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle . . . and the rock poured me out rivers of oil!" O Rock of my soul, O Holy Saviour, O thou in whom is all fulness, let me now receive grace for grace! Fill thou my horn, pour me out, pour me out rivers of oil! Fill me with the Holy Ghost! Then, and then only, shall I be a vessel meet for the Master's use.

Finally, brethren, remember three things:—(1.) This meetness is *derived* meetness. It is not inherent in any one of us. It is *grace-bestowed*. Whatever we are, we dare not boast. Old Berridge used to say that when the time came for him to pass over the river without a bridge, he should say, "Here goes an unprofitable servant." (2.) Remember we are to be vessels for the MASTER'S use—THE Master. One Master only have we. We had many once. Now "ONE is our Master, even Christ." We "*love*" our Master, and "will not go free." Blessed slavery, we would know still more of thy sweet bindings! We can truly say liberty was unknown to us until we were brought under its mighty constraints. Brethren, how *much* is Christ our Master? Do we serve him with our *all*? Is *every* part of our being under his mastery? It is written that "Naaman was great with *his* master." We, too, would be great with *our* Master, even though by being so we become small in the eyes of our fellow-men. (3.) We are VESSELS as well as vassals. Note the distinction. With the first we connect the thought of *activity*, with the second, *receptivity*. A vassal bears burdens for his master; but a vessel is itself borne by its owner. Master, so carry me! My own heart has been praying of late such prayers as these. Can we not pray, then, this morning? Master, *take* me! *Make* me! Let me be thine handiwork only! *Shape* me! Fashion me! Mould me! *Cleanse* me! *Place* me! Dispose of me as a Master has a right to do: I am thine! *Keep* me! Who else can do this? *Hold* me! *Help* me! *Empty*, *fill*, and then *use* me, even me! Amen!

Robert Bolton, the Puritan Preacher of Broughton.

BY PASTOR LEVI PALMER, TAUNTON.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE can justly boast of some of the brightest ornaments that adorn the annals of the church. Geographically it touches more shires than any other English county, and spiritually it has contributed to all branches of Christian service, and to all shades of religious belief. To the Calvinists it has given a Dr. Gill, to the poets a John Dryden, and to modern missions a William Carey and a William Knibb. For theologians, it has also fostered an Andrew Fuller; for family expositors, a Dr. Doddridge; and for poetical sermon-readers, a James Hervey. But prior to all these, it was immortalized by the life and labours of one of the grandest Puritans that adorned the reign of James I. As a preacher, an author, and a scholar, Robert Bolton had few equals, and probably no superiors. Whilst at Oxford he was considered the star of the University; and during his ministry at Broughton he was one of those who, by voice and by pen, spread those truths which, in the next generation, produced the Puritans of the Commonwealth.

He was born at Blackbourne, in Lancashire, on Whit-Sunday, in the year 1572, and he died at Broughton, in Northamptonshire, on December 17th, 1631. Thus he lived in two centuries and three reigns, and witnessed the most glorious periods of both the Tudor and the Stuart sovereigns. His parents were by no means rich, and had not young Robert shown signs of great natural ability, they might have been tempted to save the expense which, in those days, a good elementary education cost. Finding, however, that their son was a boy of quick apprehension, great inquisitiveness, and had a great love for learning, they resolved to give him the best education the place could afford. At the age of twenty he entered Lincoln College, Oxford, where he soon gained the notice of his tutors, and the foremost place amongst his fellow-students. Soon after entering the University, however, by his father's death he was deprived of the principal means of his support. Thus the history of the next ten years is the old tale of genius struggling against poverty. Being too poor to buy books, he borrowed them of his tutors, epitomized their contents, and then returned them to their owners. That he might excel in writing the Greek language, he copied the whole of Homer's Iliad with his own pen. Before he was thirty he obtained a Fellowship of Brasenose College, took his M.A., and was chosen reader of lectures in logic, and moral and natural philosophy. He also excelled in metaphysics, mathematics, and the divinity of the schoolmen. In acknowledgment of his exceptional ability, he was selected for one of the disputants before the king, when fastidious James paid his first visit to the University of Oxford.

Up to this time Mr. Bolton was a stranger to the regenerating power of the gospel. He found pleasure in the theatre, in gambling, in Sabbath-breaking, and even in profane swearing. No wonder that he should cherish contempt for the Puritans, who regarded it as a sin even to drink a friend's health, to hunt a stag, to fly a hawk, to play at chess, or to read the "Faëry Queen." His conversion reminds us of the experience of Martin Luther, or of John Bunyan. The deep convictions

through which he passed proved to be a better preparation for the Christian ministry than all his collegiate training. Through a conversation with a Mr. Peacock, he became convinced of sin. He could see no hope of mercy, and felt that if he perished for ever, God would be just, and he should receive but the due reward of his deeds. Night after night he paced his room, being afraid even to sleep. The assaults of Satan, and his own blasphemous thoughts, brought him almost to the verge of despair. At length, however, the day-star rose, and the Sun of Righteousness shone with healing in his wings. Henceforth he resolved to preach that gospel which had saved his own soul from death. The Puritan became to him the model Christian, and his doctrines the only truths that could consistently be taught from the Scriptures. At the age of thirty-five he was set apart for the grand and glorious work of the Christian ministry, and at the age of thirty-eight he was presented to the living of Broughton, in Northamptonshire.

Broughton is a village of about a thousand inhabitants, lying three miles south of Kettering. Through it Andrew Fuller must often have passed, as he walked to Northampton to consult with Dr. Ryland; and along the broad street that runs through the village, James Hervey, Dr. Doddridge, and William Carey must have walked in their journeys from Northampton to Kettering. In Broughton the memory of Bolton is as fragrant to-day as it was two hundred years ago. In several old houses there are charred beams of timber, and for generations it has been affirmed that these are relics of the great fire that occurred in the days of Robert Bolton. And thereby hangs a tale. It is reported that Bolton rendered himself almost penniless in providing for those whose homes had been consumed in the flames. We may surely suppose that Doddridge, and others, would not pass through Broughton without spending half-an-hour in the parish church, which for nearly two centuries has contained an admirable statue of Bolton, and we may imagine how the parish clerk would glow with enthusiasm as he described to them the virtues of this hero of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Bolton's twenty-two years' labour in this wayside village shows a wonderful combination of the scholar, the preacher, the pastor, and the author. As a scholar, he was but little inferior to the great Bishop Andrews, who was then the favourite of the king, and the idol of the church. As a preacher, his eloquence must almost have rivalled "the silver-tongued" Henry Smith's, who in age was his senior by about a quarter of a century. His seraphic zeal often electrified the crowds that thronged the parish church, and his tender pathos frequently so melted them, that the place became a Bochim. To him sin was no stage in the upward progress of the world's history, but an awful rebellion which carried hell with it as its just reward. He believed that the threatenings of God's word had as important a part to perform as the promises; and that the sharp needle of the law often prepared the way for the silken thread of the gospel. Often would he declare to his people that it grieved him to preach against their sins; that he would be happy indeed to preach the riches of the love of Christ all his days; but that he knew of no other way of rescuing them from the dominion of Satan. As a pastor he was most indefatigable. He watched his vineyard day and night, like a jealous husbandman. He

relieved the poor, visited the sick, catechized the children, restored the erring, and acted as doctor, lawyer, and scribe for the whole village. His contemporary, George Herbert, might have found in him the ideal of a "Country Parson," and fifty years after he ceased from his labours Richard Baxter may have found in the life of Robert Bolton the model of his "Reformed Pastor."

As an author he deserves to live for ever. It appears to us that the publishers of the nineteenth century are very remiss in not reprinting his works. His "Helps to Humiliation," "The State of True Happiness," "Directions for Walking with God," and "Instructions for Afflicted Consciences," are equal to almost anything in Nichol's Puritan Series. Much as we admire Sibbs, who lived and wrote at the same time, we completely fail to see why the one should be taken and the other left. The wealth of illustration, breadth of knowledge, and refinement of thought, which all his works display, captivated the age in which he lived, and made his name a household word from Land's End to John o'Groats.

There is one point which will specially commend him to the friends of temperance. It is supposed that during the latter part of his life Mr. Bolton was a total abstainer. The following pledge was found upon the fly-leaf of an old Bible, dated six years after his death. It may have been copied by some of his relatives from his diary. The following is an exact transcript:—

"From this daye forwarde to the ende of my life I will never pledge anye healthe nor drink a carowse in a glasse cupp-bowle or other drinking instrument whatsoever whosoever it be or ffrome whomsoever it come

"Not my owne most gracious Kinge nor anye the greatest monark or tyrant on earth

"Nor my dearest ffriende nor all the gould in the worlde shall ever enforce or allure me

"Not an angell ffrome heaven (who I knowe will not attempt it) shoulde persuade me. Not Satan with all his old Suttelties nor all the powers of hell itselfe shal ever betray me

"By this very sinne (for a sinne it is and not a little one) I doe plainly finde that I have more offended and more dishonored my greate and glorious Maker and most merciful Saviour than by all other sinnes I am subject unto and for this very sinne I know it is that God hath often been strange unto me.

"And for that cause and noe other respect have I thus vowed and I hartily beg my good Father in heaven of his great goodness and infinite mercie in Jesus Christ to assist me in the same and to be ffavorable unto me ffor what is past. Amen.—R. Bolton."

Robert Bolton's death was a perfect euthanasia. He had announced to his people his intention of preaching on "the four last things"—death, judgment, hell, and heaven. Having discoursed on the first three, he descended the pulpit never to ascend it again. His own chamber became the gate of heaven, and his dying bed the pulpit from which he reflected its glory. A few hours before his death he was asked by a friend if he felt much pain, when he replied, "The greatest pain I feel is the touch of your cold hand." "By the wonderful mercies of

God," he said, "I am as full of comfort as my heart can hold, and feel nothing in my soul but Christ, with whom I heartily desire to be."

Just before his last sickness, an affectionate parishioner remarked, as he gazed on Mr. Bolton's white locks, "When that snow shall be dissolved, there will be a great flood in Broughton." The seventeenth day of December, 1631, witnessed that flood; for then the homes of both young and old, rich and poor, religious and irreligious, became Bochims when they knew that Robert Bolton was not, because the Lord had taken him.

Pressed into Service.

AS a very young man, Calvin came first to Geneva when the city was deeply agitated by the Reformation movement. He had no intention of remaining long there, and would rather have lost his life than have assumed the duties of public preacher in such a stormy position. Indeed, he was only there in passing, intending to proceed on his journey the following morning. But at night, as he sat solitary in his room in the inn, Farel, the evangelical preacher in Geneva, came suddenly in to him.

Farel, who was a true Elijah in spirit and in power, sought in a friendly way to persuade the man from Noyon to stay in Geneva, and co-operate with him in the work of the Reformation.

But Calvin resisted more than Moses of old.

"I am too young; I am too weak; I am too inexperienced; I am too shy; I must first devote myself to study."

Such were his excuses. Then Farel raised his hand, and shouted with a voice of thunder, "I declare to thee, in the name of the living God, that if thou refusest thine aid to the church in its great need, God will curse thee and thy studies."

And Calvin? The man who had perhaps a more iron will, and a nobler spirit of independence, than any of his successors, this Calvin says, "Seized with indescribable fear, I abstained from all contradiction at once."

We know how Calvin, from this time forth, almost uninterruptedly lived, suffered, and laboured in Geneva till his death; and we know now that Farel's voice was the voice of God for him.—*From "Self-Will and God's Will."*

Fixity and Progress.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, we can go forward in theology only as we hold fast by the certainties that have already been attained. We advance only by keeping what we have, and not by parting with any portion of that which we have received. Men talk of the bondage of creeds, referring therein to the doctrines which have been deduced from the words of Christ. But they forget that some measure of definite and settled certainty is necessary to the attainment of more truth. Who speaks of the bondage of the alphabet? and yet without definiteness in that, there could have been no literature. Who speaks of the bondage of the multiplication table? and yet without that there could have been no higher arithmetic, no mathematics, and no

astronomy. I do not say that the ground on which the fixedness of these things rests is the same as that which underlies our certainty as to the words of Christ; but still they may well enough illustrate the fact that the definite is the doorway into progress, and not a chain to hold us back from it. It is to advancement what the iron track of the railroad is to the locomotive. It confines, no doubt, but it does so only to increase and render safe the advance, and it were as absurd to complain that the rail hinders the motion of the engine, as it is to affirm that the holding of an ascertained creed in regard to central things impedes advancement in theology. All that it does is to define the line along which the progress is to be made, and to ensure the safety of those who make it. If this were rightly understood among us, there would, I am persuaded, be less disposition to quibble over things which have been so long surely believed among Christians; while, at the same time, the energy wasted in vain speculation would be spent more profitably in seeking to turn that which is believed to account for progress in holiness.—*Dr. Taylor's "Limitations of Life."*

The Miner's Place of Prayer.

A MINER, poor, but not quite illiterate, for he knew that best body of literature well—the Bible—could be seen with blackened face and hard grimy hands, almost any evening in the week, coming out from the mouth of one of our Welsh coal mines on his way home, having finished his day's work. His cottage lay at some little distance from the mine; between them was a small piece of brush, or coppice-wood. It was tenanted only by the wild birds, whose songs cheered and delighted the lonely wanderer who might happen to pass that way. No house was within the little grove. It was a lonely spot. The pious miner wanted such a spot, unfrequented by men, unknown to the world, where he might, among the bushes and the soothing whisperings of the leaves, hold communion with God, pour out his soul in prayer, and find refreshment for his spiritual nature. That was his place of prayer. For many, many years, most evenings, on his return home, before he sought the rest and cheer of his cottage, just as he was, in his miner's dress, black and weary from his day's labour, he turned aside to the little grove to spend a few moments in prayer. That grove was his Mamre; that spot was to him a Bethel; it was consecrated with tears, the scene of many a struggle and triumph, and, doubtless, angels were not far away, for God was surely in that place. The pious miner became an aged man, and, through physical infirmities, unable to follow his occupation. The prospect was dark. His scanty earnings had only sufficed for his daily wants, and those of his family. The outlook was poverty, if not want. The old saint repined not. The suffering would not be long. Better than all, there was heaven in the near future. But there was a smiling face behind this frowning providence. The Lord had raised up a helper. The good miner thought that God alone had seen and watched his secret movements and visits to his place of prayer, and his pious exercises among the bushes and leaves. In that he was mistaken. A gentleman of fortune, whose mansion was not far from the consecrated spot, was led to observe the miner's mysterious movements, and became satisfied of his genuine piety. His heart was moved with admiration and compassion. When old age made further labour impossible, the rich neighbour sought the privilege of providing for the old man's wants. Thus a friend was raised up against the day of adversity, whose beneficence gave the clouds a silver lining, and whose sympathy and compassion rendered the descent to the grave smooth and gentle.

Pontypridd. WILLIAM PARRY.

Worldly Amusements for Professors of Religion;

OR, WHERE WILL YOU DRAW THE LINE?

"WHERE *will you draw the line?*" said a gentleman to a minister who had expressed his regret that some professors of religion countenanced and advocated worldly amusements. "*Where God has drawn it,*" was the reply; and by that reply we are prepared to stand. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The loving the world is the love of that which answers to "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

Religion has often suffered from its professed adherents. Their gloomy countenances, sombre attire, and stern manners, have made it repulsive to the young, who have believed its atmosphere to be chilling, and its effect melancholy. What a mistake, what a libel upon religion!

God has made man to be happy. He has placed a large amount of happiness within the reach of every one. The five senses, and our mental and moral nature, under right influences, may yield enjoyment near akin to heaven. But man is fallen; and as a fallen creature, following the example of his mother, Eve, desires to see what good there is in evil. God, however, by his Spirit, says to him, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

Many have not been disobedient to the heavenly command. They have obtained mercy, and become the children of God. They "are new creatures in Christ Jesus;" and of them Christ remarks, "By their fruits ye shall know them." "They are the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world;" "my witnesses" and "my sheep, who hear my voice and follow me." They have an interest in Christ's prayers. He prays not that they may be taken out of the world, but that the world may be taken out of them.

Grace is a heavenly treasure in an earthen vessel; and he who would keep it must watch against the world which is ever threatening to displace it. Grace and the world cannot dwell together, for they are sworn foes. When the latter comes in, the former goes out. The man who is afraid of the world will manifest this fear by guarding the grace committed to him with a godly jealousy. It is an honourable and blessed employment to persuade our fellows to walk in the narrow way; but to keep them out of it, or to turn them out of it, involves an awful responsibility.

It is to be feared that many parents and guardians of youth, instead of drawing their charge into the narrow way, are driving them from it. They tell you, "We *must* have recreation; young people *must* have pleasure." Admitted. Who says otherwise? But look at the risk they run. If a person were to tell you, that he had a practical turn of mind, and intended to make, with himself or others, experiments with alcohol, prussic acid, strychnine, or dynamite; or to find out how long the body could be suspended before animation was suspended, you would say, "It could not be done without danger"; and you would watch and warn lest a coroner's inquest should ensue.

What are the worldly pleasures for which some contend, and in which they indulge? Dancing, the theatre, and cards, are dangerous experiments! That these are worldly amusements, no one can deny. They are most dear to people who would laugh at being called religious.

"You know, sir," said a mother some time ago to her minister, "people's views are greatly altered on the subject of amusements; it is not as it used to be, when they kept up dancing till five o'clock in the morning. Now it is only 'A Cinderella,' they break up at twelve." Mark the reply, "If people's views have changed, the Bible has not."

Why do people plead for dancing? Because it is such good exercise, and it gives grace to the movements of the body. How long would dancing be kept up if the men danced by themselves, and the women by themselves? The

exercise would be all the same. Yes, but it could not survive—a new amusement must be found to take its place. Dancing has inflamed the worst passions, blighted the fairest hopes, led to clandestine marriages, and ruined immortal souls. What is the testimony of some who have spent whole nights in dancing, and have excelled in it? "That no one can love dancing, and keep a pure mind; and that when they became religious, they gave it up altogether." If religion taught them that it was right to give up dancing, it should teach others that it is wrong ever to begin.

Some excuse themselves by saying, "We never go to balls; it is only a quiet affair *at home*." Children will not always be at home, nor disposed to submit to parental control; and the taste which has been created for one kind of worldly pleasure in the home, will be followed by a taste for others when they get away; upon none of which can be asked the blessing of God.

A tradesman who was prospering in the world, sent the following request to a certain pulpit: "One who is getting rich desires the prayers of this congregation." But what would you think of a minister being asked to read—"The prayers of this congregation are asked on behalf of a juvenile ball, to be held ——"? You would think it a desecration, and not hesitate to say so. We will, however, suppose the minister to be one (and there are such) who says in private that he sees no harm in such things; how then could he consistently decline to invoke the divine blessing upon them in public?

A Socinian said to the Rev. Robert Hall, "that he could not see the divinity of Christ in the Bible." "Sir," said Mr. Hall, "I tried to light my candle the other night, but could not, for the extinguisher was on." None are so blind as those who won't see. When Nelson did not want to see the signal, he put the glass to his blind eye, and said, "he never saw the signal," which was quite true. Salome danced before Herod, and pleased him; the price of that dance was a prophet's head.

Did you ever hear of a dying parent giving God thanks that his children had learned to dance?

How many servants have been ruined by knowing that, although the master and mistress were professors of religion, yet their children were taught to dance?

Let us suppose that after a "Cinderella" breaking up at midnight, the bell is rung, and the servants are called in, as the master says, to surround the family altar. Might it not occur to one of those servants, if she had been to a Sunday-school, that a "Penitent Form" would be more seemly, where the family might pray that their partnership with "the world, the flesh, and the devil" might be dissolved? Of course it will be said, "We should not be such hypocrites as to have family prayer that night." Then draw the line, and give up the dancing, or dancing will make you give up praying; and a prayerless soul is a graceless soul. Wherever Abraham, with his large household, had a tent, God had an altar.

Some plead for the theatre. In so doing they often quote the opinions of a good, but mistaken, Bishop; generally they fail to report the whole of what he said. This is the substance of his remarks: "If certain plays could be selected, certain players secured, and the performance could take place in such buildings, and before such an audience, no one could be 'injured.' But such a thing is never done, and if it were attempted it would not pay. The State is aware that the majority of theatre-goers like something sensational, and the nearer the thing comes to Continental practices, the larger and more enthusiastic the houses. The State has therefore to step in and to say, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

Before Adam and Eve fell they were naked, and not ashamed; but the case is altered now, and players ought to be ashamed because they are so nearly naked. What would you think of the mother of several daughters saying she took them to the theatre to study costumes and manners, which she wished them to copy?

Consider the material environments of the theatre: the gin palace, the brothel, &c. "But we always ride up to the door, and come back in our own conveyance." That may be true; but what security have you that the next seat, or the next box to yours, will not be occupied by a kept mistress, a tout, a gambler, an adulterer? Rank and wealth are no guarantee against such an occurrence; and then there may be times when only one or two members of the family may go, and they may choose to walk; are you sure that they will not be brought within the vortex, and ultimately wrecked on the rocks of despair? Would you supply the poison in a case in which you feared suicide?

Let theatre-going parents remember that if their children lose their souls they have taught them how to do it. It is said that the Rev. Rowland Hill was much troubled because some of his hearers, and even members of his church, went to the theatre. They were charged with it, but denied it. He believed the report to be true, and one night, to the surprise of his coachman, directed him to drive to Covent Garden Theatre. He bought a ticket, took his seat, waited, saw them come in, looked at them, and said "I see you are here," and then took his departure. Is it not a fact that some who have stood high in their profession as actors, dancers, singers, &c., on being converted, have abandoned their profession, feeling that they could not continue in it and retain the favour of God? Such cases speak for themselves, and ought to speak loudly to all who patronize worldly amusements.

To every lover of young people it is pleasing to see so much effort put forth on their behalf for good. Mutual Improvement Classes have rendered excellent service; but some which bear this name, being left a great deal to themselves, are a positive evil. Now, what would men of the world say if they saw, from the programme of a professing Christian Class, that the question was to be discussed, "Is it wrong to go to the theatre?" They would say the proposers of such a question wish to go, and wish the church to sanction their going. It is to be regretted that some ministers and some churches do sanction it. Are such ministers and such churches remarkable for spirituality and evangelism? I trow not. They tell you they hold broad views. Broad views and the broad way are not far apart.

Then much time is wasted in card-playing, which game, in the popular mind, is associated with gambling. It is said cards were invented to amuse an insane king. If worldings, whose pleasures are only "for a season," are content to shuffle bits of painted paper, to lose their tempers and their money (and sometimes, to replenish an exhausted exchequer, resort to forgery, embezzlement, and greater crimes), is it not beneath the dignity of men and women professing godliness to do so?—"to make their time red," as Robert Hall once observed, "with the blood of murdered hours."

People will and do ask, Is a game at cards worse than other games? Any game upon which you can neither ask nor expect the divine blessing is wrong for all, but especially for professing Christians.

Where will you draw the line?

Where consistency draws it, and where the men of the world draw it. If a man of pleasure sees one he knows to be a member of a Christian church, though in disguise, at balls, theatres, a race-course, or in a gambling saloon, he exclaims, "Who would have thought to have seen you here? It is hardly the place for you!" Sometimes the reply is, "Curiosity brought me here." Tell the truth, out with it at once, and say *sympathy*. When professors take pleasure in these things the salt has lost its savour, the branch has become withered, the sheep has gone astray, the gold has become dross; like the sow that was washed, they have returned to their wallowing in the mire, they have left their father's house and gone into a far country, and the master they have chosen will give them the husks they did not look for.

Draw the line where journalists draw it.

To increase the sale of the newspaper the day's placard tells of a "Great

Clerical Scandal," a "Preacher in Trouble," a "Hypocritical Professor of Religion," and over such cases they rejoice as one who has found great spoil, for they sell the paper, and the cause of God suffers.

Draw the line where the felon in the dock, the condemned cell, and on the scaffold has drawn it. "The end of these things is death." Draw the line. Be what you appear to be. Don't hold with the hare and run with the hounds. Don't be like Ephraim, who was compared to a cake not turned, burned on one side and dough on the other—good for nothing. Don't be like those Jews of whom Nehemiah complains, who had married wives of Ashdod, Ammon and Moab (Neh. xiii. 23, 24), they were a mongrel breed.

Draw the line. Be not like those who say we must not be too strict, we must not be so very particular. Who says so, and to whom do you say it? Not to your cashier about locking the safe. Not to the banker about entering your deposits. Not to the physician who prescribes for your sick child. Not to the lawyer who makes your will. Not to the steward of your estate. Not being particular in any of these cases might lead to serious consequences.

Draw the line, and be decided.

You look for consistency and decision in friendship, commerce, the conjugal relations, and in politics. The least defection causes fear, suspicion, jealousy, and a party cry; and the fear of the Press influences some men more than the fear of God.

Draw the line, and let your children see that you have their best interests at heart. They must have recreation, you know that. Let their recreation be such as will tend to mental and moral elevation—more experience of God and of his works. Increase their knowledge of science, art, and literature.

Draw the line where it will be drawn at the last day. To expect "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God" to be on the right hand of God is to exercise faith where there is no promise. Can you not recall the names of some of whom it was said, "they were gay," "rather fast," "sowed wild oats," and never sowed any other. They were wanton wasters, wicked, and they died without hope. Do not add to their number.

Heads of families, draw the line, and say with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and by the help of God you may succeed. If you refuse to serve the Lord, give up your profession of religion, otherwise you will do much harm, and the enemies of the cross will plead your example as sanctioning their sin.

"No man can serve two masters." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Wolverhampton. JOHN H. NORTON.

Notices of Books.

The Sunday School Union has prepared for the Christmas season. Numerous volumes, bright and beautiful, are awaiting the demand which is sure to arise for Christmas and New Year's Presents. Children of all ages are catered for. Here are little books in paper covers for little folks who sit on their mothers' knees, look at the pictures, and learn a lesson from the soul-inspiring tale. Listen to the titles: "Talks about Walks," "For God and our Children," "True Friendship," "Gretchen's Holiday," "Christ's Little Ones," "Sunny Days of Youth." Surely there are lots of juvenile grandpas and grandmas not yet turned fifty, and uncles and aunts only in their teens, who will invest their loose silver in this line. Look at this pocket-book! Happy is the Sunday-school teacher who presents it to himself. "Young England" our big boys pronounce a work *par excellence.* "In the Land of the Great Snow Bear," and "The Autobiography of an Acorn," are types of a series too numerous for us to catalogue, that serve at once to amuse and edify.

Bibles from *Mr. Henry Frowde, Amen Corner.* We rejoiced as one that findeth great spoil when we received from Mr. Frowde a Bible in fine, clear, large type, and yet of a reasonable size. The print is like a pulpit Bible, and yet the book is, comparatively, so small that we thought it could only be a portion of the Scriptures. Marvellously thin and strong India paper is used, or the book could not be got into the space. The book sells from 18s. to 42s., according to binding. As one who uses spectacles, to whom eyes are worth more than money, we are glad of this Bible. It was printed as a memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee.

Mr. Frowde sends also more editions of the Oxford Facsimile Bibles, which are very valuable for teachers. The Helps to Bible Study: such as a concordance, indices, &c. must be of great service to real students.

Though the Revised Version will never supplant the Authorized, it is a helpful work, and we are glad to see it produced by this publisher in several forms and that the prices are being reduced. The whole Bible can be had in cloth boards at 1s. 6d., and the New Testament for 6d. The Brevier New Testament at 1s. is really cheap. Of course the Revised cannot compete with the Authorized in price, as there is no Bible Society to spread it, and it is a proprietary work. The prices are, however, very fair, and such as to put the new translation within the reach of most people.

Led and Fed. A Record of Divine Goodness and Guidance in the Last Days of Pilgrimage. By David A. Doudney, D.D. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

Our esteemed friend, Dr. Doudney, in this volume, as in those preceding it, goes on pouring out a grateful heart before the Lord. "The old man eloquent" narrates his Christian experience from day to day, and magnifies free grace and never-changing love. Very superior persons will sneer at this devout conversation, but the lowly will take pleasure in it. Our friend is getting on to fourscore years of age, and his fruit has the mellowness of maturity about it, with a flavour of sincerity and affection which devout minds will appreciate. We confess we feel far more fellowship with Dr. Doudney and others in the Church of England, who hold the truth of God, than with Baptists of the deepest shade of Nonconformity who reject the revelation of God. How can we help it? Yet our Nonconformity is as staunch as ever, and the errors of the Prayer-book are quite as grievous to our judgment.

The Divinity of Christ: being a Reply to a Unitarian Attack on the Divinity of our Lord. By the Rev. Alex. Stewart, D.D. Glasgow: Thomas Morison.

Very excellent; but we fear that while our author is grappling with Mr. Webster he is rendering his work less attractive to the common reader. It was well to meet the local Unitarian and defeat him; but for a work to be generally read the little opponent of the hour had better be wiped off the page. This is an able work by an able man.

The Covenanters of Ayrshire: Historical and Biographical. By the Rev. R. Lawson. Paisley: J. & R. Parlane.

Anything which keeps alive the memory of the times when men really loved the gospel is precious to us. Ayrshire is rich in covenanting memorials, and this little book will, we trust, rouse the enthusiasm of the faithful of that county. Therefore we hope that this little pamphlet will have a great sale. Would it avail to reproduce the solemn League and Covenant, making it a bond to maintain the faith once delivered to the saints? Our fear is that the modern theology-men would sign it, and swear to it, without accepting a word of it in its natural sense. They have trampled on our trust deeds, and made no scruple about joining communities whose avowed tenets they virulently oppose. How are such men to be met? By continual exposition of the truth, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and by cultivating the martyr spirit, we may yet baffle them. The Lord grant it! Amen.

The Christian Age. John Lobb, St. Bride's Street.

Is always worth more than the penny. It purveys wholesome meat, and is not on the side of the carrion crow, as some professedly Christian papers are.

Romanism and the Reformation from the Standpoint of Prophecy. By H. Grattan Guinness, F.R.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

There is adequate presumption in favour of any book when the theme is of thrilling interest and the author has an established reputation. Here we have a course of eight lectures delivered at Exeter Hall in the spring of the present year, by one of the latest and liveliest of prophetical expositors; a man who is no mere dreamer, but always to the forefront in evangelical enterprise. His design is to awaken a fresh interest in the great conflict between the Church of Rome and the Evangelical Churches of all denominations. These discourses are clear, forcible, demonstrative, eloquent, and overwhelmingly important. Adjectives are inadequate when we would commend a work so as to spread it on all sides. The scope of the author's survey, as indicated by the title, is so simple that it is easy to describe it. He conducts us into three departments of the valley of vision—viz., the Political character of Romanism as prefigured in the prophecy of Daniel; its Ecclesiastical character as predicted by the Apostle Paul; and the combination of these two aspects in the Politico-ecclesiastic character of the apostate Latin Christianity as presented in the Revelation of John. Mr. Guinness is alive to the perils of our nation, long prosperous because Protestant, when invaded by Papal aggressions through the door of Liberal politics; or when betrayed by the Priests of our National Church, whose bastard Romanism still leaves them branded as heretics by the Catholic moiety of Christendom. He nowhere speaks as a champion who is disheartened, or doubtful of the issue. For some of the remarkable statistics he has collated we must refer our friends to "*The Concluding Remarks.*" We have not space to quote them *in extenso*. Their drift is to show on the one hand that the present stage of Romanism is that of decay and approaching destruction; and, on the other hand, that all through the present century, and especially during the last fifty years, Romanism has been making a desperate effort to secure a renewed ascendency in our own empire, and especially in England. As to the former, there is this cheering fact, that whereas at the beginning of the century the Romanists numbered one-third of the population, they now number only one-seventh. The population has increased from sixteen to thirty-five millions. Protestantism has trebled its numbers, and now reaches an aggregate of over thirty millions, while Romanism has remained stationary at five millions; but, had it thriven like Protestantism, it would have had fifteen millions. As to the latter, in the interval between 1850-1885, the priests of Rome in Great Britain have increased by 1,641; her churches and chapels by 866; her monasteries and convents by 558; and her colleges by 20. This immense and rapid growth is not owing to any proportionate increase of adherents, though it aims to secure such an increase. At least, it indicates "the determination of the Papacy to try issues on the grandest scale with Protestantism in its stronghold." Surely such a volume will not pine for want of purchasers.

The Diseases of the Bible. By Sir Risdon Bennett, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Religious Tract Society. [By-paths of Bible Knowledge, IX.]

The books in this set are all of peculiar interest. Dr. Sir Risdon Bennett is the man of all others to write such a volume, for he is the very chief of living physicians. Leprosy, plague, boils and blains, lunacy, paralysis, blindness, fever, etc., are all treated of in a very lucid manner, and something memorable is said upon each one. The physical cause of the death of our Lord is also reverently discussed. In so small a treatise we marvel to find so much instruction.

The Revelation of Christ. By Rev. J. McAuslane. Lewes: Farncombe and Co. Price Eighteenpence.

It is very gratifying to us to see brethren who were once our students putting their hands to the pen for the love of their Saviour. This is a very promising beginning for the pastor of the Baptist Church in Crawley. He endeavours to set forth his Lord, and his heart has poured out itself in acceptable words.

Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age. By WILLIAM G. KINGSLAND. Jarvis and Son, 28, King William Street, Strand.

THERE will be no question in any mind as to the deep poetic power of Robert Browning, but there will not be unanimous assent to his being "chief poet of the age." He is certainly not the Tennysonian personage "who sings to one *clear* harp." Mr. Browning will not require another eulogist while Mr. Kingsland lives to sing of him—

"O strong-soul'd singer of high themes and wide,
Thrice noble in thy work and life alike;
Thy genius glides upon a sea, whose tide
Heaves with a pain and passion infinite!"

Temperance Pioneers of the West. Personal and Incidental Experiences. By THOMAS HUDSON. National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand.

THE teetotal pioneers of fifty years ago were real heroes. It was meet that before they all passed away the world should know what manner of men had been in it. The West of England had its own army of abstainers who, through opposition of the most varied and trying order, pressed on to contend with England's greatest foe. Mr. Hudson, in these pages, immortalizes many good men and true, and at the same time gives us a very truthful and vivid picture of men and things half a century ago. His book has some racy bits in it; and he himself evidently relishes a mouthful of fun; for this we feel a great liking to him. His portrait is rather stern; but he is evidently well awake to the amusing side of things. We have enjoyed his book. May the total abstinence men of to-day show the fire and force of their predecessors, and the triumph of the cause is not only certain but near. The men we have been reading of were men indeed. Have we many such? We are not quite so sure of a favourable answer as we would like to be. It seems to us that the temperance men at first got at the drunkards, and reclaimed them; but too much power is now spent in holding respectable meetings, and amusing those who are already pledged. Whatever political projects may be set on foot, the main business of a teetotaler is to get drunkards to abstain. Is the whole force of the temperance army sufficiently turned in this direction?

The Man of Science, the Man of God. Leaves from the Life of Sir James Y. Simpson. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

WE remember this "Life" when it appeared with others in an excellent volume, but it well deserves to be published by itself. We lost a dear personal friend when Sir James Simpson was called home. What artless piety shone in him! he was as simply believing as a child. But what genius! He was more of a man than any twenty of the scientific infidels of to-day, if they could be rolled into one. To quit their maunderings about advanced thought, and hear his enthusiastic relation of how the old gospel warmed his heart, was like turning aside from the squeaking of mice to hear the utterances of a prophet of God. This brief memorial will be valued by many.

A Memoir of Robert Carr, of Allahabad. By J. E. HOWARD. Baptist Missionary Society, 19, Furnival Street, E.C.

A BRIEF but deeply interesting life of a Christian man who, despite early disadvantages, attained to a position of considerable influence in India, and consecrated his wealth and talent to the Master's service. Some remarkable providences are recorded, especially in connection with the Indian Mutiny.

Present Day Tracts on the Non-Christian Religions of the World. Religious Tract Society.

SEVERAL times we have commended these *Present Day Tracts* to our readers, and if they are possessed of them, they will remark that they make up eight handy volumes, and that the purchase of the present book will be unnecessary, because they have already all the tracts which it contains, except one. Six tracts of the series are here put together because they make up a set upon "The Non-Christian Religions." Those who have not purchased the series will make a good use of 2s. 6d. if they buy the present book, and acquaint themselves with Paganism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Parseeism, Confucianism, Mahomedanism, &c.

Little Folks. Cassell and Co. Mrs. Spurgeon says, "*Little Folks* is always of so high a character, that you cannot say too much in its favour." When a reviewer's wife is so decided in her praises, it is not wonderful that he himself also commends heartily.

Our Darlings. Edited by Dr. Barnardo. Shaw and Co.

Dr. Barnardo produces a wonderful magazine for the young, in which the illustrations are a bewildering wealth of beauty. We wish the body of the magazine was not defaced with advertisements. We can bear them on the cover, but inside they are just a disfigurement, and nothing less. At 3s., in boards, this is the cheapest book in the market; we do not say that the advertisements make it cheap *and nasty*, but we must say that they are *not nice.*

The Child's Companion and Juvenile Instructor. Religious Tract Society.

This is always a first favourite with us. How well we remember it when it was a child itself, compared with what it is now! It is an example of the way in which continued excellence in the article secures continuous patronage. The coloured picture which serves as a frontispiece is simply perfect.

The Children's Friend. Vol. XXVII. *The Infants' Magazine.* Vol. XXII. Partridge and Co.

These are A1. What a world of pleasure can be given to the young ones for two shillings! and, what is more, what a wealth of instruction they will receive thereby! We wish ever-growing success to these faultless serials.

Early Days. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

Very fair, but will need a good deal of improving before it will be up to the high mark which several other juvenile magazines have reached. Wesleyan families will, no doubt, take it as one of their own publications; but for the general public it will need amending.

The National Temperance Mirror. An Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

An elegant volume. We much admire the binding, and the interior is sound temperance literature.

The Onward Reciter. Edited by Thomas E. Hallsworth. Vol. XVI. Partridge and Co.

We marvel that this Reciter holds on so long, for lively Temperance literature is none too plentiful. We always like this collection of remarkable pieces of prose and poetry. Those who are getting up public recitations will find here precisely the thing they are looking for.

The British Workman, and *Band of Hope Review.* Partridge and Co.

It is so easy and natural for periodicals to decline and lose their vitality, that we rejoice to see these two well-established favourites as good as ever. They have done yeoman's service for many years, and show no signs of declension in spirit or in literary and artistic excellence. Just the things to give away where spiritual and moral good is desired.

The Herald of Mercy: A Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes. Morgan and Scott.

Goes straight at the work of soul-winning. Its arrows are not shot at a venture, but at the centre of the target. May the Lord cause them to pierce the hardest heart! The annual volume is 1s. in paper cover.

The Cottager and Artisan. Religious Tract Society.

Exceedingly good, and calculated to do good.

The Rosebud Annual. Containing nearly Three Hundred Illustrations. James Clarke and Co.

Dear! dear! However can they think of such things? For the sweet little unopened rosebuds, this is a delightful book. There, Mr. Clarke, we don't like your *Christian World*, but your *Rosebud Annual* will please our grandchildren amazingly! It is meant for fun, and if it would not make a cat laugh, yet the cats make us laugh. Don't they, Rosy?

The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories. 1888. Nelson.

Capital both as to pen and picture work, and withal gracious and likely to do children real good.

New Illustrated Books and Booklets.—*The Deserted Village*, 6s.; *Cape Town Dicky*, 6s.; *The Star of Bethlehem*, 5s.; *Rhymes and Roses*, 3s. 6d. Hildesheimer and Faulkner.

THESE are four imperial books, fit for presents to the heirs of great Cæsar. We never hope to see finer works of art. When colours are used, they are so bright, clear, and delicate, that they cannot be excelled; and when the drawing is in sepia, or in Indian ink, there is a masterly finish about it which we have never seen surpassed. For Christmas gifts among persons of taste, these are as good as good can be.

The Booklets in the following list have about them the charm of freshness and beauty:—"By the Sea Shore," 1s.; "Among the Reeds and Grasses," 1s.; "The Christ Child," 1s.; "The Dream Star," 1s.; "Good Night and Good Morning," 1s.; "Swallow Flights," 1s.; "By the River," 1s. They are not all *equally* good, but they will be much admired.

The firm of *Hildesheimer and Faulkner* stands in the front rank among producers of cards of superior quality. Those in the market for this year are of great excellence. We do not discover so much of novelty as on former occasions, but then there must be a limit to human invention upon the one matter of a card. If you see the name of this firm in connection with cards, you may feel sure that you have before you nothing but that which the severest taste will approve. We fancy that the Christmas card business has passed its highest point, but we should be sorry to see it ebb quite away, for it has afforded great pleasure to many, and we cannot afford to diminish the number of our happy courtesies.

We commend the little boxes containing *Autograph Cards* and envelopes. We feel a personal repugnance to all Albums and Autograph Cards, for we have suffered grievously from these instruments of torture; but if we must be worried to write our name, let it be upon respectable materials. These cards will have a large sale.

Photographic Opal Souvenirs. These seem to be new. Delicate pictures upon porcelain: fit decorations for mantelpiece or drawing-room table. These, enclosed in a neat box, with a natty card inside, make special tokens for the season.

Messrs. Castell Brothers, 5 and 6, Paternoster Square, aim very distinctly at usefulness in their Christmas and New Year books and cards. We do not admire all their productions; but then, taste is a very capricious thing, and some friends may appreciate what we think poor. We judge it wise to mention those which strike us as being a success, both artistically and in other ways. Certain cards of *George Macdonald* seem to us to be either nonsense or heresy, perhaps a little of both; but the rest are of a truly religious tendency. The little book, *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*, is such a perfect gem that we recommend everybody to get it. At 1s., in fancy boards, it is lovely, and it may be had in all sorts of bindings up to 4s. 6d. Mrs. Hemans' poem was never better illustrated in this world. The *three illustrated hymns*, "Nearer, my God, to thee," "Lead, kindly light," and "Abide with me," are good at sixpence. *On the Wing* is a book for all the days of a month, and it commends itself to us.

The cards are both good and cheap, but the bulk of them are "as per usual." We make a pause at *Minster Towers*, and *Chimes from Afar*, which are first-rate, and also at *Havens of Rest*, *The Morning Star*, and *New Year Voluntaries;* all these will gratify. Oddly enough, the newest of all the cards are entitled *The Old, Old Story:* but then there is nothing so new in all the world as that old story. These are quite out of the common run, and will be approved of by many, though not by all. Messrs. Castell have produced a large variety of pleasing articles, but we believe that even yet they are only at their beginning.

From *Drummond's Tract Depôt* we have *Packets 1 and 2 of Floral Wall Cards.* These are very large and handsome cards, with borderings in chromolithography, and there are six for one shilling. We cannot praise them too much. Their *Sheets of Tickets*, at 2d., are just the thing for schools which keep to the system of rewards for good behaviour and diligence.

1887. *The Royal Year: a Chronicle of Our Good Queen's Jubilee.* Compiled by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 7, Paternoster Square.

SURELY this must be the last of the Jubilee books, but it will not be the least. It gathers up the accounts of the great celebration, as well as the story of the royal life. The engravings are not of the hackneyed kind, but are genuine memorials of the event. As Mr. Bullock's former book, "The Queen's Resolve," reached a sale of 150,000, we doubt not that this will have a great run. The former heralded the Jubilee, and this records it, and records it in the best possible style. As none of us will live to see another Jubilee, we may allow our scribes to write about this one as long as they like.

Temperance and Jubilee. By a PILGRIM. Elliot Stock.

THIS is an appeal to the young men and maidens of England to make the Queen's Jubilee Year the occasion for giving a fresh impetus to temperance work. "A Pilgrim" writes with great earnestness; in fact, sometimes his theme carries him away, and he is not so effective as he would be if he wrote rather more simply.

The Friendly Visitor. Vol. XXI. New series. *The Mother's Companion.* Vol. I. *The Family Friend.* Vol. XVIII. Partridge and Co.

WE do not know which we like best of these; they are all so likeable. They excel as magazines, and when they are made up into annuals they are equally attractive. We are pleased to see bits in them which they have borrowed from *The Sword and the Trowel*, for thus our words are sent abroad to bear further witness for the truth. We rejoice that the work of the beloved Smithies lives on in these perpetuated serials.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. With Sixty Illustrations by DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A., and W. B. SCOTT. Nelson and Sons.

WE have always considered that David Scott was *the* illustrator of Bunyan's Pilgrim. Long have we prized a copy of those marvellous plates in their full size. To reduce the pictures, and issue them at a reasonable price, was a happy and commendable thought, and we rejoice that Nelson and Sons have carried it out. We thought there were Bunyans enough, but there is room for this. It will make a noble Christmas present.

One Thousand New Illustrations for Pulpit, Platform, and Class. By H. O. MACKEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR friend, Mr. Mackey, has collected a thousand illustrations, and he justly calls them "new." He has not occupied space by working out the moral of the fact which he quotes, but he indicates the subject which he intended to illuminate by a brief heading placed above it. Here is a good instance:—

"INCONSISTENCY.

"The captain of a vessel, captured in the American war, was courteously offered by his captor permission to bring away his 'personal effects.' He made a most ludicrous scene by earnestly appealing that he might be allowed to take with him 'Spurgeon's Sermons,' and a keg of very fine whiskey. The sermons were granted, but he was told that the whiskey must go overboard."

The value of this book will entirely depend upon the reader: if his illustrative faculty is small, he will *make* nothing of it, and, therefore, *think* nothing of it; but if he freely deals in metaphor and simile, he will thank Mr. Mackey for finding him good raw material, which he can himself work into instructive parable. We are glad to see one of our rising ministry addicting himself to searching out striking things. "Because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he pondered, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs." (R.V.)

Books which have influenced me. "British Weekly" Office, 27, Paternoster Row.

IT is worth while to know what books have been valued by Gladstone, Ruskin, Stead, Farrar, Parker, and the like. None of these writers says quite what we might have expected; but their remarks are well worth preserving as curiosities.

The Quiver. Vol. XXII. Cassell & Co.

THE Quiver Volume makes a good present. The more of such elevated and elevating literature the better.

Common Accidents, and How to Treat Them. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., and Others. Chatto and Windus.

THE sort of book to be kept within reach of every well-ordered household. We can never tell when an accident may happen, and it is well to know what to do under painful circumstances. One-and-sixpence would be well laid out in the purchase of this practical treatise.

Waking Dreams; or, Talks with the Things around us. By F. JEWELL. Methodist New Connexion Book Room, 4, London House Yard, E.C.

WISE and witty talks. Any who "scrape acquaintance" with this Jewell must be dull indeed if they do not carry away with them diamond dust and dust of gold.

Derry: A Tale of the Revolution. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. Sixth edition. Nisbet.

"IN paper covers, price one shilling." What excuse can there be for any one to remain in ignorance of this thrilling episode in Ireland's story?

Dogs and their Doings. By the Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. Partridge & Co.

ANOTHER edition of a first-rate book. A wonderful collection of anecdotes, illustrated with fine engravings. When we read these doings of dogs we marvel that such noble animals can put up with such brutes as men. Perhaps the sight of human meanness is the reason for dogs going mad.

The Saracens from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Bagdad. By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin.

ANOTHER of the "Stories of the Nations," and a very good one. Whose blood would not be stirred with the story of Mahomet? The man believed in his own mission, and was strong because of that faith. When he fled from Mecca, with Abu Beker, and they both were hiding in a cave, Abu said, "What if our pursuers should find our cave? We are but two." "We are three," said Mahomet; "Allah is with us." Even when the cause is not divine, those who have confidence in it are made strong by that confidence. How strong will those be who, to a sacred cause, unite an unwavering faith!

The story of the first years of Islam is thrilling. Men rose by faith in one God to a great elevation of fervour and force. Islam has no such force now because it has no such fervour. After all, the ensign of religion must be *fire*, if that religion is to spread. Christendom is sadly in need of the celestial flame.

This story of Mahomet and the Saracens deserves to be read, and it will be read. It is a fascinating volume.

Pictures from Holland. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. With a map and one hundred and thirty-three illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

WHAT can pen and pencil do more? This most delightful volume is equal in artistic qualities to any of its predecessors, and this is saying all that need be said. What a Christmas present it makes! Eight shillings is a very small price for so much real beauty.

What charms there are about dear, old, quaint, homely Holland! Those who have never been through that romantic region should arrange to go there next year, if they live so long. When they go they cannot have a better guide-book than this work of Mr. Lovett. At the same time, they need not accept all that he chooses to let fall as to Calvinism and the Synod of Dort. We should treat these matters very differently, for we believe that the system of truth which was set forth by John Calvin is the eternal truth, and must for ever be far in advance of all the "advanced" thinking of men who quit the solid rock of Scripture for the quick-sand of human invention. We raise no word of question when our author eulogizes Arminius, but we do not see why there should be any implied censure of the other side.

This is an aside: the volume is simply perfect, and will supply a store-house of amusement and instruction to thousands of families during the long evenings which are now upon us in real earnest.

Letters from Birdie Land. By Mrs. Jarvis. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

This is a charming book, every way, and one which we should like every boy and girl to read. The only fault we have to find is, that it is in paper, and tied with blue ribbon, and, therefore, is totally unfit for the children who ought most to read it. This can soon be got over by the publishers calling in the binders, and charging a little more. These Birdie Letters will check bird-nesting, and the savage custom of wearing dead birds in bonnets and dresses.

St. Bernard's. The Romance of a Medical Student. By Æsculapius Scalpel. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co.

One would like to know how much of this remarkable book is "romance," and how much is reality. It presents an awful picture of the present hospital system, and we suspect that it will make a sensation. If these things are so, it is time that somebody moved heaven and earth to alter them. The author is a bold man, intimately acquainted with the subject on which he treats. We have no personal knowledge of the matter discussed.

The Old Violin; or, Charity Hope's own Story. By Edith C. Kenyon. Nisbet and Co.

A story which plays on the heart-strings after the manner of a master of music. It tends to humanize the reader as well as to amuse him. If we had more Charity Hopes, we should have less misery to deplore.

Nearly in Port; or, Phœbe Mostyn's Life Story. By Mrs. Cooper. Religious Tract Society.

A chatty Anglo-Indian story of our grandmother's days, prettily told by a Christian lady.

Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher. By W. H. Withrow, M.A. Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

This is a tale of the war of 1812, between the United States and Canada, and incidentally the story of the love, courtship, and marriage of the pioneer preacher who is the hero of the narrative. We cannot say that we admire the talk of the old Methodist, who, as he takes the place of a wounded gunner, and helps to kill his fellow-men, exclaims, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Hallelujah! I believe I am doing my duty to my country, to God, and man, and my soul is as happy as it can be this side heaven."

Maggie's Name, and how it Helped Her. Wilful Winnie. By Annie S. Swan. Nelson and Sons.

Two capital stories for girls, containing much moral and spiritual instruction. Mark them both as "Highly commended," only notice that Maggie's name was not the name of a Christian when she was christened, but when she was converted.

Temperance Stories for the Young. By T. S. Arthur. Partridge and Co.

Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" is well-known and highly valued. These stories by his namesake appear to have been written by a pen of fire, for they contain burning words on the evils of drunkenness and the blessings of total abstinence. Such stories as these will *tell* wherever they are told.

Rooksnest Abbey, and other Tales. By Jennie Chappell. *The Poor Boy of the Class.* By Helen Briston. *A Narrow Escape, and other Stories.* By William J. Forster. Woolmer.

Our Wesleyan friends have provided good stories for their young people in Uncle Frank's Library, which contains some seven entertaining books at one shilling each. Granted that children must have stories; then these are of the kind we would prefer to give them.

The Ray of Sunshine; or, Jack Stafford's Resolve; and other Readings for Working Men's Homes. Religious Tract Society.

In every way up to the mark. Sure to be read. Costs 2s. Would be an acceptable Christmas present. A great deal for the money, and all wholesome.

Dickie's Secret. By Catherine Shaw. Shaw and Co.

That this is a sequel to "Dickie's Attic" will be sufficient to induce all who have read that touching story to try to get at "Dickie's Secret." Better begin with the "Attic," and then you will enjoy the "Secret."

Notes.

THE very first thing must be to speak up for our orphans concerning their treat for Christmas. Just before leaving England we had boys and girls together, such a company, and we had a little treat; but we promised that, whether C. H. S. could be with them on Christmas-day or not, we would try and make it a glorious day for them. Will our friends again bedeck the tables of the fatherless on the day of universal joy? The friend who used to give a new shilling to every orphan is not now able to do it; for which we are truly sorry. Is there no other large heart endowed with a large purse? It takes £25 to give a shilling each all round, but it is such a help for pocket-money for quite a time after, that we would like to keep it up. Ladies and gentlemen, between the ages of 99 and 4, all and sundry of you, we, the Stockwell five hundred, both lads and lasses, will thank you if, by gifts of money, or goods, you will help us to a happy Christmas-day in 1887. Thank you five hundred times over for having done so in years gone by. Mrs. Spurgeon will be glad to receive the Christmas money-gifts, and to reply for us. Presents in kind should be directed to Mr. Charlesworth, at The Orphanage, Stockwell.

The Sword and the Trowel volume for 1887 will be ready on Jan. 1. It has made history and recorded it. At five shillings it is not dear, and it makes a fine addition to a library.

Messrs. Hollings and Brock, of 22, Paternoster Row, are the advertisement agents for this magazine, and they ask us to note the large number of literary advertisements contained in this month's wrapper. All sorts of good things are mentioned; indeed, they make up quite a complete catalogue of Christmas requirements in the line of books, cards, &c. We hope friends will patronize them. The publishers are ever ready to advertise with us, because they value our notices of their books. Necessarily short, our remarks are not, therefore, superficial: the utmost care is taken to judge correctly. We are not infallible, but we are indefatigable. Of course, our point of view is well known, and we do not pretend to look from any other; but a plain and honest statement of opinion is evidently valued, even though at times it may be unfavourable, and therefore may be considered severe. We never yet heard of a drummer who could flog a man so that he liked it, and therefore we do not expect sharp criticism to be admired by the author who receives it; but, on the whole, we have been graciously tolerated even by those who have been disappointed.

The following letter was read at the Tabernacle on Sunday, November 13:—

"Dear Friends at Tabernacle,—I have only left you a few days, but I am already rested by anticipation of rest to come. I wish to thank you all most heartily for your constancy of love during four-and-thirty years of fellowship. We have been many in number, but only one in heart, all through these years. Specially is this true in the present hour of controversy, for my heartiest sympathizers are in my own church. Several enthusiastic ones proposed a general meeting of church-members, to express their fervent agreement with their Pastor; but the ever-faithful deacons and elders had taken time by the forelock, and presented to me a letter signed by them all as representing their brethren and sisters. Such unity comes from the grace of God, proves that his blessing is now with us, and prophesies future happiness. What can I do but thank you all, love you in return, labour for you as long as strength remains, and pray for you till I die? The infinite blessing of the Eternal God be with you for ever!

"Your grateful Pastor,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

We give the document alluded to in the above letter. It would have been worded far more strongly, but the Pastor is always for great brevity in expressions concerning himself, and his wishes caused many a glowing paragraph to be struck out. There was a general feeling that the officers would like to make the utterance more forcible; but they added that even then it would fall far short of the warmth of their feelings.

"Metropolitan Tabernacle,

"Newington, S.E.,

"October 27th, 1887.

"Resolved:—'That we, the deacons and elders of the church, worshipping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, hereby tender to our beloved Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, our deep sympathy with him in the circumstances that have led to his withdrawal from the Baptist Union. And we heartily concur in our sincere appreciation of the steadfast zeal with which he maintains the doctrines of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in their inspired and apostolic simplicity.'"

Signed by the Co-Pastor, together with all the Deacons and Elders.

At subsequent meetings the above was not deemed adequately to express the affection, confidence, and esteem cherished by all the church officers towards their beloved Pastor and leader, they, therefore, unanimously agreed to the following addition:—

"Our former resolution was passed with unanimous and unhesitating concurrence. But, touching only on one point, it was generally thought inadequate to convey to you, our dear Pastor, a full sense of the affection, the confidence, and the esteem in which you are held by us all. Of this, however, we can offer you no more fitting exposition than the readiness of each and every one to approve ourselves as 'Helps' in the

diversified gifts, administrations, and operations of the Holy Spirit with which you have, after the divine order, been so largely entrusted.

"And it may not be altogether inappropriate, or inopportune, to record our conviction that you have done good service, on a wide and constantly-widening scale, by affirming the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament: by inculcating the doctrines of grace, as taught by the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ under the immediate guidance of the Spirit of God; and by preserving in our midst the uncorrupted simplicity of public worship.

"Permit us to add our fervent hope, and our devout prayer, that your vigorous protests against the innovations of 'modern thought' in pulpits supposed to be orthodox, will eventually largely promote the unity of the churches of Christ throughout the world."

Certain antagonists have tried to represent the Down-Grade controversy as a revival of the old feud between Calvinists and Arminians. It is nothing of the kind. Many evangelical Arminians are as earnestly on our side as men can be. We do not conceal our own Calvinism in the least; but this conflict is for truths which are common to all believers. This is no battle over words, but it deals with the eternal verities—those foundation truths which belong not exclusively to this party or to that. It is of no use attempting to drag this red herring across our path: we can argue other points and maintain Christian harmony at the same time; but with those who treat the Bible as waste paper, and regard the death of Christ as no substitution, we have no desire for fellowship. We have come out in earnest protest, and feel great content of conscience in having done so.

The barefaced manner in which certain persons assert that to separate from men who hold vital errors is contrary to the mind of Christ, would be amusing if it were not saddening. They write as if such a Book as the New Testament were not in existence: they evidently decide what the mind of Christ ought to be, without referring to such poor creatures as the apostles. As for us, we think more of Paul and John than of the whole body of modern thinkers. What saith the Scriptures? "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (2 John 10, 11.) "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." (Galatians i. 8, 9.) The spirit of Scripture is one, and therefore we may be sure that decision for truth, and separation from the erring, are in full consistency with the charity of 1 Corinthians xiii., to which we are so continually pointed. It is true charity to those who err to refuse to aid and abet them in their errors. "Charity" sounds very prettily in the mouths of those who wish to screen themselves, but, if they had exercised it in the past, they might not have driven us out from among the people, to whom we naturally belong.

Whether other ministers are going to leave the Union also remains to be seen. We do not expect that they will do so; but we trust that, if they remain, they will resolve that reform shall be carried out, and truth vindicated.

On *Thursday evening, October* 20, the Annual Meeting of MRS. STIFF'S BIBLE-CLASS, which meets on Sunday afternoons at the Orphanage, was held at Suffolk House, Clapham Road. Tea was at six. At the meeting which followed, Mr. Stiff offered prayer and Mrs. Stiff read her report. The class, formed in October, 1879, now numbers 50, with an average attendance of 36. The class contributed, during the past year, nearly £5 for Zenana Mission work, and to the Stockwell Orphanage 228 garments, and £9 14s. 1d. in money. Forty of the young women are in fellowship with Christian churches, and since its formation 11 members of the class have become Sunday-school teachers. The report was full of gratitude and hope. Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, addressed the company on *Usefulness the end of our receiving instruction*. He showed, from Luke viii. 2, 3, how holy women could minister to Christ and his cause. Mrs. Stiff is to be heartily congratulated on the success of her labour of love.

On *Monday evening, October* 24, tea-meetings were held simultaneously in different rooms for the new members of the church and for the workers and friends of the TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY. The new members were, many of them, elderly people, and, on the other hand, several were very young. The Pastors and deacons and elders had a happy talk with them; and thus it is hoped that they were made to feel at home in the church. At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle special reference was made to the work of the Tract Society. The secretary, Mr. A. Millican, reported that 96 distributors were circulating 4,800 of the Pastor's sermons as loan tracts every week; and mentioned several instances of blessing resulting from the reading of them. The treasurer, Mr. J. W. Harrald, stated that about £30 had been expended for sermons, covers, &c., leaving a small balance in hand; also, that £20 had been spent in connection with the Mothers' Meeting, and further amounts for the Maternal Society and Sick Fund for the relief of cases of distress discovered by the distributors. Thus it seems that each form

of service at the Tabernacle gradually surrounds itself with all the arrangements which, on a larger scale, belong to the parent church. Prayer for the success of the work was presented by several brethren; Mr. Chamberlain sang; and addresses were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. Broad, pastor of Cotton-street Church, Poplar, who related interesting incidents concerning tract distribution in the East of London. Had the reader been there, he would, doubtless, have thought it one of the best meetings for prayer he ever attended. Certainly he would have rejoiced to see such great numbers gathered to "only a prayer-meeting!"

On *Monday evening, October* 31, the senior Pastor presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting for the last time before his departure for the South of France. A considerable number of the children from the Orphanage attended and sang, and several missionaries, about to sail for China, in connection with the China Inland Mission, were commended to the Lord in prayer, and personally addressed by the Pastor. All were exhorted to stand firm. Before the prayer-meeting, numbers had been seeing the Pastor for membership, and during the meeting a church-meeting was going on, at which more than 20 were received. All were working at high pressure to meet the necessities of a blessed harvest season. Men may curse; but God blesses.

On *Tuesday evening, November* 1, a public meeting was held at BEULAH CHAPEL, THORNTON HEATH, for the double purpose of bringing in contributions for the new Infant Schoolroom, and bidding farewell to Mr. Harrald before he left with Mr. Spurgeon for the sunny south. About 160 were present to tea, and afterwards the chapel was well filled. C. F. Allison, Esq., presided. Mr. D. Honour, the secretary of the school, reported 280 scholars and 27 teachers already on the books; and addresses were given by the superintendent, Mr. J. H. Wicks, Pastors J. Chadwick (South Norwood), J. Douglas, M.A. (Brixton), D. Honour (Deptford), and J. W. Harrald, who announced that, through the generosity of friends at the Tabernacle and elsewhere, and the amounts given and collected by the teachers and workers at the chapel, the whole sum needed for the erection of the schoolroom (£225) had been received almost before the first brick was laid, and in addition £10 had been promised towards furnishing the room. This result was eminently satisfactory to all concerned, and gave cause for hearty thanksgiving to the Lord.

On *Monday evening, November* 7, a subscribers' meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Auxiliary of the BAPTIST ZENANA MISSION was held in the Pastors' College. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, over 120 sat down to tea, and afterwards Mrs. Campagnac, late of Delhi, spoke with much earnestness and great tenderness of the need of the Mission among the women of India, who in their seclusion can only be reached by the ladies who have consecrated themselves to this work. She said that, among the greatest hindrances to the spread of Christianity among the people of India, were their women, who, through their intense devotedness to the native religion, would rather die than violate its precepts, and who exert all their power to keep their families in the same way. How great the need that these should be instructed in the gospel of Jesus, that their influence may be directed in the right channel! Mr. Wm. Olney, Mrs. Gurney, and Mrs. Smith also addressed the meeting, urging the claims of the Mission on all present. At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, Mr. Guyton, of Delhi, gave an interesting account of Zenana work and its influence, and pleaded for fuller sympathy and increased support. Additional subscribers are much needed, and the indefatigable honorary secretary, Mrs. Charles Murrell, 67, Bedford Road, Clapham, will gladly receive and gratefully acknowledge all subscriptions sent.

On *Monday evening, November* 14, the annual UNITED PRAYER-MEETING AND COMMUNION SERVICE of the local churches connected with the London Baptist Association was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. Several neighbouring ministers took part in the proceedings.

COLLEGE.—Mr. G. H. Kilby has settled at Bishop's Stortford; and Mr. G. W. Robert at Weston, near Towcester. Mr. F. A. Jackson has gone to Mrs. Gladstone's Mission, Liverpool.

Mr. J. B. Field has removed from Medbourne to Billesdon, near Leicester; Mr. L. R. Foskett from Shepton Mallet, to New Mill, Tring; and Mr. C. T. Johnson is leaving Longton to become pastor at Falmouth. Mr. H. Trotman is coming from Blisworth to Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road; and Mr. R. Holmes has left Orillia, Canada, and gone to Pittston, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

EVANGELISTS.—From Taunton we have received the following cheering letter:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—It is with great pleasure and deep gratitude that we write to report the wonderful results *of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* gospel mission in Taunton. Although the Evangelists were able to stay only a fortnight in our town, yet the results of their work have enriched all sections of the Christian church, and created so profound an impression that the oldest Christians confess that they never knew the like before. The meetings throughout were characterized by the absence of mere

sensationalism, and yet the powerful appeals of the Evangelists carried captive both the understanding and the heart. Before the services began we had great hopes, but we are compelled to confess that these brethren and their work have more than realized our expectations. It would be impossible for us to speak too highly of them. Mr. Fullerton, both in reasoning and spiritual power, is 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed', and Mr. Smith, in his charming children's addresses, striking illustrations, and impressive songs, is, in our estimation, unique. We are impressed with the fact that each of these brethren is both the foil and the counterpart of the other. Two abler or more devoted Evangelists never entered the Master's service than Brethren Fullerton and Smith.

"It is early to speak of results, but already we find that a great and far-reaching work has been effected by this mission in our town. By the liberality of friends who more than ever realize the importance of this work, and appreciate the ability of the men you send forth, we are pleased to be able to enclose £50 as a thankoffering to the funds of the Society of Evangelists.

"We are, dear sir,
"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN P. TETLEY,
"LEVI PALMER."

After leaving Taunton, our brethren went to Weymouth, where the services were held in connection with the various Nonconformist churches. A local newspaper states that so large a number of persons had never before been brought together to hear the gospel, and that the mission has resulted in great good. We shall be able to give further details next month. The Evangelists have since been at St. Helier's, Jersey, and this month they go to Cambridge. In each place most or all of the free churches unite in arranging for the services. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, according to their annual custom, will (D.V.) conduct the watch-night service at the Tabernacle on New Year's Eve, and they will, also, between them take the week-night service on Thursday, Dec. 29. On January 8 they begin a month's mission in Edinburgh.

Mr. Burnham reports that at Milton and Blisworth he had successful services, but the friends at both places regretted that he could not remain longer with them. This is so frequently the case, that we should advise those who are arranging for a mission to have faith enough to invite the Evangelist for a fortnight rather than for a week, for the latter part of the time is almost always the most profitable. During half the past month Mr. Burnham has been at Wellington, Salop.

We have received the following encouraging report of the services at one of the Bradford chapels recently visited by *Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain*:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain have just concluded ten days' special services at Bethel Baptist Chapel, Infirmary Street, Bradford, being the commencement of a series of special services to be held in the seven General Baptist Churches in the Bradford district. The prayerful spirit and hopeful confidence of our church had led us to expect 'the demonstration of the Spirit.' Its anxiety for revival itself, and for the conversion of souls, had grown into a heavenly anguish; and it was abundantly poured forth at the united preliminary prayer-meetings. The brethren, who had come to speak and sing the gospel, at once found themselves with their kindred according to the Spirit, and felt the earnest prayerfulness of the people a guarantee of a fruitful season, for God is never behind in blessing when his people are ahead in fulfilling the necessary conditions. Some of the services were simply rapturous, being penetrated by a heavenly influence which was felt to be overwhelmingly subduing. The people of the Lord played upon each one of the ten strings of their harp. Many souls saw his marvellous light for the first time. In one case, at least, the soul struggled so hard for eternal wakefulness, that during the night natural slumber durst not come near, and mercy was sought and found shortly after the midnight hour.

"Most of the converts are young people from the Sunday-school. The brethren's presence amongst us has purified and warmed the atmosphere of our sanctuary, and kindled in our hearts a fervour which we hope to see increasing and breaking forth in various forms of good work for Christ. It has been unanimously decided to have the same two brethren to visit the remaining four churches as soon as possible.

"D. SINCLAIR WILLIAMS."

During the end of October and the beginning of November, Mr. Harmer has been at Stroud, where the services have been of a very cheering character. Since that time he has been at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath, where he will carry on the work during Mr. Harrald's absence.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Wednesday, November* 2, the President gave an address at the opening of a bazaar at West Croydon in aid of the Orphanage. Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon and the friends connected with the Young Ladies' Working Meeting exerted themselves to make and collect a large quantity of articles for sale. A delightful company of friends came together, and purchased the larger part of the goods, so that one hundred guineas was realized for the Orphanage. For this result we are truly grateful to all who have in any way assisted, and especially so to our dear brother and his beloved wife.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A Baptist minister in the country writes:—"You may remember my sending word of the conversion of my

elder son, who was blessed through reading *All of Grace*. It is now my privilege to speak of the conversion of the younger one, who is nearly nineteen years of age. He also speaks of *All of Grace* as having been a great help to him. He writes:—'I thought I was to be saved through prayer, but now I see clearly it is by grace through faith.' There are two persons in this place who have been greatly enlightened and helped by *All of Grace*.

A London city missionary relates an interesting incident, which occurred to him while in Scotland recently. He went out of his way on one occasion, and there met with an aged stone-breaker, with whom he entered into conversation about spiritual matters. After a while, the old man said, "There was a time when I was anxious about my soul, but could not see the way to peace. I thought I must do something to gain salvation, until a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's on Romans v. 1 (No. 510), was put into my hand, twenty years ago, and from that I learned that Jesus did it all, and peace and joy came into my heart." The missionary says that it did his soul good to hear the old man praising the Lord.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 31, thirteen; November 3, twenty-three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Catford Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Greenwood	5	0	0
E. S.	10	0	0
Collection at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. Burton	8	10	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. R. Winstanley	0	3	6
Mrs. Chapman	13	0	0
A choice friend	5	0	0
A friend, per Miss A. M. Morris	0	4	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	18	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Mr. George Stephens	0	10	0
Mrs. Hislop	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Inwood	0	10	6
Mr. J. Stenner	2	2	0
Miss Anderson	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	5	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Buik	1	0	0
Mr. George Thompson	40	0	0
Mr. William Lawrie	0	10	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. Bloomfield	0	5	0
Miss M. E. Nicholson	2	0	0
Miss S. Linley	2	2	0
Miss Wilkinson	1	0	0
A distributor of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0
Rev. H. B. Finch	0	10	0
Dr. Dunbar	3	0	0
A thankoffering from one who has experienced great and constant mercies from the Lord	5	0	0
Mrs. Baker	0	5	0
Mr. Mackinnon	10	0	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mr. John McDougall and sisters	5	0	0
Mr. J. Dewar	1	0	0
A. L. B.	0	5	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	1	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. C. Matthews	1	0	0
Rev. John Stoughton, D.D.	2	2	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	0
M. R.	15	0	0
Mr. W. Miller	100	0	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mr. E. S. H. Reed	1	1	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. Walker	0	5	0
A thankoffering for mercies received	5	0	0
Mr. George Hyde	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Coutts	2	2	0
W. S.	5	0	0
Mr. Richard Greenwood	0	6	0
Miss M. A. Lines	1	0	0
A. F.	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Coleman	1	0	0
Miss A. S. Down	3	3	6
A friend, New Zealand	10	0	0
Mr. W. Elmslie	3	0	0
Pastor E. S. and Mrs. Neale	1	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 16	30	8	6
„ 23	300	0	0
„ 30	31	10	0
Nov. 6	31	7	6
„ 13	25	12	6
	418	18	6
	£770	15	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Miss M. J. Foster (sale of jewellery)	0	15	0
"One who has helped"	0	4	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. R. Winstanley	0	2	6
Mrs. Martin	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	12	0	0
Ellie	0	3	0
Miss I. Ferrie	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Nemo	0	10	0
P. H.	0	10	6
Postal order from Wincanton	0	5	0
Stamps from Macclesfield	0	10	0
Miss Emma Heap	1	0	0
Miss Harriet Heap	1	0	0
Miss Elizabeth Heap	1	0	0
Miss Annie Heap	0	10	6
A friend in Norfolk	0	2	6
A. R. K.	0	10	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Mills	0	15	0
A bride (S. B. C.)	0	4	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	1	0
Mr. J. Crane	1	0	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Mr. Lucas Collins	1	1	0
Mrs. Wittey	5	0	0
A few friends in Mauchline, per Mrs. McColl	2	10	0
A mite from Glasgow	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Rev. F. H. Robarts	10	0	0
Mrs. C. Dales	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Marshall	1	1	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas	1	0	0
One who loves Jesus	0	2	6
A poor widow	0	2	6
Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0
Miss L. Belough	0	1	0
Well-wisher	0	10	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Miller...	5	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mrs. Bull	0	10	0
Box at Buckland Baptist Chapel, per Miss M. R. Hedges	0	16	4
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	14	1
Mr. George Thompson	30	0	0
Miss E. B. Green and friends	1	1	3
A friend	5	0	0
M. Pentelow	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Pattison	0	10	0
Postal order from Clayton-le-Moors ...	0	2	6
One of the little ones	0	5	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Miss M. E. Nicholson	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott	0	10	0
Miss H. Hall	0	10	0
J. S. and others	0	2	6
A. Lee	0	1	0
A friend, Lanarkshire	2	0	0
J. W. G.	1	0	0
Mr. T. R. Matthews	0	5	0
Miss Jane Macturk	2	0	0
Mrs. Jackson	4	0	0
A distributor of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0
Mary A.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. Annan	2	10	0
Dr. Dunbar	3	0	0
An old woman	1	0	0
Mr. Samson Lucas	0	10	0
A benefited sermon-reader (less 6d. paid for registration)	0	19	6
A. B.	10	0	0
Miss Annie Cumpstey	0	10	0
Mr. Mackinnon	10	0	0
Vegetarian	1	0	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Collace Y.W.C.A.	0	6	0
Mr. J. Belsham	2	0	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0
Mrs. White	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Allan	0	10	0
Mrs. D. R. Holmes	0	10	0
J. C., Belfast	0	10	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
Postal order from Hednesford	0	5	0
Mrs. Crabb, per Pastor G. W. White...	0	15	0
T. F. B.	0	1	6
Mrs. Lawrie, per Miss Mary Hay ...	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. A. Altham, on account of annuity for Girls' Orphanage	100	0	0
A. L. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	0	10	0
Mrs. Workman	0	10	0
Mr. J. Gilford	0	7	6
A friend in Eastbourne	10	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
Mrs. E. I. Thomas	1	0	0
Part residuary estate of the late Mr. W. Riches	25	0	0
Rev. W. Wright, B.A., D.D.	5	0	0
Mrs. Essex	1	1	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mr. C. Matthews	1	0	0
Mr. W. Alexander and a little boy ...	0	6	0
One who enjoys the sermons	0	2	6
Stamps from Bath...	0	5	0
M. R.	15	0	0
Miss E. Seeley	0	2	6
Stamps from Edinburgh...	0	1	6
Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
S. T., North Camp	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Brown...	5	5	0
Mrs. Orr	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Van Rijn	4	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mr. E. J. Upward...	6	0	0
Miss L. A. Bennett	0	7	6
Mrs. Knott	10	0	0
Mr. F. Howard	5	0	0
Pastor W. H. Rose	0	5	0
Rookery children's box	0	11	6
Farley Green Mission	0	10	6
Mrs. and A. Selvwright	0	3	0
The Misses Hood	0	5	0
A widow in Kemnay, and a few friends	0	5	0
Miss E. Brown	0	10	0
Rev. A. G. Lawe	1	0	0
Mrs. Mulch	0	15	0
Mr. L. Shepherd	0	5	0
Mr. A. Thornton	0	4	11
W. and M. S.	0	10	0
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Miss E. Gwillim	0	2	0
A thankoffering for mercies received...	10	0	0
Postal order from Cheltenham... ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	6
Mrs. A. McPherson	1	0	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	3	7
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Dalgleish	5	0	0
Mrs. East	1	0	0
Mr. John Wickham	1	0	0
Collected by E. B., in fellowship with James i. 27	1	19	3
Mr. H. F. Wickham	1	0	0
Dr. G. Saunders	1	0	0
W. B. B., Wellingboro'	0	2	6
A. F.	10	0	0
Postal order, Belfast	1	0	0
Mr. T. W. Powell	5	0	0
Mr. H. Jackson	1	0	0
Mrs. Mima Bassham	0	5	0
Rev. H. Halliday	1	0	0
Mr. James Slater	3	3	0
Mr. Thomas Underhill	2	2	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Miss A. S. Down	3	3	6
The late Mrs. Madden, of Belfast, per Rev. H. Montgomery	39	17	10

	£	s.	d.
Postal order, Aylsham	0	5	0
Mr. W. Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. Brockie	0	10	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. W. D. King	2	15	0
U. J.	1	0	0
Cowl Street Sunday-school, Evesham, per Mrs. Warmington	2	2	0
Postal order, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. T. Houghton	0	10	0
A friend from Ross	0	10	0
Miss May Williams	0	2	6
Mrs. Hudson	2	0	0
Mrs. Welman	1	0	0
Mr. E. H. Deacon	0	6	0
Executors of the late Miss Jemima Balcombe	20	0	0
Mr. A. J. Vining, executor of the late Miss M. A. Chicken, balance of residuary account (also shares valued at £81)	1	3	10
Executrix of the late Miss Sarah Brand	139	18	9
Collected by Earnest and Maurice Chance	0	7	0
A friend, per Mrs. Whittle	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	0	6	2
Collected by Miss Alice L. Boyd ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Boyd	0	8	1
Collected by Mrs. Hammerton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hardy	0	10	0
West Croydon Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. W. S. Durrant ...	5	5	0
Part proceeds of bazaar at West Croydon Baptist Chapel (Young Ladies' Working Meeting)	105	0	0
Collected by Mr. F. A. Young	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. T. R. Glanville ...	0	3	2
Collected by Miss Amy Hall	0	7	3
Collected by Miss F. Peters	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Ashwell	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. H. Lymberry	0	5	1
Executor of the late Mr. J. Howard ...	4	9	6
Messrs. C. W. Freeman and Henry Notcutt	0	6	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson ...	0	8	3
Mr. W. Lewis	1	0	0
Miss L. Baulf	0	1	7
Collected by Mr. H. Long	0	8	3
Collected by Messrs. Clements and Newlings' ticket writers, per Mr. Hawkins	2	9	10
Mr. T. E. Sykes	5	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff ...	0	18	4
Collected by Messrs. Borgeaud Bros. ...	1	1	0
Postal orders, Hull	2	0	0
A wedding thankoffering from Pastor and Mrs. E. S. Neale	1	0	0
Orphan boy's card, A. C.	0	1	5
Mr. D. Goodall	0	1	0
Miss Florence Woods ... 1 10 0			
Miss Louise Woods ... 1 5 0			
Mr. Josiah Woods ... 1 3 0			
Miss Gertrude Woods ... 0 18 0			
Mr. Willie Woods ... 0 15 0			
Mr. Norman Woods ... 0 13 0			
	6	4	0
Mr. George D. Forbes	0	2	6
Mr. T. Detteridge, per Pastor J. Mitchell Cox	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. E. E. Kerry	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lamont, per Mr. Murrell ...	2	0	0
Orphan boy's card, Westerland ...	0	6	0
Collected by Master J. Freegard ...	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Kirkpatrick	0	5	0
An admirer of Mr. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Crane	0	2	6
Collection at Burnt Ash Chapel, per Mr. J. W. Davies	2	10	0
Mrs. Best, per Mr. J. C. Heard ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mr. Timothy Coop	100	0	0
Stockwell Baptist Chapel, collection after sermon by Rev. Arthur Mursell	5	15	11
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Canterbury 27 16 6			
Dover 27 12 6			
Eythorne 18 1 6			
Deal 20 1 6			
Peckham 2 0 0			
Rochester 2 1 11			
Chatham, sale of programmes 1 2 2			
Sittingbourne 1 13 7			
Stockwell Baptist Chapel Literary Society, sale of programmes and collection 1 4 1			
Streatham, sale of programmes and collection 5 2 7			
Surrey Grove Mission, sale of programmes 0 6 7			
Gresham Chapel, Brixton, sale of programmes ... 0 14 4			
South London Tabernacle 2 13 10			
Paddington, sale of programmes 0 3 2			
Wynne Road, Brixton ... 0 12 6			
	111	6	9
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mrs. Vine 0 5 0			
Alderman Stephenson ... 1 1 0			
Mr. Small (box) 0 11 0			
	1	17	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.:—			
Miss Winckworth ... 0 5 0			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Mrs. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Master Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Mrs. Tutt	1	0	0
Mrs. Browne	0	5	0
Miss Jackman	1	0	0
Mrs. Adams	1	1	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. J. Reynolds (two months) ...	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Mr. J. Macintosh (two quarters) 0 10 0			
J. B. K. (two quarters) ... 0 5 0			
	0	15	0
A widow's mite (two quarters)	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Miss S. A. Muir (Sept. and Oct.) ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. W. E. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Christmas Festivities:—			
Mrs. Shearman	3	0	0
	£1126	15	5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 15th to November 14th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—86 lbs. Salt Beef, Mr. Wotton; 2 lbs. Tea, Mr. R. Allen; ½ chest Tea, Messrs. Pannett and Neden; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 20 quarterns Bread, Mr. Pringle; 40 lbs. Spinach, Messrs. Borgeaud Brothers; 7 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 bag Rice, 1 bag Oatmeal, Mr. J. Cox; 9 bushels Potatoes, 12 bushels Apples, and 4 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. S. Barrow; 1 box Apples, Mr. F. T. Norman; 2 bags Apples, for No. 2 Girls' House, Mr. George Keep.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—1 pair Boots, Mrs. Voss; 20½ yards Cloth, Messrs. Fisher and Co.; 14 Shirts, Mrs. M. A. Holcombe; 4 Flannel Shirts, the Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 10 pairs Socks, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—5 articles, Miss Clara Oakley; 12 articles, Mrs. H. Warren; 10 articles, Mrs. Crasswiller; 78 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 20 pairs of Knitted Stockings, Miss Morris; 6 articles, Miss E. Leeder; 6 articles, Mrs. Hickson; 13 articles, H. V.; 35 articles, The Young Women's Bible-class, Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mrs. J. Harding; 7 articles, Mrs. Muir; 13 articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 6 articles, S. H. L.; 1 Jacket, Miss F. Pepper; 21 articles, Mrs. Tott; 11 pinafores, for No. 1 Girls' house, Mrs. Moss; 1 Ulster, 1 Dress, Anon.; 13 articles, Anon.

GENERAL.—21 Books, Rev. P. Terry; 12 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Nutsey.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Bower Chalk Baptist Church	5	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. Meadows, sen. ...	10	0	0
Sedgley, per Mr. F. A. Homer, J.P. ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Thomas Bantock	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. John Chappell	15	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhiewceiber	40	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton	20	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. Arthur Maw ...	15	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. Smallwood	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Cambridge Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	10	0	0
Borstal, per Mr. W. R. Craske ...	20	0	0
Worcester Association, per Mr. J. S. Hanson	30	0	0
Colchester, per Mr. R. Scott	40	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston	10	0	0
	£295	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Miss Jemima Balcombe	20	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mr. George Stephens	0	10	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	2	2	0
E. S., bank note	5	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. George Thompson	10	0	0
Miss M. E. Nicholson	1	0	0
A distributor of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	5	0
Mr. C. Matthews	1	0	0
M. R.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
A. B. C., Omagh	0	2	3
A. F.	5	0	0
Postal order, Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0	1	0
Mr. James Johnson	0	2	0
Widow Smith	0	2	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
	£61	16	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bury St. Edmund's	13	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Wisbech ...	20	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
I. B.	3	3	0
E. S.	5	0	0
Mr. George Thompson	10	0	0
Miss H. Cope	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Taunton ...	50	0	0
A distributor of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mr. E. Townsend	2	2	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mr. C. Matthews	1	0	0
M. R.	5	0	0
W. S.	5	0	0
Mr. Walter Hinson	5	5	0
A. F.	5	0	0
S. B. P., a thankoffering	1	0	0
A friend from Leamington	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bell	1	0	0
	£141	10	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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 13th 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.