THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

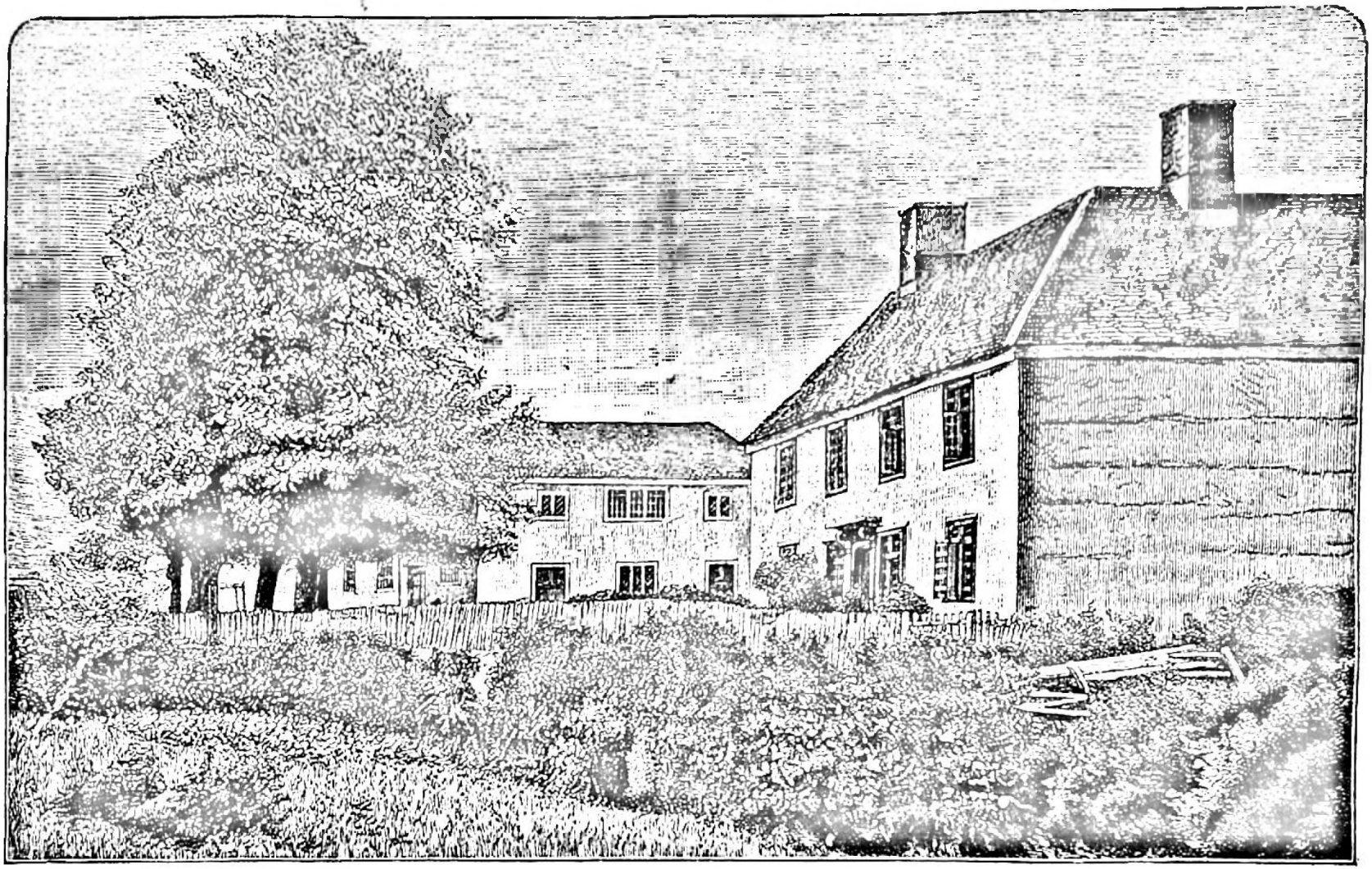
1888.

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

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PREFACE.

WHETHER we smite with *the Sword*, or build with *the Trowel*,

LET THE LORD'S NAME BE MAGNIFIED.

Our service may often change, but our spirit should remain full of adoration and praise. The century grows old, but the glory of Jehovah is ever new. The twilight of another age is upon us; but come what will, the Lord is to be extolled from generation to generation, even till eternity has swallowed up the last of years.

During another year the Lord has been exceedingly gracious to the various institutions of which this magazine is the representative and right hand. Our practical protest against error has lost us many a friend; or, rather, has winnowed away much of the chaff from the heap of our acquaintances. Naturally, it might have been expected that this would tell upon the funds of the Orphanage, College, Colportage, Evangelists' Society, or some other of our agencies; but our resources are beyond the reach of human power, seeing we have all along drawn our supplies direct from the Fountain-head. We have received, not less, but more of pecuniary supplies, since certain great ones threatened to dry up the springs. They cannot stay so much as a drop of heaven's rain from the plant of the Lord's right hand planting. For this, with a deep, adoring reverence, we say emphatically, "The Lord be magnified."

But what of it all? Will any result follow from taking up a position of stern protest? We think so. We believe that already a drag has been put upon the "Down-Grade" wheel, and that enquiry has been aroused which will more effectually hinder the deplorable advance to ruin. But if not, what of that? Suppose a man should speak the truth in the name of the Lord, and no one should believe him; suppose that good as well as bad should judge him to be perverse and pragmatical; suppose he should be forsaken by those who were once his adherents and friends; and suppose that he should even die with the ill repute of being one who needlessly and in vain troubled Israel—what then? If in that which he had spoken he was true to his conscience, and to his God, what would he have lost by receiving no recognition from men? Lost! He would have been immeasurably the gainer, inasmuch as he would not have received his reward, but his crown would be laid up in heaven "against that day." At any rate, he would have glorified his Lord by having been enabled to say, "Although ministers should not proclaim the gospel, nor professors confess the faith; the constancy of the faithful shall fail, and even the most godly abide in cowardly silence; courage shall fail from the brave, and decision from the instructed; yet will I rejoice in the Lord and his eternal truth, yea, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

For practical purposes, in this cloudy and dark day, we call upon our brethren to be much in prayer for the revival and enlightenment of the church of God, and for the creation of religious interest among the great multitude. Everywhere there is apathy. Nobody cares whether that which is preached is true or false. A sermon is a sermon whatever the subject; only, the shorter it is the better. A free delivery, with a

little pretentiousness, will make a great deal go down as gospel which the slightest gracious discrimination would utterly reject. Let us pray that religious life may be deepened and increased, so that men may instinctively discern between the precious and the vile.

Now also is the season for a clearer and more distinct enunciation of the foundation truths of the gospel. Preachers and teachers should go over again with distinctness and emphasis those glorious doctrines which are assuredly received among us. The preaching of the true is the best refutation of the false. The more the mind of God is made known among the people the less will they be swayed by the inventions of the mind of man. A diligent rehearsal of the main points of our heavenly charter will be wise and timely at this present.

For this magazine we ask the favourable remembrance of our readers. How could the protesting voice have been heard if it had not been for these pages? As a rule, the religious papers have united in a conspiracy of silence; or else they have culled from their correspondence letters unfavourable to the truth, and have printed them, while those which were on the right side have been excluded. It is of vital importance that every mouth which bears testimony for truth should be preserved. This much-sneered-at *Sword and Trowel* will carry on its twofold mission so long as its Editor has breath remaining; but it could do far more if its circulation were increased. The next year will be its twenty-fifth, and it ought to have a kind of Jubilee. To increase the circulation may seem a small matter to speak of, and yet it is not so. What is the use of a man speaking or writing if he has no audience? If an audience is desirable, is it not desirable that it should be increased? If his listeners and readers can be multiplied, is not the man thus enabled to do good on a wider scale? What is worth doing for a few is still more worth doing for many. We therefore invite our readers' help to enlarge our constituency. We will do our best to produce the magazine, and to speak boldly for the cause and kingdom of our Lord Jesus; and we ask on the part of our subscribers that they will provide for us open doors by introducing our monthly magazine to their friends and neighbours.

To most of our readers we are bound for ever by ties of gratitude for kindness rendered in many ways. Perhaps no man ever had such a host of constant and earnest friends as the Editor of this paper. To them all we send hearty greetings. God bless them all! May the eternal God be their refuge and their reward! In a short time we shall meet where Sword and Trowel shall be exchanged for harp and palm. So speedily will that day arrive that we joyously anticipate it, and would begin at once the heavenly fellowship which will express itself in the perfect harmony of the celestial song. As we said in the beginning, so say we at the close of this preface to the volume for 1888—

THE LORD BE MAGNIFIED.

The Lord liveth and reigneth: there is no defeat with him. No rage of the enemy can dim the lustre of his truth, or hinder the going forth of his power.

HALLELUJAH!

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1888.

A Triplet for the Year with Three Eights.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

AS an express train rushes by a station without pausing for an instant, so does our life hasten past the first day of a new year. On, and on, and on we fly; and neither prosperity nor adversity causes us to slacken speed. Thrusting our heads out of the window, and looking back, we are glad to have travelled so far in safety through the varied scenery of life. A screw loose, or a wheel without oil, or a stone on the metals, might have wrought us great peril; but here we are safe and sound. Let God be praised! But the wind is keen, and the weather cheerless; and so we draw in our head, and put up the glass, and think of that part of the way which lies before us, praying that we and our fellow-passengers may reach our journey's end in peace. For this purpose he who has watched over us hitherto must still be our Guardian, and our trust is that he will be so. As we glide through the station which bears the inscription A.D. 1888, we salute our follow-travellers, and wish them all the happiness which can be crowded into twelve months.

To us, at this moment, our uppermost feeling is a shiver at the task which lies before us in another year: not because we are afraid of work, nor because we take less delight than formerly in the high service of the Lord; far from it. But because we have a keener sense of our own weakness, and a fuller idea of what our service ought to be—a trembling takes hold upon us. The cry of "Who is sufficient for these things?" rises from the depths of our being; and were it not for the all-sufficiency of God, we should be filled with dismay. Before us lie labour, and

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warfare, and watching, while within us are weakness, and folly, and fickleness. Alas, Master! what should we do, if it were not that above us is the eternal throne, and beneath us are the everlasting arms?

As one heart has the same feelings as another, we doubt not that, on this New Year's Day, there are other souls besides our own fainting with the sorrows of the past, dreading the threatened conflicts of the future, and humiliated with a sense of blameworthy feebleness. Our brief meditation shall be offered as a reviving draught to swooning minds. It will turn upon three texts which will be found not very far apart in the Book of Psalms. Any and every weak believer may take them and use them as his very own.

The first text is A PRAYER :—

"Give thy strength unto thy servant."—Psalm lxxxvi. 16.

The good man begs for *strength:* then he must have felt himself to be feeble; perhaps as feeble as we are. He had lost for a while the light of Jehovah's countenance; and if any calamity can take strength out of a man of God, this will; therefore he cries in this verse, "O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me!" When God is turned to us, our captivity is turned, and our former energy comes back to us, increased by the experience we have passed through.

That strength he hoped to gain by prayer: the weak may pray themselves into power. Though prayer be a confession of infirmity, it so links us to infinity that it proves itself the channel by which omnipotence flows into us.

The strength desired was only hoped for as a gift—"*Give* thy strength unto thy servant": we do not deserve it; we cannot claim it; we appeal to the mercy of God for it; and we hope to receive it as a free gift of love. Not by law, but by grace, are we made strong. Moses burdens us, but Christ strengthens us.

The strength which was requested was meant to be used for the best of purposes. It was as a servant of the Lord that the good man sought for invigoration. We could not pray for strength with which to gratify self, or serve sin; but we may fitly ask the Lord to enable us to fulfil his own commands. When we are labourers together with God, we may reasonably look to him as the Strong One for strength. Oh, the honour and comfort of being the Lord's servants, for we are sure that he will not desert us, but will suit our strength to our service! It is better to have a little strength, and to be keeping God's Word, than to wax fat in our fancied vigour, and kick against the divine will. At this moment, in seeking renewal and refreshment, let us see to it that our motive is pure, and that we desire to spend and to be spent in our Lord's work, and in that alone.

If this be so, we may make bold to offer the extraordinary request of David, "Give thy strength unto thy servant." What! will no other strength suffice? Must the Almightiness of Jehovah be given to man? Yes, so it is worded: and the wording is not amiss, for it sounds most harmoniously that "*thy* servant" should have "*thy* strength." It were not meet that God's servant should have strength of his own; both himself and his strength should be his Lord's. It is not likely that God would give his strength to another's servant; but it is not unreasonable that he

should equip his own obedient servant with strength sufficient for his duties. The request of the man of God is a large one, but none too large. We shall need for another year's labours the kind of strength which dwells with the Most High; strength spiritual, strength of character, and purpose, and steadfastness; the strength of holiness, and wisdom, and love. We shall need to have this daily imparted from God himself, for if we attempt to obtain it from any second cause, we shall become idolaters, and miss the power we seek. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." There is water in the fountain-head; there may be nothing but mire in the water-courses. How often, when we have looked to men for support, we have been forced to cry, "My brethren have dealt deceitfully with me as a brook"! Lord, if I seek man's strength, and am fortunate enough to obtain it, it will prove insufficient for me; therefore I cry unto thee, "Give thy strength unto thy servant." If thou givest me thy strength, I am in a happy case indeed, even though, like the writer of this psalm, I may have to complain, "O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul, and have not set thee before them!"

The prayer is before us; let us offer it. A few minutes now devoted to pleading with our gracious God for this blessing may give a tone and colour to the entire year. Shall this child of time be a weakling, sprinkled with drops of gracious power, or shall it be baptized into the fulness of divine might? Here, and now, on bended knee, we claim the larger benediction, and plunge this year 1888 into the energy of the Omnipotent, crying "Give thy strength unto thy servant."

THE ANSWER is not far away. Thus saith the voice of inspiration:—

"Thy God hath commanded thy strength."—Psalm lxviii. 28.

There are some who read it, "Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee." That which the Lord commands in heaven is done without fail. Among his divine decrees this is to be found, that his servants are to be strengthened, for that which is a matter of promise in the revealed will of God is a matter of command in his secret purposes. He who saith, "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee," has taken orders that these golden sentences shall not be mere words.

The foreseeing Lord has appointed refreshments for us during the coming year. He has commanded the agents of his providence to bring us bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening; and he has commanded the store-keepers of heaven to hand out our omers of heavenly manna every day from the beginning of January to the end of December. He has commanded his human ministers to strengthen our weak hands, and confirm our feeble knees; and he has commanded his angelic messengers to keep us in all our ways, and to appear unto us, and to strengthen us should we be called to any special agony.

That we shall be strengthened for all that lies before us is not, therefore, a matter of doubt; but it is ours to note with joy that this strength will be arranged, appointed, and proportioned by the Lord from whom it comes. We shall be invigorated according to the divine command; and therefore the time, the method, and the degree will all

be settled by unerring wisdom and immeasurable love. We are not given the key of the storehouse, and told to help ourselves; but we are from hour to hour nourished with a portion from the Lord's own table, mixed and measured, savoured and sweetened by his own hand. "Thy God hath commanded thy strength." He bids us pray, "Give us day by day our daily bread," because he has appointed us daily rations, which he has commanded his messengers to bring to us; yea, he has not only commanded the rations, but the strength which they shall yield to us.

Let our ear be charmed with the music of the repeated pronoun "*thy* God," and "*thy* strength"; even as we were in the verse which served us for a prayer. That same covenant, which makes God to be our God, makes his strength to be our strength. Is not this most precious? "Thy God hath sent forth strength *for thee*," take it to thyself, for he means it for thee. He has given his Holy Spirit, whom he hath sent forth, to be to thee thy power to labour, to suffer, to wrestle, to conquer. What the Lord sends, none can keep from thee. What he commands, none can deny thee. Wherefore, rest in believing confidence; and when thou art weak in every other way, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Surely, if the Lord be thy strength, and thy song, and if he also has become thy salvation, thou mayest begin the year with the dance of Miriam, and the song of Mary.

What remains but that we give an active RESPONSE to the promise of our gracious God, and how can we do so in a better style than by again borrowing from the Psalmist? Let us say with him—

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God."—Psalm lxxi. 16.

Let us arouse ourselves. The watchword is not, "I will grieve," but "I will go." Not "I will think," but "I will go." The man who is strong advances to the use of his vigour according to the call of the hour. The adversaries of our Lord advance to the battle; let our souls be fired with courage, and as David ran to meet the Philistine, so let us "go" to confront the enemy. With the righteousness of God as our breast-plate, and his strength as our sword, let us go where the trumpet proclaims the war.

If we are favoured to be chosen to the peaceful labours of the vineyard of the Lord, let us go to them joyfully in the strength which the Lord has commanded for us, and sent to us. Let the minister go in this strength to preach the gospel, let the teacher in the same manner go to instruct the little ones, let the business man thus go to fulfil his vocation, and let the housewife thus go to her domestic duties. Ours it is with pleasure to work out the salvation which God has worked in us. We have been receivers, let us now give forth to others.

To go is easy, but to go in the strength of the Lord requires care and grace. Let us discriminate between conceit and confidence. We are not to be self-made men, neither are we to indulge a carnal self-reliance: we are to live and to go only in the Lord. What holy, safe, sacred going this will be! How sure we are to go aright, and to go successfully, when we do not take so much as a single step unless it be in this strength. Then the Lord will hold up our goings, that our

footsteps slip not; our goings shall be established; and the Lord will cause us to be as the sun which goes forth with ever-increasing lustre, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

May each church of Christ, as a whole, speak as one man, and say, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only"! The word of the Lord to his church is to "go": "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Her duty is to make mention of the Lord, and he hath said, "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Thus going into the world, and proclaiming the righteousness of Christ, attended with going to the mercy-seat, and there mentioning in prayer the merits of our Lord, the church will go from strength to strength. Thus will she drown the clamour of false doctrine by mentioning the righteousness which is of God by faith; and she will silence the boastings of those children of the bondwoman who decry the righteousness of the Lord Jesus that their own works and philosophies may be had in honour. Thus best of all shall she please the Lord by faith, glorify his Son by magnifying his righteousness, and honour the Holy Spirit by exhibiting the fruits of his indwelling. If these things be so, happy will be the men who live in

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1888.

Fulness in Christ.

"HAVE you got it?" is a question often asked now. I remember being asked this, and I could not help replying, "I have got HIM, and with him all the *its*." God does not give us Christ piecemeal, but wholly. We have a whole Christ, or no Christ. Now, while God does not give us a single blessing apart from Christ, yet in and with him we have all spiritual blessings. As a matter of *fact* that is true to every believer, but as matter of *experience* it is not always so. "I have lost my peace," groaned a saint one day. We replied, "Have you lost your Saviour?" "Oh, no!" "Well, then, he is our peace." "I forgot that." Just so, lose sight of Christ, and away go your feelings; and the way *not* to get your feelings back is to look for *them*, the way to get *them* is not to look for *them*, but to look to HIM.

Remember there is in Christ for you a fulness of acceptance, therefore do not doubt him; there is fulness of peace, therefore trust him; there is fulness of life, therefore abide in him; there is fulness of blessing, therefore delight in him; there is fulness of power, therefore wait upon him; there is fulness of grace, therefore receive from him; there is fulness of love, therefore be taken up with him; there is fulness of teaching, therefore learn of him; there is fulness of joy, therefore rejoice in him; there is fulness of fulness in him, therefore be full in him; there is fulness of riches, therefore count upon him; there is fulness of strength, therefore lean upon him; there is fulness of light, therefore walk with him; and there is fulness of energy, therefore be subject to him.

PASTOR T. E. MARSH, Sunderland.

The Old Manse at Stambourne.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE frontispiece has far more charms for me than for any of my readers, but I hope that their generous kindness to the writer will cause them to be interested in it. Here my venerable grandfather lived for more than fifty years, and reared his rather numerous family. The old meeting-house still stands, with its grand overshadowing trees, and the quiet graveyard, wherein the bodies of many of the Lord's chosen ones wait for the sounding of the resurrection trumpet. The house has been supplanted by one which, I doubt not, is most acceptable to the excellent minister who occupies it; but to me it can never be one-half so dear as the revered old home in which I spent some of my earliest years. It is true it had developed devotional tendencies, and seemed inclined to prostrate its venerable form, and therefore it might have fallen down of itself if it had not been removed by the builder; but, somehow, I wish it had kept up for ever and ever. I could have cried, "Spare the old house. Touch not a single tile, or bit of plaster:" but its hour was come, and so the earthly house was happily dissolved.

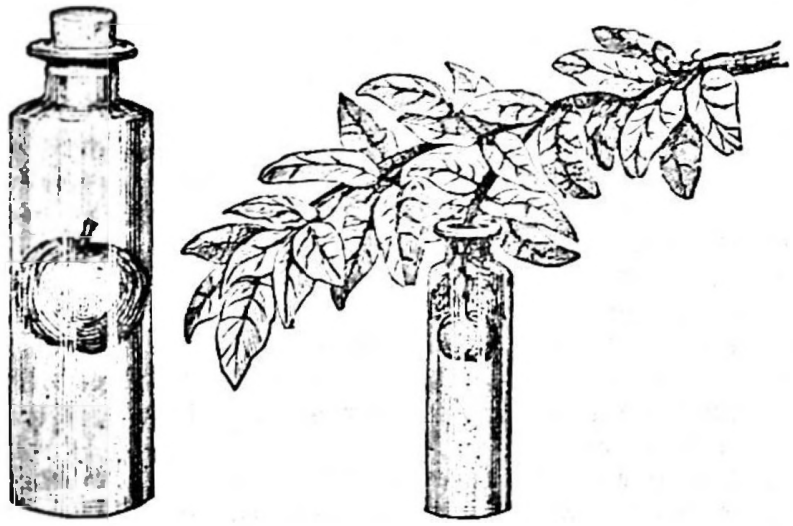
It looks a very noble structure, with its eight windows in front, but at least three, and I think four, of these were plastered up, and painted black, and then marked out in lines to imitate glass. They were not very bad counterfeits, or the photograph would betray this. Most of us can remember the window-tax, which seemed to regard light as a Latin commodity—*lux*, and therefore a luxury, and therefore to be taxed. So much was paid on each aperture for the admission of light; and so room after room of the manse was left in darkness, to be regarded by my childish mind with reverent awe. Over other windows were put up boards marked DAIRY or CHEESE-ROOM, because by this name they would escape the tribute. What a queer mind must his have been who first invented taxing the light of the sun! It was, no doubt, meant to be a fair way of estimating the size of a house, and hence the wealth of the inhabitant; but, incidentally, it led occupiers of large houses to shut out the light for which they were too poor to pay.

Let us enter by the front door. We step into a spacious hall, paved with brick. There is a great fire-place, and over it a painting of David, and the Philistines, and Giant Goliath. The hall-floor was of brick, and carefully sprinkled with fresh sand. We see this in the country still, but not often in the minister's house. In the hall stood "the child's" rocking-horse. It was a grey horse, and could be ridden astride or side-saddle. When I visited Stambourne, last year, a man claimed to have rocked me upon it. I remembered the horse, but not the man, so sadly do we forget the better, and remember the baser. This was the only horse that I ever enjoyed riding. Living animals are too eccentric in their movements, and the law of gravitation usually draws me from my seat upon them to a lower level; but this was a horse on which even a member of Parliament might have retained his seat.

Into this hall came certain of the more honoured supporters of the meeting to leave their cloaks, and so forth, on wet Sundays. The horses and gigs went down to the stables and sheds in the rear; the whips

usually went into the pews, and a few of the choicer friends left their wraps and coats in the minister's hall. How I used to delight to stand in the hall, with the door open, and watch the rain run off the top of the door into a wash-tub! What bliss to float cotton-reels in the miniature sea! How fresh and sweet that rain seemed to be! The fragrance of it, as a thunder-shower poured down, comes over me now.

Where the window is open on the right was the best parlour. Roses generally grew about it, and bloomed in the room if they could find means to insert their buds, which they generally did. There had evidently been a cleaning up just before my photograph was taken, for there are no roses creeping up from below. What Vandals people are when they set about clearing up either the outsides or the insides of houses! This is the room which contained the marvel to which I referred in the Almanack for 1879.



Here is the reference:—"We remember well, in our early days, seeing upon our grandmother's mantel-shelf an apple contained in a phial. This was a great wonder to us, and we tried to investigate it. Our question was, 'How came the apple to get inside so small a bottle?' The apple was quite as big round as the phial: by what means was it placed within it? Though it was treason to touch the treasures on the mantel-piece, we took down the bottle, and convinced our youthful mind that the apple never passed through its neck; and by means of an attempt to unscrew the bottom we became equally certain that the apple did not enter from below. We held to the notion that by some occult means the bottle had been made in two pieces, and afterwards united in so careful a manner that no trace of the join remained. We were hardly satisfied with the theory, but as no philosopher was at hand to suggest any other hypothesis, we let the matter rest. One day next summer we chanced to see upon a bough another phial, the first cousin of our old friend, within which was growing a little apple which had been passed through the neck of the bottle while it was extremely small. 'Nature well known, no prodigies remain;' the grand secret was out. We did not cry, '*Eureka, Eureka!*'

but we might have done so if we had then been versed in the Greek tongue.

"This discovery of our juvenile days shall serve for an illustration at the present moment. Let us get the apples into the bottle while they are little, which, being translated, signifies, let us bring the young ones into the house of God in the hope that in after days they will love the place where his honour dwelleth, and there seek and find eternal life. Sermons should not be so long and dull as to weary the young folk, or else mischief will come of it; but with interesting preaching to secure attention, and loving teachers to press home the truth upon the youthful heart, we shall not have to complain of the next generation that they have forgotten their resting-places."

In this best parlour grandfather would usually sit on Sunday mornings, and prepare himself for preaching. I was put into the room with him that I might be quiet, and as a rule *The Evangelical Magazine* was given me. This contained a portrait of a reverend divine, and one picture of a mission-station. · Grandfather often requested me to be quiet, and always gave as a reason that I "had the magazine." I did not at the time perceive the full force of the argument to be derived from that fact, but no doubt my venerable relative knew more about the sedative effect of the magazine than I did. I cannot support his opinion from personal experience. Another means of stilling "the child" was much more effectual. I was warned that perhaps grandpa would not be able to preach if I distracted him, and then—ah! then what would happen, if poor people did not learn the way to heaven? This made me look at the portrait and the missionary-station once more. Little did I dream that some other child would one day see my face in that wonderful Evangelical portrait-gallery.

On the left, nearly hidden by a shrub, is a very important window, for it let light into the room, wherein were the oven, the mangle, and, best of all, the kneading-trough. How often have I gone to that kneading-trough, for it had a little shelf in it, and there would be placed *something for the child!* A bit of pastry, which was called by me, according to its size, a pig or a rabbit, which had little ears, and two currants for eyes, was carefully placed in that sacred shrine, like the manna in the ark. Dear grandmother, how much you laboured to spoil that "child"! Yet your memory is more dear to him than that of wiser folks, who did not spoil the child. Do you now look down upon your petted grandson? Do you feel as if he would have been better if you had been sour and hard? Not a bit of it. Aunt Ann, who had a finger in it all, is not a bit penitent, but would spoil "the child" again if she had a chance.

There was a sitting-room at the back of the house, where the family met for meals. In that blank side there certainly was a window looking out upon the garden, and we cannot make out why the photograph does not show it. There are some faint indications, but one has to look long to spy them. When I last saw the keeping-room, a bit of ivy had forced its way through the lath and plaster, and had been trained along the inside of the room; but in my childish days we were not so verdant. I remember a mark on the paper which had been made by the finger of

one of my uncles, so they told me, when one year the flour was so bad that it turned into a paste, or pudding, inside the loaf, and could not be properly made into bread. History has before this been learned from handwritings on the wall. There was a mysterious jack over the fire-place, and with that fire-place itself I was very familiar; for candles were never used extravagantly in grandfather's house, and if any one went out of the room, and took the candle with him, it was just a little darker, not very much; and if one wished to read, the fire-light was the only resort. I think there were mould candles now and then in the best room, but that was only on very high days and holidays. My opinion, derived from personal observation, was that all everyday candles were made of rushes and tallow.

Our young readers in London and other large towns have probably never seen a pair of snuffers, much less the flint and steel with which a light had to be painfully obtained by the help of a tinder-box and a brimstone match. What a job on a cold raw morning to strike, and strike, and see the sparks die out because the tinder was damp! We are indeed living in an age of light when we compare our incandescent gas-burners and electric lights with the rush-lights of our childhood. And yet the change is not all one way; for if we have more light, we have also more fog and smoke, at least in London.

A quaint old winding stair led to the upper chambers. The last time I occupied the best bedroom, the floor seemed to be anxious to go out of the window, at least, it inclined that way. There seemed to be a chirping of birds very near my pillow in the morning, and I discovered that swallows had built outside the plaster, and sparrows had found a hole which admitted them inside of it, that there they might lay their young. It is not always that one can lie in bed and study ornithology. I confess that I liked all this rural life, and the old chintz bed-furniture, and the ancient and tottery mansion altogether.

I am afraid I am amusing myself rather than my reader, and so I will not weary him with more than this one bit of rigmarole just now. But there was one place upstairs which I cannot omit, even at the risk of being wearisome. Opening out of one of the bedrooms there was a little chamber of which the window had been blocked up by that wretched window-duty. When the original founder of Stambourne Meeting quitted the Church of England, to form a separate congregation, he would seem to have been in possession of a fair estate, and the house was quite a noble one for those times. Before the light-excluding tax had come into operation, that little room was the minister's study and closet for prayer; and a very nice cosy room, too. In my time it was a dark den;—but *it contained books,* and this made it a gold-mine to me. Therein was fulfilled the promise, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness." Some of these were enormous folios, such as a boy could hardly lift. Here I struck acquaintance first with the martyrs, and specially with "Old Bonner" who burned them; next, with Bunyan and his "pilgrim"; and further on, with the great masters of Scriptural theology, with whom no moderns are worthy to be named in the same day. Even the old editions are precious to me with their margins and

old-fashioned notes. It is easy to tell a real Puritan even by the shape of the book, and the look of the type; and I confess a prejudice against nearly all new editions, and a preference for the originals, even though clothed in sheepskins and goatskins, or shut up in the hardest of boards. It made my eyes water to see a number of these old books in the new manse: I wonder whether some other boy will love them, and live to revive that grand old divinity which will yet be to England her balm and benison.

Out of that darkened room I fetched those old authors when I was yet a youth, and never was I happier than when in their company. Out of the present contempt, into which Puritanism has fallen, many brave hearts and true will fetch it, by the help of God, ere many years have passed. Those who have daubed up the windows will yet be surprised to see heaven's light beaming on the old truth, and then breaking forth from it to their own confusion.

"A Warm and Sunny Exposition."

A HOUSE in Hyères is to be let in "comfortable flats," and the notice hung out upon the door informs the English reader that the villa enjoys "a warm and sunny exposition." We thought at once of Matthew Henry, and Leighton on Peter, and authors of that kind, although we knew that the French landlord had never heard of one of them, and was only thinking of exposure to the sun, and not of commenting and commentaries. It is rare fun to see how our Gallic friends misuse our language. How can Republican Frenchmen understand the Queen's English?

Still, Monsieur, you have unconsciously reminded us of what our congregations greatly need every Lord's-day. The sermon is of the best when it is "a warm and sunny exposition" of the text, and the reading would be a hundred times more profitable to the common people if the minister could be induced to study the chapter beforehand, and in a few sentences give the people "a warm and sunny exposition." What is wanted is not more talk, but more Scripture; and this read out, not with a solemn drawl, and a pompous "Here endeth the first lesson," but with a clear, articulate utterance, and in a loving, reverent manner. Are preachers too lazy to "explain the sense" of the lesson? Do they themselves understand what they read? Many things which have happened of late have aroused our suspicion that certain preachers do not study their Bibles. It would be a fine disproof of this allegation if they would begin to open-up the passages they read, by a few words of judicious comment. It would serve a thousand useful ends if our ministers would all of them commence at once to edify their congregations with "a warm and sunny exposition." C. H. S.

Why we want no New Gospel.

BY PASTOR J. KEMP, PORTSMOUTH.

"THUS saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." This is a voice divine, and truly it seemed like an echo of God's voice, when, addressing the ministers at the twenty-third annual Conference of the Pastors' College, the fine old patriarch of nearly ninety years, undimmed of eye or mind, and clear of voice, cried out, "Keep to the old gospel, keep to the old gospel—it is the power of God unto salvation. After a time of quiet retirement I should be glad of the opportunity to retract, if in the past I had taught anything that I felt was not God's truth. But it is with the utmost sincerity that I say, Keep to the old gospel." Such was the deeply solemn and impressive counsel of the venerable Professor Rogers.

We are met on every hand with the cry, "But to keep to the old is contrary to the spirit of the times; this is an age of progress." Yes, there is a cry for reform, new laws, and progress, and that cry has not come one whit too soon. The wonder is it has not more often sounded out before. There is good reason it should sound out now. Our laws and institutions are of human origin, and therefore, of necessity, imperfect. In the infancy of nations, communities, and societies, errors are sure to be committed; but as they grow in knowledge, wisdom, and experience, errors are discovered, and there arises the cry for reform. But it is not so with God's works and moral laws. *They are perfect at the beginning.* This is a fact of immense importance, it is the reason of permanence. But man's works bear the stamp of imperfection; hence the need of change and reform. History teems with illustrations of this fact. Our rude forefathers kindled fires by rubbing pieces of wood together—a slow and painful process. That in time was improved upon by the old tinder-box and flint. Then came the wonderful lucifer match, and later still the kindling sparks of electricity. Then in illumination, what changes! The rush-light flickers first, then comes the oil-lamp, then they talk of gas, some laugh in scorn about it, like the great Sir Walter Scott, who scornfully said at a public meeting in Edinburgh, "D'ye know what a man is proposing to do in England? He is actually proposing to light up Lunnon wi' cold smoke!" Men laughed, but the "cold smoke" came to light up the greatest city of the world. And now, with all-eclipsing brilliancy, comes the electric light, and what next we know not, but we have by no means reached the limit of progress. But mark, no improvements have been necessary in the illuminators of nature. No one comes forward to say the sun is antiquated, and to patent a new invention to supplant the orb of day. No one says the moon and stars are old-fashioned, and unsuited to the times. The queen of night shines on, and the same stars as shone over the plains of Bethlehem, or as David saw when he kept his father's sheep, gladden us still.

We improve our locomotion. In the East, the only trains known were trains of camels. Here we had horses, tracks through vast woods, narrow lanes, and bridle-paths. Then came rough roads and stage-coaches, and in course of time tramways, bicycles, and railways with

their sumptuous saloons. But the birds fly over the land just as they flitted among the bowers of paradise, or as the ravens which brought Elijah his daily bread. There has been no improvement with *them*, for there was perfection to begin with.

On the sea, what improvements have taken place! First came the galleys with oars, as in the days of Solomon; then craft with sails, and now the magnificent steam-ships, like palaces upon the deep, illumined in the darkest nights by electricity. But *in* the sea, no change. The fish have no improved locomotion. They swim to-day just as did the fish that came to Peter's hook with a piece of silver in its mouth for tribute money. No advance, because perfection to begin with.

So with the moral law. We live in days of radical reform, and startling proposals. But no Radical has seriously proposed to repeal the eighth commandment because it is antiquated—no one has brought out a new decalogue. Who says the moral law is effete, and unsuited to the requirements of our advanced civilization? We cannot reach a higher code of morals than that which God gave thousands of years ago, which was so beautifully summarized by the Great Teacher, who said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Why can we not improve upon this moral law? Because it bore the stamp of perfection from the first. So was it with the gospel of salvation, which reveals to us the way of peace and eternal life. It was perfect to begin with; therefore we cannot improve it, and we dare not repeal it. It has been the same gospel all down the ages. It is "the good old way." There was not one "way" for ancient Jews, and another for modern Gentiles—one "way" revealed in the Old Testament, and another in the New.

As God went on unfolding his will to men, adding book to book in the precious volume, and conducting the people from one dispensation to another, he revealed no new way; he was only pouring a stronger and clearer light upon the old path. As the mossy bud and the full-blown rose are one, so the gospel of Paul and John was the gospel of Adam and Abel. Andrew beheld "the Lamb of God" (John i. 40), and Abraham also saw him from afar (John viii. 56), and both found "life in a look at the Crucified One." He who is "the Truth" said, "I am *the Way*," "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Because perfection graced them from the very first, we keep to the old, old sun, and the old, old stars, and the old, old "golden rule"; and so must we keep to "the old, old story of Jesus and his love."

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." This may be solemnly affirmed of "new gospels" which are no gospels, but human inventions. Oh that men would remember that grand testimony of the Psalmist—"As for God, his way is perfect: the Word of the Lord is tried" (Ps. xviii. 30)! Sounding out as from eternity, the words come to souls distressed by doubts, and weary ones in wandering mazes lost—"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Alas, that so many make answer, "We will not walk therein"!

A Bushman's Growl.

(FROM THE ANTIPODES.)

OUR minister is very handy at dropping into us from the pulpit, and sometimes we feel inclined to call out "Hold hard, and give us a turn!" Last Sunday we ran the gauntlet of a Gatling fire on the want of devotion shown by us in not working as we ought for the Lord, and in not attending prayer-meetings as we should, finishing up with a declamation against our troubling so much about the things of this life. Well, it was a fine sermon, and ought to have hit us hard, but it didn't; it just rolled off as harmless as the proverbial fluid from the duck's back, and this is how it happened. We Bushmen are brought up to steady, hard work, and to look at things with a practical business eye; and if our parson doesn't practise what he preaches, he might just as well hold his tongue. The fact is that we do not get value for our money from certain of our ministers. We give a part of our earnings to God, and as co-workers in the vineyard we look for value for the money given.

We sometimes think if the great Master is satisfied with a man's serving up two sermons on Sunday, and a plate of hash on Thursday, for four or six or eight pounds a week, he is an uncommonly easy Task-master. We fancy, if any man in our line got those wages, and just dawdled out of bed at nine o'clock, then pottered about all the remaining hours five days out of six, doing none of our work, we should just "give him the sack." To watch some ministers makes us feel bad. When preaching on "My yoke is easy," some of them would say less if they knew how we were mentally applying it. If my ox is taking his yoke easy, the stock-whip has to do its duty, and then work will be done.

What makes us feel worse than anything is when we hear such servants sort of half blaming the Master because the church machinery doesn't go well. When they are pleading in the prayer-meeting, we are mentally saying, "Put your shoulder to the wheel." A few years ago we took up a grant of bush-land: then came the tug of war, as thick scrub and big trees were tumbled over from early morn till late at night. To-day magnificent orchards and cornfields exist there, and make our hearts glad at harvest-time. But a spruce young Cockney came and took up the next section, and for a time we helped him to get his house up, &c.; but big trees and heavy digging were not in his line. He preferred balls, and late hours at night, with corresponding hours in the morning. Flourishing orchards and cornfields are not to-day over that land, and he is loud in his lamentations against bush-farming. We smile at his insanity. But we Bushmen believe that God is surely as just to his servants as Nature is. We believe that if his servants will go into his harvest-fields and WORK, they shall return rejoicing. If our servant is lazy, we soon get rid of him; if he works with half the devotion which our minister professes for his work, we double his reward; and we believe that our God is certainly not less just. If our ministers eat the bread of idleness, our churches are doomed. We have money, and will gladly give it to men who will *work* for the Master, in seeking out the lost, and leading them to Christ. Sheep demand many a weary tramp through the bush, and soiled hands in dragging them out of

mudholes, and daily care and feeding; and our pastors must be up to this, or what is the good of them? Jesus, as his last act, lit the fire, cooked the breakfast early in the morning, fed the future ministers of the world, and then said, "Do as I do: feed my sheep."

[We insert this because there are idle ministers here and there, and a touch of the stock-whip may do them good. The true minister is the most laborious man beneath the sun, and when he has laboured to his utmost, he is never satisfied; but we have known laggards who deserve all our growling Bush-friend can give them, and therefore we let them have it. What colony does the Bushman hail from? That we will never reveal. The 'possum is up a gum tree, but which gum tree it is, this deponent sayeth not. No, not if all the ministers growl at the Bushman till growl answereth to growl.—C. H. S.]

A Song between the Showers.

BEFORE the sparkling relics of the shower have disappeared,
Ere yet the racing rain-drops from the window pane have cleared,
Behold another winter cloud, full charged, looms darkly up
To pour unwelcome deluges from forth its ebon cup.
Down dash the huge and icy drops, the Uhlans of the host,
A moment more, the rain descends as if this squall would boast
That it discharged in briefer time a far more copious flood
Than any slanting showers that fell in all the previous scud.
On drives the dark, by sunbeams chased; thus ever through the hours,
The Daughters of the Day provide a song between the showers.

Scarce could the rear-guard of the host its parting volley fire,
Scarce had the singing sunbeams grouped their symphonizing choir,
Than, while heaven's arch triumphal spaun'd the fast retreating dark,
Sweet music sang the conquest in the carol of the lark.
Within the gorgeous rainbow arch I saw him, fluttering, rise;
Up, up he rose, till far beyond the reach of ears and eyes.
But soon I heard, then saw, the warbler sink to earth again;
Another squall compelled us both to shelter from the rain.
Yet while, with waiting wings, he hid himself in grassy bowers,
He plumed those wings, and tuned his voice to sing between the showers.

Such is our earthly life at best; not one perpetual calm.
Pain follows pain, grief chases grief, and woe succeeds alarm.
Brief glints of sunshine, it is true, the roughest pathways cheer,
They fringe with hope the blackest cloud, they beautify the tear:
But, oh, how soon the glory fades! New trials must be borne.
We scarce can pluck the rose without encountering the thorn;
And yet the tree is not all thorns, nor all of life a storm;
For every icy winter-time comes summer bright and warm.
Then grasp the stem betwixt the thorns the while you pluck the flowers:
Be patient while the tempest lasts, and sing between the showers.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Antidotes to Professionalism.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

BY PASTOR H. O. MACKEY, OF PECKHAM PARK ROAD.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND is said to be the author of the pregnant and suggestive saying, "The vice of Evangelism is laziness." Descending from the general to the special, may we not paraphrase this and say, "The snare of the pastorate is professionalism"? Such is our subjection to the law of habit, that anything which is constantly repeated is liable to become formal and mechanical, so that what once was a joyous inspiration soon drifts into lifeless routine. Evolution has yet to turn machines into men, but any one of us here knows how easy it is to drift from a man into a machine. The best, the most devout and zealous of us, if we know ourselves, will be the first to feel this, to mourn over it, and to resolve that, if there be any way in which it can be counteracted, it shall be ours, by God's help, to pursue it. The ministry of the gospel deserves, and must have, not merely the best of men, but those men at their best. As a child may sometimes startle a man, and ring up all his listening attention by the utterance, in new circumstances, of some threadbare truth; so I dare to believe that I may be helped to quicken anew in the memory of some who, compared with me, are veterans in ministerial work, some trite principles which, if vividly and constantly remembered, will counteract this tendency, and keep keen the edge, and fresh the inspiration of our service.

First, then, will not professionalism die where there is *an abiding sense of the high honour and dignity of our office?* Very seldom is there need for the Presbyterian elder's prayer to be offered by any one of us "Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves:" but is there not constant need of the prayer, "Lord, save us from a low and unworthy view of our work"? Lowly duties done from sublime motives will turn all life into divine service: the highest duties performed perfunctorily will make the life barren and frivolous. We must remember, and that unceasingly, when at our work, the wondrous honour God has conferred upon us, in stooping to use us to fulfil his gospel designs, and secure the kingship of Christ over men. Christ's picture of the vine holds more than merely the truth of our dependence upon him; it seems to carry, also, his sovereign condescension in making his kingdom come through us. As the vine cannot bear fruit except through the branches, so he *will* not bring his kingdom except through our ministry. It still pleases the Lord, through the preaching that the world deems foolishness, to save them that believe. Mankind, lost by a man, redeemed by the God-man, is to be saved by the ministry of men. And whilst we can see in this a beauty of divinest adaptation, it does not lessen the miracle of condescension; so we stand with Paul, and with adoring wonder exclaim, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I may preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." The loftier our conception of our work, the greater will be our longing to be worthy of the title "A good minister of Jesus Christ." Remembering this constantly, it will keep the dew upon our labours, and invest them with a sweet attractiveness to ourselves as well as to others.

Again: will not professionalism die where there is *the constant remembrance that our great instrument for service is the Word of God?* Wherever there is barrenness or monotony, there is none in the Bible. Inspiration is always fresh as a fountain, new as the morning sun, bright as a beam of light. It is impossible to be a true expositor, steeped in the Word of God, and yet be lifeless, heartless, passionless in our work. But if you have gone on the watch-tower of the churches even for a few days, you must have noticed that more and more the drift of the times is to turn ministers into fine preachers at the expense of their ceasing to be expositors of the truth of God. We all, more or less, are influenced by this. Eyes dazzled by the glamour of a brilliantly-lighted room cannot in a moment see the silver stars out yonder in the still night. It needs steadfast resolve, invincible effort, and a heroism of self-suppression that we may not babble our own fancies, but give mouth and utterance to the Word of God. I have a clear remembrance of going to see one of Sir Noel Paton's wondrous pictures, and the torture of irritation which I endured as the attendant, whose duty it was to draw aside the curtain that veiled the canvas, kept plying me with his well-intended but distracting explanations. I wanted mind and heart to lie asoak in the picture, but his fussy obtrusions made this impossible. "Thou that judgest another, condemnest thou thyself?" May it not sometimes happen that our hearers, yearning for forgiveness, harassed with care, longing for fellowship, and weary with our self-intrusion, are saying with pained rebuke, "Sir, we would see *Jesus*"? Men want their God, and if we can reveal him through his Word, the response of their saved, gladdened souls will be, "This is our God; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Better than a fleeting popularity, or reputation for brilliant cleverness will it be if we can earn the epitaph of the first Baptist preacher—"John did no miracle, but all things that John spake of this Man were true." The secret of fadeless novelty for ourselves, as well as of resistless attraction for our hearers will always be, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Once more, will not professionalism die where there is *much of personal—not merely official—fellowship with Jesus Christ?* There is to-day so much of elaborate organization in our church work that our great danger is in wasting power merely to drive machinery. Before we get to real work with souls much of our energy has vanished. Would to God that it were only when some trembling sufferer had been healed that we had to say, because of a conscious drain on our power, "Somebody hath touched me: for *I perceive that virtue is gone out of me.*" Ministers, like other Christians, need to be reminded that fuss is not force: that fever is not fervour. If the constant waste of soul-energy is to be repaired, we must learn how to get away from the activities, and go down into the infinite of life where the roots, and the springs, and the inspirations dwell. He who does much in the Ephesus of toil should be much in the Patmos of communion. The barrenness of exhausted winter will only turn into summer fulness as it rolls back again into the quickening sunlight. Fellowship with Christ will revive and re-inspire our early motives in becoming ministers. To preach *then* was to please HIM, to exalt and honour him who had redeemed us: an instinct of gratitude that could not be restrained, but which said, "O Lord, I am

thy servant: thou hast loosed my bonds." But has it always been easy to keep this early simplicity and transparency of motive? Not to hint at lower impulses, has not custom, a sense of duty, or a desire for denominational progress—all blameless—nay, commendable in their proper order, sometimes usurped the first place? Only calm, lonely communion with Christ will correct this, and restore again our single-eyed consecration to him. The solemn boom of Big Ben, unnoticed in the hurly-burly of London's noonday traffic, comes in with majestic, thrilling power in the hush and lull of the midnight hour.

Let us now obtain the renewal for ourselves, and retain it all through the year, and if "the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," we may rest confident that he will "establish the work of our hands."

Raising Money for Religious Purposes.

HOLINESS being that to which we are urgently called, permit me to point out what seems to be one of the greatest incentives to worldliness in the present day. I refer to the *tortuous and unholy ways in which money is often raised for church purposes.* Dice, and gambling lotteries, and grab-bags, even theatrical exhibitions, farces, and comedies, are brought into requisition now by some to advance the cause of Jesus Christ. Against them all, root and branch, I enter my most solemn and determined protest. In my judgment, they are calculated to bring down a curse rather than a blessing on the misguided people by whom they are practised and upheld. The end is always supposed to justify the means, and the clearing off the heavy debt on some burdened church is supposed to be a result so stupendous that it fully vindicates any expedient, however extravagant, which may have been adopted. On the contrary, these methods are an unmingled wrong to the whole church of Christ. They still more fearfully confound the church with the world, and the world with the church. They lower below zero the spirituality of the whole congregation, and bring down even to the dust that which Christ would purify and exalt. I know, indeed, the difficulties in which many of the clergy are placed; I know that many of them abhor, just as deeply as I do, the abominations which are apparently sanctioned by their names. They ask, "Where is the door of escape?" "We have," they will say, "a church laden with debt, a people who cannot, or will not, give a farthing more for its freedom; bankruptcy is threatened, and what are we to do?" At this juncture a project is started to raise an untold amount of money by a grand exhibition of private theatricals. The scheme spreads like wild-fire. Many are charmed. Satan is delighted, and helps it on in every possible way. Some few are saddened, perhaps none more so than the clergyman himself. He feels that it is all wrong, but the vehemence of the many overcomes him, and he permits the unholy expedient to be carried to completion. Whatever others may only *think*, I wish positively to *say*; and therefore use my whole influence to prevent such painful exhibitions of worldliness, inasmuch as I believe they grievously insult him who is the Head, even Christ, and most seriously injure the body, which is the church.—*From Papers on Preaching.—Essay by the Bishop of Huron.*

Sunday and Week-day Life in Spitalfields.

A WALK through Spitalfields on a week-day morning in mid-winter is not particularly exhilarating; but it is a good exercise for any one to take who is fond of observing the varied phenomena of human life. Though it is now so crowded a neighbourhood, middle-aged persons can remember when the parish contained a field. As recently as a generation ago there were still many silk-weavers working at their trade; but this trade has now almost departed, its principal memorials being found in the Huguenot names, which some among the poorest of the people still bear. Large numbers of foreign Jews have settled in the district quite recently. The exodus from Russia, Poland, and elsewhere, has brought many new comers to Spitalfields, and some of these have turned their hands to slipper-making and boot-manufacture. One result of this change of inhabitants has been that the public-house business has declined. Jews are not addicted to drinking—they husband their resources; and accordingly, many taverns which flourished a few years ago have closed their doors, while those which remain have considerably less custom than of old.

On a week-day morning, some time ago, in company with Mr. Charles Montague, of the King Edward-street Ragged-school, who is well acquainted with the district, I visited a few of the rooms in which Jewish shoe-makers were engaged at their useful craft. Our first venture was up the semi-dark and well-worn stair-case of an ordinary old-fashioned dwelling-house, at the top of which we found five boot-finishers apparently working for their very lives, who nevertheless were quite willing to be communicative. The floor was thickly covered with leather shavings; the inevitable bedstead occupied one corner; while a little child, as yet too young for either school or labour, and on whom none of the approved advertised soaps appeared to have been expended, roamed hither and thither at will. The ganger, who acted as spokesman, was virtually the employer of four of the men, and according as we understood the matter, he made a tolerably good income out of their labour. The poor slaves keep their Sabbath on Saturday, and by working eighteen hours on each of the other six days they can earn £1 a week, or a fraction more than twopence an hour for their skilled labour. It naturally happens that the man who makes most money has most to say about his grievances, proceeding to show how much more easily the Sabbath can be kept in Poland than in England. He is obliged, for example, to take in and deliver his work on his Sabbath—the shops refusing to alter their customs to favour Jewish scruples—although from his manner one would not have inferred that he very deeply resented the hardship.

Leaving this interesting attic, we presently enter another den equally attractive; that of a slipper-maker. He is an old man occupying a room, the confusion of which is indescribable; and in a district where sleeping-room is so valuable, a bedstead of course occupies the lion's share of the apartment. The veteran does not quarrel with his calling; for if you only give him plenty of work he can make two pounds a week. He would not be able to do this by his own hands, however; he speaks as one who would have one or two helpers, and these underlings would

probably not make much more than fifteen shillings, and for that they would have to toil from six in the morning till ten at night—sixteen hours.

Entering another room, we come upon three men at a bench, and one of these, wearing an ornamented smoking-cap, is the ganger of the other two. The hours of working are from eight till eight, and provided he could obtain plenty of work, the man tells us he could earn two pounds a week. He speaks, however, as a middleman; it is not likely that his subordinates could earn more than half that amount.

Leaving this apartment, we enter another, in which a far sadder scene meets our view—the ganger and his men are all waiting for work without any immediate prospect of being supplied. The room itself is large, and, besides being tolerably clean, it has some ornaments, conspicuous among which is a gaily-coloured portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore, over the old-fashioned fire-place. There are several men, all Polish Jews, and these present a very downcast appearance, especially when their chief enters, throws something down, and intimates that he has been unsuccessful. Some of these poor fellows had only just come to England, and seemed scarcely able to comprehend what we were talking about. Indeed, the man who acted as spokesman was himself only imperfectly acquainted with English; but he was able to make us understand something about the variety and the character of the hardships to which he was exposed. Thus he explained how he had fared after making up three dozen slippers, for which he had received 2s. 8d. per dozen, or 8s. altogether. Something like 5s. 6d. had to go for assistance, while the work had occupied nine hours of his time, from seven in the evening until four in the morning. "So you see," said the chief man, in his foreign, animated manner, and referring to the shillings, "there are not many left for myself." He was evidently a very typical representative of trade under its present conditions in Spitalfields.

Our week-day view of Spitalfields included a visit to the vast sugar refinery of an enterprising firm, who lost tens of thousands in the vain attempt to keep their staff and plant employed against ruinous foreign competition, while hoping for better times. To explore such an establishment, with its more than tropical heat, its thinly-clothed operatives, whom no benefit society would accept on account of the character of their work, and to watch the row of coppers, each containing fifteen tons of liquid sugar—with the filtering and other operations, was indeed an education to one who had never seen such a sight before. Now that the army of operatives has gone, the great factory, with its closed windows and barred doors, stands like a ghost of its former self, thus presenting a marked contrast to the stupendous brewery hard by, which apparently no waves of trade stagnation or agricultural depression can affect. Whatever suffers, brewing seems to prosper; and not the least singular of the phenomena of our days is the fact that the market price of the best malting barley is higher than that of the finest samples of wheat. A century ago, a bushel of wheat realized as much money as two bushels of barley!

Such was the aspect which Spitalfields presented on a week-day. To explore its streets and alleys on the Sabbath morning, when bells in many directions are calling rich and poor alike to the worship of their

Maker, is to come upon other phases of East-end life which may not be quite so familiar to ordinary Londoners.

Comparative quietness has settled over the by-streets and secluded courts; but here and there the sewing-machines can be heard at work, reminding us of the fact that, in the well-lighted rooms once tenanted by well-to-do weavers, Jewish slop-makers or boot-closers now carry on their business. Apart from these Hebrews, the population is for the most part made up of very poor people; a large proportion being content to work hard when they can get work to do, and to fare hard notwithstanding. Those who are old enough to remember Spitalfields, as it was a generation ago, will be struck with the alterations which the lapse of time has brought over the scene. Those which relate to sanitation are all on the side of improvement, the cholera outbreak of 1866 having taught the authorities a lesson such as they are never likely to forget. In that memorable year, Mr. Montague and his band of teachers were on the track of the destroyer in all directions in the neighbourhood of their school. As we walk along, he is able to point out houses in which, during his mission of mercy, he came upon the stricken or the dead; but the improved drainage, and general sanitary arrangements of every court and street, make it appear extremely improbable that such a visitation will ever come upon the city again. Here and there we come upon interesting landmarks belonging to the days when Spitalfields was bordering on the open fields—picturesque old houses, which, as we look at them, carry us back some centuries into the past. Others, with memorable histories attached to them, have, in numerous instances, already passed away, to make room for the dwellings of the poor; and these were spacious houses with costly fittings, once, as we may suppose, the homes of master-weavers, and Huguenot refugees who made this quarter of London their home. Spitalfields is now one of the very poorest quarters of the metropolis.

When we emerge from the quieter by-ways into Brick-lane, how changed is the scene! Here we come upon one of those veritable Sunday morning fairs, for which the crowded East-end seems to be becoming more and more remarkable. The shops are open, and it is with them the busiest time of the week; stalls and barrows bound each pathway, and the bargaining, chaffing crowd fills roads and paths alike. Congregated in this narrow thoroughfare, which is overshadowed by Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's stupendous brewery, are all the things which the poor require to make life luxurious, according to their modest notions of the world. The costers are in force with their barrows of vegetables—good and cheap; the butchers' stalls and shops show heavy stocks, at prices unheard-of by middle-class housewives, but the quality of some of which might, with certain waverers, turn the scale in favour of vegetarianism. Wearing apparel, crockery and tin-ware, with a hundred other requisites of the household, are all to be bought at lowest rates. Even medicines are not left out of the category; and of course that most popular of Sunday morning draughts with those who need something in the system corrected—sarsaparilla—is to be had in any quantity. Taken altogether, it is a singular spectacle, and to the Christian moralist not a very reassuring one; but it has to be remembered that large numbers of these poor people have to be content with one room for

their home. They have no places proper for keeping provisions sweet and wholesome; and no one can wonder that they prefer to purchase the chief meal of the week on Sunday morning.

Not many yards distant from Brick-lane and its brewery, is now the celebrated Bird-fair, or Bird-market, as it might more appropriately be called, the traffic having very greatly increased of late years. Not very long ago Bird-fair was limited to a number of shops, the show of which attracted a vast concourse of working-people, who, as a rule, manifest surprising interest in the feathered tribes; but the shops are now supplemented by a number of vehicles, which come in from the country, and make up what is virtually a considerable market; goats, rabbits, &c., being now added to the birds. Fowls, geese, ducks, pigeons, parrots, and the most complete variety of songsters, are all to be had; and, judging from appearances, the trade of each successive Sabbath morning must be very considerable. The best of birds of their kind here change hands; but if the purchaser should happen to be "green," he may find that his purchase has painted feathers. The entire scene is a striking study to one who is interested in the ways of Low London. Do any wish to know where and how the working-classes pass their time during the hours of morning worship? Let them visit Brick-lane, Bird-fair, and Petticoat-lane, and they will see three of the largest congregations—of men more especially—they ever set eyes upon.

Such being the character of the neighbourhood, we are glad to turn into the King Edward Ragged-school and Mission, where a religious service is being conducted, and where, later in the day, several very full congregations might be seen in separate rooms specially adapted for their accommodation. From 1846 till the time of his death, over forty years later, the school was privileged to have for its president the honoured Earl of Shaftesbury, and that Christian nobleman showed his interest in the work by repeatedly visiting the scene.

The school has, from the first, been one of the most successful in London; and it has grown with the times in a manner hardly less surprising than gratifying. Having been rebuilt, the premises show none of their original characteristics, so cleanly and well-appointed are the principal assembly-halls and the adjoining class-rooms. By the time that School-boards came into existence, the King Edward institution had become the parent of several flourishing branches, such as a Refuge for Girls and industrial schools in three different places. Though the government has relieved the committee of much of their original responsibility, there still remains plenty to be done. Indeed, it is possible that the years to come may be years of seed-sowing in a greater degree than has been the case in the past. Might it not even be said that, not only the King Edward school, but others will, in the future, in a greater degree than has hitherto been the case, reap the fruit of the labours of those heroic persons who acted as pioneers in the Ragged-school crusade under the devoted Earl? Is not this being actually done?

In speaking of Ragged-schools, we have to remember that they were originally founded to befriend the poor of all ages, and that they still retain their original characteristics. When we take into account the needs of the people who abound in a place like Spitalfields, it is

well that it should be so; for in this crowded quarter there are numbers of poor who, through being partially worn out, are not always able to provide for themselves the necessaries of life. The hard living to which they have been subjected in the past, with some other causes, has had the effect of bringing on premature decay, so that they are ill able to compete in the labour market with the hardier Jews, who, in the main, take far more care of their constitutions. These poor persons swell the ranks of the unemployed, or lapse into pauperdom, because they are virtually worn out. For reasons which it is not hard to understand, they show the utmost repugnance to entering the workhouse, and make desperate endeavours to retain their humble homes as long as possible. In common with the children, who are partially taught and fed, they are the recognized constituents of the Ragged-school, but they do not receive assistance without their characters being known. To collect large funds, and to distribute them promiscuously, is, according to the united testimony of those who work among the poor, to do more harm than good; for not only do the idle and the loafing lay hold of a large share of that intended for better people, but the fact that money is about to be given away attracts to London country people, who do no good to themselves by coming, and help to make London worse than before they came.

Thus Mr. Montague and his staff of helpers consider themselves to be not only teachers of children, and of adults also in the Bible-classes, but the general almoners of those who desire to help the poor. It is sad to learn, on Mr. Montague's authority, that the winter outlook in regard to the scarcity of work is more gloomy than it was a year ago. The number out of work is greater than it was; and poor-rates are pressing with crushing severity on small tradesmen.

The Ragged-school visitors help many to tide over what we are ever hoping are only temporary difficulties. Take a few examples of those whom the King Edward Ragged-school befriends.

The first is a silk-weaver, a lingering representative of an interesting industry which it is now almost impossible to maintain at all in England. While it is the rarest occurrence for a weaver to be able to get anything to do, this man has a wife and seven children dependent upon him, so that, notwithstanding the trifle which the young people occasionally bring in, the family was found to be in a starving condition. Another man, who has a family equally numerous, has no other resource than casual work at the docks; and it is harrowing to think how heart-breaking it must be to attend daily at the gates only to repeatedly fail in obtaining the longed-for employment. Another is a labourer in a factory, who, in consequence of scalding his foot, had to remain at home for weeks; the family of eight, meanwhile, being dependent on what the wife could earn by charing. Then comes another dock-labourer with six children and no work, and a coster with an equal number, who suffers from rheumatism as well as depressed trade; but still more pitiable is the case of Mrs. S——, a widow who lost her husband some months ago. The woman was left with six children, a seventh was born two months after her husband's death; and now, as Mr. Montague pathetically tells us, "She is struggling to support the seven by her scanty earnings as a machinist." What can she do?

To assist such cases as these is a Christian duty, and persons who desire to help the poor in the most effective way cannot do better than entrust their gifts to such of the Ragged-schools as are associated with the Ragged School Union. It seems to be the most comprehensive agency of any; and it is so managed that the poor are made to help those of their own order. Thus, a number of women are employed to make clothes for scantily-clad children; and others are employed to clean the rooms of such as are unable to do anything for themselves. By means of industrial classes many a useful lesson is taught; and young persons who are so inclined receive instruction which will be of golden value to them in after life. There is a children's dinner thrice a week in winter. In these, and other ways too numerous to mention, a Ragged-school such as that at King Edward-street confers lasting benefit on the poor; and Mr. Montague and his willing staff, who work for no pecuniary reward, deserve the hearty support of all who have the welfare of our city at heart. G. H. P.

John à Lasco.*

HUGH LATIMER, preaching before Edward VI., in 1549, said: "Johannes à Lasco was here, a great learned man, and, as they say, a nobleman in his country, and is gone his way again. . . . . I would wish such men as he to be in the realm, for the realm should prosper in the receiving of them. 'Who receiveth you, receiveth me,' saith Christ; and it should be for the king's honour to receive them, and keep them." The reformer thus honourably mentioned by Latimer was a Polish nobleman and ecclesiastic, who forsook the Romish church in 1538, sacrificing wealth and position for the gospel. The story of his life is well told by Dr. Dalton. It is full of interest as the record of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake on the part of a man of rare powers and high position, as well as on account of its connection with the Reformation period. The years of his reforming activity mark the time of transition from the days of youthful conquest by the Reformation movement to the period of division and decline that followed, in some respects, the most instructive part of that fascinating history.

John à Lasco, or Laski, was born in 1499, sixteen years after the birth of Luther, in the castle of the town of Lask, in Poland. Those were the palmy days of the Polish nation. Its territory extended from Dantzic and Memel on the Baltic, to Kherson on the Black Sea; it numbered fifteen million souls; and, under the powerful rule of the Jagellons, Poland occupied an influential position among the nations of Europe. The Castle of Lask, the ancestral home of the Barons of Lask, commanded an extensive, well-cultivated, undulating plain, fringed here and there with forest on the horizon, but a forest ever receding before the advancing ploughshare. The father of our reformer was Palatine of Leczyc, and afterwards of Sieradz, and in this capacity

* John à Lasco: his Earlier Life and Labours. A Contribution to the History of the Reformation in Poland, Germany, and England. By Dr. Hermann Dalton, St. Petersburg. Translated by Rev. M. J. Evans, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

he led the troops of his hundred in war, and presided in the provincial council of the nobility in time of peace. The uncle was Archbishop of Gnesen, the highest ecclesiastical post in the land; and the brother, Jerome Laski, was one of the most famous diplomatists of his day. John was trained for the church, and after studying in Rome and Bologna, became, in 1517, Canon of Leczyc, Cracow, and Plock; custodian of Leczyc, and coadjutor to the Dean of Gnesen. Enough benefices truly for a student of eighteen! Four years later he was appointed Dean of Gnesen, and representative at the Provincial Synod, held at Petrikow; this honour being bestowed on him as "a learned and able person."

The Reformation had for four years agitated Germany, and at length it began to make its appearance like a spectre in Poland. At the Diet of Cracow, in 1523, the growing movement gave rise to animated and angry discussion, and steps were taken against the spread of the heresy with the same inexorable decision and severity that is used against the plague. Laski, always broad and tolerant in heart, had no liking for the intrigue, violence, and narrowness which he found amongst his brother ecclesiastics, and no taste for heresy-hunting; and, longing as he did for the freer atmosphere of the society of cultivated scholars, he left his distasteful surroundings, and set out for a period of travel.

At Basle he became the friend of Erasmus. Here is the attractive picture which the man of sixty drew of his young friend. "While a man of no ordinary learning, Laski is in his life spotlessly pure as fresh-fallen snow, kindly, amiable, so that everybody begins to live again in his society, and all have a sense of bereavement at his departure; a golden disposition, a true pearl, and so unassuming and free from arrogance, although he is called some day to fill one of the highest offices in his native land."

From Erasmus, Laski very naturally received a bias against Luther. At first the work of the two great men had run on the same line. The intellectual revival in which Erasmus had been the most powerful agent, and his publication of the Greek Testament, were of the greatest possible service to the Reformation; but although he freely and keenly satirized the abuses of the Romish church, he had no wish to break with it. Luther, on the other hand, strode onward in the path of Reformation, and was soon in essential and irrevocable antagonism against Popery, which could not be reformed from within. And so Erasmus hung back, and blamed the precipitation and violence of the great German, who, on his part, hurled the bolts of his invective at the soft-natured and ease-loving Dutchman. Laski's own progress in the reception of the evangelical truth was, doubtless, delayed by the prejudice against Luther, which he had contracted from Erasmus; yet he loved in after years, when he had himself advanced to the front rank of reformers, to acknowledge that he received his first spiritual guidance from the great temporizing scholar. "Every one," said he, "has his measure of gifts, and no single man is strong in all domains; for us also there is still much to-day that we do not know. It is our part to congratulate ourselves on that which God, in accordance with the decree of his will, has been pleased to vouchsafe to us according to the measure of our faith. On that account also, we must rejoice in the gifts of Erasmus,

which were, of a truth, great and significant enough, and ought to acknowledge God in them. But if we believe we have advanced farther, let us consider that this, too, was only granted to us of God."

During these travels he fell in with Farel and Œcolampadius, and also with Zwingli, by whom he was induced to enter upon the study of Holy Scripture, so that the Romish priest breathed an atmosphere in the highest degree favourable to his spiritual emancipation; and when, at the end of two-and-a-half years, he found himself at home again in Cracow, it became more difficult than ever to adapt himself to the old relations to his native land.

The rumours of his intercourse with heretics had flown before him, and on his return, his enemies were not slow to brand him as a heretic, and to accuse him of having taken a wife. To live with a woman unmarried, according to the hundred-fold repeated example of the priests of the Romish church, would have been a matter of which no notice would be taken, but to share sorrow and joy with a loved wife, in faithful covenant well-pleasing to God, was a shameful misdeed. Laski cleared himself of both imputations; for although he recognized, as Erasmus did, the crying need of reformation in the external life of the church, and to that extent sympathized with the objects the reformers had in view, he was, as yet, no Protestant; he clung with tenacity to the mother church, outside of which he could not conceive of any salvation, and viewed with poignant regret the breach which he saw daily widening.

But his mind was awakened. He could not shut out the light that was entering his soul. He fought a giant's fight to keep his position, and the struggle was a long one, but with the ever-strengthening conviction that the wrestling, mysterious form with which he was grappling in the night was the Lord. Meanwhile, his promotion went on. He was made Archdeacon of Warsaw, and King Sigismund proceeded to appoint him Bishop of Cujavia. But the crisis of his life was come. He repaired to the king, candidly unveiled to him his mind, and declined the favour. The episcopal dignity no longer captivated him; the cross of Christ, and the reproach and persecution of an evangelical preacher, were to him more desirable. The king, to his honour be it said, appreciated the greatness of a mind that preferred poverty for Christ's sake to the luxury of a bishopric. He dismissed Laski without penalties, and provided him with letters of commendation to princes of other lands.

In a letter to Bullinger, six years afterwards, Laski thus describes the step:—"In brief, to make known to thee also the benefit and kindness of the Lord towards me, I was once a Pharisee of repute, adorned with many titles and dignities, splendidly endowed with many and rich benefices from the days of my boyhood; but now, after I have voluntarily left all this behind, through the grace of God, after I have given up my country and my friends, because I saw that I could not live in the midst of them according to Christ's mind and spirit, now I am in a strange land, only a poor servant of my poor Lord Christ, crucified for me, lately here [in Friesland] minister of the church, to make known the doctrine of the gospel, after the will of him who, of his compassion, has called me out of the net of the Pharisees into his flock."

Leaving home and fatherland, divested of all his dignities, relieved of all his wealth, Laski directed his steps, not to Wittenberg to see Luther, not to Basle to meet Erasmus, but to Louvain ; and there he sought nourishment for the spiritual life, not in the lecture-halls of the University, but in a quiet little circle of pious men and women, which was as yet contemptuously ignored and unmolested by the leaders of the church. They met in the house of a godly widow, Antoinette van Rosmers, to study the Word of God. A furrier reads out a passage from the New Testament : all present take part in the exposition. One of Luther's books is brought out. The simple souls know little of the great reformer, but what they read agrees with the dear Word of God, and its vigorous tone refreshes their souls. Unmolested at present ! But three years afterwards, forty-three of these pious folk sealed their faith by martyrdom, the men by fire and halter, and the women by being buried alive. Thus the Romish Church punished the offence of loving the Word of God, and living a hallowed life in accordance with its truth.

In Louvain Laski cut off his last chance of retreat to the old life of the priesthood by marrying. His wife was a burgher's daughter. Soon after this he removed to East Friesland : and now we come to one of the principal scenes of his influence and power. The work on which he entered was to procure him the title, Reformer of East Friesland.

Friesland is the low-lying district on the North Sea that stretches between Holland and Denmark. Its people, a freedom-loving race, have with equal bravery and manliness defended their damp marshes from the encroaching sea, and their liberties from the invasion of tyrants. "We will remain free and Frisian," is their proud saying. Their stand for liberty made Friesland an asylum for the persecuted in those unquiet times, and enthusiasts of all sorts poured into the little country from the neighbouring States, and made it resound with a hubbub of conflicting opinions. For two years Laski lived quietly in the damp town of Emden by the sea, suffering from ague, and working for Christ in the neighbouring district ; till, his power becoming known, and the chaotic state of the churches requiring some master-spirit, the Countess invited him to become superintendent of all the churches in the land. It was a position of enormous difficulty. The churches, truth to say, were in a curious condition. The rupture with Rome had taken place, but it was not so clear and definite that one could draw the boundary line between the old state of things and the new. In the same church, the preacher in the pulpit vehemently proclaimed that our righteousness is by grace alone through faith in Christ, while at the altar the priest read the mass. This had gone on for twenty years, with increasing conflict, unsettlement, and confusion. Laski surveyed the scene of turmoil, and began the work of order by confronting the priests. He forbade them to preach and baptize, and ordered the removal of the images from the churches. The priests rose up in arms, the people were not prepared to support him, the Countess held back in fear, and the superintendent was left single-handed. But he stood his ground, and his courage triumphed. He re-animated the spirit of the Countess ; she dared the imperial displeasure, issued the required decree ; the images were removed ; and the monks had to

submit to the inevitable. They were placed upon the superannuated list.

The next difficulty arose from the restless, fanatical, excited spirits who travelled from land to land, and, banished from all other States, settled down in East Friesland. The Imperial Government, indignant that sanctuary should be extended to these fugitives, demanded their expulsion. But Laski refused to consent to an act of persecution, and prevailed upon the Countess to agree to banish only such as were disturbers of the peace. The ministers were constituted a tribunal for the purpose of trying the accused, and if found inoffensive in his life, no man was banished for his opinions.

The building up of the church taxed his wisdom and power to the utmost. The evils arising from the long absence of discipline were great and crying. The pulpit had become a place for railing and scolding, and the lives of the preachers were not free from reproach. The congregations, occupied with controversy, were indifferent to the schools and to the poor. Laski saw that church discipline was the first lever that must be used. He convened a meeting of the church, and procured the appointment by the church of a Board of Discipline, consisting of the ministers and four godly laymen, and in company with these he made tours of visitation throughout the land, rectifying abuses. With the same object in view, he organized the "Cœtus," or Preachers' Assembly, which proved to be his most important and far-reaching institution. From Easter to Michaelmas the ministers of the land were required to meet in Emden every Monday morning. The Assembly elected a president and clerk for the whole summer-time. The sitting was opened with prayer, and the Assembly then entered upon the testing of the morals of the individual ministers. Any charges that had arisen were discussed with brotherly unreserve, and if they proved well founded, earnest admonition followed. Then came the testing of candidates for the ministry. If satisfactory testimony was adduced to the godly life of the candidate, he was required to deliver a brief discourse before the Assembly, that his preaching gift might be tested, and the verdict of the Assembly pronounced on his fitness. These practical matters ended, discussions followed on points of Christian doctrine, or on the controversies of the day, the questions being opened by two preachers appointed at the previous sitting. The "Cœtus" proved an immense blessing, and still subsists. A hundred years afterwards, Fremaut said of it: "This Assembly serves for the preservation of concord and peace amongst the ministers and congregations. It is a good school for young preachers who have a desire for further training. I confess I have learnt more there than at the University."

The schools next engaged our reformer's attention, and by his influence a regulation was passed requiring parents to send their children to school when at the age of five or six, the school fee to be paid for them by the authorities when they were unable to pay it themselves. We in England have just managed to overtake Laski in this matter, after the lapse of nearly three centuries and a half.

During this time of incessant occupation, his literary activity was great, and he wrote several important works, amongst which we mention the treatise on the "Doctrine of the Churches in East Friesland,"

and the "Catechism," of both of which he prepared a compendium for more popular use.

At the end of ten laborious, fruitful, and blessed years, the *Interim* brought to a temporary close Laski's residence in East Friesland. The *Leipsic Interim* was a compromise between Rome and Protestantism, by which the two parties agreed to terms of union until a council could be held. It was a surrender by Protestantism of almost every vital point. Its acceptance was forced on every State, and when Laski opposed its introduction into Friesland the Countess, feeling herself too weak to protect him, implored him to quit the land until better times should dawn.

It was now that Laski accepted a pressing invitation from Cranmer to come to England. The English Primate was engaged in drawing up a system of doctrine for the church, and he desired to have the assistance of learned and godly men. It was an illustrious circle that he gathered round him. Peter Martyr was there, and Ochino, and Bucer, and Paul Fagius, Dryander, Utenhove, and Poullain. Laski was hospitably received by the Primate in the Palace at Lambeth, and remained his guest for eight months, exerting a marked influence upon him. Contemporaries were struck with the invigoration of Cranmer's views during this winter of 1548-9; and the cause of it is indicated in a letter of the time: "Cranmer himself is in a great measure recovered from his dangerous lethargy, by the goodness of God and the instrumentality of that most upright and judicious man, Master John à Lasco."

The remainder of Laski's active life can here only be summarized. After a short visit to Friesland, he returned to England to organize and minister to the church of the foreigners in London, until it was dispersed on the accession of Queen Mary, and to write his great work on Church Order. He afterwards endured severe privations in Denmark and North Germany, and laboured for the Reformation in Poland, his fatherland, where he died in 1560. Wise, unflinching, yet tolerant, he was one of the noblest spirits of a noble age. The Protestant churches to-day are the better for such heroes as John à Lasco. C. A. D.

Words—Strife Unprofitable.

A NEAT and gentle rebuke to overweening conceit of the separate sections of the church, and a useful reminder that humble and faithful men, under many forms, are often seeking the same thing, and loyal to the same truth, is supplied by Mr. Edwin Arnold's story of four travellers in want of their evening meal. They agreed to send one of their number to the town to purchase it, but could not agree on the article. Buy *uzum*, said the Turk; *aneb*, said the Arabian; *anghur*, said the Persian; *staphylion*, said the Greek. There came riding by a vendor of grapes. Each one pointing eagerly to the basket, said, "There is my—*uzum—aneb—anghur—staphylion*."

From "For Further Consideration," by Edward Butler.

"Feed My Sheep."*

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "A TANGLED WEB," "SISTER ROSE," ETC.

I THOUGHT that I was passing by a sheepfold, where the shepherds seemed extremely busy. But they were occupied entirely with the gate and the hurdles, and had turned their backs on the sheep. The pasture was bare and brown, little better in some places than a sandy waste; the water was muddy, and full of dead leaves. The sheep were few in number—thin, emaciated, and looked scarcely more than half alive.

"What are you doing, friends?" I asked of the shepherds.

"Our Master told us to feed his sheep," they replied. "We want to attract those sheep out on the mountain-side; they are his too."

"And what are you doing to attract them?"

"Do you not see? We are gilding the gate and the hurdles, in the hope that, when the sun shines on them, those outside sheep will be attracted by curiosity. Then when they come inside we can feed them."

"And why do you not feed those that are inside?"

"Oh, they are in; they are safe enough! They can pick up food for themselves. We have not time to attend to them as well as attract the outsiders, and the latter business is by far the most important. We have a further attraction also: we play on the shepherd's pipe. The outside sheep often come round to listen."

"But, friends, it is for the sheep inside that my concern is awakened. Your Master said, '*Feed* my sheep.' Your gilding and music will never feed them."

"Oh, no; those are for the sheep outside. We do feed them inside. Look, here is grass, and there are turnip-troughs."

"Do you call it grass? Parched, poor, uninviting stuff! My good friends, these troughs want cleansing and filling."

"Do you think we have any time for that? We must attend to these other things."

"Surely not to the neglect of the main thing? To what are you attracting these sheep? To what are you dooming the others? Attraction to starvation is not a very attractive idea."

"Then you would have us to spend all our time on the sheep inside, and never gather the others in at all?"

"By no means. I would have you to attract the outsiders; but I would have them attracted by fresh food and clear water, not by golden hurdles and shepherds' pipes. Let the outsiders say to themselves, 'The grass inside that fold is fresh and green, the water is clear and sparkling; these sheep are finer and fatter than we. Let us go in.' Trust me, the true way to attract lost sheep is by letting them see that the found sheep are better off than they are—not by continual declamations of the fact, but by forcing them to perceive it for themselves."

"That is exactly what we are trying to do. Therefore we gild the hurdles to entice them to come and look into the fold."

"And when they come and look in, you show them—what? A bare patch of ground, and a few half-starved sheep. It would be better to keep them away. My poor mistaken friends, the day is coming—ay, and fast too—when you will stand alone behind your gilded hurdles; for the fold will be left empty. The sheep will either be starved to death, or will have dragged their emaciated limbs to other fields than yours, where there is yet green grass left, and the fountain of living water is fresh and pure. You will only keep the fold in existence by feeding the few sheep that are left.

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Will you put down the paint-pot and lay aside the reed, and begin at once to clear out the water and refill the troughs? It is not yet quite too late. It soon will be."

Does the parable need interpretation? Will the shepherds listen? The sheep are restless, because they are weary and hungry. They have been bleating now for some time; but the shepherds are so busy with their pipes and hurdles that they have no ears to hearken.

We, the poor sheep, may go from one part of the fold to another, and we find the green patches few, and growing fewer. Only a few years ago—let us drop the metaphor—there were churches, one or two at least in every town, where we received from the pulpit the gospel of Jesus Christ, preceded by quiet prayers and a little simple singing. It has almost become true to say that no such thing is left now. Everywhere our ears are dinned with noise—not always a "cheerful noise"—choristers shouting responses at the top of their hurried and totally unemotional voices, elaborate anthems in which we can take no part, unless we happen to be studied vocalists, everything set to music, or at least made a recitative, which is capable of being so treated; our eyes are dazzled and bewildered on all sides by gorgeous altar-cloths and banners, stained-glass windows, carvings of wood and stone, till we might well begin to wonder if we had found our way into the South Kensington Museum by mistake. Flowers have already appeared in the chancel; it is naturally to be supposed that they will next make their way to the pews in the form of bouquets, for the entertainment of the ladies, and will perhaps be followed by boxes of the choicest Havannah cigars, to relieve the tedium of the gentlemen. Indeed, why should eyes and ears be the only senses tickled? Trays of macaroons would be most acceptable to some members of the flock, the younger portion especially; and it is the younger members of the congregation whom it is the present fashion to consider.

Why, moreover, are the young to be specially considered; that is, to receive more than their due share of consideration? Is it because they are the most sensible part of the congregation? Far from it. Is it because they are the most spiritual? Surely not. Why, then, do you look upon these young souls as of more value than the old?

"Oh," we are told, "we must consult the tastes of the young, we must keep them at all costs—they are the church of the future!"

When did your Master bid you consult the tastes and fancies of your flock—particularly of one part of your flock, to the detriment of the rest? He would be a strange steward who should insist on feeding the entire household on milk, because there were among them babies who could take nothing else. The business of the steward is to serve out to each member of the household his portion of meat—the portion suited to *him*—in due season. But your action is even worse than this. You feed the whole household, not on pure milk, but on creams and sugar-plums; not on what is wholesome, even for children, but simply on what the children fancy. This may be a very convenient arrangement for the enriching of the doctor, but assuredly not for promoting the health of the household.

Then as to the "church of the future." Friends, what have you to do with that? What can you have to do with it, further than to fulfil your duty in taking proper care of the church of the present? Your orders are to "serve *your own* generation according to the will of God"—to "feed the flock of God which *is among* you." If he choose that you shall also serve future generations, that is his affair, and he will bring it to pass. There are very few men who are visibly called to that work, and no man has a right to take the honour unto himself.

"Feed my lambs" was said once; "feed my sheep" twice. Did the Lord foresee that the shepherds would be more apt to neglect the sheep than the lambs? Also, in one of the two instances, it is literally "*shepherd*

my sheep." How is this precept obeyed, when the poor sheep are left to pick up such provender as they can find for themselves?

Do we all speak the truth when we stand up and say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost"? If we did so, should we think all these "attractions" needful? Should we not rather be content to wrestle in secret with the Angel of the Covenant, and to leave the attracting power to him who will "draw all men unto him"?

But are all these not Ritualistic churches? Would they were! They are the very churches from which, but a few years back, we were wont to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ. Where is it now? Oh, in the pulpit of course! The object of all this is to lead up to that. Then in most cases it fails wofully. We listen in vain for the old sounds of the trumpet. Something has come over our ministers. Can they tell us what? We get plenty of essays on the moral virtues, abundance of histories of St. Paul and Elijah the Tishbite, only too many narratives from Scripture couched in the most elegant language of the close of this extremely superior nineteenth century; a great deal of information about the geography and scenery of the Holy Land, a great deal of respectful allusion to the wonders of science, and not a little apology for intruding on our refined and educated ears that rough and primitive thing called Christianity. It is really reasonable—quite proper and consonant with science—this Christianity.

These dreadful apologies! It is always a pitiful sight to see a child apologizing for his father—a servant for his master. But when it comes to the assurance, from the King's ambassadors to the rebels, that their royal Master is really honest, and that his word may reasonably be trusted, can the loyal subjects sit and listen with any feelings short of burning indignation? You were charged with a command, and you stoop to offer an apology! Sent with a message of forgiveness, you treat with convicted rebels as you might with independent sovereigns!

Ay me! When the Son of man cometh, shall he find the Faith on the earth?

One thing amid all this we do not find. Dear shepherds, we miss it sorely. Will you not give it us, even though it may involve a chant the less to give you time, and a little less attention to the upholstery department to set you at liberty for prayer and study? We want Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Science was not crucified for us, nor were we baptized in the name of music. For God's sake, and for our souls' sake, give us back our houses of prayer, and let those who do not want to pray go and fill the concert-halls.

You tell us that your congregations demand these things. But what does Christ demand of you? Is it your place to lead your flock up to the hills, or to permit them to drag you down to the valleys? Where is the old spirit of Nehemiah among you? "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?"

The truth is, and it is best to have it out, that to the majority of the congregation God is not at all interesting. What they want is something that shall be more entertaining than he is. Is it *your* place to supply them with this? or is it your place to feed *the sheep?* Why are the older, wiser, more advanced part of your flock to be the portion left unfed? Could you not give a little consideration to the unmusical, the unscientific, who are rich in faith, and are terribly weary of these husks which the swine do eat?

But perhaps you ask, "What does all this mean? Do we not preach the truth?" It is recorded that a newly-wedded wife once told her husband that his preaching would starve any congregation in England. "Why," he asked, in astonishment, "do I not preach the truth?" "Yes, you do," said she, "and so you would if you stood all day in the pulpit saying that my name is Mary." You do give us truth, but you tell us just what we

could tell you—what we should think suited to a class of Sunday-school children. The best teacher has been said to be that man who is just one lesson in advance of his pupils. Keep in advance of us, and we will ask you for no more. There is too little dew on the grass that you offer us, too little of the "ointment poured forth." The bread is dry, stale, uninviting. How can it be otherwise when you have left the word of God, and are serving tables? It is not that we ask you for something different, but for something more—something deeper, richer, fuller.

"*Not* with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

There was once a clergyman—he is gone to his rest now—who preached most deeply spiritual sermons. He fed the sheep, but he lived and died a nearly unknown man. His church was never full; but those who came there were live souls. He used to say, "I would rather have a congregation of five living souls than of five hundred dead ones." The impression that man's preaching left on the outsider was that he had meat to eat which the rest knew not of. The hungry souls stopped and inquired about the hidden manna which he poured out to those who came. The full ones went away; they were rarely seen twice. This is what the age needs—to have Christ set before us in the plainest manner, all the richness being in the food, and not in the vessel. God will bring such hearers as will hear to profit. Let us strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die. That which we have already let us hold fast till he come whose right it is, that we may not be ashamed before him at his coming.

Oh, under-shepherds in the fold of God, do not send away your hearers saying to each other, "How beautifully that anthem was sung! What exquisite language this preacher uses! What a handsome altar-cloth!" Send them away in silent reverie, whispering to their own hearts, "This man has meat to eat that I know not of. He is happier than I am. It is Christ that makes the difference. I must know this Christ." Don't give us sleepy little essays on nothing very definite; sketches of the lives of apostles, which we could read better in the Acts; narratives of miracles in modern language, which are more touching in the old. Give us Christ, and let us see *what he is to you*. Let us have more of his word, and fewer of other men's words. Open up the Word—dig deep, do not hoe the surface. Tell us of the everlasting covenant, of our dwelling in Christ as safety, of his dwelling in us as strength. And do not be afraid of giving us too strong meat. Let me whisper to you that some of us can do with meat a great deal stronger than you think. And for those that cannot, let them grow (as assuredly they will) by finding out that they have not come to the best things yet (as they very likely thought they had), and going on to understand them.

To this sorrowful rule there were a multitude of exceptions. There are few left now, and every year they grow fewer, as one after another goes to his rest, or allows himself to be engulfed in the darkness around him. The brighter the few stars, the blacker is the night which they are too few to enlighten. And we—we are either dying by inches or we are finding out that there is greener grass outside the fold than you offer us within it. Shall our pitiful cry to you be all in vain? Are we to leave the fold to live? Or else cling to our gilded hurdles, and die upon the parched ground, which is all that you have left us?

"As I live, saith the Lord God, surely because my flock became a prey . . . . because there was no shepherd, neither did my shepherds search for my flock . . . I will require my flock at their hand, and cause them to cease from feeding the flock. . . . . I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. . . . . I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God." (Ezekiel xxxiv. 8—15.)

Notices of Books.

Christmas and New Year's Cards, and all sorts of beautiful presents for the season, come to us from Raphael Tuck and Sons. These gentlemen rightly claim the title of "Fine Art Publishers," for such they are. Their aim is not religious, but artistic, and they succeed in it. They have made earnest attempts at novelty, and have brought out many fresh designs; but, like other firms, they are evidently feeling that there is not now the demand for cards which there used to be, nor is there much scope left for originality. Raphael Tuck and Sons stand high in their own peculiar line of things. The Raphael Panel is a fine reproduction of the famous picture which was purchased by the nation for £70,000; but we confess that we take no interest in it: it is a work of art of the highest value, but its teaching, if it has any, is not to our mind.

The Leisure Hour and *The Sunday at Home*. Annual Vols. for 1887. Religious Tract Society.

THE tired reviewer has done his best to put leagues of distance between himself and Paternoster Row in order to secure a few leisure hours and Sundays from home, and now they write us from home that our literary friends in the Row have sent us a whole year of "Leisure Hours" and "Sundays at Home," handsomely bound, and bound to be of permanent interest. We advise our stay-at-home friends to get them and read them, and thus become wiser and better, if possible, by the time we see them again.

Onward: a Band of Hope, Temperance, and Family Magazine. Partridge.

A COMPETENT home-critic says,—this annual volume is as full of interest for young and old as its twenty-one predecessors, and will make a handsome and cheap New Year's present. Sunday-school teachers and Temperance speakers may find many nice little bits in the book.

The Volumes of *Hand and Heart*, *Home Words*, *Fireside*, and *Day of Days*. "Home Words" Office.

THESE useful serials are all one man's sons, and all exceedingly good. Mr. Bullock works as hard with his pen as any ox can labour at the plough. His toil produces abundant harvests of good things, and these varied periodicals are the storehouses in which they are garnered for public use. Success to you, our very good friend!

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

WELCOME indeed! First-rate. Here are not less than 350 engravings, illustrating matter which is in itself abundantly attractive. The volume for the year is "a box where sweets compacted lie."

Our Own Magazine. Edited by T. B. BISHOP. Children's Special Service Mission, 13, Warwick Lane.

EXCEEDINGLY good. Worthy of the admirable movement with which it is connected.

Waking Thoughts under the Similitude of a Dream. Passmore and Alabaster. Price Twopence.

AN impressive little tractate, written with considerable power and vivaciousness.. It is the sort of thing to give away to careless persons of the upper class: we feel sure that it would do them good. It is a deeply earnest appeal to those who are wasting life's best opportunities, and living as if there were no hereafter.

The Emperor of Germany, William I. A life-sketch. By ATHOL MAYHEW. Nelson and Sons.

VERY acceptable. Many must desire to read the story of the veteran sovereign, whose domestic sorrows command for him universal sympathy. The book is a reprint from *The Illustrated London News*. The binding, engravings, and general get-up are first-rate. Is it not always so when the Messrs. Nelson have anything to do with a publication? We owe them our hearty thanks for the pleasure of looking through this life-sketch.

The Scottish Covenanters. By JAMES TAYLOR, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

A VERY cheap book. One which should be placed in every library. Very well written. Stirs the blood. Tends to put backbone into readers. Get it at once. Costs eighteenpence.

Righteousness and Life; or, Readings from the Romans. By Rev. J. G. HOARE, M.A., Vicar of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury. Seeley and Co.

MR. HOARE has given us a great treat, and we thank him heartily. Many huge tomes have not enough in them to feed a mouse, but this is a tiny book, with volumes stored away in its small compass. Any preacher or teacher who takes our advice, and immediately purchases this series of outline Bible Readings, will not regret doing as we bid him. We have taken this pocket companion with us during our holiday, and we have found quite a number of sermons in it which we hope to preach before long.

Symbols from the Sea; or, the Port, the Pilot, the Passage. By the Rev. W. H. BURTON (of Dalston Junction Chapel). New Edition. Revised and enlarged. Dickinson.

WE do not wonder that there should be a continued demand for these seafaring discourses, for they are first-rate. The portrait of the author reminds us, by the cut of his jib, of many a captain we have known. The sou'-westers have blown the hair to the rear of his head, and the salt has whitened and frizzled his beard. He looks like a man to spin a yarn, or preach a sermon. Truly, sickness and trouble have caused our Brother Burton to do business on great waters. His barque has been much weather-beaten, yet his mast has not started, neither have his spars been snapped; and we hope that for many a day he will be seen bearing precious freight across the sea of life till an entrance is ministered unto him abundantly into the port of peace. His book deserves to be read by all who go down to the sea in ships.

The Rev. Matthew Colt's Expedition to the Lower Regions, and its Results. By DANIEL WILLIAMSON, Inverness. Price Threepence.

WE do not like the class of books which has Dante's "Inferno" in its front, and Macgowan's "Dialogue of Devils" in its rear; but once grant that it is allowable to indulge imagination as to the abode of the evil one, and these rhymes cannot be condemned. We are informed that the author is a blind man, but he is by no means so blind as many who think they see more than their fellows. His doctrine is much better than his verse. It was certainly a great surprise to come across the name of Spurgeon in these verses, and to learn that the arch-enemy was much distressed because this Baptist minister had been making a stir.

"Yea, through the whole of my domain,
My strongholds he hath shaken,
While here I lie, with anguish torn,
Distracted and forsaken."

Let us hope it is true.

Bible Models. By RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

ABEL, Enoch, Noah, Job, and so on, are described as models, each one in his own line. We are inclined to set up Dr. Richard Newton as a model preacher to the young, and the nearer preachers to adults approach him the more effective they will be. For three-and-sixpence this is a fine volume. It abounds with anecdotes, and will be worth far more than it costs to any preacher or teacher who wants telling illustrations.

The Christian Fulfilments and Uses of the Levitical Sin-offering. By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR. Nisbet.

THIS reminds us of the Independency of those better times before Congregationalists listened to the voice of the charmer, and were fascinated by "modern thought." Mr. Batchelor is an honoured preacher in his own denomination, and we rejoice that he has not run with the multitude. This is a treatise in which we know not whether to admire more the ability or the soundness of the author. As the second is the rarer quality just now, we award it our highest praise. We can read the whole of the work with pleasure. Mr. Batchelor is definite upon the great point of substitution, and is altogether with us in the battle of "The Down-Grade." We are half afraid that even such an excellent book as this will not sell, for publishers have assured us that, as a rule, orthodox literature is unsaleable; but we suggest that those who prize the vicarious

sacrifice should give their ministers copies of this valuable work: if they are Baptist ministers, to keep them from going further; and if they are Congregational ministers, to bring them back. Five shillings would be well spent in each case. May the Lord raise up many defenders of the faith who will, like Abraham, drive away the birds of prey from the sacrifice!

Papers on Preaching. By BISHOP BALDWIN, Dr. RAINY, J. R. VERNON, M.A., FREDERICK HASTINGS, and others. Nisbet.

THE first of these papers, "Nineteenth Century Preaching," is exactly to our mind, and is most opportune to the present time of declension: we give an extract elsewhere. Mr. Vernon's production upon "Expression in Preaching" should be read by all clergymen, for while it hits off the faults of speakers in general, it is specially full upon errors of utterance in the clergy, which, in many cases, are neither few nor small. This book, for half-a-crown, would prove a profitable investment to many preachers of our acquaintance. The contents are not only solid, but lively. Here is a good story which we do not remember reading before:—

"It is difficult to be cheery, bright, and enthusiastic, with more pews than people, more boards than brains. Many would have a strong feeling of sympathy with a pastor in a rural district of France, of whom we were once told. He had prepared his sermon, and went on the Sabbath to the church. The precentor, however, was the only attendant that day. The rain, the wind, and other things caused the people to be absent. The pastor was sorely discouraged. He felt he could not preach. He read a chapter and prayed, then, leaning over the pulpit, he said to the precentor below, 'It is useless for me to preach.' The leader of song, who was a believer in routine, replied, however, 'But, Monsieur, I must have my soul fed. *I* want a sermon, if no one else does.' 'Ah, well,' sighed the pastor, 'let us go on with the service! Give out the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and let us sing it *through*.' The old precentor turned to the psalm, and seeing the hundred and seventy-six verses, looked up again to the pastor. 'Monsieur, it is a very long one.' 'Ah, never mind; go on; I must have my soul cheered!'"

Amenities of Social Life. By EDWARD BENNETT. Elliot Stock.

How much we have enjoyed these essays! Their style is admirable, and their matter fascinating. "The Plague of Books" and "Letters and Letter-writing" charmed us most of all; but really there is no choosing, every page is so piquant. This is not a book for spiritual profit, but for recreation and mental stimulus. Perhaps the best way of letting our readers know how Mr. Bennett writes is to quote the opening sentences of one of his papers:—"It is very probable that among my readers will be found many unreasonable enough to object to the two valuable state institutions in our midst, known as the Established Church and the Public Vaccinator. I have never come across anybody who was prepared to support the disestablishment and disendowment of the General Post Office. It is the most popular institution in the country, and the reason is not far to seek. As we read these lines, the postman's knock may be giving some fresh development to the tragedy of your life, or to the comedy of mine. Who does not feel a thrill pass through his body at the sound of that inspiring knock? Who does not cherish the great Micawber delusion, and believe in the possibility that at the postman's hands the something we hope for will turn up? Alas! alas! to many of us the good news never comes, but something else invariably does, and in a spirit of more or less Christian heroism, we take in at our front doors the overdue bills, the begging appeals from eager philanthropists, the unpleasant communications from our solicitors, and abusive letters from our relatives, which are all the benefits we have ever obtained from the public spirit of Sir Rowland Hill. And with a strange and pathetic hopefulness we return to our arm-chairs, and ask our mothers, or our wives, 'When is the next post?' Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, all are waiting for the next post."

Autobiography of William Dunn, Temperance Advocate. With portrait and introduction by the Rev. HORACE NOEL, M.A. Hawkins, 17, Paternoster Row.

THIS is painful reading. Well may it be when the writer has to show what intoxication has done in relation to himself and family. He says, "Drink killed my mother; drink indirectly killed my brother; drink killed my sister; made a drunkard of my father; proved a bitter curse for years to me, his son; and finally killed my wife." If ever man had urgent necessity to war against the cup of the curse, it is William Dunn, for his earliest memories were of its wormwood and gall; and had it not been for amazing grace, *delirium tremens* and the other results of hard drinking would long ago have made an end of him. Mr. Kirkham, secretary of the Open-air Mission, sends us the book, and speaks of Mr. Dunn as preaching at fairs, and so forth, for the Mission. As illustrating the power of the gospel to save those who are furthest gone in sin, this little book deserves to be scattered abroad. It can be had for sixpence in paper covers, and for a shilling in cloth. Mr. Horace Noel very properly remarks in the introduction, that "such narratives are especially worthy of attention in times like the present, when the infection of infidelity has seized upon so many, both of the learned and of the unlearned. It is not every one who can be fortified with all the arguments by which the truth of the gospel is established: but there is one argument which is as much available to the peasant as to the philosopher, namely, that which is indicated in our Lord's words: 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Let the various opinions existing in the world be fairly tried by their fruits, and there will be little room left for doubting where the truth is to be found."

Correspondencies of Faith and Views of Madam Guyon. By Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER. Elliot Stock.

To Christians who are prone to a still, contemplative life, and especially to those confined by physical infirmity to their chambers, and debarred from active service, this volume will be a welcome companion. We commend it to them. Let those of our friends, hale and stalwart themselves, who have some sister or aunt, or other invalid relative, always ailing and therefore often peevish, present this book, as an anodyne for pain, and as an aid to "being made perfect through suffering." But Madam Guyon occupies a wider space in history than the supply of a soul-healing medicine for dyspeptics. We are within compass of gospel language if we describe her as a woman of marvellous faith. Her name may be well known in this country, but her fame seems to rest upon a few translations of her "Cantiques Spirituels," embodied in the poems of William Cowper, whereof a fair selection has filtered into our hymn-books. Born in 1648, died in 1717, she made a sensation in her day. A Roman Catholic of the seventeenth century, she was bitterly persecuted by the Roman Catholics of her age. For no fault but her faith, she was immured in dungeon after dungeon; and at length in the dreadful Bastille. To us she appears a very mother of the mystics, professing to be guided by divine impulses to a complete renunciation of self, an annihilation of all earthly cares and emotions, and a general state of mind which has obtained the name of "Quietism." It is memorable that two famous bishops came into conflict over the lady's character—Bossuet and Fénelon—the verdict of the day being with the one, and that of posterity with the other. Mr. Cheever culls the diviner part of her reveries, and commends them to us as coincident with the most heavenly-minded of our Protestant authors.

A Large Thought in a Large Word. Being the seventh series of *Something for Sunday.* By C. SHAW. Shaw and Co.

FORTY-EIGHT outline texts for painting; some on paper, and some on card. Whether these are quite the thing for Sunday is an open question; but for all the other days of the week, this packet affords a pleasant and profitable exercise. Cheap enough at one shilling. Quite young children can produce a nice effect with bright colours and a little care.

Personal Recollections and Biographical Sketches. By the late JAMES DODDS, Dunbar. With a brief Memoir by his Wife. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

EVERY man who has had a wide circle of acquaintance among men of mark should record his recollections. What interesting papers are those of our own dear old Father Trestrail! Long may he live to record his happy experiences! James Dodds was a younger man, but he had seen a great deal.

Such notes as these are frequently better than set biographies, although that is not saying much. They let us see men at times when they were themselves, and not the objects of the opera-glasses of memoir-writers. Here we have Chalmers, Irving, M'Cheyne, Hewitson, Candlish, and Guthrie, and other saintly men, all at their ease; and to vary the quality, we see Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Hamilton, Professor Wilson, and Thomas Campbell, among them. There are no alarming revelations or marvellous incidents in these pages, but a general level of interest will be met with from beginning to end.

The memoir of the author by his wife is good. We cull a story from it worth repeating:—"As James grew, his mind rapidly developed, and among other characteristics were love of approbation and great shyness, which gave rise to an experience which he never forgot. A visitor in his father's house remarked in his hearing, 'I can make nothing of that boy, he is so dreadfully shy!' James determined that this should no longer be a fault of his, and, accordingly, when the next visitor came, by a great effort he made his appearance, and became as free and easy as possible; whereupon he overheard this complimentary remark: 'What an impudent fellow that boy is!' Poor James early learned how vain it is to try to please everybody, and the lesson was useful to him in after years."

This lesson the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* learned long ago, and he has had it confirmed in the present "Down-Grade" controversy. It appears that he ought not to have done what he has done, and he ought to have done what he has not done. He is now older than the boy James, and feels quite satisfied with the inward assurance that he has pleased God. Others may be pleased or displeased, as they may please to be.

Eminent Workers. Some Distinguished Workers for Christ. By Rev. A. W. MURRAY. Nisbet.

EIGHT of the Lord's nobility have the achievements of their faith here briefly set forth. Large biographies are here epitomized in a commendable style, so that we get cabinet portraits of the men instead of full-length paintings. David Brainerd and Samuel Pearce, Henry Martyn and Edward Payson, are associated with M'Cheyne and Knill, Hnaisiline and Fidelia Fiske, making up two quaternions of soldiers of Christ. Five shillings is quite a sufficient price, as books sell nowadays; but yet the volume deserves a crown.

James Chalmers, Missionary and Explorer of Rarotonga and New Guinea. By WILLIAM ROBSON, of the London Missionary Society. Partridge.

ALL the romance which the most eager youth can desire may be found here; and as it is found, not in a tale of fiction, but in a narrative of fact, and as it is not connected with selfish warfare but with holy service, it will be safe and stimulating reading. The statement made in the preface is proved by the history—"A life more varied than that of James Chalmers cannot be found in the annals of Christian service." When we commend it for its suitability for the young, we do not mean that it is unsuited for older readers: it is a splendid missionary book for all.

The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. By EDWIN HODDER. Popular Edition, with Illustrations. Cassell and Co.

VERY naturally a popular edition of the Life of the good Earl was demanded, and here it is. We hope it will be found in everybody's library. A world of interest centres around that dear and glorious life.

The Autobiography of an Acorn, and other Stories. By JAMES CROWTHER. Sunday School Union.

WE hoped Mr. Crowther would be at it again. We remember sitting on his *Five-barred Gate*, and also riding behind his *Horses of the Sun*, and we are quite jubilant to find that he again doth ride abroad. Reader, we will only say of this book—"Get it for the children; but be sure you read it yourself."

The Domestic World. By the author of "Enquire Within upon Everything." Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of "Enquire Within upon Everything" has a great gift as a collector of information of the *generally useful* sort. This book is good; but not *so* good as several of his former productions. Of course, each time he sweeps the field he leaves fewer matters of interest for any future gleaning.

Our Little Dots. Pretty Pictures and Stories for Little Girls and Boys. Religious Tract Society.

WE feel sure that Tommy Dot will like this volume. Try him, and he will read it, and in due time tear it. Where do all the pretty books go to? They go where the pins go. Don't you go after them.

Harry Penhale: The Trial of His Faith. By JOSEPH HOCKING. Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square.

THIS story is well-written, though not very original; but the evident purpose is laudable, namely, that of trying to remove the doubts and difficulties of those young people who have imbibed sceptical opinions. We must, nevertheless, protest against the methods employed by the author to effect so worthy an end. He portrays several professors of religion as mere formalists or hypocrites, and one as a thorough villain, while an agnostic friend is painted as a paragon of virtue. The writer's great horror is the Calvinist, who believes in what the writer terms "the terrible doctrine of election," which, he says, "does not agree with the great truth that God is good, and just, and loving." This is pitiable, seeing that the doctrine is one of the great truths declared and reiterated by the Lord and his apostles in the plainest language. To us the mere suspicion that salvation was not entirely of free, sovereign, distinguishing grace, would be "terrible" indeed.

Thekla's Decision. A Story of German Life. By HELEN HOPE. Elliot Stock.

"BE ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers" would be a suitable motto for this interesting story, the perusal of which, while affording innocent recreation and some insight into German home-life, might save some English maiden from life-long misery.

Found on the Hills. By A. M. COKER. Religious Tract Society.

A SIMPLE village story of a prodigal's return, in which the way of salvation is clearly and simply stated.

Castle Malling. A Yorkshire Story. By ANNIE E. KEELING. T. Woolmer.

A SENSIBLE Yorkshire-Methodist story which will please and profit young folks in their teens.

Cords of Love. By ALICE LANG. Religious Tract Society.

A FIRST-CLASS gospel-temperance story.

Stephen Blakemore's Problem. By EDITH CORNFORTH. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

LIKE "Ivy Chimneys" and "Hagar's Reparation," by the same author, this short story has the merit of brevity, originality, and purity of tone and style, and is daintily got-up.

Solomon's Cross. By MARY E. ROPES. Religious Tract Society.

A VERY heavy cross was *Solomon's Cross*—a drunken wife whom he often had to carry up to bed worse than senseless, because just across the road was a grocer's shop *with a license*. The reader can guess the rest. We could tell quite as touching a story of a tradesman, once happy and prosperous, now broken-hearted and beggared through just such a cross. The more of such well-written gospel temperance stories the better, till the day shall dawn when the highest hopes of Bands of Hope shall be realized.

The Last of the Abbots; or, the Monk of Saint Benet's. By the Rev. Arthur Brown, B.A. Partridge.

It was an odd idea to make a monkish story the earthen vessel to contain so much treasure of the gospel. It is well done, and we trust some may be led to learn the plan of salvation through this tale who else might have for ever missed their way. A remarkable book for one shilling.

Dibs: a Story of Young London Life. By Joseph Johnson, of Sale. Religious Tract Society.

Illustrating the need of unlimited patience with London street boys, and showing that when we think they have learned nothing in the class, they may have learned enough to lead them to heaven. A taking tale.

The Strait Gate. By Annie S. Swan. Partridge and Co.

Our Lord's solemn utterance, "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" is herein vividly illustrated. The writer's descriptions of the death-bed of a so-called "successful man," and the remorse of his "successful" successor, the hero of the story, are terrible, but, we believe, truthful pictures. There are bright lights as well as dark shadows in these views of life, which are among the best of our author's literary efforts.

Christine's Crook. By Sarah Selina Hamer. Ward, Lock, and Co.

A pretty story of the "Lily Series." The title was evidently suggested by Thomas Boston's "Crook in the Lot," and there is a vein of Bible truth and Christian experience running through the tale.

Winning his Laurels. By F. M. Holmes. Nisbet and Co.

A school-tale setting forth high principle. Are schools at all like *this?* Whether they be so or not, the tale is elevating.

Among Thorns. By C. M. Clarke. Religious Tract Society.

A short story of more than average merit, showing how much of what some religious people call harmless amusement and "Society" customs are thorns which choke the good seed, and produce a harvest of piercing regrets. Useful advice and salutary warning are given in a pleasant, chatty style in every chapter.

Miss Nettie's Girls: A Story of London East-End Life. By Constance Evelyn. Religious Tract Society.

Only a Christian lady filled with heaven-born love and sympathy for souls could have produced this touching story. "Miss Nettie" (query—*alias* the author?) must have been the *confidante* of many of her "East-End girls," and of old Janet, the rich pauper, to have given us such character-sketches and "thought-reading extraordinary." The book is tastefully got-up, and will make a pretty, profitable present.

Eaglehurst Towers. By Emma Marshall. Partridge and Co.

A well-written tale, with a spice of romance in it, but imbued with Christian thought and feeling.

The Château de Louard: or, The Friends and the Foes of Isaac Homel. A Story of France at the Period of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By H. C. Coape. Religious Tract Society.

A handsome book of 450 pages. The central figure of the story is no fictitious personage, but a French Protestant Pastor and martyr. Many of the other personages are also absolutely historical, while some are introduced as types of the time, and with a view to the development of the plot. The book is deeply interesting, and the author's patient research and literary ability deserve wide recognition.

Three People. By Pansy. Partridge and Co.

Some of the early chapters in the history of "Tode Mall," the hero of this tale of American life, are very funny, but seem to a Britisher highly improbable; but as "truth is stranger than fiction," they ought to be true. That it is an all-alive temperance story is clear at a glance, and that it will repay the publishers for "annexing" it; but as to Pansy's profit, we are not prophet enough to forecast. Godliness with heart's-ease is great gain, Pansy.

The American Sunday School. By JOHN H. VINCENT. S. S. Union.

A GENUINE enthusiast for Sunday School enterprise in the United States here relates his experience of methods which have made headway in his home on the other side of the Atlantic. His tale is interesting and instructive. Let our teachers be ever so religiously observant of the ordinary routine, there will still be room for genius to break up fresh ground, to devise new plans, and even to quicken interest in old lessons. Our American friends have sought no patent for their plans. Superintendents of our Schools will do well to consider how far it will be wise to follow American experiments. All is not sound because it has crossed the Atlantic; and, on the other hand, nothing ought to be rejected simply because our cousins have sent it to us.

The Afternoon Tea Book. By AGNES E. MAITLAND. John Hogg.

A BOOK about tea, and scones, and gingerbread, and buns, and dough-nuts, and jumbles, and muffins, and biscuits, and ices, and all sorts of cakes, digestible and indigestible. It would have been an improvement if claret cups and all the other tipsy cups had been left out, for no one wants these at all, and certainly not at afternoon tea. This book is scarcely in our line; but we may remark that "afternoon tea" affords many an occasion for Christian fellowship, and should be more and more utilized to that end.

The Baptist Almanack for the Year 1888. Banks and Co.

THIS is always worth the twopence charged for it. To London Baptists it supplies information which must be essential to those who take any interest in their own denomination.

The Story of Jesus. Parts I. and II. By ALEXANDER MCKEITH. Glasgow: Maclure and Macdonald.

MR. MCKEITH conducts, perhaps, the most remarkable mission for children in the United Kingdom. It is impossible to look upon the vast concourse of poor children in the James Morrison Street Hall, Glasgow, on a Sunday afternoon, and not be moved to tears. The slums of Glasgow supply an audience such as, it is to be hoped, few cities can yield. To interest and instruct these children, Mr. McKeith has designed, by the help of an artist, a series of black-board illustrations of remarkable force and finish. These have been lithographed in the best style by Messrs. Macdonald, and, with the narrative based on the harmony of the gospels, a unique book is the result. For home and school lessons we know nothing to equal this arrangement of "The Story of Jesus."

The Story of John Marbeck, a Windsor Organist of Three Hundred Years Ago: His Work and his Reward. By EMMA MARSHALL. Nisbet.

FULL of the gospel. If we wished to give a young person a good story, which would cost us no more than two shillings, and yet have an attractive appearance, we should be glad to be directed to this book. We hope Emma Marshall will write again. She makes the actual history of the time of Harry the Eighth the canvas upon which she works her narrative of faith, its struggles and victories.

Notes.

AT Mentone, for the first month of our sojourn, the weather has been unusually bad. Those who have been in this town for years have never seen such a season for wet and wind. Hence our room has been our abode day after day; and as this made a poor holiday, we ventured out, and soon obtained a plentiful store of cold and neuralgia. Happily, after the first week of December, things changed for the better; and friends will be glad to hear that we hope to return soon after the New Year refreshed and restored. In Mentone itself we see traces of damage wrought by the earthquake, but we have not felt even a tremble. It may be that for another hundred years such a shake may not come again. Those who would escape from London fog and frost, will do well to seek this quiet retreat, if they have the time and money to spare. There would seem to be no reason why the earth should tremble at Mentone more than in Manchester. Indeed, earthquakes have occurred of late in so many parts of the world that one feels as safe in the Father's hand in one place as in another.

Just before we started from home, our ever-generous friend, SIR WM. MCARTHUR, called round on the Saturday afternoon, and remained to tea and family prayer. He was peculiarly happy, and full of his stories. He had discovered some renowned gout-doctor, and was anxious to deliver us into his care. He had come all the way from Holland House to see what he could do in the matter, and he was ready to bear any expense. Kind soul that he was, we can hardly realize that we shall never see him again on earth! We sorrowfully lay our wreath upon his grave. He was ever one of our most liberal helpers, and a constant reader of the weekly sermons. Thus do the comrades of our warfare pass away; and we ourselves abide not for ever.

During the Christmas week we publish the last sermon for the year, and that happens to be No. 2,000. Is it forbidden to us to notice the circumstance that we have week by week issued a sermon till we have completed thirty-three volumes, containing *two thousand discourses?* To God be praise for help so constantly rendered in feeding the flock of Christ! In what a multitude of ways that help has been vouchsafed we are hardly able to reckon up in the silence of our soul; and to set them forth in order in words would be impossible. Never before has there been an instance of a weekly sermon so long sustained in publication. How it has taxed the preacher need not be mentioned, but how widely it has extended the influence of his ministry may be dwelt upon with thankfulness. There could scarcely have been translations into other tongues if there had not first been the correct report in English. Our American friends could not have appropriated them, neither could *The Toronto Globe* have issued them in Canada, nor other papers in Australia.

Possibly the issue of No. 2,000 may be celebrated in some distinctly public manner. So far as we are concerned, we have done with this special sermon as we did with No. 1,500: we have selected a specially-clear gospel discourse, and published it separately, as well as in the regular series. "Number 1,500" has had quite a history of usefulness, and we trust that No. 2,000 will have the like. The very extensive sale of these sermons must surely help to keep alive the flame of evangelical doctrine. There must be many in the land who believe in the old faith; for as we think of the many millions of these sermons which have gone from the press, we ask, "Who have bought all these?" Surely they must have loved the gospel; and lovers of the truth cannot be so very rare.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have issued, for the Open-air Mission, our address to that Society delivered on Monday, October 3rd, 1887. It runs with liveliness, for a special liberty was enjoyed by the speaker. Indeed, the brethren, as they gathered around, expressed themselves as having had a fine time. Not always does a meeting respond as this did to every sentence as it fell from the speaker's lips. May a blessing rest upon the reading proportionate to that which came on the hearing, and the result will be full of glory to God! The price is only one penny.

The term "modern thought" is commonly used to describe the new-fangled theology. We agree with the observation that the name is not strictly accurate; but it is near enough for practical purposes. The creed of the new religion is not fact or truth, but mere "thought." Its votaries are not so anxious as to what God may have revealed, as to what men may have thought out. Even of "*thought*" they make a selection, and their choice is not in favour of the ancients, but the nineteenth century is the idol of their worship. Truth with them is not a fixed quantity, but an ever-varying "thought." Advance is made upon all that prophets and apostles taught, and advance will continue to be made; so that, after all, nothing is sure, and the "modern thought" of to-day will soon be set aside by a still more "modern thought." Believing Christians think quite as much as these superior persons, but they never think much of their own thoughts, for they perceive that, as high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are God's thoughts above their thoughts, and they remember that "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of man that they are vanity." The new religion practically sets "thought" above revelation, and constitutes man the supreme judge of what ought to be true.

To "*An unsuccessful Preacher*" we would answer: We do not hold that the preaching of the gospel will always fill a place of worship. That belief would involve an unjust condemnation of many faithful men. But we do say that, other things being equal, no theme is so permanently attractive as the grand old gospel, and if a man cannot fill his place by preaching it, why then it does not go to be filled; or if it can be filled by other talk, no good will come of such a filling. When the gospel is droned out, or stuttered out, or spoken merely in a dry, dogmatical form, without illustration, or freshness of thought, or warmth of feeling, no wonder that few desire to hear it. Can some who set up for preachers reasonably expect many to hear them? If they could be impartial in reference to their own oratory, we would venture to ask them—Would you think it worth while to walk a mile to hear yourselves? Some men have such potent gifts of dispersion that even the attraction of the gospel is overcome by them: one feels that he could not even hear the most charming doctrine delivered in such a repulsive way.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Hall has completed his course with us, and settled at Hampton Court, where he has raised a new church,

and Mr. J. C. Hewson has become pastor at Irvine, N.B. Mr. I. A. Ward has removed from Smethwick to Townhead-street Chapel, Sheffield.

We regret to learn, from *The Canadian Baptist*, that our Brother Auvache, who went to India as a missionary to the Teloogoos, has been obliged, through the illness of both himself and his wife, to return to Canada for rest.

We have been asked by a Baptist friend in Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, to send out a brother to minister to the inhabitants of those far-away isles of the sea. Mr. G. H. Harris, who was obliged, through ill-health, to resign the pastorate of the church at Dartford, appeared to us a likely man for the work, and arrangements were made for him to sail last November. He was, however, seized with an illness which prevented him from going then; but, all being well, he will leave this month. We trust that he will be able to do good service for his Lord, and at the same time that his health will be re-established, for he is a truly worthy brother.

Our Brother Padley sends us a long account of his experiences since he returned to Brisbane. Through long-continued illnesses, and financial losses, he has been unable to do what he intended to help on the Lord's work in Queensland; and he is now labouring at Drake, New England, New South Wales, in a gold-mining district. He has cleared a plot of ground, and almost all alone put up a hut to live in, and a hall to preach in; and among the rough miners he is winning some jewels for the Saviour's crown.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton and family, late of Birmingham, sailed, during the past month, for Tasmania. Mr. Walton goes to take charge of the church at Perth, where we trust he will be greatly useful.

Our College brethren in London were good enough to pass loving resolutions of sympathy with their President in "The Down-Grade" controversy. Their enthusiastic affection is very cheering to our heart; even as the defection of others has been most saddening. To our faithful brethren we would say that, whatever they may choose to do as to the Baptist Union will not imperil our hearty union with each other. One by leaving, and another by remaining, may both be aiming at the same end. This is true while we are writing; but if it be once definitely decided that Universalists, rejectors of the Atonement, and persons who do not regard Holy Scripture as the infallible authority in doctrine, are to remain in the Union, then it will not be an open question. The duty of Christian men will surely then be clear enough. Personally, the President has used no private influence with any one, even as no one living person has influenced his own decisions and actions. Individual responsibility to God cannot be too much recognized and obeyed at this time. Surely men who are teachers of others should use their own judgments, and not consult this man or that.

Concerning "The Down-Grade" question we say little this month, because our information does not come down so far as the action of the Council of the Baptist Union at the time when it is needful to go to press. May all things be ruled by a higher wisdom than abides in any one individual, or in a whole council!

The following letter ought to have been inserted in last month's magazine, but even now it will not be without interest:—

"Calcutta, October 10th, 1887.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The Annual Conference of the Baptist Missionary Society is just being held here. Among its many advantages is the opportunity which it affords of social intercourse with brethren labouring in stations far distant from each other. We, the Pastors' College men, have arranged to have a yearly fraternal meeting during the Conference. In accordance with that arrangement, we, the undersigned, met yesterday, and had a precious season of prayer and fellowship. You and dear Mrs. Spurgeon were much in our thoughts, and we decided to send our loving regards to you both. We rejoice that you have stood up so nobly in defence of the old truths which are taught in the College, and greatly prized by us. We rejoice also in the rich, divine blessing which has rested upon the many Christian agencies which cluster around the Tabernacle.

"Yours in the Master's service,
"Robert Spurgeon,
"John Stubbs,
"James G. Potter."

A letter from two of our brethren in Victoria, Australia, contains the following:—"We desire to thank you for your further words on 'The Down-Grade,' and regret to say that they are only more painfully and notoriously applicable here than anywhere else."

Our beloved son in Auckland, as soon as he heard of our decision, sent two cablegrams, assuring us of his own and his church's hearty sympathy with us. We have now received a letter conveying the resolution passed unanimously by the church of which he is pastor.

Evangelists.—A friend in Jersey writes as follows concerning *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services in St. Helier's:—"I felt that I should like to tell you something of their glorious and never-to-be-forgotten mission. Thousands have crowded to hear them, and although they have spoken in the largest chapels in St. Helier's, hundreds have been obliged to go away. We have had glorious times. Praise the Lord for it! Many, very many, who would not come

to hear a sermon preached, came readily to hear Mr. Smith play and sing, and so heard Mr. Fullerton give his heart-searching addresses. I never remember such a stir in the churches before; it has indeed proved a united mission work. Every night ministers from all the Nonconformist churches sat on the platform, and they have all confessed to the refreshing and awakening that have been experienced at the services."

We have also received from Pastor G. J. Knight a very cheering account of the mission at Weymouth. Never before did such large congregations gather there to hear the gospel; and many of them received the word preached.

During December our brethren have been at Cambridge, and the Tabernacle; this month they go to Reading; and in February they are to be at Huddersfield and Rotherham.

Mr. Burnham has recently conducted a mission at Winslow, and being far from well he was glad to have the assistance of Pastors J. S. Poulton and W. H. Broad (of Cotton Street, Poplar), both of whom are able evangelists. He was to spend the latter part of December at St. Ives, Cornwall; and this month he is to be at Chalford and Frampton Mansel, where he held open-air services that were much blessed last summer.

Mr. Harmer's occupation of Mr. Harrald's place at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath, has afforded the evangelist an opportunity of resuming pastoral work for a brief season, and at the same time has been the means of much blessing to the people to whom he has ministered. This latest offshoot of the church at the Tabernacle bids fair to become one of the most vigorous and fruitful of all our branch stations.

This month Mr. Harmer returns to his evangelistic labours. He has promised to conduct missions at Orpington, Plumstead, Rugby, and Redditch.

ORPHANAGE.—We must defer till next month our report of the Christmas festivities at the Orphanage, and of the recent tours of Mr. Charlesworth and his choir; but we will not postpone our hearty thanks to all who have helped to make Christmas at Stockwell a merry one, or who have in any way contributed to the maintenance or happiness of our 500 orphans. Many of the letters which have brought donations have been full of kind expressions of sympathy with the President, and so have been doubly valuable. This is the surest and kindest way of strengthening his hands at this trying moment.

Very heartily do we thank two dear friends who have each sent £12 10s. to make up the amount needed to give a new shilling to each of the orphans on Christmas-day.

Our friends at Reading, who have a "Home Bazaar" annually in aid of the Orphanage, have sent us £20 as the result of their efforts this year. They have thus raised sufficient to pay all the expenses for one child for a year. It appears that all the members of the household make as many useful and fancy articles as they can, a kind-hearted draper supplies material at a cheap rate, friends at a distance help the good object by working, giving, or buying, and when the time for the annual sale arrives, our friends set aside a part of their shop for the purpose, and send notices to their customers, who come and purchase. We are asked not to mention the names of these kind helpers of the orphans. There is no need to do so, for their good deeds are recorded on high, and they only ask for a notice here in order that all who have assisted them may see the result of the year's happy toil, and also in the hope that other friends, whose hands are not so full as theirs are, will follow their example. There must be many places besides Reading where it would be easy to arrange annually for a "Home Bazaar" of the kind described above, by which the amount required for the support of one child for a year might be realized. Who will try it in this year of grace 1888?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—December 1st, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 13th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. Rolfe	0	10	0
A member of Parson's Hill Church, per Pastor J. Wilson	3	0	0
Mr. F. Pool	2	2	0
Miss Sillibourne	2	0	0
Mr. P. van Alstuie	4	0	0
Stroud	1	5	0
Mr. R. Heley	1	1	0
Mr. James Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	10	0	0
Mr. D. John Pillai	5	0	0
Mr. Scott, per Mr. W. Crawford	1	0	0
Rev. W. Saunders	5	0	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	5	0
Mrs. Thomson	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson	2	0	0
A Halesworth friend	0	3	6
Collection at Zion Chapel, Chatham, per Pastor T. Hancocks	4	16	4
Mr. W. H. Roberts	5	5	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. P. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0
	2	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Rev. D. Payn	5	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Tidswell	0	15	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Morgan	1	1	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Nov. 20	18	18	0
„ 27	150	0	0
Dec. 4	22	0	6
„ 11	30	0	0
	220	18	6
	£281	15	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 13th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Misses E. and J. E. Foster	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Westbourne Grove Chapel, per Miss E. R. Perry	0	14	6
Mrs. Gregory	0	10	0
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0
Miss Lily Stuart	0	2	6
Mr. G. W. Slater, per Mrs. Brocklehurst	0	10	0
Mrs. Chalk	0	10	0
Mrs. Southernwood	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Nunn	2	2	0
Postal order, Redhill	0	1	0
Miss Goode	2	0	0
W. W., Carluke	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorne	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. Jesson:—			
Mr. W. Stanyon 0 5 0			
The Misses Bennett ... 0 5 0			
Miss Earnes 0 5 0			
Miss Raynes... .. ... 0 2 6			
	0	17	6
J. E. S., Stonehouse	0	5	0
"Stroud"	1	1	0
Bessie Laflin	0	2	6
P. P.	0	5	0
Mr. Mercer	5	0	0
Mrs. Sandes (part proceeds of a Bazaar held at her house)	4	0	0
Mr. James Spence, sen.	0	3	0
Mr. Ansell	0	4	6
Young Men's Bible-class, Westbourne Grove Chapel, per Mr. W. Elsey ...	1	6	6
"Haven of Peace"	5	0	0
Mrs. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Campbell ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Heley	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Howes	0	7	6
Per Mrs. Spencer:—			
Miss Burdon (don.) ... 1 0 0			
Miss Janet Burdon (sub.) 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Miss E. C. Clutterbuck	0	5	0
Miss Fanny Cook	0	3	0
Mr. E. Macdonald, per Mr. Armstrong	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Mabel Roberts ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon	5	0	0
Mrs. Hargreaves	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Fryer	0	10	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
"In memoriam"	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Dowding	0	5	6
Mrs. J. W. Nelson...	1	0	0
Two sermon-readers, Culsh, Aberdeenshire	1	0	0
Mrs. R. A. Snell	1	0	0
M. A. D., in loving memory	0	10	0
Mr. R. Fortune	0	5	0
E. P.	0	4	0
Postal order, Hackney Road	1	0	0
Mr. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. J. Scott	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss A. Green	0	5	0
Registered letter, Chigwell Road ...	1	0	0
S. W., registered letter	10	0	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. Fern, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
The Christian Police Association, per Mrs. Dorin	0	10	0
Mr. Norkett	1	0	0
H. E. S.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gowing	1	0	0
Mrs. Reed	3	0	0
Mr. H. Preston, per Mr. A. J. Wingate	1	15	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	12	7
Baptist Sunday-school, Burnham, Essex, per Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. J. Harris	2	2	0
A friend	20	0	0
Mr. Marnock	1	1	0
Mr. H. Driver	0	10	0
Miss Hesba Stretton	1	1	0
Agricola	5	0	0
A sermon-reader and sympathizer ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Thompson...	1	0	0
"Sixpence per week," Lewes	1	6	6
Mr. S. D. Lamb	0	5	0
Dr. C. G. Clark	0	2	6
G. A. H., Isa. l. 7, and 1 Tim. vi. 12 ...	0	2	6
A. B., Gloucestershire	50	0	0
Postal order, Bedford	0	2	6
Miss Thompson	0	12	6
Mrs. E. Emsden	0	5	0
One in sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon...	0	10	0
Mrs. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jones	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Buik	1	0	0
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Mr. D. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Munday	1	5	0
One who enjoys Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	1	0	0
H. C.	5	0	0
Mr. R. Dale	0	10	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. D. Campbell	0	10	0
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0
Mrs. Macgregor	1	0	0
Mr. J. Parry	1	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Mrs. Tullis	1	5	0
Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. G. R. Smith, Torquay 1 1 0			
Mr. W. W. Thompson ... 1 1 0			
Messrs. Pocock Brothers... 2 2 0			
Mr. T. L. Aukland ... 0 10 6			
	4	14	6
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
Mr. R. Colquhoun	0	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. R. T. Lewis	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Meaden ("part savings of a little boy who was accidentally drowned")	0	10	6
Mr. James Lundie	0	7	0
Mrs. Lundie	0	3	0
Mrs. Veale	2	2	0
Mr. H. L. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Penrose	4	4	0
B. S., Norwich	1	0	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	2	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Miss Cox	3	0	0
E. S., Finchley	0	10	0
E. R.	10	0	0
A small gift for the orphans	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	5	5	0
Proceeds of "Home Bazaar," Reading	20	0	0
Captain Lindsay Morice	5	0	0
In memoriam, E.	0	10	0
"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me"	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. Ruddick	0	2	6
Mr. G. Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey	2	0	0
"From Canaries"	0	15	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	0	10	0
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	7	0
Miss L. C. Greenlees	0	5	0
G. B., stamps	0	4	0
E. S. B., Tunbridge Wells	0	2	6
A friend	0	8	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore — 2 2 0			
Mr. Philip Davies — 1 0 0			
Messrs. Heelas and Co. — 1 1 0			
Mr. E. Harvey — 0 10 6			
Mr. R. Oakshott — 0 10 0			
Mr. James Boorne — 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hammond — 0 10 0			
Mrs. Hampton — 0 10 0			
Mr. Wells — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Wilson — 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis — 0 2 6			
	7	6	0
Mr. W. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Ann White	12	0	0
Mr. James Higgs	10	0	0
Mr. G. Newell	5	0	0
Mr. Pethybridge	0	5	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	0
Thankoffering from sermon-readers in Collace, per Mr. David Watson	3	0	0
M. N. W., Berbice	2	1	8
Collected by Master Herries	0	3	9
Mrs. Hutchison	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Parke	3	0	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Miss England	0	5	0
Jeremiah xlix. 11	0	5	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	7	6
Mr. G. Anderson	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunlop	1	0	0
Mr. A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
Mrs. Janet Scott	2	0	0
J. B. C.	1	10	0
Mrs. Annie Tidswell	0	10	0
From an invalid	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Guildford	25	2	6
Ross	19	10	8
Chatham	2	10	0
Swindon	20	0	10
Paddington	2	7	0
Hereford	21	1	6
Stroud	33	2	6
Reading — 21 12 0			
Mr. W. I. Palmer — 5 0 0			
Mr. G. Blake — 1 1 0			
	27	13	0
Coleford	20	0	0
Sheerness	5	0	0
Paradise Hall, Clapham	0	19	1
Newbury	10	0	0
Cheltenham — 68 0 0			
Miss Brown — 1 0 0			
Mrs. Boulter — 1 0 0			
	70	0	0
John Street, Bedford Row — 12 4 10			
Mrs. Brodie — 0 2 6			
	12	7	4
New Brompton	6	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Humphrey	1	1	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	5	0
Mr. James Ward, jun.	0	5	0
Mrs. Barrat	1	1	0
Mrs. Bagster	1	1	0
Mr. W. Paine	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. D. D. Sinclair (for Nov. and Dec.)	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. W. E. Stace	0	10	0
Christmas Festivities:—			
Mrs. Virtue — 1 0 0			
Anon — 0 1 0			
Mrs. Devenish — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Appleton — 1 1 0			
Eskdale Shepherd — 0 10 0			
M. G., Kettering — 1 10 0			
Miss R. B. Dale and sister — 0 5 0			
Miss Jane Matthews — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Buckle — 1 0 0			
Miss E. Clover — 0 5 0			
Mrs. Walter Mills — 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Gillies — 0 10 0			
Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. James Withers — 0 10 6			
Mr. W. Smith — 0 2 6			
Mrs. Griffiths — 1 1 0			
Mrs. Warmington — 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Proctor — 1 0 0			
Mrs. Cornborough — 2 0 0			
E. L., Kensington — 0 5 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor — 0 2 6			
Mr. A. K. Tuck — 0 2 0			
Mrs. James Walker — 0 2 0			
	13	17	6
	£62	5	11

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 15th to December 13th, 1887.—PROVISIONS:—1 hamper of Bread, Mr. N. Read; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 2 cases Raisins, Mr. T. Wray; 2 barrels apples, Mr. George Garrard; 5 sacks Potatoes, 2 sacks Savoys, Mr. Norkett; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. and Mrs. Cocks; 20 lbs. Raisins, 20 lbs. Currants, Mrs. C. Reynolds; 6 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 36 lbs. Pork, Mr. E. Sparrow; 20 sacks Potatoes, from a Friend; 1 hamper Potatoes and Apples, Mrs. E. Mills; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 84 lbs. Raisins, 56 lbs. Currants, 14 lbs. Peel, 42 lbs. Moist Sugar, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Watts; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; ½ case of Oranges, Mr. E. Newman.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. R. Davies; 14 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Stockwell; 6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. E. Newing; 6 Shirts, Miss Harper; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, The Misses Jones; 9 pairs Knitted Stockings, 2 Caps, Miss M. M'Donaldson; 12 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield;

3 lengths of Cloth, The Misses T. and B. Phillips; 4 Shirts, Miss A. Milner; 1 box containing some Cuffs, Scarves, and Wool, Mrs. Gillifant; a quantity of boys' Ties, Mrs. Boyle; 8 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Miss E. Walker; 4 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; 4 Oxford Shirts, Mrs. Goolwin; 1 Woollen Scarf, 3 Flannel Shirts, and 4 Aprons, Mrs. Mackenzie.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—111 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 14 articles, Mrs. E. Stockwell; 8 articles, "A Dorset Friend"; 4 articles, Anon.; 12 articles, Mrs. P. M. Shaw; 36 articles, Miss Harper; 12 pairs of Cuffs, M. B. C., Dundee; 12 articles, for No. 1 house girls, Mrs. Rolfe; 19 articles, The Misses T. and B. Phillips; a few articles, Mrs. M. A. Boys; 1 dozen Handkerchiefs and 5 garments, Mrs. Mannington; 2 dozen small articles, Miss Descroix.

GENERAL.—1 load Firewood, Mr. D. Dougharty; 2 dozen Dressed Dolls, Miss Descroix; 4 Dolls, and a quantity of Bows, Miss S. E. Knight; 15 Books, 1 Scrap Book, and 3 Dressed Dolls, Mrs. Mackenzie; a few Christmas and Birthday Cards, Mrs. and Miss Bagster; a few Illuminated Cards, Miss E. Walker; 1 Guitar, a quantity of Music, 1 Bassinette Cover, 1 Night-dress Bag, 1 Comb Bag, 1 Whip, 3 Penholders, Mrs. M. R. Jeffrey; 2 dozen House Flannels, 1 dozen Wash Leathers, Mr. J. Cooper.

£12 10s. from "A Widow"; £12 10s. two friends (Mr. and Mrs. ———, Slough)—a shilling each for the orphans on Christmas Day.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 13th, 1887.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Meyseyhampton, per Captain Milbourne	10	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	15	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R—— ...	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	40	0	0
Wendover and neighbourhood, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	20	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——, for Bower Chalk ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. A. Homer, J.P., for Sedgley ...	3	6	8
Hadleigh, per Mr. R. H. Cook	10	0	0
Maidenhead district, per E. B.... ...	10	0	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	20	0	0
Mr. J. J. Tustin, for Burstow and Horley	10	0	0
Rev. Spencer Murch, for Weston-super-Mare, 1888	40	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
	£258	6	8

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Postal order, Dunmow	1	0	0
Postal order, Reading	0	2	6
Mr. James Baxter...	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Land...	0	7	6
Mrs. Wilson...	2	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0
Postal order, Staines	1	0	0
Mrs. Spear, sen.	0	2	6
Mr. Woodman	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton... ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	0	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Tucker	0	5	0
	£24	4	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 13th, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Blisworth and Milton ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
"Stroud"	1	0	0
Mr. Hassall	1	10	0
Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	10	0	0
Mr. D. John Pillai...	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Stroud	4	7	0
Mr. John Taylor	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilson...	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Kirtley...	5	0	0
Widow's mite	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Weymouth ...	20	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Winslow	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Mursley	0	7	9
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Chamberlain's services at Bradford...	5	0	0
	£63	16	9

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans acknowledges, with thanks, 2 parcels from A. B., and 1 parcel from "Anon."

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, 1888.

The Inn-keeper in the Parable of the Good Samaritan.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."—Luke x. 34, 35.

BELOVED, you know that the first intent of this parable is to stir you up to have compassion on your fellow-men. When you find them in need, help them—help them without question as to their creed or race. The Samaritan helped the Jew. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Do not stop to enquire into character in every case, for God makes the sun to shine upon the evil as well as upon the good. If you cannot help a man because he is good, help him to make him good; and if he does not deserve it, help him that he may deserve it. Educate by your charity. Charity is not to be given as a reward, but of free bounty. If you cannot give because the receiver is good, yet give because God has made your heart good towards him. Give tenderly: he had compassion on him. Give personally: the Samaritan crossed the road, and "came where he was." Give till you pinch yourself: walk that the sick man may ride. Give of all your comforts: from your oil-flask and your bottle. Give with careful skill: "pour in" oil and wine. Let your hand be soft, and your words be sweet, when you deal with the sons and daughters of misery; for there is often more in the spirit of the alms than in the alms themselves,

and greater kindness in the tone than in the words. See, then, that from this parable you learn a lesson of tenderness and kindness to the needy.

But when the Saviour spoke he spoke volumes. We take a little bit of his gold, and hammer it out into acres of gold leaf; and we do well in so doing, for we cannot talk ingots of gold as he did. His words were pearls, and rubies, and diamonds; and often they meant not only the finite meaning which we can put in practice, but infinite meanings which only he can fulfil. We shall be wise if we carefully weigh his sentences.

I am going to throw a side-light on the parable. It is not the direct teaching of the parable. I have shown you what that teaching is; but it is a gleam of latent light on another subject. What our Saviour taught us to be, he was. When, therefore, he described the good Samaritan, he incidentally pictured himself, for to us he has acted the good Samaritan. What he has commanded us to do in this parable, he has himself done, for he is our exemplar as well as teacher. That is my first head, and after it I shall briefly speak upon four or five other points.

I. This Samaritan, we are told, took care of the injured man. JESUS HAS TAKEN GREAT CARE OF WOUNDED SOULS. "He brought him to an inn, and took care of him."

I will not dwell upon it at length. I think you understand it. You too were wounded once. You have not forgotten it. You were sore wounded; it seemed as if all sorrows had met in you, and all because you discovered that you had sinned. Personal sin is a dread discovery when a man has really made it for himself. It is not much to say, "I have sinned." It is not much to believe the fact that you have sinned; but to find it coming home to you, your sins clinging to you like so much burning pitch cleaving to your skin; nay, worse, your sins within you pricking your conscience, making it bleed at a thousand points, so that you cannot rest day or night—this, this is terrible! You feel anxious to flee, but know not whither; you wish you could end your life, but dare not, because of the dread of "something after death." You did not all pass through this state of mind to the same degree as some of us did; but, more or less, each child of God knows what this means. Wounded, bleeding, faint, and dying, with no power to help ourselves, and no friend near that could succour us! Miserable physicians, offering aid, but mocking our wounds! Pitiable plight!

You recollect all that; *and in that hour Jesus came by.* I think I see him now as first I saw him when I looked to him, glorious in his apparel, but oh, so tender in his looks! He came where I was, and he stopped at the sight of me, stooped over me, and bade me trust myself with him, for he would handle me most tenderly. I did so. What could I do better than just leave myself with him? I think I see him now, looking at my wounds, washing them, and gently pressing them together when they gaped wide again; pouring in the oil and wine, then binding them and strapping them about. Never was there such a surgeon; I felt my life returning to me at his every touch; yea, at his every look and breath; and, more, I felt a strange sensation creeping over me that made me know that, somehow, I was new—was, in fact, born again, and had passed from death unto life. The first perception of that fact is with me at this moment, while I speak to you.

It is no dream or enthusiasm. That day is as fresh to me as if it were yesterday. The snow was falling fast, and ten thousand winged doves seemed to come flying out of heaven to meet me on my way, for I was at peace with God. I had to tell out my joy. I had to tell it straight away. I could not hold it in: the joy was too great for silence. Jesus had done it. He had made a miserable heart glad in a moment. He had taken away my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness, taken away the ashes with which I strewed my miserable head, and set thereon a coronet of joyous hope. Yes, he did it all. He took great care of me.

I want you that know all about his love to supplement my little story by saying, "Yes, that is what he did with me. He took care of me." My Lord sat up with me at nights. When I woke up in the morning, what sweet things he said to me! Yes, and he followed me when I had to go about the world, and was likely to be tempted. He took care of me. My boyish sports might have brought temptations, and my mixture with other youths might have brought me into evil; but he took care of me. Looking back upon my first days of conversion, I bear witness that he took care of me. When I was weak and sick, and faint and weary, he took care of me, blessed be his name! And because of this I am bound to take care of somebody else. Do you not feel the same?

II. Secondly, JESUS IN HIS ABSENCE WOULD HAVE HIS CHURCH TAKE CARE OF WOUNDED SOULS. "He brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him."

Jesus Christ has brought many a wounded soul to his church, and his order is, "Take care of him." For this purpose is the church instituted, that you may have the cure and care of souls. You who just now were saying that Christ took care of you, must now hear him say of another, "Take care of him." It is my special office to take care of all the sick souls who come to this great *caravanserai;* but I cannot do this at all unless you all help me. Some of my friends look round the Tabernacle, and find out the wounded ones, and speak with them, and so take care of them. Alas, many even of church-members come in and out, and never think about others; but this must not be so any longer!

Jesus says to his church, as to the host of an inn, "Take care of him," for in a sick soul there are *wounds* which need much care. They are not easily healed, these wounds of the heart. They bleed afresh, even when you think that you have healed them. Some minds are so terribly bruised on account of past sin that they will never come to a permanent healing, so that they can rejoice in the Lord and serve him, unless you take special care of them. We have around us despondent ones who will not get into light and liberty unless we take care of them by instruction and consolation.

Besides wounds, they suffer from *weaknesses.* A man cannot be beaten, and bruised, and left half-dead, without being very weak. Take care of him then. Let us look out for Little-Faiths, and Much-Afraids, and Feeble-Minds; and lay ourselves out to strengthen them. When we find them, let us not despise them. Let us not seek out other company, and avoid the feeble and despondent; but let us converse with them, that we may take care of them.

After we have healed their wounds, and bound up their broken bones, let us continue to nurse them, and give them food suitable to their sick state. Would God that a tenth part of the care which some professors show towards their horses and their dogs were exercised upon Christ's beloved ones whom he commits to our charge, and of whom he says, pointing them out one by one, "Take care of him"!

When wounds are healed, and weakness is removed, and hunger is satisfied, he who acts as Christ's host will discover that the needy man *has no clothes*. We are told that this poor man had been stripped of his raiment. The host must not say to him, "I have doctored you up so that you can walk; and now you may go." He might have answered, "How can I go? I am stripped of my raiment." Then would come to the host's mind the word of the Good Samaritan, "Take care of him," and that would mean, "Clothe him." So let us endeavour, as much as may be, to clothe every renewed soul with the garments of salvation. Let us so teach, and instruct, and console, that those who come to us naked shall go forth from us with the robes of joy, comfort, and strength wrapped about them, to take their journey to the New Jerusalem in fit apparel. In all things we must see that the man of God be thoroughly furnished for his heavenward journey.

Nor is this all. The succoured pilgrim says, "I am going on my journey, and I am thankful for what you have done for me: but when I started out from home, I had a little bread in my wallet, and a little money in my pocket, with which to pay the charges of the way. Alas, I am *now penniless!*" Then the host would say to him, "He that brought you here said, 'Take care of him,' and I may interpret his words very liberally, for he is of a generous mind. Here is money to pay your charges till you reach your home." Let us never relinquish the care of a soul till it is safely housed in heaven. Take care of one another, but especially let those who are strong take great care of the weak. Some will want to be cared for throughout all the way. I am occupied, in my small way, as Mr. Greatheart was employed in Bunyan's day. I do not compare myself with that champion, but I am in the same line of business. I am employed in personally-conducted tours to heaven, and I have with me, at the present time, dear Old Father Honest: I am glad he is still alive and active. And there is Christiana, and here are her children. It is my business, as best I can, to kill dragons, and cut off giants' heads, and lead on the timid and trembling. I am often afraid of losing some of the weaklings. I have the heart-ache for them; but by God's grace, and with your kind and generous help in looking after one another, I hope we shall all travel safely to the river's edge. Oh, how many have I had to part with there! I have stood on the brink, and I have heard their singing in the midst of the stream, and I have almost seen the shining ones lead them up the hill into the celestial city. That is my line of business. My Lord has said to me, "Take care of him." I want many of you to share in this happy work, for our dear Master's sake. He has gone away, but he has left sick souls in our charge: let us take great care of them.

III. Thirdly, I have to note to you that OUR LORD HAS PROVIDED FOR THESE SICK ONES. We read of the good Samaritan that "he took out two pence, and gave them to the host." Two pence then meant

a great deal more than two pence would mean in these times. Two pence was a considerable sum in those days, and would defray the charges of such simple living as they had at oriental *caravanserais* for a considerable time. Now the Master has given to many of you these two pence to pay the charges of sick ones for some time to come.

What a sum we have in hand in *the means of grace!* The preaching of the word, what a help it is to the wounded, the sick, and the weary! The writing and scattering of sound religious books is another way of nourishing those who are committed to our charge. The ordinance of baptism, and especially the ordinance of the Lord's Supper—the Master has given us these things as spending-money for the hospitalities of his church. "There," says he, "Use these. Use these, that you may find in them sufficient for taking care of the wounded and weak."

Another piece of spending-money that he has given us is *the benefit of Christian fellowship.* You and I know that it is one of the sweetest things outside of heaven to talk to one another, and to exchange notes of our experience. As nations are enriched by commerce, so are Christians enriched by communion. As we exchange commodities in trade, so do we exchange our different forms of knowledge while we speak to one another of the things of the kingdom. The Saviour has given us this Christian fellowship to be as it were the two pence to defray the charges of those whom he has entrusted to our care.

In what he has left as a legacy to the church he has left us quite enough to go on with. We have not spent the two pence yet in any one case.

IV. But, fourthly, I now call to your notice that THERE MAY BE SOME PERSONS WITH WHOM THERE MAY BE GREATER EXPENSES THAN USUAL. "There," says the Master, "there are the two pence; but if anything more be needed, spend it, and I will repay thee." Some will need more than preaching, more than ordinances. What sort are these?

Some are more than ordinarily injured. They have long lived in sin. Their conviction of sin is very terrible. You cannot make them well on the usual expenditure of two pence. The ordinary means will not reach their desperate cases. Do not despair, but go on, and spend more. Do more for them than you would do for the rest of the sick and wounded who lodge at the church's inn.

Some are more than ordinarily weak. There is Miss Much-Afraid. Sometimes, when I talk with her, I leave her in a comfortable frame, and I hope she will be no more sad. Alas, she is just as much afraid to-morrow! Mr. Feeble-Mind—do you not know him? You sometimes get a little out of patience with the brother because he is so very weak. Let us be doubly tender to his feebleness, and spend on him more than we should like to lay out on all comers. The good Samaritan who put them under our care, has said, "If thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee"; let us not stint these needy ones, for the good Lord would not be pleased if we did.

Many are not only more wounded, and more weak, but they *are more dull of comprehension.* Some flesh is hard to heal; some minds are hard to receive consolation. It takes a long time to get a gospel notion into certain people's heads. Martin Luther talked of beating the heads of

the Wittenbergers with the Book to get justification by faith into their brains. But beating is of no use. We must spend much more than two-pennyworth of patience on them. We must repeat over, and over, and over again the elements of truth. "Why, good mother, do you teach your child the same thing twenty times?" She answered, "Because I find that nineteen times will not do." Just so. It must be, "Precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." If any require more trouble and patience than others, we must spend it on them freely.

Some are more desperately tried than others. We wonder why some men do not make better Christians than they do. Ah, you do not know their wives! You wonder why some women do not make brighter Christians. You do not know their husbands! You wonder that yonder dear child, who showed such bright early tokens of grace, did not grow into a fine man. You do not know the example he had at home! Oh, if we could follow many of our dear brothers and sisters back to the rooms which they are forced to call "homes," and see what they have to see, and hear what they have to hear, you would not be astonished that they need a great deal of care! But the Master says to us, "Take care of them. See them through. Never be weary of them."

Lastly, *some of these people are lamentably trying.* I know persons whom I love very much, and hope to see in heaven; but they are a sad trial to me now. All of you who work for the Lord must have fallen in with good people who are a living cross to all around them. Ill-temper, obstinacy, changeableness, singularity, each one will produce a character hard to put up with; but we are bound to bear with them all to the end. When we have gone as far as the customary twopence, we must not stop, but spend on. Our Lord seems to say, "Run up a bill: put no limit to your spiritual expense; for whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

V. With that I am going to finish—FOR THOSE WHO WANT MORE CARE THAN USUAL, WE SHALL BE REWARDED WHEN THE LORD COMES. "When I come again, I will repay thee." This reminds us that he will come again. He is on the road. He may be here very soon; and when he comes again he will repay us. What think you of this? Think of his ever being in our debt! Imagine his asking us to let it stand over till he comes again!

I have been turning this over in my mind, and I can hardly accept it. A dear friend did me a great kindness in a difficult matter. It was in his line of business; and when I saw him, I said, "You will send in your bill, please." He said, "You will pay it when I send it in." A month or two passed away, and I wrote to him, telling him that I was never in anybody's debt, and I did not like to leave an account outstanding. Would he send me his bill? He only said, "Yes, yes: you will pay it when I send it in." I worried him to send the bill, and at length said, "I must have it." Then he sent it in, and put down his charge in full, but across a stamp at the bottom he had written, "*Settled by love.*" When my Master says to me, "When I come again, I will repay thee," I reply, "It is already settled by love." In fact, it was settled long ago. We owe him so much that it is impossible that he can ever owe us anything that would need to be booked.

Dear friends, if you will look after the Lord's poor wounded ones, he says, "I will repay you." You have a note of hand from your Lord. There it stands—"I O U, and when I come again, I will repay you." Jesus is such a liberal paymaster that we are glad to wait as long as he pleases, because the interest which he allows is beyond measure liberal. He pays ten thousand per cent. on all that he owes; and we are willing to let it keep on running as long as he pleases. Let us henceforth grudge nothing, but spend with all our might upon the wounded ones whom Jesus brings to our door.

Beloved, this is a short sermon, but it will take you long to carry it out in practice.

Unacknowledged Royalty.

WHILE crossing the Channel, we had as one of our fellow-passengers the ex-Empress Eugénie. Her presence did not make the passage any the smoother or the swifter; and when we landed at Calais, the only difference that we discovered was that the examination of our baggage was stricter than usual. The portmanteau of books, without which it would be impossible for the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* to rest either at home or abroad, excited the suspicion of the officer of the Custom-house. He evidently thought that we intended to import Imperialistic literature into Republican France, and even the sight of *All of Grace*, *My Sermon-Notes*, and *The Golden Alphabet*, with the explanation that the traveller was the author of these books, did not appear to reassure him till he had consulted a comrade in office.

Meanwhile, where was the ex-Empress? The time was when the whole French nation would have been interested in the smallest details concerning her arrival and destination; but now, like the dead Cæsar, when his friend exclaimed that he had

> "None so poor to do him reverence,"

she landed almost unknown and unnoticed. Perhaps a few faithful followers attended her, but as for the bulk of the people—

> "Where she went, and how she fared,
> Nobody knew, and nobody cared."

The reception of the ex-Empress reminded us of the treatment experienced by a far greater Sovereign, even the King of kings and Lord of lords. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Still, he too had a little loyal band, who continued with him in his temptation, to whom he appointed a kingdom, that they might eat and drink at his table, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. The ex-Empress may never be able to reward those who remain true to her, but our King has promised that every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for his name's sake, shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting. J. W. HARRALD.

Notes on the Life of Dr. Morley Punshon.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE life of an eminently successful preacher is not often full of incident. If he has been a missionary, or a backwoods evangelist, he may have met with stirring adventure; but in England his career, in the telling of it, even when it is not so in actual fact, is apt to keep the level of the common-place. Among our Wesleyan brethren the system of itineracy, with its many excellences, might be thought to minister to the interest of a biography, but it does very little in that direction for the general reader. Its tendency is to keep Methodist preachers in one useful but un-eccentric course, and this is of far more importance than giving opportunities for remarkable singularities. For this reason we cannot promise a reader of the life of *William Morley Punshon* any thrilling passages or striking incidents.

The author has done well with his materials, and has shown us as much of the great lecturer as his canvas, colours, and brush allowed. Mr. Macdonald has not the marvellous descriptive power of Smiles, nor the lowlier diary-keeping faculty of Boswell, and therefore his memorial of his friend will not take a place among the classics of biography. Still, he will command a host of readers, who will buy the book at first for the sake of the greatly-beloved man whose life-story it contains, and will, many of them, read it again because of the quiet, self-concealing manner in which the author has set forth his friend, and obliterated his own literary skill. This is a noteworthy point about the volume. In other cases you see the author quite as much as the subject; even his reverence for Johnson does not lead poor Boswell to keep himself in the background; but in this case we have Punshon without Macdonald, and this is so truly remarkable that we are bound to note it.

We shall not attempt a complete outline of Dr. Punshon's life. His boyhood prophesied the man. He was always bent on the improvement of his mind: and when other lads would have been idling, or sporting, or in mischief, he was admiring the poets, or composing essays, or meeting with a few young friends for mutual instruction. His education all along was strangely without plan or continuity, as one would judge who did not know the youth, and what the Lord meant to make of him: but considered after the event, we do not hesitate to say that nothing could have been better. The Great Schoolmaster made no mistakes in the training of his pupil. The processes of education, as they are stereotyped in our general school-life, are not so absolutely wise that deviation from them is certain to be a calamity: on the contrary, we believe that many a man will be better developed by irregular instruction and earnest self-help than by the best-approved course of tuition. Punshon is not the only one who was helped by those hindrances which prevented his having all the flavour of his soul dried out of him by the current methods of instruction. He may have missed eminent scholarship, but he found his true vocation, and the best preparation for it.

The most of those who saw the Prince of Lecturers on a triumphant evening at Exeter Hall, or observed the honour rendered to him by all

* This is intended to be a review of the volume prepared by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

his brethren, would not be prepared to hear that he was the frequent victim of great depression of spirit. Those whom God honours in public he usually chastens in private, lest they should be exalted above measure. We were not surprised to read the following passage, which reveals the experience of the successful orator's soul, and causes us to feel true fellowship with him:—"The side of Mr. Punshon's life which is revealed by extracts from his journal was wholly unknown to the multitudes whom he addressed, week after week, in all parts of the country. A few intimate friends were aware of his private sorrows and anxieties. But the spiritual conflicts to which they gave rise, the deep depression, the self-reproach, the sense of loneliness and helplessness that returned again and again—these were hidden even from them. Still less could the general public imagine at what cost to himself, with what inner distress and sinkings of heart, he was doing his work. To all outward appearance his course was one of unbroken popularity and honour. Judged by the crowds that flocked to hear him, by the tributes of the press, and the favour of the people at large, by the power with which, in the pulpit and on the platform, he swayed the hearts of tens of thousands, and, above all, judged by the results of his ministry among his own flock and elsewhere, nothing seemed wanting to the happiness of his life. But there was ample counterpoise of suffering to keep the balance. At no period of his life was he wholly free from the discipline of pain, and it would seem as though it kept pace, to say the least, with the increase of his honours and successes. Physical languor, the reaction from excessive toil, nervous fears, sharp attacks of painful ailments, never-ceasing anxieties concerning his children, an almost too complete sympathy with the troubles of others, the oft-reopened wound of his bereavement, and a certain tendency to, perhaps, morbid introspection —all these together made the 'thorn' which kept him from being exalted above measure. There are deeper notes of distress in his journal than any recorded here; but enough will appear in this record of his life to show that he was not exempted from that general law which makes sacrifice and suffering the conditions of victory. 'The servant is not greater than his Lord.'"

There is a common notion that Morley Punshon, though a very eloquent preacher, was not so notable for usefulness as for marvellous rhetoric. A measure of truth may possibly be found in the opinion, but this memoir will tend greatly to qualify the statement. In many instances his preaching brought a blessing to unlettered men and women, and he was often cheered by that fact. We should put him in the very first rank for oratorical power, but not in the same pre-eminence as a winner of souls; but if any one should assign him a low position in this last character, he would grievously misunderstand the good man's life. At any rate, he was always faithful to the gospel, as he understood it, and, at the same time, he felt a child-like dependence upon the Holy Spirit. No one more than himself would have denounced attempts at display. He spoke in majestic tones because those tones were natural to him, and not because he affected them. His was the style of Apollos because he was Apollos. It would have been the veriest folly in him to have tried to speak after the manner of Cephas.

Of course, as a Wesleyan Methodist, Punshon's methods of stating

doctrine were not those which a Calvinist would always approve; but there is an inner core of Evangelism in which all true believers are at one. The Wesleyan body is but little touched with the deadly plague of "modern thought," and our departed friend had no taint of it. With all his grandeur of speech, he was as old-fashioned a Methodist as "Daniel Quorm," and was as thorough a believer in man's ruin, redemption, and regeneration as any one of us. To him "the precious blood" was no mere phrase, and the atoning sacrifice no obsolete dogma. He had no doubts upon the authoritative inspiration of the Scriptures, and no misgivings as to the eternal verities. He was not a speculator, but a believer. That deep experience which we have mentioned, those inward conflicts, and strong cryings and tears, made it a necessity of his life that he should find a real refuge, and fly to it for consolation with full assurance that it was indeed provided for him of the Lord, and was no invention of men. His deliverance from the Presidential chair, in the year 1875, was so vigorous, and so prophetic, that we quote a portion of it with the utmost satisfaction :—

"Though I thankfully acknowledge that the great heart of England still hungers for the living truth, and that there is a music in the name of Jesus to which the masses are fain to listen; yet it is impossible to forget that the current thought of to-day is tending towards unbelief, and that we may have fallen upon times when many 'will not endure sound doctrine, but gather to themselves teachers having itching ears.' The old adversaries are still in the field, and there are others, more to be dreaded, who fight against the truth while they are clad in the armour of the true. . . . .

"Brethren, it is needful that you be strong in faith yourselves, that you have a firm grasp of 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' if you are to grapple with the difficulties of your position, and become wise winners of souls. If you falter or hesitate, or fence the truth about with your reserves and your misgivings, like an Agag who 'comes delicately,' what impression are you likely to make upon your hearers? Men's *opinions* are but as the threads of the gossamer. Men's *convictions* are the powers that shake the world. You have no vantage-ground in dealing with many-sided error but in an honest and thorough confidence in the truth. Men declaim foolishly enough about dogmatic teaching. You *must* dogmatize when men are dying, and you are sent to them with 'the words of eternal life.' On minor matters, indeed, of taste, or criticism, or even of subordinate truth, you may hold your conclusion with deference, and avow it with modesty; but on the questions that press close upon eternity—on man's need and God's grace, on Christ's atonement and the sinner's pardon, on the Spirit's work and the believer's growth—on these there must be no room for hesitation or misgiving."

That he was President of the Wesleyan community in England for one year was a slight thing compared with his presidency over the Canadian Methodists year after year. To his brethren in that region he was a help indeed; one of them says that he advanced the denomination as much as it would otherwise have progressed in a hundred years. The detestable law, which forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister, helped to drive him to our American Empire; and we mention it only because, by every means, the public should be kept in mind of the

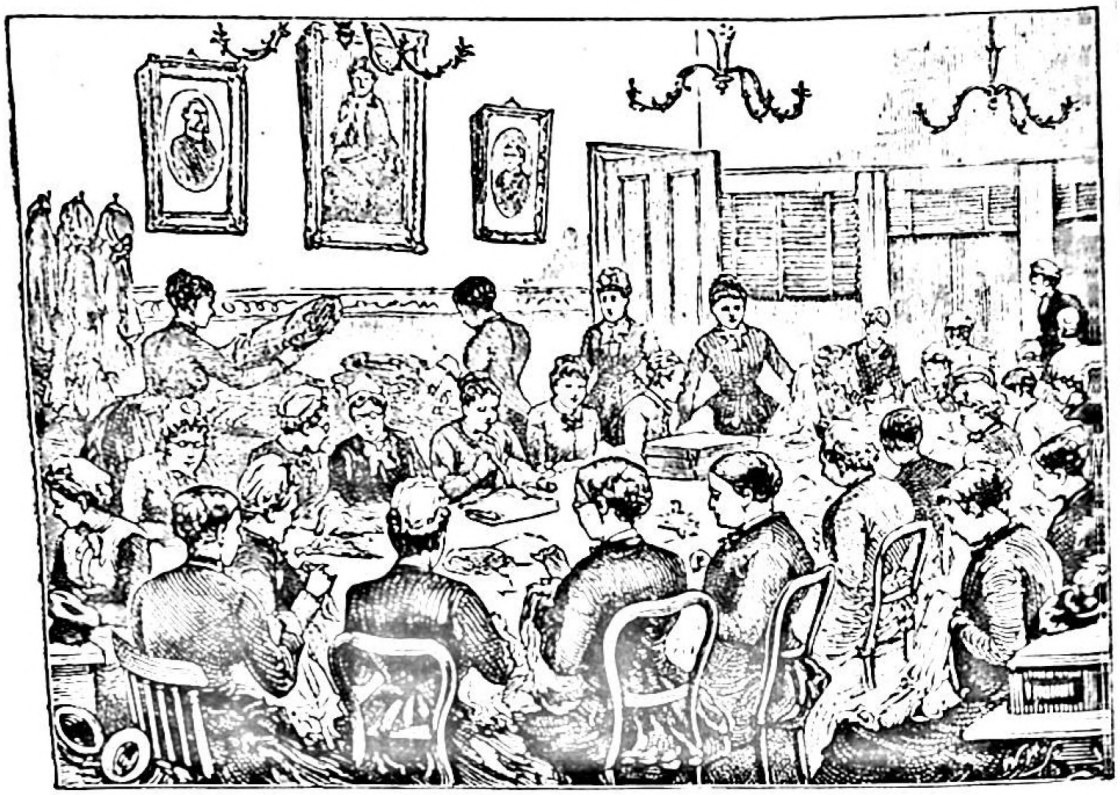
astounding fact that what is right in Canada is wrong in the mother-country, and that chiefly by the will of the bishops of one denomination. In Mr. Punshon's case the evil prohibition worked good for an important part of the church to which he belonged. His heart was always in his own country, and soon after the death of his second wife he returned to England.

Perhaps our friend will be best known and remembered by his famous lectures. These, when they first astounded an Exeter Hall audience, were the topics of the day. To write the titles of those great efforts is like noting the names of Napoleon's battles. They cost him very much in preparation, and almost as much at each delivery. The wear and tear must have been enormous, and it is no wonder that the orator was spent, worn down, and compelled frequently to seek rest and change. One has only to recall "The Prophet of Horeb," "Bunyan," "The Huguenots," "Macaulay," "The Men of the May-flower," and others, to remember how unique were the orations, and how exhausting was the toil. These *lectures* were the very best form of that article. Sermons are the natural fruit of the preacher's vocation; and lectures of this order ought, as a rule, to be only his pastime; but in Punshon's case the truths which he taught were so important, and his evangelical spirit was so apparent, that we feel bound to regard his *lectures* as a sort of special discourses having the same end and aim as those which he delivered from the pulpit, but adapted to reach a different audience. One thing is their glory, as it was the glory of his life, that they were not for himself, but for the cause which was dear to him. They might have been the source of a great income, but he laid them at the feet of his Lord, and sought no recompense except the power to help the work of God.

The most striking point of this biography is that, in its close as well as in its opening pages, it is the story of a man whose sorrows never ceased. Surely he was one whom the Lord tenderly loved, for he was rebuked and chastened almost beyond precedent. How touching to read in his own words, "I am in the depths . . . . compelled to go softly; but there is an arm around me, and it holds me up. . . . I need a great deal of humbling; surely this heart of mine must have worn its pride high when such rude blows are needed 'to break the crown of it'"! Who does not sympathize with the man who writes, "Last night I heard the clock strike each hour from eleven till nine this morning. I long to be brought nearer to God by this discipline. Perhaps—

> "'When he hath my patience proved,
> And sees me to his will resigned,
> His heavy hand and rod removed
> Shall leave the blest effect behind:
> The sure inviolable peace,
> The ripened fruit of righteousness'"?

Working, and suffering, he fulfilled a sort of double life until his divine Master called him home. Then, in deeply reverent tones, looking upward, he said, with a firm voice, "CHRIST IS TO ME A BRIGHT REALITY. JESUS! JESUS!" What a moment for his beloved wife when she saw a smile of rapture on his face, then marked him bow his weary head, and enter into the rest eternal!



Help for Poor Ministers.

MRS. EVANS and her lady-friends are here stitching away in the Ladies' Room at the Tabernacle. They are making garments for ministers' families. We are truly sorry that there should be need for such a service; but the necessity is distressingly evident, and therefore we are glad that loving hearts are endeavouring to meet it. The ladies sent out last year 58 parcels of the value of £327 19s. 3d. to needy Baptist pastors. Friends who cannot come to a sewing-meeting can work at home, and send in the articles when they are finished. Will not many lady-readers do this? Gentlemen are not gifted with needle-talents, but they can do real service by giving materials and money. Even second-hand articles of clothing are not refused, but they must not be of the sort which would be too bad for the rag-shop.

The poverty which is a part of the burden of many a Baptist minister is not to be removed by orations upon the general lack of liberality: the more practical way is to help the good men at once. A five-pound note would help some ministers to preach such joyful sermons as their hearers seldom hear. "Poor pay" is often the cause of "poor preach." Whether the churches are or are not doing their utmost is a question which may be fairly debated; but meanwhile the pastor's family needs clothing, and it will be well to keep the sewing-machine and the needle going. We have prepared this woodcut that our friends may have before them the picture of work in progress. Our artist has not introduced enough *young* ladies, and he has been too liberal with spectacles, but even that only goes to show that he saw some elderly sisters busy for the Lord's poor servants.

C. H. S.



Poor Ministers Helped.

LETTERS received from those to whom the parcels of clothing are sent frequently describe the joy of the various members of the family. Our artist has made the good man appear more aristocratic than the general run of indigent divines, and the same may be said of mother, and boys, and girls. Still, he has caught the spirit of many a letter in which the grateful receivers speak of the coats, dresses, boots, hats, &c., as causing unbounded joy to those who were getting to be in sad need of new garments. Special thanks are often sent for waterproof coats, which are so necessary to preachers who have to take long walks in winter-time to get to their village-stations. One must know the pinch of genteel poverty before one can quite realize the pleasure which a box of clothing will cause in a poor minister's family. Would not some of our subscribers like to create a jubilee in a manse where now there is fasting? Let them do it at once.

This gracious work is carried on in a kind, sisterly way by our good Mrs. Evans and her ladies. No names are published, no inquisitorial sets of questions are sent out; and yet all due enquiries are made. The ladies think it an honour to help the ministers, and the ministers do not feel humiliated by receiving their gifts. How much we wish that more could be done just now, while the agricultural depression is so sorely weighing upon rural pastors! Drapers, &c., could grandly help by giving remnants, and others by sending cash to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London.

C. H. S.

"Are these Things so?" or, the "New" Theology.

BY THE WRITER OF THE FIRST OF THE "DOWN-GRADE" PAPERS.

IT seems rather late in the day now to talk about "New" Theology. The term seems to imply that a further revelation made of divine truth has been granted in these latter days; that when God spake unto us by his Son, the revelation was not complete, and that when the Divine Saviour, without whose teaching we can know nothing aright, committed to the apostles the "ministry of reconciliation," with the command to proclaim it to every creature, there were some important omissions. We earnestly ask, "*Are these things so?*" And we at once reply, "No; by no means." These things cannot be so, for the simple reason that a dreadful curse rests upon all who shall add unto the words which are written in the sacred Scriptures. The passage of divine truth to which reference is made, is so solemn, and so much to the point, that it will be well to quote it in full. The risen and reigning Christ, the faithful and true Witness, declares, "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." (Revelation xxii. 18, 19.)

These words plainly prove that the revelation which God has made in these last days by his Son is complete and final, and that he will add nothing to it, and take nothing from it. It also proves that for any man to add to, or take away from, the testimony recorded in the Holy Scriptures, is not only an act of daring presumption, but also a terrible sin, involving eternal loss of all that is good. Now, if we do not say that the so-called "New" Theology does this, we must and do say that it does something which approaches frightfully near to it. The words we have quoted should be sufficient to deter any man, however bold in his speculations, from assuming that he, forsooth, has discovered a better gospel than "the gospel of our salvation," as committed to the apostles, and by them made known in the name of Jesus.

The apostle Paul tells us whence his gospel came, and how he received it: "I certify you, brethren," says he, "that the gospel which is 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.*" This gospel which he so received, and taught, so every way suited to meet the necessities and woes of humanity, he held as a sacred trust. He describes it as "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," and as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and as so revealing the only way of deliverance from "the wrath to come" that any other message of salvation delivered in God's name is no gospel at all, and the abettors of it are declared accursed. (Galatians i. 9.)

This, then, is the position truth compels us to take with regard to the boasted "New" Theology.

But is it new? Is it not rather the hashing-up of old falsehood; an old heresy revived? Peter Martyr combated and overthrew the theory of a probation after death three centuries and a half back, in his lectures

on the First Epistle to the Corinthians in the University of Oxford. This theory has, or at least appears to have, a very close resemblance to the Romish doctrine of Purgatory. In a Common Place upon the doctrine of Purgatory, Peter Martyr draws a distinction between two classes who uphold that doctrine—those who regard it as a necessary article of belief, and those who advance it merely as a theory or speculation. This last is the position taken by many of the adherents of the "New" or "Progressive" Theology.

The above distinguished theologian absolutely denies that the doctrine of a future probation can be drawn from Scripture. He also warns those who hold the doctrine merely as a theory, that it is sheer foolishness, which leads men to uphold things which they do not know to be for the glory of God, and which cannot be clearly drawn from Holy Scripture.

At the end of his arguments against those who theorize upon the subject of Purgatory, he writes:—"But if the speculations of men are to be indulged in, perchance some men will be found who will set up, instead of Purgatory, what I may call an Eruditorium, in which the souls of unbelievers who have never heard of Christ in this life, or of rustics, or of infants, who have never been taught, may learn salvation, and find an opportunity for believing. Forsooth, some one will consider it to be barbarous that either the ignorant should be eternally condemned, or, on the other hand, that those who have not been adorned with the knowledge of God should be introduced into heaven. And, so fruitful of errors will they be, they will be able to concoct many other things of this kind."

Peter Martyr was a man of sound and critical judgment. While still in the Church of Rome, admired for his vast theological learning, one of the most brilliant preachers, and possessing a store of patristic and scholastic theology beyond all his contemporaries, possessing also a clear understanding of the teaching of Rome, and of the results of Romish theories, as soon as he had diligently studied the Bible, he protested against the doctrine of Purgatory and all theories allied thereto. When he had openly departed from Rome and joined the Protestants, he denounced in still more forcible terms the theory of probation after death, classing it in the same category with the dogma of Purgatory, which, he said, had "neither built up the church nor stimulated holy living, and therefore had been unadvisedly invented."

This ancient *invention* we are now asked to receive as the truth of God, though to receive it means practically to ignore—not to say deny—the teaching of Holy Scripture and the "glorious gospel of the blessed God"—"the faith once delivered to the saints." Instead, then, of "New" Theology, the thing so much vaunted is no other than an old book republished in modern style. Cheap jewellery may be all very well for those who have a taste for such gewgaws, but it is rather too much to ask us to give up our precious stones for the paste, and glass, and tinsel of modern manufacture. The old wine of the kingdom we know to be good; it has cheered and strengthened myriads, as it has cheered and strengthened our own spirits; and, therefore, when the new mixture is offered us, we have only one answer—"No, thank you, gentlemen; we would much rather not, '*for the old is better.*'"

The question has been raised—and it is both pertinent and proper—

How far has this "New" Theology been received by the present ministry of the Baptist denomination? That is a question which time alone can adequately answer. That it has been received, and that it is taught to some extent, there seems to be only too much reason to believe. There is one comfort, however, and that should be a consideration of great weight—the heads of our colleges, so far as the writer knows their views—and he knows all the gentlemen to some extent—are personally sound and free from the modern bias of thought. How far their method of teaching theology is adapted to educate young men in sound views concerning divine truth may be open to question. There may be an excess of toleration in some cases, and too little emphasis given in others to the distinctive doctrines of the gospel. Books, however, have been the more powerful agents in the inculcation of erroneous sentiments, and works embodying the so-called "new views" have done much mischief to men whose faith has been rickety, and whose knowledge and experience of divine things have been shallow.

The crisis is, undoubtedly, a serious one, and there is room for grave concern, and much need for earnest prayer and diligent effort; but there is no reason for complete dismay. Streams sometimes get polluted, but the access of fresh water clears them after no great length of time. The worst of fevers may be stamped out, and the most terrible of fires quenched. The highest tide comes to an ebb. All this has been proved over and over again; in England, Germany, Holland, and elsewhere.

The followers of Arminius went beyond their leader in the direction of Pelagianism when he had been taken from them. The Remonstrants against the decisions of the Synod of Dort became more and more estranged from the sound doctrines of the Reformed, until Arminius himself would have been ashamed of them, and renounced them for their great advance in the direction of Socinian heresy. In like manner the city of Calvin became honeycombed with neological doctrine, and a rationalism as deadly as death itself. But God sent a Robert Haldane to Geneva. He raised up a Cæsar Malan, a D'Aubigné, a Professor Gaussen, and others, and the truth lifted itself up once more, and shed its healing, sunny light around. So, in Holland, there have been revivals of the evangelical faith; and a movement is now on foot which is full of good promise, many churches and people shaking off the shackles of State direction and control, and claiming and using that freedom which Christ gives to all who hold fast to him. The pendulum swings both ways; and, whereas in fundamental error there are ever the seeds of death and decay, so in the truths of the everlasting gospel there are life and light, and a divine force, which has resurrectionized men, and churches, and people again and again, and shall yet prevail over all error and evil, as the vitality of spring triumphs over the death of winter, as seen in every garden and hedge-row, and in every floweret and meadow.

Let us, then, be of good cheer; for "more are they that be with us than they that be with them." The darkness, and all that belongs to darkness, shall die and disappear, and the light of life shall triumph, to earth's lasting good, heaven's boundless praise, and God's eternal glory.

But what should be our posture and policy during the darkening of the horizon with the thick cloud of error? There are three courses suggested. One is to accept the new doctrines as the veritable faith of

Christ. That is impossible. That were to deny the Lord who bought us, and to tread the crown of his mediatorial glory in the dust. With one voice and heart we say, "That cannot be; no, never, never." Another course is to ignore them, or, in other words, tolerate them; treating those who hold and teach them as brethren still, and closing our lips concerning their departure from the faith of the gospel. This would be in effect to allow these creeds and daring speculations to be possibly true; to be unfaithful to the sacred trust of the glorious gospel; to be parties to, or quiet spectators of, the re-crucifixion of our glorious Lord and Saviour; and to become partakers of the condemnation of those who destroy and scatter the sheep of God's heritage, giving to the hungry husks instead of wheat, and stones instead of bread. A passage from *The New York Observer* is pertinent on this point:—

"To permit these new doctrines as to the incarnation having saved all men, as to death not being a finality, as to this life being for but a small portion of humanity the determining influence of the life to come, to permit these ideas, and many others equally revolutionary, to take their place in our schools and pulpits, is simply to surrender the citadel of evangelical religion. Our churches may indeed continue to have a majority of ministers who believe the Old Theology, and preach the old gospel, but they will also have—and sooner than they expect—a multitude of men who despise it, and who will glory in their liberty to treat it with scorn and contempt. This has never worked but one way. It has worked in this way in the home of John Calvin, until his city became the grave of everything that resembled faith, piety, and evangelical religion. One after another of the plainest doctrines of Scripture were thrown overboard, like the children in the sleigh pursued by wolves, but the family was not saved. Before a refuge could be reached, the wolves had captured, not only the travellers, but horses, vehicle, and all. There is an evangelical church at Geneva, renowned for its ability and devotion, but it is no part of the original church, for that has long since ceased to be in any respect evangelical, and in ceasing to be evangelical it has ceased to be a spiritual power."

No; we must do as Paul did when Peter dissimulated. We must withstand them to the face. Peter's dissimulation affected chiefly the liberty of the gospel, and Paul so acted; but here it is not only the liberty of the gospel, but the gospel itself that is threatened, ignored, denied. No doubt the advocates of the "New" Theology will disapprove of such a course; they will cry "Charity, sirs, charity." They do practically say, "Let us be friends; we will tolerate you, and you should tolerate us." This sounds very prettily, but it is unreasonable, and more than that, it is unscriptural and unapostolic. Men who have entered our houses for the purpose of carrying away our most precious things might just as well claim toleration, and ask us to be friends with them. No, sirs; it cannot be. We believe in charity in just the same proportion as we believe in truth, but we will not give up one for the other. The centripetal and centrifugal forces being equally balanced according to the unchanging law of the Creator and Governor of the universe, the earth and other planetary bodies hold on their true course; and in like manner truth and charity, by their mutual co-operation, keep us on the lines marked out for us by him who is truth as well as

love. Referring again to the article from which we have already quoted, the writer says:—

"This New Theology, with its insidious attacks on the faith of the church, in regard to the consequences of sin, the issues of life and death for all mankind, the nature of eternity, &c., strikes at the evangelical view of those very matters of faith which are vital and fundamental. Its advocates say, while we present this New Theology as a modern improvement, suitable to the temper of the times, we nevertheless baptize it 'progressive orthodoxy'; we want to have your family name the same as ours, and to be welcomed as a brother; we want our new tune to be put in your hymn-book as a mere variation of the old gospel music; we want you to feel that our trumpet makes no discord with yours; we can tolerate your ideas of death and judgment, sin and need, loss and ruin, and all we ask is, that you tolerate ours; we are all believers in God, and Christ, and righteousness, and we can even use your scriptural and theological and other religious terms in a sense of our own, that produces much apparent harmony, and prevents the unlearned from realizing that there is much difference after all."

As there is more organization among the Congregational churches of America than in those of this country, there is little doubt but that the question will be taken up there as a denominational one;* but it will hardly be so dealt with in this country, and the heresy will go on to spread its baleful and deadly influence until God interposes to call back the devastating tide. But those who hold the truth—the faith as delivered to the saints—must contend for it, and do so with all the earnestness which the momentous issues at stake involve. We cannot act in the spirit of a certain vicar, who shall be nameless, who, in advertising for a curate said, "Views, *if any*, must be moderate." Our adversaries may and will be diligent in filling the ministerial bushel with chaff, let us be equally earnest and diligent in filling it with wheat. "The Word of God and prayer" must be our refuge, our armoury, our resource at all times. Truth is eternal; it is mighty through God, and must prevail. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (1 Peter i. 24, 25.)

* The Convention at Springfield, held recently, has confirmed the hope of those who love the true faith of Christ, by declaring, in an emphatic manner, against the Andover speculations. The Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D., was elected to, and has since accepted, the presidency of the American Board of Congregational Foreign Missions. He has spoken out on the subject. He is in sympathy with the action of the Board, who will not send out, as a missionary, any man who is not clear in his evangelical belief. In his letter of acceptation—among many powerful and important utterances—he says:—

"This Society exists for a purpose, wide as the world, solemn as the cross, connected with eternal issues. *It is always responsible to the Lord of the gospel for what its messengers proclaim in his name.* And it should, as I think, expect these messengers to stand on a higher level of conviction—higher and steadier—than may be occasionally occupied at home by scattered churches, or individual teachers, who are not yet excluded from the general communion."

Dr. R. Stoddard, of *The New York Observer*, has sent enquiries to all the Congregational pastors in New England. He reports on 501 replies, a vast majority of which are from men who hold fast the gospel. Some few—five per cent. or thereabouts—avow their sympathy with the "New" Theology, and some few wriggle and twist like an eel on a hook, after the usual manner of go-betweens. The leaven of false doctrine is in the churches and in the pulpits, but the great majority are avowedly sound and true. There is reason for thankfulness; but still those who love truth and value souls must be "jealous for the Lord of hosts."

Decrease of the Prison Population.

SOMETHING like forty years ago the doctrines of the Chartists were popular in the slums of London; and even children belonging to ragged-schools would march forth from their native slums clamouring for their "rights." Something that occurred on a Sunday evening about the time that we refer to indicated in an unmistakable manner the general lawlessness of the juvenile population. A number of lads who were receiving Scriptural instruction remained attentive and orderly until a few minutes before eight, when there was a general stampede of over twenty boys, the teacher catching the last just as he was about to disappear. The young Arab struggled hard to get away, and cried out desperately, "I want to go to business!" Business? It was the Sabbath, when no ordinary places were open; but when the detained scholar confessed, "Well, sir, we catches 'em as they comes out of church and chapel," all was made plain—the boys were thieves, who, young as they were, had been already convicted. In those days the neglected class had become the criminal class. There had been no training at school to correct their natural disposition towards crime.

We have altered somewhat for the better since that day, and there is no subject concerning which the general public are more apt to make mistakes than when they talk of the "criminal classes." These range, as some imagine, from an aristocracy among thieves, who will undertake no "work" save such as requires skill and bravado, to the sneaking prigs who will rob an area or take a handkerchief. It may be all very well thus to arrange the dishonest in one's mind, but in reality no one order or condition of men is the sole source of the criminals of the period. A well-known prison chaplain has recently asked, "Why do people always speak of the criminal *classes?* All classes provide criminals, and have their own kind of criminality, while there is only one class that by heredity and choice is criminal in essence."*

Mr. George Hatton, and his devoted assistant, Mr. Wheatley, are the most successful reclaimers of thieves in this country. For a lengthened period there have been funds for enabling discharged prisoners to enjoy another chance of obtaining an honest footing in the world; but not until our own times has any effective system been properly organized to reclaim thieves, by Christian methods, from the fatal course of crime into which they have drifted. But, although this last most charitable service has been so long delayed, the reforms which have taken place since the old Georgian days have been neither few nor small. If Howard and Elizabeth Fry were now living, they would find that their chosen vocations would be in large measure needless in the present state of things. Instead of being centres of moral and physical contagion, our prisons are now as healthy as good management and perfect sanitation can make them; a case of gout or typhus fever generated by the prisoner's surroundings is now a thing never heard of; and, instead of the chief gaoler being able to turn to pecuniary account the miseries of his unhappy and reckless crew by keeping a "tap," prisons are now

* The Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., in "Jottings from Jail." (T. Fisher Unwin, 1887.) A book filled with striking details, and affording a graphic picture of criminal life both in and out of prison.

recognized as "teetotal hotels" in the *patois* of those who are bound to accept their accommodation. Reforms have been effected which must be a national gain; but the grandest achievement of all—the transformation of the criminals themselves into honest citizens—is a work which more especially belongs to our own day.

Fifty years ago statesmen and social economists plainly saw that they must boldly confront the alternative of more prisons or more schools. The controversy as to whether it was the duty of the State to educate the children of the neglected poor was a long one; but, happily, the educationists at length won the day; and at present, persons who grumble at the heavy School-board rates, have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that, with the multiplication of schools, there has been a continuous closing of prisons, as well as a falling-off in the number of prisoners. The Reports of the Commissioners of Prisons, which have now been issued for nine years, are among the most reassuring documents presented to Parliament; for they tell a story which ought to be more welcome to a Christian nation than anything associated with the growth of wealth, or the extension of trade. From the point of view of our courts of justice, the nation is becoming more orderly, as well as more intelligent.

The substance of what the Commissioners have to communicate is told in a few figures which are wonderful as regards their direct significance, and strikingly suggestive as regards the possibilities of the future.

The number of persons received in the prisons of England and Wales from the civil population, and exclusive of debtors, during the year ending March 31, 1886, was 147,632. The number for the preceding year was 159,982; showing a decrease of 12,350. The population in the local prisons on the last day of March, 1886 was 14,379; but on the corresponding day of 1885, it was 16,221; showing a falling-off of 1,842. Because this diminution has gone on continuously for nearly ten years, it is hoped that there will be no going back; but, as it is, the local prisons contain nearly nine thousand inmates less than the number they would have had, had the supply kept up in proportion to the increase of population. The Commissioners remark, "If this diminution had characterized only two or three successive years, it might be expected that it was nothing more than the ordinary course of the fluctuations which seem to follow an almost regular law of rising and falling alternately in periods of three years. But as it has now gone on for more than nine years, it is reasonable to assume that it marks an improvement in our methods of checking and repressing crime."

It puts the matter in even a stronger light when we also learn that the number of prisons actually in use is fifty-three less than was the case in 1878. There has, of course, been a corresponding decrease in the cost of maintenance. Ten years ago, or in the year preceding that in which the prisons were transferred to Government, the cost for the twelve months was £496,870; but last year the amount was only £365,800. Since the control was taken from the local authorities and transferred to the Government, Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies have so increased throughout the country, that there is only one prison—that of Kirkdale—which fails to receive attention. While the number of prisoners is less, a greater number than ever receives the aid which such societies can

afford, and comes under their wholesome influence; and this also tends to counteract the disposition to crime.

A large proportion of criminals in our English gaols is of Irish birth; and the proportion of women to men is higher among our neighbours of the Green Isle than among others. In this country we have about one criminal woman to two criminal men; in Scotland they are about equally divided; but in Ireland three-fifths of the prison inmates are women. Under this head, one of the most hopeful signs of the times in England and Wales is the great decrease in the number of female criminals who are undergoing penal servitude. The total is hardly more than half what it was ten years ago.

The cheerful story which the Commissioners have to tell respecting the local or short-term prisons is fitly supplemented by an equally acceptable account of what has been going on in the convict prisons. The 1,027 sentences of penal servitude passed in 1885 were "twenty-three per cent. lower than in the previous year, which was lower than in any previous year on record, and only half of the number sentenced to penal servitude twenty years before." As in the case of the other or short-term prisons, there has been a welcome decline in the cost of maintenance. Five years ago, or in 1881-82, the sum expended was £345,632; but in 1885-86, the total had fallen to £299,876. Here again, the figures suggest possibilities in regard to the future which are very pleasant to contemplate. A falling-off in one year—as was actually the case in 1885-86—of some £25,000 in the cost of maintaining convicts, is better than a rise in consols or in railways; for the gain to the country at large is far beyond what any gold can represent. It would appear that crime is becoming unfashionable even among the classes most disposed to wrong-doing.

The history of prison discipline during the Queen's reign abounds in interest to reformers and social economists who care to learn how our national fabric has grown to its present condition from humble or unpromising beginnings. In other days, when almost every offence entailed the capital penalty, prisons differed in some essential points from what they are at present. When milder laws for the correction of wrong-doers were tried, controversy was at once awakened concerning the kind of treatment which was best adapted to insure reformation. This was sure to be the case in a transition age when the old order of things was giving place to a better method. In the old times, when prisons were hardly regarded as being in any sense reformatory, there had been no attempt to reduce their management to anything like a system; but when everyone became an amateur reformer, different systems had their ardent advocates. Under the old *régime*, the common-room of a prison like Newgate very much resembled a pandemonium, where scenes of which the outside world knew nothing were enacted—scenes too bad for description on account of the obscenity, the drunkenness, and the blasphemy of the actors. When in her calm, undaunted Christian heroism, Elizabeth Fry proposed to visit the women's common-room in the chief prison of London, well-meaning friends who trembled for her safety dissuaded her from the attempt. Why should she voluntarily enter where worse than wild-beast natures rioted without check through the live-long day and far into the night? The success which attended

the Quaker lady's endeavour, however, taught the authorities and the nation a lesson which was not forgotten. A new and better era for prisoners now opened.

Directly and indirectly, our reforms in regard to prison discipline came as a result of the labours of Howard, although, after the death of that philanthropist, many of the gaols in the country remained in their old and unimproved condition; and this was notoriously the case with the local prisons, which were controlled by corporations. About the time that transportation was revived, a century ago, the Americans, and especially the Quakers of Pennsylvania, were devising new and improved methods of convict discipline. Some who declared against capital punishment thought that they had discovered in a rigorous system of solitary confinement the most effectual discipline. They were disappointed, for some of the subjects of the system of the solitary cell went insane, many lost their health, and others ended their miseries by committing suicide. Millbank, provided at enormous cost, was opened in 1816; but this penitentiary proved more or less of a failure. The opening of Pentonville prison, almost at the outset of the Queen's reign, was an event of greater promise; for Pentonville, with its 520 cells, was not only a model in name, it became a copy for prison-builders, both in this and other countries. In little more than ten years between fifty and sixty prisons were erected after this plan in different parts of the world, and great results were expected from the separate cell system.

Additional interest is attached to these early experiments, because the prison at Cold Bath Fields has been wholly closed during the past year, and Pentonville has ceased to be used as a place of detention for those undergoing sentences of penal servitude. The system adopted at Pentonville has not become obsolete, but is continued at the other establishments, where long-term convicts are received. In our social history this building will continue to be associated with the best days of prison reform.

The closing of one prison after another may well cause the authorities some elation; and that feeling will be shared by all right-thinking citizens. The Commissioners refer to allusions in leading authors which show what they thought of the systems which were pursued in their times. Thus Coleridge wrote in reference to the prison which has been recently closed:—

> "As he went through Cold Bath Fields, he saw
> A solitary cell;
> And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
> For improving his prisons in hell."

The view of the matter taken by Charles Dickens, when the controversy about the systems was going on, is given in chapter LXI. of "David Copperfield." It will be remembered that it was in the typical model prison of the period that David Copperfield encountered his quondam "humble" friend, Uriah Heap:—

"It being then just dinner-time, we went first into the great kitchen, where every prisoner's dinner was in course of being set out separately, to be handed to him in his cell, with the regularity and precision of clockwork. . . . I wondered whether it occurred to anybody that there

was a striking contrast between these plentiful repasts of choice quality, and the dinners, not to say of paupers, but of soldiers, sailors, labourers, and the great bulk of the honest working community, of whom not one man in five hundred ever dined half so well. But I learned that the 'system' required high living; and, in short, to dispose of the system once for all, I found that on that head, and on all others, 'the system' put an end to all doubts, and disposed of all anomalies. Nobody seemed to have the least idea that there was any other system but *the* system to be considered."

One of the most difficult problems which the earlier reformers had to solve was to combine good discipline with remunerative labour; and it was not until transportation was superseded by our present system of penal servitude, that this problem was satisfactorily mastered. In an interesting passage in their report, the Commissioners show in what sense and in what degree convict labour can now be utilized to be rendered remunerative.

"The commencement of a new work for the War Department at Luton, near Chatham, has been attended with circumstances of some interest in connection with the employment of convict labour. The work in question being quite in the open country, and distant about two miles from the prison at Borstal, special consideration was necessary before deciding that the work could be undertaken. Arrangements were ultimately entered into which have enabled the convicts to be employed there with complete security. A line of narrow-gauge tramway has been laid down by the Royal Engineer Department along the whole line occupied by the forts under construction, and that is made use of for the conveyance of the convicts to and from their work. A train of railway carriages, specially fitted to ensure the safe custody of the convicts, has been furnished. The site of the works is enclosed by a palisading ten feet high, with a ditch on the inner side, and wire entanglements on the inner side of the ditch. Warders and civil guards travel with the train, and an addition has been made to the armed guard at the works, where a selected officer is always in charge. A system of signals is established between the works and the prison, and an engine is always available in case anything should be required, or to facilitate inspection by the superior officers of the prison all along the line."

Quite recently, a so-called Star Class has been instituted among prisoners, those admitted to its privileges being such as have never before been convicted of crime. They differ from the ticket-of-leave fraternity, being regarded as of a higher grade, and they are allowed to go free on license. The success of this system has been demonstrated by the fact that, out of 453 discharged in the three years ending with 1885, only one was re-convicted.

These facts and figures prove that, in regard to the diminution of crime, we are more favourably situated than any other nation. After long years of controversy and of varied experiment, the authorities seem to have discovered the golden mean, so that our present treatment of criminals is, without doubt, in all respects both economical and effective. An immense advantage was gained when the control of district prisons was transferred from the local authorities to the Government;

and this reform has also facilitated the beneficent operation of those Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, which, with the solitary exception already indicated, are now found giving attention to every prison in England and Wales. Conducted on Christian principles, these societies have in a striking way demonstrated the power of religion over hardened natures; and we cannot but think that it is to them, under God, that we are in large measure indebted for so considerable a falling-off in the number of criminals. The outlook was never before so cheering; and no future ever promised better things.

Since the above was written, the Prison Commissioners have issued their tenth Report; and this shows that the decrease of the criminal population is still going on. The average prison population for the year 1886 had been 15,375; the year following it was 14,966. Hence, it is remarked, "The prison population of last year is the lowest of which we have any record for 38 years; and the population on the 9th of August instant was 6,099 less than in the corresponding month of the year in which the prisons were transferred to our charge. If the prison population had increased since 1878 in proportion with the general population, it would be 8,432 more than it actually is."

Nor is this all. In times when we are continually being told that drinking amongst women, and consequently crime, are on the increase, it is gratifying to find that such sad facts exist only in the imaginations of the well-meaning persons who make them. At all events, the Prison Commissioners tell us a more consoling story when they say, "It is remarkable that the decrease in the female prison population has been much larger in proportion than that of the males." It is then shown that the average number of women in the prisons of ten years ago, 4,227, has fallen to 2,722. In other words, while men criminals have fallen off about 25 per cent., the decrease of women has been about 36 per cent. No other nation can show similar returns to these. Shall we not thank God, and take courage? Shall we not, also, more heartily than ever support the hands of such a labourer as George Hatton, who, under God, has done so much to turn this criminal tide?

G. H. P.

One Drop of Blood.

IN an Italian hospital was a severely-wounded soldier. A lady-visitor spoke to him, dressed his wounds, smoothed his pillow, and made him all right for the day. When leaving she took a bouquet of flowers, and laid it beside his head. The soldier, with his pale face and eyes full of tears, looked up, and said, "That is too much kindness." She was a lady with a true Italian heart, and looking back to the soldier, she quietly replied, "No, not too much for one drop of Italian blood." Shall we not freely own that the consecration of all our powers of body and spirit is not too much to give in return for the shedding of our Emmanuel's blood on our behalf?

Puritan Names.*

HARD-WORKING pastors, whether in or out of the Established Church, are permitted to ride innocent hobbies by way of recreation; and there are men who show sufficient capacity to make even their pastimes represent most useful service. Thus our friend, Mr. John De Kewer Williams, of Hackney, has in the course of twenty years made a collection of Cromwellian portraits and relics, which together comprise a really unique and surprising memorial of the great Protector. Mr. Bardsley is of another mind; he has other sympathies, and probably he does not think so highly as he ought to do of the Puritans, especially of the godly soldier and patriot, who, under God, saved the country when a rebel king and his blinded adherents threatened our English liberties with extinction. Nevertheless, he has made a study of nomenclature until he is one of the chief authorities on the subject; and such has been the fascination attending his researches, that we believe he may be identified as the gentleman who has proved in his own experience that the London Post Office Directory is one of the few books that may profitably be read through a second time. While doing this by way of recreation, Mr. Bardsley tells us that he has "the spiritual supervision of 7,000 people, and four places of worship to superintend"; and it is on this account that he cannot reply to all the questions sent to him through the post, some of which "would require a month's hard study and research to answer satisfactorily."

His book on "English Surnames" is a very comprehensive work; but the one on "Puritan Nomenclature" is to our mind far more racy, amusing, and even suggestive, while the learning it displays is quite as great. The subject helps us in some measure to understand what a far-reaching influence the Scriptures exercised upon the daily life of the church in Puritan times—upon the people who really read the Old and New Testament as a daily guide-book as to all the great and little things of life. Speaking of the era of the Reformation, Mr. Bardsley remarks that "It may be said of the vulgar-tongue Bible that it revolutionized our nomenclature within the space of forty years, or little over a generation. No such crisis, surely, ever visited a nation's register before, nor can such possibly happen again. . . . . At the Reformation such a locust army of new names burst upon the land that we may well style it the 'Hebrew invasion.'"

When the early Puritans of the sixteenth century chose names from Scripture for their children, the custom first gained ground in the southern counties, and then, passing onward to the north, the revolution seemed to be complete, *e.g.*:—

"The Genevan Bible crept into the dales and farmsteads, and their own primitive life seemed to be but reflected in its pages. The patriarchs lived as graziers, and so did they. There was a good deal about sheep and kine in its chapters, and their own lives were spent among the milk-pails and wool-shears. The women of the Old Testament baked

* English Surnames, their Sources and Significations. By C. W. Bardsley, M.A. Third Edition. Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d.
Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. By C. W. Bardsley, M.A. Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d.

cakes, and knew what good butter was. So did the dales-folk. By slow degrees Cecilia, Isabella, and Emma lapsed from their pedestal, and the little babes were turned into Sarahs, Rebekahs, and Deborahs. . . . The lads were transformed into duplicates of Joel, Amos, and Obadiah. The measles still ran through the family, but it was Phinehas and Caleb, not Robert and Roger, that underwent the infliction. Chosen leaders of Israel passed through the critical stages of teething. As for the twelve sons of Jacob, they could all have answered to their names in the dames' schools, through their little apple-cheeked representatives, who lined the rude benches. On the village-green, every prophet from Isaiah to Malachi might be seen playing leap-frog, unless, indeed, Zephaniah was stealing apples in the grove."

To the uncompromising Puritans all names were distasteful if there was aught in them to "savour of Paganism or Popery"; and of course they cared only for those in the Scriptures that were "reported in them to have been godly and virtuous." There is said to have been one who even called his dog "Moreover," the name being taken from the verse in the gospel: "*Moreover* the dog came and licked his sores."

Things equally odd sometimes happened through mis-spelling. Thus, in regard to a certain baby's name, whom three women had in charge. When number one was asked, she replied, "Ax her," which seemed like an intimation that the query was to be repeated to number two. "Ax her," said the second woman; and the question went to the third, who gave the same answer. At length, the questioner "discovered the name to be the Scriptural Achsah, Caleb's daughter—a name, by the way, which was somewhat popular with our forefathers."

Mr. Bardsley shows how strikingly the character of the reigning royal family in successive periods has influenced the choice of names :—

"George holds the fourth position among boys; Mary and Elizabeth the first and second among girls. George dates all his popularity from the last century, and Mary was in danger of becoming obsolete at the close of Elizabeth's reign, so hateful had it become to Englishmen, whether Churchmen or Presbyterians. It was at this time Philip, too, lost a place it can never recover." Mary has been the chief favourite since the Revolution of 1688.

In addition to names actually drawn from Scripture, many others were made up to express the sentiments of the parents. To this class belong Much-mercy, Sin-deny, No-merit, Sorry-for-sin, &c. Hence the names which Bunyan gives to his characters would seem much more natural to him, and to his first readers, than they now appear to be to us in this later age.

Among Puritan eccentricities, one was the custom of naming children after various virtues. Thus, "Sir Thomas Carew, Speaker of the Commons in James's and Charles's reigns, had a wife Temperance, and four daughters, Patience, Temperance, Silence, and Prudence. Possibly as Speaker, he had better opportunity to observe that these were the four cardinal parliamentary virtues, especially Silence."

The subject is thus one abounding in curiosities, and as the fruits of twelve years' earnest research among the parish registers of the country, Mr. Bardsley has made his book on "Puritan Nomenclature" one of the most complete things of its kind; while that on "English Surnames" is quite as thorough a piece of work.

James Robertson, of Edinburgh.*

JAMES ROBERTSON, of Edinburgh, was a pastor of the Johannean type. He leaned lovingly upon the Master's bosom himself, and his ministry was pervaded with an atmosphere of affection which charmed young and old alike, and drew them to his Master and Lord. Rutherford-like in the warmth of his personal affection towards Christ, he swayed the hearts of the elders; but the youngsters also felt his power, and the good minister never lost sight of them behind their seniors. Attention to the children was a characteristic mark of his ministry; and books like this biography, which record such a ministry, carry a blessing with them. His friend, Dr. Ker, says of him:—"Few ministries, which have diffused such a healing and fruitful power, have been so noiseless in their course: and one is reminded of the links of the Forth, on which his native home looked down, winding out and in, calm and seemingly noiseless, but all the more bringing refreshment to many a field."

He came of sterling Scotch parents, and was the fourth, and tiniest, and feeblest, of fourteen children; a family remarkable for Christian devotion and intelligence, some of whom, notably the Rev. Dr. W. B. Robertson, rose to distinction. Of the childhood of little James some of the usual stories are told, which, in the light of his subsequent career, appear significant. His one toy, for example, was a pulpit, and his one amusement, preaching. The top of a dyke was his rostrum, and his brother stood beneath him in the ditch as precentor. But this precentor he lost by a too energetic reproduction of a gesture of the minister in Kirk. The minister, on one occasion, thinking the psalm too long, touched the precentor on the head to notify that it should cease. James's sharp eyes observed this, and regarding it as a new and essential part of the conduct of divine service, he, on the next occasion, brought down his fist on the head of his brother with such force that the poor "precentor" was knocked down into the ditch, and from that time declined to place himself at the "minister's" service.

At school, the delicate boy was seldom seen in the playground except as a spectator. He loved to read some standard author under the shade of the trees: but he could recite with such power and tenderness as to bring his auditors to tears. He was sent to Glasgow College, after the manner of the Scotch, at the age of twelve, and thus entered upon his student life of eleven years, the last four of which were occupied in divinity studies. In 1832, at the age of sixteen, he joined the church of his parents in Stirling. It was no light occasion to him. The seeking sinner and the seeking Saviour had met after long anxiety on the sinner's part. He had been brought low enough to accept salvation as a gift, and he now desired to make his whole life an expression of gratitude to God for unutterable grace.

"Do ye ken oor maister Jeems, sir?" asked an old servant of the family, as he drove a ministerial friend to the station.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

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* James Robertson, of Newington. A Memorial of his Life and Work. With a Preface by the late Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

"Aweel, ye canna be lang wi' him in a gig, *till he staps up your braith.*"

This was the servant's quaint method of characterizing James's intense desire, in season and out of season, to seek the salvation of souls.

While Mr. Robertson was still a divinity student, a young man, who went by the nickname of "Scatters," was imprisoned in Stirling on a charge of murder. The student obtained admission to the gaol in order to converse with him about the Saviour; and after the culprit's death drew up a narrative of the case for publication at the request of the Falkirk Tract Society. Some time afterwards, he met the mother of the unfortunate criminal on her way to her work in the wood, to peel bark. She threw down her pipe as soon as she saw him, and gave him a history of the progress of poor Sandy's degeneracy, adding, "But it was all ordained so to be, and I'm quite content!" Robertson expostulated with her on her intemperate habits. She said she had tasted no whisky for six months past, "and if anybody should abhor it," said she, "it should surely be me, for it has cost me my laddie. I canna get his end oot o' my mind, an hoor in the day. I'm aye thinkin' o' him."

At the age of twenty-three Mr. Robertson received his license to preach, and in the following year was "called" to become minister of the church in Musselburgh, which had been well-nigh wrecked during the ministry of a predecessor. Here he wrought for seven years, till he could say, "Our ship is safe. The Pilot is on board. We are sure of reaching the quiet, happy haven." Thence he was "called," in 1847, to take up the work of commencing a church in Duncan Street, Newington, Edinburgh, which was destined to be the scene of his labours till death. We will quote Dr. Ker's beautiful description of his ministry: "His Christian personality might be described as that of one who was seeking to keep close to the person of Christ, and to bring others to the same position. His preaching was evangelical to the core. The doctrines of the gospel were present in every fibre and filament of it, but they were never separated from Christ's own person, and thus faith rose into reverence and trust. The alabaster box of the heart was broken in his presence, and he was the Master at every feast. The seven golden candlesticks of truth were lighted, but the Lord Jesus was always seen in the midst of them." The "Children's portion" was invariably provided in Mr. Robertson's services, but without following any monotonous plan. And in this he was wise. Sometimes it would be scattered throughout the service, sometimes brought in at the close, but the children came to be always on the look-out for it. He was excelled by none; and equalled by few in this department of ministry. It was not merely that he secured the fixed attention of the children—for this is only a means—but he conveyed a wonderful amount of Christian truth in the most interesting and impressive manner. "Guess where to find my text," said he once. "I find it in a field; I find it among the green grass, from which there comes up a rich delicious smell. I stooped down and found my text nestling there, underneath some broad leaves, and hanging down its head upon a slender stalk. It was a sweet spring flower. I plucked it, and admired it, and put it in there, in my buttonhole. It gave me some thoughts that led me to remember you." And

then followed a strain of delightful talk, as though coming from the flower—"Say away, pretty flower! What else have you to teach us on the wisdom of God, and love, and humility, and mortality?" These addresses, rich in running illustrations, exuberant with fancy, and abounding in those soft and silken cords of image and allegory which little hands are ever eager to grasp, chained the attention of the little folks long before the days of special services for the young. Here, for example, was a happy introduction. "As I was coming along in the train yesterday, there were three men in the carriage beside me. I knew one of them to be a farmer, by his appearance and conversation; I knew the second to be a miller, in the same way; and the third I knew to be a fisher, from the line and hooks that were round his hat. I have come to you to-day as a fisher, and when I throw out my gospel line, do not be afraid to lay hold on the beautiful hook (my text), for I come not to injure you, but to draw you out of the muddy stream of sin into the pure water of life."

Not only in the pulpit did he grasp the children, but by the wayside, whenever he met them. Driving with two young people, he said to them before parting, "Now, children, I am going to give you a riddle to find out for me. All things belong to you, except one thing. What is that?" They thought over it for some days, and then found that they had hit on the right answer: "All things are yours . . . and *ye* are Christ's." They discovered that they were not their own. Walking one day with some flowers in his hand, a message-boy asked him for one for his jacket. Mr. Robertson gave him one, and the boy put it in his button-hole. Mr. Robertson said: "Now I have another flower for your heart: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' Have you got hold of it? Can you repeat it?" The boy repeated it. "Well," said Mr. Robertson, "put it in your heart; you put the other in your jacket." The boy looked puzzled, and said, "How do I do it?" Mr. Robertson said, "You *pray* it. Do you think you need a clean heart?" The boy said, "Yes." "Do you desire a clean heart?" "Yes." "You want all the sin washed out of it?" "Yes." "Then just ask Jesus to do it." The boy went away, looking at the flower in his button-hole, and then back at Mr. Robertson, as long as he could see him.

There was the same skill in his method of getting at grown men. Meeting one day a man in the street, he enquired after his health. The man said he was afflicted with heart disease, and could not sleep at night; "but," he added, "the doctor can do nothing!" "Ah!" said Mr. Robertson, "the worst form of heart disease is sin; yet people go about with the disease, and they do not know it, and they sleep quite soundly. Now, it is my business to tell them how matters stand, and to try to disturb their sleep; for I can tell them of a Physician who can heal them. Have you been to Christ with your sins?" The man was silent, but went away impressed.

When on a visit to Irvine, he was walking along the beach one day, and entered into conversation with some fishermen who were preparing bait. He asked them if they "only used shell bait." They said, "No; they often tried worms: when one bait failed, they tried a change." Mr. Robertson asked if every time they baited a hook they caught a fish. They said, "No; sometimes a fish got the bait, but was not

hooked, and they had to try again." "Ah!" said Mr. Robertson, "that's the way Satan does; he often tries a glass of whisky, and if one does not do, he tries a second, and a third. Whisky is his worm, and he catches and ruins many souls with it. But, like you, he changes his bait. He is a skilled fisher, and we need to be constantly guarding against his hidden hooks. If we take Christ's bait, the gospel, we shall not be so easily tempted to look at Satan's."

And so he continually sought to win souls: and "He that winneth souls is wise." Shattered health compelled him to spend the winter of 1876 in San Remo, where he met Mr. Spurgeon, and on his return he had a touching evidence of sympathy from his much-admiring friend. He was in London, and went into the Tabernacle, late, after the sermon had begun, and took a back seat. Mr. Spurgeon, who notices everything, saw him come in, and immediately turned his sermon into a consolatory strain, and, as Mr. Robertson expressed it, poured out for five minutes the richest comfort. Mr. Robertson thanked him at the close, and Mr. Spurgeon said, "I could not help it when I saw you looking so sad."

His end came in 1879. Wife and children had gone before him, leaving a sacred sorrow in his life, but also a sacred home-longing. "A few days ago," said he once, "I saw a poor blind boy sitting at the road-side, flying a kite. I said to him, 'My boy, what are *you* doing flying a kite? You cannot see it.' Turning his blind eyes up towards me, he replied, 'Na, I canna see it; but I can feel it tuggin'.'" Mr. Robertson added, "I am like the little blind laddie. I feel something tuggin', and, by-and-by, I'll see them all again." His last sermon was characteristic and prophetic. The Sunday before he died he preached on the text, 2 Cor. iv. 6: "The face of Jesus Christ." He said he would turn the Bible lamp upon that face, and so described it as marred and mournful (Isaiah lii. 14), fair and lovely (Psalm xlv. 2). Once pale in death (John xx. 7), now bright with glory (Revelation i. 13—16). A face that may be sought and found by every one, here, and now (Psalm xxvii. 8). On the Monday, at midnight, "he was not, for God took him." "And they shall see his face."

He had lived out a favourite saying of his own: "Our lives should be benedictions to men, and doxologies to God." "Lovest thou me?" said Christ to Peter. "Feed my sheep. Feed my lambs." And this disciple had heard from the Master the same question, had made the same response, and faithfully discharged the same commission. C. A. D.

Be Generous.

WHEN poor indigent creatures are, like Moses, laid in the ark of bulrushes weeping, and ready to sink in the waters of affliction, be as temporal saviours to them, and draw them out of the waters with a golden cord. Let the breasts of your mercy nourish the poor. Be to them like the trees of the holy city, both for food and medicine. When distressed and starving souls are fainting, let your costly ingredients revive their spirits. Let others see the coats and garments which you have made for the poor: Acts ix. 39.—*Thomas Walson.*

"Don't hold back from letting him use you."*

"I WILL speak of thy testimonies before kings": such was the resolution which determined the habit of a king, who, with no official ordination, gave himself up to the service of God. The principle of service which David recognized is one of infinite importance, especially in view of the disposition of so many to hand over Christian work to appointed agents. A king speaking to kings of the divine testimonies illustrates the important principle of equals speaking to equals in all the gradations of the social scale. If universally acted upon, personal service would widen out the usefulness of the church, and bring under Christian influence vast numbers whom the gospel has hitherto failed to reach.

If the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" follows upon the glad avowal, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant!" the answering direction will not be long delayed, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard!" Let it never be forgotten that discipleship implies service as well as learning, and that to those who labour a growing knowledge of the Lord's will is given.

"*Don't hold back from letting him use you!*" He has ordained that his servants shall be the agents of blessing—conduits through which life and love shall reach the hearts of others; and the crying need of the world is the sacred ministry of deeds kindly and lowly, and words tender and true. It is impossible to withhold this ministry without unfaithfulness to the most solemn of obligations.

How will he use *me?* This is the anxious question of many, but the answer will come! We must not expect a full revelation of the whole work of a lifetime, but we may look for the indication of the duty which lies next to hand. Few, if any, who have been greatly used of God, were permitted a foreshadowing of the greatness of their work. They did not hold back from letting him use them, and so the work grew to their hands, and they now read the purpose and the prophecy in the record of their surprising triumphs.

A minister, preaching to a coloured congregation in one of the Southern States, urged his hearers to give themselves to missionary work. The sermon produced a wonderful effect, for one of the most recent of the converts sprang to his feet, and exclaimed—"Then, me be a missionary!" Knowing the good brother to have had no education, the minister bade him sit down, remarking—"No, no, Sambo; you only know the A B C. You cannot be a missionary!"

Severe as was this rebuff, Sambo's zeal, so newly kindled, was not to be quenched, and, maintaining his posture, he exclaimed—"Me only know de A B C? Dere's a nigger ober dere dat don't know de A B C! Me teach dat nigger de A B C! Me be a missionary!"

Sambo's resolution may have savoured of presumption, but much can be said of his heroism in daring to attempt service to the full extent of his ability. If all who know the A B C of the gospel would seek out those who fall short of this attainment, how vast an influence for good would be exerted upon the community!

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* Frances Ridley Havergal.

"*Don't hold back from letting him use you!*" The Lord is such a wonder-working Builder, that he can use any instrument surrendered to his will, and, in the use, he can fit it for yet higher purposes.

Our blessed Master "set his face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem," and he has left us an example that we should follow in his steps! If in that path he found a cross and a tomb, these were but stepping-stones in the way to the throne and the crown; and if *we* suffer with him, we shall be also glorified together. Instead of holding back, let the song of the poet be the historic record of a resolution which has passed into action.

"I love to kiss each print where Christ did set his pilgrim feet,
Nor can I fear that blessed path whose traces are so sweet!"

"*Don't hold back from letting him use you,*" and then the joy of being "approved of him" will be the fitting crown of being "accepted in the Beloved!"

"Dismiss me not thy service, Lord,
But train me for thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

"Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share, too, his Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray!"

V. J. C.

"The Lord will Provide."

A COUNTRY minister writes us:—"Our old friend H. P., and his wife, were in very reduced circumstances, yet they always magnified the goodness of God, and testified to the loving-kindness of the Lord of providence.

"Having read and prayed with the poor old sufferer, and having put a small bright coin into his hand, I had hold of the door-latch, when he said, "Stay a minute, sir; I must tell you. The other day we had only a few crusts left, and my wife had gone out to gather a few sticks to make the kettle boil, that we might soak the dry crusts, so that we could eat them. I sat here very hungry, and sobbed myself to sleep. When I woke up, I found a paper parcel on the table; and when I opened it, to my surprise there was a beautiful little pudding. *It seemed as though the angels had brought it me.* I couldn't wait for my missis to come home, but, lifting up my heart to God, I began eating the pudding; and when she *did* come, what a happy time we had, *eating pudding and praising God!*"

Curious conglomeration! But in this life the sublime and the commonplace are very near of kin when religion is real. When angels came to Abraham he killed a calf, and Sarah made cakes. Yea, the Lord himself was at the meal! Yes, pudding and praise, loaves and hallelujahs may go well together! We like to note the familiarities of divine love.

C. H. S.

The Baptist Union Censure.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE censure passed upon me by the Council of the Baptist Union will be weighed by the faithful, and estimated at its true value. "Afterwards they have no more that they can do." I brought no charges before the members of the Council, because they could only judge by their constitution, and that document lays down no doctrinal basis except the belief that "the immersion of believers is the only Christian baptism." Even the mention of evangelical sentiments has been cut out from their printed programme. No one can be heterodox under this constitution, unless he should forswear his baptism. I offered to pay the fee for Counsel's opinion upon this matter, but my offer was not accepted by the deputation. There was, therefore, nothing for me to work upon, whatever evidence I might bring. What would be the use of exposing myself to threatened law-suits to gain nothing at all? Whatever may be said to the contrary, if we go to its authorized declaration of principles, it is clear that the Union is incompetent for any doctrinal judgment, except it should be needful to ascertain a person's views on baptism. I decline to submit to it any case which would be quite beyond its powers. Would any rational man act otherwise? I have rather too much proof than too little; but I am not going to involve others in litigation when nothing is to be gained.

I do not complain of the censure of the Council, or feel the least care about it. But was this the intent of its *loving* resolution? Is this the claw which was concealed by the velvet pad of its vote to send four doctors of divinity to me "to deliberate how the unity of the denomination can be maintained in truth, and love, and good works"? Did those who passed that resolution mean—we send these four men to put him to the question? Why, then, did they not say so? Did the world ever hear of such a result of a "deliberation"? The person with whom they deliberate upon union "in truth, and love, and good works" is questioned and condemned! Let plain-sailing Christian men judge between me and this Council.

The question now to be answered is—"Does this decision represent the opinion of the Baptist Union?" It may be so. It may be that the Council is elected in such a manner that it is fairly representative. It may be that the churches will admire the conduct of their prominent men. I do not believe it. It is not for me, as an outsider, to raise the question; but surely there are members of the Union who will consider it, and act accordingly.

I have, in simple brotherly kindness, given the advice which was asked of me; but had I known the secret object of the deputation from the Council, I would not have given it any advice of any sort. These gentlemen came, avowedly, to me to deliberate upon "unity in truth, and love, and good works"; but their real errand was not what was openly avowed. What they were driving at is made clear by the facts. Before considering as a Council the advice which, in any fair English construction of the words, was the object aimed at, they censure the man with whom they professed to deliberate. How is this consistent

with itself? It is quite as well that their resolutions should be as incomprehensible as their doctrinal position is indefinable. But this goes far to render my recommendations useless. Is it not a waste of breath to deliberate under such circumstances? When language is used rather to conceal a purpose than to express it, it becomes fearfully doubtful whether any form of doctrine can be so worded as to be of the slightest use. Nevertheless, I would like all Christendom to know that all I asked of the Union is that it be formed on a Scriptural basis; and that I never sought to intrude upon it any Calvinistic or other personal creed, but only that form of belief which has been accepted for many years by the Evangelical Alliance, which includes members of well-nigh all Christian communities.

To this it was replied that there is an objection to any creed whatever. This is a principle which one may fairly discuss. Surely, what we believe may be stated, may be written, may be made known; and what is this but to make and promulgate a creed? Baptists from the first have issued their confessions of faith. Even the present Baptist Union itself has a creed about baptism, though about nothing else. The churches of which it is composed have nearly all of them a creed of some sort, and the very men who object to a creed many of them hold offices which require adhesion to certain doctrines, implied, if not actually written down. Trust-deeds of chapels and colleges usually have some doctrinal declaration; and how persons who hold positions connected with churches and institutions having creeds can fairly object to them when they meet in a united character, I am quite unable to see. Certain members of the Council talk about having expelled Unitarians: does not this admit that they have already an unwritten Trinitarian creed? Why not print it? Possibly "modern thought" has methods of getting over this which have never occurred to my unsophisticated mind.

To say that "a creed comes between a man and his God," is to suppose that it is not true; for truth, however definitely stated, does not divide the believer from his Lord. So far as I am concerned, that which I believe I am not ashamed to state in the plainest possible language; and the truth I hold I embrace because I believe it to be the mind of God revealed in his infallible Word. How can it divide me from God who revealed it? It is one means of my communion with my Lord, that I receive his words as well as himself, and submit my understanding to what I see to be taught by him. Say what he may, I accept it because he says it, and therein pay him the humble worship of my inmost soul.

I am unable to sympathize with a man who says he has no creed; because I believe him to be in the wrong by his own showing. He ought to have a creed. What is equally certain, he has a creed—he must have one, even though he repudiates the notion. His very unbelief is, in a sense, a creed.

The objection to a creed is a very pleasant way of concealing objection to discipline, and a desire for latitudinarianism. What is wished for is a Union which will, like Noah's Ark, afford shelter both for the clean and for the unclean, for creeping things and winged fowls.

Every Union, unless it is a mere fiction, must be based upon certain

principles. How can we unite except upon some great common truths? And the doctrine of baptism by immersion is not sufficient for a groundwork. Surely, to be a Baptist is not everything. If I disagree with a man on ninety-nine points, but happen to be one with him in baptism, this can never furnish such ground of unity as I have with another with whom I believe in ninety-nine points, and only happen to differ upon one ordinance. To form a union with a single Scriptural ordinance as its sole distinctive reason for existence has been well likened to erecting a pyramid upon its apex: the whole edifice must sooner or later come down. I am not slow to avow my conviction that the immersion of believers is the baptism of Holy Scripture, but there are other truths beside this; and I cannot feel fellowship with a man because of this, if in other matters he is false to the teaching of Holy Scripture.

To alter the foundation of a building is a difficult undertaking. Underpinning is expensive and perilous work. It might be more satisfactory to take the whole house down, and reconstruct it. If I had believed that the Baptist Union could be made a satisfactory structure, I could not then have remained in it; because to do so would have violated my conscience. But *my* conscience is no guide for others. Those who believe in the structure, and think that they can rectify its foundation, have my hearty sympathy in the attempt. Let them give themselves to it earnestly and with firm resolve: they will have need of all their earnestness and resolution. In the Assembly, in the Associations, and in the churches they can urge their views, and make it plain that they mean to make the Union an avowedly Evangelical body on the old lines of faith. This they must do boldly, and without flinching. I have no very assured hope of their success, for the difficulties are exceedingly great; but let them combine, and work unitedly, and persistently, year after year, and they may do something, if not everything. It is not for me to lead in a work which I have been forced to abandon; but there are other men who are less known, but not less resolute, and these should take their turn. The warfare has been made too personal; and certain incidents in it, upon which I will not dwell, have made it too painful for me to feel any pleasure in the idea of going on with it. It might even appear that I desired to be reinstated in the Union, or wished to head a party in it, and this is very far from my mind. But let no man imagine that I shall cease from my protests against false doctrine, or lay down the sword of which I have thrown away the scabbard. However much invited to do so, I shall not commence personalities, nor disclose the wretched facts in all their details; but with confirmatory evidence perpetually pouring in upon me, and a solemn conviction that the dark conspiracy to overthrow the truth must be dragged to light, I shall not cease to expose doctrinal declension wherever I see it. With the Baptist Union, as such, I have now no hampering connection; but so far as it takes its part in the common departure from the truth, it will have to put up with my strictures, although it has so graciously kicked me under pretext of deliberation.

Will those who are with me in this struggle remember me in their constant prayers to the Lord, whom in this matter I serve in my soul and spirit?

Notices of Books.

The Word in the Heart: Notes on the Devotional Study of Holy Scripture. By Rev. W. T. Davison, M.A. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street.

It is written in praise of the Word of God, and therefore we must give it a hearty word of welcome. Even in the chapter upon Holiness we find ourselves much in accord with this Methodist friend, because he is in accord with the Word of God, and sees the power of that Word upon the heart.

The Story of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, told in Simple Language. One hundred and thirteen illustrations. Partridge and Co.

As a quarter of a million copies of this work have been already sold in America, the publishers may be quite sure that it will have a large circulation here. The work deserves to be popular. The whole story of the Bible is told in a style which children can understand, and as little of comment as possible is put with it. It is not the Bible, nor is it meant to take any one off from reading the sacred volume itself; but it is an outline of Bible history thrown into language suitable for the young. This noble volume, richly adorned with excellent engravings, is to be had for five shillings. It should be in every family as the child's first book. So little seems to be known of Holy Scripture by the bulk of grown-up people that it would be a vast gain to godliness if the members of the rising generation could be grounded in the inspired Book from their earliest days. In some respects this deserves to be called *the book of the season for the young.* Get it at once if you have children rising one above another like the steps of a staircase.

Light from the Old Lamp, and *Honey in the Comb:* being Vols. I. and II. of "Home-Spun Homilies." By J. Jackson Wray. Nisbet and Co.

These are graphic sermons; full of life and energy, and on the old gospel lines. We do not think them deep, but we certainly think them clear, and calculated to do much good. As the occupant of Whitefield's pulpit, at Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle, Mr. Wray maintains the prestige of the position by a full congregation and a working church. His is not the neatness which verges upon weakness, nor the rhetoric which tends to grandiloquence: his style is free, manly, forcible, and after the order of common-sense. The doctrine is good, but it might go further without the hearer faring worse.

Faint yet Pursuing, and other Sermons. By E. G. Hardy, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square.

These are good moral sermons, if sermons can be good that are moral only. Two or three out of the thirty-two are upon evangelical subjects, but they are so handled as to deprive them of their evangelical meaning. A sermon upon the text, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean," commences with the idea of being made clean by the hyssop of punishment, and goes on to teach that sins are cleansed by the hyssop of suffering their natural and just consequence. In another discourse, the evangelical view of the atonement is said to charge God with injustice; and the hope is expressed that it will soon cease to be spoken of as such. The talent and aptitude to teach which are here displayed are worthy of higher themes.

The Homiletic Magazine. Vol. XVI. January to June, 1887. Nisbet & Co.

We differ very greatly from some of the opinions expressed in this volume, but, on the whole, we are impressed with the value and variety of its contents. Different opinions are made known by such a publication, and those who can winnow will find wheat.

The Weekly Pulpit. A Series of Sermons, Outlines, Critical and Homiletical Notes, &c., &c. For the use of Preachers. Vol. II. Elliot Stock.

A volume which any hard-working preacher would value, because of the substantial help it would afford him. Here is nothing flashy, but much that is solid in itself and suggestive of more. We have no idea who the good man may be who quietly sends forth so much useful preaching material, but he must work very hard, and have a prolific mind, if he does it all himself; yet this would seem to be very nearly the case, since only a few articles bear initials.

The Walk that pleases God. By the Rev. EVAN H. HOPKINS. Marshall Brothers.

A LIVING book: a flower perfumed with fellowship with God. This beloved servant of God aims at holiness not only in himself but in all the Lord's family, and he pursues his object with ardour and discretion. Every now and then, in these pages, we feel half afraid that he is going to broach some of the false theories of the so-called "Holiness party," but he draws up in due time, and does not tumble over the precipice. Holiness sought after, and holiness attained, are sacred objects; but holiness claimed and crowed over is a fearful thing, out of which all manner of falsehoods and fanaticisms have arisen. Happy are the people who attend a ministry so soundly evangelical as that of Mr. Hopkins, and are continually urged to the highest and healthiest spiritual life. We do not wonder that his book is in the second edition, it is so gracious. We read it with pleasure a year ago, and cannot tell how it is that we have failed to insert a notice of it. How often it happens that a thing which one specially intends to do is put out of the common routine, and then is left undone!

Is there Salvation after Death? A Treatise on the Gospel in the Intermediate State. By Dr. E. D. MORRIS, Lane Theological Seminary. Hodder and Stoughton.

SCRIPTURE knows nothing of post-mortem salvation. Moses Stuart has well said: "The question is not what this or that person wishes, or desires to have true, but what do the Sacred Writings teach?" This question Dr. Morris has discussed with great force of argument, and he has established the orthodox faith of the Protestant church upon the firm rock of Revelation. Human sentiment is set up as another foundation, but this is more shifting than sand or cloud. However much men may recoil from the awful truth which is so clearly set forth in the infallible Word, the doctrine maintains its hold upon reverent minds, and will maintain it, because it cannot be erased from Scripture, nor can an unwilling fear that it is true be quite banished even from the natural conscience. The deepest Christian experience confirms the teaching of the Holy Ghost as to the infinite horror of the consequences of sin, and no argument can dislodge from the renewed mind its consent to any disclosure which God may make as to the eternal result of evil.

To our mind, one of the strongest practical arguments for the received doctrine is the practical mischief which must follow from any of the various theories which are set up in its place. They seem to be more loving, but their logical and legitimate fruit is present indifference to the salvation of souls. We are not sure that we might not add heartlessness about men altogether. Of course one cares less when he believes that there is less reason for care. If sinners are to be restored in a future state, let them eat and drink, and let us sleep soundly, and waste no effort upon them. But future restoration is foreign to Christianity. We have no such belief in the Reformed churches. We consider Universalism to be the most deadly of all the errors which have plagued the church of God. If it were true, it would render the gospel of to-day a superfluity, because its neglect would involve a loss too small to be likely to arouse any man's fear, while its acceptance would secure a present gain scarcely worth the pains involved in the trials of the spiritual life. Why men should preach at all when once they receive this theory, we cannot tell; certainly, we see no reason why anybody should be at the trouble of hearing them.

Talks with Bread-winners. By the Rev. WALTER J. MATHAMS. Alexander and Shepheard.

VERY well-meant addresses. We should have liked them all the better had they been delivered on week-days: still, they are very much better than certain other popular lectures which have been the Sunday food proffered to the masses by professed preachers of the gospel. Mr. W. J. Mathams has a homely and earnest style which secures him a hearing.

Popular Christianity. A Series Lectures delivered in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. By Mrs. BOOTH. Salvation Army Book Depôt.

WE do not agree with certain of the doctrines here taught, but bating a certain air of assumption, which is apparent here and there, we heartily agree in the spirit of these lectures. Mrs. Booth believes, and therefore speaks; she believes in the reality of sin, and does not fear to denounce it; she believes in the Redeemer's sacrifice, and would have every Christian proclaim it. The life-and-death earnestness of her sentences may well make them seem censorious, especially to those who most deserve to be censured. The speaker is all on fire, no wonder that some are burned. We can overlook all the points on which we differ when we see that a desire to uplift the fallen is the uppermost emotion. We do not pronounce any opinion upon Salvation Army methods, but only say of these addresses that they point out dangerous evils, war against deadly errors, urge to intense service, and exhibit faith in the gospel, and in the Holy Spirit's power to apply it to the hearts of the most abandoned.

Brave Hearts and Busy Hands. Lessons for Workers, from Nehemiah, Haggai, and Ezra. By CAPTAIN DAWSON. Shaw and Co.

WHATEVER we have seen by Captain Dawson has always been meat to our soul. His little books are sweet in savour, sententious in style, and full of sterling Scriptural teaching.

The Bards of the Bible. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Seventh edition. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE do not wonder that this remarkable book continues to command readers. It is a prose poem, somewhat stilted and grandiose, but yet attractive to minds of a certain cast. Its language is often bombastic and fulsome. At times our author's sublime expressions go that one step beyond which lands them in the ridiculous. We would not say that he sinks to bathos, but what else can we say? Moreover, he is too familiar with the Holiest; not in the sense of communing with it, but in literary remarks upon it. We hardly care to see a man with a pencil and note-book entering within the veil.

When reading Gilfillan, we feel like a man eating sweetmeats, or dining off highly-seasoned dishes. We are not sure that the diet is quite wholesome, and yet our palate is tickled, and we are bound to keep on eating till we are satiated. Many passages are glorious; we know of nothing finer—yes, that is the very word—the book is *fine*, with finery, much of it costly and precious, and some of it tawdry and worthless. Sorry should we have been to have missed such glowing pages as these; when we read them in our youth, our eyes flashed again, and they do so even now; but yet we cannot commend without making known our exceptions. We do not find our reverence for Scripture increased by the often questionable literary criticisms and comparisons of Gilfillan, and we do not feel that *spiritually* "The Bards of the Bible" is a good book. Still, it is a book, and that is saying a good deal when all around us are heaps of mere printed paper.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. James Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a reprint of articles by different authors from *The Homiletic Magazine*. Other religions are compared, rather than, as we think they should have been, contrasted with Christianity. Natural religion must in some degree be blended with all faiths, but the distinguishing peculiarities of Christianity have no analogies in other religions, except so far as those religions have borrowed from it. It is surprising that the Bible should have come down to us through so many ages with so little in common, either in morals or in religion, with other original writings. That Paul should have made three quotations from heathen poets is sufficient, in Archdeacon Farrar's opinion, not only to prove that there is some accordance between heathen and Christian systems of religion, but that there is such a thing as ethnic inspiration. This is mere fancy. That heathens should have been inspired so little, and no more, is hard to be understood. In proof of such inspiration, we are referred to the

declaration that Christ "was life, and the life was the light of men"; but light without life is not the true light: where Jesus is truly light to men he is life also. This attempt to rationalize Christianity, by endeavouring to show that natural ideas and superstitions are somewhat in harmony with it, only serves to prove that the faith taught in the New Testament is infinitely remote from every other.

Love the Fulfilling of the Law. Extracts from the Writings and Manuscripts of the late Norman Macleod, D.D. Selected and arranged by his daughter, A. C. MACLEOD. Charles Burnet and Co., 9, Buckingham Street, Strand.

To many admirers of the great Norman Macleod this volume will be welcome. We think the title is misleading, for one naturally expects a treatise upon the subject named; instead of which we have extracts from various sermons somewhat ingeniously threaded together. The sketches and papers at the end display the real genius of the man, fond of nature, manly, energetic, and with a mental eye for the poetry of things. We must confess that we do *not* enjoy the religious part of this volume. To us it lacks that unction which delights, and that saturation with Scripture which edifies. All minds are not constituted alike, and that which is no food to us may be refreshing to others.

Soul-winning; or, Church Life and Growth. By the Rev. FORSTER CROZIER. With an introduction by Rev. THOMAS CHAMPNESS. Hodder and Stoughton.

A STIRRING appeal to Methodists, exceedingly well-adapted to arouse workers of that denomination and of every other. Mr. Crozier is alive, and his soul is on fire. He is no hesitating questioner, or speculative thinker: he is in downright earnest to win souls from hell, and find recruits for the armies of heaven. We have much enjoyed his heavy blows at the doubts by which many professors make it all right with their consciences while their skirts are red with spiritual murder, through their indifference to the ruin of their fellow-men. May he have his reward in seeing Christians moving at a faster pace in all the ways of usefulness! The great object of soul-winning is dwindling in the esteem of many, because they have begun to think little of sin, little of the cross, and little of divine wrath. Everything which moves them in the opposite direction has our intense sympathy. We trust that this stirring book will have many readers, and as many fruitful practisers. The preface was a dainty morsel to us, and we cannot forbear quoting it. When so many are abusing him, it is sweet to see that, long ago, the minister of the Tabernacle was a co-worker with others in influencing earnest lives in regions beyond the Baptist community; yes, and beyond that "narrow Calvinism" which is supposed to be his grievous weakness. There are thousands who have never complained of that supposed narrowness, but have been content to take the Lord's own gospel, even from the hand of one who has never concealed his delight in the doctrines of grace. Here are the opening sentences of the preface:

"I was born of God in a village revival, and was privileged in my early youth to have put into my hands that soul-stirring book, Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire.' At the time of my candidature for the ministry, I was favoured by hearing Charles Haddon Spurgeon preach for the first time in his then new Tabernacle. What of these events? They are all common-place enough, it may be said. Thousands have been born of God in humble village sanctuaries, and in connection with village revivals, and who that is interested in aggressive Christianity has not read Mr. Arthur's arousing book, and who has not heard the great preacher of the Tabernacle? True! And yet these were not common-place events to me. For a quarter of a century they have had to do with shaping character, life, and work. The following pages are in some sense their fruit."

The Imitation of Christ Birthday Book. Edited by the Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther." Nelson.

TEXTS from Scripture, and appropriate selections from Thomas à Kempis.

Very well; but the scraps from 'The Imitation of Christ" are too small to have much instruction in them. If such a book of sentences must be made, the work is very well done; but we do not see the special adaptation of the writing of Thomas à Kempis to this form of literary mincemeat.

Scripture Natural History. I. *The Trees and Plants mentioned in the Bible.* By W. H. GROSER. Religious Tract Society.

WE prize all the books included in the series named "By-paths of Bible Knowledge," and we judge this to be one of the best of them. Being well acquainted with other and larger works upon the botany of Scripture, we take a special interest in the subject, and are able to make a fair comparison; and we deliberately say that we can commend this hand-book in preference to more bulky and pretentious volumes. Among other tests we carefully examined the article "Olive," and found more under that head than we had met with in any other compilation. Ministers, teachers, and Bible-readers of all classes should secure such a genuine, full, and condensed treatise as this. Teachers might very easily find a score of interesting addresses here.

De Incarnatione Verbi Dei; or, Athanasius on the Incarnation. Translated, with an Introductory Analysis, Synopsis, and Notes, by T. HERBERT BINDLEY, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

BY the "Christian Classics Series" the Tract Society places all students under a great obligation, but specially those who have neither learning nor time sufficient for the reading of the Fathers in the original. These ancient writings are not always clear in doctrinal statement, but they are always valuable as evidences of the condition of religious belief in the early centuries, and as the production of masters in Israel, Athanasius is known to all the church as he who against the world maintained the truth of the Godhead of our Lord, and hence anything which he has to say will command reverent attention. Some of his illustrations are peculiarly excellent. We select the following:—

"For as, when a portrait painted on a panel has disappeared in consequence of external stains, there is need again for him to come whose the portrait is, that the likeness may be renewed on the same material; because for the sake of his picture the material itself on which it has been painted is not thrown away, but the likeness is retraced upon it: so, similarly, the All-holy Son of the Father, being the image of the Father, came into our sphere to renew man made after himself, and to find him as one lost, through the remission of sins; the which he himself says in the gospels, 'I came to seek and to save that which was lost.'"

The Self-revelation of Jesus Christ, with an Explanation of some Naturalistic Hypotheses. By JOHN KENNEDY, D.D. William Isbister.

DR. KENNEDY is master of his argument, and writes with the clearness and energy of full assurance. This work is worthy to be a standard book upon the controversy with the Unitarians and others. To our mind he renders it utterly absurd to profess to believe in Jesus as a teacher or an example if his Godhead be denied. He meets all the suggestions of Renan, Strauss, Edwin Abbott, and many others, and gives them answers abundantly sufficient; but, valuable as this part of the book may be, we weary in the reading of such blasphemies even when their refutation is overwhelming. The main body of the volume is refreshing to the heart as well as establishing to the intellect. Plain Christians will not need to have it elaborately proved that their Saviour is God; but ministers and teachers, and men exposed to the sceptical atmosphere which now hangs about us like the shadow of death may find in the pages of Dr. Kennedy strength and health. With seven-and-sixpence, the brother who is called upon to defend the vital doctrine of the deity of Christ may, by purchasing this book obtain an armoury of weapons, true as steel.

The Mother's Picture Alphabet. Pretty Pictures for Tiny Pets. Bible Pictures and Stories. Stories and Pictures of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes. Pets Abroad. Our Picture Book. Partridge and Co.

TAKE note of these six books as being for price and quality the very best for gifts to the very little ones. They are full of first-class engravings, and are got-up in the best possible style. The price in illustrated boards is only one shilling each, but they are so good that they are worth the extra shilling for which they can be had bound in cloth.

Our Holiday Hours. Cassell and Co.

LUDGATE HILL provides for juvenile readers some twelve illustrated books at one shilling each. They *are* books, let me tell you. Each one makes your eyes dash as you see the painted cover, like a little meadow, all besprent with buttercups and daisies. To go within the cover to the book itself is to find great wealth of beauty and good news. Well done, Cassell and Company! How we wish we could be juvenile again! No, we don't.

Saratoga Chips and Carlsbad Wafers. By NATHAN SHEPPARD. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

FULL of witty sayings, and describing both Saratoga and Carlsbad in such a way as to make us cry, "How happy could I be at either!" This paper-covered book contains a fund of information and amusement.

Great Britain. Handbook for Travellers. By K. BAEDEKER. Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square.

ESSENCE of meat. Correct, but necessarily brief. Three kingdoms in a book the size of a pocket Bible! Good maps: all good, but too small for practical use, except for a foreigner who wants to do "The Isles Britannic," as the English do the Continent.

The Glory of the Sea. By DARLEY DALE. With Illustrations by CHARLES WHYMPER, and a Table of the Principal British Shells. Religious Tract Society.

AN ingenious way of getting people to imbibe a taste for conchology. The story is not the most probable we have ever read, but its moral is pure, and the incidents are sufficiently on the move to make the book go.

Barney: a Soldier's Story. By the Author of "Young Ishmael Conway," "Us Three," &c. Shaw and Co.

A CAPITAL story, in which plain, sound, gospel truth is introduced in the most natural and interesting manner.

Paul and Christina. By AMELIA A. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

A SAD story, but beautifully told, of a Shetland fisherman and his vain, pleasure-loving, young wife, who marred his life by her obstinate folly, despite his patient love and trust in God. We did not expect to find in a story written by a Pedobaptist an exposure of the superstition engendered by the practice of infant sprinkling among those who, on other points, are evangelical. The closing chapters about the dead "unbaptized bairn," and the Presbyterian pastor's distress on its account, might open the most firmly-closed eyes of those who follow this cunningly-devised fable.

The Fugitives; or, The Tyrant Queen of Madagascar. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Nisbet and Co.

A GRAND book for young people, especially suitable for a school prize, or Christmas present, for boys. Full of incidents of peril and heroism, it will interest young and old. The author says: "I think it is allowable to say that this is a true story, for fiction has only been introduced for the purpose of piecing together a number of most interesting facts in regard to Madagascar, and the terrible persecutions that took place there in the early part and middle of the present century."

The Gates Between. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Ward and Lock.

SUCH literature panders to the unhallowed desire to break through the veil which hides us from the world of spirits. It is as evil as necromancy, and as abhorrent to all right-minded persons; but with the silly million it will be popular. Let no godly person be deceived by the varnish of religion with which such books are made to shine; the matter itself is rottenness.

Cost what it may. A story of Cavaliers and Roundheads. By EMMA E. HORNIBROOK. Hodder and Stoughton.

A TALE of the right sort: full of stirring life, but never forgetful of its lesson. The deep designs of Rome are here unmasked, but we are also made to see their real shallowness as compared with the purposes of God. The Puritan is more than a match for the Jesuit in the long run. Craft builds upon the sand after all, and only simple truthfulness rests on the rock. This would be a handsome book for a present. Both as to its case and its contents it is a thing of beauty.

Briar and Palm. A Study of Circumstance and Influence. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

EXCEEDINGLY well-meant. To our fancy the situations are rather too strained. We can scarcely believe in the combination of such incidents and characters in one volume of human history. Still, there is not a line which is of other than a holy savour, and this in fiction is a matter for high praise in times when so much that is questionable, both morally and religiously, is presented in the attractive form of imaginary history.

Mr. Bartholomew's Little Girl. By L. MARSTON. Author of "Cripple Jess." Shaw and Co.

YES, a sweet story, if only it were likely. The power of the best of books is set forth in a touching way. Let the children read it.

Insect Ways on Summer Days: in Garden, Forest, Field, and Stream. By JENNETT HUMPHREYS. Blackie and Sons.

AN exceedingly pretty book. We do not quite like this lady's style: her rhymes seem to us a little babyish. Yet she says a great many good things which children ought to know. Silly fears of spiders and earwigs would no more be heard of if such literature as this were placed in all our nurseries and schools. We question if half the grown-up folks of our acquaintance know what this children's book would teach them about thrips, ticks, Hessian flies, turnip flies, &c., &c. Without reserve we commend the book. Older folks should buy it, read it, and then hand it over to younger folks.

In Cheviots Glens. By JANE T. STODDART. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

VERY good; but rather heavy reading; at least, we have found it so.

In Savage Africa. By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L. Nelsons.

COMMANDER CRAMMERON is, of course, no relation of Baron Munchausen, but he reminds us strongly of that redoubtable traveller. It is not that any one of the adventures of Master Baldwin might not possibly have happened; but to throw that young gentleman into so many sensational positions is to pile on the agony a little too much. We should not a bit wonder if this book became extremely popular with boys, for nothing can well be too lively for the youthful imagination; but it is rather too much for our more sober judgment. When Franki holds on by the tail of an enraged buffalo, we frankly confess that we are glad the tale holds on no longer, but comes to a happy end. The engravings are first-rate.

The Minister of Ebenezer Chapel. By ANNIE M. BARTON. Crombie.

IT may be so. Dissenters may thus treat their ministers. We wish it were never so: we hope it is seldom so. The picture is, we trust, an exaggeration; and yet truth is often clearly to be seen in a caricature.

Martin's Inheritance; or, the Story of Life's Chances. By E. VAN SOMMER. Nelson and Sons.

THE lesson of this story is lofty, and seldom so learned as to be put into practice. A young woman, of firm yet tender mind, bears her witness bravely and painfully against intemperance. She sees the love of drink gradually ruining her friends, and she speaks to them personally about the fascinating habit; and though she suffers much in consequence, she develops grandly in the process, and becomes in the end a matron clothed with holy influence, and enthroned in the love of all who know her. No books can be produced in a better style than those sent forth by Nelson and Sons.

The Life of William Morley Punshon, LL.D. By FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have given large notes upon this volume in the body of the magazine, which we hope will whet the appetites of many. The work costs twelve shillings, and will secure many purchasers, especially among Methodists.

The Railway Signal. 186, Aldersgate Street. This makes a handsome volume: it contains some excellent things, but if it is to be largely read by railway men it will need improvement. It seems better adapted for Christian workers among railwaymen than for the men themselves. Still, it is a first-rate beginning, and it will grow.

Notes.

SOME friends have been at special pains to strike us by withdrawing monetary help; but in a remarkable manner we have been lifted above all such considerations by the overflowing liberality of many whose hearts the Lord has touched. Our funds were never in a better condition, so that anxiety is kept far from us.

Moneys sent to us without any special designation will henceforth be acknowledged under the head of—

FOR GENERAL USE IN THE LORD'S WORK.

It is extremely useful to us to have some amounts at our disposal; and when friends leave their gifts at our discretion, we shall feel much helped by being able to use them for those parts of our work which are most in need of help. Just now, when many matters are cut loose, this is of peculiar service to us, and we are happy that so many have foreseen the need, and have been eager to meet it.

Now that the offensive personage has been finished off, it will be well to forget *him*, and go on to the main question. *Does the Baptist Union hold the doctrine of future probation?* Many of its members avow it. Members of its high-handed Council glory in it. It could somewhat clear its blurred reputation if it passed a resolution setting forth that it rejected the dream of future probation and restoration as unscriptural, unprotestant, and a stranger among Baptists. If it does not do so, we may expect to hear a full-blown purgatory preached, and prayers for the dead will follow as a matter of course. Friends are welcome to say what they like about Spurgeon, but what about the gospel? and what about those who are preaching new doctrines?

The last thing we should care to see would be trials for heresy. These do more harm than good. But there is no need for them. If there be certain definite doctrines laid down, men who honestly differ will go; and if they do not, their remaining will not be the fault of their brethren. The Baptist Union could readily clear itself without going into personal details. Let it tell the world what it believes. And yet we do not know whether its present council could be trusted to do *that*: it might say one thing, and mean another.

Meanwhile, we look for a gracious revival as the true antidote for the new unbelief. The truth is being preached more boldly already, and we may look for corresponding fruit. Prayer goes up to God day and night, and a blessing must come as the result of it. The tender sympathy which we continue to receive from all sections of the church is a proof that the Lord has thousands of faithful ones still in the land; while the horribly blasphemous letters which are sent to us prove that infidels and men of the world regard our opponents as the advocates of theories with which atheists agree. They look on us as a benighted, old-fashioned Puritan, almost beneath their scorn; and we are grateful to them for this unconscious witness to our fidelity.

Our dear friend, Dr. Kalley, formerly of Madeira and Brazil, has just gone home. His was a concentrated life indeed! We count it a great honour to have co-operated with him, especially in educating Mr. Dos Santos, and sending him out to Rio Janeiro to take the pastorate. One of the last acts of his life was to assist with his purse in an effort to scatter the "Down-Grade" papers. The doctor was nearly eighty, a ripe saint, gathered in his season.

The Secretary of the Rescue Society, Mr. C. Stuart Thorpe, asks to be allowed to appeal to our readers for special help, in consequence of the loss sustained by the burning of the Preventive Training Home for Girls, at Woodford. To reinstate the Home in full working order will necessitate an outlay of £1,000 beyond the amount insured. Mr. Thorpe will be grateful for clothing suitable for girls of fourteen to sixteen years of age, for bedding, and all kinds of furniture; or for contributions, which may be paid to Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, or sent to the office of the Society, 79, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Mrs. Golding, one of our oldest church-members, was matron of this home, and for her sake, as well as for other reasons, we hope the loss will be made up.

The ladies connected with our COLPORTAGE.

WORKING SOCIETY wish us to say that they will be very grateful for gentlemen's partly-worn garments, or materials that they can make up for the colporteurs and their families. Parcels or contributions may be sent to Mrs. Pearce, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, S.E. Will friends not only read this, but put it in practice, by turning out their half-worn coats before the moths get at them?

Never did the Pastor have a more hearty "welcome home" than was accorded to him on his return from Mentone last month. On *Lord's-day, January* 8, the Tabernacle was crowded, both morning and evening; and on the following evening nearly 2,000 friends gathered for tea, and afterwards the Tabernacle was again full, with the exception of part of the upper gallery, although a dense fog prevailed outside, preventing many from coming who were doubtless present in spirit. The meeting was held for the double purpose of welcoming the Pastor back to his work, and of publicly celebrating the publication of his 2,000th sermon in the regular weekly issue of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. All the ministers who had occupied the Tabernacle platform during Mr. Spurgeon's absence, were invited, and the following brethren came:—Dr. Sinclair Paterson, and Pastors David Davies (Brighton), G. Duncan, D.D. (Hornsey Rise), E. H. Ellis (Stoke Newington), E. Roberts (South London Tabernacle), J. A. Spurgeon (Croydon), C. Spurgeon (Greenwich), W. Stott (St. John's Wood), W. Thomas (Victoria Park), F. H. White (Talbot Tabernacle), and W. Williams (Upton Chapel). Most of these ministers either prayed or spoke, and the Pastor gave interesting details concerning some of his 2,000 published sermons. The secular and religious press gave long reports of the meeting, so that it is only needful to say here that the greatest heartiness and enthusiasm pervaded the whole assembly, and made the meeting to be one that will long be remembered by all who took part in it.

On *Monday evening, January* 16, special interest was given to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness; their son, Dr. Guinness; and their daughter, who was shortly to sail for China; and several of the students from Harley House, Bow-road, who were going abroad as missionaries. Addresses were given by Mr. Guinness and his son, and earnest prayers were offered by several brethren on behalf of the departing labourers, as well as for various special objects for which requests had been received. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon spoke a few farewell words to each of the brethren and sisters who were leaving for the foreign field, and then commended them personally to the Lord in prayer, the congregation audibly responding at the close of each petition. The Pastor also pleaded with the Lord very fervently for the recovery of Mr. William Olney from the painful affliction from which he has so long suffered. It was a grand gathering, both as to numbers and spirit, and must have been very helpful both to those who were leaving England, and those who are labouring for the Lord at home.

On *Monday evening, January* 23, a large company of praying brethren and sisters again met at the Tabernacle, and spent a most delightful season in supplication and thanksgiving. The Pastor mentioned some remarkable instances of the Lord's loving-kindness in moving friends to send him special help in the present time of trial. Mr. Pigott, who was about to return to China with his wife and ten other missionaries of the China Inland Mission, spoke of the needs of that great empire, and pleaded for more labourers amongst the vast multitudes that have none to tell them of Jesus. An address was also delivered by the Rev. F. O. Williams, Vicar of St. Stephen's Church, Leeds, who is giving himself to the work of the Lord in China, forsaking his income and position to serve God among the heathen. There is such a torrent of praying feeling at the Tabernacle just now that it must carry everything before it. Whatever brawls disturb the street, we pray in peace at home.

The *Thursday evening congregations* have been exceedingly good since the Pastor's return, although there is still room for more. Friends who have a difficulty in getting into the Tabernacle on Sundays may always find a seat on the week-nights. We shall never be satisfied until the building is as full on Mondays and Thursdays as it is on the Lord's-day.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Ruthven, who was obliged, through ill-health, to resign the pastorate at Wycliffe Chapel, Reading, has been sufficiently restored to take charge of the church at Willingham, Cambs.

The following brethren have removed:—
—Mr. T. A. Carver, from East-street, Walworth, to Dartford, Kent; Mr. D. C. Chapman, from Billingboro', to Sutton St. James, Tydd St. Giles, and Gedney Hill, Lincolnshire; Mr. D. Sharp, from Twerton-on-Avon, to Shepton Mallet; Mr. W. Smith, from Arthur-street, King's Cross, to Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square; Mr. J. G. Williams, from Nottingham, to Attercliffe, Sheffield; and Mr. R. Holmes, from Orillia, Ontario, to Pittston, Pennsylvania.

Mr. R. J. Middleton, who went to Australia some months since, has settled at Marrickville, Near Petersham, New South Wales.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor C. A. Fellowes, in sending us £50 as a thankoffering for Messrs. *Fullerton and Smith's* mission at St. Helier's, writes:—

"This is but an inadequate return to make for the blessings received through the services of these dear brethren. We cannot be sufficiently grateful for their visit. They were with us for three weeks, and from first to last crowded audiences gathered to hear the words of everlasting life from their lips. Old inhabitants of the island have told me that they cannot remember any series of similar services being characterized by so much enthusiasm. All the Nonconformist ministers and their respective churches entered most heartily into the mission, and among its invaluable results we reckon not the least important to have been the unprecedented manifestation of Christian unity which it evoked. But other fruits followed. We are thankful to report a manifest quickening of spiritual life amongst believers. The churches have been revived, and individual Christians have been moved to more complete consecration, and to intenser zeal in the Master's service. And, thank God, we can speak of manifold cases of conversion! How many we dare not say—God knows. We shrink, on the one hand, from what might appear to be a boastful parade of figures; and, on the other hand, from what might seem a limitation of the blessing to a specific number. Suffice it to say, that several hundred cases were dealt with in the enquiry-rooms; and if, perchance, some who have professed conversion should disappoint our hopes, yet, doubtless, there are many of whom we have not heard, in whom the Word is working silently but effectually.

"It would be superfluous for me to speak of the exceptional qualifications of these gifted brethren for their work. They are true yoke-fellows in the gospel, and each is specially adapted to his own branch of service. The universal desire seems to be that at no distant date Messrs. Fullerton and Smith should pay the island another and a longer visit. To invite them again will, perhaps, be the wisest way of demonstrating our appreciation of their services."

After leaving Jersey, our brethren went to Cambridge for the third time, and there great blessing rested upon their work. They then conducted a few services at the Tabernacle, and afterwards held a mission in Reading, in connection with the Sunday School Union representing all the churches. This also was a time of ingathering of many precious souls.

The following is the list of the Evangelists' probable engagements for the ensuing months:—Jan. 28 to Feb. 5, Pontypridd; Feb. 6 to 12, Abercarne; 18 to 23, Sutton, Surrey; Feb. 25 to March 1, Ampthill; March 3 to 8, Sutton, Yorkshire; 10 to 18, Rotherham; March 24 to April 1, Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth; April 2 to 5, Putney; 7 to 15, Northcote Road Chapel, Wandsworth Common; April 28 to May 10, Huddersfield.

Pastor J. S. Poulton writes concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Winslow:—"During the second week there was a marked increase in the attendance, which is attributable in part to the interest awakened by the first week of services, and partly to the fact that we had with us Pastor W. H. Broad, of Poplar, who is well fitted to 'do the work of an evangelist.' The meetings have ceased, but the work continues, and none but God can tell when and where it will stop. We shall look forward with very great pleasure to another visit from Mr. Burnham."

At Chalford, Mr. Burnham again had the able assistance of Brother Broad, for which he was very grateful, as he was still far from well. This month he goes to Clarence-road Chapel, Southend; and next month to Milton-street, Chester.

Mr. Harmer has recommenced his evangelistic work by holding a mission at Orpington, where many gathered to hear the word, and several came out on the Lord's side. He has since been at Modbury, Devonshire, and this month he goes to Newton Abbot and Redditch.

Mr. E. J. Parker sends us word that he finds abundant openings for evangelistic meetings in the United States, and that the Lord's blessing is resting upon his labours. He has recently been holding missions in New Jersey.

ORPHANAGE.—*Christmas Day.* In response to the President's appeal, everything necessary for the usual festivities was generously supplied by friends, and the children spent a very happy time. There are few more picturesque sights to be witnessed than the Stockwell Orphanage dining-hall on a Christmas-day, when the boys and girls are all seated for dinner. Before each child is placed a box of figs, a new shilling, a costume cosaque, an orange, and a Christmas card; then at given signals these articles are appropriated in succession, with a round of ringing cheers for the kind donors. Roast beef, with vegetables, and plum-pudding, constitute the staple articles of the feast; and these are served by the Trustees and other friends. When the old boys march in with the puddings, the walls re-echo to the shouts of the youngsters, who, donning the head-gear from the cosaques, transform the scene as if by magic. Votes of thanks to the President, Vice-President, Trustees, officers, and donors, are carried with acclamation; and then, after grace, the children adjourn to their play-halls, feeling all the richer for their gifts; grateful, too, for the kindness which makes Christmas at the Orphanage quite a red-letter day in their history. To the many friends whose gifts we acknowledge, we desire to tender our hearty thanks, and to re-echo the "Thank you and God bless you" of the widow and the fatherless.

Mr. Fullerton's article, entitled "S. O.," which appeared in this magazine, is now printed as No. 11 of the Stockwell Orphanage Tracts, and may be had for distribution.

Friends can help the Orphanage by circulating these booklets. They are only 3s. per 100, if obtained direct from the Secretary.

COLPORTAGE.—Another year of colportage work in connection with the Association has nearly closed. Although the difficulty of making sales has been increasingly great, yet encouraging results have been realized. The value of a Christian colporteur in dark and outlying villages and hamlets cannot be over-estimated, combining, as he does, the preacher, visitor, and distributor of good literature. It is hoped that friends in the various districts will continue to support the work, and not allow men to be withdrawn for want of funds, as we have been compelled to do in some instances lately. The reports received, both from the local superintendents and colporteurs, are full of interest and encouragement. A few extracts from these are appended :—

Mr. D. White, of Uxbridge, writes:—"Mr. Parkes continues to work with zeal for the Master, and I believe he is doing much good here. I think he grows more useful daily." Under the head of spiritual results he reports "two births from above."

A small book, entitled "Charlie Coulson," has been largely distributed, and has been much blessed in various districts.

Pastor H. J. Tresidder, of Newport, Isle of Wight, writes:—"The story of 'Charlie Coulson" seems to have a fascination in it. It was told in a children's service here by Miss Hamilton, of Black Gang, and several of our young people were led to decision. I obtained some copies from Mr. Hodge (the colporteur), and the distribution has been followed by expressions of deep interest."

Mr. Salter, of Cowes, has a boat at his disposal, by means of which he gets access to various craft in the harbour. He writes:—"I am thankful to say that I have been able to visit two foreign vessels, and several English ones. I made a few sales on board a French vessel, and on the English. I also gave away some French and English tracts, and the sailors read them whilst I was there. May the Lord bless them!"

Mr. Salter visits a large and scattered district around Cowes every month. At present we have no help whatever to continue this important district. Will not some good friend be moved to help to sustain the work around Cowes? The burden now falls upon the General Fund, for which contributions are constantly needed.

All enquiries will receive prompt attention from the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1887, to January 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr Hobby	1	1	0
Contribution from Victoria Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, per Pastor E. Henderson	4	0	0
"The Pastors' College," per T. H. O....	10	0	0
Collection at Drummond-road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Brigg	4	0	0
Mr. E. Shorthouse...	5	0	0
Collection at Bell-street Baptist Chapel, Romsey, per Pastor James Smith ...	1	0	0
Mr. Rainbow	0	5	0
Mrs. Pole	1	1	0
Mr. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	0	10	0
Mrs. Arnold...	1	1	0
Dividend on "Freeman" shares ...	0	8	0
"A reader of the sermons," Glasgow ..	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. W. Greenop	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Thatcher	0	5	0
Mr. R. Purser	0	10	0
Dr. Brougham	5	0	0
Sabbath-morning Fellowship Association of the Baptist Church, Selkirk	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"...	23	18	0
Mr. W. Moir	2	0	0
Mrs. Foster	1	0	0
Miss Sarah Mifflin...	1	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	5	0	0
Mr. Collins	5	0	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Mrs. Jane Brown	0	6	6
E. C.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	8	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	10	0
Mr. H. Ormond	3	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	2	6
Mrs. Macgregor	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas	2	0	0
Mrs. Hayes	5	0	0
Dear Granny	1	0	0
Miss S. A. Marshall	2	2	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0
Mr. William Ladbrook	1	0	0
Miss Hall	0	12	6
Mr. George Ranson	2	4	3
A sympathizer with Mr. Spurgeon ...	50	0	0
Mrs. Millen	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Gibson...	10	0	0
C. L. and friend	0	3	0
E. B. F. R.	5	0	0
Miss Ewing	2	0	0
Mr. F. Wright	1	1	0
Miss C. Taylor	0	2	6
Miss S. A. Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. J. Stokes	0	10	0
Mr. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Miss Harling	1	0	0
Mr. William Casson	1	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Dec. 18, 1887	46	13	2
,, 25	20	0	0
Jan. 1, 1888	20	15	9
,, 8	25	0	0
	121	8	11
	£310	3	2

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1887, to January 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Parker	1	0	0
Miss Callam	1	1	0
Mr. J. Lunn	0	10	0
Lyon Street Free Church Sabbath-school Society, per Mr. J. Scott	0	11	7
Mrs. Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. John Handy	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Young Women's Bible-class at Cheapside, Lancaster, per Mr. W. Brash	0	5	0
Stamps, Penzance	0	1	0
The Misses Bashall	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Parsons	1	8	0
Mrs. Johnston	1	0	0
A widow's mite	0	3	6
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Lewin Road, Streatham, per Miss E. A. Davis	1	1	0
Townley Street Mission, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	13	6
Miss Sarah Little	0	10	0
Mr. R. Ellis	0	10	0
Mrs. Wainwright, jun.	1	1	0
"Inasmuch"	0	10	0
Miss L. Bush	0	10	0
Miss Edwards' Sunday-school class, Denmark Place, Camberwell	0	8	6
Miss Jones	1	3	0
Mrs. Hassell	1	1	0
Mrs. Stewart Stewart	0	6	0
Mrs. Jackson	0	8	0
Collected by Miss E. L. Rawlins	0	13	4
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. and The Misses Lowe	2	0	0
Mr. A. G. Wing	0	5	0
Master W. Oakley	0	1	6
Mrs. E. Rice-Daniels	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	0	15	0
Collected by Miss B. Davies	0	16	3
Collected by Miss Jones	0	3	7
Baptist Sunday-school, Sittingbourne, per Mr. G. Mallett	1	11	4
Miss Meares	0	10	6
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mr. A. Storr	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Fletcher	0	2	6
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dougall	0	2	6
Mr. W. Willis	0	10	0
Mr. W. Anderson	0	10	0
Miss J. H. Morgan	0	4	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Cutts	0	5	0
Miss E. Ellis	0	6	0
Young Lady Tract Distributors, per Mrs. T. Frohock	0	10	0
Mr. T. Farrow	5	0	0
Mr. J. Malcolm	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mallett	0	5	6
Mrs. Brake	1	0	0
A. A. and S. Y.	1	0	0
Mr. Elliot Stock	5	0	0
C. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Willis	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Dexter	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Strowger	0	5	0
Mr. J. Parkinson	1	0	0
Miss A. Hackett	0	2	6
Mr. W. Rudd	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Cowan	0	4	0
Miss Lawson, per Mrs. M. Cowan	0	2	0
Mr. Thomas	1	1	0
S. D. C., Bideford	0	10	0
Mrs. L. H. Edwards	2	0	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Mr. H. Davie	0	5	0
Miss J. Stewart	0	5	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Matthewson	1	0	0
Masters Allan and Percy White	0	10	0
Mrs. Husk	0	10	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Mr. C. Scruby	0	10	0
Mr. J. Beaumont	0	5	0
Mr. J. Brown	0	5	0
Miss L. Barefoot	0	2	6
Mr. W. L. Maynard	0	10	0
T. E. S.	0	10	0
Samuel and Mary Morrison	1	0	0
Mr. J. Holt	0	3	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	1	0
Mr. E. Porter	0	5	0
Messrs. L. and H. Letch	1	1	0
Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D.	3	3	0
Miss C. Ely	0	10	0
Miss E. Beggs	0	2	6
Miss Dunbar	0	5	6
Mr. L. Berridge	0	2	0
Mrs. J. Houlgate	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mr. F. Beere	0	10	0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	0	10	0
Mr. H. R. Parker	1	1	0
Mr. J. Marshall	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Speed	0	5	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Near	0	2	6
Mr. A. Jungling	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pugh	2	2	0
Mrs. H. S. Gifford	0	2	6
Dr. Mackintosh	1	0	0
Miss McArthur	0	10	0
Mr. B. R. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. W. F. Keeble	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0
Mr. O. R. Wilkinson	1	1	0
Mr. George Jingey	1	0	0
H. P. C.	0	10	0
Mr. S. Halstaff Coles	0	10	0
L. P., Southend	0	2	6
Messrs. G. M. Hammer and Co.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Dunn	1	5	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	5	0	0
Miss A. K. Pritchard	0	5	0
Mr. J. Brown	7	0	0
Miss Yockney	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	3	5	6
Collected by Mrs. De Witte	0	3	4
Mr. T. W. Lister	2	0	0
Mr. J. Thorne	0	2	6
Mr. M. Brown	0	2	6
Mrs. Chiene	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Webb	2	0	0
Mr. C. Bainton	0	1	0
Miss Camps	0	5	0
Mrs. Clews	1	0	0
Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	1	0	0
A. J. A.	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher	0	7	8
Mr. George Mitchell	1	0	0
Rev. S. R. Young	0	2	6
Mr. T. Weir	1	5	0
Mrs. Wil-hire	0	5	0
Miss S. Simpson	0	10	6
Mrs. S. Willis	0	16	6

	£	s.	d.
Fines from a London establishment ...	1	13	6
From three friends...	6	7	6
Mr. W. Longhurst...	0	5	0
Teachers and children of the Borough Road Sunday and Evening-school, per Mr. George Stanhope	0	10	6
Miss J. Tingle	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Law	0	6	6
Mrs. Keeley	0	10	6
Mr. J. Briers	0	2	6
Mr. B. C. Forder	0	14	0
Mr. S. Bullock, per Mrs. Goslin ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Bew	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Derrick	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Burnett and family	0	5	0
Market Place, Newbury	0	10	0
Infants' Sunday-school Class at Colcford, per Mrs. Herbert	0	2	6
A sermon-reader, per Miss E. Higgs ...	0	10	0
Actuary	3	0	0
Mr. Bland	0	5	0
Mr. J. Climie	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Evans	0	15	0
Mr. Thomas Bush	0	2	6
Miss Jessie Clark	0	5	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
Postal order, Derby	0	4	6
Mrs. M. Munn	0	4	0
Mrs. Mattick	0	4	0
Mr. Thomas Dovey	0	2	6
Messrs. Wills and Packham	5	0	0
Rev. W. Parry	0	2	0
Collected by Miss A. Sortwell	0	9	0
Mrs. M. Rogers	0	10	0
Mrs. Jamieson	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Munro	1	0	0
Mr. Henry McClelland	0	5	0
Mr. P. T. Adams	1	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. John Merritt	612	16	2
Miss Z. M. Chapman	0	2	0
Mrs. S. A. Whitehead	0	5	0
Mr. J. Green	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Keay	0	8	10
Mr. E. Goodwin	1	0	0
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	5	0
Mr. A. C. Barker	1	0	0
E. and M. H.	1	0	0
C. J., stamps	0	1	6
Pastor H. Wilkins, per Mr. J. Thorne	0	10	0
Pastor Thomas Greenwood	2	0	0
Masters Tommy, Bertie, and Dudley Greenwood	0	2	1
Miss Eyles	0	10	6
Miss C. E. Smither	1	0	0
A friend of orphans	5	0	0
Mr. Jabez Dodwell	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Olden	0	4	0
Mr. Rainbow, jun.	0	5	0
L. K. D.	1	0	0
Mr. John Best	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Richards	1	13	6
A friend	10	0	0
"Eusebia"	10	0	0
A boatman, Holme, Orkney	1	0	0
Mr. E. Adam	1	0	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. B. M. Swift	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Woodgate's pupils ...	0	15	0
Mrs. E. M. Eldridge	0	10	0
Miss Scott	0	10	0
Three little girls, Ardrishaig	0	5	0
Miss Anna Thatcher	0	2	6
Mrs. James Higham	3	0	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
Mr. B. Phillips	1	0	0
Stamps from Ludlow	0	4	0
Miss Cunnington	2	2	0
Mrs. Lousia W. Pole	1	1	0
Mrs. Ord, per Rev. T. Newlands ...	1	0	0
Mr. Turnell	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Miss Bloom	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson...	1	0	0
J. J., Harrogate	2	0	0
Mrs. George Cowan	1	1	0
Mrs. Harris and friends	0	4	0
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible-class ...	2	0	0
"One whom the Lord hath prospered"	5	0	0
Mrs. Joyner, sen.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hole	0	5	0
Mrs. Irwin	0	5	0
Mrs. Owen Clover	0	15	0
Mrs. Arnold	3	3	0
Mrs. Atkinson	1	1	0
Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Mr. R. B. Belcher (sale of fruit) ...	0	2	8
A friend, Falkirk	0	2	6
J. S., Cumberland	2	0	0
Miss H. Miller	0	5	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Howard Sprigg	5	0	0
Mrs. B. A. Williams and friend ...	0	5	6
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Mrs. E. M. Johnson	2	2	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Almada Church Sunday-school, per Rev. J. R. Crystal	1	0	0
Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Crystal	0	5	0
	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Hobbs	3	0	0
M. A. M. B. C.	1	0	0
E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. A. L. Hunter	4	1	8
Mr. A. W. Right	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0
Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0
"Nameless"	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Bentall	0	10	0
Mr. T. Ross	0	10	0
Mrs. Agnes East	0	5	0
Miss M. Thomas	1	1	0
Mrs. Baines	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blyth	1	10	0
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
E. L. S.	0	10	0
Dr. S. O. Habershon	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. W. Howard	2	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Thatcher	0	10	0
Mr. R. Purser	1	0	0
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	5	0	0
Mrs. Downing	2	0	0
Mr. John Cook	2	0	0
Mrs. Hunt	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Falconer	1	0	0
Mrs. Winsor's collecting-box	0	11	0
Mr. J. G. Blake	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Nicholls	0	5	0
Miss Grace Amery	0	10	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0
A friend in Norfolk	0	5	0
Mr. C. Minter	0	5	0
Mr. H. C. Payne	0	2	6
Miss R. S. Glazebrook	0	2	6
Miss Clara E. Berry	0	1	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Mr. T. R. Robinson	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	10	0
Miss E. H. Cooling	2	0	0
Mr. John Storey	1	10	0
Mrs. A. Alston	1	1	0
Mrs. T. Poulter	1	1	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, Liverpool	1	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Perkins	1	0	0
A friend of the orphans, Torquay ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mrs. Brotherton	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Howard	0	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. M. Callum	0	5	0
Mr. P. J. Black	0	5	0
Mrs. Bridge	0	5	0
Mr. C. D. Judd	0	4	0
Mrs. L. Wilson's collecting-box ...	0	3	6
Miss Maude M. Hodges	0	3	0
Mrs. Newman	0	10	0
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	0
Workpeople of Messrs. Southall Bros. and Barclay	1	2	6
M. L. P.	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. M. Bailey	0	10	0
H. C. L.	5	0	0
Mr. Rabbich	1	0	0
Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wight	1	0	0
Mrs. Sierwright	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Prior	1	3	2
Mr. T. Trotman	1	0	0
Mrs. Halstead	0	6	0
Mr. H. W. Hoar	0	10	0
Mr. John Miles 0 10 0			
Miss Annie Miles 0 1 0			
Miss Ethel Miles 0 1 0			
	0	12	0
The servants at "The Soft," Bournemouth	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Doorbar, jun. ...	0	7	0
Mr. Smith Nutter	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Parsons 1 1 0			
Friends, per Mrs. E. Parsons 0 2 6			
	1	3	6
Miss Swabey	0	5	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	70	0	0
Mrs. Casburn (threepenny pieces) ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Walsham	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Edith Spurrier :—			
Two friends 1 10 0			
Mrs. Arnold 1 10 0			
36, High Street 0 19 9			
Pastor Spurrier's family ... 0 8 8			
	4	8	0
Miss Stevens	0	10	0
Mrs. Mitchell	2	0	0
Mrs. Jane Lloyd	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Mackenzie... ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Briggs	0	5	0
Mrs. Dunstan	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	1	0	0
Mr. W. Church	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Clerke	0	5	0
Mr. Nelson	3	0	0
Mrs. B. M. Harrison	0	10	6
A friend, Blockley	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bates, Queensland	5	0	0
Mr. Aldington	0	7	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0	5	0
Miss J. Allen	0	2	6
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0
"A lover of the gospel"	0	2	6
L.	1	0	0
Miss and Master Thomas	0	10	0
A contribution given at the annual missionary meeting of the U. P. Church, Stromness, N.B.	1	0	0
Mr. McCay	2	0	0
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	5	0
Mr. James Kerr	0	2	6
Mr. South	1	0	0
Mr. G. P. Millen	0	5	0
Miss Banister	0	5	0
"One who loves the little ones" ...	0	2	6
Miss Bowey, per Pastor W. Bailey ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0
Henley Tabernacle Bible-class, per Miss Emily Harbert	0	10	0
Mr. H. F. Hood	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Johnstone...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
B. M. F.	0	2	6
A thankoffering from Mary Ellen Jones	0	5	0
A thankoffering from Stanley Jones ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winkworth	1	0	0
Mr. H. Finch	5	0	0
Mrs. T. Thomas	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker's box...	4	10	7
Mr. E. Jones	0	8	0
Miss S. A. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, Toronto	15	0	0
Mr. John Walker	0	10	0
Miss G. M. Taylor	2	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Mackay	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. David Lang	1	0	0
T. R. W., Leeds	1	0	0
Mr. W. Glen	0	10	0
Mrs. Snell	0	10	0
Mr. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
Bessie and Gertie Keylock	0	2	6
A few friends, per Mrs. Beharrie ...	0	10	0
"Trelwfydd"	0	10	0
Mr. John Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. Badden...	3	0	0
Mr. Ashton	0	10	0
Mr. Outley	0	5	0
A. F.	0	10	0
Young friends at Hampstead (Christmas morning collection)	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith (a thankoffering)	2	2	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred Darby	7	0	0
Collection at Baptist Sunday-school, Niton, per Mr. J. Palmer	1	1	0
Mr. G. Vigo, sen.	1	1	0
Miss Simpson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Phillips	1	0	0
M. H., a new year's offering	0	10	6
Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	5	0
Mrs. Cook	0	5	0
Mrs. Broadhurst	0	3	6
S. A. R.	0	2	6
Miss E. Fyson 0 2 0			
A friend, per Miss E. Fyson 0 2 0			
	0	4	0
Mr. George Fisher...	0	1	4
Mrs. Mary Ferrett	0	5	0
Postal order, Hemel Hempstead ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Atkinson	10	0	0
A friend, Lockerbie	0	3	0
Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Dougall	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Wilmot	0	6	6
Miss Westrope	0	10	0
H. and E. D., and little ones	0	3	0
Mrs. M. Shearer	0	10	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
The Misses Hill	5	0	0
Mr. J. Rossiter	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Perrett	2	2	0
Blackthorn Street Sunday-school, per Pastor H. A. Fletcher	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	16	6
Mrs. Davies, per Mrs. Mott	5	0	0
Miss Hagger, per Mrs. Mott	0	10	0
G. C., Tain	0	7	6
Miss H. A. Grose	0	10	6
Mr. Clarkson	0	5	0
Miss M. Jones	0	2	6
Pastor and Mrs. R. S. Latimer... ...	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Kingston	0	5	0
Mr. J. E. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bollard	0	4	6
The Llanguindo Sunday morning school children, per Mr. W. Evans ...	0	4	3
Collected by Mrs. McKenzie	0	5	0
Proceeds of collecting-box, per Pastor W. Sexton	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	2	5	0
Mr. W. Torrance	1	0	0
Postal order, Edinburgh	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Shaw	1	1	0
A. J. C., Sydenham	0	5	0
Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Mr. W. Manning	1	1	0
Stamps, Edinburgh	0	2	0
Baptist Sunday-school, South Parade, Leeds, per Mr. Thomas Benton	1	17	2
Mr. John Reid	1	0	0
Mrs. Semple, per Mr. Reid	0	5	0
Staines Baptist Band of Hope, per Mr. J. McKee	0	6	11
Collected by Miss E. Phillips	0	9	4
Miss H. Haynes	0	5	0
Miss E. Millar	0	3	6
Mr. W. A. Weightman	5	0	0
Mrs. Bruce	1	1	0
Miss Josie Arnold's box	0	12	0
A. H.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Mallett	0	4	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	15	0
Mr. J. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. A. D. Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. W. Powell	0	2	6
A Scotch reader	0	2	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. T. Mumford	0	10	3
Messrs. J. Head and Co., per Mr. O. Friston	1	1	0
Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	5	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mr. J. Green	1	3	7
A lady, per C. H.	0	3	0
Miss E. S. White	0	10	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Lockerbie Mission Hall Sabbath-school, per Mr. J. Laidlaw	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	5	0
Mr. A. Cowan	5	0	0
Mr. H. Hulett	1	0	0
Half contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie, Jean, and Berta's boxes, opened on New Year's Day	0	9	0
Maud and Grace Crathern	0	2	6
R.	0	5	0
W.	0	2	6
Mrs. Bainbridge	2	2	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	15	0
Mr. J. S. Trevillion	1	10	0
H. M.	0	17	6
Mrs. Cox	1	0	0
Mr. H. D. Tait, per E. H. B.	1	1	0
Mr. O. Buckingham	0	3	6
Mrs. J. E. Lance	0	4	0
Mrs. Woodcock	0	10	0
Per Mr. D. Peck:—			
Mr. Sapsid	0	3	0
Miss Stacy	0	2	0
Mr. D. Peck	0	2	6
	0	7	6
Mrs. Bailey	1	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell, per C. H. S.	2	0	0
A friend, per Miss Lucy Gibbings	0	5	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Miss Toward	1	1	0
Mr. Alderman A. H. Haggis	1	1	0
O. B.	10	10	0
	12	12	0
D. M., Old Deer, per Dr. Barnardo	5	0	0
Mr. D. Pepperdine	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	7	18	0
A friend, Dingwall	1	0	0
Miss A. E. Seymour	0	5	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Warren	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	2	2	0
Stamps	0	1	8
Mrs. Suzanne Argenti	1	0	0
Mrs. Fanny Argenti	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Fakely	0	6	6
Mrs. Runciman and friends	0	14	0
Mrs. Annie Rogers	0	5	0
A servant girl near Forres	0	2	0
First Free Church Sabbath-school, Blairgowrie, per Mr. Falconer	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0
Mr. H. Tribe	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Dick, a thankoffering	3	0	0
Collected in box by Mr. Thomas Dick	0	1	6
Attendants at Sunday evening services at Marlyns House, Guildford, per Mrs. Alchin	5	5	0
Mr. Martell	2	0	0
Free Church Sabbath-school, Cambusnethan, per Mr. J. Smith	1	2	7
Birds from Paradise	2	0	0
Mr. Koppers	1	0	0
Mrs. Keddie	1	0	0
Mrs. Ager	0	10	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Mr. S. Bown	0	10	0
Mrs. Law	0	8	0
Annie and Katie	0	8	0
Miss Emily Kilborn	0	2	6
E. C.	0	5	0
Harry and Mary	0	5	0
Mr. R. Lees	0	6	0
Mr. J. A. Menzies	0	5	0
Mrs. M. J. Lewis	0	5	0
Mrs. C. W. Owen	0	2	6
Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0	2	6
Miss Ramage	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. Hoasman	0	2	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0
Mrs. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. J. Currie	1	0	0
A servant girl, Lochee	0	5	0
Mr. James Stevenson	0	2	0
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Barrett	0	5	0
Part proceeds of Christmas-tree at Ecton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Field	7	10	0
Mrs. E. Holdsworth	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Wale	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Martin	0	7	6
J. J. and E. S., in gratitude	15	0	0
A Scotch lassie	1	0	0
Miss H. Clayton	2	0	0
Mrs. Pilgrim	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Butcher	0	10	0
A friend, Stanley	0	2	6
Mrs. Leader	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Plummer	0	15	3
Miss E. M. Birch	0	1	0
Mrs. Minto	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Scott	1	0	0
New Year's collection at breakfast table, by Mr. and Mrs. Walker and family	0	10	6
Mr. T. Fawkes	1	0	0
A Folkestone working-man	0	10	6
Mrs. Thomas	3	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone:—			
Madame Joubert	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Wistar (20 francs)	0	16	0
Miss Dudgeon " "	0	16	0
Miss Kavanagh " "	0	16	0
	3	8	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	0	10	0
Dear Granny	1	0	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. I. Horn	0	2	6
Mr. John France	0	5	0
F. J., E. H., and M. B.	0	3	0
Kemnay	0	8	6

	£	s.	d.
E.	1	0	0
Miss A. Senier	0	10	0
New year's offerings at Langton Matravers, per Mr. Thomas Lander ...	1	5	6
Mr. A. S. C. Amos	0	5	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Rev. Alexander Beith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Margaret and Jessie	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ladbrook	1	0	0
Grateful	1	0	0
Otley Sunday-school children	1	8	0
Collected by Miss Mary Cowen	1	5	0
Mrs. Burgess	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	0	2	6
Collected at watch-night service at Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wesley Bond	5	2	0
Mr. R. Lewis	0	10	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. A. F. Rogers	1	1	0
Mrs. Woolland	1	0	0
Miss Jessie R. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. Forbes	5	0	0
Mrs. Shanks	1	0	0
Mrs. Cockle's half-yearly collection ...	9	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Isaac	0	8	6
Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. Joseph Huntley ... 4 4 0			
Mr. D. Heelas 2 0 0			
Mrs. Ravenscroft 0 10 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
Harry Anderson 0 1 0			
	7	2	6
A mother in a remote little country place	1	7	6
A little girl, one chick of a brood ...	0	2	6
G. N., Edinburgh	1	0	0
Thankful friends, Risby, per Mr. G. W. Frost	0	10	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. W. Murkin	0	17	
Rev. E. J. Farley	10	0	0
Mr. T. L. Wakelin	3	3	0
P. O. P.	0	5	0
T. A. H. P. W.	5	0	0
David...	0	7	6
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0
Mrs. Sandison	3	0	0
Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Miss Mary White	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	5	0
J. M. P.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wicks	0	4	0
A friend, Craven Arms	0	2	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr and Mrs. Norman	6	0	0
Mrs. R. George	5	0	0
Mrs. W. Vergette	0	10	6
L. E. P.	1	0	0
Miss E. Wallis	1	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon...	5	0	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. H. Gifford	0	10	0
Miss E. I. Anderson	1	0	0
Penpont	0	5	0
E. M.	0	10	0
Mr. John Hill	2	0	0
Mrs. Gorringe	0	10	10
Mrs. Jeggo	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. W. John	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
Mrs. Pask	1	0	0
Mr. Alexander Allan	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. T. Stevenson	5	0	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
An old friend, per Mr. W. Michael ...	1	0	0
Widow Smith	0	5	0
Mr. A. Sluce	0	7	6

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. Penstone :—			
Miss Farrer 1 0 0			
Miss Gibbs 0 5 0			
Miss Turner... ... ... 1 0 0			
	2	5	0
A sympathizer with Mr. Spurgeon ...	50	0	0
Mr. B. Imlach	1	0	0
Mrs. Howard	100	0	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Adlem :—			
P. L. 1 0 0			
P. M. 0 10 0			
B. S. 0 2 6			
G. E. 0 12 0			
G. W. 0 2 0			
Church of England ... 0 5 0			
A. A. and family 0 8 6			
	3	0	0
Mrs. White	1	10	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
C. L. and friend	0	13	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	1	0
In loving memory of dear parents ...	1	5	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	10	0
E. B. F. R.	5	0	0
The Misses Geikie...	2	2	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	10	0
Mr. Isaac Vinall	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Rogers	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Mackay	0	16	0
Mr. J. Kipling	0	10	0
Mrs. Barnes	0	10	0
Nil desperandum	0	10	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	0	0
Box at Orphanage gates...	2	7	6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Dorchester 20 0 0			
Mr. J. G. Godwin 2 2 0			
	22	2	0
Finsbury Park, programmes	0	7	3
Notting Hill, programmes	0	8	3
Edmonton 16 11 9			
Donations 0 12 0			
	17	3	9
Weymouth	2	6	3
Bournemouth :—			
Moiety of proceeds ... 12 0 2			
Mr. Bernard Knight ... 10 0 0			
Messrs. Knight, jun. ... 2 0 0			
Rev. R. Colman 1 1 0			
Per Rev. J. W. Rodger :—			
Mrs. and Miss Robertson 1 0 0			
Miss Glen 1 0 0			
Per Mr. Haydon :—			
Miss Downs 2 0 0			
Mr. Saunders 1 0 0			
	30	1	2
Sailors' Institute, Portsmouth, per Miss Weston	7	2	5
Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst :—			
Collected in boxes ... 38 1 3			
Donations 1 10 6			
Collection at orphan boys' concert 20 15 2			
Sale of programmes ... 2 1 0			
£62 7 11			
Less expenses ... 1 15 0			
	60	12	11
Sale of programmes, St. Alban's ...	0	8	3
Craven Chapel 4 16 0			
Programmes 0 12 7			
	5	8	7
Gosport	19	9	1
Lymington	16	14	8
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mattie Seaton	0	10	6
Mr. E. H. Bramley	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mr. A. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. W. Sewell	2	0	0
Mr. G. W. Richmond	0	10	0
The late Miss Guilford, per Mr. E. Preston	2	2	0
Mr. G. Gray	1	0	0
Admiral Aldrich, per bankers	0	10	0
Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Miss Grose	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Pope Froste	2	0	0
Mr. James Bazeley	0	10	6
Mr. J. C. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mrs. Quilty	1	0	0
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
In loving memory of Rev. E. Oldfield (1887 and 1888)	2	2	0
Miss Macnicoll	1	0	0
Mrs. Wild	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox, for the support of two orphans for a year ...	40	0	0
Miss Florence Bousfield, for the support of one girl for a year	15	0	0
Miss Harling	0	10	0
Miss Eliza Kilborn	0	5	0
In memoriam, Bath	3	0	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Sandwich, per bankers, November ...	2	2	0
Sandwich, per bankers, December ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. E. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Miss A. S. Muir (for November and December)	0	10	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
Christmas Festivities:—			
Mrs. and Miss Taylor ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. P. Raman	0	11	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mrs. Lennard	0	5	0
Mr. John Courtnay ...	0	10	6
Mr. B. Whiffen	0	1	0
Mr. James Fear	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Master Sidney G. Dice ...	0	2	6
Miss Effie Dice	0	2	6
Mr. H. T. Trevannion ...	1	0	0
Miss Scarfe	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Walter	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Mills	2	2	0
A soldier, S. B. G.... ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. W. Irons	2	0	0
Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cuthbert Axtens ...	1	1	0
Mrs. L. R. Phillips ...	0	5	0
Friends at Hardway, Gosport, per Rev. H. H. Dove	0	10	0
Postal order, Box	0	4	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	6
Mrs. E. B. Stevenson ...	0	2	6
From six-year-old Willie...	0	1	0
Mrs. E. J. Tanner... ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Padgett... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Alldis	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. W. B. Ashe and Miss Reeve ...	2	4	9
Mrs. Leash	0	10	0
Miss M. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. R. Bate	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe ...	0	5	0
Per Mr. John Best—			
Mr. Heynes	0	10	0
Mrs. Cotton	0	10	0
Miss Best	0	5	0
Miss M. Pryor	0	1	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	12	12	0
Collected by Miss Anna Thatcher—			
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Mannington ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Mannington ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Caffyn ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Mannington ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Chas. Mannington	0	2	6
Mrs. Faulconer	0	2	0
Miss Mannington ...	0	2	0
Miss Hamshar	0	1	0
Miss Caffyn	0	2	6
Anna Thatcher	0	3	0
Mrs. Norton	1	0	0
Endymion	0	10	6
Mrs. Joslin	0	10	0
K. M.	0	5	0
Mrs. Bertha Fox	0	5	0
Mrs. Barlow...	1	10	0
Llandrindod friends ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Slade	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock ..	0	5	0
Pastor W. [illegible]ose ...	0	2	6
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Colthup	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
H. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. C. W. Bull	1	0	0
Mrs. Carter	0	10	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	1	1	0
Mrs. Kelly	1	0	0
Master Bertie Banks ...	0	5	0
Miss Jackson	0	10	6
Miss Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Joseph Toller ...	0	10	0
From a member of the Church of England ...	0	2	6
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	5	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers ...	1	1	0
Mrs. S. E. Hay	0	10	0
Mr. A. Grace	0	5	0
The Misses Rowland ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. K.	1	0	0
Friends from the country, per S. M.	0	12	0
Mrs. Hester Keevil ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
E. W.	0	3	0
S. J. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. Alexander, per S. J. C.	0	2	6
A poor widow	0	1	0
Mr. J. Bell	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Monk ...	1	2	0
Bournemouth	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie Tice...	0	2	0
Lottie Tice	0	2	0
Bennie Tice	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Welman	0	5	0
Mrs. Sydenham	1	0	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Pastor E. White	0	2	6
The Lang family	0	5	0
An orphan, Deal	0	3	6
J. C. S.	1	10	0
Mr. Leeson	1	0	0
M. W. R.	2	2	0
Miss E. Clover (erratum, last month)	0	1	0
Adelphi	1	1	0
Bible-class and Sunday-school, Hitcham, per Mr. C. P. Clover	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Mrs. Talbot	0	2	6
			68 11 3
			£2,014 7 8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 14th, 1887, to January 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—6 Rabbits, 1 Sheep, and 6 Fowls, Mr. W. J. Graham; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Goddard; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 1 case Raisins, Mr. C. Yeates; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. Owen Clover; 3 barrels Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 1 dozen tins Ox-tail Soup, The Australian Meat Co.; 9 pieces Short Cake, The Misses B. and M. McNab; 2 bags containing Potatoes, Artichokes, and Parsnips, Mr. Edmead; 10 quarterns Bread, Mrs. Fuch; 1 Christmas Cake, Miss M. Walters; 4 cwt. Jam and 2 cwt. Mixed Sweets, Messrs. S. Chivers and Son; a few Raisins, Sultanas, Oranges, and 1 lb. Peel, Mrs. Jakamann; 12 7-lb. tins Sweets and 4 boxes Sweets, Mr. T. S. Price; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; a few Oranges, Biscuits, and some boxes of Chocolate, Mrs. Harding; 4 lbs. Sweets, Mr. J. B. Elgar; 6 Stilton Cheeses, 60 Pork-pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Turkey, a few Parsnips and Carrots, Mr. J. Walker; 40 quarterns Bread, Mrs. Unstead; 5 bags Brussel Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 2 Geese, 1 Turkey, 3 Ducks, 5 Fowls, and a few Apples, Mr. Savage; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 2 boxes Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co.; 442 lbs. Beef, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 6 lbs. Loaf Sugar, 3 lbs. Tea, 3 lbs. Raisins, 1 lb. Mixed Peel, 3 lbs. Currants, 3 Cakes, and 20 lbs. Bacon, Mr. A. Tilley; 20 quarterns Bread, Mr. Smith; 10 quarterns Bread, Mr. H. Judkins; 1 sack Flour, Miss Collins; a quantity of Apples, and 4 jars of Jam, Mrs. T. Winkworth; 1 Twelfth Cake, and a few boxes Sweets, Miss Morris; 1 pair Fowls, 2 Cakes, 2 pots Jam, Mrs. E. Barrah; 1 pair Fowls, Mr. John Rees; 460 boxes of Figs, Mr. W. Harrison.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—A quantity of Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; 8 Caps and 3 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. J. S. Thomson; 3 Flannel Shirts, Miss K. Greenland; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mr. C. Sherwood; 23 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 11 pairs Cuffs, 1 pair Socks, Miss E. Ricketts; 2 Cricketing Suits, and 1 pair trousers, 6 Shirt Fronts, Mrs. Bass; 32 Shirts, The Downs Chapel Children's Sewing Circle, per Mrs. A. M. Davies; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Miss Kistley; 5 Scarves, Mrs. K. E. Cooper; 2 Wraps, 2 pairs Cuffs, Miss Pring; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings and 2 pairs Socks, Mrs. Gregory; 9 pairs Knitted Cuffs, M. W. M., Ewhurst; 6 Overcoats, 12 Jackets, 4 Vests, 11 pairs Knickers, 1 pair Trousers, Mr. Smith; 4 pairs Socks, 6 Scarves, Mrs. Hunter; 28 Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 12 Scarves, 13 pairs Cuffs, Miss L. Grove; 3 pairs Knitted Stockings, 3 Scarves, 3 Handkerchiefs, Mr. J. Colver; 4 Shirts, Fleet Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 2 pairs Knitted Scarves, 4 pairs Cuffs, Miss J. Robertson; 12 Articles, Mrs. Faulconer; 8 pairs Gloves, 2 Scarves, 4 pairs Knitted Stockings, and 2 pieces Cloth, Mrs. M. Corbyn; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. S. Barlow; 3 Shirts and 3 pairs Socks for No. 7 Boys' House, Miss E. Salter's Bible-class.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—13 garments, The Chatham Ladies' Working Mission, per Mrs. S. Harvey; 6 articles, Mrs. C. N.; 20 articles, Mrs. Forsyth; 8 articles, Mrs. E. Locks; 3 articles, Miss Edwards; 172 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; a few articles, Mrs. Kemp; 7 articles, Mrs. Meares; 130 articles, Miss Chandler's Bible-class, West Croydon; 73 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 98 articles, for No. 3 Girls, Miss Jones; 8 articles, Mrs. S. Carter; 1 box Drapery, Mr. J. B. Elgar; 6 articles, Nurse Owen and Nurse Hughes; 7 Ulsters, 2 Jackets, 12 Hats, 42 pairs Hose, Mr. Smith; 8 articles, Mrs. Hunter; 7 pairs Stockings, Leslie Baptist Church Sunday-school, per Miss H. Watts; 74 articles, and 26 yards Dress Material, Mrs. G. Thompson; 20 articles, Miss L. Grove; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 16 articles, Miss J. Henry; 8 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Beharrie; 48 articles, The Fleet Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 1 pair Knitted Stockings, Miss N. Rankine; 8 articles, Mrs. Crassweller; 32 articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 10 articles, A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"; 120 articles, The Young Women's Bible-class held at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 7 articles, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 27 articles, for No. 1 Girls, Miss E. Salter's Bible-class, West Norwood; 13 articles, Miss Poole.

GENERAL.—10 Books, Miss E. Boggis; 1 hamper of Mistletoe and Holly, Mr. T. Blake; 20 articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; a quantity of Fancy Toys, Mr. E. Newman; A few Magazines, Miss E. Epps; a quantity of Cards and 8 Table Books, "Anon."; 1 Spring Roller Blind, Mr. A. K. Roberts; 1 Scrap Book and a few Cards, Miss E. M. Perkins; 1 book of Photographic Views, Miss McArthur; a basket of Broken Toys, Miss Keast; 1 large Scarf, Mrs. R. Jeffrey; 1 Scrap Book, Miss Pring; 1 volume of "The Leisure Hour," "The Sunday at Home," "The Girl's Own Annual," "The Child's Companion," "The Cottager and Artizan," Mr. G. Van Rijn; a few Fancy Articles, Miss E. Gregory; a few School Books, Mr. J. E. T. Smith; 17 Books, Pastor J. Chadwick; 1 Tea Cosey, Mrs. A. King; 200 copies, "Amusement and Recreation," Mr. James Braik; a quantity of Fancy Articles, Miss J. Robertson; 2 Skin Mats, Mr. K. A. Gillanders; 10 Texts, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 3 Dolls, Mrs. Harding; Decorations from Messrs. Fancourt, Herrington, Barratt, Cotton, Amery, Edwards, Gyles, Axtens, and the Bon Marché; 6 Dressed Dolls, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 1 box of Toys, Miss Jones, for Girls' No. 3 House; 250 Temperance Pledge Cards, Mr. J. T. Sears.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1887, to January 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Great Totham District	8	8	0
Oxfordshire Association, for—			
Stow and Aston ... 10 0 0			
Witney District 20 0 0			
	30	0	0
Bromley, Kent, Congregational Church	20	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Ross, per Miss Julia Ball	10	2	3
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea ...	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Halesowen District:—						
Mr. B. Hingley, M.P. ...	3	3	0			
Dr. Thompson	3	3	0			
Mr. S. A. Daniell	2	2	0			
Mr. J. Player	1	1	0			
Mr. C. H. Clewes	1	0	0			
Friends, Carter Lane Chapel	1	0	0			
Mr. C. T. Shaw	0	10	6			
Mr. Josh. Hawkes... ...	0	10	0			
Mr. W. Wright	0	10	0			
Mr. John Fellowes ...	0	10	0			
Dr. Young	0	5	0			
Mr. H. Darley	0	5	0			
Mr. J. Pulley	0	5	0			
Miss Barnsley	0	1	0			
	14	5	6			
Less expenses... ...	0	13	0			
				13	12	6
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Thomas Bantock				10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...				10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil ...				10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...				7	10	0
Mr. H. P. Brown, Epping				20	0	0
A sympathizer with Mr. Spurgeon, for colporteur at Thornton Heath ...				50	0	0
				£239	12	9

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Rains	2	2	0
Mrs. John Rains	1	1	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Miss Bartlett	0	10	0
Miss Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mr. G. Hacksley	0	5	0
Mrs. Bell	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellen Clarke	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson	0	2	6
Dr. Brougham	2	10	0
Miss Bewey, per Pastor W. Barley ...	0	2	6
Miss Tillotson	0	5	0
Mr. T. Thomson	2	0	0
C. T., Barnstaple	0	1	0
Mr. James Martin...	0	2	6
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
Dr. Loosely	0	1	0
Mrs. Menzies	2	2	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0
H. E., Harlington...	0	2	10
Mrs. Wyman	1	0	0
Jessie	1	0	0
Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	10	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Mrs. P. B. Bilbrough	1	1	0
Mr. J. Stiff	1	1	0
Mr. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. J. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
Messrs. Cassell and Co. (Limited) ...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Bruyne	0	10	6
Rev. W. A. Blake	0	10	6
Mr. Woollard	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. J. Rodgers	1	1	0
Miss Harling	0	10	0
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	25	0	0
	£81	9	10

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1887, to January 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Wellington, Salop	2	5	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Rotherhithe New Road ...	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Hawkes	1	1	0
Miss Wilkinson	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0
A friend, per Mr. and Mrs. Blott ...	5	0	0
Dr. Brougham	2	10	0
Postal orders from Brechin	0	6	6
Mr. W. A. Macfie	5	0	0
A thankoffering, Bridport	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. E. F. Hughes	1	0	0
Mr. Pentelow	1	0	0
E. C.	0	5	0
A friend	0	10	0
Postal order from Torcross	0	5	0
Scotch note from Brechin	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at St. Helier's ...	50	0	0
Mrs. B. (for Mr. Burnham's support, 1888)	50	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath...	5	5	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon...	5	0	0
A sympathizer with Mr. Spurgeon (for Mr. Burnham's support)	50	0	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	10	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Miss Harling	0	10	0
	£211	13	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 1887.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings	1,778	14	7	By Salaries	1,703	15	10
,, Donations	3,085	6	6	,, Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	3,548	2	8
,, Legacies	410	0	0	,, Clothing	90	3	9
,, Collected by Students	439	0	11	,, Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	160	6	5
,, Interest on Deposit	21	8	0	,, Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Petty expenses	228	17	8
				,, Book-grants to Students leaving College	102	17	9
				,, Preaching Stations,—Home Missions and Chapels	1,056	17	10
				,, Annual Conference—including Hire, Labour, and Decorations...	356	14	9
				,, Furniture and Fittings	77	8	0
	6,634	10	0		7,325	4	8
,, Balance in hand, 1st January, 1887	2,076	10	6	,, Balance in hand, 31st December, 1887	1,385	15	10
	£8,711	0	6		£8,711	0	6

Examined and found correct, January 24th, 1888.

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

WILLIAM PAYNE,
H. SMITH,
B. W. CARR,
Auditors.

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1887.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	570	3	7	By Salaries of four Evangelists, and part of three others ...	950	6	4
,, Contributions from Churches visited	386	5	2	,, Travelling Expenses to and from places visited	141	5	2
				,, Printing and Stationery	17	6	10
	956	8	9		1,108	18	4
,, Balance in hand, 1st January, 1887	308	19	1	,, Balance in hand, 31st December, 1887	156	9	6
	£1,265	7	10		£1,265	7	10

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

Examined and found correct, January 24th, 1888. { WILLIAM PAYNE, H. SMITH. B. W. CARR, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1887.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1887	639	2	10	By Loans to Churches :--			
,, Repayment of Loans	1,019	0	9	Ilford	200	0	0
				Sittingbourne	250	0	0
				Sevenoaks	300	0	0
				Wimbledon	500	0	0
					1,250	0	0
				Balance in hand, December 31st, 1887	408	3	7
	£1,658	3	7		£1,658	3	7

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1887 ...	4,676	16	9
Cash Balance in hand ,, ,, ...	408	3	7
	£5,085	0	4

Examined and found correct, January 24th, 1888. { WILLIAM PAYNE, H. SMITH, B. W. CARR, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1888.

A Talk with a few Friends at the Lord's Table.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I WAS lamenting this morning my unfitness for my work, and especially for the warfare to which I am called. A sense of heaviness came over me, but relief came very speedily, for which I thank the Lord. Indeed I was greatly burdened, but the Lord succoured me. The first verse read at the Sabbath morning service exactly met my case. It is in Isaiah xliii. 1: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not." I said to myself, "I am what God created me, and I am what he formed me, and therefore I must, after all, be the right man for the place wherein he has put me." We may not blame our Creator, nor suspect that he has missed his mark in forming an instrument for his work. Thus new comfort comes to us. Not only do the operations of grace in the spiritual world yield us consolation, but we are even comforted by what the Lord has done in creation. We are told to cease from our fears; and we do so, since we perceive that it is the Lord that made us, and not we ourselves, and he will justify his own creating skill by accomplishing through us the purposes of his love. Pray, I beseech you, for me, the weakest of my Lord's servants, that I may be equal to the overwhelming task imposed upon me.

The next sentence of the chapter is usually most comforting to my soul, although on this one occasion the first sentence was a specially reviving cordial to me. The verse goes on to say: "*Fear not: for I have redeemed thee.*"

Let us think for a few minutes of the wonderful depth of consolation which lies in this fact. We have been redeemed by the Lord himself,

and this is a grand reason why we should never again be subject to fear. Oh, that the logic of this fact could be turned into practice, so that we henceforth rejoiced, or at least felt the peace of God!

These words may be spoken, first of all, of those frequent occasions in which the Lord has redeemed his people out of *trouble*. Many a time and oft might our Lord say to each one of us, "I have redeemed thee." Out of six, yea, six thousand, trials he has brought us forth by the right hand of his power. He has released us from our afflictions, and brought us forth into a wealthy place. In the remembrance of all these redemptions the Lord seems to say to us, "What I have done before, I will do again. I have redeemed thee, and I will still redeem thee. I have brought thee from under the hand of the oppressor; I have delivered thee from the tongue of the slanderer; I have borne thee up under the load of poverty, and sustained thee under the pains of sickness; and I am able still to do the same: wherefore, then, dost thou fear? Why shouldest thou be afraid, since already I have again and again redeemed thee? Take heart, and be confident; for even to old age and to death itself I will continue to be thy strong Redeemer."

I suppose there would be a reference here to the great redemption out of Egypt. This word is addressed to the people of God under captivity in Babylon, and we know that the Lord referred to the Egyptian redemption; for he says in the third verse, "I gave Egypt for thy ransom." Egypt was a great country, and a rich country, for we read of "all the treasures of Egypt," but God gave them for his chosen: he would give all the nations of the earth for his Israel. This was a wonderful stay to the people of God: they constantly referred to Egypt and the Red Sea, and made their national song out of it. In all Israel's times of disaster, and calamity, and trial, they joyfully remembered that the Lord had redeemed them when they were a company of slaves, helpless and hopeless, under a tyrant who cast their firstborn children into the Nile; a tyrant whose power was so tremendous that all the armies of the world could not have wrought their deliverance from his iron hand. The very nod of Pharaoh seemed to the inhabitants of Egypt to be omnipotent; he was a builder of pyramids, a master of all the sciences of peace and the arts of war. What could the Israelites have done against him? Jehovah came to their relief in their dire extremity. His plagues followed each other in quick succession. The dread volleys of the Lord's artillery confounded his foes. At last he smote all the firstborn of Egypt, the chief of all their strength. Then was Egypt glad that Israel departed, and the Lord brought forth his people with silver and gold. All the chivalry of Egypt was overthrown and destroyed at the Red Sea, and the timbrels of the daughters of Israel sounded joyously upon its shores. This redemption out of Egypt is so remarkable that it is remembered even in heaven. The Old Testament song is woven into that of the New Covenant; for there they "sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." The first redemption was so wonderful a type and prophecy of the other that it is no alloy to the golden hymn of eternal glory, but readily melts into the same celestial chant. Other types may cease to be remembered, but this was so much a fact as well as a type that it shall be had in memory for ever and ever. Every Israelite ought to have

had confidence in God after what he had done for the people in redeeming them out of Egypt. To every one of the seed of Jacob it was a grand argument to enforce the precept, "Fear not."

But I take it that the chief reference of these words is to that redemption which has been wrought out for us by him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. Let us think of it for a minute or two before we break the bread and drink of the cup.

The remembrance of this transcendent redemption ought to comfort us in all times of *perplexity*. When we cannot see our way, or cannot make out what to do, we need not be at all troubled concerning it; for the Lord Jehovah can see a way out of every intricacy. There never was a problem so hard to solve as that which is answered in redemption. Herein was the tremendous difficulty—How can God be just, and yet be the Saviour of sinners? How can he fulfil his threatenings, and yet forgive sin? If that problem had been left to angels and men, they could never have worked it out throughout eternity; but God has solved it through freely delivering up his own Son. In the glorious sacrifice of Jesus we see the justice of God magnified; for he laid sin on the blessed Lord, who had become one with his chosen. Jesus identified himself with his people, and therefore their sin was laid upon him, and the sword of the Lord awoke against him. He was not taken arbitrarily to be a victim, but he was a voluntary sufferer, because his relationship amounted to covenant oneness with them, and it behoved Christ to suffer. Herein is a wisdom which must be more than equal to all minor perplexities. Hear this, then, O poor soul in suspense! The Lord says, "I have redeemed thee." I have already brought thee out of the labyrinth in which thou wast lost by sin, and therefore I will take thee out of the meshes of the net of temptation, and lead thee through the maze of trial; I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, and lead them in paths which they have not known. I will bring again from Bashan, I will bring up my people from the depths of the sea. Let us commit our way unto the Lord. Mine is a peculiarly difficult one, but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he will lead me by a right way. He will be our guide even unto death; and after death he will guide us through those tracks unknown of the mysterious region, and cause us to rest with him for ever.

So also, if at any time we are in great *poverty*, or in great straitness of means for the Lord's work, and we are, therefore, afraid that we shall never get our needs supplied, let us cast off such fears as we listen to the music of these words: "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee." God himself looked down from heaven, and saw that there was no man who could give to him a ransom for his brother, and each man on his own part was hopelessly bankrupt; and then, despite our spiritual beggary, he found the means of our redemption. What then? Let us hear the use which the Holy Spirit makes of this fact: "He that spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" We cannot have a want which the Lord will not supply. Since God has given us Jesus, he will give us, not some things, but "all things." Indeed, all things are ours in Christ Jesus. No necessity of this life can for a single moment be compared to that dread necessity which the Lord has already supplied.

The infinite gift of God's own Son is a far greater one than all that can be included in the term "all things": wherefore it is a grand argument to the poor and needy, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee." Perplexity and poverty are thus effectually met.

We are at times troubled by a sense of our personal *insignificance*. It seems too much to hope that the infinite mind should enter into our mean affairs. Though David said, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me," we are not always quite prepared to say the same. We make our sorrows great under the vain idea that they are too small for the Lord to notice. I believe that our greatest miseries spring from those little worries which we hesitate to bring to our heavenly Father. Our gracious God puts an end to all such thoughts as these by saying, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee." You are not of such small account as you suppose. The Lord would never be wasteful of his sacred expenditure: he bought you with a price, and therefore he sets great store by you. Listen to what the Lord says: "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life." It is amazing that the Lord should think so much of us as to give Jesus for us. "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Yet God's mind is towards man with great thoughts of love. Know ye not that his Only-begotten Son entered this world and became a man? The man Christ Jesus has a name at which every knee shall bow, and he is so dear to the Father that, for his sake, his chosen ones are accepted, and are made to enjoy the freest access to him. We sing truly—

> "So near, so very near to God,
> Nearer we cannot be,
> For in the person of his Son
> We are as near as he."

And now the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and the least burden we may roll upon the Lord. Those cares which we ought not to have may well cease, for "he careth for us." He that redeemed us never forgets us: his wounds have graven us upon the palms of his hands, and written our names deep in his side. Jesus stoops to our level, for he stooped to bear the cross to redeem us. Do not, therefore, be again afraid because of your insignificance. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." The Lord's memory is toward the little in Israel. He carrieth the lambs in his bosom.

We are liable to fret a little when we think of our *changeableness*. If you are at all like me, you are very far from being always alike; I am sometimes lifted up to the very heavens, and then I go down to the deeps; I am at one time bright with joy and confidence, and at another time dark as midnight with doubts and fears. Even Elijah, who was so brave, had his fainting fits. We are to be blamed for this, and yet the fact remains: our experience is as an April day, when shower and

sunshine take their turns. Amid our mournful changes we rejoice to hear the Lord's own voice, saying, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee." Everything is not changeful wave; there is rock somewhere. Redemption is a fact accomplished: "The cross, it standeth fast. Hallelujah!" The price is paid, the ransom accepted. This is done, and can never be undone. Jesus says, "I have redeemed thee." Change of feeling within does not alter the fact that the believer has been bought with a price, and made the Lord's own by the precious blood of Jesus. The Lord God has already done so much for us that our salvation is sure in Christ Jesus. Will he begin to build, and fail to finish? Will he lay the foundation in the everlasting covenant? Will he dedicate the walls with the infinite sacrifice of the Lamb of God? Will he give up the choicest treasure he ever had, the chosen of God and precious, to be the corner-stone, and then not finish the work he has begun? It is impossible. If he has redeemed us, he has, in that act, given us the pledge of all things. See how the gifts of God are bound to this redemption. "I have redeemed thee. I have called thee." "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Here is a chain in which each link is joined to all the rest, so that it cannot be separated. If God had only gone so far as to make a promise, he would not have drawn back from it; if God had gone as far as to swear an oath by himself, he would not have failed to keep it; but when he went beyond promise and oath, and in very deed the sacrifice was slain, and the covenant was ratified: why, then it would be blasphemous to imagine that he would afterwards disannul it, and turn from his solemn pledge. There is no going back on the part of God, and consequently his redemption will redeem, and in redeeming it will secure us all things. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" With the blood-mark upon us we may well cease to fear. How can we perish? How can we be deserted in the hour of need? We have been bought with too great a price for our Redeemer to let us slip. Therefore let us march on with confidence hearing our Redeemer say to us, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Concerning his redeemed, the Lord will say to the enemy, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." The stars in their courses fight for the ransomed of the Lord. If their eyes were opened, they would see the mountain full of horses of fire and chariots of fire round about them. Oh, how my weary heart prizes redeeming love! If it were not for this, I would lay me down and die. Friends forsake me, foes surround me, I am filled with contempt, and tortured with the subtlety which I cannot baffle; but as the Lord of all brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, so by the blood of his covenant doth he loose his prisoners, and sustain the hearts of those who tremble at his word. "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength," for the Lord hath said unto thee, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee."

Pastor Archibald G. Brown in East London.

IN the shortening days of last December—the conventional "dark days before Christmas"—a casual visitor to our London markets and main thoroughfares would not, from outward observation, have been forced to the conclusion that times harder than usual for the poorest of the people had settled down upon the country. There was certainly no lack of either necessaries or luxuries that our own land or foreign climes could supply. Whether large or small, the richly-stored



THE EAST END AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Mrs. B—— and her family—a trousers finisher, at twopence-halfpenny a pair.

shops were full to overflowing with the finest products of earth; and they seemed to look upon the pedestrian with winsome faces, tempting him to buy plentifully of provision for the coming festive season. In whatever direction we turned or looked, the denser throng and the fuller supplies told unmistakably that Christmas was coming, and that the popular enjoyment of the season was not, in any sense, to be curtailed.

If, however, we turned from the city, the great centre of attraction and activity, the brilliance of the scene soon began to wear away. As we walked eastward along the main thoroughfare of Whitechapel, that "Essex Road" of the olden time still wore a cheery face through its abundance of provision for every want of man, and its plenitude of trade; but, nevertheless, the densely-populated streets on our right and on our left remind us that we are merely in the main artery of the vast wilderness of the East End. On we go until we come to Bow Road, a very ancient suburb, since Chaucer's Prioress spoke French "after the school of Stratford at Bow," but which is now, for the most part, inhabited by the poorer classes. Probably our friend, Pastor A. G. Brown, would say that Bow Common represented one of the most interesting scenes of low London life. The name suggests a scene of rural quietude—of greensward, running brooks, with the old river Lea not far away—but how different is the reality! Bow Common must be seen to be fully understood and appreciated.

To take notice of one of its pleasanter places first, let us turn into the soup-kitchen, which Mr. Brown has just opened at Tryphena Place, with a view of making the enterprise in the main self-supporting. It is so bitterly cold, or "seasonable," out of doors, as well-fed, warmly-clad people say, that the modest little engine and its coppers present quite a congenial face, and the invitation to test the quality of the savoury fare is too agreeable to be resisted. The soup is found to be of a quality that would do credit to any table in the land; and the fact that a quart of such, with a piece of bread, can be produced for a penny, is most surprising evidence of the extremely low price of provisions when purchased in quantities in the cheapest market. What would be the gratitude of many poor city clerks if they could really dine for a penny on fare as good as this? The design is to produce at least two hundred gallons every day during the winter; but it is not sold indiscriminately to all comers: those alone who have tickets given to them are eligible purchasers.

If we desire to know who are the people that are benefited by such a timely provision, we need but to linger for an hour or so in the room. Among those who come are a number of dock labourers, who, having been unsuccessful in getting work earlier in the morning, are glad of an opportunity of making a substantial dinner for a penny. These poor fellows, being representative of a large class, merit attention; and their great anxiety to procure employment is seen in the way that they quickly empty their basins, in order to be once more at the dock gates at one o'clock, in hope of being taken on for half a day. This extreme difficulty in getting work on the part of those who are so willing to do it, is one of the saddest phases of life in London at the present time.

When spoken with, they are quite willing to be communicative; they do not parade their hardships; they rather speak about them as common-places in the battle of life to which all are exposed who get "down in luck." One, who showed visible improvement after taking his quart of soup, assured us that he had earned only 2s. 11d. in five weeks; so hard, indeed, had been the pressure that he had not been able to have even a common lodging-house bed for two nights—he had been obliged to walk the streets. This man had been a fireman on board ship, but

having met with an accident, he had been obliged to give it up. He objected to going into the workhouse, but thought that he would be able to get along if he could be landed among his friends at Shields. While expressing unqualified encomiums on Mr. Brown's soup, he intimated that he was but a sample of hundreds of others who were in a similar plight, or "down in luck."

This man had hardly gone when the deal table was surrounded by a party of others who had been unsuccessful in getting work at the dock-gates, a natural consequence of things being "rather quiet." They complained of being much more harshly dealt with at certain docks than at others, and they keenly resented this grievance. Those who had only themselves to keep found difficulty in weathering the storm; but when a wife and a number of children had to be taken into the reckoning, one could not gauge the suffering represented. Their testimony was unanimous in one particular—the outlook was worse than it was a year ago. One who was well acquainted with the grain trade said it was in a worse condition than had been the case for thirteen years. These men, then, at all events, were not idle loafers, anxious to take advantage of any charitable distribution, on the one hand, or to be led astray by Socialistic adventurers on the other. The manner in which they hastened off, in the forlorn hope of getting half a day's work at one o'clock, alone testified to their sincerity.

If we turn from these poor labourers to the ordinary run of those who come after the soup, we shall find that the varied revelations of low London life will still afford plenty of food for reflection. In one respect all show uniformity—they are all visibly anxious to have the soup; for if they could manufacture such a satisfying stew at all in their own rooms, it is pretty certain that it would cost them the price charged several times over. Among those who come are thinly-clad women, grave and careworn; but in many instances these are accompanied by little children, whose smiling interest in the process of measuring the savoury contents of the coppers into all kinds of nondescript vessels is one more evidence how, under all circumstances, care sits lightly upon the shoulders of the young. As they come up to the counter in quick succession from different quarters, they carry with them in many instances the characteristics of their district. The majority look like poor people who are honestly struggling to do the best they are able for themselves and dependents; but now and then we note phenomena which are ominous symptoms of there being something radically wrong quite apart from the hardness of the times. To use the publican's beer-cans for such an innocent purpose is, probably, a venial offence; but what does it mean when, on such a raw winter day, a boy comes up only half-dressed—without shoes, stockings, coat, or waistcoat? It represents a state of things down in the depths to which no friend of the poor can ever become thoroughly accustomed. "I can never become used to it," remarked Mr. Brown, when a wild-looking, unkempt girl—a feminine counterpart of the half-savage looking boy—flitted across our path in the street—"I can never become used to it; it turns me sick." To talk about the ills of the poor in a conventional or sentimental manner is one thing; to come to their rescue is another. This latter necessitates a daily fight with manifold evils, and a constant exercise

of faith, which God alone can sustain. Who will help to strengthen the hands of those who thus fight the Lord's battles in districts which are as little known to the world of respectability as the fields of missionary enterprise in foreign lands?

And now, what is the general outlook of Bow Common itself? It is a low-lying district, and sufficiently extensive in itself to constitute a town of considerable size; and while, in a sense, it may be called an industrial area, it would seem to be the last refuge of many who have been compelled to migrate from more respectable quarters. If one-room-life is not generally the rule, a very large proportion of the people have to be content with no better accommodation.



BOW COMMON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Mrs. E——, aged sixty-two, a maker of wash-leather gloves at eighteenpence a dozen pairs, finding her own wax and thread. She never complains, and has been regularly visited for three years.

Numbers of the men have to be included in the class of dock labourers, whose master grievance, as we have seen, is the extreme scarcity of work. Then come the pipe and match-box makers, the machinists, the waistcoat hands, the trousers makers, and many more trades besides, the victims of that "cruel cheapness" which Mr. Brown has so scathingly exposed and denounced. When we consider the wages that are paid—or, as we might say, that are not paid—each business named deserves to rank

rather as a system of slavery than of legitimate industry; for when close application to work yields nothing better than a penny per hour, the poor people can hardly be said to be toiling for a *living*. They are working their lives away without being able to get the necessaries, much less the comforts, of life. Who can wonder that widows and weakly girls are so often found worsted in such an unequal contest? Those who are ill-fed, poorly clothed, and over-worked, naturally fall an easy prey to disease.

Hence, to visit these people in their homes demonstrates to us very forcibly that one of the greatest temporal blessings one can have in this world is fairly remunerated employment. Some of the larger houses, which are let out in single rooms, present a somewhat gaunt, inhospitable look, the unfastened street-door admitting all comers to cold, bare passages, and uncarpeted stairs, which have too heavy a traffic to allow of their being kept over clean. On the top floor of one of these tenements we enter the room of a widow who is a representative of the poor sisterhood of pipe-makers; and, considering that the apartment has to serve as workshop, living room, and bed-room, it is not so repellant as some others, although the effluvium is anything but agreeable. The woman has a worn, sad appearance, and from the pathetic allusions she makes to the death of her husband, we can tell that she keenly feels the hardships of her situation—not more than a shilling a day being earned by her labour when work can be obtained. She tells us that the landlady had been buried only three days previously, but adds, in a more reassuring tone, that the stairs had been "sprinkled down"—that is, disinfected. The next room, in another house that we enter, is smaller and closer, a mother and daughter being employed at tailors' slopwork, much of which requires really skilled hands to do it. The hardships of the daughter are increased by chronic ailments, which are aggravated by the cold weather. No words of discontent are uttered, although under happier circumstances the earnings of the two would not more than suffice for the support of one. In another small room, which seems to be quite crowded with a man, wife, and children, the same kind of work is going on; and our companion in this instance being Mr. Brown himself, he gladdens the young people's hearts by the promise of some new clothing. By a few questions addressed to the woman, who is, of course, typical of a large class, we learned that the necessity for working seven days a week—the Sabbath being devoted to arrears of household duties—prevented her from attending public worship. In a home like this, the woman is the mainstay of the family. The husband, in the majority of instances, ranking no higher than a dock labourer, can do little or nothing, and thus too often becomes a dependent himself rather than a help.

The cases mentioned are those in which the people's sufferings are to be traced to misfortune alone; alcohol is certainly not the sole cause of the depressed condition of those we have mentioned; their crying want is fairly remunerative work. Of course, in such a neighbourhood numbers will be found whose rags and squalor proclaim them to be the victims of vicious habits; and the costly structures, whose landlords are able to amass a rich competence, show that a good deal of money goes for beer and spirits which ought to be devoted to the home. Those who thus

waste their resources are not the majority, however; the poor women and girls who are toiling for a penny an hour, the half-famished men who on the average cannot procure one day's work a week, are not what they are because they are drunkards, and to make sweeping assertions to the contrary, as certain ardent prohibitionists are in the habit of doing, is a libel on thousands of poor people as cruel as it is false. Mr. Brown has had too much experience among his needy constituency not to know that there are other enemies to fight quite as destructive of the people's best interests as drunkenness—evils which carry with them the blight of misery, if not of death, both far and wide. It seems as though the people needed to be reclaimed from generations of neglect. In general, they are in such a pitiable condition, that if they are prevailed upon to attend the worship of God at all, it has to be at times specially arranged for them; for, as Mr. Brown has repeatedly declared, if these people were to come to the ordinary Sunday services the respectable congregation would be frightened away.

In looking over Bow Common, the region appears to be in reality a number of colonies; at all events, the streets differ very greatly in character, and in some measure verify the truth of the old proverb, that "birds of a feather flock together." Many thoroughfares are fairly respectable as the ordinary homes of the toiling poor; others are more questionable, perhaps a few years ago they would not in all cases have been over safe for a belated traveller after dark; and one notorious quarter, which the neighbours have suggestively nick-named in their own *patois*, has not in any wise been wronged or libelled. Here squalor and misery seem to reign unchecked, despite the unceasing efforts that are made to reclaim the natives. Children, ragged and unwashed, roam about, looking as though they had never known either the inside of a school or a mother's care. To the unhappy people who herd in many of these rooms, *home* has no meaning as we understand it; and it is characteristic of many families that the chief part of what is available for their support is brought in by the women. Man at his lowest, in all parts of the world, seems to be a being who is content to be idle, and to have his means of self-indulgence supplied by those whom he ought to support. "Rows" are not uncommon in such places when an extra amount of drink has been consumed; and then, the houses are quickly emptied of their tenants, who never fail to show more than a passing interest in such episodes.

But notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is still happily true that even Bow Common has of late years visibly improved; the drainage and sanitation are much better than they were, and streets, which at one time might have been considered dangerous after nightfall, are so no longer. It is also a favourable symptom that houses whose condition is too unsanitary for their occupants to live in them safely, now become condemned by the local inspector. These things may seem to be only remotely connected with evangelistic work, but they are considered to be distinct gains by the evangelist himself, who is encouraged by having the way prepared for better things.

Such is the scene of one of the districts of Mr. Brown's labours, and such are those whom he seeks to reclaim to something better than they have ever known. The poor of London have no better friend

working among them; and although the pastor is still hardly more than a young man, his experience is that of a veteran of long service. The people themselves recognize him as such in a way that we have never seen equalled. If he stands but a few minutes in a street talking with a stray friend of the poorer sort, others will come pouring out of their houses, glad of an opportunity of telling their grievances, or of making known their wants. This phenomenon must be seen to be fully understood or credited.

In speaking with Mr. Brown on the condition of the East End, we were sorry to learn that the pressure of poverty is greater than it was, and that it is reaching a more respectable class. The causes of this distress are too intricate to be explained in few words; but the disposition of the people to crowd into the town, and the keen competition in the over-crowded labour-market, as well as early, improvident marriages, have had much to do with bringing about the present state of things. The work carried on is philanthropic in a temporal sense, but it is first of all evangelistic. Though he ardently desires to win the people for better things, he never hopes to be popular by seeking to create effect by monster halls and excitable meetings. His experience has not taught him that large numbers can be won at once; on the contrary, much gentle pressure or persuasion seems to be needed; for in the case of many converts the battle has had to be fought out in their own rooms. Indeed, the earnest evangelist has to be satisfied if the prize desired be won after two or three years—so much have the people to be saved from even after they are convicted of sin. It is even thought that many who are saved are hardly fit to be invested with the privileges of church membership until they have passed a novitiate. This being the case, one of the greatest obstacles to progress is sensationalism, so that while the alarm goes forth calling on the churches to come back to the old doctrines, it is still needful to make a stand on behalf of Scriptural methods.

In addition to volunteer agents, Mr. Brown employs seven paid missionaries, as well as an eighth, whom he partially supports, and it is customary for some of these to assemble for prayer at nine o'clock in the morning. These brethren the pastor seeks to inspire with enthusiasm similar to his own, and, through the Lord's help, he seems to have succeeded. He values the privileges which have been conferred upon him as a preacher to the masses; but he teaches his helpers that the gift of being able effectively to speak to individuals may represent quite as high a calling, and one in which diligence and perseverance find plenty of scope. Apart from directly evangelistic effort, however, the daily round of work is very heavy. It is inevitable that much relief of the ordinary kind has to be dispensed; a distribution of clothing takes place every afternoon; and, in addition to all, considerable attention has to be devoted to emigration, the expense of this department showing a heavy item. Great attention is given to details, all receipts being carefully entered, as well as the expenditure, so that everything is readily accounted for in the books.

Thus, without intermission, the work goes on from the beginning to the end of the year; and painfully monotonous as the outlook may appear to a casual observer, there is really fresh novelty every day for

those who have eyes to see. In the course of a week it is possible to meet with representatives of every class of society, the most striking characters being those who have drifted into the slums despite a classical education which enables them to write Greek and quote Latin. Drink, indolence, or both combined, will commonly account for these singular falls; but in general, a great mass of misery is daily met with that has no connection with drink at all. Of course, impostors will now and then appear upon the scenes, to try their luck; but Mr. Brown and his men are such skilled detectors of false human metal, that even the most artful of the fraternity have little chance of success. If a lingering doubt should remain concerning any given subject, he needs but to be invited to have his portrait taken; if the case is genuine, the man goes straight to the photographer; if otherwise, he at once disappears in the crowd like a shooting-star, to be seen and heard of no more.

Mr. Brown resolved from the first that he would never incur debt, and that he would never ask for money for the Lord's service. He has all along worked on these conditions. Next month we will give particulars of many characters who have been helped to rise by the pastor's far-reaching efforts. G. H. P.

An Old Divine's Exhortation to Liberality.

LET me exhort you to deeds of mercy. Let your fingers drop with the myrrh of liberality. Sow the golden seed of benevolence. Remember that excellent saying of Saint Austin: "Give those things to the poor which you cannot keep, that you may receive those things which you cannot lose." There are many occasions of exercising your mercifulness. The poor are everywhere. Hear the orphan's cry, pity the widow's tears. Some there are who want employment; it would be well to set their wheel a-going: others, who are past employment; be as eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame: some, whose families are sinking, if some merciful hand doth not help to shore them up.

But some object, "We may give, and so in time come ourselves to want." Let Basil answer this: "Wells," saith he, "which have their water drawn, spring ever more freely." "The liberal soul shall be made fat." (Proverbs xi. 25.) Luther speaks of a monastery in Austria, which was very rich while it gave annually to the poor, but when it left off giving, the monastery began to decay. There is nothing lost by doing our duty; an estate may be imparted, yet not impaired. The flowers yield honey to the bee, yet hurt not their own fruit: when the candle of prosperity shines upon us, we may light our neighbour that is in the dark, and have never the less light ourselves. Whatever is disbursed to pious uses, God doth bring it in some other way; as the loaves in breaking were multiplied, or as the widow's oil increased by pouring out. (1 Kings xvii. 16.)

Sam and the Star.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

SAM was up the river sailing :
Massa, he had gone below,
Just as evening light was failing,
And the stars began to show.

"Sam," said he, as he was leaving,
"Steer by yonder star : good night ! "
Sammy such advice receiving,
Kept the shining orb in sight.

But a passing cloud arising
Hid the object from his view ;
Sammy, not a fear surmising,
Hoped to steer the vessel through.

Softly o'er the waters gliding,
He had brought her fair and far,
When, the gathered clouds dividing,
Far behind he saw the star.

Pleased, he went below with gladness,
"Massa, we progressing fast :
Passed dat star." "Why, Sam, what madness !
Stars are not so quickly passed."

Massa came on deck, and Sammy
Pointed proudly far astern,
"Dar de star." "Why, Sam, you granny,
You have let the vessel turn ! "

Men there are who once were steering
By the Gospel Star of Truth ;
But the clouds of doubt appearing,
They have missed that guide of youth.

They have passed it, older, wiser
Than their aged fathers are.
Inspiration ! They despise her ;
They must have another star.

Fools ! progressing but the farther
From the one unerring Guide.
Ye advancing ? Nay, ye rather
Drift but with the passing tide.

Aversion.

DR. PUSEY once gave this specially good question and answer. "What is the opposite of conversion ? Aversion. If we are not turned to God, we are turned away from him."—*From "Golden Counsels," by W. Mann Statham.*

"I am Alpha and Omega."

BY PASTOR F. E. MARSH, SUNDERLAND.

ROTHERHAM, in his translation, renders the above—"I am the A and Z." What a fulness we have in Christ! We may make a double alphabet of what he is to us who believe in him. He is the

Atonement to cover us, and the Advocate to look after our interests.
Brother to sympathize with us, and the Bread of life to feed us.
Companion to cheer us, and the Captain to command us.
Deliverer to defend us, and the Day-star to guide us.
Example to influence us, and Emmanuel who is with us.
Friend to stick to us, and the Foundation to uphold us.
Guard to protect us, and the Guide to direct us.
High Priest to represent us, and the Husband to cheer us.
Intercessor to plead for us, and the "I am" to supply us.
Jesus to save us, and Jehovah to keep us.
King to rule us, and Kindness to crown us.
Life to secure us, and the Lovely One to attract us.
Minister to serve us, and the Mediator to act for us.
Near Kinsman as one with us, and the Nourishment that sustains us.
Offering to atone for us, and the Overseer to superintend us.
Purifier to sanctify us, and the Passover to shield us.
Quietness to calm us, and the Queller to subdue us.
Rock to stablish us, and the Refuge to shelter us.
Shield to protect us, and the Shepherd to look after us.
Teacher to instruct us, and the Truth to arm us.
Understanding to enlighten us, and the Unfailing One to stand by us.
Vine to enrich us, and Virtue to make us like himself.
Way into the holiest, and the Wonderful One to charm us.
Yesterday, for ever, the same. Youth to invigorate us.
Zeal to inspire us, and Zero to surround us.

Verily we are constrained to say with good old Dyer, "The Lord Jesus is fairer than the fairest; sweeter than the sweetest; nearer than the nearest; dearer than the dearest; richer than the richest; and better than the best."

Bengel's Prophetic Conjecture.

THE spirit of the time will become increasingly one of scepticism and naturalism. The powers of nature and reason will be so extolled that men will lose sight of the supernatural; people will be paid for attacking with their pens the bases of Christianity. Everywhere men will declare for the sufficiency of bare morality; and not only with the higher, but with the lower classes, freethinking and mockery of faith will take the upper hand. . . . Marvellous tales and romances, be they true or feigned, will be prevalent, and amusement the chief thing sought in reading. If anything spiritual is introduced, it will be in attractive tales; and the form of the representation, not the improvement of the

mind and heart, will be the chief thing sought for. The doctrine of the internal word will work immense mischief when it is carried out to its consequences. Those who use it will say that they wish for "the kernel without the husk," *i. e.*, Christianity without the Bible, and from subtle beginnings they will advance to destructive consequences. Scepticism and superstition will prevail together. People who have not an inner taste of truth will thus fall into the hands of Rome. Socinianism and Romanism seem far enough asunder now, but they will then work together, and that will knock the bottom out of the vessel. In the end, there will be a time of victory, when the kingdom of God will bring in an overflowing fulness of the Spirit, and a deliverance from the wrong and suffering which men have inflicted on one another through their wickedness. Christians will still walk by faith, and not by sight, and they will have to contend with sin, and meet death. The law will remain, the gospel will be preached, the commemoration of the death of Christ will continue till he comes; but these will have a higher power.

Immovable Society.

BY a sort of grim irony, in the quarter of Mentone that suffered most severely from the earthquakes last year, there stands a notice-board bearing an inscription commencing with the words—

SOCIÉTÉ IMMOBILIÈRE.

All around the plot of ground where the board was fixed there were traces of the terrible *tremblement de terre;* houses were standing only by the help of strong supports, or their upper rooms were open to the sky, or huge cracks from foundation to roof showed how they had been shaken. When the shocks were felt, the people who lived in that part constituted anything but an *immovable society*, for they fled hither and thither to try to find a place of safety.

Society in general in France, in England, and in other lands, appears to be no more immovable than it was at Mentone during the earthquakes. It seems to rock to and fro, and to threaten to crumble to atoms, through the internal, if not infernal, convulsions of which it is the subject.

There is, however, a society which is, or ought to be, immovable; that is, the church of the living God. Of the church, even in Old Testament times, it was written, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." David said, "He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved;" while another Psalmist wrote, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever;" and the apostle Paul brought to a fitting close his wonderful chapter upon the resurrection by saying, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, *unmovable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." May all the readers of these words be members of this glorious immovable society!

J. W. HARRALD.

Separation not Schism;

OR,

THE OLD AND NEW CONNEXIONS OF GENERAL BAPTISTS.

BY THE WRITER OF THE FIRST "DOWN-GRADE" PAPER.

THERE is good reason for believing that the earliest British Christians practised baptism as enjoined by Christ and administered by the apostles. The community of Christian believers—miscalled monks—who had established themselves at Bangor Is y coed (Bangor in the Trees), in Flintshire, practised baptism after the same model.* In England, though the doctrine of "Believers' Baptism" was held and taught by some of the Reformers, the *practice* seems not to have been revived until early in the sixteenth century, when refugees from the Continent settled in Kent, and a few other places. Though these were, in some respects, the immediate progenitors of the early English General Baptists, in others the General Baptist body must be viewed as a separate organization, and as having had a separate origin. For our present purpose we will take a view of the early English General Baptists as they were in 1660, when the body published a *Confession of Faith;* and then sketch important movements in the body which led up to the formation of the New Connexion, in 1770.

At the former date the churches of this denomination throughout the country, with a few exceptions, were evangelically sound. They held very strongly, and made a great point of, General Redemption, but in most other points they differed little from moderate Calvinists, and, indeed, would be thought quite strong Calvinists at the present day. The great doctrines relating to sin and salvation were their constant themes in preaching; they laid low the sinner, and exalted the Saviour in his Person and work; and they insisted on repentance and faith as prerequisites to baptism and Christian fellowship. The ministers were, with scarcely an exception, unlearned men, knowing little of Homer and Virgil, but they were close students of the Bible, especially of the Gospels and Epistles. They laboured with a zeal and earnestness which befitted their great vocation; and, if there have been any successors of the apostles, as apostles, these men were among them, albeit no episcopal hands had been imposed upon their heads. They had what is infinitely better, anywhere and at any time—the fire of redeeming love kindled on the altar of their hearts by him "who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips." Perhaps the most prominent man among them was Thomas Grantham. At the age of seventeen he, with three others, left an Independent church, and was baptized on a profession of faith. This was in 1651, and it was the beginning of the General Baptist interest in Lincolnshire. The Confession of Faith, above alluded to, was drawn up by him. On the doctrines of the Trinity, the Deity, Incarnation, and Atoning Death of Christ, the Personality and work of the Holy Spirit—and, indeed,

* Llys-bedydd, or Llynisbedith (court of baptism) is the ancient name for the parish (in Shropshire), now called Bettisfield. Some fields on the side of Hanmer Pool are called *Holy Crofts;* and it is supposed the (so-called) monks of Bangor, or St. Chad, baptized their converts in this pool. See "Philip Henry's Diaries."

on most of the points he touched—there was strict conformity with Scripture. On Election, and kindred doctrines, it may be enough to say that he was nearer Baxter than Calvin. This "Confession" was hastily drawn up, as it was required to be presented to Charles II., on the restoration of monarchy, and was thought to be deficient in several points. In 1678, therefore, the General Baptists of Bucks, Beds, Herts, and Oxon, drew up a larger document, consisting of fifty articles, and denominated it, "Orthodox Creed," &c. It was signed by fifty-four messengers and elders. What Mr. Grantham simply asserted, this later document sought to explain; but it involved metaphysical distinctions, which the common people could not well understand. So far as it differed from the "Confession" of 1660, it verged nearer to Calvinism.

In 1691, the General Baptists of Somersetshire and the neighbouring counties published a "Confession of Faith," in twenty-seven chapters. This differed little from that of 1660, but it was not at all commonly known other than in the Western and Southern counties.

If our space would allow it, many proofs could be brought to show that the body of the General Baptists, at this time, were evangelically sound on all important points, including the inspiration and absolute authority of the Holy Scriptures in all matters of faith and practice. Here and there, as in the neighbourhood of Staplehurst, in Kent, there were spots of theological leprosy to be seen; but the body generally was sound.

Thomas Grantham had among his Lincolnshire adherents a strenuous advocate of gospel truth in Joseph Hooke. A clergyman had asserted that the General Baptists held that Christ is not the true God. Mr. Hooke replied to him: "Whoever did or do hold that Christ is not the true God," says he, "I believe it is a pernicious doctrine, contrary to God's word, and *destructive to the Christian faith.*" After citing many Scripture texts in proof of his position, he adds, "He is God, co-essential and co-eternal with the Father. For, most certainly, he that made all things, visible and invisible, was not himself made; and, as he is man, he did not create all things. And yet, that he is man is as true as that he is God. He is David's Lord and David's Son; David's Root, and David's Offspring: Immanuel, God with us: God veiled in the flesh. That Christ is a Person having in him the nature of God, and the nature of man, is clearly revealed; but *how* these two natures are joined in personal union, remains a mystery." A mystery they found it, and such it will ever be, and by no metaphysical researches can it be solved; but

> "Where reason fails, with all her powers,
> There faith prevails, and love adores."

On the subject of the future state of the righteous and the wicked, the General Baptists were sometimes charged with a departure from the plain teachings of Scripture. A few of them held the opinion that the souls of believers sleep until the resurrection, but this sentiment was not generally entertained; and, as for the heresy of annihilation, or the kindred heresies of future probation and ultimate restoration, no trace of them is to be found among them at that period. As to the preachers generally, though, as in other times, a few were unfaithful

and immoral, their souls were too fully aflame with the love of Christ to dabble in vain speculations or give the people the husks of human conceits instead of the Bread of heaven. All too soon this was changed, as we shall presently see. Now, however, there was a soul-hunger awakened among the people, and a cry for "Bread, bread!" Spiritual awakenings have ever brought out this cry, to be followed by-and-by with the song of satisfaction and joy. And even in our own day, it is bread the people want, and neither husks nor chaff will satisfy them. When the famine pressed sorely on the Egyptians of old, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread. They had a land of matchless fertility, but no bread. They had gold and silver, and precious stones, and raiment and ornaments in abundance, but no bread; they had temples of unrivalled magnificence, monuments of art and skill which are even now the wonder of the world, but the people were dying for bread. "Bread, bread! Give us bread!" was their cry. Joseph did a grander thing for the people when he fed them in their starvation, and built for himself a more lasting fame, than if he had founded a hundred royal dynasties, and erected a thousand glorious temples. The man who feeds the hungry souls of dying men with the Bread of Life, and wakens the perishing to their needs, does a grander and nobler thing than if he could outvie Angelo in painting and Handel in music. But what shall be said of him who withholds the Bread, and starves the people with husks of man's opinions dished up after his own fancy?

But these brethren were not only sound in their theology, they were judicious in their proceedings generally, and careful and exact in matters relating to Christian living and Christian fellowship. For a long time, and in some places to a remarkable degree, brotherly love prevailed. Walking in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, churches were multiplied, and believers added to the Lord yet more and more.

But, alas! the fine gold became dim, the silver mingled with dross, and the wine mixed with water. There was a defection of doctrinal soundness, and with it a decay of practical godliness. Whether the former produced the latter, or the latter the former, it would now be difficult to ascertain; but there they were, working and co-working, the sickness affecting the appetite, and the want of sound diet aggravating the sickness.

As early as 1677 there was considerable difference of opinion among the members of the church meeting at Spilshill, Staplehurst, which had flourished under the ministry of Mr. Kingsworth. He died in that year, and his removal gave opportunity for the more open propagation of erroneous sentiments. Sad to say, also, two out of the five sons of Mr. Kingsworth, who became preachers, went so far in error that they headed a division which assembled at Biddenden and Frittenden, and afterwards at Headcorn. At Headcorn there is a struggling remnant still, but at the other places the church has long been extinct. The Staplehurst church is represented by a small cause at Smarden, and where the old General Baptist church met at Staplehurst a congregation of very Calvinistic Baptists now assembles.

The leaven of heresy worked in relation to the Trinity. The record of the old church-book, which I remember to have seen many years ago,

states :—"After the decease of the aforesaid Richard Kingsworth, there appeared a difference in their apprehensions concerning the doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity, and, after many debates which arose on this head, they brought it to this conclusion : that, forasmuch as there was a division in the eldership and ministers on both sides, they, for peace sake, granted a quiet dismission to their brethren who differed from them on this point."

The church at Spilshill continued sound. In 1706 there were more than two hundred members, but after this it declined, and became extinct, the Smarden portion continuing to the present time. This church, though sometimes troubled with Unitarianism, remained sound, and is, I believe, the only one of all the General Baptist churches in that part of Kent which has survived that terrible "down-grade" catastrophe.

The Western and Southern churches have, with a few exceptions, either become Socinian, or have died out. In some cases, as in Northamptonshire, the Baptist element in the population has gone on the *up-grade*, and has founded many churches of the Particular Baptist order. This has been the case, to some extent, in Essex.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there was a strong General Baptist church at Horsham, in Sussex, the pastor of which was Mr. Matthew Caffin, who laboured in that and neighbouring counties, with equal zeal and success. He was so celebrated for the defence of the truth that he was cried up by the people, says Mr. Taylor, as "their battle-axe and weapon of war." Mr. Caffin endured serious persecution for the gospel's sake. Five times he was committed to prison, once being to Newgate, where he narrowly escaped death by that sickness which was fatal to so many of his fellow-prisoners. But after these sufferings and labours for the truth, sad to say, he departed from the "simplicity that is in Christ." For half a century he had been looked up to as the champion of his party, and his influence was deep and far-reaching. His seems to have been a case of beginning in the spirit and seeking to be made perfect in the flesh. He puzzled himself with the deep mysteries of the faith, bringing them to the bar of reason, and foolishly rejecting those things he could not understand, though he saw them to be plainly revealed in the Word of God.

Before we enter further on this subject, it will be needful to state that the General Baptist body at that time did not consist of separate and independent churches; there was a good measure of Presbyterianism in the form of their church polity. This was not confined to the General branch of the Baptist body, for the same thing prevailed in connection with the church at Bedford, over which John Bunyan presided; but it was characteristic of the Generals everywhere. Almost every single church was scattered over a wide area, and its members met at different places for worship. Churches in different localities were grouped into Associations, and the Associations in their united capacity formed the Assembly.

Mr. Caffin began to vent his new opinions more privately at first, as they had reference to the Person of Christ—his Deity, the sinlessness of his human nature, and so forth. He divulged his speculations to a Mr. Wright, pastor of a church at Maidstone. Mr. Wright, perceiving the destructive tendencies of these sentiments, and, no doubt, having traced

their effects, thought it only right to prefer a charge of heresy against Mr. Caffin at the Assembly, and to demand his expulsion from the Assembly, and from the fellowship of the churches. Mr. Caffin made so plausible a defence, that the Assembly fully acquitted him, and *censured Mr. Wright for his want of charity.* Mr. Wright, in conjunction with another minister, returned to the charge at the next Assembly, held at Aylesbury. There he failed again to arouse the brethren to the importance of his charges and to the gravity of the situation. The Assembly resolved, "To maintain amity and friendship with Mr. Caffin, *though he might differ a little in some abstruse unrevealed speculations.*"

Mr. Wright, finding his efforts unavailing, withdrew from their Assembly, protesting against its proceedings; and though he lived and laboured to about the end of the century—sixteen or seventeen years—he took no further public action in the matter.

But the matter did not rest. Mr. Caffin took courage to spread his opinions more openly, and the leprosy spread. In the Assembly of 1692 he avowed his sentiments with considerable freedom. His words were taken down, and the charge of denying the divinity and humanity of Christ were again preferred against him. The clearest evidence was before the Assembly, but the majority voted that "he was not guilty of the matters charged against him." And yet, with a strange inconsistency, as though to preserve their own credit for orthodoxy, they resolved, "that the opinions ascribed to Mr. Caffin were heresies." Protests followed, signed by some of those who were still sound; but the Assembly, as if ashamed of its double dealing, adjourned for three years. At its meeting in 1696, the protesters insisted on Mr. Caffin being brought to trial, but the majority held to their former decision. The protesters then withdrew from the Assembly, and shortly after formed what they called the *General Association.* Want of space prevents our giving the names of the honoured brethren who thus bore witness to the truth, and of the churches they represented, but the church in Berkhampstead is the only one now existing. They addressed a long letter to those churches which they considered to be sound, stating the reasons of their separation from the General Assembly. They concluded this address with these words: "Therefore, beloved brethren, hearken to the call of God—'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you.' For it is impossible to have communion with men who are thus guilty of heresy, blasphemy, and idolatry, but you must needs be defiled. In vain is it for you to separate from such as err about the subjects and manner of baptism, if, at the same time, you maintain communion with heretics and idolaters, as those must needs be who deny the Deity of the Son of God."

As the case became known, there were more seceders. Subsequently, there were overtures for peace, and, after a time, some sort of transient reconciliation was effected; but the wound was never healed. The Assembly, like the Association formed of the seceders, avowed faith in the Godhead of Christ, and yet strangely resisted the zealous efforts of the defenders of that doctrine against those who either questioned or denied it. The mischief arose, largely, from the wide-spread sympathy with Mr. Caffin, on account of his former labours and successes; and

certainly all this ought to have been considered, and due respect paid to his age; but the claims of Christ, of the gospel, and of the souls of perishing sinners, are of paramount consideration, and even Gabriel himself ought not to be tolerated for a moment in the preaching of "another gospel."

But while the cause of the Redeemer was declining in some parts, it was prospering in others. This was notably the case in the Midland counties, in Lincolnshire, and in Yorkshire. In all these districts evangelical doctrine was the one theme of the preachers. "Jesus Christ, and him crucified," was their one testimony. Many triumphs of grace were won, and the "Word of the Lord had free course" in many parts. The simplicity, fervour, self-denying zeal, and evangelical earnestness of many of the preachers, were above all praise, and serve as an example that might be copied to advantage. True, there were persecutions without, and occasionally disorders within, but, in the main, prosperity and blessing attended the labours of God's servants, and the efforts of his people.

One of the foremost figures in the northern district was the celebrated Dan Taylor. Born in 1738, he preached his first sermon in a dwelling-house at Hipperholme, near Halifax, 1761. Efforts were made to induce him to join the Wesleyan Methodists, but he was not satisfied with some of their tenets, and, with four others, left their company, and commenced an interest at Wadsworth. For many years, both before and after the formation of the New Connexion, he was a leading spirit in all the proceedings of the body, and he bore himself well under the trials which came upon him.

The leaven of heresy was still at work, east, west, and south. In the west, the churches had, for the most part, gone on the "Down-Grade." In Kent and Sussex it was the same to some extent; and also in Lincolnshire. In Lincolnshire especially was the defection visible. The churches in this Association had been conspicuous for those principles which formed the banner of the Early English General Baptists—the divinity of Christ, his atoning death, justification by faith alone, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. But now, in the sixth decade of the eighteenth century, many of the churches and ministers either denied them entirely, or so explained them, that they were shorn of their dignity, glory, and attractiveness. Sad to say, the older members and ministers were the most prominent in heterodoxy, as if the apostle's order was reversed; for instead of the inner man being renewed as the outer man perished, decay without was more than equalled by decay within.

The grave divergence of sentiment produced discussion, and besides the unhappy altercations, there was fostered in very many a spirit of sceptical inquisitiveness—prying into things that have not been revealed, and controverting those essential verities of the gospel which simple faith receives without questioning.

In the midst of these contentions, Mr. Dan Taylor made the acquaintance of some of the Midland churches, and finding them one with him in the faith of the gospel, he sought a closer union with them. The Lincolnshire Association also sought to draw them over to their side, and sent their messenger, Mr. Gilbert Boyce, of Coningsby, to promote

this object. The Leicestershire friends steadily refused to have any connexion with persons holding the sentiments some of them were reputed as holding. They went so far as to express a very decided opinion that all who cherished faith in the doctrines of Christianity ought to separate from such. This was in 1769. This opinion grew into a conviction, and the conviction took strong hold of many of the orthodox in all parts. About Michaelmas the same year, a meeting was held at Lincoln, when separation was resolved on, and that a New Connexion should be formed of such as held fast the old faith. The meeting took place, as had been arranged, in London, 7th June, 1770.

Before this meeting, however, strenuous efforts were made to prevent the separation. Mr. Boyce laboured and argued with a zeal and a courtesy worthy of a better cause. He urged all possible considerations to prevent disunion; but he seems to have lost sight of the interests of truth in the superabundance of his charity. He plainly admitted in a letter written so late as 17th May, 1769, that there was a difference of opinion between them on a point so vital as the Deity of the Son of God. It was impossible that there could be any real spiritual union when one party built their faith on a human Christ, and the other on a Christ "who is God over all, blessed for ever."

The meeting of the New Connexion took place in Church Lane, Whitechapel. The following brethren attended and took part in its formation :—Samuel Deacon, Boston; John Tarratt and Nathaniel Pickering, of Kegworth; John Grimley, of Loughborough; William Smith and George Hickling, of Longford; Francis Smith and Thomas Perkins, of Melbourn; Dan Taylor, of Wadsworth; William Thompson, of Boston; John Brittain and William Summers, of London; John Knott, of Eythorne; James Fenn, of Deal; John Stanger, of Bessell's Green; David Wilkin, of Halstead; Charles Parman, of Castle Headingham; and R. French, of Coggeshall. The designation of the new body explains its objects, which were "*to revive experimental religion or Primitive Christianity in faith and practice.*" They agreed to "Articles of Religion," which embodied the evangelical faith, which all the ministers signed. Other churches and ministers joined them afterward, and the new increased and the old decreased. At the present day the old body is almost extinct, for the churches which clung to their *vain speculations* gradually died out, or became Sociniau. Very many of the old churches which joined the New Connexion remain to this day, and some of them are strong. Others became more Calvinistic, and were absorbed in, or changed to, Particular Baptist churches, which have become fruitful in their respective neighbourhoods.

This very meagre sketch may suffice to show that truth must not be sacrificed at the shrine of charity; that in matters concerning the faith once delivered to the saints there must be *no compromise;* that "speaking the truth in love," we should "hold fast the faithful word"; and that *separation* from such as connive at fundamental error, or withhold the "Bread of life" from perishing souls, is not *schism*, but only what truth, and conscience, and God require of all who would be found faithful.

Wet Sundays.

"CHACUN *à son goût !*" said the Frenchman, when he saw an Englishman demolishing a beef-steak. "Everyone to his taste," said the Englishman, when the Frenchman ordered *frogs*. And so say all of us, when we note the Maori relishing his *stinking* shark. (Gentle reader, pardon the strong term—no other is at all adequate.) What strange likes and dislikes some folk have, many of them mere whims, and fads, and crotchets! Amongst the strangest of dislikes is that which some cherish towards children—of whom Charles Dickens said, "I love these little people; and it is no slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." If Charles Lamb is to be taken at his word, his taste was very indifferent in this matter. One day a lady conversing with him expressed her love for her little ones, and added tenderly, "And how do *you* like babies, Mr. Lamb?" To this he replied immediately, though, as usual, stammeringly, "Boi—boi—boiled, ma'am."

But I have never yet heard or read of anyone who liked wet Sundays. Boiled babies are not universally approved, but wet Sundays are at least as unanimously objected to.

The Preacher doesn't like them. And no wonder; for the congregation is sure to be diminished, and there *is* something in numbers, say what one will. It is not in flesh and blood to rejoice in prospect of more pews than people; and what preacher but has still enough of pride about him to feel some slight regret that his carefully prepared discourse seems doomed to waste its fragrance in the deserted church?

It is a mistake as great as it is common to suppose that a minister is differently constituted from other mortals. I can assure you that preachers and hearers are very much alike—especially preachers! The old woman whose only idea of royalty was gleaned from the sign-board that swung to and fro outside the "King's Arms"—the village ale-house—was terribly disappointed when George the Third came through to find that he had arms "just loike ony other body," whereas she had fully expected to see a lion on one side, and a unicorn on the other.

And the truest and ablest of God's ambassadors is "just loike ony other body"—liable to impressions and depressions as the rest. Now, there is nothing in the earth beneath less inspiring than an empty seat. Preaching to the fishes with St. Antonio is child's play in comparison with haranguing wooden benches or cane chairs. With the fishes, as Antonio said, there were at least two advantages; for they could hear, and they could not speak. The empty seats, however, have only one of these, for while they cannot speak, alas! they cannot even hear.

There is something quite embarrassing about an empty sitting; it has a vacant stare which is calculated to put the preacher out. True, it doesn't fidget about as an occupant might. It does not look round every five minutes to see the time, nor pull out a watch occasionally and shut it with a significant click, like banging a back-door. It does not spend its time in turning over the leaves of Bible or hymn-book. It never comes in late, or keeps its eyes open during prayer, or goes out while the last hymn is being sung. All this I will say in favour of the vacant seat. But on the other hand, it cannot be expected to receive with

joy the engrafted word; and though it has been foretold that "the trees of the field shall clap their hands," we have no reason to look for appreciation or response from sawn timber and varnished wood.

What wonder, then, that the preacher consults his barometer with no little anxiety on Saturday night and Sunday morning, and ever prays, "From wet Sundays—good Lord deliver us"?

Had he his choice, the day would dawn bright and beautiful. He would wish the sun to shine, for 'tis said,

"The angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance."

And this, of course, holds good with reference to Sunday-school teachers, whose feebler charges must be hindered by the rain. And they who go from house to house, or raise the standard in the streets, cannot but be sad when the rain descends and the floods come.

I have heard it rumoured, too, that church officials other than the preachers and teachers have an instinctive aversion to wet Sundays—stewards, and deacons, and treasurers, for instance. I neither say nor insinuate that their motive is only mercenary; but I do say that the effect of the rain on the finances is taken into consideration. And what is more, I venture to declare that it ought to be. Those whose sacred duty it is to serve the tables would be as much to blame did they not take an interest in, and feel an anxiety about, the temporalities of the church, as would class leaders and elders did they not seek to save souls and feed the flock of God: every man in his own order. A wet Sunday means a poor collection for certain, though, unfortunately, a fine one does not always ensure a large offering. Are the treasurer and his colleagues to be callous and careless on this score? I trow not.

It occurs to me to enquire, however, whether wet Sundays ought to make so great a difference to the church exchequer. Systematic giving ought to be a principle with every Christian. A wet Sunday produces, say, half the average offering; but if the next Sunday be fine the collection ought to be twofold.

Surely, if the church has to suffer by wet Sundays as to attendance, it ought not to bear the extra, and quite unnecessary, burden of finding its funds impoverished. It is bad enough if we have to miss the means of grace, let not the church be without the grace of our means.

I am sure, too, that *the people* don't like wet Sundays. There is the doubt and hesitation—"Shall we go or not? ought we to or not?" For those who resolve to brave the elements there is an uncomfortable walk, the risk of spoiling one's "things," the probability of catching cold, and the lack of such inspiration as comes to hearers as well as preachers through the presence of the crowd.

And I must give those who are compelled to stay at home credit (in many cases) for being truly sorry for their enforced absence from the Courts of Zion. Truth to tell, some there be who excuse themselves too readily, while, on the other hand, some venture out whom common-sense would keep at home; and by the way, it is no part of religion to run counter to common-sense. Yet, I am confident that though all remained indoors who ought to, our wet Sundays' congregations would be larger than they are if all attended who really might. There are too many fair-weather Christians even in this literal sense. A wet night

makes a comparatively slight difference to the Mammoth minstrels : it makes *all the difference* to the Church of God !

When Theodore Hook, the celebrated humorist, arrived at a friend's late for dinner, the host supposed " that the weather had deterred him." " Oh !" replied Hook, " I had determined to come, *weather* or no." Be this the resolve of all who have no valid excuse, " I am determined regularly and *punctually* to attend the sanctuary, weather or no !"

It is evident, then, that no one rejoices in rainy Sabbaths. Pastors, people, teachers, deacons, all prefer them fine. The very chapel-keeper votes wet Sundays a nuisance, for is not the place twice as hard to clean after muddy boots and dripping umbrellas ? And if I mistake not, the poor church mouse regrets wet Sundays, too, for he finds far fewer crumbs on the schoolroom floor, and he hardly knows how to make both ends meet till " another Sabbath is begun."

Oh, yes, were it put to the vote it would be carried *nem. con.*, " Let any day rather than Sunday be stormy and wet"; and were there a reasonable hope that a " consideration " to Captain Edwin would secure, say, six months of fine Sundays, it would be easy to raise a goodly price.

Fortunately, however, the weather is not in the gallant Captain's hands. He cannot always predict precisely what is coming, still less send it on to order. Wet Sundays have a part to play, or we would not have them. God has made a decree for the rain. Have you never noticed that some wet Sunday services have been particularly helpful? and the reason is not far to seek. Those who attended came to get good. There were less discordant and distracting elements than usual. There were fewer non-conductors of the thrill of worship present. Granted, that numbers are inspiriting, it must be remembered that there is something better still. It is the quality of the worship, rather than the quantity of the worshippers, that secures the blessing. If an equally earnest spirit animates the great congregation, there is indeed a double blessing, but it is not always nor often so. Pentecost saw thousands pricked to the heart, but there are not many such cases, whereas we have many instances of great blessing to small congregations. The greatest of all preachers talked to Nicodemus by himself and to the Samaritan alone, and they were both blessed.

The smallest Sunday congregation I have ever seen in the Auckland Tabernacle was on the 11th of July, 1886. Oh, how it poured ! Shall I ever forget standing as close as possible to the vestry fire, in the vain endeavour to evaporate the moisture.

On entering the building there met my eyes a faithful few, but they were sitting here, there, and everywhere, after the manner of Auckland audiences.

They looked like the plums in our puddings at school, of which it was currently reported that the cook, having made the pudding, retired to the end of the kitchen and threw a handful of plums towards it, most of them missing the mark. There were three or four in the gallery to whom I had to apply the Scriptural injunction, " Make haste and come down," and the stragglers presently converged to the centre. It was a mere handful in a large house ; but *the Lord was there*, and I can scarcely recall an occasion when we have more fully realized his presence.

We have a record of a service notable for power and blessing, as well as for wet weather, in the Book of Ezra, when the tears of the sinful people seemed to vie with "the great rain." Thank God that our spiritual concerns are not to be interfered with by sun, or shower, or wind, or rain. He who rides upon the stormy skies makes the clouds to be the dust of his feet, and he himself draws nigh though in the storm, while the falling shower does but speak of his mercy, which

> "Droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven,
> Upon the place beneath."

THOMAS SPURGEON.

"I'm Ready now."

ONE would scarcely think it, but it is too true, that there are thousands of boys and girls in England who would be far better off, both for time and eternity, if their parents were dead, and they were left to the tender care of Christian charity for home, clothes, food and tuition.

This is a sad statement to make in the nineteenth century, but my own observation has proved the truth of this assertion. "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" Yea, she may forget; the demon, drink, says, "Yea, they shall forget," and every ragged-school teacher can say, "Yea, and they do forget"; and as the drink gets a firm grip, just as surely do mothers neglect and then forget their offspring; and thus do we see the innocent suffer for the guilty, which is one of the sad sights connected with the drinking customs of our country.

The subject of my narrative was a lad of this kind, who, for the love of drink, was neglected by his own mother. His face was a perfect study. It was a strange mixture of broad grins and comicalities, so much so, that an expert would find it difficult to tell, by his features, whether he was nine, nineteen, or ninety. There was a united blend of the sage and simpleton in the same face.

It was after an address, one Sunday evening, at Kent-street Ragged-school, London, that the strangeness of this lad's appearance was forced upon me. It was a usual custom at this school to have a short prayer-meeting, after the scholars were dismissed, to seek divine blessing upon the teachers' efforts; and on this particular occasion this boy came to me with a most comical grin, and said,

"Teacher, I should like to stop to your prayer-meeting to-night; for I'se given my 'eart to Jesus to-night."

"Well, my lad, I am pleased to hear you say so, and I hope it is really true," I said; for I must confess he seemed more like a silly boy than a sincere one.

"Teacher, I am sure I is. I give Jesus my 'eart while you was talking from the platform to-night."

"Well, my lad, if you have given your heart to Jesus, I am sure Jesus has taken it; for he never refuses to accept the gift of a living, loving heart, no matter who it be that offers it to him."

"Then I may stay and pray, teacher, to-night, may I?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do so, and will promise to behave well."

His parting words that night after prayer were these: "Teacher, I'se so 'appy. I'm sure I'se given Jesus my 'eart to-night."

The day following, I was inspecting some gas-mains in Wapping, and who should I notice coming along, but my ragged friend, and he was, indeed, ragged. His boots were top boots, for they had no bottoms to them, and the uppers went flippity-flap all in the wet. His hair was growing out of the holes in his cap, and his trousers looked as if they had been taken in by penny numbers, and it would puzzle you to tell which was the original piece of cloth. I saw this lad was a London merchant on his own account. He had a small bag over his shoulder, and some bunches of lavender in his hand. He soon made up to me with his wares, saying, as he did so,

"Teacher, will you buy some 'earthstone this mornin'?"

"No, my boy, I have no use for it."

"Then have some lavender. Look yer's a pen'orth for yer."

"No, thank you, I have no need for lavender either, but you are welcome to the copper without the lavender."

"Teacher," said the boy, in front of a gang of workmen, "I'se been 'appy all night since I give my 'eart to Jesus."

"I am pleased to hear this. Do you really think that Jesus has forgiven you all your sins, and accepted you as his child?"

"Yes, teacher, I does feel all that."

"Well, come with me out of the rain; one of our teachers well-known to you lives just round the corner. We will go and see him."

We did so, and the lad's testimony was still the same. He had given himself to Jesus, and was quite sure Jesus had received him.

During our conversation, a captain of a vessel came into the warehouse to pay his account, when a happy thought struck my friend the teacher, who at once said,

"Do you want a cabin boy, captain?"

"Yes, I do. It is the very thing I am seeking." Hearing this the boy looked quite bright.

"How would you like to go to sea, my boy?"

"Should love to get the chance, teacher."

"What do you think of this boy, captain?" said my friend.

"I would not have such a ragged wretch on board my ship at any price," was the rough and ready reply of the captain.

At this remark the poor lad looked downcast, and ready to cry; and here I saw how truly the innocent suffer for the guilty. Yes, thought I, the ragged and wretched are despised by the world, but Jesus receives outcasts and blesses them. Still, being anxious to put in a word for the poor lad, I said, "O captain, don't be so premature in your judgment. He will look a different lad altogether when he has had a clean shave."

At this suggestion the lad brightened up again, and said, in such a comical style as to cause us all to convulse with laughter—

"I don't shave, teacher."

"Well, a bath, and having his hair cut, would alter his looks."

"Captain," said my friend, "this lad goes to our ragged-school. Last night, he says, he gave his heart to Jesus; and if you will consent to give him a trial, I will give him a new rig-out of clothes, so that he shall not disgrace your ship."

"Well," said the captain, "that puts another face on the thing. If you will give him a new rig-out, I will give him a trial; but, really, I could not take him on board in that state. But I leave the dock at three this afternoon, that would be too soon for you, my lad, would it not?"

"No, teacher, I'm ready now," was his quick reply; for he possessed all that keenness natural to a London street-arab, whose hardships at the commencement of life's journey seem to develop his senses beyond his years.

"But you must run home, and ask your father's leave to go to sea."

"I ain't got no father, teacher. I never knowed him at all."

"Well, you must go and ask your mother what she thinks about it."

Then came a sad look, and a sorry confession which revealed once more how the innocent have to suffer for the guilty.

"No, sir, I'm ready now. I don't know where to find mother; and if I did find her, she's most likely drunk. I'm ready now, if you will give me the clothes."

"It's sharp work, but we will see what can be done. When could you eat some dinner, my boy?"

"I'm ready now, teacher;" and at once he was supplied with a large platetul of food. He ate it in a manner that clearly told us he did not want to miss the chance of a sea voyage.

Within two hours he had spent twenty minutes in a warm bath, and had received attention from a local hairdresser. A ready-made suit had been procured, with clean shirt, stockings and shoes, collar and necktie, and hat complete. One could hardly credit the transformation made in the appearance of this lad in so short a space of time.

It was most touching to see the lad take his stock-in-trade, and, addressing my friend as he did so, said, "Yer, teacher, I'll give you all this 'earthstone for the missis." My friend smiled, and said, "I thank you much, my boy, but I have no missis at present; but we will take over your stock, and the coppers will help you." The lavender fell to my lot, and my wife informs me she still has it in her possession. The hearthstone was taken by my friend.

I saw the boy off to the ship, and gave him a little counsel in the Master's name. "My boy," said I, "your teacher has done all this for Jesus' sake. His love to Christ has caused him to love and help you. You have given yourself to Jesus. Now Jesus has given you a new start, and new friends, and you must live to serve him every day."

"I will, I will, that I will; and teacher shall never yere I'm a bad boy."

At three that afternoon the steamship sailed down the Thames, carrying on deck the newly-engaged cabin-boy, on his first voyage. Our friend, the captain, wrote from Gravesend, and said his first day at sea was all he could wish for. From Sunderland he wrote again, saying he was fond of the boy, he was so good; but as he was very ill, he was compelled to send him ashore to the hospital. The vessel stayed in port a few days, and on the Sunday evening before putting to sea the captain called round at the hospital to see the orphan lad. He found him sinking fast, and when the boy saw him, he smiled, and said, "O captain, I'se so glad to see you. Please tell teacher I thank 'im for

his kindness; and tell Mr. Smith, captain, that I am goin' home to Jesus. Captain, I does thank you, and all my London friends, with all my 'eart; and I hope you'll see teacher and Mr. Smith when you get back to London."

The captain carried out the boy's wish, but could not refrain from tears as he told of his triumphant death. "I never go to church," said he, "but that Sunday night I spent in Sunderland Hospital, beside the boy's death-bed, quite broke me down. It was really beautiful to hear him talk about Jesus."

Truly this lad was indeed ready, either for life or death; for not until we are ready to die are we fit to live.

"*I'm ready now.*" It is a short sentence, sharp and military in its terseness, which brings vividly before my mind, even as I mention it, another occurrence of a widely different character.

It was the short reply made by our worthy College hero, John Maynard, when offering himself for the mission field. None who were privileged to witness the scene, when some five hundred ministers were gathered together at our College Conference, will ever forget the soul-stirring time when six noble fellows volunteered themselves for service on the Congo, after a most touching appeal from the lips of the gracious and lamented T. J. Comber. Standing next to our beloved President was the late John Maynard.

"John," said Mr. Spurgeon, "are you willing to go to the Congo for service?"

"Yes, sir," was the quick reply, "I'm ready now."

"But you may die before you get there."

"No matter," said John, "I'm ready now."

"You may take the fever, and die as soon as you arrive."

Still the answer was the same: "I'm ready now."

The whole six of these volunteers were probed to the very centre of their hearts by searching questions of this kind, until the big tears rolled down the cheeks of the questioner and most of the spectators, as the answers came from the lips of them all: "I'm ready now."

John Maynard, after leaving the platform, turned to some of his college companions, and said, "I would be ashamed of myself if I were not ready to die for Jesus. It was Jesus Christ who clothed me, housed me, fed me, and saved me, when a lad in the Stockwell Orphanage; he taught me and blessed me in the Pastors' College; and therefore I feel I must do or die at his pleasure."

How is it with you? Can you say with John Maynard and the cabin-boy, "I'm ready now"? Happy indeed are you if your daily prayer shall be, "Lord Jesus, I give myself to thee; do with me as thou wilt! Use me in thy service if it shall please thee, for my heart's response to thy wish shall be, 'I'm ready now.'"

J. MANTON SMITH.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Faerie Queene."

A COMPARISON. BY PASTOR J. McAUSLANE.

BUNYAN was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, while Edmund Spenser, according to the epitaph in Westminster Abbey, died just thirty-two years before, in 1596. His great poem, perhaps, more than anything of Chaucer's, is a veritable "well of English, undefiled"; and shows him to have possessed a vivid, all-embracing imagination, an ardent love of nature, a high-toned morality, and a clear and deep spiritual perception. On the first reading of "The Faerie Queene," some years ago, the striking resemblance of many of its passages to the universally-read "Pilgrim's Progress," led me to the enquiry whether it could have been possible for Bunyan to have been at all conversant with the poem. There is no likelihood of it having been one of the godly books brought as a marriage portion by his wife, and I am not aware of any external evidence of the immortal dreamer's acquaintance with Spenser's works. Indeed, his strong disclaimer of any help whatever in the lines prefixed to "The Holy War," appears to us sufficiently to cover this ground. He says:

> "It came from mine own heart so to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickled:
> Then to my pen, from whence immediately
> On paper I did dribble it daintily."

And farther on he declares, "Manner and matter, too, are all my own .... the whole and every whit is mine." Taken in connection with another statement, in the preface to "Solomon's Temple Spiritualized," that his Bible and Concordance were his only library in his writings, this question would seem to be placed beyond all dispute; and the comparison, on that account, is rendered the more remarkable. The design of Bunyan is simple, and easily grasped. It is sufficiently indicated in his title, and elaborated in his versified apology for his book:

> "And thus it was; I, writing of *the way*
> *And race of saints*, in this our gospel day,
> Fell suddenly into an Allegory
> *About their journey and the way to glory*
> In more than twenty things which I set down."

And in his prefatory note to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser expounds *his* intention in these words: "The great end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline."

The very introduction of the two heroes into the Allegories—of the pilgrim and the Red-cross Knight—is sufficiently similar to call for remark. Passing over Christian's earlier experiences, he may be said to begin his new life of adventure at the cross. It was there he lost his burden, and we cannot imagine his ever forgetting that experience of rest and holy joy. When he was asked, in the House Beautiful, how he secured for himself "golden hours" in which he forgot his troubles, he answered: "When I think of what I saw at the cross, that will do it."

The cross, with all its hallowed meaning, was engraved on his heart as he sang:

"Blest cross! Blest sepulchre! Blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!"

Passing to the adventurous knight of Spenser, we find him thus introduced to us:

"And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord;
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had."

* * * * *

Having entered upon his course, the pilgrim receives instruction in the house of the Interpreter, climbs the hill Difficulty, and is admitted to the Palace Beautiful, where he is introduced to the society and converse of Piety, Prudence, and Charity. On the morrow morning he is had up to the top of the house, and, at a great distance, "he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautiful with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers, also with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold." These were the Delectable Mountains, and the country was called Immanuel's Land.

There is great similarity in all this to Spenser's House of Holinesse, where, after resting, the valiant knight is instructed by Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa. Thence an aged matron, Mercy, accompanies him to an old man, whose name was Heavenly Contemplation, and who is thus described:

"There they do find that godly, aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead."

This aged man enquires the purpose of the visit; to whom Mercy replies:

"Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning stars and everliving fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth require
To show it to this knight, according his desire."

Thereupon, from a hill, the old man points out to him a distant view of the heavenly city:

"The city of the Great King, hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell."

Immediately after this we find the two heroes engaged in deadly combat—the knight with the Old Dragon, and the pilgrim with Apollyon:

"The knight with that old dragon fights
Two days incessantly;
The third, him overthrows; and gains
Most glorious victory."

In Bunyan's description of the conflict the pilgrim's antagonist is likened to a dragon. "In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon

made all the time of the fight—*he spake like a dragon;* and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart! I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword. Then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but it was the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw." In both cases the encounter results in the defeat of the powers of evil represented by the dragon and Apollyon.

* * * * *

What adds strength to the comparison of the two works is what may be called the minor coincidences. Not only is there a similarity of structure and design, there are constantly recurring *minutiæ* in which the likeness is obvious—as much alike as pictures from the same original. For example, we have in Bunyan a personification of Avarice. Demas—who claims to be a son of Abraham, but whose genealogical tree is given by Christian proclaiming him grandson of Gehazi and son of Judas—is introduced as presiding over a silver mine, tempting pilgrims to leave the narrow way in hopes of gain. This lover of this present world might have sat for Spenser while he sketched in bold outline his figure.

"And greedy Avarice by him did ride
Upon a camel loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal full as they might hold:
And in his lap a heap of coin he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made.
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade:
And right and wrong in equal ballance weighed."

* * * * *

Perhaps one of the most striking coincidences in the whole comparison is to be found in the introduction of Despair. The reader's interest is, perhaps, at its height when, sleeping in the grounds of Doubting Castle, the pilgrims are apprehended by the giant, and safely lodged within its dismal walls. Here, after having been subjected to a merciless beating with "a grievous crab-tree cudgel," they are tempted by their captor to make away themselves. "He goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to have come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"

In like manner is Despair introduced in "The Faerie Queene." Two knights, by name Sir Terwin and Trevisan, already wounded by love's deadly darts, are met by Despair, who robs them of all hope of relief, and, like his namesake, instigates them to self-destruction.

"He pluckt from us all hope of due relief
That erst us held in love of ling'ring life:
Then hopeless, heartless, gan the cunning thief
Persuade us die, to stint all further strife;
To me he lent this rope, to him, a rusty knife."

One of them, with dangling rope around his neck, escapes on his steed to the Red Cross Knight, who returns with him to the darksome cave, but too late to save Sir Terwin. The rusty knife had already done its dismal work. Despair then begins to justify himself, and reasons in so subtle a fashion as to make the Knight of the Cross himself waver in his attachment to life and duty. The expiring knight, who breathes his last in their presence, is represented as having, after much painful wandering, reached home at last.

> "He there does now enjoy eternal rest
> And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
> And further from it daily wanderest.
> What if some little pain the passage have,
> That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
> Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease,
> And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
> *Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,*
> *Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.*"

Like Christian in the famous allegory, he is fascinated by the specious arguments of the hideous monster, and all but loses his love and hold of life. He trembles like an aspen leaf, and "troubled blood through his pale face was seen to come and go, with tidings from the heart." The pilgrim is blessed with the more hopeful spirit of his companion in tribulation, who reminds him of the fearful consequences of his meditated deed, and encourages him with the thought that others have been in the same grievous plight, and yet have escaped. Fair Una also comes to the aid of her hero, by reminding him of heaven's mercy and electing love, and thus saves him from the clutches of Despair.

> "In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
> Why should'st thou then despair that chosen art?"

Notices of Books.

Outspoken. (Dedicated to the Churches.) By JOHN BATE. Passmore and Alabaster.

VERY *outspoken* indeed. Nothing is bated by Mr. Bate. We shall hardly be thought to be too tender, but we have never been able to hit so hard as Mr. Bate. In the main he is right, even in his severest strictures; and we trust some good may come of them. We do not pretend to agree with all his views; but we are heart and soul with him in his denunciations of the formalism, worldliness, and hypocrisy of the present age. We need a rugged voice which will warn the backsliding church. She thinks she is rich and increased in goods, and yet her Lord is standing without, knocking for an entrance which is denied him. The prophets of the present are of necessity all of the school of Jeremiah, Amos, and Haggai; but to a large degree they prophesy to deaf ears. O Lord, how long!

That Glorious Future! or, Key to the Revelation. By the Rev. J. L. THOMPSON. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

THE author was a student in the Pastors' College, and is a man of deep spirituality. He has produced in this instance a devout and thoughtful work, containing many gracious observations, but little that is very original. The subject is beyond *us;* but Mr. Thompson is courageous. His remarks are the fruit of his own independent study, and yet he falls into no vagaries, for we have seen most of his remarks before. The book is neatly got-up, and we believe the author has obtained a large number of subscribers already.

The Triumph of Modern Thought; or, the Bible, and how we got rid of it. By NEMO. Partridge and Co.

THIS is a singular production. Smart and sound. It will sting many out of their proud self-exaltation, and rouse others to fight in the battle for life itself, which is now upon us. It is well worth the sixpence. We have no idea who Nemo may be, but he wields a powerful pen.

The Spirit of the New Theology. A Sermon preached in New Road Chapel, Oxford, with special reference to the Down-Grade controversy. By the Rev. JAMES DANN. Elliot Stock.

MR. DANN is grandly outspoken. He is one of the few on the Baptist Council who can see things as they are.

Everlasting Life and Everlasting Punishment: being a Refutation of the Specious Doctrine of "Conditional Immortality." By GEO. W. SHEPHERD. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Cursitor Street, E.C.

MR. SHEPHERD attacks the hydra of modern thought, and wounds it on the points of its future hopes, or say —unscriptural delusions. As the successor of John Foreman, Mr. Shepherd is well-known as a sturdy Calvinist, and well does he deserve the high reputation which he has gained among his brethren. There is no nonsense about him: he says what he means, and means what he says.

The Pulpit Commentary. Kegan Paul and Co.

THREE more volumes of this great work are now before us. Here we have the first part of John's Gospel; a volume containing Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon; and another which handles Hosea and Joel. Amid much that is valuable, we detect in some of the former comments the spirit which rules in the modern school of thought. It was likely that it would be so with Canon Farrar as one of the writers. Dr. Reynolds, who gives us John, may be relied upon as a judicious theologian, and the other authors of the three volumes before us are men of mark. Preachers should by this time have their discerning faculties sharpened up, and if they use those faculties and are alive and awake, they will find much that is helpful in these commentaries, though at the same time a good deal that is redundant.

Memorials of Elizabeth Ann Wesley, the Soldiers' Friend. By her father, the Rev. SAMUEL WESLEY. T. Woolmer.

WELL might the title, "The Soldiers' Friend," be given to the gentle lady, who at Gravesend, Winchester, and Hounslow spent her very life for the spiritual good of the army. Our friend Pastor Pearson, of Hounslow, says: "Her consecration of life was simply marvellous. I never knew a more devoted servant of God. These memorials *must* do good to every one."

The Primitive Methodist Magazine. Toulson.

THE Primitives may be proud of their magazine. Its editor is evidently well up to his work. As a serial for its own denomination it is all they can desire.

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review. Same publisher.

THIS aims at something more profound and learned. We like it very well, but we are more pleased to see that the wild-bird notes are not quite kept out of hearing. Primitives with quarterly reviews are all very well, but Primitives blazing away in their old fashion, and knowing no more about reviews than about Arabic, are more to our mind. We like this review because it does not succeed in reaching the dead unnatural level of dreary dulness, which appears to be the end and aim of all our superior quarterlies.

The Local Preacher's Treasury. Edited by JOHN BATE. Woolmer.

DOUBTLESS a very handy book for brethren who are all the week at their business, and need to have a theme suggested to them for Sunday. Nor need regular preachers blush if they own that such a work has supplied a match for the fire on the hearth of their study.

Studies in the Life and Character of Peter. By the Rev. H. A. BIRKS, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

IT has been a great pleasure to read this book, and we anticipate still greater pleasure when we come to *study* it; for that we certainly shall do, since the author deserves close attention, both because of his matter and his manner. He looks minutely into the life of Peter, and then interprets his epistles by the writer's character and history. We think a few of his observations are more ingenious than striking; but many of them will carry great weight with thoughtful readers, and they are all in the right line. The strong oscillations of Peter's character, his curiosity, and his impatient energy, which seems to be ever striving after the issues of things, are all shown to be reflected in his two inspired letters. The more of such opening of Scripture epistles, by Scriptural narratives, the better. Three-and-sixpence is a small sum to pay for so much delightful thinking.

We are greatly pleased with the introductory chapter upon Bible-reading. It is, alas, too true that many persons imagine that the mere mechanical reading of a chapter every day has a talismanic charm about it, and may almost prove a passport to heaven! Even such a superstitious reading is better than none, for it may, perchance, put the reader in the way of a blessing; but how much better to study the Bible in a sensible, common-sense manner, as we would any other book whose meaning we desired to reach! Always to take the Bible in small doses is not fair to the sacred volume; let it be read consecutively, and the run of its teaching followed with devout care. No one would think of reading Milton, taking a single stanza at a time. If he did so, he would gather numerous grand thoughts, but he would know nothing of the glorious poem of Paradise Lost. The Bible is so marvellous a book that even its fragments are precious as gold, but to know the divine teaching of the inspired Word it must be studied as a whole; for a whole it is. Mr. Birks takes this line in his "Introduction," and we hope that he will impress many minds by his pungent remarks.

The First Letter of Paul the Apostle to Timothy: a Popular Commentary, with a Series of Forty Sermonettes. By ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B. Nisbet.

THE title very fairly and fully describes this work. Expository preaching is one of the great necessities of the day; and this is a good specimen of the kind of exposition and comment which an average thoughtful and studious minister might reach. We have here nothing very fresh, but everything that is soberly instructive; just, indeed, what the wise preacher will give his people. We have no excess of works upon Timothy, and we shall, therefore, with pleasure install this commentary in our library among its fellow-labourers in explaining the Word. We have always kept a large portion of our shelves for Biblical expositions, which we arrange in the order of the books of the Bible. We do not cumber the case with mere verbiage, and therefore we mean a good deal when we vote Mr. Rowland's book a position among our permanent consulting divines.

Elements of Christian Truth. Lectures by the Rev. J. MURRAY MITCHELL, LL.D. Madras: The English Vernacular Education Society.

THE elements of the Christian faith are here set forth in a manner likely to impress the minds of educated Hindoos. Dr. Murray Mitchell kindly asks our judgment upon the suitability of his lectures to their purpose, but we have not the presumption to imagine that our opinion would be worth mentioning in the same day with his own. He knows, by personal contact with them, the order of minds with which he has to deal. He knows how much of truth Indian youth can just now receive, and what it would not be needful to teach immediately, since they could not bear it as yet. He aims at the conversion of intelligent heathens, and he goes to work with an unaffected simplicity of truthfulness, and a prudent tenderness for weak and darkened minds. We dare only say—the Lord bless the book, its readers, and its author!

The Person and Work of the Redeemer. By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D. Translated from the Dutch, by M. J. Evans. Hodder and Stoughton.

UNDER another title—"The Image of Christ"—a first edition of this work was published some years ago. We welcomed it then; we wish it God-speed now. The supreme object of our Christian faith is here reverently studied. Our author divides his treatise into three parts:—

THE SON OF GOD BEFORE HIS INCARNATION;
CHRIST MANIFEST IN THE FLESH;
THE GOD-MAN IN GLORY.

By a peculiarly artistic, though certainly not inapt, arrangement, each of these sections is subdivided into four departments. The charm of a volume like this consists very much in its combining a thorough digest and analysis of Scripture testimony with a healthful glow of personal and experimental appreciation. Christ in the heart, healer of grief and hope of glory, is the parent of our ripe theology, and of our rich hymnology. God gifted all his prophets of old with the high poetic instinct. Let our readers reflect upon the wealth of literature which is treasured for them in the Bible. It opens before us more and more every day. Surely we must live in the atmosphere that apostles breathed before we can inhale the inspiration which vitalized them. Happy, let us say, is any author who, like Dr. Van Oosterzee, lights on an interpreter capable of translating not only his meaning, but also his enthusiasm and unction, into another language.

Mountain-Musings, and other Poems. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

NEWMAN HALL has no need to fear even should the stern critic "bid all bards, uncertified, be dumb"; for he has earned a certificate of honour among the minstrels of the sanctuary. We have had practical experience of his kindness as a neighbour, and actual observation of his usefulness as a preacher, and we have also had inward proof of his power as a poet by comfort received from certain of his verses. In this volume are things new and old, poems good and better; but every line is pure, and fresh as the mountain air which the singer loves so well. We rejoice that he still walks and climbs right vigorously. Our friend has long been before the public, and he remains still a clear and steady light. We know him as evermore crying, "Come to Jesus," the Sinner's Friend. He is fonder of a liturgical service than we shall ever be; but we have no quarrel with him on that account, for he loves the gospel, and therefore we can forget his gown and prayer-book. When, all around, modern thought is poisoning the air, he remains true to the doctrine of the cross, and declares the gospel more boldly than ever. We give, as a fair specimen of Mr. Newman Hall's verses, the following:—

"When night has quenched the sun's last ray,
And boding shadows round me creep,
Secure, as in the blaze of day,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

"When rudest waves my bark assail,
And round me yawns the stormiest deep,
Amid the roaring of the gale,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

"Compassed by fiercest powers of hell,
From harm thou canst thy children keep;
Thou makest me in safety dwell;
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep.

"And when my day of life is o'er,
And friends endeared around me weep,
To wake with thee on Canaan's shore,
I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep."

Living Work in the Highways and Byways. By LADY HOPE. Author of "Our Coffee-room," &c. Nelson.

LADY HOPE needs no commendation from any reviewer, since her pen has won for her an eminent place among gracious writers. In this place, twelve holy enterprises are happy in commanding her advocacy. With these our readers are already familiar: they are carried on by such well-known workers as Dr. Barnardo, George Holland, Miss Robinson, Miss Weston, and others. With these consecrated enterprises for her themes, it was not a hard task for so eloquent a writer to produce an attractive volume.

The History of the Jews, from the War with Rome to the Present Time. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS. Religious Tract Society.

A NOBLE volume, which should be at once placed in every library. No book in the whole range of our knowledge has about it a more absorbing interest: every page is steeped in the essence of the world's history. The ancient race, which must for ever dwell alone even when most it mingles with the nations, has, since the destruction of Jerusalem, passed through ten thousand tragedies. In every land Israel has been heavily oppressed, and yet she has never been utterly extinguished. It makes the flesh creep to read of the Jews of York, the Jews and the Inquisition, and the like. Verily, Christendom has more to answer for in its conduct to our Lord's brethren after the flesh than the heathen, or the followers of Mahomet. Even yet the fierce prejudice is not dead, as witness outbreaks in Germany and Russia. Poor Israel, when will thy tale of agony be fully told? When wilt thou behold thy King?

Our author condenses well, and gives the flowers of his great fields of fact. His plan is to give the history of the Jews, century by century, in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, England, and so forth. This is probably the best method; but then it divides the Jews in France, or Jews in Spain, into several fragments, and compels the reader to fly from page to page if he desires a connected history of Jews in any one country. One cannot have all the benefits of all methods of writing such a history, and no doubt Mr. Adams has selected that which promised the most convenience.

In reading such a work as this, our admiration of the Jewish people is raised to a very high pitch. They are so successful in business that, as a rule, they are by the mercantile world "much esteemed with keenest jealousy." They do not always turn their most lovable side outwards, for possibly their long sorrows have not made them set a high store by the appreciation of their fellows. But their heroic sufferings, and frequently the grand way in which they have displayed graces which are usually designated as Christian, are sufficient to warm the reader out of all the chills of prejudice into a hearty sympathy with the long-afflicted race. The Lord hath not cast away his ancient people; they must be brought in. Neither can Jehovah's covenanted ones think hardly of those whom he will yet visit in the fulness of his grace.

Gospel Ethnology. By S. R. PATTISON. Religious Tract Society.

NOT only is the gospel "worthy of all acceptation," but it has actually been accepted by all races of men. The great message of mercy has been music to the ears of Malays and Red Indians, as well as to the hearts of Greeks and Ethiopians. The experience of soul-struggle within the bosom of the Kelt differs not from that which moves the soul of a Chinaman. Fidelity to Jesus unto death has been displayed by the men of Madagascar quite as grandly as by the first Jewish believers.

Mr. Pattison has produced one of the best books of the season. His engravings, which in this case are so needful a part of the book, are exceedingly well chosen, and he has written neither too much nor too little upon them. His descriptions of gospel work among the various nations are instances of suppressed strength: he could have produced a volume upon each head, but he has contented himself with a few pages. This style of writing wins the reader by the hints which it gives him of what might have been said: he feels that not an instant of his time is being occupied by needless details, but that he is being fed upon the essence of meat. What a noble set of lectures upon missionary subjects is suggested by this work! To those who cannot lecture, it is joy enough to light upon such a mass of instruction as this. The two ologies run well together, and we venture to alter the title of the book into *Theology and Ethnology.*

Ireland. By the Honourable EMILY LAWLESS. T. Fisher Unwin.

OF all the "Stories of the Nations" this must be the hardest to tell. Like the tale of "The poor, needy knife-

grinder," there is no story at all. All the tragedies are comical, and all the comedies are tragical. The road through Irish history is made up of lanes which wind about, and never come to an end till they twist into pathways which never begin. When a man conquers, he becomes a victim; and when he is beaten, he goes on beating someone else. Ireland has never been at peace except during a great war; and it has never been united except in the agreement to divide, and upon that it was never of one mind.

We have often heard that no one has understood Ireland, and this history proves the fact, and accounts for it, as far as an unaccountable thing can be accounted for. This is one of the strangest and most perplexing chapters of human history. Must there not be something better and happier yet reserved for a noble race around whom there seems to have hovered a fatality of failure? We trust it will be so. Will it come by the way of Home Rule? Not being quite sure, the authoress of this story does not venture upon prophecy, nor will we; except to prophesy that anyone reading this book with care will be right glad to have had his attention called to it.

Through Central Asia. By HENRY LANSDELL, D.D. With Seventy-four illustrations. Sampson Low, and Co. Price 12s.

THOSE who have read Dr. Lansdell's "Through Siberia" will be prepared for the wealth of information which he brings home from his travels. Next to nothing was known of Bokhara, and the other regions which he has traversed and described. He went forth in the name of the Lord, trusting to the divine protection. Distributing Bibles, and other religious books, and specially looking to prisons and prisoners, our brave traveller made no aimless excursion; and moreover, as he journeyed, he jotted down illustrations of Scripture, and kept his eyes open for ancient manuscripts, and versions of the inspired Word. To us he seems to be a model traveller in all respects. Some have raised questions as to the accuracy of his favourable accounts of Siberia, but there is the stamp and impress of truth upon his writing, and he is evidently not the man to publish falsehood, or to be made a dupe.

The volume before us will sell like its predecessor, and will remain the standard work of reference as to Russian Central Asia. Dr. Lansdell will be the pioneer of missionaries, and before long the secrets of mid-Asia will be made plain. We congratulate him upon his safe return. All who read these marvellous pages will rank him with Marco Polo and the brave men of old, who made the world known to itself, and so increased the communion of the race.

Gleanings from a Tour in Palestine and the East. By the Rev. CHARLES D. BELL, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

REALLY this subject is getting overdone. One might go to the East, and come home again, and yet be under no necessity to fire a book at his friends. Still, Canon Bell is a man who has a right to an audience; and if he does not tell us much that is new, it is because everything has been said already that is at all worth saying. When a traveller can say, "The tour has been altogether most delightful and instructive, and, for myself, I can say that the Bible is to me in many respects a new book," we expect from him a cheerful, lively, and devout journal. Such is this volume: it is a treat to read it. We confess that we had rather accompany the Canon upon the printed page than in actual experience. We could not afford to write, "I have gone to bed dry as a parched pea, and have been awakened in the morning to find myself limp and damp." Nor this, "When candles were lighted in our tents, and the door was left open for coolness, thousands of insects, attracted by the light, came upon the table, covered the paper, crept into the ink, and crawled over our hands, so that I have been obliged to put away my writing in despair. Sand-flies, fire-flies, moths, beetles, ear-wigs, ants, invaded the tent, and made the table-cloth black with their presence." Very lively, no doubt, but we are not so fond of entomology as Sir John Lubbock is.

The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS deserves to be *the standard work upon the catacombs*, so far as popular libraries are concerned. The work is very clearly written, and it is admirably illustrated. The catacomb passages must be several hundreds of miles in length, but there is no zeal in Rome for their examination, since nothing can be discovered which supports Popery, but very much which bears witness to a purer Christianity. In these long avenues of tombs we find abundant evidence that there was once a church underground in Rome, of which the church at present above ground is no true successor.

Our readers will be delighted with this work, if they can get it, and if they have a taste for antiquities of a Christian character. We do not accept the author's opinions upon baptism: his pictures are against him, and his facts are not according to his theory. It will interest many to note what he writes concerning the early believers:—"Feeling that their citizenship was in heaven, the Christians took no part in the troubled politics of earth. 'Nothing is more indifferent to us,' says Tertullian, 'than public affairs.' If only their religious convictions were unassailed, they would gladly live in quiet, unaffected by civic ambition, or by worldly strife." In this they are so far an example to us that, while we should use our influence to promote religious liberty, morality, sobriety, and justice, we ought never to become mere partisans, following leaders because we wish to see a certain set of men in power. What are the Big-endians or the Little-endians to us? The inhabitants of Lilliput may shout for these great parties as they choose, but we seek another country, and are of another race.

We are sorry that Mr. Withrow defiles his pages with an engraving of God the Father as Pope. Though this copy of a Popish stained-glass window is only given that it may be condemned, we are distinctly of opinion that the re-production of it is wrong. We think we must blame the author first, and then the engraver, the printer, and the publishers. No one has any right to make or copy any symbol of the invisible God. Paste a slip over it if you buy the book.

Bating this, we have here a first-class book in all respects.

The Story of the Niger: a Record of Travel and Adventure from the Days of Mungo Park to the Present Time. By ROBERT RICHARDSON. Nelson.

THERE is a strange fascination in African travel. In spite of hardships and perils, explorers are lured back again before long if they have once entered the unknown land. It is a happy circumstance that it is so, for the discoverer must go before the missionary; and where travellers are persistent we may be sure that heralds of the cross will not be less persevering. Each man who penetrates the mysterious regions is helping to cleave the ebon mass of solid darkness. Such a record as this will not only furnish pleasing reading for our youth, and arouse in brave young spirits the desire for adventure, but it will suggest thoughtful interest in the vast population along the banks of the Niger, the Congo, and other great rivers of Africa; perhaps it will even be the means of calling consecrated men and women to brave the dangers of the fever-country for Jesus' sake. Engravings, letterpress, binding; all good, according to the use and wont of Nelson and Sons. The volume is good throughout.

The Romance of the Ranks. Reminiscences of Army Work. By M. S. S. HERDMAN. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling. Partridge, London.

FAR better than any romance. Gives a clear insight into the soldier's life. Miss Herdman's notes of her experience and observation among our brave defenders move our inmost heart to feel for them, and to pray for her, and for other brave women who labour for their benefit. All Christians ought to be made aware of what our army is, and of what it needs: this book is one of the best handbooks of instruction for them.

History of the Christian Church. By GEORGE PARK FISHER, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. Hodder and Stoughton.

THERE was room for a church history on an improved plan; and here we have it. Dr. Fisher possesses much of the calm impartiality which in England we find in Dr. Stoughton, and this is a main qualification for so great a task as that which lay before him when he undertook to map out, in one readable volume, the course of the stream of church life. Our author has not been content to follow the old tracks, and give us stories of popes, and kings, and bishops, and councils, as if these were the church; but he traces the growth of religious opinion, and holy feeling, and philanthropic service; and brings in the condition of the people as a great leading element in Christian history. There are certain points of contact between the nations and the churches which cannot be ignored, if we are to know how religion is progressing; and Professor Fisher does not fail to dwell upon them. He is compelled to be brief, and yet he is full; and he is instructive where other church historians have been silent. He anticipates that readers will occasionally be disappointed in seeking what they do not find, but we do not think there was much need for the fear. We turned, for instance, to his sketch of Bernard of Clairvaux, and Abelard his antagonist, and we felt the outline was perfect. Then we very naturally looked up his account of Calvin, and we were charmed with its truthfulness, and its clear insight into the character of that eminent man of God. Upon Baptists in England we find little: our American brethren occupy a larger space, and the notice of them is eminently satisfactory.

The present condition of religion is very fairly depicted, and the picture is not altogether pleasant to look upon. In practical activities the church excels the former ages, but in doctrinal teaching she seems to us to be in a perilous condition, though speculative minds will not think so. Currents many and diverse drift the barque; every point of truth is disputed, every anchor is being weighed. Sails are cunningly trimmed to catch the fitful breezes of philosophical and scientific opinion, while the steam within, which should have kept the vessel to her course in the teeth of wind and tide, is not kept up. Too much is it forgotten that the work of the church is supernatural, and that her strength lies in her obedience to the revealed will by which she secures the presence of the Holy Ghost; and not in the prudence of her plans, the education of her ministers, or the popularity of her theology. Our author may accidentally do mischief by informing unstable minds of heretical poisons, of which they were unaware; but the instructed will profit by the accurate information which is intended for their warning.

This is a noble work: well worth the twelve shillings asked for it.

Lyra Christiana. A Treasury of Sacred Poetry. Edited by H. L. L. Nelson.

AN exceedingly choice collection of holy poetry. A poem like these carefully read on from day to day, will enable a devout mind to mingle minstrelsy with meditation all the year round. Those who aspire to such private worship will find in this charming book a friendly companion: it will not give them hymns to sing, but verses to think over, and sacred truths to lay up in the soul, as men store up autumn fruit to be fed upon another day. The more of such lyres the better.

David Livingstone. The Story of his Life and Travels. With numerous Illustrations. Nelson and Sons.

GET it. Read it yourself. Put it in the boys' library. The price is surpassingly low for a book so profusely illustrated, and so neatly bound. We think it is only one shilling, but we are not quite sure.

Fragments Gathered. Partridge.

A LITTLE book of devout thoughts upon three great Scriptural themes. The authoress has a thorough acquaintance with the Word of God, and has evidently drunk deep into the spirit of it. Her aim is excellent, and her doctrine is sound.

Little Arthur at the Zoo, and the Animals he saw there. Little Arthur at the Zoo, and the Birds he saw there. By MARY SEYMOUR. Nelson and Sons.

NATURAL history is one of the subjects which is of the utmost benefit to young minds. It helps to remove that cruelty which seems all too natural to fallen humanity. Children are happier as children for loving animals, and they grow up all the better men for having learned to be kind to them. These pretty and well-illustrated books talk to us of beasts and birds in a very simple and entertaining manner. Many a little Arthur will, we trust, acquire a taste for zoology by here reading of the Zoo.

The Garland of New Sunday-school Music. Edited by the Rev. CAREY BONNER. Hart and Co.

A SERIES of forty hymns, many of them quite new, set to tuneful melodies for Sunday-school anniversaries. The music is in both notations, and by the use of a judicious selection from this book an anniversary service may be made both bright and beautiful.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Nelsons.

A FEW months ago we received an edition of this story from a publishing firm, and now another follows: sure proof that Oliver Goldsmith's story still commands a host of readers. The simplicity, purity, and religiousness of this narrative is, we believe, the secret of its power: far more sensational novels have blazed through their hour of popularity, and have died out, while the star of this charming tale has continued to shine on. This edition is adorned with thirty-two illustrations by William Mulready, and is prepared in first-rate style.

Letters to a Daughter. By HELEN EKIN STARRETT. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

THIS book may prove useful to some of our little ladies. We do not mean to disparage, but merely to describe it when we say that its counsels and cautions are superficial. The daughter here addressed is not expected to shine like a star in "society," and draw admiring eyes by her brilliant talents; nor does her kind mother care to lecture her upon any noble mission she might perchance fulfil in the world. Child of nature! Let heaven's bounty endow her with common benefits. May the amiability of her own temper attract affection. Let the fidelity of her disposition cement friendships. Be the frivolities of the day foreign to her taste. Her happiness is to be fostered in one family and to flourish in another. In both she may distil fragrance that sweetens home, and diffuses love and joy.

Classic German Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. New York: Chautauqua Press.

WE value all the volumes in this after-school series, and hope that they will be re-published in England. The hand-book before us enables the reader to form a fair idea of Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Richter, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and others. One needs at least a superficial knowledge of Teutonic literature in order to follow our own great writers, and this work just gives a sufficient amount of information for that purpose; perhaps we ought to say that it does more than this, and acts as a decoy-duck to draw curious minds to follow up the subject introduced. It is well to know our neighbours, that we may fashion our behaviour accordingly. The German mind is bold and speculative; intrepid even to foolhardy eccentricity. Mr. Wilkinson writes, "Germany, in the realm of ideas, leads the van of the world; leads, but, alas! too often misleads." Richter wittily said, "Providence has assigned to France the empire of the earth, to England the empire of the ocean, and to Germany the empire of—the air!" It is to be hoped that since, in these days, Germany has grasped the more substantial empire of the earth, she will become less eager for aërial sovereignty, and will press to the front in practical truth rather than in fanciful imaginings. A believing German, like George Müller and others, is one of the most solid and useful of men. How much we owe to German saints! Alas, what evils have been inflicted upon us by German sinners!

The Biblical Museum: a Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. [Old Testament, nine volumes; New Testament, five volumes.] By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Elliot Stock.

ORIGINALLY at 5s. per volume, this work is now reduced to 3s. 6d. It is an extremely useful popular compilation. Teachers and preachers will find it fashioned with a view to their needs. Its author worked upon the basis of Darling's great Encyclopædia, and gathered material from all the sources there indicated, and many more, so that his work is a library condensed. He strikes out thoughts, gives outlines, and mentions illustrations: in a word, he does all that can be done to put thoughtful men on the track for successful teaching. We do not object to the title of "Museum," but certainly this is not an exhibition of oddities, or rarities; it is much more an armoury, or a tool-house. The fourteen volumes are a monument to the industry of Mr. Comper Gray, and we trust they will be raised upon the bookshelves of thousands of students of the Word of God.

A Sermon Preached at Tewkesbury Baptist Chapel. By Rev. A. GRAHAM. Gardner, "Record Office," Tewkesbury. Price, three-halfpence.

MR. GRAHAM has acquitted himself specially well. For a young divine this is a remarkably full and clear discourse upon a theme which is the very hinge of the present controversy.

Notes.

THE "Down-Grade" controversy rages, and so it ought to do; for every one who follows it will see how every week the evil which we pointed out is more and more manifest. We have directed special attention to the post-mortem salvation and purgatory heresies, because the existence of these needs no proof, for they are openly avowed; but other errors are also rife enough, and if any of the great truths of the gospel were set in a central light, and enquiry directed to the way in which they are preached, very singular discoveries would be made. It is quite enough for any one to tackle one error at a time, and especially when it is one which is a sort of corner-stone of the new theology. How the holders of the fine new nothing rage when they see their thing of darkness laid bare in the sunlight! Let any one read their utterances, and observe for himself how greatly secrecy was desired until the people should be educated up to the new dogmas. Alas, that work has been already done all too well! It was time that some one spoke.

So far as we can judge, there is no likelihood whatever that the Baptist Union will obtain a Scriptural basis. We are writing before the meeting of its Council, but we are greatly afraid that we shall not have the pleasure of being disappointed. This matter should be taken up by those churches and ministers that remain true to the old faith. There are many such, but nothing will be done unless they bestir themselves; even then a long struggle is before them, and none can prophesy how it will end.

Some of our readers may not see *The Baptist* newspaper. If they are Baptists, they ought to take it in. But our many other friends may like to see a letter which we sent to that paper.

"*To the Editor of the* BAPTIST.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very anxious to remove all personal grievances out of the present struggle, and, as I see that my remarks upon the action of the Council have been supposed to apply to Dr. Culross, I hasten to say that he is the last man upon whom I would direct an attack, even in self-defence. I did not suspect him, or any other person, of playing a double part *personally*. I merely intended to review the Council's action as a whole, and I think it is open, fairly open, to my strictures. Men do in a body what no one of them would do by himself alone. A committee is a many-headed, many-tongued thing, and its action is apt to be the result of internal compromise, or of momentary impetuosity, rather than of quiet, sober thought. In fact, there is no accounting for what may come out of the lucubrations of a hundred men. I wish, therefore, to view the Council as a whole, and not in its individual members; and to feel in my heart of hearts that I excuse each one while I yet criticize the whole. This may not be logical, but it expresses what I feel.

"If Dr. Culross ever needs a champion to defend his guileless character, I would volunteer my best services.

"I must, however, protest against any one saying that he believes orthodox doctrines, '*but not in Mr. Spurgeon's sense.*' I believe these doctrines, so far as I know, in the common and usual sense attached to them by the general usage of Christendom. Theological terms ought to be understood and used only in their general and usual

meaning. If I have any crotchets, or attach exaggerated meanings to these terms, I do not desire any living soul to be bound by my eccentricities. It is not Spurgeon's sense, or John Smith's sense, but the common and accepted meaning, which should be understood by doctrinal expressions.

"Whatever the Council does, let it above all things avoid the use of language which could legitimately have two meanings contrary to each other. Let us be plain and outspoken. *There are grave differences*—let them be avowed honestly. Why should any man be ashamed to do so? Policy must not be our guide, nor the wish to retain this party or that. Right is safe, and compromise by the use of double meanings can never in the long run be wise.

"I have no desire to say anything upon the bearings of the controversy upon myself personally. I shall survive the severest censures of individuals or Councils; but let us go on to the real points at issue without more ado. *Is the Baptist denomination on the old lines or on the new?* It cannot, as a whole, run upon both.

"One thing more. I entreat my friends not to let our poorer brethren suffer in the matter of the Augmentation Fund. I told Dr. Booth that I should give the same amount as before, and that I would let him know to whom I gave grants on the same lines as the Union has done. Too few of our wealthy brethren have helped in this matter. I wish my personal friends, who are able to do so, would each select some needy pastor, and look after him, giving at least the usual £10 if his church would raise £10 more. When we are all of one faith, and our union becomes more real, I trust there will be heartier efforts in this direction. Whether in the Union or out of it, I shall never cease to honour and aid those who endure so much hardness for our Lord's sake, and so richly deserve our practical sympathy.

"Yours very heartily,
"C. H. SPURGEON."

The evil leaven has affected some few of the men who were educated in our College; and in our attempting to remove them from our Association, they have naturally found sympathizers, and this has been the sorest wound of all. Nevertheless, we have been greatly cheered by the loving enthusiasm of the faithful and thorough brethren who make up the great bulk of the host. Many will be all the better for the bracing up which the conflict has induced; and as a band of men we shall march on with all the greater and clearer confidence in God. Oh, that the College and its men may be a great breakwater, firmly resisting the incoming flood of falsehood!

We rejoice that, in several instances, ministers have written to say that the "Down Grade" papers recalled them to more hearty preaching of the gospel, and aroused their people to more prayer, and the consequence has been a deep and true revival. One or two of these cases are very striking, and are no mere imagination, for they are attested both by the ministers and their new converts.

Our friends will notice the list of contributions that we have received as the beginning of a fund *For General Use in the Lord's Work*, to which we called attention last month. Several other amounts have come since the list was closed, and "still there's more to follow." One friend writes:—"Should any of your vast machinery need a little more of the oil of love, I shall be pleased to send £25. One word shall be sufficient. You know I am only a steward." Several friends have already doubled their usual subscriptions, and others have promised to do the same; while the Lord has raised up quite a number of new friends, who are eager to prove that the work that he has committed to our hands shall not suffer for want of funds even if here and there our protests against error should lead to the withdrawal of help previously given. Money thus headed will be distributed over the whole circle of our work as need occurs.

Mr. Thos. Hill, who reports many of our sermons, has started *The People's Pulpit*, and in the first seven numbers there are three by Mr. Archibald Brown, and three others preached at the Tabernacle, which many of our readers will be glad to possess, namely, one each by Mr. Williams, Mr. Hugh Brown, and Mr. Mark Guy Pearse. We have every confidence that the reports are correct, for Mr. Hill has great skill in shorthand. These sermons cost one penny each, are eight pages in length, and are published by T. Hill, 36, Chancery Lane.

On *Tuesday evening, January* 31, the ANNUAL CHURCH MEETING was held at the Tabernacle. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and there was a very large attendance of members. The special item of public interest was the passing, with perfect unanimity, and amid immense enthusiasm, of a resolution expressive of the hearty sympathy of the church with the Pastor in the testimony for the truth which he has borne in the "Down-Grade" articles, endorsing his action in withdrawing from the Baptist Union, and pledging itself to support him by believing prayer and devoted service in his earnest contention for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. There could not have been a more complete answer to the insinuation that the Tabernacle church is not in complete accord with its Pastor upon the burning question of the day.

The following statistics were reported:—Additions, by baptism, 240; profession (persons baptized previously), 43; transfer from other churches, 74; total, 357. Decrease, by dismissions to other churches, 142; joining other churches without letters, 37; emigration, 14; removal of names for non-attendance, 129; for other causes, 9; deaths, 64; total, 395. The present number of

members is 5,315. There are 37 mission-stations, with sitting accommodation for 4,900 persons, and 130 local preachers; and there are 22 Sunday and Ragged-schools, with 458 teachers, and 7,731 scholars.

In spite of the wintry weather that has prevailed during the past month, the prayer-meetings and week-night and Sunday services have been maintained in full vigour. The spirit of prayer has been poured out in a remarkable manner, and many souls have been converted. Our hope is that the "Down-Grade" controversy will clear the spiritual atmosphere, and that after the storm will come a time of calm faith in God, a believing proclamation of the truth which he has revealed, and a gracious revival of pure and undefiled religion.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting on *Monday evening, February* 20, we were specially cheered by the presence of several well-known evangelists, who came to express the sympathy of themselves and their fellow-workers, with us in our battle for the truth. Mr. C. Russell Hurditch, Mr. Chas. Cook, and Ned Wright all prayed with great fervour; and they brought us tidings of a very widespread interest in our controversy with the preachers of false doctrine, and of the intense and earnest prayers presented on our behalf by the Lord's people all over the land. Verily, there are many thousands that have not bowed the knee to the Baal of "modern thought." These and other evangelists who travel in different parts of the country are able, from painful experience, to confirm the charges we have made in the "Down-Grade" articles.

Mrs. Allison's Bible-Class. — During the month of March, Mrs. Allison's place will be occupied by the Rev. James Neil, M.A., formerly incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem, and author of "Palestine Explored." The class is held every Sunday afternoon in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, and both men and women, converted and unconverted, are heartily welcomed.

Richmond Street Mission.—The annual meeting of workers was held on *January* 25, Mr. J. T. Dunn presiding. The reports of the various works were read by the different secretaries: they all tell of faithful work done, and much good accomplished. There are 110 workers at this Mission, members of the Tabernacle, all engaged in different parts of the Lord's work. One spirit seems to characterize the whole of them, and that is, how best can they serve and imitate their Divine Master. In addition to the many works carried on here all the year round, there is the Christmas Dinner Fund, which is supported by the teachers and friends of the Mission. Some £53 was collected, and Christmas relief was given to 169 different families, representing a total of 715 persons. This Mission has done a great work in the dark neighbourhood in which it is situated, but the premises are too straitened for the work, and many children are turned away because they cannot be accommodated. In the Sunday-school there is an average attendance of 416 scholars and young people, and 38 teachers; and only space sufficient for half the number. The workers are looking forward with fear and apprehension to the hot summer months, when to be packed so closely together is very injurious to the health of the scholars and teachers, and hinders the spiritual work which might otherwise be done. Help, sympathy, and advice will be gladly welcomed by the President, Mr. J. T. Dunn.

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath.—On *Tuesday evening, February* 7, the new Infant Schoolroom was opened by a tea and public meeting, at which Mr. W. Stubbs presided, and addresses were delivered by Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, R. Taylor (Upper Norwood), W. Hobbs (Gipsy Road), and J. W. Harrald. Through the liberality of friends on the spot, or at a distance, the building was opened free from debt, and all the money needed for furnishing, fencing, &c., was contributed. The new room will be a great boon to the Beulah Chapel workers, both for the Infant-school and Children's services on Sundays, and for the various meetings on week-evenings. On the first Sunday that the room was occupied, there were 90 children in it; and, notwithstanding their absence from the Chapel, it was just as full as it had previously been. Our friends will soon have seriously to set to work to collect funds for the larger building which will be required before long if the work continues to grow as it has done hitherto.

On *Wednesday evening, February* 22, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided at the formation of the Beulah Baptist Church. Since the Chapel was opened in May last, 39 believers have been baptized upon profession of their faith (in addition to three who have not joined the church), and these, with 40 others, formerly in membership with Baptist churches, were formally recognized as a Christian Church after the New Testament pattern.

College.—Mr. A. J. Parker has completed his course with us, and settled at Old Sodbury, Gloucestershire.

Mr. W. G. Clow is moving from Sherborne to Newcastle-under-Lyme; and Mr. G. C. Williams has removed from Mount Vernon to Zanesville, Ohio, U.S.A.

The time for receiving the voting-papers, with reference to the Conference, from brethren residing in the United Kingdom, was extended to February 23, at the request of certain members of the College Association. We cannot, therefore, announce the final result here; but after the scrutineers have presented their report, we shall have an important communication to make direct to all our faithful brethren. All that we

can do now is to indicate that an overwhelming majority has voted in favour of the explanation of the basis of agreement on which the Association was formed; but that, as some protest against our method of procedure, and others threaten to force themselves into our assembly, though they have departed from the faith that we hold, no other course remains but for the President to resign his connection with the Association, and to form a new one, in which all who agree with him in the great evangelical doctrines can unite and work in harmony.

Our brethren in New Zealand have sent us the following loving and cheering letter:—

"Beloved President,—It has occurred to us that, while we are all together at the Annual Conference of the Baptist Union of this Colony, it would be well if we unitedly sent a letter of greeting and good cheer to our honoured and esteemed President. We very gratefully call to mind the varied kindnesses we enjoyed while we were privileged to be so near to you as all your students are. We sympathize deeply with you in the anxieties that have recently distressed you, and admire the loyalty towards the claims of conscience and the convictions of duty that has led you to withdraw from the Baptist Union of Great Britain, although we sincerely regret that you found it necessary to take such a step. We wish you, dear President, abundant success in your championship of ancient verities that have grown unpopular in our day. In the vast and various agencies that have employed all your talents for so long a time we unfeignedly rejoice, and we pray that you may be graciously supplied by the God of all grace with plenteous strength for directing them for many years to come. With advancing years may your strength be divinely replenished!

"The memories of our stay within the College are very delightful and refreshing to us in this remote corner of the earth. In far narrower spheres and with far feebler abilities, we are seeking to defend and circulate the truths that you have hitherto maintained so valiantly and so vigorously. There are now in this fair land six men who have received tuition and equipment for the work of the ministry in the Pastors' College, and five of their names are attached to this letter. It is your son's privilege to preside over the largest church in the Colony, and to be the preacher of the Union sermon at this Conference. Mr. C. Dallaston, whose health has been greatly improved by his late visit to England, still prospers at Christchurch. Mr. H. H. Driver is stationed at Wellington, and this year has the honour of acting as host to our Colonial Union. Mr. J. D. Gilmore is at Ponsonby, where much blessing crowns his labours. Mr. A. Dewdney, who travelled hither with Mr. Dallaston, has found a congenial sphere for the use of his gifts at Lincoln Road, and has been warmly welcomed as a worthy addition to our ministerial ranks. The only absentee from the Conference is the latest arrival—Mr. F. W. Walker—who is at present settled at Sydenham. We think it will gratify you to know that six of the sixteen ministers of this Colony hail from the College which you founded and have fostered so ably hitherto.

"From this far-off isle of the sea we lovingly salute you, dear President, and wish you all happiness and prosperity in your manifold work for God. Long may your bow abide in strength, and the arms of your hands be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob!

"Believe us to be, beloved President, Faithfully and affectionately yours in Christ Jesus,

"Thomas Spurgeon, Auckland.
"Charles Dallaston, Christchurch.
"Harry H. Driver, Wellington.
"Jno. D. Gilmore, Ponsonby.
"Arthur Dewdney, Lincoln Road, Christchurch."

Similar letters have come from our brethren in Tasmania and Victoria, sympathizing with us in our action concerning the Baptist Union, and assuring us of their unswerving fidelity to the truths they held while with us in the College.

We have been happy to be able to send help to our Brother Stubbs, of Patna, from our Indian Evangelists' Fund, in response to the following appeal. There is not much left in the fund now, so we shall be glad if any friend should be moved to replenish it. Who could resist such a plea as this?

"Since passing my final examination in the language, I have been permitted, as I know you will rejoice to hear, to open up a considerable amount of entirely new work in this immense city and district. The Lord has given me the joy of not building upon another man's foundation, but of preaching the gospel in places where, so far as I know, the testimony has never been delivered. I go out most nights in the week, with my native helper, to the villages around, most of which are very large and populous. I do not know whether it is because it is new ground, but certainly it is good ground, for everywhere we get unusually large and grateful crowds, and, with one exception, we have not had a word of opposition. But, beyond the circumference of the circle reached by a conveyance, there are a million and a half of people who, I believe, have never heard the truth, and who, according to present arrangements, will never hear it, unless Brother Mitchell or I take it to them. The only way in which we can publish the gospel in these 'regions beyond' is by living in a tent in the midst of the people, and going with the tent from place to place."

Evangelists.—Pastor C. A. Davis sends us the following report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission in Reading:—

"Brethren Fullerton and Smith conducted special services in Reading, by invitation of the Reading Sunday School Union, from January 8 to 22. The week-night meetings were held, principally, in King's Road Chapel; afternoon meetings, twice each week, in two other chapels in the town; and the Saturday evenings and Sundays were spent in the Town Hall. Very great blessing has attended the whole mission: 300 names of enquirers were taken; and these names have been communicated to the various churches and schools with which the converts were connected. Notwithstanding the dense wet fog which enwrapped the town during the first week, the chapel was full each evening; and in the second week the crowds were very great. Meetings for men were held on Sunday afternoons in the Town Hall, and for women in King's Road Chapel, one of them being addressed by Mrs. Fullerton. The Song Services, on Saturday evenings, were as bright as they were solid and helpful. The closing Sunday evening meeting in the Town Hall will not soon be forgotten. About 2,500 people were crowded into the building, and the solemn appeals of the preacher to 'choose life' were carried by the Holy Spirit to many hearts. The brethren have left a fragrant memory behind them, and abundance of work for the churches of Reading to take up and carry forward."

Our brethren have since been to Pontypridd and Abercarne. Concerning the mission at the former place, Pastor W. Parry writes:—

"Services were held in the largest chapels in the town, and the Evangelists were cordially welcomed by all the Nonconformist churches of Pontypridd. Although they were known as Baptists, and associated with the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, the Calvinistic Methodists of our town took a specially warm interest in them, placing their new and handsome chapel several times at their service. We are mostly bi-linguists in this town, the Welsh as yet predominating; but it was very interesting to observe thorough-going Welshmen, and regular attendants upon the Welsh ministry, listening with the most intense satisfaction to the Evangelists. All the Nonconformist ministers of the place were present at most of the meetings, and threw themselves with evident sympathy and interest into the work of the mission. Seldom, if ever, have the churches here been more deeply moved by the message of grace, the presentation of the simple gospel, and the invitation to the sinner to accept eternal life and love through our blessed Redeemer."

Mr. Burnham's services at Chalford and Frampton Mansell resulted in some pleasing signs of blessing, and also in the opening of the village mission-room for regular Sunday evening services, which have been well attended.

This month Mr. Burnham goes to Chester and Towcester.

Mr. Harmer has conducted missions at Modbury and Newton Abbot, and in each place blessing has followed his efforts. He has since visited Redditch.

ORPHANAGE.—Our subscribers and friends will rejoice with us when they see in the list of donations £17 17s. contributed by some of our "Old Boys." It is specially pleasing to see that those who have been sheltered in the institution desire to take their share in helping to provide a home for other fatherless children. God bless all the old boys! We have just had a most cheering letter from one of them, dated from one of Her Majesty's ships, telling us how the writer was progressing in spiritual things. It did our heart good to read it.

Wednesday, February 1, was the visiting day, when the children's friends brought in over £130 which they had collected as "A New Year's offering." Such help as this is most welcome, as is, also, the gratitude which it expresses.

On the 9th, General Sir Robert Phayre, K.C.B., Colonel Clarke, R.E., and Dr. Van Someren visited the Orphanage, and entered a most satisfactory report in the visitors' book. We are always pleased for friends to see the Institution.

Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir are now visiting Chester and North Wales. They hope to return on March 10. Early in April they go to the Channel Islands.

Collectors are reminded that the next meeting will take place on *Friday evening, March* 16, when, it is hoped, a large number will be present.

Will our friends please note that the ANNUAL FESTIVAL is fixed for the President's birthday, *Tuesday, June* 19?

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary writes:—"We have started a new district at Somer's Town this month under the Superintendence of Miss Griffith, who conducts a mission there. The work is much needed, and the prospects encouraging. The Yorkshire Association is applying for a Colporteur, and may, probably, employ more than one. At Ealing also a Committee has just been formed to support and superintend a Colporteur. We are glad that three new fields of work are to be opened, but hope that they may be the earnest of many more. Will our friends note that £10 per quarter is the entire cost to a district for the whole of the services of an agent? Our General Fund, however, needs keeping up to enable the Association to help districts in this liberal manner."

Correspondence on Colportage will receive prompt attention if addressed to W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—January 27, ten. February 2, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Wilson	1	0	0
Lizzie	1	0	0
B. B.	0	5	0
Collection at Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor H. O. Mackey ...	3	10	9
Half collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	6	4	2
Pastor J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Collection at Cottage Green Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown ...	1	16	4
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	0
W. C., Ayr	0	2	6
From Devonshire	2	10	0
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0
W. D. K.	2	0	0
In remembrance, Edinburgh	0	10	0
G. G., near John o' Groats	1	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell...	3	0	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Two sermon readers, Buchan, Aberdeenshire...	1	0	0
Mrs. Allan	1	10	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	6	0	0
W. B. H.	10	0	0
Pastor C. J. Fowler	0	5	0
Mrs. Bell	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Powell...	0	5	3
Mrs. Barker Harrison	3	3	0
Pastor W. J. Styles	2	0	0
V. S.	5	0	0
Mr. R. Dayton	1	0	0
Mr. R. Meikle	2	5	0
For Christ, from one bought by his precious blood	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	1	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	5	2	6
Mr. C. W. Smith	1	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Collection at Lymington, per Pastor John Collins				2	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, and Mr. John Pearce				0	10	0
Miss Shillito, per Mrs. Oldfield... ...				1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould				1	0	0
P. H.				0	2	6
Pastor E. Ashton				0	5	0
A debtor to grace				2	0	0
From Scotland				25	0	0
Mrs. Moubray				1	1	0
Mrs. Lines				1	0	0
Mr. F. Reynolds				5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott				0	10	0
S. I. B.				2	0	0
Miss L. Millen				0	10	0
Mr. George Higgs				5	0	0
Mr. Henry Hillier				1	0	0
Mr. B. I. Greenwood				10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—						
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang				2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry				1	0	0
Mr. Thomas S. Penny				2	2	0
Rev. G. D. Hooper...				1	1	0
Mr. John Mead				1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead				1	1	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—						
Mr. R. J. Beecliff (two months) ...				0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—						
Jan. 15, 1888	23	8	0			
,, 22	4	16	9			
,, 29	25	5	0			
Feb. 5	30	0	0			
,, 12	32	12	3			
				116	2	0
				£256	13	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 16th to February 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Mabel Martin ...	0	7	0
Mr. J. W. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. E. G. Howell	0	2	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0
H. M.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Crawley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Rice	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Burton	0	2	6
Mr. W. E. Eastman	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scott...	5	0	0
Collection, after communion, at North Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Wilkes	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Hudson	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Fraser...	0	5	6
Mr. E. Lees	1	1	0
Miss E. Bowering	0	6	0
Miss Hayes	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Dunster	0	5	0
Lizzie...	1	0	0
Mr. T. J. Fordham	1	1	0
Beauly Sabbath-school, per Mr. A. McLennan	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Doughty	0	10	0
Postal order, Caledonian Road... ...	0	6	0
Mrs. H. B. Frearson	5	0	0
Miss Kate Frearson	0	5	0

				£	s.	d.
Per Pastor W. Burnett :—						
Pastor W. Burnett's box	0	16	0			
Mrs. Burnett's box ...	0	11	3			
Mr. Bolton's box	0	2	2			
Mrs. Record's box ...	0	3	10			
Mr. Perry, donation ...	0	5	0			
				1	18	3
Friends at Hemel Hempstead, per Mrs. E. Stevens	2	10	8			
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens	0	2	0			
				2	12	8
B. B.				0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Hurst				0	5	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Ann Williams				1	5	0
Vauxhall Baptist Chapel (Rev. T. J. Malyon, pastor), per Mr. T. E. Malyon :—						
Subscribed and collected by Mr. Armes, Mr. Belsey, Mr. Beckley, Mrs. Burbridge, Mrs. Barrett, Miss Braithwaite, Miss Bond, Miss Earle, Mr. Fred Fox, Miss Fuller, Mrs. and Miss Haycraft, Mrs. Halden, Mrs. Herring, Mr. John Jenner, Mrs. Malyon, T. Ernest Malyon, Mr. Petchey, Mrs. Rymer, Mrs. Sherring, &c.				12	0	0
Ruthie and Jackie				2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Wiles				1	1	0
Mr. William Walker				1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Sinclair	0	5	0
Mr. John Reid	10	0	0
R. W.	2	0	0
Mr. J. Stormont and Mr. A. A. Bisset	0	5	0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry ...	0	12	0
Mrs. S. L. Pakeman	1	1	0
Miss Pakeman	1	1	0
Mr. William Price...	0	10	0
Mr. W. D. Roberts	2	0	0
Mr. William Beckett	10	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Sunday-school, Bacup, part proceeds of Christmas-day service	1	5	0
An old Scotch woman	1	0	0
E. W.	0	1	10
A Glasgow widow's mite doubled ...	0	2	0
W. C.	0	2	6
O. K., Alcester	0	5	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	1	0	0
In memory of dear Caroline	1	0	0
Mrs. Beddome	0	5	0
Mrs. Hossack, per Mr. Reid	0	2	0
Mr. A. Grace	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Underwood	0	6	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mrs. Palmer	0	1	0
Collected by M. A. H.	0	7	6
Mrs. and the Misses Kemp	5	0	0
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne	2	2	0
A friend, Aldington	0	1	11
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bradley, per Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	5	0
Two friends, Edinburgh	0	12	6
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
Miss Vowles	0	10	0
L. H.	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Carter	1	0	0
A friend, Edinburgh, less 6d. paid for registration	0	9	6
A thankoffering	0	5	0
A small thankoffering	0	1	0
Two servants	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Martin	0	8	1
Mr. J. Gray	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	13	7
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	1	15	0
Helen Don	0	10	0
Per Pastor H. H. Driver:—			
Mr. A. Hoby 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Hillier 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Mrs. M. Snell	0	10	0
A friend, A. R. H.	2	0	0
Mrs. Bell	0	10	0
Mrs. A. M. Dunn	0	5	0
A friend in India, per Miss Newman ...	0	15	0
Miss Stearman's class, St. Simon and St. Jude's Sunday-school, Norwich...	1	5	0
E. T.	0	5	0
Rev. Colmer B. Symes, B.A.	5	0	0
Mrs. Gray's three children	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Haynes	0	10	0
Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0
Mr. W. Alison	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
A friend, T. A.	0	10	0
Mr. John Penny	0	5	0
Mr. E. R. Close	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Smith	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew:—			
Mr. W. Hawkes 0 10 0			
Mr. Blake 0 5 0			
Mr. B. Bartholomew ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bartholomew ... 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Miss Fidkin	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold	2	2	0
E. C.	1	1	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Ironside	1	0	0
H. F. and F. S. Gaylor	0	11	0
A lady ninety years of age	5	0	0
Achateny	1	0	0
A thankoffering from a sermon-reader	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Cross	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
Mr. R. Greenwood...	0	6	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	2	5	0
Mrs. Maggie S. Todd	4	0	0
Miss S. Haward	1	0	0
Mr. Arthur Solomon	0	2	6
Miss A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell...	3	0	0
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
A. P., Croydon	1	0	0
Mrs. Young	0	5	0
Miss S. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2	0	0
Mrs. Evans	1	1	0
Mr. S. P. Rattenbury	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	0	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Grangemouth, per Mr Macpherson	0	5	0
Houston Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. A. Pattison	0	10	0
Mrs. Knott	1	0	0
Mr. Lucas Collins' children	1	0	0
Miss Beare	0	7	0
Mrs. Roberts	1	0	0
Mrs. James Battershill	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	16	0
Two sermon-readers, Buchan, Aberdeenshire	1	0	0
Mrs. Barlow	1	1	0
Mrs. Struthers	3	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	2	0	0
V. S.	10	0	0
A mite, Horsington	0	2	7
Mr. L. Haigh	1	0	0
A few friends in Irvine	2	2	0
Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
Collections after Mr. D. Tait's services at Halkirk and Burray...	2	18	9
Four friends who love Jesus	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. Thomas Roger:—			
Mr. John Bett 1 0 0			
Mr. Andrew Roger ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. A. Roger 0 5 0			
Mr. William Brydon ... 0 2 0			
Miss Cameron 0 1 6			
Mr. A. Panton 0 2 0			
Mr. Walter Brydon ... 0 2 0			
Mr. Thomas Roger ... 0 5 0			
	2	2	6
Mrs. Sinclair	0	10	0
H. Williams	0	2	0
Scotch note from Portobello	1	0	0
Mr. John W. Kirwan	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. A. Wilson	0	5	0
Half proceeds of collection by Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s men, Penge	0	6	6
Mr. J. Colw	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Pentelow	0	5	0
C. C., Gatton, Surrey	0	5	0
Pastor R. E. Sears			
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths from friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge	12	3	6
Miss E. Withers	0	5	0
Mr. T. Muir Dalziel	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. McRae and friend ...	0	18	9
Glenshee Post	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
Miss C. E. Berry	0	1	1
Pastor John Morton	0	1	0
Madge, Lewes	0	2	0
Mr. J. Bickford	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. Charles Jones	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Kate E. Buswell :—			
J. E. P. 3 0 0			
Mrs. Stevenson 1 1 0			
Smaller sums 3 19 0			
	8	0	0
Mr. H. Hudson	0	10	6
Mr. James A. Dry	0	5	0
T. O. Sellar	2	0	0
H. Jackson and friends	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Stroud ...	1	1	0
A great sinner	0	2	6
"Inasmuch"	0	2	0
A lover of the old paths	0	1	0
S. A. H., Hornsey	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	0	8	0
Cherry-trees, &c., per Mr. Mizen ...	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
R. N., Glasgow	0	10	0
Collected by friends in Brighton :—			
Miss Cutlach... ... ... 0 2 3			
The Misses Dixon ... 0 10 1			
Miss E. Dixon, farthing fund... ... ... 0 6 0			
Mrs. Geale 0 4 0			
Mrs. Jupp 0 5 9			
The Misses Peck and Bullen 0 2 9			
Miss Sexton... ... ... 0 7 11			
Mr. Swaffield 0 5 1			
Mr. Stuchfield 0 4 1			
Miss Ticehurst 0 1 2			
Miss Wiley 0 0 8			
A friend 0 0 3			
Odd farthings and halfpence 0 0 4			
	2	10	4
Young People's Service, Immanuel Chapel, West Brixton	5	0	0
Miss Butterworth	5	0	0
Mrs. Cockburn	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 2 0 0			
Mr. Hy. Cooper 0 10 0			
Mrs. G. W. Palmer ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Whitfield 0 5 0			
Mrs. E. Ward 0 5 0			
	3	10	0
Mrs. Bell	1	0	0
Miss Basham	0	5	0
Mrs. Knott	1	0	0
Pastor J. F. Avery...	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	40	11	0
J. S.	0	10	0
Mr. T. Wallis	4	0	0
Mr. J. A. Watson	0	4	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	12	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Blundell	0	18	6
Collected by Mrs. Brewer, No. 11 House	0	6	7
Mrs. B. Joyce	1	10	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Esling	0	2	3
Children attending Miss Colvin's Sabbath class, Manbeen	0	5	6
Stamps, Plymouth...	0	2	6
Miss Milroy	2	0	0
A sympathizer	0	2	0
Sabbath-school children, Baptist Chapel, Lossiemouth, per Mr. A. M. Riddell	0	15	0
Stamps, Edinburgh	0	2	0
A friend, per Rev. J. E. Shephard ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Holiday	0	5	0
Mr. W. Kay...	0	10	0
Per Mr. H. H. Kingsworth :—			
Thankoffering 1 0 0			
Mantel-shelf collecting-box for children's offerings... 0 8 2			
	1	8	2
A Baptist, Llandaff	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	10	10	0
Mr. S. Thompson (for carriage of potatoes)	0	10	0
A widow's mite, Dundee	0	5	0
Mrs. Waters...	5	0	0
Pastor Noah Heath	1	10	0
Miss Mary Bowen	0	10	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	1	0	0
Mr. F. Freeman	2	0	0
Ding Dong Bell	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. C. M. Stevenson ...	0	12	10
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. Atkinson, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
From some of the "Old Boys":—			
Abbey, J. W. 0 10 6			
Anderson, A. W. 0 5 0			
Atterbury, G. 0 5 0			
Buckley, A. 1 1 0			
Bell, H. O. 0 5 0			
Brewer, A. J. 1 0 0			
Bramble, H. J. 0 10 6			
Bivand, C. N. 0 5 0			
Britton, G. C. 0 2 0			
Crabb, A. J. 0 5 0			
Cockerton, T. W. 0 10 6			
Cheek, D. 0 1 0			
Creasey, E. B. 0 2 0			
Davies, W. E. 0 2 6			
Deen, G. E. 0 10 0			
Ellis, H. S. 0 1 0			
Eldridge, A.... ... ... 0 2 0			
Frost, A. J. 0 5 0			
Fisher, F. G. 0 2 6			
Golding, H. 0 1 0			
Gardiner, S. J. 0 5 0			
Hardman, T. S. 1 1 0			
Harrowing, T. J. 0 10 0			
Lake, A. T. 0 5 0			
Ladds, F. G.... ... ... 1 1 0			
Ladds-Banks, W. T. ... 1 1 0			
Mallett, J. 0 10 0			
Mackenzie, W. T. 0 10 0			
Nearn, J. A. 0 1 0			
Osborne, D. E. 0 5 0			
Pavey, S. 0 5 0			
Parker-Lynes, F. 0 10 6			
Spanswick, G. 2 2 0			
Sully, H. A. 0 2 0			
Tiddy, E. G. 1 0 0			
White, A. J. 1 0 0			
Weatherby, J. H. 0 5 0			
Williams, T. H. 0 10 0			
Wakerell, H. R. 0 2 0			
Wright, John 0 5 0			
	17	17	0
Orphan boys' cards (as per list) ...	76	19	2
Orphan girls' cards (as per list)	55	13	8
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Wheatsheaf Hall	2	2	0
Sale of programmes, Berkhampstead...	0	11	0
Drummond Road Sunday-school ...	4	9	9
Elm Grove Chapel, Southsea	10	5	9
Waterlooville, per Pastor C. H. Thomas	10	15	0
Kingsgate Street, programmes	1	1	9
Leytonstone, programmes	0	9	7
Bishopsgate Chapel, programmes ...	0	16	8
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. J. Plumbridge	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Rowe	1	0	0
Per F. R. T :—			
Mr. Probyn 0 5 0			
Mrs. Probyn 0 5 0			
In memoriam, E. P. ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Bakewill 0 10 0			
A. A. T. 1 5 0			
Mrs. H. Brown 0 10 0			
Mr. H. Keen 0 5 0			
Mr. S. Pewtress 0 5 0			
Mrs. Dix 0 5 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0
Mrs. Rathbone-Taylor ...	0	5	0
F. R. T.	0	5	0
In remembrance, J. R. T.	0	5	0
	4	15	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
The Misses Murray	4	0	0
Mr. Thomas S. Penny	2	2	0
Mr. J. Bovey	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry...	2	0	0
Mr. John Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. John Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. Fidge	1	0	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. W. E. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
	£516	5	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 14th, to February 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. J. Watts; 1 churn of Milk, The Hants Dairy Company; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 box of Mixed Fruit, Mr. Bidgood; a quantity of Bread, Mr. G. W. Smith; 1 sack Split Peas, "H. S."; 6 Hens, Mr. Graham; a quantity of Bread, Mrs. Fuch; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 lbs. Tea, 7 lbs. Rice, 6 lbs. Sugar, Mr. J. Brown; 140 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 7 lbs. Sweets, 30 Rock Cakes, a quantity of Chestnuts, Mrs. G. Thompson.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—1 dozen Mufflers, Mrs. Caskell; 1 dozen Comforters, Mrs. Hickson; 4 pairs Socks, 1 pair Gloves, 2 pairs Cuffs, "W. W. A. R."; 1 pair Boots, 1 pair Slippers, Mrs. Ransom; 6 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Angrave; 4 Night Shirts, Mrs. Wilkinson; 2 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Whitfield; 2 shirts, 3 pairs Bed Slippers, Miss A. Milner.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—12 yards unbleached calico, Miss A. Milner; 6 Articles, Miss Unwin; 7 Articles, Miss G. Beall; 11 Articles, Miss Burton; 31 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 dozen Aprons, 24 Comb Bags, Miss Descroix; 24 Articles, The Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 32 Garments, 1 Doll, 24 Comb Bags, 1 Muff, 3 Bed-pockets, Junior Dorcas Society, The Tabernacle, Gosport, per Miss H. Hoare; 4 Articles, M. B. C.

GENERAL.—1 Electrical Battery, Mr. Anderson; 1 load Firewood, Mr. Jonas Smith; 560 Almanacks, Mr. J. T. Sears; 1 box Fancy Toys, Miss Rabbeth; 3 Dressed Dolls, "E. B."; 1 volume of "Boy's Own Annual." Rev. J. G. Van Rijn; 6 Motto Cards, The Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Angell, A., 5s 6d; Allison, S., 3s 8d; Baker J., £1 1s; Brown, E., 5s; Bowen, W. G., 7s 6d; Bull, L., 8s 5d; Beadle, J., 4s 1d; Burnham, F., 15s 7d; Boorman, G. B., 3s; Barratt, F., 4s.; Bates, W., 6s: Bowles, J. N., 13s 5d; Bristow, J., 3s 3d; Bright, T., 7s; Banyard, S., 6s 6d; Barter, A. S., £1; Brooks, George, 3s 6d; Borrows, L., 2s; Barson, E., 5s 2d; Chamberlain, W., 5s; Cozens, H., 13s; Cann, J., 4s 8d; Cartland, S., 5s 9d; Carwithin, W., 2s; Cooper, C., 4s; Cordrey, H. M., £2 2s; Cleaverley, J., 3s: Cook, C., 2s; Deverell, G., 1s 7d; Drew, J., 10s; Davis, A. H., 10s; Dancey, C. E., 2s 4d: Edwards, G., £1 2s; Earthrowl, A., 7s 3d; Edgley, W. J., 8s; East, G., £1 1s; Fennell, A., 16s; Fitch, E., 7s; Fairclough, R., 1s 11d; Ford, W., 6s; Fullerton, H., 2s; Farr, E., 2s 6d; Gardener, G. T., 4s; Greenhough, G., 8s; Green, W. S., £1 1s; Gearing, F., £1 1s; Game, J., 10s 6d; Gant, F., 6s 3d; Goddard, C., 8s 2d; Golding, D., 18s; Green, A., 13s 10d; Garvan, W., 5s 6d; Hodgson, W., 12s; Harris, J., 1s 6d; Harris, W., 4s 7d; Hills, E., £1 10s 6d; Hill, G., 6s 2d; Horan, E., 10s; Huntley, H., 15s; Hewett, L., 1s 10d; Hart, A., £1 1s; Hurst, A., 10s; Ingram, W., 10s 6d; Inward, W., 13s; Jansen, W. H., 2s 1d; Jenkins, Fred, 5s; Johnson, P., 3s; Jarvis, H., 5s; Knappett, C., 13s 6d; Kelland, S., 7s 2d; King, A., 3s; Kibble, Geo., 1s 6d; Lenderyon, A., 10s; Lowne, J. W., 5s; Long, H., 7s; Lewis, E., 5s 6d; Metcalfe, F., £1 1s; Mannell, W., £1 1s; Manser, H., £1; Moore, W. 14s; Morrell, H., £1 1s; Moppett, F., 4s 6d; Marks, A., 5s; Mead, B. E., 8s 6d; McLean, C., 6s 8d; Morton, P., 4s; Mitchell, W., 5s 1d; Morrish, J., 10s; Morris, R., £1 1s; Norton, R., £1 1s; Ounstead, A., 5s 6d; Park, F., 4s; Peverell, W., 11s; Pitney, F. G., £1 1s; Ponton, M., 7s; Pretty, W., 16s; Payne, C., 10s; Ponsford, H., £1 1s; Paskell, A., 6s 6d; Peachey, A., 10s 3d; Rye, C., 9s; Roberts, H., 8s; Rogers, W., £1 1s; Rathmell, H. G., 10s; Runnacus, R., £1 2s; Rodwell, H., 15s; Richmann, L., 10s; Sparkes, H., £1 6s 4d; Sergeant, E., £1 3s 6d; Smith, H., 7s 9d; Suttle, R., £1 1s; Surtees, J., £1 1s; Sambell, F., 10s; Scott, W., 5s 7d; Stoner, W., 8s; Schofield, J., 10s; Smith, R., 10s; Stringle, W., 2s; Sayer, H., 5s; Sharp, W., 1s; Stone, F., 6s; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Treeby, H., 9s 6d; Taylor, P. E., 4s 10d; Taylor, F., 3s 6d; Tant, J. M., 3s 3d; Tanner, James and Joseph, 18s; Trim, John, 8s 6d; Teasdale, F., 2s 9d; Tressider, C., £1 1s; Uren, G., £1 10s; Virtue, F., 9s; Warner, G. W., 11s; Walker, A. J., 10s; Westbrook, H. J., 5s; Walker, P. W., 9s; Westhrop, C., 5s; Walker, J., 8s; Williams, J., 7s; Williams, A., 14s; White, P., 5s; Wells, A., 7s 1d; Walker, C., 15s; Wratten, E. D., £1 1s; Wardill, T., 6s 6d; Wilkins, J., 10s; Worker, S., 4s; Wills, 14s; Wallis, F. G., 7s 6d; Ward, R., 10s 6d; Westerland, C., 7s; Young, C., 2s—Total, £76 19s 9d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Aldrich, M., 11s; Attfield, B., £1 1s; Arnold, S., £1 1s; Attikin, E., 5s; Arthur, H., 6s; Barlow, M., 7s; Bennett, L., £1 1s; Broadhouse, N., 10s 4d; Blake, R., 5s 4d; Botham, L., 8s 6d; Bull, L., 7s 2d; Bridgman, A., 6s; Bettam, A., 5s; Birkett, F., 2s; Bird, A., 11s; Burrows, F., 3s 7d; Brown, R., 16s; Bond, E., 3s; Birtwistle, E., 2s; Bullock, L., 7s; Breakspear, A., 2s 3d; Caple, A., 5s; Cousins, L., 3s 3d; Collins, E., 5s; Chamberlain, M., 9s 6d; Collins, H., 2s; Custer, E., 5s; Cross, A., 4s; Craggs, E., 1s; Corbett, M., 15s; Crowther, N., 6s 3d; Cooper, K., 5s; Cable, F., 3s; Dickerson, E., 12s 6d; Donelly, G., 5s; Epps, F., 12s 4d; Fairhead, L., 9s 2d; Fenn, A., 5s 3d; Fitt, M., 2s; Guiver, K., 16s 6d; Gort, G., 2s; Gilmour, C., 17s; Gray, M. A., 4s 10d; Gorey, A., 2s; Hinchley, L., 5s 8d; Hall, M., 2s 3d; Hall, F., 7s 2d; Hobbs, E., 10s 3d; Howell, R., 4s; Hoidge, A., 18s; Hewitt, H., 3s 6d; Hallam, E., 7s 7d; Hunt, E., 6s; Hnisell, J., 14s; Haydon, E., 10s; Ingle, F., 13s 6d; Jessop, M., 1s 6d; Jaques, K., 2s 8d; Johnson, M. A., 7s; James, F., 4s; Kemp, M., 5s 9d; Kelland, J., 7s 2d; Lawson, A., 2s; Leitch, G., £1 1s; Logan, K., £2 6s 5d; Lailey, J., 10s 6d; Lovell, E., 3s; Larcomb, A., 10s 6d; Long, M., 3s 6d; Lyons, E., 3s; Maycock, W., 5s; Mayhew, E., 8s; Miles, M., £1 1s; McIlwraith, 2s 1d; Martin, J., 12s 8d; McKinlay, F., 8s 4d; Mash, L., 2s 4d; Morton, E., 3s 6d; Mockford, L., 18s; Newton, A., 5s; Nutt, C., 3s 9d; Nobbs, T., 3s; Nihell, A., 4s 6d; Owen, D., 4s 9d; Orridge, A., 11s; Player, Emily, 5s; Parsons, I., £1 1s; Pearce, M., 3s 6d; Pearce, R., 14s 7d; Peepall, G., 1s 8d; Parmenter, M., 5s; Pentecost, E., 5s 8d; Pope, A., 3s 3d; Page, M., £1 1s; Perry, R., 1s 6d; Paul, M., 8d; Pennington, F., £1 1s; Parker, A., 2s 8d; Rowsell, J., 13s; Rushman, H., 5s 7d; Robottom, G., £1 1s; Rampling, S., 2s 8d; Sayers, A., 2s 6d; Smith, L., £1 4s; Scott, L., 6s; Soper, A., 6s; Stone, E., 4s 2d; Smithers, L., 8s 9d; Spender, K., 11s; Seymour, J., 7s 3d;

Shorter, E., 5s; Skinner, L., 2s 1d; Steele, E., 5s; Tilly, G., £1 1s; Tollworthy, E., £1 8s 1d; Thorp, Eva, 10s; Thirkell, R., 9s; Unwin, M., 2s 2d; Veryard, R., 5s; Ward, M., £1; Wright, K., £1 1s; Willmot, M., 13s 7d; Watson, M., 10s; Wigzell, E., 9s; Williams, N. 3s 5d; Ward, E., 1s 9d; Warwick, L., 4s; Winder, R., 1s; Wright, L., 2s 6d; Williams, L., £1 1s; Yeoman, L., £1 11s 6d.—Total, £55 13s 8d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Tewkesbury district, per Mr. T. White	7	10	0
Great Totham	1	12	0
Ross, per Miss J. Ball	0	2	6
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	10	0	0
Ludlow district	15	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts for Ilkestone and Riddings...	10	0	0
Bethnal Green:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	7	10	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, senr.	10	0	0
Somer's Town, per Miss Griffiths ...	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	40	0	0
	£121	14	6
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—			
Mr. Marshall	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	0
W. C., Ayr	0	2	6
From Devonshire	1	0	0
Miss A. Whatley	0	2	6
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	2	0	0
A friend, T. A.	0	5	0
V. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	10	0
W. M.	5	0	0
Pastor W. Jenkins	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. C. Waters for 1887	1	1	0
Mr. A. Chamberlain for 1887	1	1	0
Mr. A. Perren	10	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
	£38	12	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	0
W. B. H.	10	0	0
W. C., Ayr	0	2	6
From Devonshire	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Orpington	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	18	2	9
A friend, T. A.	0	5	0
V. S.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs Fullerton and Smith's services at Cambridge ...	26	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Mr. James Willis, Hull	5	0	0
W. M.	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
	£74	2	3

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

(See "Notes" in February *Sword and Trowel*.)

Statement of Receipts from January 11th to February 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
A sympathizer with Mr. Spurgeon (Balance of £267; also £500 for other objects)	67	0	0
Alpha, per Miss J. Jordan	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Medway	2	0	0
The widow's mite	1	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	25	0	0
Miss Steedman	25	0	0
A true friend, not a "Down-Grader"	1	0	0
Mr. P. van Alstuie...	4	0	0
Mr. Bell	0	10	0
Mr. John B. Meredith	5	0	0
The Lord will abundantly sustain his honoured servant in his arduous work	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	17	0	0
Miss E. J. Bowley	1	0	0
Mr. P. Elsey	1	0	0
Mr. William Johnson	10	0	0
J. W. Y.	1	0	0
D. McL.	18	0	0
	£193	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.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1888.

Progressive Theology.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN this age of progress, religious opinions move at railway speed. Within the last few weeks many have made an open advance of a very special kind; we say an *open* advance, for we suspect that secretly they had for a long time harboured the errors which now they have avowed. And what a revelation it is! Here, one sees a "Moderate" declaring his advance to "another gospel" in the boldest terms; and there, another, highly esteemed for his supposed love of the truth, stabbing it after the subtle manner of its most malicious foes. While some of the most perverted cunningly endeavour to appear orthodox, others of a braver nature come out in their true colours, and astonish us with the glaring hue of their heresy. That which makes manifest is light; and, however much we may deplore the unwelcome discoveries of the present controversy, we ought to be thankful that they are made, for it is better for us to know where we are, and with whom we are associating.

The idea of a progressive gospel seems to have fascinated many. To us that notion is a sort of cross-breed between nonsense and blasphemy. After the gospel has been found effectual in the eternal salvation of untold multitudes, it seems rather late in the day to alter it; and, since it is the revelation of the all-wise and unchanging God, it appears somewhat audacious to attempt its improvement. When we call up before our mind's eye the gentlemen who have set themselves this presumptuous task, we feel half inclined to laugh; the case is so much like the proposal of moles to improve the light of the sun. Their gigantic intellects are to hatch out the meanings of the Infinite! We think we see them

brooding over hidden truths to which they lend the aid of their superior genius to accomplish their development!

Hitherto they have not hatched out much worth rearing. Their chickens are so much of the Roman breed, that we sometimes seriously suspect that, after all, Jesuitical craft may be at the bottom of this "modern thought." It is singular that, by the way of free-thought, men should be reaching the same end as others arrived at by the path of superstition. Salvation by works is one distinctive doctrine of the new gospel: in many forms this is avowed and gloried in—not, perhaps, in exact words, but in declarations quite unmistakable. The Galatian heresy is upon us with a vengeance: in the name of virtue and morality, justification by faith and salvation by free grace are bitterly assailed. Equally a child of darkness is this New Purgatory. It is taught that men *can* escape if they neglect the great salvation. No longer is the call, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice"; for the to-morrow of the next state will answer quite as well. Of course, if men may be gradually upraised from sin and ruin in the world to come, common humanity would lead us to pray that the process may go on rapidly. We are hearing every now and again of "a night of prayers for the dead," among certain priests of the Establishment. Nor is it among Ritualists alone, or even mainly, for the other day, at a meeting for prayer, an eminent believer in this notion prayed heartily for the devil; and his prayer, upon the theory of the restitution of all the sinful, was most natural. Prayers for the dead and prayers for the devil! Shades of Knox and Latimer, where are ye? How easy will it be to go from prayers for the dead to payment to good men for special supplications on their behalf! Of course if a devout person will spend an hour in praying a deceased wife out of her miseries, a loving husband will not let him exercise his supplications for nothing. It would be very mean of him if he did. "Purgatory Pick-purse," as our Protestant forefathers called it, is upon us again, having entered by the back-door of infidel speculation instead of by the front entrance of pious opinion.

Nor is this all; for our "improvers" have pretty nearly obliterated the hope of such a heaven as we have all along expected. Of course, the reward of the righteous is to be of no longer continuance than the punishment of the wicked. Both are described as "everlasting" in the same verse, spoken by the same sacred lips; and as the "punishment" is made out to be only "age-lasting," so must the "life" be. Worse even than this, if worse can be, it is taught by some of these "improvers" that even the blessed of the Father are by no means blessed overmuch; for, according to the latest information, even they will have to undergo a sort of purgatorial purification in the world to come. There are degrees in the inventiveness of the nineteenth-century theologians; but, to our mind, it is the license given to this inventiveness, even when it is most moderate, which is the root of the whole mischief. What is to be taught next? And what next?

Do men really believe that there is a gospel for each century? Or a religion for each fifty years? Will there be in heaven saints saved according to a score sorts of gospel? Will these agree together to sing the same song? And what will the song be? Saved on different footings, and believing different doctrines, will they enjoy eternal concord,

or will heaven itself be only a new arena for disputation between varieties of faiths?

We shall, on the supposition of an ever-developing theology, owe a great deal to the wisdom of men. God may provide the marble; but it is man who will carve the statue. It will no longer be true that God has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes; but the babes will be lost in hopeless bewilderment, and carnal wisdom will have fine times for glorying. Scientific men *will* be the true prophets of our Israel, even though they deny Israel's God; and instead of the Holy Spirit guiding the humble in heart, we shall see the enthronement of "the spirit of the age," whatever that may mean. "The world by wisdom knew not God," so says the apostle of the ages past; but the contrary is to be our experience nowadays. New editions of the gospel are to be excogitated by the wisdom of men, and we are to follow in the wake of "thoughtful preachers," whose thoughts are not as God's thoughts. Verily this is the deification of man! Nor do the moderns shrink even from this. To many of our readers it may already be known that it is beginning to be taught that God himself *is* but the totality of manhood, and that our Lord Jesus only differed from us in being one of the first men to find out that he was God: he was but one item of that race, which, in its solidarity, is divine.

It is thought to be mere bigotry to protest against the mad spirit which is now loose among us. Pan-indifferentism is rising like the tide; who can hinder it? We are all to be as one, even though we agree in next to nothing. It is a breach of brotherly love to denounce error. Hail, holy charity! Black is white; and white is black. The false is true; the true is false; the true and the false are one. Let us join hands, and never again mention those barbarous, old-fashioned doctrines about which we are sure to differ. Let the good and sound men for liberty's sake shield their "advanced brethren"; or, at least, gently blame them in a tone which means approval. After all, there is no difference, except in the point of view from which we look at things: it is all in the eye, or, as the vulgar say, "it is all my eye"! In order to maintain an open union, let us fight as for dear life against any form of sound words, since it might restrain our liberty to deny the doctrines of the Word of God!

But what if earnest protests accomplish nothing, because of the invincible resolve of the infatuated to abide in fellowship with the inventors of false doctrine? Well, we shall at least have done our duty. We are not responsible for success. If the plague cannot be stayed, we can at least die in the attempt to remove it. Every voice that is lifted up against Anythingarianism is at least a little hindrance to its universal prevalence. It may be that in some one instance a true witness is strengthened by our word, or a waverer is kept from falling; and this is no mean reward. It is true that our testimony may be held up to contempt; and may, indeed, in itself be feeble enough to be open to ridicule; but yet the Lord, by the weak things of the world, has overcome the mighty in former times, and he will do so again. We cannot despair for the church or for the truth, while the Lord lives and reigns; but, assuredly, the conflict to which the faithful are now summoned is not less arduous than that in which the

Reformers were engaged. So much of subtlety is mixed up with the whole business, that the sword seems to fall upon a sack of wool, or to miss its mark. However, plain truth will cut its way in the end, and policy will ring its own death-knell.

Not with this man, or that Council, or that Union, are the lovers of the old gospel at war at this present; but with the whole body of unbelief which is now attempting to borrow the Christian name, and effect a settlement within Christian territory. This spirit is in all the churches, more or less; indeed, it seems to be in the air. The prince of the power of the air is loosed in an extraordinary manner for a season, misleading even the godly, and triumphing greatly in those whose willing minds yield full assent to his deceitful teachings. On this account our fears are great for the Baptist churches, which have in former ages been the strongholds of the gospel of the grace of God. Those communities which avowedly confess the truth of God can deal with the spirit of unbelief, at least in a measure; but those bodies of men which hold no settled doctrines, and make no profession of believing anything definite, are like houses with open doors, inviting the unclean spirit to enter, and take up his abode. We have tried to deal with the spirit of error in its abstract form; but we have also recommended, as a practical action on the behalf of the Baptist Denomination (which we believe to be upon the whole sound in the faith), that it should accept an Evangelical basis. Its churches and Associations in most cases have such a basis; why not the Union which is made up of them? This question is to come before the Baptist Union at its next general meeting. Should the proposal of an Evangelical basis be carried out, we shall greatly rejoice, for it may be a rebuke to the incipient party of error, which has of late talked so exceeding loudly; but if this is not done, other and stronger measures must be taken, which will enable faithful men to bear their testimony without having it marred by their fellowship with evil. The faithful will take steps to enable them to carry out practical work for the Lord, without the depressing suspicion that their zeal may, after all, be only building nests to be in the future occupied by the hatchers of false doctrine. It may be that, in the Baptist Denomination, the purifying process will be long and painful; but we trust that grace will be given to true believers to persevere till it is accomplished, or else to come forth from the baseless Union, and separate themselves for the defence of the truth of God. We fear that the outlook for certain other denominations is not nearly so hopeful. In their case, what is wanted in the gracious remnant is "a larger hope" than they have at present, that even yet the forces of falsehood can be overcome, since the battle is the Lord's.

Absence of the Historic Faculty in the Hindoo.

UTTER incapacity to appreciate any argument drawn from history is the cause of much unbelief among the best educated of the natives of India. The absence of this faculty can be accounted for in two ways. From infancy their minds have been familiarized with myths and legends of a most extraordinary kind; and there is an utter absence of historic interest in almost the whole of their surroundings, especially in Bengal. "Every county, almost every parish in England," it has been well said, "has its annals; but in India, vast provinces, greater in extent than the British Islands, have no individual history whatever. Each field indeed has its annals. The crops which it has borne, the rent which it has paid, the occasions on which it has changed hands, the oldstanding disputes about its watercourses and landmarks, all these are treasured up with sufficient precision." But all the weightier matters of rural or national history are forgotten. India has had no historians or antiquarians to gather up into a comprehensible form the story of the past. One generation after another dreamed away its existence till foreigners arrived, and began the period that now is included in reliable historic records.

Hindu writings are crowded with myths and fancies so varied and many, that the student who once becomes imbued with their teaching, necessarily loses, through lack of use, that appreciation of fact as distinct from fiction, of history as distinct from poetry, which may be called the historic faculty. History is a record of that which is known to have occurred; a true story in distinction from a romance. The Bible is just such a historical book. Its pages teem with facts. The life of Christ, especially, is the sublimest record of real incidents that the world contains. But the contrast between Bible history and Hindu fable has no power to arouse the intellect of the best educated in India, because the historic faculty is wanting. If this is true of the English-speaking native, how much more true is it of the untaught and uncultured! All arguments adduced to prove the historic authority of the gospel story are therefore powerless, and we are driven to present the Christ of the New Testament in the full splendour of his sinless life, loving mission, victorious death, and divine power, and leave the hearer to discover the infinite superiority of his history to all the legends of native mythology. The unquestioning and simple way in which they give credit to lies is not for a moment to be compared to the childlike grasp of "truth as it is in Jesus" which we know unites the believer with the Saviour. Theirs is assent to *a lie*; ours is a reception of *the truth*. "We preach Christ crucified": an historic fact with which all history stands more or less related. A glance at the cross must therefore arouse the dormant faculty that will distinguish between fact and fiction, and thus the power now lacking will be bestowed. All the missionary, then, has to do is to preach the gospel, and to rest assured that by that means all good can be accomplished, and all things lacking supplied.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Patterns of Charity.

LET me exhort you to mercifulness by the examples of others who have been renowned for acts of mercy and munificence.

1. Our Lord Christ was a great example of charity, he was not more full of merit than bounty. Trajan, the Emperor, did rend off a piece of his own robe to wrap his soldiers' wounds. Christ did more, he rent his flesh, he made a medicine of his body and blood to heal us. "With his stripes we are healed." (Isaiah liii. 5.) Here was a pattern of charity without a parallel.

2. The Jews are noted in this kind; it is a Rabbinical observation, that those among the Jews who live devoutly distribute a tenth part of their estate among the poor; "and they give so freely," saith Philo, the Jew, "as if by giving they hoped to receive some great gratuity." Now, if the Jews are so devoted to works of mercy, who live without priest, without temple, without Messiah, shall not we much more who profess our faith in the blessed Messiah?

3. Let me tell you of heathens; I have read of Titus Vespasian, he was so inured to works of mercy that, remembering he had given nothing on a certain day, he cried out, "I have lost a day." It is reported of some of the Turks that they have servants whom they employ on purpose to enquire what poor they have, and they send relief to them. And the Turks have a saying in their Alcoran, that "if men knew what a blessed thing it is to distribute alms, rather than spare, they would give some of their own flesh to relieve the poor." And shall not a Christian's creed be better than a Turk's Alcoran? Let all this persuade to works of mercy.—*Thomas Watson.*

Pastor Archibald G. Brown in East London.

Part II.

FOR some years past Mr. Brown has been in the habit of issuing an annual statement; and in the last of these, "The Poor and what the Word says about them," he has collected a number of Scriptural allusions which we are afraid are not so familiar to the majority, even of those who will read them, as they should be. In this boastful and self-satisfied age, we are sadly ignorant of much that might humble us. The Pastor is a man of shrewd business tact and keen observation; and in days when chronic poverty is written and talked about by savants, quidnuncs, amateur and veteran philanthropists, to a degree never before equalled, it seems strange to hear a voice coming from the East-end to testify "that amid all the authorities quoted, there has been *one* strangely ignored, and that one the wisest of all." It is then further remarked; "it might almost be thought that God had nothing to say upon the matter, and that His Book was out of court as a volume of reference." It is not so with Mr. Brown, however; for beginning with Moses, and not stopping until he has quoted the Apostle James, he gives a number of quotations, some of which will not unlikely come as a new revelation to such Christians as are not sure that they have

ever read the Bible through. Though not new, here is nevertheless something fresh upon the subject—fresh because it has been too long neglected even by the main body of those who profess to work among the poor and to sympathize with them.

Our Lord's contribution to this divine selection reminds us that the chief want of the poor, in our own and every age, is the Gospel ; and it seems to be both inspiring and stimulating to remember what this divine speaker said about "the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind," who cannot recompense their benefactors in kind, but to give unto whom is to lend unto the Lord. Associated with the East London Tabernacle there is now a working church of over two thousand members ; but so vast are the needs of the East-end with its immense



THE EAST END AND ITS WHITE SLAVES.

Mrs. M——, aged 39, a Match-box Maker at 2¼d. per gross.

main arteries, and hundreds of miles of bye-streets, that, in comparison with the service which has to be done, it has to be confessed that the labourers are few. All who are interested in the subject, or who in any way help to contribute the sinews of war, are earnestly desired clearly to understand the character of the enterprise undertaken by the pastor and his people. "First, and foremost, we seek to bring the Gospel to the people and the people to Christ," remarks Mr. Brown ; and then it is added, "much as we love the poor, we could not toil the hours we

do had we no deeper inspiration than the alleviation of their earthly wretchedness." The work is thus above all things an evangelistic one, although, as we have already shown, a great deal of relief is dispensed in clothing, food, and in other ways which commend themselves to the judgment of the pastor, who, while resolutely setting his face against sensational methods and appeals, is quite as determined never to run into debt on his Master's account. He says, "Looking alone to God for supplies puts a wonderful sweetness into life, and makes every gift received a peculiar joy;" then adding what may profitably be pondered by those who can be uncommonly fervent in the matter of praying about difficulties of their own making—"God is well able to provide for his own work, and he loves to be trusted. We question, however, whether faith has any ground for trusting God to pay debts."

Before proceeding to give some examples of good effected among the great East-end constituency, a word may be said about the snare which the habit of incurring debt may prove to the poor themselves. If the rent remains unpaid it may be owing to want of work through the general hardness of the times; but it is quite another matter when people are directly tempted to purchase goods at exorbitant prices for which they will never be able to pay without involving themselves in partial ruin. The Tallyman, or Cash Draper, as he more euphoniously calls himself, is the arch-tempter of those poor and improvident classes who patronize Mr. Pawnbroker. "I should say, now, that in nine cases out of ten those who get their best clothes on tally carry them to the pawnshop," a tallyman who had seven hundred customers, once remarked to Mr. James Greenwood: "It stands to sense that they should do so"; he added, "they're hand-to-mouth people every one of them, and after a week or two they're sure to be hard up for the week's instalment: then, what's more proper than that the article that has got 'em into the fix should get 'em out of it?" It seems to be actually true, that many of the poor who yield to the seductions of the tallyman, pay more for their clothes, in the first instance, than would be charged by a first-class tradesman; and then there has to be added the ample fees of Mr. Pawnbroker for taking charge of the garments, week by week, from Monday morning till Saturday night. The tallyman fleeces the poor in many ways, and some of his practices—such as making out a bill of a smaller amount than the true one for the wife to show to her husband, and his accepting something "for the trouble of calling," when the weekly instalment cannot be paid—cannot be reckoned either honest or straightforward.

Even a greater curse to those who are foolish enough to be entrapped by them are the Loan Offices, the abuses of which have become so great that an Act for checking the havoc they occasion is urgently needed. Some time ago there was said to be a broker and auctioneer at the East-end who was about kept employed in selling the household goods of the dupes of three loan-offices only. The heartless managers of many of these mantraps are among the worst impostors and scoundrels to be met with in London, and the traffic they carry on is shown by the large number of advertisements which appear in the daily papers.

Arrears of rent, of course, represent quite a different matter; but the infamous treatment which widows, poverty-stricken women, and others of the poor receive at the hands of "sworn brokers" is a standing dis-

grace to our social system. Mr. Brown has had something to do in getting those out of trouble who had lagged behind with their rent, and a few shillings expended in this way may, occasionally, represent the greatest boon that can be conferred. By way of illustration of how rapidly expenses are run up, take the case of Mrs. M——, who was distrained upon for 6s. 6d. A copy of the broker's original legal instrument is given, and notice should be taken, not only of the way in which the debt at once becomes nearly doubled, but of the ample assortment of furniture which sworn brokers require in payment of their demands. The original document, which is something like a yard long, runs thus :

INVENTORY.

To Mrs. M——— (or whom else it may concern).

Take Notice—That I have this day Distrained upon the undermentioned Goods and Chattels, on behalf of ————————, your landlord, for and towards the sum of six shillings and sixpence, for arrear of Rent due on the 26th day of ———————— last, for your Dwelling-house or Tenement, situate and being ————————, in the Parish of All Saints, Poplar, in the County of Middlesex.

And further Take Notice, that unless the said sum of six shillings and sixpence, together with all expenses incurred, be paid, or the said Goods and Chattels replevied within five days from the date hereof, they will be appraised and sold according to law.

Dated ———————— 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Rent	0	6	6
Levy, Notice, Inventory, and Copy ...	0	3	0
Man in Possession, per day	0	2	6
	0	12	0

2 Deal tables.
4 Cane seat chairs.
5 Windsor chairs.
A kitchen fender.
A small mantel clock and dress-stand.
A deal box.
A set of Venetian blinds.
An iron French bedstead and small fender.
2 dozen pieces of crockery and glass.
6 pieces of tin and iron ware.

In the name of sufficient Goods and Chattels in and upon the Premises, for and towards paying the Rent and expenses of the Distress, Take Notice, that I have impounded the above mentioned Goods and Chattels at ————————

This precious inventory will tell its own story all the more forcibly if we abstain from further note or comment. It will also explain why sworn-brokers have come to be as abhorrent to the poor of London as publicans were to the Jews of old under the Roman rule.

In proceeding to give some illustrative cases of good received, we may first say, that Mr. Brown draws his converts from all classes ; and the work being of this truly cosmopolitan order, some of the most unlikely persons are among his converts, supplying the finest of all testimony to the all-conquering power of the gospel. Thus, one of the latest gains is one who made a profession of practising sleight-of-hand tricks in public-houses. Here is the story :—

On Sunday evening, the 12th of February, the service in the East London Tabernacle was for men only. It is usual to distribute the tickets over such a wide area, that for this particular occasion 25,000 were given away, the result being that the chapel was closely packed with a congregation of 3,000 ; and a similar service had been conducted

annually for twenty-two years. The subject of the sermon was "Noah's Telescope," and the text Hebrews xi. 7. "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." Towards the close of his discourse the preacher said: "My brethren, in all love I say that I should be less than a man, and utterly unworthy of a gathering like this, if I were not honest about this matter. Before God, I believe that there is a judgment coming upon a guilty world. If I did not believe it, I would not preach it. I am as assured as if I had seen the heavens on a blaze that it will come to pass—the day of the perdition of ungodly men; and it is because I believe it that, like Noah, I want to warn you. Look through the telescope, man. Do you not see the rocks rending and the heavens melting? Can you not see the judgment of God being poured out? Do you say, 'What must I do to be saved?' I will tell you. There is one respect in which you are not to do what Noah did. Noah had to prepare an ark. You have not to do that. Thank God, that is all done. The ark was prepared in the great navy-yard of God's sovereign grace. It was prepared by a divine workman. He laid down the keel with many a sigh and many a groan, and he built up the ark of salvation at the cost of his own life. He never ceased until he was able to say, 'It is finished.' He has left the door wide open, and God says to each of you dear fellows to-night, 'Come thou into the ark.'"

The Word reached the hearts of many of the hearers—instances more or less remarkable, but one only need be mentioned here. When the crowd was leaving, the pastor's son noticed a middle-aged person of the "Man-about-town" appearance, and on asking, "Would you like to see my father?" The stranger answered, "Yes, I should." He went into the vestry, and was spoken with for some time; but the man was more perplexed than decided. Would he decide for Christ that night? No, he would not, for the easily-understood reason that if he did so he would forego all his means of living, his profession being of a character that would not agree with religion at all. He was in the habit of going the round of the public-houses with a pack of cards for various tricks, and other things with which he practised feats of sleight-of-hand. The man left on the understanding that he would come again and give his decision. Accordingly, on Monday the 13th, he again appeared, and he had thoroughly decided that he would accept the gospel offer; and, to show that there was to be no attempt at compromise, he handed to the pastor the cards, and all the other things with which he practised his arts. The pastor received these curiosities with some surprise, his new friend meanwhile declaring that he had nothing left in the world. When questioned about his antecedents, he said that his mother died when he was young, but he had had a sister, who died some years ago, who had never ceased to pray for him. The answer to the devoted woman's prayers had been deferred, but it had come at a time and in a manner to make it all the more striking.

Another recent case is that of M. H——, a young girl whose parents are not Christian people. As a child, M. met with a dreadful accident—she fell out of a train on the Great Eastern Railway, when both legs were cut off. Some artificial ones were procured; but, having outgrown these when first seen by Mr. Brown, she was unable to walk,

and was crawling about the floor of her home. Becoming interested in the case, the pastor employed an artificial limb-maker to supply what was wanted; and the girl was promised that, when she could walk, she should be sent to the seaside Home at Herne Bay. The first use the sufferer made of her newly-acquired capacity to walk, however, was to attend a service at the East London Tabernacle; and it so happened that the Holy Spirit applied the Word to her heart, and she was converted. From that date the afflicted girl became one of the most cheerful of Christians; and when, on the pastor's application, she was received into the Cripples' Home, M. H—— became a very lightsome inmate of the Institution. She thus speaks for herself in a letter addressed to her pastor a few weeks ago:—

"Please excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you, but I thought you would like to hear how very happy and comfortable I am in the Cripples' Home. I have learned to make hats and bonnets since I have been here. We have lessons every day, and ladies come and give us nice Scripture lessons. Every Thursday evening we have a gentleman from Stafford Rooms to give us an address. I think of all your meetings, and ask God to bless them. I am still trusting in Jesus. He helps me in all I do. I want to be a bright witness for him before every one. Dear sir, I thank you for all your kindness to me."

There was another girl who was found in such a terrible condition through her legs being bent that she was literally walking on her ancles. With the mother's consent, Mr. Brown sent this child to an hospital, where the surgeons had to break both of her legs before they could be put right. She afterwards stayed for a year at the Seaside Home at Herne Bay; and the result of the treatment altogether is that the child can now run about with others without crutches.

Another young woman convert was Miss C——, who for nine years had been accustomed to sing at the theatre, and to dance as a ballet-girl. On a certain Saturday evening she took her part as usual at the playhouse; but on the next evening she attended a service at the East London Tabernacle, at which Mr. Brown preached; and the Word reaching her heart, through God's blessing effected a transformation. She was expected back at the ballet on the next evening, but knowing what she now did of her condition as a sinner in the Lord's sight, she was afraid to go; and although the employment represented her livelihood she has never been since. She is now almost constantly employed in making garments for poor children, and is otherwise one of the most consistent and consecrated members in connection with the East London Tabernacle.

It must be understood that Mr. Brown photographs those who come under his notice, and records their history, so that a mass of information has been accumulated which must be of great service. Let us select a few of those who have been rescued from the most unhappy surroundings to be started afresh in the world.

One of these portraits is that of a girl, said to be of a singular disposition, and subject to violent passions. Her surroundings at Bow Common proved so wearisome to her, that she tried, by hanging herself, to find a door of escape. She was taken in hand, was trained for something better, and is now doing well in Canada.

Another portrait is that of an extremely neat and good-looking servant-maid. She was found wandering in the Bow-road, having neither father nor mother, or other friend. She is now filling a respectable situation.

The next portrait is that of a comely young bride, with her smiling and well-satisfied husband standing beside her. Who, in such a subject, could be expected to recognize one who had been a poverty-stricken matchbox-maker of Bow Common, enveloped in rags and dirt?

The next two portraits are also a pair, and one likes to look at them because they represent England's best wealth, namely, her labour. A



POOR CHILDREN OF THE EAST END.

Natives, drawn from life, of a district near Bow Common. Promising subjects for the Colonies, if caught in time.

short time ago, a gentleman was walking along a road near Barking, when he overtook two strong young peasants; and instead of passing on, he entered into conversation with them. It transpired that these honest-looking fellows were "down in luck"; things were so "quiet" they could get nothing to do. Perceiving at once that they were what

they professed to be, the friend became interested in their case; and told them that if they had a mind to try their fortune in another country, he could do them a good turn. The answer was that they did not care where the work was if they could but get it to do. Mr. Brown at once undertook to send these subjects to Australia. The friend who had spoken to them undertook to pay for the outfit of one, and Lord Kinnaird volunteered to find what was needed for the other. They sailed for Australia immediately afterwards; and by the time that



A Ratcliff girl transformed. After washing ——turns out not to be a mulatto or negress as was at first suspected. Her present appearance as a household "help" in Canada.

these lines meet the reader's eye, they will have landed in the New World.

The portraits of two others, and this time a pair of girls, are also emigration subjects. One who is registered as "a good girl" has gone to America; while the other, who has given more trouble, but is now repentant, is married, and will leave the country this year.

One remarkable case was that of a girl who was found in an underground room, and who was so begrimed with dirt that at first she was supposed to belong to a darker coloured race. After some hours spent in washing and general renovation, the child turned out to be hopeful and comely; and before long she presented the appearance shown in our engraving—a happy Canadian servant-girl.

Writing to Mr. Brown on the 21st of August last, she says; "I am on a farm and get plenty of work to do, and am kept very busy. I am very glad to tell you I have been in my place twelve months to-day, and like it much." After speaking of her inability ever to forget the kindness of the ladies of the East London Tabernacle, like a true Christian she shows solicitude for her relatives and parents. "I am so sorry to think none of my brothers know the Lord; I cannot do anything but pray for them."

Such is the quality of the human material which, in the worst sense, is going to waste in the overcrowded portions of the East-end if not reclaimed by such agents as our friends at the East London Tabernacle. What is mere encumbrance at home, with the labour-market in its present condition, becomes the hope of the country when transferred to other parts of our vast dominions.

Many of those who attended the ministry of Mr. Brown can tell of remarkable experiences under the hand of affliction. Thus, Mrs. K——, who is a member of the church, was going to her husband at a dry dock on a foggy night, and, missing her footing, fell down nearly thirty feet. The woman's cries sent the man into a fit, from which he never recovered. The result of the fall was a broken ankle. Notwithstanding this, and while her husband lay dead in the house, the widow had to attend three children, who were down with fever. Without some timely help, what could such a household do save despair and die?

One case, that may be called a remarkable providence, also illustrates the phenomena of mysterious disappearance, which at times occasion such acute distress to persons in London. There was an old sailor, a widower, who, being unable to follow his occupation, lived alone with his daughter, who was employed at a neighbouring factory. The man left home to go, as he said, to Sidcup, but without giving any address. He did not return, and no clue to his whereabouts could be discovered. Some days later a girl who had brought her lunch wrapped up in newspaper, had her eye attracted by a certain paragraph, which prompted the remark, "Some poor fellow has fallen down dead at London Bridge Station," and then the girl read aloud the account of an inquest on the remains of an elderly man who could not be identified. The daughter at once exclaimed, "That must be my father!" Hastening to the terminus, she was only just in time to see the body before it was buried. If it had not been for the scrap of newspaper, which Mr. Brown retains among his curiosities, it is probable that the fate of the old sailor would never have been discovered.

An excellent work is also going on among that fallen sisterhood whose errors and sorrows represent one of the most affecting phases of London life. Last Christmas Mr. Brown received a letter signed by all the girls in an Institution, thanking him for good words spoken, expressing appreciation of the prayer-meeting, and expressing their

hopes for the future. The card accompanying the letter had the words of Luke i. 78 on the back: "The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace." Nothing could be more appropriate or cheering as coming from such persons.

Thus the work goes on from the beginning to the end of the year without ever stopping or even flagging. The work is that of a Baptist church which, next to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has a larger membership than any other in London. G. H. P.

Treason in the Camp!

"Be sober, be vigilant."—1 Peter v. 8.

TREASON in the camp!
Treacherous wiles pursuing!
With dark reason's lamp
Truth and faith undoing;
Snaring simple souls
With its vast pretension,
Treason onward rolls—
Man's perverse invention.

Treason in the camp!
Hark! the trumpet's sounding!
List! the traitor's tramp
Zion's hill surrounding!
Now on platform heard,
Now in papers pealing,
Now in pamphlet stirred,
Now in pulpit stealing.

Stand, ye saints of God!
Close the ranks, ye faithful!
Take Jehovah's rod,
Strike at tenets hateful!
Grasp the Spirit's sword,
Using it discreetly,
Then the Master's word—
"Well done, saint!" shall greet ye.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Henry Barne.*

A REVIEW BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE palmy days of the Simeon-Newton-Wilberforce-Romaine school have declined into a more clouded period. Somehow our Evangelical friends missed the great opportunity with which both Providence and grace entrusted them, and for a while they have been, in some degree, in the shade. There are, however, hopeful signs that the old light will blaze out again with fresh splendour. God grant it may! Among those whose writings inculcate sound doctrine and saintly living, we must award a high place to a band of godly clergymen in and around London; and we doubt not that there are the like elsewhere. The Lord make them a thousand times so many as they be, and then give them grace to examine the position which they occupy.

It does us good to read memoirs of men of the "Clapham sect," and of those who immediately succeeded them. We have now before us an admirable life of one of the last out-and-out Evangelicals of the old school—a man whom it must have been a benediction to have known.

Henry Barne began his official career in the Church of England as a High Churchman, but in the sovereignty of divine grace he was called to a knowledge of the Gospel, and he was henceforth never ashamed of it. It was by a singular providence that he was led forth from Ritualism to become a thorough-going Evangelical. He had refused to move a resolution at a public religious meeting, because it was to be seconded by a Dissenter. That Dissenter, a worthy Quaker, simply suggested that some other person should be selected in his place, and this was done. It will be best to let Mr. Barne tell the rest of the tale:—

"The resolution was moved by myself and seconded by another individual. Before, however, the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Thompson, a gentleman of position in the neighbourhood, and of deservedly high standing, rose, and enquired of the chairman, 'Whether it were possible that a young clergyman present had refused to move a resolution if it were to be seconded by a Nonconformist, the society itself being so truly catholic in its basis and principles?' There was a dead silence, and the vicar of Pitminster, whose curate—as I have before said—I had been for a short time, immediately bolted from the hall. Seeing the consternation of every one assembled, I at once rose, and said that what Mr. Thompson had summarized was perfectly true, and appealing to the audience, I asked, 'Could I do otherwise, when many there present only yesterday had heard me pray in the morning service at church, "From all heresy and schism, good Lord, deliver us"? How could I, then, be so inconsistent as to move a resolution which was to be seconded by a gentleman who, however estimable in the relations of life, was nevertheless an abettor of both heresy and schism?'

"I need not dwell upon the effects of my speech. Mr. Codner, one of the deputation from the Society, rose, and said that *his* experience for many years had been, that it was as useless as to attempt to mix oil

* Henry Barne. A Memoir, by his Widow. Dedicated to their Children. London: John Kensit, Protestant Book Depôt, 18, Paternoster Row, E.C.

and vinegar, to try to associate Churchmen and Nonconformists together. During his speech the meeting quickly dispersed, and the very diminished collection fully demonstrated the effect of my words. Poor Mr. Codner and Major Gordon, the deputation, were utterly chagrined, and I, being left alone with them, enquired, 'What friend was going to receive them?' 'No one,' was the reply. I then said, 'Will you not come and see Mrs. Barne, and partake of such hospitality as we can afford?'* The offer was accepted. They stayed with us both that day and the next day.

"During that time, in spite of much prejudice, I had repeated conversations with Mr. Codner upon divine truth; and, though he could not persuade me to any further admission than that 'I must leave all Nonconformists to the uncovenanted mercies of God,' I was so deeply impressed by what he said that it took effect upon my nervous system, and so deranged my health that I was attacked with a kind of low fever. During my illness of six weeks I read and re-read a volume of sermons given me by Mr. Codner, upon 'Justification,' by Romaine, and at once a total change took place in my religious views."

The region of Faringdon was favoured with the ministry of Mr. Barne, but he also went in all directions preaching for the great religious societies, which found in him an able advocate. His was a life of great usefulness, and wide-spread influence in a diocese in which gospel preachers in the Establishment were almost as rare as white blackbirds. We were personally acquainted with most of the Gospel-preaching clergymen in the diocese of Oxford, but the whole of them could have met in a very small room. Our dear friends, Mr. Curme and Mr. Jordan of Enstone were the best known among them, and were of the excellent of the earth. Mr. Barne was of a generous temper, and of large-hearted nature, and therefore he held his own with less of asperity than some of his neighbours who were equally sound but not so genial. There is a good deal in this. His biographer says of him:—

"He was ever faithful to his colours, and thoroughly outspoken in his convictions, yet never *intentionally* uncourteous or abrupt. He used to tell an amusing story of a friend of his, who came to him one day complaining that he thought he should be able to accept the doctrines of grace, if only his clergyman would not force them upon him so persistently. 'Metaphorically speaking,' he said, 'I am perhaps walking down the street, when he approaches me, his largest umbrella in hand. Thrusting it into my face the moment he perceives me, he peremptorily exclaims, "Sir! you are to swallow this." I meekly open my mouth to its widest extent, not daring to expostulate, but endeavouring to follow his directions, when at once he reverses its position, presenting it to me *horizontally*, saying sternly: "No, sir, you are to take it this way."'

"It is Christ and his Word that is to be the 'stumblingstone and rock of offence' not my offensive manner."

In the absence of adventure and stirring incident it is not easy to make a book out of the life of a country clergyman, but in this case Mrs. Barne has succeeded admirably. No one could have done the work

* A man who could do this was right enough in heart, whatever his head might be.

better, and few would have succeeded so well. Her life of her deceased husband will command many readers because of the abundant anecdotes which she has treasured up from the still greater abundance of his interesting conversation. We hardly remember reading a book so full of capital stories. A selection of these will perhaps serve to increase the sale of the memoir.

Mr. Barne thus wrote concerning one of his near neighbours :—

"During my residence at Seend, I constantly enjoyed the privilege of meeting the Rev. J. A. Methuen, rector of All Cannings. He was in very truth a saintly man, and was greatly blessed in his ministry. From him I learned many incidents in Christian life, and from among them I select a *few* which may prove profitable and interesting.

"In his parish were two old labouring men, both of them true believers, the one a timid, the other an assured Christian. The former, whose name was John, said one day to his comrade, 'O Thomas! I am troubled, my prayers are so poor!' 'Nonsense, John—nonsense, John,' was the ready reply, 'put them into the hands of Jesus, and they'll be so beautiful that you won't know them.'

"Mr. Methuen once asked a labouring man what he thought of antinomianism, and whether he conceived it possible for a child of God to live an ungodly life? He received this answer: 'Mr. Methuen, if I pour boiling water into a cup, it makes *the outside* hot as well as *the inside*. So, sir, when the gospel once gets into a man's heart, *the life* will soon show it's there.'"

The following instance of the power of the Word of God is worthy of being made known everywhere :—

"On one occasion Dr. Malan was travelling by diligence to Paris, his fellow-travellers being a French officer (a member of his own congregation) and another gentleman, a stranger. According to his custom, Dr. Malan took out his Bible, and read some portion of it aloud. Such a proceeding was perhaps scarcely legitimate, as in a public conveyance the traveller, whatever may be his views—political, social, or theological—has a right to be protected from any personal intrusion.

"Be that as it may, however, Dr. Malan continued to read his portion aloud. The stranger, in the meantime, remonstrated, avowing infidel opinions, and loudly assailing the Word of God. The French colonel, seeing that the discussion was likely to be a protracted one, and not altogether persuaded of the wisdom of his pastor, in thus introducing the subject of religion in a public vehicle, interrupted it, by saying, 'You are well aware how greatly I respect you, Dr. Malan, but I think at this time you err somewhat in judgment. You should *first* convince this gentleman that the book you are reading aloud is the Word of God, since he denies it to be so. You can hardly expect him to submit to an authority that he openly disavows.'

"'Colonel!' said Dr. Malan, 'I ask you, would you—if you were going into the field of battle—endeavour to persuade the enemy that the weapon in your hand was a sword, or should you *use* it?

"'Most undoubtedly I should use it,' said the colonel.

"'That is just what I do,' said Dr. Malan; 'I believe the Word of God to be the sword of the Spirit, and I use it accordingly.'

"Silence soon supervened, and at the end of the day, as was the custom, the three travellers passed the night at the same hotel, Dr. Malan and the French colonel purposing to continue their journey on the morrow.

At breakfast the next morning, as the two friends were seated together at the same table, a waiter entered the room and inquired of Dr. Malan 'whether or no he was proposing to go on to Paris by the diligence?' On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he explained, "The gentleman that travelled with you yesterday desired me to inquire; as if you are purposing to go on to-day, he wishes to be your fellow-traveller.'

"Before the journey was completed, Dr. Malan and the professed sceptic had become cordial in their intercourse. In after years, the latter became a communicant in Dr. Malan's church, and his attached friend in the bonds of the gospel.

"Such is the power of the inspired Word when applied to the heart and conscience by the Spirit of grace. Truly we may say, God loves the poor blundering fool, and honours his service of love, imperfect though it be, far more than your cautious, silent Christian, who, while he is never guilty of an imprudent act, never does *anything* for his Lord."

Mr. Barne did not in his old age proceed from dotage to anecdotage, but he was all his life long a great storer of incidents, and a very vivacious repeater of them. He must have been fine company, both for his graciousness and his liveliness. His anecdotes bear a moral within them, and have a crackle of wit which in these dreary times doeth good like a medicine. Here is one of his mirthful tales:—

"An Oxford friend of mine used to tell the following story. One of the fellows of his college married a wife, but when he was rather in mature life. The lady, who was considerably younger than himself, had—as might possibly be expected—the reputation of being somewhat of the grey mare! On one particular occasion the footman had been guilty of some petty theft, which was at once reported to the master of the house. Sending for the offender to his study, he gravely admonished him of his fault, and at the termination of a somewhat lengthy appeal to his conscience, he said, 'But, John, you will have to answer for this sin to a higher Power, a Power before whom *I* am nothing, John—before whom I am annihilated. Do you know, John, to whom I allude?' Yes, sir,' was the answer, in a subdued and humble tone. 'Who is it, John?' 'Missus, sir.'"

The following is an amusing recollection of Rowland Hill, of whom Mr. Barne told many other odd stories:—

"The Rev. Rowland Hill was in the constant practice of praying for different members of his household at family prayer. It so happened, at the time of my story, that some slight change in the domestic arrangements had been made, and a new cook had come into his service. Her name was Betty—an appellation of much more frequent occurrence in those days than at the present time.

"On the first evening of Betty's service, Mr. Hill prayed for her by name, 'asking God to bless her and to make her a blessing in the house.' Retiring shortly after to his study, a knock was heard at the

door, and on his uttering the words, 'Come in,' the door was opened, and the new servant showed herself. 'Do you want anything, Betty?' was the inquiry he very naturally put to her at such an unexpected appearance. Her reply—in a trembling voice—was as follows: 'Please sir, might I ask a favour?' 'Certainly, Betty,' said her master. 'Please, sir, would you be kind enough not to mention me again in your prayers. It made me so very uncomfortable.' 'Very well, Betty,' said Mr. Hill, and the domestic accordingly retired.

"On the succeeding evening Mr. Hill prayed for each member of the household with the exception of Betty, and he then added the following: 'Thus Lord, do we bring before thee for thy special blessing each member of this family, except poor Betty, who desires not thus to be remembered at the Throne of Grace.'

"Again Mr. Hill retired to his study, as was his habit, and again a knock was heard at the study-door. This time also it was Betty, as on the previous evening, who on this occasion desired to nullify her former request, and for the future to be included with the other members of the family in her master's petitions for grace and mercy."

Visiting his flock, preaching the gospel, writing letters, and going abroad for societies, the years passed away happily with the worthy Mr. Barne until he thought it wise to resign the living of Faringdon, and retire to Clifton. In some cases, when infirmities increase, good men serve the cause of God best by giving way to younger and stronger workers. From Clifton the man of God was suddenly called to his rest, almost without a death-struggle. Would to God there were many like him! The race is not extinct; but we fear that the sturdy, consistent Evangelicals are growing fewer and fewer. We do not like to think it can be true, but we often hear that those who are still thought "low church" are many of them nearly as advanced in outward ritual as the first Puseyites used to be; and some of them far more so. From one thing to another the fashionable love of finery draws on the feeble-minded, till at last the bee becomes a butterfly, and yet it cannot tell precisely when the transmogrification took place. As Ritual grows, the tendency is to diminish the sharpness and clearness of evangelical testimony; and so with growth in one direction and decrease in another, he who began as a champion of the Gospel ends as an accommodating churchman, prepared to run either on the broad guage or the narrow guage as circumstances may suggest. It is surely time that great searchings of heart should take place among godly men. Is compromise to go on for ever? And if so, what will be the end of it all?

Mr. Barne and the evangelicals of his day were honest and outspoken. They cannot be said to have stood beyond all question, for an Evangelical believer can never agree with all that is taught in his Prayer-book, and he ought not to be in fellowship with those whom he feels called upon to condemn. We cannot explain the position of these brethren: we esteem them, and yet marvel at them; but we are quite convinced that Mr. Barne and his brethren, up to the measure of their light, were true men. It needs large charity to say as much of certain persons now flourishing in the Establishment, who seem to us to practise trimming in a very adroit manner. Alas! the land is full of trimmers; and what is this but to say that the world "lieth in the wicked one"?

Spiritual Dredging.

EARNEST workers are apt to grow discouraged when their converts disappoint them. Work among the fallen and the depraved has much of this trial about it. And yet the worker might have reckoned upon this when he began, and he ought by no means to be taken by surprise, as though some strange thing had happened unto him. When we let down the dredger, we do not expect it to bring up all oysters, nor all curious specimens worthy of the Aquarium. When we preach the gospel among the multitudes, we must not expect that all who are taken in its net will turn out to be living believers, or even decent moralists. That net even in our Saviour's day "gathered of every kind," and doubtless it will do so to the end.

What a heap of stones, mud, broken shells, and crawling things have we sometimes dragged up from the bottom when sailing along the shores of Scotland! For the most part the take was shovelled back into the sea, and the decks were washed to get rid of all trace of the muddy mass. Just so may we expect that many will come forward, and talk of being converted, and yet they will be worthless from the Christian point of view—ay, perhaps worse than useless to the church. Alas, it is no new thing for pretended converts to bring defilement upon the cause by their unholy lives! All is not gold that glitters, and all are not saints who sing, "I do believe: I will believe." In certain forms of revival work it would be a great relief if one could hope that a tenth of the excited company had been of a truth regenerated by the Spirit of God.

Yet we did not give up dredging because of the stones, and the mud, and the weeds; for beautiful specimens made their appearance, and these were carefully preserved. Though we threw the bad away, we put the good into vessels; we did not forget that part of the business. And what lovely things we found in that dirt-heap! There are wonders *in* the deep as well as *on* the deep, and it is a great treat to stand by when a haul is being turned over, and see the "creeping things innumerable," and all the varied forms of ocean life below the waves. If we wish to behold undeniable wonders of grace we must launch out into the deep with some of our great mud-raking pastors, missionaries, and evangelists. They fetch up strange shapes, and monsters. If many of their takings are queer fish, or not fish at all, it is small marvel; but, thank God, they do capture many wonderful creatures, which will be seen in the Museum of Mercy for ever and ever. Some of our readers would add a new interest to their lives if they would lend a hand in some such dredging as that which is described in Mr. Pike's article upon the work of Mr. Brown. It would open up to them a new world, and develop in them forces which are now dormant to their own loss, and to the injury of their fellows. Oh, that we could be the means of calling workmen into this vineyard! There is plenty of room, and there is no time like the present.

C. H. S.

Whispers of Patient Love.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world cannot see,
What arm should snatch me from the flood
That cast my soul on thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease
Lest I should love thee less;
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness!

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face;
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified;
And it is fellowship with him
That keeps me near his side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in thy love,
And peaceful in thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to his prayer.

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion."

[Sent to C. H. S. in an hour of great sorrow. Author unknown.]

"A New Heart, a New Home, a New Father, a New Mother."

"WANTED A BOY." So ran the advertisement of a friend of mine. There soon appeared a bright-eyed boy, named John, seeking the place.

He was poor, but clean, polite, and active. Having been engaged, the aid of the tailor was sought, and in a short space of time his personal appearance was made most attractive. His breast was covered with bright bevelled buttons, and his well-fitting jacket gave his miniature form quite a military appearance. Master John not only looked nice, but his manners were most pleasing—he bowed most gracefully as he opened the large plate-glass door to each customer entering the shop. But something more is needed than fine clothes to make even a good page-boy. Jacob gave his son Joseph a fine coat of many colours, but it only brought him into trouble; whilst, on the other hand, Joseph's bright character secured for him distinction and gain.

It was not the page-boy's home influence which caused him to become such a general favourite, for his parents' abode could scarcely be called a home: drink had wrought desolation and misery there. But, happily for John, he was not long under a Christian master's roof before he could truly say, his master's God was his God; and then his life became even more attractive than before.

John soon discovered that the religion of Jesus Christ does not give us exemption from trial; but he also found out it never fails to strengthen in the hour of need.

One day, soon after John's decision for Christ, he entered his master's shop with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, and his heart sobbing with sorrow.

"John," said his master, "what is the matter?"

"I don't know what is wrong, sir, but I have just seen two policemen dragging off my father to the lock-up."

At this juncture John's mother appeared on the scene, and told the sad tale of what the drink had done for her husband.

"Don't fret," said the good master, "I will try and bail out your husband, and we must pray that God will save him."

Bail was accepted, and once more the poor drunken man was allowed to return to his family.

It was the same old story: Drink! drink! drink! The drink had taken such hold upon this man, that he neglected the children he once loved, ill-treated the wife he had promised to cherish and sustain; and also destroyed the home he once worked hard to gain.

His sin brought its own penalty, as it always does; for sin is a hard master, the wages are very heavy, and the end thereof is death.

For some time it looked as if there were to be no change in this miserable man's life; but it is a long lane that has no turning; and we must never forget there is no heart too hard for God's grace to soften; and that no man can wander beyond the reach of the good Shepherd.

Yet there are times in our experience when it appears to us as if it were useless to pray any longer for some of our friends, and we begin

to doubt whether the answer will ever come. But we must ever remember that though God sometimes puts our faith on trial, the answer to the faithful will always come in God's own time, and in God's own way. God never promises to answer our prayers according to our plan, but he always answers true prayer, if our petition is from the heart, and presented at the throne of grace in the name of Jesus Christ, and according to his will. God stands pledged in his own Word to answer such requests.

Mary prayed to Jesus to come and heal her brother, and she was able, in her request, most truly to say, "He whom thou lovest is sick." She doubtless thought Jesus would take wings and fly at once to the sick home at Bethany. But not so; the Master thought fit to let his friend die, and be committed to the cold grave, but even then he answered Mary's prayer. He gave her back her brother in a fashion that brought more glory to God, and increased joy to Mary herself.

I once prayed, when my dear child was sick, "Lord heal my poor child," and soon he died. Did God answer that prayer? Yea, verily, for he healed him with eternity. My weak prayer was only a postponement; but the dear Master knew what was best for the little lamb, for our good, and for his own glory. Therefore, do not let us faint in prayer, because we do not always see the answer just when we expect it. Samuel said unto the people, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and right way."

Month after month did John and his master pray for the salvation of this man. The boy's faith was greatly tried, and at times his heart would say: "Does God really hear and answer prayer, and will my poor drunken father ever be freed from this demon drink? Shall I ever succeed in getting him to come and hear the gospel message?" It seemed almost hopeless to hope on, but the darkness never looks blacker than just before the dawn of day. And so it was in this case.

Some time afterwards, a gracious wave of blessing came to the town where this man lived, hundreds of homes were blessed by this ground swell of salvation that God caused to come into their midst. The moving of the water commenced with a mission conducted by two evangelists whom God was pleased to send into that district whither he himself would come. From the first of these services the multitudes came together to hear the word of God. John, the page, received a special blessing to his own soul; and this caused him to make a special effort to get his father and mother to attend the meetings.

At last a promise was obtained for the Sunday evening service, but the promise was not kept. Then the father gave his word he would come to a meeting for men only on the next Sunday afternoon. But, oh, the bitter disappointment of the lad!

His old master met him, and said, "John, where's your father?"

The boy sobbed as he answered, "Worse than ever! He is at home dead drunk, and he promised me faithfully he would come to-day!"

"Pray on, my lad," said the kind-hearted friend, "I believe God will yet hear our prayers before this mission is over." And so he did. For the next Sunday this poor inebriate sat listening to the gospel message from the lips of these special messengers, and when the anxious were asked to

seek the counsel of Christians willing to aid them in seeking salvation, this very man came out and asked Mr. Fullerton if God would save a hell-deserving wretch like him.

Like the eunuch, he could not have fallen in with a better helper, for God's word was not only read to him, but its meaning explained; he soon saw the truth, and went home rejoicing.

That week was a most wonderful week for John. He sat night after night in the Circus beside his father, who seemed to drink in every word the speaker said.

On the closing Sunday of the mission the crowds were very great, and few persons could secure seats with their friends. Seats were gladly taken anywhere they could be obtained; thus John, his father and mother were all scattered in various parts of the building. John, however, saw his old master, and asked an audience with him in private.

"Sir," said he, "God has worked wonders in our home, it is not like the same place; but O sir, I have something on my heart so heavy it robs me of my joy. One night this week I heard Mr. Manton Smith read about Zacchæus, and that story he told us about the young man making restitution came so home to my heart, I felt I must come to you at once. You remember, sir, a short time ago I was your page boy."

"Yes, John, and I was very sorry to part with you; it was only because you were such a good boy that I consented to let you leave. I saw it would be a better chance in life for you; and they begged so hard, I felt, though I was losing a good boy, I must not be selfish."

"Ah, sir! that is what makes me so unhappy; I was not a good boy, and your kindness towards me has made me feel it so much."

"Well, John, I was so pleased with you that I will take you back at any time you want a place."

"Ah, sir! I don't think you will when I tell you what I must tell you. I one day saw sixpence on the shop floor, and, instead of giving it to you, I put it into my own pocket; and now I cannot rest till you take it back, and say you forgive me."

He was freely forgiven, and his request being so pressed, in order to give the lad full joy, the money was taken back by the master.

He then said, "And now, dear sir, may I ask you to help me pray for my mother's conversion during this mission?" "Most gladly I will!" and at once prayer was offered at the back of the Circus; his joy was great now that his mind was at rest. But, oh, what were the lad's feelings when, returning with his friend to the Circus, he saw, standing up in the centre of the ring, his own father, with numbers of others, giving testimony before thousands of people that Jesus had saved their souls during the mission! "Really, sir," said John, "there is father standing up witnessing for Christ"; and at the opposite side of the Circus the mother of the lad was being led by Mrs. Fullerton into one of the ante-rooms, seeking pardon for her sins also. That night the family altar was erected in that home, and joy unspeakable was felt in each of their hearts. John says the only way he can describe the change is that God has given him—*a new heart, a new home, a new father, and a new mother.*

Each of this family has since made a public profession of faith by baptism, and the life of the father, so far as man can judge, is really

changed; he is a living witness to the power of God's grace, and a glorious trophy of his goodness.

He commenced well in seeking the company of the Lord's people, and witnessing for Jesus in his own home, and at his work. He has also found it helpful to become a constant attendant at the week-day prayer-meetings.

When he sought to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, some friends thought, in view of his past life, he would do well to wait a while, and prove to the world by the test of time that he was indeed a servant of Christ.

"I am in no hurry," said he; "I do not wish to bring disgrace on the cause of God. And if you have any doubt about me, let me stand over till all are convinced it is the Lord's doing. It is indeed marvellous in mine own eyes."

And though it was also marvellous in their eyes, yet, knowing the miracles the grace of God can still perform, they received him with gladness, and he is numbered amongst the members of that church until this day.

J. MANTON SMITH.

"Where is Calvary?"

A THOUGHT FOR PULPIT AND PEW.

IN Dr. Boyd's volume of heart-stirring addresses, entitled "None but Christ," the following story is told:—"At a public exhibition of a panorama of the Holy Land, as the picture of Jerusalem was passing before the eyes of the deeply-interested audience, a voice suddenly cried out, '*Where is Calvary?*' The effect of that question, even before that promiscuous assembly, was electrical. A deep solemnity fell upon all, and in the dim light tears could be seen glistening in many eyes. An unconverted person present confessed that at that moment his soul was penetrated with a sense of his guilty ingratitude to the blessed Saviour."

The question asked in that assembly has often occupied the thought and research of travellers in the Holy Land. Tradition, ever bold and officious, has fixed upon a site, and superstition has brought its pilgrims to kneel at the supposed sacred spot. Uninstructed fanatics and devotees have fought for its possession, and it has, through many centuries, been the scene of numberless armed conflicts and much shedding of human blood. Yet, even modern travellers are uncertain as to the exact locality of the crucifixion of our Lord, and although they mention "a remarkable knoll on the north of the city, just outside the Damascus gate," they confess that the evidence for its identity, though most suggestive, is incomplete.

Thank God, our faith does not rest in identification of, pilgrimage to, or worshipping at, any holy places. Our gaze is directed, not to the earthly spot, but to the wondrous death-scene witnessed there nineteen centuries ago, and recorded in the Book of Truth. Our faith builds not upon the cross of wood, but upon the Christ who suffered thereon. We may not be able to identify the actual site of Calvary, but we find all we

really need to know of it in the Gospels. And so found, it becomes the resting-place of our hearts, our joy, our solace, our strength.

And yet we need not put the question, Where is Calvary ? lightly aside. *It would be a good thing to make this enquiry as part of our study of the Bible.* Calvary is in the book from beginning to end. Yet many do not see it, because they do not seek it. The cross in the Old Testament is like the water-mark in a bank note ; to see clearly you must hold it up to the light. Let but the Holy Spirit shine in the heart, and through the Word, and the blood-mark will be discerned. In the very "bosom of the curse lies the germ of salvation" (Gen. iii. 15 and 21), and dull indeed must those eyes be that see no Christ and no cross in Abel's bleeding lamb offered on the altar before the Cherubim at the gate of Eden ; in the divinely-provided substitute on Mount Moriah, whose very name, "revelation of Jehovah," is suggestive ; in the wondrous offerings of the tabernacle worship; in the glowing words of the psalmists, and the transparent pages of Isaiah and his fellow-prophets. The Bible is not merely a book of history, it is the history of redemption. Its earlier pages give us gleams and glimpses, its central books present the light in passing flashes or in steady glow, and at length the full-orbed splendour bursts upon us, and we fall adoring at the Saviour's cross. While modern critics are trying to re-arrange the Pentateuch, and to alter the suggestive sequence of other books of the Bible, let the devout student read and re-read from Genesis to Revelation, and ask at every step, Where is Calvary ? This question answered, many another will cease to perplex and baffle. Christ is the key to the Old Testament. Find him and you will be admitted to "fresh fields and pastures new," which else must lie for ever unexplored. Cater, in your reading, for the heart, and you will by no means cheat the intellect; but bring *only* your powers of intellect to bear upon the Bible, and you will starve the soul, and seek for truth in vain. Spiritual discernment will find the Bible an ever new book. The *one grand theme* will present itself to view amid all the lights and shadows of history, poetry, prophecy, "the great biography," the personal treatise, the pathetic letter, and the glowing vision. If more Bible readers would ask "Where is Calvary ?" Bible reading would cease to be a dull and uninviting task. It would become the occupation of our choice, the delight of every spare moment, the joy of our heart, and the ever-growing strength of our life.

I will venture to suggest another use of our question to the occupants of our pews, the hearers of our sermons. *It might be useful if we put the question, "Where is Calvary?" as we listen to the preaching of the Word Sunday by Sunday.* A ministry which will not stand this test will not for long stand at all. The only preaching that will bear the strain of time and the scrutiny of eternity is the "preaching of the Cross." Such will include the whole round of doctrine and conduct. The problems of the past, and the perils of the future, will find their right place only in that preaching which has Christ and his cross for its central theme. If the great aim of preaching be the saving and sanctifying of those who hear, then it is hardly less than criminal to exclude "saving truth" from our public ministrations, or give it but a secondary place. Let Calvary come into prominence in the modern pulpit, and there will be no complaint of

indefiniteness brought against our public teachers. The very theme compels great plainness of speech, and moves the heart of the preacher to seek to move the hearts of his hearers. The people have a right to demand that no preaching shall be styled "evangelical" if it be devoid of the only "evangel" worth the name, "the gospel of our salvation." If "Calvary" is to be in our sermons, they must be more biblical. We must express the truth of Scripture in the language and spirit of Scripture. Then we shall find that while there is an infinite variety in the one theme, its meaning stands out always clear, full, unmistakable; profound, yet simple. Some objections have been raised to the use of the word "blood" in the preaching of the atoning work of Christ. If the objection be to any irreverent and flippant use of the term we join heartily with the objector; but we will never consent to forego the use of a word sanctioned by Scripture as representing the life forfeited by the Saviour when he suffered for our sins, and was made a curse for us. While Christ insists that his "blood is drink indeed," while Paul tells of "peace through the blood of the cross," while Peter writes of the "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ," and John of the "blood" that "cleanseth from all sin";—while we read of entering into "the holy place by the blood of Jesus," of coming "to the blood of sprinkling," and of robes "made white in the blood of the Lamb," we must protest against the quasi-sensitiveness that would banish the word from our preaching; and we protest the more because the disuse of the distinctive term too often indicates the absence of the vital truth embodied in it; viz., the expiatory death of him who presented himself to God to maintain the divine righteousness, satisfy the claims of law, suffer the judgment due to sin, obtain for men a free salvation, and bring them back to happy fellowship with God, to holiness and heaven. It ought to be possible for the humblest hearer to learn the way of salvation from the most cultured preacher; and if he cannot, either he should leave the pew, or the preacher should quit the pulpit. The call of God to preachers is for the saving and blessing of men. Men can only be saved through the way ordained from eternity, and revealed in "the Word." If we will not point to that one only way, then men who ask for bread will get but a stone; and those who give the stone will have to answer to their Master for their fatal unfaithfulness. Let every preacher ask as he prepares his sermon, and every hearer as he listens to it, "Where is Calvary?" Such examinations might startle, would probably humble, but could not fail to be eminently useful.

A further use of our question shall be named before we lay down our pen. *It would surely serve many practical and spiritual ends if we yet more closely pondered the enquiry, "Where is Calvary?"* How many toilers there are in this busy world against whom the current appears to have set! They have almost lost heart, they well-nigh despair. They seem to have lived to no purpose. What can they do; where look? Let them look to Calvary, and as they look, remember that the light that seemed to be quenched there, was, in reality, only like the torch that is shaken that its flame may spread, and its brightness become more intense. It ought to put fresh life into the weary, to inspire anew the discouraged, to cheer the faint-hearted, and to fill with hope every consecrated servant of Christ, to ask the question, "Where

is Calvary?" Every life lived for God has its Gethsemane and its Calvary, and out of griefs, and tears, and sufferings, come salvation, and strength, and glory.

It would be well if the *seeking, anxious soul* were to ask for Calvary. Such, too often, look for peace, better feelings, a lighter heart, holier thoughts, brighter hopes. But to reach all these the Cross must be the starting-point. The sight of Jesus crucified, bearing our sins in his own body, made a curse for us, offered once for all, the antitype of the paschal lamb and of the goat, on whose head were put "all their transgressions in all their sins" of Israel, will surely issue in the soul being deeply convicted of sin, and made conscious that in Jesus only can be found the true salvation. The seeker after Calvary, with its sin-proclaiming yet sin-pardoning cross, will not go long unrewarded; for faith has wondrous power, and, duly exercised, it brings him at once within sight and touch of the saving Christ. To every renewed soul, "the place which is called Calvary" has about it much more than a geographical interest. Its spiritual identification awakens memories of the Saviour's sacrificial sufferings, assures of the certainty and sufficiency of saving grace, and gives glad hope of a share in the "glories that should follow." Yes, and how delightful it will be *to solace ourselves with thoughts of Calvary, if our life should close* before the Lord comes, and we have to pass into the home beyond. "Where is Calvary?" will not be, with the *dying* saint, the enquiry of uncertainty, but rather the testimony of an *undying* interest in his dearest Friend. How precious to pass from beholding the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," into sight of that Throne in the midst of which is "the Lamb standing as though it had been slain"! The Calvary that forms the very centre of heaven must be relegated to no obscure corner of earth. Let the preacher lift it high, as the hearer asks that he may behold it. Let weary hearts desire it, and seekers long to find it. Let workers for Christ glory in it and carry it far and wide, that its rays of light may dispel the darkness of many lands. Let none dare to despise it, trifle with it, or try to find salvation apart from it. Let all give praise for it, and even here anticipate the psalm of eternity, and cease not to proclaim, "Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain." W. J. MAYERS.

Divine Guidance.

IF we understand by "signs" the gentle leading of God, then all his children are so led; but too often "signs" are understood to mean all kinds of strange incidents, and out-of-the-way events, which God has not promised us, which we dare not seek, still less pray for.

God indicates the way to his children with his eye, he does not point it out with a hedge-stake or with the barn-door, as the proverb broadly puts it. But those who are willing to be led by God's eye, must ever be looking unto him, or they will see nothing. Therefore, signs are only for the children who look up to the Father! they are not gross and palpable, and have little in common with what are frequently taken for them.—*From "Self-Will and God's Will."*

"A Day Dream."—For the Young.

BY F. E. BLACKABY.

A DREAM, boys and girls, a dream! Not in the dark night, lying in bed, with eyes shut; but in the bright day, sitting in the study, with eyes wide open. And this was the dream:—

I saw a large piece of land, which sloped down to the sea-shore. It was early morning; the sun shone; the birds sang; the flowers were blooming; the waves were rippling music along the beach, and all kinds of people were there. The rich well-clothed; the poor ill-clad; the strong, the weak, the healthy, the sickly, the old and sedate, the young and gay, cripples with crutches, invalids in chairs, boys with balls, girls with garlands, trying to make life happy: all were there. As I looked into their faces, I saw very few lighted up with joy; none seemed really satisfied; sadness seemed to cast a gloom over all.

A good distance upland from the sea-shore I saw a very deep gulf or chasm, which ran right round the land, in the shape of a half-moon. This abyss was so deep that I could not see the bottom; and the precipice was so steep I trembled as I looked down into its awful deep. A mist overhung this dismal place, which seemed at first to hide the other side from view. "I wonder how far it is across," I said to myself. Just then, strains of the most lovely music I ever heard came floating over; a slight breeze blew, and partly lifted the thin veil, and the bright rays from the sun revealed for a moment or two a splendid country beyond the dread abyss. I could not see distinctly; but what was dimly seen no words can describe. Rich green fields and charming gardens, rarest flowers and sparkling fountains, and in the centre I could just discern a gloriously magnificent palace. Turning to a kind-looking man, who held a guide-book in his hand, I learned that a great king lived in the palace "over yonder," and that a message had been received by the people from him, informing them "that about mid-day the tide would begin to rise, gradually roll up the slopes, and by night-fall, (perhaps before,) it would sweep right over the land whereon they dwelt." This I found out was one reason why so many looked sad. But this was only half the message, for the rest was to the effect that he should be pleased to see any or all of them over with him, where the tide could not reach, and where the sun never went down. I said, half aloud, "He is a *noble* King!"

Before I had finished this exclamation, the thought came to me, "but how are they to get over? The pit is far too wide for any to leap over, and so deep and steep, no one can creep down on this side and climb up the other." Whilst I was musing and beginning to feel sad that the people could not accept the kind invitation, my eyes caught sight of what looked like a bridge, some distance off, which seemed to span the great gulf. My heart beat with joy. I moved towards it. Yes! *there was a way over.* "Who was at the trouble and expense of building that bridge?" said I to the friend with the guide-book, who had followed me. "The great King over yonder," was the reply. "Do you know the cost?" I enquired. "At such a cost sir, that no mortal man is able to comprehend the sum, it is always spoken of as '*infinite cost!*'" "Has it a name?" I asked. He opened his book and said, "The name of the bridge, I see, is REDEMPTION." With this information, I proceeded on my way to this only bridge over, saying aloud, "Marvellous! marvellous!! is the kindness of the great King! He has not only warned the people of their danger, and invited them to dwell with him, but has made a way at 'infinite cost' whereby they may come."

Almost lost in wonder, I came close enough to see this bridge quite distinctly. It was approached by a narrow gateway, and at the gate there stood the kindest-looking man I ever saw, so loving, so gentle, so tender, that when he spoke my heart was drawn towards him at once; and before I knew it, I said almost

loud enough for him to hear, "*To see him is to love him.*" I made enquiries as to who he was, and was not surprised to find that he was the King's Son, who had been sent by his Father to make "*the way*" over, and then to stand and give hearty welcome to all who accepted the invitation to cross it.

As I stood and gazed upon him (for it seemed as though I could not take my eyes off him, he was so lovely), I saw a few come up to the gate, and as they did so, I caught one line of a hymn they were singing:—

"In my hand no price I bring."

"You won t be permitted to go over," I said to myself, "no doubt there is a heavy toll to pay before he lets you pass;" but, to my astonishment, the gate-keeper smiled, and began opening *the way* to those who had no money, and seemed as pleased as though they had been the richest of people, and had brought him a thousand pounds. As I listened, I gathered that "*there was nothing to pay.*" Rich and poor, old and young, were all treated alike. "What a blessing," thought I, as I saw some half-starved ragged boys and girls making for the bridge, and suffering cripples being helped along by poor beggars; "for these couldn't raise sixpence between them; they have no money, and yet they are lovingly welcomed."

My attention was held fast. To every one who entered I heard the King's Son say, "Do you believe in me? Do you love me?" and if they said, "I do!" he held out his hand for them to kiss, as a token that they willingly yielded themselves to him, and a pledge that it would be their everlasting delight to serve him and his beloved Father. As each one bowed the knee and kissed his hand, I saw a deep red wound in the palm, and as they passed by a sprinkling of blood fell upon each head, and in a moment (how I could not tell) they were made clean and white, holy and happy, and became so much like the Son himself and bore such a likeness to him, that you would have taken them at once to be his brothers and sisters. Then one, with the sweetest voice in the group, began singing—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

and all the company took up the chorus, and made the place ring with their praises.

"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for *me*,
That on the cross he shed his blood, from sin to set *me* free."

Surprised beyond measure at these wonderful sights, and hardly believing my own eyes, I ventured closer still, and heard one say to the gate-keeper, "What are these wounds in thy hands?" "These wounds," said he, "were made when I was making *this way* over. There's a wicked being who hides himself down there (pointing to the dark abyss) whose name is 'The Prince of Darkness'; he did his best to stop my work; he hoped to see you all swept down to his dismal abode, and so he came and fought, and though I had to build and fight, day and night, I finished the work, obtained the victory, and *these are the wounds received in the battle.*"

As I watched the old and young—more young than old—come up and pass by, I was a little amused to notice that now and then, notwithstanding that they had been so lovingly welcomed, one and another showed such timidity, fear, and trembling, that they hardly dared to step upon the bridge lest it should fall down. One little fellow came back and said to the Gate-Keeper, "Are you sure the bridge is safe? Will it bear *me?*" Pointing to a big, heavy man who had gone on before, he answered, "If it will bear him, it will bear you, little man." When he had started off, another timidly said, "Dear Master, I have been wondering whether the bridge reaches to the other side. Does it go right

over? *I can't see clearly to the end.*" "If it's safe at this end, it must be safe at that. It's all of a piece, and stretches from shore to shore," said the King's Son, in a kindly voice. Then a third came up and said, "he was full of fear because he couldn't see the foundations." "What a trouble these people are to be sure," I said to myself; "he'll surely get impatient and speak sharply." But no; he gently answered, "Dear friend, foundation work is generally out of sight. I laid the foundations, and can assure you they are firm and lasting. Trust my *word* and *work*. Go in peace."

After this, as I looked at the bridge, so sure, so safe, and remembered the coming doom, I was wholly astonished to find a few come up who *would not* go over. When one was asked by the King's Son, "Do you believe in me? Do you love me?" he answered, "I do," and I thought he was about to get that wonderful blessing I had seen others experience when they kissed the extended hand; but lo, he would not bend the knee and give the token of submission, but turned away quite cross, muttering, "I won't be cleansed *by blood!*" Another came and frankly said he neither *loved* nor *believed in* the Son, but wanted to go over because of the coming doom. In a haughty spirit, half-grumbling that the King had sent the warning, he demanded admittance, saying, "he was as good as other people." But before a word could be spoken by the kind Gate-Keeper, who looked exceedingly grieved, and who could hardly keep back his tears, he turned and ran away to a group of evil companions, who laughed most heartily, and hailed his return with, "Bravo! let us eat, drink, and be merry."

Surprised beyond measure to see so few come, I hastened off to see what the people were doing, when I found some carelessly playing close to the awful precipice, and every now and then one tumbled over. This so frightened the others for a time, that they stopped playing and stood amazed, saying one to another, "Whoever would have thought it!" But ere long they forgot the sad event, and went on as before. I tried to show them their folly, but they took no notice of me, and declared that the greater the danger, the greater the fun. Great risk brings great pleasure.

Some were trying to build a bridge of their own, and seemed to succeed for an hour or two, then down it would all tumble. One man thought he had got his bridge halfway over, and expected in the course of a few more hours to have it completed; but in a few minutes I heard a tremendous crash, and, turning round, I saw this poor fellow disappear with all his works. When I remonstrated with these hard-workers about the matter, they said "they didn't care to go the same way as the *common* people; and *that* (pointing to the bridge) is such a *public* affair; we prefer making a private way of our own." With a proud sneer upon their lips, they said, "We don't believe in having everything done for us, and being treated as *paupers*."

I turned sadly away, and walked towards the sea, which by this time had risen very considerably. Seeing some men lying half-asleep, I cried, "Why don't you hurry off to the bridge?" They yawned, and tried to open their eyes, and snoringly said, "Plenty o' time yet, sir!" Another group I saw, sitting round in a ring, playing cards; these declared that the tide would not reach its highest till the middle of the night; they should wait until the sun went down, and by the light of a piece of tallow candle they had stuck in their hats they should find the way, and reach the bridge right enough.

A third group said, "They had no admiration for that kind of bridge; it was too simple and plain for their cultured tastes; and, as for *that fellow* at the gate, they had no particular liking for him. The King had said the tide would reach its highest before nightfall—they would bet any amount that it would not do so till next day." Then they set up singing—

"We won't go home till morning."

And now I came upon a fourth party, all very near-sighted, wearing spectacles, which made them look mighty wise; but with this help they could not see

more than three yards ahead. These boasted that they were members of "the sceptic club;" they were *morally* sure that there was neither a palace "over yonder," nor a King who had sent his Son to make "a way." If there was "a land of pure delight," as they heard some sentimental pilgrims singing, they expected that when the tide came sweeping up it would carry them over the precipice to that land—"that sunny, sunny land." This last remark they made with a sarcastic laugh.

By this time the sun was fast sinking in the west. The wind was rising; the tide running in rapidly, making the sleepers, card-players, singers, and members of "the sceptic club" feel rather uneasy. Oh, that they had been so uneasy as to flee at once for refuge! A few began to show real anxiety about the road to the bridge; and though it was getting dark, by constant enquiry and a good deal of trouble, they reached the place, and passed over; at least, I hope they did; but it was hard to tell when the evening had become so dark. How much I wished that they had accepted the invitation earlier, that we might have been quite sure that they were safely landed on the other side!

But now the sun had gone; darkness dropped like a black cloud upon the whole land. The wind was blowing a hurricane; it whistled and howled, and drove the waves with such terrific force upon the shore that the stoutest hearts were startled. First one, and then another, and another began to cry aloud with an exceeding bitter cry. Soon a great multitude might be heard above the roar of the tempest crying, "*Woe! Woe!! Woe!!!*" "What must we do to be saved?" "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!" All was commotion and tumult. Some running this way and some that; no one knowing which way to take to find the bridge. A vivid flash of lightning revealed the white, terror-stricken faces of the multitude, and after a tremendous peal of thunder, which shook the whole earth, a mighty wave was heard booming and roaring in the distance. On and on it came, until with tremendous force it broke over all, sweeping everything before it. In a moment there was a deathly silence. After the stillness I heard a voice above me, saying—"That land is *the world*. The tide is *time*. The dark abyss is *death*. The palace and the golden shore are *heaven*. The King is *God*. The bridge is *salvation* by faith in Jesus. The Gate-keeper is *Jesus*. Those who have perished are *unbelievers*. Those who are saved are *believers*."

Then I awoke, and turning to my Bible, read—

Luke xiii. 24: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

Proverbs viii. 17: "Those that seek me early shall find me."

Acts xvi. 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

2 Corinthians vi. 2: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

"The Book Fund and its Work, 1887."

MRS. SPURGEON'S Book Fund Report for last year is not less interesting than its predecessors; indeed, we think it is even better than any that have gone before. There is a peculiar charm about its artless simplicity, which somehow blends with a delicate tinge of true poetry. It tells again the same sad tale of ministers' poverty, and of the book famine which comes of scanty incomes, which are still upon the diminishing scale in the country churches. We hope the thrice-told story will move many to remember the village pastors. It tells also of loving thoughtfulness, and practical help rendered through the founder of the Book Fund, and the Pastors' Aid Fund. Oh, that this and similar agencies had ten times as much at their disposal! It is not possible to reveal all that comes under the eye of the manager of this Pastors' Aid Work, nor all that she is called upon to do; but if friends could know one half of the dire necessities of certain of the Lord's faithful ministers, they would promptly come to their

rescue. Godly men ought not to be left in such suffering. Relief given through a personal and private hand is received with more of gratitude and less of humiliation than that which is doled out by a public body; at least, we judge this to be the case from many expressions used in letters of thanks. Hence we delight in this channel of assistance. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that it causes the distributor great labour, because she feels her responsibility, and is anxious to give in the wisest possible manner. The pain of refusing is the worst infliction of all; but where needs are great and supplies small, some must be passed over. However, in this also the Lord is gracious.

In our judgment, these Reports are unique. Nothing is dry, dull, and formal. They are distinctly literary gems. In the present instance, the stories which are interwoven into the Report, and the pictures which are set in it as in a golden frame, are such as any magazine would be delighted to insert, and any reader would find it pleasant to peruse. They deserve a wider circulation than an annual pamphlet will give them, and we rejoice that their author is making up these and similar extracts into leaflets for distribution. Meanwhile, we would urge our readers to invest sixpence in the purchase of "The Book Fund and its Work, 1887." Any bookseller will get it for them, or it can be had for the same money, post free, of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster.

C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

The Book Fund and its Work, 1887. By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. Price 6d. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE outflow of a loving heart and a living faith. Those who are not interested in the holy work of helping poor preachers will still be pleased with these pages for their style and poetry: but those who care for the Lord's prophets will be more than charmed with these pleas for their help, for they will be moved by them to show practical sympathy.

Twelve Assorted Westwood Leaflets. By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. Twopence per packet. Passmore and Alabaster.

THESE, it is hoped, will be largely used for distribution in letters. They can be had for twopence per dozen leaflets, or fifty for sixpence. If our friends get the packet of assorted leaflets, they will then be able to make a selection for larger purchases.

Manual of Biblical Archæology. By CARL FREDERICH KEIL. Translated by PETER CHRISTIE. Edited by Rev. F. CROMBIE, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A MINE of learning: he who digs in it and carries away the gold, will greatly enrich his mind. Fully to understand Holy Scripture a teacher needs to be at home with the geography of the land, the ceremonies of the Jewish law, and the manner of the Jewish worship. These subjects are handled in a masterly way by Dr. Keil, leaving nothing to be desired. We shall look for the other volumes with mental hunger. In Clark's series we have seen nothing better in the way of illustrating the sacred Scriptures.

Isaiah: his Life and Times, and the Writings which bear his name. "Men of the Bible" series. By REV. S. R. DRIVER, D.D. Nisbet.

WE do not believe in two writers of the book of Isaiah, and we cannot commend an author who with much pains tries to show that all the prophecy which follows chapter forty is by another author. No, thank you, Sir.

Bible Lessons in Joshua and Judges. By the Rev. J. GURNEY HOARE, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A GREAT number of sermon-hints will be found here. Not a book for reading by itself alone, but invaluable if used side by side with the Bible, and treated as a synopsis of the chapters. Teachers and preachers should have it.

The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D. With Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. T. Woolmer.

THE inner life of Wesleyan Methodism is here unveiled, for Dr. Bunting was for years more nearly its central figure than any other man. He was evidently a man born to regulate and direct; and because this power was so evident in him, others believed that he was regulating and directing even when he had nothing to do with the matter. This led a few independent minds to feel it their duty to assert themselves; and this assertion carrying but little weight, they went further, and in so doing aroused the elements of dissatisfaction throughout the Wesleyan body. Dr. Bunting became the great object of antagonism; and when he was quite the old man, and the less able to bear it, he saw the community for which he had lived and laboured melting away before his eyes. Yet he never lost the esteem of his brethren, and he lived to see the tide turn, and Wesleyanism rise again. From this memoir it would be hard to see why Dr. Bunting should have been so sorely shot at, for he would seem to have been most severely true to Methodism; but we have here the view taken by his friends, and not that of his opponents. However, we do not need any other view, for the controversy is now happily buried, like the body of Moses, where none can find its corpse.

Dr. Bunting was an *Evangelical* Arminian, and we would lay the stress upon the first word. His wife was of a Calvinistic family, and we see clear traces of the doctrines of grace every now and then. His son William, whom we greatly loved, delighted in the same books which charmed us, and we were amazed even to find him deep in Dr. Gill. He was one of those Arminians who would never have been distinguished from Calvinists had not Calvinists themselves in some cases gone beyond the line of truth. He sucked the honey though he left the comb. Dr. Bunting himself we find clear as a bell on the doctrine of justification by faith. Certain passages from the close of his biography will show the reader how in his inmost soul he believed in sovereign grace.

"One day, I happened to speak of his patience, through grace, in his prolonged affliction. He began immediately to chide himself for the very contrary, and to cite his loving nurses as witnesses against him. This led to a long conversation on his writing bitter things against himself (on account of what were, in many instances, merely the sudden sense and utterance of sharp pain), and generally, on his low and chastened state of mind. In the course of it he said, 'I have nothing but *a naked faith*. There is danger in the doctrine of a naked faith—but it is my experience. I *hope* I am right.' At first, misunderstanding him to mean a confidence fixed simply on Christ's merits before God, and stripped of all reference to his own in the sight of men, I replied and reasoned accordingly. I said, with some eagerness, 'I am *sure* you are right'; and talking on, reminded him how the divine atonement, and simple trust in it, magnified the law, and how the opposite belief lowered the law. He took me up quickly, and rejoined, 'Oh, as to *that*' (namely, the notion of sinner or saint having aught of his own to bring to God, to gain his grace), 'I never give it place for a moment—it is a hopeless delusion.'"

"A week before he died, he said to myself, 'I am a sinner saved by grace.' He said years ago, in the midst of his brethren, 'I shall die a penitent at the foot of the cross'; he *did* so die."

"Finally, to his still older friend, the venerable Mr. Jackson, of Richmond, who, after a pause of many moments ere he could master his emotion, had broken forth in the words—'*Covenant mercies! Everlasting mercies! Mercies sealed to you by the precious blood of Christ*'—he faintly responded, '*Whose glorious mercies never end!*' and, at parting, he whispered, 'PERFECT PEACE.' And even two days after, when his very whispers were rare, while Mr. Jackson descanted on the theme of salvation by grace, and the sympathy and power of Christ, our blessed father exclaimed, quite distinctly, and even with animation, 'IT IS GLORIOUS.'"

Christian Facts and Forces. By NEWMAN SMYTH. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is a volume of sermons which, with great familiarity of style, displays much originality of thought and literary taste. It is well adapted to please and edify those who are content to be regular in attendance upon all church ordinances, and to have a good opinion for ntegrity and benevolence of them that are without. The author is well acquainted with all theological theories from the earliest period of church history unto the present time, and he evidently supposes the theories of the present period to be more perfect than those of any former age, and to be still going on to perfection. In this he may be right, but we care nothing for any of the theories which are of this or that age, we believe only in fixed revealed truth. "After the gospel," it is said, "had become domesticated upon this earth, and the apostles had left the new heavenly faith to become naturalized in the thoughts and customs of the world, the Greek mind took Christianity to itself." The gospel is then supposed to have become naturalized to the Latin mind, and then to the German mind, and now to the English mind. A naturalized gospel must for ever be in direct opposition to the true gospel, and the entertainment given to such a notion is a painful sign of the debased theology of the present age.

The Sower and the Virgin. By the Rt. Hon. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE title of this work seems to us rather tantalizing. The author some years ago seceded from the churches of the Reformation and joined the church of Rome. So little did he find to gratify his soul in her religion, or to refresh his spirit in her ritual, that he came back to his first love; from the ultramontane point of view a pervert to Protestantism. The intrigues of the Jesuits, and the machinations of a crafty priesthood, having already supplied him with materials for one volume on "Recent Events, and a Clue to their Solution," he now turns from the political to the pious aspect of Popery, and unmasks, in the present volume, the worship of the Virgin. His object here is to trace the gradual development of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which was promulgated a third of a century ago by Pope Pius Nonus. The making of such a prodigious collection of extracts from obscure authors, dignitaries to a man in their little day, is a task that, by no stress of imagination, could be accounted a labour of love—it must have been performed by way of penance. To Catholics, of course it is of no consequence; they may not examine the evidence on pain of excommunication. For Protestants it has no manner of interest; the inspired volume nowhere offers an intimation that the Virgin mother was very much dignified, far less that she was deified. His own preface makes these points clear. What practical purpose then does he hope to achieve? Lord Robert fondly imagines that he has utterly demolished the doctrine of "the infallibility of the Pope." Be it so. The pontiff of Rome, whatever his pretensions, has no more protection from the criticism of the public press or of private individuals, than any other potentate. In his official capacity he is a mere puppet during his brief term of life; for whether sinful or sinless, popes, like priests, continue not, any one of them, by reason of death.

Law and Gospel. By the Rev. J. LANCASTER, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Worthing. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

BOLD, lively, earnest sermons upon the *eleven* commandments. The law is used for its true purpose, namely, to lead men to Christ by convincing them of sin. We rejoice to know that such distinct, evangelical sermons were preached in a Church of England pulpit. They are neither polished nor profound; but are, and were meant to be, plain and popular. Men need in these times to be taught what the law of God really is; for, as we have new doctrines, so we seem to have new morals nowadays. We are progressing downwards and backwards at express speed, and we are glad to see any one trying by Scriptural teaching to clap on the brakes.

The Second Advent: Will it be before the Millennium? Office of the "British Weekly," 27, Paternoster Row. Price 1s.

THIS pamphlet of 160 pages is the reprint of a series of articles published last summer in "*The British Weekly Newspaper.*" Of the six contributors, three take the affirmative and three the negative side. They are all authors of mark. For the pre-millenarian view, Canon Fausset of York, Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness, and Professor Godet are redoubtable champions. For the post-millenarian, Professor Beet of the Wesleyan College, Richmond, Principal Edwards of Aberystwith, and Principal Brown of Aberdeen are valiant defenders. The subject is worth studying. Here you get at a glimpse, in parallel lines, the two opposite systems of interpretation. But the book is specially worth buying, because we rarely meet with such a specimen of theological antagonism, without tinge or taint of personal antipathy. Dr. Brown, we can well imagine, speaks the sentiment of all the brethren, when he says, "The longer I live, the less do I like controversy with those whom, with my whole heart, I love in the truth." That is the millennial temper in which we delight to look forward to the millennium.

Commentary on First Epistle to the Corinthians. By F. GODET, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

GODET is a great expositor, and one of the safest that Messrs. T. and T. Clark have introduced to the English public. We do not see in him all the surpassing excellence which some have discovered, but yet he is of the right school, and is a learned and judicious explainer of the sacred Word. Nobody errs nowadays in the direction of rigidity of orthodoxy; Godet is sound, but he has a friendliness for the new school which serves, no doubt, to give them all the better feeling towards him. We question if this gain is worth the cost. We notice this tendency here and there, not to find any great fault with it; but certainly not to rejoice in it, for these enemies of the truth are fearfully apt, if you give them an inch, to make an ell of it. We are, despite our criticism, right glad to see the second volume of this valuable work, and to intimate its publication to the more learned of our ministerial friends.

Selections from the First Book of Moses called Genesis. Annotated and prepared (with two maps) for Educational and Home Use. By the Rev. H. M. CLIFFORD, M.A. Henry Frowde.

WE should think these notes, by a clergyman of the Church of England, will prove very useful to the reader who wishes to profit by what he reads. A little out of the run of common commenting, and all the better for that.

The Mystery of His Will. By the Rev. MARCUS RAINSFORD, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

GOOD solid divinity, which requires gracious readers to appreciate it. Mr. Rainsford's style is not remarkable for originality, neither is there much that is fresh in his writing; but he is sober in his manner, and sound in his matter. The lover of those truths which are dear to us will be nourished up in them by this exposition. The first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians is full of marrow and fatness, and as this little volume is an honest exposition of that chapter, it cannot fail to be instructive to spiritual minds.

A Visit to our Indian Mission Field. By C. RAINY. J. Nisbet and Co.

WE trust that all our readers value Zenana work, which, to our mind, seems to be one of the brightest hopes for India. If the women of India could be enlightened and converted, what a change would be wrought! This is the record of a visit paid by an earnest sister to the various agents of the Free Church Zenana Mission. It should be thankfully, yet anxiously read by all British ladies, and then Miss Rainy's visit, and her notes upon it, will be of large service to the sacred cause of missions. The authoress writes very well, and throws in some amusing bits, and these keep her pages all alive.

Our Angel Children. By RHODA. Nisbet and Co.

THE authoress says, "As this book is meant chiefly for those who have lost little children, no others have any right to criticize or find fault with it." Just such a book as would come out of a sorrowing mother's gracious talk. Not a theologian's depth, but a tender woman's hopes and dreams, mixed with submission and love, will be found here.

The Love of the Father: Sermons on the Parable of the Prodigal Son and other subjects illustrative of the fatherly love of God. By W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A. Shaw & Co.

REMARKS in the preface upon "the fatherhood of God" make us feel uneasy. We have always admired Mr. Aitken's zeal and faithfulness, and we were therefore sorry to hear that he had taken up with a modern theory of the future state of the wicked; but we are far more perplexed to read this preface. The sermons in this volume which we have been able to peruse, have nothing of the preacher's old fire and close dealing; but as we cannot examine them all, we must simply report the impression which the introduction has made upon our mind, and leave our subscribers to judge whether they shall invest in these sermons or leave them alone. We have observed that when good men lean to the new views, they lose power in proportion to the measure of that leaning: we do not know enough of Mr. Aitken's work to be able to say whether he is or is not an exception to this rule. Our hope is that there is less ground for our fears than this "preface" would suggest.

The Truth of the Gospel. By ARTHUR JAMES MASON, B.D. Rivingtons, Waterloo Place, London.

THIS is a most careful and comprehensive treatise upon the whole subject of Christian doctrine and practice. The teaching is partly evangelical, and partly rationalistic, and as a whole, is equally remote from both. The atonement is all but substitutionary, but there is a studious reluctance to pronounce it to be such. The faith of the gospel, towards the close, becomes the faith of the Episcopal Church, as taught by tradition as well as by the Scriptures. There is no pretence to greater learning and research than was required, but the earnestness and devotion are evidently sincere.

Christ the Key of the Psalter. By an OXFORD GRADUATE. Elliot Stock.

THE proposed object of this book is to call devout attention to the titles of the Psalms, and to this object the author faithfully adheres. There are few biblical scholars, we think, who will not discover by its means some new revelations in the psalms of Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. The Hebrew titles are considered to have been originally appended to the psalms, and consequently to be of equal authority with the Psalms themselves. It is here shown how much they contribute to their interpretation, and even to their evangelical signification. Devotion and criticism are admirably combined.

The Imperial Bible Dictionary, Historical, Biographical, Geographical, and Doctrinal. Edited by the REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, D.D. New Issue. With Introductions by the Right Rev. J. C. Ryle, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool, and Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A. Vols. IV., V., VI. Blackie and Son.

WE spoke well of this Bible Dictionary when we examined its first volume, and we like it quite as well now that we have seen its last portion. It has been executed by a fine staff of believing scholars, and the result is a work of reference free from the infidel taint which in many other works is found where we least expected it. These six volumes, very substantially bound, cost 9s. 6d. each, and are exceedingly cheap at that rate. What a noble present the set would make if given to a poor young minister who is not the happy possessor of a Bible Dictionary. It would be like setting up a carpenter with a perfect chest of tools. Who will be the first to take up our challenge? Do not all speak at once!

A New Volume of Outlines and Sketches of Sermons. By eminent Wesleyan Preachers. R. D. Dickinson.

By Wesleyans, and suitable for Wesleyans. We doubt not that others might use some of them, but there are several which we should have to turn inside out, and upside down, and then we could not use them till we had made them quite over again. This, of course, we do not wonder at; but we are happy to add that we find no new theology in the whole series of outlines, and, so far, so good.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. VIII. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

We prize this serial because it is a mirror in which the preaching of the day is honestly reflected, and the mirror is set in a fair and comely frame. Here we have many good sermons and notes, and one discourse at least, which is about as bad as bad can be. This is by an Independent of repute, who, in some respects, might pass muster. Alas, for that community!

The Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Paul, arranged in the form of a continuous history. By Thomas Morrison, M.A., LL.D.

Excellent. By reading this continuous narrative with care, the student will get a general idea of the history recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and he will also have a vivid notion of the surroundings of the scenes described. This will much aid him in his study of the book. With its indices and questions, this makes a very useful class-book.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Third Series. Vols. V. and VI. Hodder and Stoughton.

From a scholarly point of view, the "Expositor" is splendidly edited. The volumes now before us seem to be free from those doubtful criticisms which marred this periodical in former times. The value and freshness of the articles are remarkable. This magazine is a gallery of high-class biblical art. We fear that a large number of its articles cannot be utilized by average ministers, but it contains many papers which every Christian man could read with profit. To the thoroughly educated minister, who has judgment and discrimination, the "Expositor" will be a literary *bonne bouche:* for spiritual meat he will look elsewhere.

Prebendary Chadwick on *Mark* is another of the series, and it will be found very helpful and suggestive. Six of these books for a subscription of 24s. is a grand opportunity. Separately they are 7s. 6d. each, and are cheap even at the higher price.

The Epistles of Paul to the Colossians and Philemon. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

The splendour of Dr. Maclaren's gifts is equalled by his fidelity to the gospel of our Lord Jesus. It is not necessary for us to say that as an expositor this great preacher is in his element, for his preaching owes much of its value to its expository character. He strikes out his line of comment in one sentence: "In this epistle the apostle's salient thought is the dignity and sole sufficiency of Jesus Christ as the Mediator and Head of all creation and of the church. Such a thought is emphatically the lesson for the day." If the other portions of the Expositor's Bible should prove equal to this volume, we shall owe much to Mr. Nicoll and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Structure of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles in the Light of the Kingdom of Israel. By Zetetes. Elliot Stock.

Contains many striking thoughts exhibiting the main design and structure of the book of the Acts. The author has been a thoughtful searcher of the Word, and has learned the necessity of taking each passage in its connection, and holding each truth in harmony with the rest. The little book cannot be placed among our chief expositions, but it is good for what it professes to contain, namely, outlines of the narratives and suggestions of lessons from them.

"*Pray for Me:*" *Birthday Signature Book, with Texts for each Day.* Alexander and Shepheard. Price, cloth, 1s.; cloth extra, gilt, 1s. 6d.; morocco, 3s.

THE usual arrangement of texts for every day, with the further practical intent that the names registered opposite to those texts should suggest special prayer. Our late student, Mr. Carter, is the editor. Friends will feel interested in these Birthday Books when they know that the profits will be given to the Pastors' College Evangelists' Fund.

Nor'ard of the Dogger; or, Deep Sea Trials and Gospel Triumphs. Being the Story of the Initiation, Struggles, and Successes of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. By E. J. MATHER, Founder and Director. With Illustrations. Nisbet and Co.

THE book thoroughly bears out its title; it shows how God honours faith and earnest work for his glory and the good of souls. Such a well-written book on such a subject needs no commendation from us. May God bless and prosper the grand enterprise which is herein described!

Dictionary of Anecdote, Incident, Illustrative Fact, selected and arranged for the pulpit and the platform. By the Rev. WALTER BAXENDALE. R. D. Dickinson.

THERE are many cyclopædias of anecdote, and they are all of them useful. Some of them are pre-eminently serviceable, and we would not say a word in their disparagement, but quite the reverse. Of course each compiler has the advantage of his predecessors, because he can use the pick of their stuff, and add thereto his own gatherings. It is not surprising therefore that Mr. Baxendale should have, in some points, surpassed other excellent collectors and arrangers of illustrations; but we certainly think that he has done so. Taking this book for all in all, it is *the best of its kind.* The price, as Mr. Dickinson offers it, is very low for so large a volume; and as for the quality, it is very high for so immense a mass of matter. All preachers, speakers, and teachers who choose to avail themselves of Mr. Baxendale's services, will find themselves greatly the better for them. The worthy publisher also deserves warm praise for his share in the enterprise, for the book is well got up. Dr. Johnson once said to Boswell, "Give us as many anecdotes as you can," and Boswell did his level best to please him; but Baxendale has beaten Boswell in carrying out the sage's desire.

Half Hours with the Apostolic Fathers. By Rev. H. C. LEONARD, M.A. Elliot Stock.

BY "Apostolic Fathers" we are to understand the reputed companions and disciples of the apostles of our Lord, such as Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp, whose works have been handed down to us. The dates commonly assigned to these writings range over about half a century—say from A.D. 97 to 140. Information is here conveyed in imaginary dialogues. The result of this mode of introducing the subject to popular notice is a thoroughly readable book; but what is gained in interest is lost in quotableness. Lay it on your drawing-room table, where all your young people can have access to it; but you cannot catalogue it among the volumes of reference in your library.

Ripples in the Moonlight: Additional Fragments of Sunday Thought and Teaching. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

MACDUFF again! What, more ripples! Flow on, pure stream; for thou art ever clear and sweet! This is a tasteful volume.

St. Paul in Athens: The City and the Discourse. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Nisbet and Co. Price 3s. 6d.

DR. MACDUFF will never cry, "Hold, enough." Indeed, we hope he will not as long as he lives. He is a master maker of books; and each one of his numerous productions seems to be just the thing which was wanted. There is not much scope in the present subject, but our friend has used his materials with his usual skill, and evangelical earnestness.

Dulcie's Little Brother. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Nelsons.

A STORY of two little waifs who were cared for by Christian friends. Their childish ways will gratify young readers.

Transito: a Story of Brazil. By Mrs. E. E. HORNIBROOK. Partridge.

A HANDSOME five shilling book, which we can unreservedly commend; for, while full of romantic interest, it is substantially true. How Transito, a little Spanish child, was taken from the Cuna, or Foundling Hospital, of Seville, by an English Catholic lady and her Protestant husband, and how in the course of their travels in South America they and other Romanists found the true riches, is admirably told.

The same publishers send us *Hallvard Halvorsen; or, the Avalanche: a Story of the Field, Fiord, and Flos.* By NELLIE CORNWALL. A really charming picture of Norwegian life, as strangely different from our own habits as the features of the two countries. Like the preceding story, it is alive with that Word which liveth and abideth for ever. Cheap at three and sixpence.

A Strange Exhibition, and other Tales for the Young. By E. C. RICKARDS.

The Wondrous Tale of Cocky, Clucky, and Cackle. From the German. By C. W. HECKETHORN.

If Wishes were Horses, Beggars would ride. A Tale for young Folk. By M. SEYMOUR. John Hogg.

EIGHTEENPENNY illustrated books; large, clear print for little eyes. As we could not accept the responsibility of dealing with them summarily, we sent these tales before a juvenile jury. Verdict: "If Wishes were Horses" is the prettiest; "Cocky and Cackle" is a funny fairy tale; we've read nicer ones. Concerning the other one—jury disagrees and is discharged.

Froggy's Little Brother. By BRENDA. Shaw and Co.

A FINE, illustrated edition of a popular story of East-end child-life, with its pinching poverty. Brenda has made many a reader's eyes wet as they have followed the fortunes, or misfortunes, of the punch-and-judy man and his little boy Froggy.

Roger Haigh: Chartermaster. By Mrs. ROBERT A. WATSON. T. Woolmer.

A LIVE Methodist story, as full of incident as a book of anecdotes.

Jennie and her Charges. By ANNIE RYLANDS. T. Woolmer.

A VERY neat little story. If put into the hands of a young domestic servant, it is calculated to lead her to a conscientious fulfilment of her duties.

Cousin Dora; or, Serving the King. By EMILY BRODIE. J. F. Shaw.

DORA'S character is well worth studying by her cousins—she has several millions, more or less distant. If young people would learn the secret of heart culture, and happy, useful, Christian service in the ordinary circumstances of life, they will be helped by this story of serving the King.

His Adopted Daughter; or, a Quiet Valley. By AGNES GIBERNE. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A VIGOROUSLY written, we had almost said tragic story of a foundling. Somewhat unusual mental and spiritual experiences are presented in a style which will secure the reader's wrapt attention to the end.

From Stable Boy to Merchant Prince: a Devonshire Story. By B. LILE BURNET. Marshall Brothers.

UNPRETENTIOUS, but good. A genuine Devon story, which has all the appearance of being a tale of real life. It will suggest a noble moral to young men and boys; and a great many of them need it. Young scamps are more numerous than young saints.

Notes.

PRAYER should be continually offered by the people of God at this time. The Baptist Union meets in full assembly on April 23, and the great question then before it will be —"Is this Union to have an Evangelical basis or not?" We trust the question will be discussed with good temper, and that the decision will be of the right kind. Surely,

as every other body of Christians avows its faith, the Baptist Union should do the same. Whatever its belief is, let it own it.

We trust that no personal considerations will be allowed to divert the Assembly from its great topic. *The censure* need not be taken into account: the object of it would sooner be censured ten thousand times over than have his name and method of protest used as a red herring to be drawn across the scent. If the Council has any more resolutions to introduce of the nature of further censure, let it have ample scope; but we hope no solitary moment will be spent in an attempt to reverse its previous deliverance. The time will be better spent upon weightier matters.

Should the majority decide that there shall be no Evangelical basis, the conflict will then begin. There is great reluctance to retire from the Union, but there is a strong resolve to continue seeking a reformation by all available means until the attempt shall prove altogether hopeless. We have heard this determination frequently expressed, and cogent arguments used for its support. It certainly does seem rather out of order that the majority should have to retire before the minority; at any rate, it will be wise to see what the respective numbers are.

An appeal has been made to us to use our influence to prevent the discussion; but this is absurd. Our influence could not prevent the discussion; and we would not prevent it if we could. Do these friends really think that we are playing with words, and have no solemn convictions? So far from ceasing to ask for an Evangelical basis at this particular meeting of the Baptist Union, the brethren who desire it will never discontinue their request until they obtain it. We have come to the parting of the ways, and the old school and the new cannot go much further in company; nor ought they to do so. Let them part with as little friction as possible.

To answer the various inventions of opponents is a work too weary for one who has enough to bear and to do without replying to rumours. If some accuse, many approve; and, meanwhile, rising above both the wrath and admiration of man, our heart finds rest in doing the will of God.

No doubt Israel is troubled, and he who exposes the evil is blamed for it; but in truth the troublers of our Israel are those who have introduced strange doctrines among us. If false teaching were put away, peace and prosperity would return. When the mists have rolled away, and brethren, for the while, blinded by a strange infatuation, once more see things as they are, they will no longer be angry because of the purging of the barn-floor, but will praise God for it.

We are issuing a pamphlet entitled "Creed or No Creed? A question for the Baptist Union." This penny pamphlet, by the brother who first wrote on "The Down-Grade," should be read by all who take an interest in this great discussion.

An interesting incident of the "Down-Grade" controversy has occurred at Guildford. The Young Men's Christian Association in that town recently held a conference upon the "Down-Grade" question; when it was evident that most of those who took part in the discussion were themselves upon the "Down-Grade." The result was, that lovers of the truth in the town and neighbourhood bestirred themselves, a public meeting was called, the ministers and members of the Baptist and other Evangelical churches attended in large numbers, and a strong resolution of sympathy with us was passed, with only two dissentients.

The Y. M. C. A. scarcely expected such an ending of the discussion, but it shows the advantage of letting in light. The one thing that the "Down-Grade" railway dreads is light.

We have to mourn the death of our brother, Edward Boustead, Esq., who passed away in a ripe old age. He was a firm believer in the old, old gospel. He aided in his life all sorts of holy and charitable work, and in death he has bequeathed considerable legacies to our Orphanage and Colportage.

TABERNACLE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The Infants' Treat took place on *Tuesday, February* 21. About 400 scholars under seven years of age assembled at three o'clock, and 95 teachers and friends were also present.

The Annual Meeting of the Sunday-school was held in conjunction with the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, on *Monday evening, March* 12. Rev. David Davies, of Brighton, delivered an address upon Sunday-school work. There are on the books 105 teachers, all of whom are Church Members. The number of scholars is 1541. 122 are members of the Church, 29 having been admitted during the year, and 5 have become teachers in the School.

The *Morning Separate Service*, conducted by Mr. Walker, is a bright, enjoyable time. Average attendance 311. The *Evening Service* is successfully carried on by Mr. G. H. Judd. Average attendance 253.

Prayer Meetings are held so frequently that we have not room for the list. In this lies the power of the School.

The Bible Classes continue to prosper. There are 4 Senior Youths' Bible Classes, also 6 Young Ladies' Classes, all of which are reported to be satisfactorily progressing.

The Scholars' Library contains 1000 volumes; but now needs to be renewed. Help for this object would be gratefully accepted.

The Home and Foreign Missionary Society has raised £150 during the year, and dis-

tributed the amount as follows:—£25 to Baptist Missionary Society, £25 to Zenana Mission, £25 to China Inland Mission, £40 to Colportage Association, £20 to Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £10 to Continental Sunday School Mission, and £5 to Mr. Richardson in Africa. Mr. Wigney raises £50 annually for his old scholar, Mr. Easton, in China. Missionary meetings have been held quarterly, when class collections are announced, and scholars are encouraged to continue the good work. Thus our school does much good work in many ways.

The Band of Hope flourishes; there are nearly 1000 total abstainers in the school.

The Young Christians' Association has done good service in assisting Christian scholars in the study of God's Word.

The Sunday-school Dorcas Society has, during the year, wholly or partially clothed between twenty and thirty children.

The Bible Reading Union, for the daily study of the Scriptures, has nearly four hundred members.

The Lord be praised for all the blessings we have enjoyed as a School!

SURREY SQUARE MISSION HALL.—The first anniversary of the opening of the above hall was held on Monday, February 27. After tea, a public meeting was held. Everything prospers. The Lord is glorifying himself in this branch of our work, and Mr. Pavey is the man for the place. Details another time.

On *Monday evening, March* 5, the annual meeting of the LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by Elders Beecliff, Romang, and Stocks. The expenditure of the year has been about £80, and the accounts closed with a small balance in hand. The need of this and the many similar societies at the Tabernacle continues and increases, for the extent of the poverty all around is truly terrible. We should be glad of help.

At the prayer-meeting, the same evening, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was held. C. H. Spurgeon occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by A. H. Baynes, Esq., and Rev. F. James, of China. It was a great disappointment that Mr. W. Olney, who has for many years collected for the Society with great perseverance, was still too ill to be present.

HADDON HALL.—The annual meeting of workers was held on *Tuesday evening, March* 6. S. Barrow, Esq., presided. The report stated that 40 persons had been baptized at the Hall during the year: 240 members of the Tabernacle church commune at Haddon Hall. During the past year the building has been cleansed and repainted, at a cost of £143. The Sunday evening adult congregation was returned in the late census at 414. The average afternoon school is 738. A Mothers' Meeting averages 350. Over 100 Christian workers take part in the various branches of the Mission. At the close of the meeting it was announced that *all the* £1,200 *required to produce the yearly interest of* £45 *to meet the ground rent had been subscribed.* The chairman gave £100, the Pastor and deacons of the Tabernacle £133, Messrs. J. T. and T. H. Olney £500. The holding is now equivalent to freehold as far as any payment is concerned.

Special interest was given to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting on *Monday evening, March* 19, by the presence of 30 boys from Miss Macpherson's Mission, who were part of a company of 100 who are about to sail for Canada. Special prayer was presented for them, and short exhortations were addressed to them.

Pastor Svenson, of Stockholm, spoke of the influence of the Pastor's sermons and other works which had been translated into Swedish, and the Pastor gave an account of his interview with the Swedish court chaplain, Rev. G. E. Beskow, who had been at the Tabernacle on the previous day with some ladies of the Swedish court, who had long been readers of the sermons. Special prayer was offered for Mr. Walter Mills, on his election as an elder of the church; for Mr. William Olney, who was reported somewhat better; and for the Pastor, that he may be divinely guided in this time of trial.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Budgen has accepted the pastorate of the church at Boundary road, Walthamstow. Mr. C. J. Fowler, who has been supplying at Commercial-street Chapel, Whitechapel, for some months past, has been unanimously elected pastor of the church.

Mr. J. H. Robinson has removed from Henley-in-Arden to Long Crendon; and Mr. W. A. Wicks, from Moulton, to Ross, Herefordshire.

During the past month, Mr. J. H. Weeks and his wife have again sailed for the Congo, from which they have been twice driven by repeated attacks of fever. Will friends join in prayer, that the lives of these and other brave servants of Jesus Christ may be spared, and that they may be greatly blessed to the dark-skinned sons and daughters of Africa?

In addition to the letters of sympathy concerning our protests against false teaching, which we mentioned last month as having come from New Zealand, Tasmania, and Victoria, we have received an equally hearty one from New South Wales.

On the 16th of this month the First Annual Conference of the newly-formed Pastors' College Evangelical Association will (D.V.) be commenced. We ask the very earnest prayers of the Lord's people that the

sifting time through which we have lately passed may be followed by a season of unusual spiritual power and blessing. On Wednesday, the 18th, will be the Subscribers' Supper, and we believe there will be no falling off in contributions. If ever there was a time when students needed to be well instructed in the verities of the faith, it is now; and, we confidently look to the Lord's stewards for the funds required for carrying on this important work.

With regard to the meetings, we are making no alteration from our usual course. Our action has no reference to the Union meetings, one way or another.

On *Monday evening*, *April* 23, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting will be specially devoted to supplication for divine guidance in the important crisis of the history of the Denomination. To this meeting we cordially invite all lovers of Evangelical truth.

EVANGELISTS.—Rev. J. M. Bergin sends us the following account of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Sutton, Surrey:—

"Our late mission has been rich in blessing to many. During the week we had the worst possible weather—snow falling continually, and keen east winds prevailing; yet the people came in great numbers. What shall I say as to spiritual results? It is difficult to estimate. About a score came into the enquiry-room nightly; and on Monday evening above 50 stood up to acknowledge having *received Christ* during the meeting, and another 50 to confess *anxiety* about their souls. I have the names and addresses of over 100 who voluntarily sought help, and will welcome further care. Since the close of the mission I have spent half a dozen evenings in my vestry seeing enquirers and candidates for church-fellowship. I cannot tell you the blessing the mission has been to the church. The glory of it all is, that Fullerton's message was just the same as we have had from the beginning—*no novelty*, *no sensationalism*, only the *old Gospel*, all the old *familiar* truths, only presented with plainness and power, and evidently *accompanied* by the *power of the Holy Ghost*. Mr. Smith's tenderness and pathos, and his sweet singing and playing were a marvellous influence."

We have also received good accounts of our brethren's work at Ampthill; Sutton, Yorkshire; and Rotherham. They are coming to London, and will be fully occupied until the Conference at Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth; Putney; and Northcote Road Chapel, Wandsworth Common.

Mr. Hogbin writes very gratefully concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Clarence Road Chapel, Southend. One evening he had the able assistance of Bishop Gregg, and another evening the bishop's son took part in the meeting.

Pastor S. Jones reports that Mr. Burnham's visit to Chester was blessed to the conversion of several persons, and was the means of leading others to enquire the way to Zion. This month Mr. Burnham goes to Zion Chapel, Chesham.

Pastor J. Carvath writes of *Mr. Harmer's* services at Modbury:—"The meetings he conducted were well attended, and many, who rarely attend any place of worship, heard the words from his lips. Pastor S. Lyne gives a similar report of the mission at Newton Abbot. From Redditch also we are glad to learn that "many have been awakened, and have confessed themselves to be on the Lord's side." Mr. Harmer has since been to Long Buckby, Plumstead, and Totnes.

Pastor J. W. Genders and his deacons report well of *Mr. Mateer's* fifteen days' mission at Ilfracombe.

Mr. E. A. Carter has devoted himself to evangelistic work under our direction. For some months he has been residing at Harefield, near Uxbridge, and strengthening the church. He is now free to undertake special services. Mr. Carter has great faith in the plan of sending a letter, containing a plain statement of the gospel, to every house in the district which he visits. This is the only way in which some people can be reached. We have promised to receive contributions towards Mr. Carter's support, and to assist him; but Christian friends should endeavour to meet the cost of efforts put forth in their own neighbourhoods. Communications should be addressed to Mr. E. A. Carter, Meadow View, Water Lane, Brixton.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Friday evening*, *March* 16, the collectors brought in their boxes and books with the amounts they had received. After tea, a meeting was held in the boys' dining-hall, when the President occupied the chair, and thanked all who had helped to maintain the Institution. Addresses were delivered by Pastors F. B. Meyer, B.A. (Regent's Park), Z. T. Dowen, F.G.S. (Wynne Road, Brixton), F. M. Smith (Norfolk Street, Peckham), and C. W. Townsend (Plumstead). The last speaker, as one of our "Old Boys," expressed his gratitude for what the Orphanage had done for him, and hundreds of other fatherless children. The total brought in on the day, or received by post, amounted to £165 12s. 6d. We thank all our collectors very heartily, and we shall be glad to hear from other friends who would like to help our large family.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have recently visited Chester, Cefn, Groes, Rhos, Birkenhead, Llandudno, Bangor, Holyhead, Carnarvon, and Rhyl. They had very hearty receptions, and the Institution will be substantially benefited. We are very grateful to all who contributed to the success of the tour.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—Feb. 23, seventeen; Feb. 27, seven; March 1, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Part collection at Sydenham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Foster ...	3	3	0
Mr. J. C. Scrivener	0	10	0
L. E. P.	1	0	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	0
Mr. Robert McDowell	5	0	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Dr. Swallow	5	0	0
Mr. William Donaldson	10	0	0
Miss Jephs	1	0	0
Miss Atkinson	10	0	0
Mr. H. Watcham	1	10	0
Mr. John Marsh	1	0	0
Miss Traill	5	0	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Thresh	0	10	0
The Lord of my joy	50	0	0
Mr. B. W. Roulston	1	0	0
Mr. T. Gurney	0	10	0
Mrs. Cartwright	0	3	0
Miss Blyth	5	0	0
Rev. A. Chambers	0	10	0
Rev. George Hearson	2	2	0
W. M.	10	0	0
Collection at Victoria-place Chapel, Paisley, per Pastor John Crouch ...	5	13	0
D. E. G., Wilts.	0	5	0
Church of England	10	0	0
Miss Benzies	0	10	0
Mr. William Grant	2	0	0
Dr. Kenderdine, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	10	0	0
Collection after address by Mr. Spurgeon at formation of Beulah Baptist Church, per Pastor J. W. Harrald	4	4	0
Mr. H. Lakeman	0	10	6
Mr. P. Nicholson	1	0	0
T. E.	0	4	0
Communion collection at Bridgwater Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. H. Marsack Day	1	14	6
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel	3	14	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Annette	0	5	0
Crawley Baptist Church, per Pastor J. McAuslane	0	10	6
Rev. E. T. Davis	1	1	0
Rev. John Jackson	5	0	0
Per Pastor W. H. Burton :—			
Mrs. Macbeth 3 0 0			
Pastor W. H. Burton ... 2 2 0			
	5	2	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Corpe	3	3	0
Mr. Stephen Parker	1	0	0
E. B., Watford	0	2	6
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington, per Pastor A. Bax	4	8	0
M. R.	10	0	0
Collection at Ilfracombe, per Pastor J. W. Genders	1	7	1
Mrs. Davies, per Mr. Gwillim	2	2	0
Stamps from Sale	0	5	0
Miss Newbold	0	2	0
Rev. J. B. Warren	0	1	6
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Rev. A. H. King	0	3	0
Pastor J. S. Poulton	0	5	0
Pastor H. M. Burt	0	5	0
Contributions from King-street Church, Oldham, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton	1	1	0
Pastor R. J. Williamson	1	0	0
Pastor W. H. Knight	1	0	0
Pastor S. Lyne	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Feb. 19 ... ... 20 0 0			
,, 26 ... ... 25 10 3			
Mar. 4 ... ... 20 10 0			
,, 11 ... ... 16 7 6			
	82	7	9
	£322	14	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Anstruther Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Alexander Black	1	0	0
From a thankful heart	0	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Johnson	1	3	10
Mrs. Green	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Cooper	0	13	3
Mr. E. Strickland	0	5	0
His steward	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Combs	1	7	6
M. A. C.	0	10	0
Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0
Mrs. R. Dodwell	0	10	0
Mr. T. Curtis	0	1	0
Mr. R. Woodford	5	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	13	3
H. B. C.	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Amy Hall	0	6	6
Mrs. Rees	1	0	0
Mr. D. Goodall	0	1	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Sir T. R. Edridge, J.P. ... 1 1 0			
Mr. G. Jenkins 5 0 0			
Mr. J. Pelton, J.P. ... 2 12 6			
Mr. F. S. King 2 2 0			
	10	15	0
T. L. C.	2	2	0
Mr. G. W. Mitchell, per Mr. Murrell ...	3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Shipway	1	10	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Mr. J. Bickford	0	2	6
Part collection at Sydenham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Foster ...	7	16	10
The late Mr. J. W. Webster	5	0	0
Mary, a thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	1	0	0
Mr. F. C. Neve	3	3	0
Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
A crumb for your chickens at Stockwell	0	1	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	5	0
Mr. John James Pierce	1	0	0
Miss Atkinson	10	0	0
Mrs. Godfrey's Bible-class	0	10	0
Miss J. G. Nichol	0	5	0
A constant sermon-reader, per Mr. Gilbert Finch	3	0	0
Mr. H. Watcham	1	10	0
Mr. J. G. Godwin	0	10	0
Mrs. Richardson	0	4	4
Mr. James Grant	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
Miss M. Smith	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. H. Thresh	0	5	0
Part collection at Baptist Sunday-school, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards...	1	11	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
P. L. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Wheatley	5	0	0
Mr. J. McIntyre	0	10	0
Miss Amelia Benham	0	10	6
Mr. John Wickham	1	0	0
Mr. B. W. Roulston	1	0	0
Collected by Miss FitzGerald	1	2	0
M. M. P.	0	10	0
Mrs. Haywood	0	2	6
Mr. T. Gurney	0	10	0
Messrs. W. Fromow and Sons	1	1	0
Miss A. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. John McBeth	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Napier...	0	15	0
Miss Blyth	5	0	0
W. B. B.	0	2	6
M. B.	0	9	10
Mr. George Curtis	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Walter	10	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Mary Ann Wright	200	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Henry Quinn	450	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Cable	0	17	0
Mr. A. Jungling	1	1	0
Miss G. S. Brown	0	0	6
Collected by Miss A. L. Gunton ...	0	12	0
Collected by Miss Bickmore	0	12	8
Collected by Miss Whitlock	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	5	0	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker... ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Rooke	0	2	6
Collected by Miss N. Wingate	0	8	6
Mr. C. Moody	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Isabel D. Houston ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sleigh (5 per cent. bonus) ...	0	5	0
Per Miss Reeve:—			
E. and C. A., Staines ... 0 10 0			
M. R., North Walsham ... 0 5 0			
Pennies 0 0 9			
	0	15	9
Collected by Mrs. M. Bedwin	4	0	0
Mr. H. J. May	0	5	0
Miss Alice Jeffrey	0	8	0
Collected by Master C. Merrick... ...	0	11	1
Miss M. E. Jenkins and two friends ...	0	4	6
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Lewis	2	0	6
Collected by the Misses Young and Nicoll	0	8	2
Collected by Miss M. Bailey	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Bagshaw	0	10	0
Collected by Miss N. Stammers... ...	1	1	0
Mr. Cooper	2	0	0
Miss F. E. Greenop	1	5	0
D. E. G., Wilts.	0	7	0
E. C.	0	10	0
A. R. C.	0	10	0
A Welshman	1	0	0
Mr. William Mills	1	0	0
Mr. George Grundy	0	5	0
A. B.	0	2	6
Mrs. Ashworth	3	3	0
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
Miss Thornton	1	0	0
Wick Baptist Sabbath-school	1	0	0
A country ploughman	0	1	0
M. J. S., Sutton, Surrey	5	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
The late Miss Shaw, of Queensland, per Mr. J. Waddington	10	0	0
C. B.	0	5	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Mrs. Moorley	1	0	0
Week-night communion collection at King's Road Chapel, Reading, per Pastor C. A. Davis	2	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Matthew xxv. 40	2	10	0
A fisherman, per Mr. S. J. Dobson ...	0	2	6
A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mr. John White	1	0	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
Richmond Street Sunday-school 11 15 7			
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible-classes 13 4 5			
	25	0	0
Crawley Baptist Church, per Pastor J. McAuslane	0	10	6
An old friend near Brechin	0	4	2
Mrs. Inglis's little family	0	16	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	6	9
H. D. K.	1	18	6
Mr. Daniel Miller	0	10	0
Mr. W. Wooledge	1	0	0
From Manchester	0	1	6
M. O....	0	10	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
Mrs. Ashworth	0	5	0
One who seeks to preach Christ ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
Maggie	0	3	0
Mrs. Fry and friend	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Mills	0	10	6
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Miss Mabel and Master John Kennedy Matheson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Tasker	3	0	0
Mr. Anderson, per Mr. Cornell... ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Parson	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Cone	1	10	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss Page	0	2	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Mr. Poole, per Mr. J. Gwyer	0	2	6
Matthews's little crew—Simpson, Susie, Mary, Evelyn, and Dora	0	10	0
Mr. H. A. Treo	0	5	0
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school	1	0	0
Mr. Mann, per Miss Mann	0	10	6
Mrs. Williams and friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Mein	0	1	6
Surplus of collection over expenses of public meeting held at Guildford to express sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon, in the "Down-Grade" controversy...	0	10	6
Mr. J. Morris	1	0	0
Little Nellie Slater's first box	0	5	0
In loving memory of our dear mother Mrs. Richards	0	3	0
A thankoffering, E. W. B.	1	0	0
Orphan boys' and girls' collecting cards (second list) as per list:—	1	0	0
Boys 3 0 4			
Girls 3 0 5			
	6	0	9
Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	6	0
For the little orphans	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Laker	1	0	0
Collected by Master B. Nayler 0 5 0			
Collected by Miss Nayler... 0 2 6			
	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Sidery...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Lord	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. J. Simpson	0	10	0
Two friends, after meeting at Nottingham, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Battam	1	2	6
Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	0	16	6
Collected by Mrs. Nelson	0	7	6
Miss Carpenter	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	10	3
Collected by Miss Monse	0	6	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	2	5	6
Collected by Mr. J. Hooker	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. Ivie Campbell, jun. ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Blake	0	16	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	8	6
Collected by Miss Pocock	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Broughton ...	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. H. Payne	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Jackson	0	5	0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	5	0
Per Miss Frost :—			
T. A. and E. Bayley ... 0 5 6			
Mrs. W. Piper 0 3 6			
Miss L. Frost 0 2 6			
	0	11	6
Collected by Mrs. Offer	0	2	6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Mr. Horace B. Marshall ... 25 0 0			
Mr. Horace B. Marshall, jun., for meeting at St. Bride's Institute ... 10 0 0			
	35	0	0
Wynne Road :—			
Moiety of collection ... 6 9 4			
Sale of programmes ... 0 10 4			
	6	19	8
Sale of programmes Hornsey Rise ...	0	5	3
Sale of programmes, Drummond Road	0	11	7
Cornwall Road 5 0 0			
Programmes 0 8 2			
	5	8	2

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Higgs and Hill	2	2	0
Northcote Road, Wandsworth, programmes	1	0	10
Kingsgate Street, Holborn	6	0	2
Holloway, programmes	1	14	1
Grange Road Chapel, Birkenhead 17 2 6			
Programmes 0 19 0			
	18	1	6
Llandudno 17 18 0			
Donations :—			
Mr. Foulkes 1 1 0			
Mr. Ridge 1 1 0			
Mr. Marks 1 0 0			
Mr. Bevan 1 0 0			
	22	0	0
Holyhead	18	0	0
Carnarvon 15 7 0			
Programmes 0 13 0			
	16	0	0
Chester, donations :—			
Mr. B. Gregory 1 0 0			
Pastor and Mrs. W. S. Jones 1 0 0			
	2	0	0
Annual Subscription :—			
Mr. James Clark	25	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. E. K. Staco	0	10	0
Miss A. S. Muir (Jan. and Feb.) ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
	£1,105	4	8

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (*2nd List*).—Ashenhurst, J., 5s 4d; Betts, A., 2s; Belcher, S., £2; Callam, F., 2s; Goatley, C., 2s 6d; Jennings, A., 2s; Kent, J., 5s; Moore, A., 1s 6d—Total, £3 0s 4d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (*2nd List*).—Boyles, L., 9s; Butler, K., 1s 6d; Bunting, P., 5s; Carr, A., 3s; Cheshire, B., 3s 6d; Cox, E., 3s 3d; Gregory, M., 1s; Nash, M., 2s; Olden, M., 4s 6d; Sharland, A., 1s 6d; Smith, J., 1s 2d; Wood, I., 6s; Witham, E., 13s; Willmore, N., 2s 6d; Wilkson, A., 3s 6d—Total, £3 0s. 5d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 15th to March 14th, 1888.—Provisions :—28 lbs. Bacon, "J. H."; 1½ lb. Tea, Mr. R. Allen; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 22½ lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 Halibut, weighing 12 stone, Mr. S. J. Dobson; 6 Hens, Mr. W. J. Graham; 56 lbs. Tea, Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong.

Boys' Clothing.—1 Coat, Mrs. Spencer; 42 garments, Mr. W. J. Heath; 1 pair Mittens, 2 pairs Knitted Socks, 4 Oxford Shirts, Mr. J. Goodwin; 3 pairs worn Socks, Mrs. G.; 4 dozen Boys' Ties, Mrs. Kirby; 14 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 1 dozen Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; a few articles, Mrs. Curtis.

Girls' Clothing.—19 articles, Miss Dawson; 24 articles, for No. 6 girls, Mrs. Moss; 12 articles, from two friends; 138 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 5 Ulsters, Mrs. J. Allright; 12 articles, Mrs. Kidner; 4 Woollen Wraps, Mrs. Angrove; 6 articles, Mrs. Thatcher; 18 articles, Mrs. Rees.

General.—A quantity of Penholders, Nibs, Blacklead Pencils, and Inkwells, Mr. B. P. Bilbrough; 6 Volumes for the Library, Mrs. Waterman; 1 box Flowers, "Anon"; 2 Pictures and a piece of Muslin, Mrs. Dodwell; 1 dozen set of Boot Brushes, 2 dozen House Flannels, 1 jar Pickles, 1 gross Blacklead, 1 gross Tapers, 2 loads Firewood, 42 Wash Leathers, ½ dozen Pile Mats, Mr. J. Cooper; 14 copies of "Kitty," and 14 copies "Ready to Keep the Queen's Jubilee," Mr. G. Holford.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—	£	s.	d.
Stratford-on-Avon District	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhiewceiber	20	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Orpington :—			
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class 11 1 3			
M. A. H. (quarterly) ... 5 0 0			
	16	1	3
Pastor E. J. Farley, for James Street, St. Luke's	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Yorkshire Association, Boro'bridge ...	10	0	0
Wendover and neighbourhood, per Mr. Taylor	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association and Swaffham Prior	20	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thomas R—	10	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Collected by Miss FitzGerald, for Ludlow	1	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassell	10	0	0
Burstow and Horley, per Mr. J. J. Tustin	10	0	0
Tring District:—			
Mr. F. Butcher 2 0 0			
Mr. T. G. Elliman 1 0 0			
Mr. Thomas Glover (2 years) 1 0 0			
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school 10 0 0			
	14	0	0
Estover District, per Mr. H. Serpell ...	20	0	0
	£288	19	3

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Norris, Vine Street, Evesham ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Watcham	1	10	0
Miss Blyth	5	0	0
"H. M.," S.E. postmark	5	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts.	0	5	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
W. J....	0	10	0
Matthew xxv. 40	0	10	0
Miss R. York	0	10	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
P. W. A.	5	5	0
	£39	2	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Abercarne	1	9	7
Mrs. Flanagan	1	4	0
Miss Blyth	5	0	0
Per Miss E. L., Edinburgh	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Jones	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Clarence Road, Southend	3	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts.	0	3	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Newton Abbot	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Burnham and Broad's services at Chalford and Frampton Mansell	5	16	4
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Redditch	2	9	0
M. J. O.	3	10	0
Mr. Nathaniel Starkey	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sutton, Surrey, per Rev. J. Marmaduke Bergin ...	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Modbury	0	10	6
M. R.	10	0	0
The Reading Sunday-school Union, for Messrs Fullerton and Smith's services	20	0	0
The Ladies' Bible-class, Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Mr. J. Frost	2	0	0
A. H., per Mr. J. T. Mateer	5	0	0
	£77	14	5

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bennetts	20	0	0
Miss S. Truman	1	1	0
Miss H. Husk	0	10	6
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Mrs. Willis	5	0	0
Mr. J. Dickey	1	1	0
M. C.	5	0	0
Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Mr. R. M. Scott	0	7	6
"With love and gratitude"	10	0	0
Mr. G. D. Pearman	5	0	0
A brother in the Lord	5	0	0
T. G.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cowie	10	0	0
Pastor A. G. Brown and friends at the East London Tabernacle	30	0	0
Colonel Clarke, R.E.	3	0	0
Mr. W. Michael	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Pledge	5	0	0
Miss M. E. Nicholson	2	0	0
	£111	6	0

Mrs Evans acknowledges, with best thanks, the receipt of 10s. from "A Well-wisher, Selsey," for the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society; also parcels from A. B., B. H. R., and a friend, Stockton.

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, 1888.

Remarks on Inspiration.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE turning-point of the battle between those who hold "the faith once delivered to the saints" and their opponents, lies in the true and real inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. This is the Thermopylæ of Christendom. If we have in the Word of God no infallible standard of truth, we are at sea without a compass. No danger from stormy weather without can be equal to this loss within. "If the foundations be removed, what can the righteous do?" And this is a foundation loss of the worst kind. When a man falls into an error, but reverently conceives that he finds it in his Bible, he is on a very different footing from the person who says that he judges by his moral consciousness, or some other unreliable standard, and declares that if the Bible contradicts him he will sooner renounce Scripture than change his opinions. We can have a measure of fellowship with a mistaken friend who is willing to bow before the teaching of Scripture so far as he can understand its meaning; but we must part company altogether with the errorist, who overrides prophets and apostles, and practically regards his own inspiration as superior to theirs. We fear that such a man will before long prove himself to be an enemy of the cross of Christ, all the more dangerous because he may continue to profess loyalty to the Lord whom he dishonours.

The approved method of the present carnival of unbelief is not to reject the Bible altogether, but to raise doubts as to portions of it, and questions as to the uniform inspiration of it as a whole. Those who accept the Scriptures as infallible are sneered at as guilty of

"Bibliolatry", though they would to a man declare that they do not worship the book, but adore its Author. Those expressions which describe natural phenomena as they appear are pointed at as unscientific; whereas these very critics know that no writer in prose or poetry would ever think of giving scientific statements when depicting natural occurrences which they saw. These men apply to the Bible of the people canons of criticism which would prove Milton to have been an ignoramus, and Shakespeare a fool. All this is but the mask which befits rather than conceals their enmity of God's revealed will. The centre of attack for the foes of Christianity is the Word of the Lord. If confidence in the Bible can be undermined, their point will be carried. If infallible inspiration can be set aside as an old wife's fable, then their destructive purpose will have been achieved. Use the penknife of Jehudi upon the sacred roll, and cut out of it all that is offensive to proud human reason, and then you will have found a weapon with which to stab the gospel to the heart.

The ultimate drift is to take our Bibles from us; but for the present it is only proposed to insinuate suspicions as to parts of them. The apostles of "modern thought" would decline any proposal to sift out the uninspired portions, and to leave us only that part of Scripture which is of God: that would spoil their little game, which aims at making us dubious of all the Bible. If they removed that which they affirm to be chaff, we might prize the remaining wheat all the more; and that is precisely what they object to. They would prefer that we should treat the whole heap as of questionable quality. If we will put the Scriptures upon a level of inspiration in which they may be equal to the Koran, or the writings of Confucius, we shall then take our places among respectable thinkers; but then our solid support and comfort will have gone, and with it all our means for saving men's souls and glorifying God.

If I am not greatly mistaken, we owe small gratitude to theories of inspiration. They have served the turn of the enemy to a high degree, and have been used as engines for undermining the walls of Zion. One after another, eminent men have professed to furnish us with tests of the degree of inspiration of this part of Scripture and of that, oblivious of our Lord's words, "The Scripture cannot be broken." The holy writing is one, and stands or falls as a whole. Gauges of authority imply an authority in their inventors far higher than in the book to be gauged. I cannot resist the impulse to quote the language of Dr. Carson concerning one of these inspiration measurers. In a burst of indignation, he exclaims, "Dare any wretched mortal presume to give a criterion of discrimination in determining the authority of what is contained in the Book of God? Impious men, give your assistance to the Almighty and the All-wise in the plans of creation and providence, where your folly cannot mar the comfort of the plain Christian. But foist not your theories on the volume that contains the words of eternal life, and the instructions of heavenly wisdom. Rob not the unlearned Christian of the cheering conviction that 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' Let your impious ingenuity gather laurels in the legitimate fields of invention: try your powers in the arts and sciences, and by your sagacity rival the glory of the inventor of the steam-

engine; but leave the poor Christian his Bible whole and true! Seek not to bewilder him by your *ignis fatuus*—darken him not by your discoveries—impoverish him not by bestowing on him your riches. I have no language in which I can adequately express my abhorrence of such a theory, while it is impossible to restrain emotions of contempt for its folly. What blasphemy and absurdity are implied in the idea of a plan for enabling plain Christians to distinguish what belongs to God in the book that God himself calls his own Word!"

If the Bible be not inspired in every part the majority of plain men would be no better off with it than without it; for they would never feel sure whether what they relied upon was sufficiently inspired or not. Infallibility is necessary somewhere; and it is far more to God's glory, and to our safety, that it be found in the Scripture itself than in human judgment. To the spiritual man the theory is unseemly which makes man to be the judge of God, and the spirit of the age the rectifier of the Spirit of God. It comes to this practically: that instead of meekly receiving what God tells us, we are our own chief authority, and summon revelation to the bar of our judgment. Upon this theory the humble man, whose education is slender, and whose opinion of his own powers is modest, must for ever remain in grave uncertainty upon a matter which is of the utmost importance to him for time and for eternity. Surely, this cannot be the arrangement of an infinitely wise and loving God. Is the unlettered man to be continually running to his "cultured" minister, to ask him whether he may safely believe a promise, or obey a precept, or accept a doctrine? Are we to have a new form of priestcraft, of which the youngest and least experienced of our ministry are to be the chief priests? Is modern progress thus to lend Holy Scripture the indispensable aid of its authority, or to denounce it with bell, book, and candle by its superior intelligence? Alas for the godly, if ever matters come to this!

Years ago, the name of Dr. Chalmers was a tower of strength; but we suppose that the moderns will attach small weight to what he has written, now that they have passed so far beyond all the great men of the last generation. Yet we will not be hindered from commending his teaching upon this subject, nor from quoting one among many outspoken passages:—"That venerable record which has come down through a long succession of prophets, and passed the ordeal of Christ and his apostles, and has been handed from one age to another in the unquestioned character all along of being the word of God—it is not a medley of things divine and things human; but is either throughout a fallible composition, or throughout and in all its parts the rescript of the only wise and true God. All over it has the strength and faithfulness of the divinity, or all over the weakness and fallibility of man. It is the Bible, or it is no Bible. We keep by the former term of the alternative. We hold all the ground to be holy that is within the limits of this venerable record; and that the fence thrown around it admits of no inroad to that which is human, among that which is purely and sacredly and altogether divine. It is guarded, strictly and severely guarded, by the menaces of a jealous God, against the daring footstep of any who shall intrude within its barrier—either on purpose to add, or on purpose to take away. He hath done to Scripture what he did to Sinai, when he

set bounds about the mount, and did sanctify it—so that, should priests or people break through to bring up their words beside the words of the Lord, the Lord would break forth upon them. . . . . It is the part of Christians to rise like a wall of fire around the integrity and inspiration of the Scriptures, and to hold them as intact and inviolable as if a rampart were thrown around them, whose foundations are on earth, and whose battlements are in heaven."

Though the evidence which the Holy Spirit bears to the inspiration of the Bible has no weight with the unregenerate, it has great influence upon spiritual minds. For them the Word is written, and they alone receive its teachings; it is, therefore, no very unexpected fact that by them the best evidence of its divine authority is enjoyed. Having experienced the quickening influence of the divine Spirit in the depths of their own souls, they perceive the hand of the same living and life-giving Spirit upon the sacred page. As they read, deep calleth unto deep; and the Spirit within their hearts answers to the Spirit within the Book. Thus "the witness of the Spirit" attests the writing of the Spirit. It is of no use to set this evidence before the carnal mind; but we do not therefore value it one jot the less: a lamp loses none of its value to those who see because it is of no use to the blind.

By this inward witness our faith in the Holy Scriptures is constantly being confirmed, and yet even then we do not so rely upon what we feel within as to make it our chief reason for receiving all that which the inspired volume contains. We do not see to believe, but we believe to see. We first believe because God saith it, and then the experience wrought in us by the Holy Ghost adds corroborating witness, rich with comfort to our hearts. Hitherto the Spirit of God working within our souls has never raised a challenge against a Scriptural doctrine: the God of truth has never been in conflict with the truth of God. Our doubts have come to us when following afar off, but they have vanished when, in fellowship with God at the mercy-seat, we have drawn nigh unto the source of spiritual light. In proportion as vital godliness is vigorous within us, we hold God's Word in high esteem; and on the other hand, as we prize the Scriptures, and live upon them, we become strong in heavenly things.

The following utterance of Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, so fully expresses our conviction and our confidence, that we gladly transcribe it, and make it our final paragraph:—"It is as preachers depart from the Word that their preaching becomes barren and fruitless. The divine Spirit will only accompany the divine Word. His mighty power will act only in his own way, and by his own means. The Word is supernatural, and woe to the preacher who leaves the supernatural for the natural; who sets aside the sword of the Spirit to use in its stead a blade of his own tempering!

"It is a happy feature of our day, as over against the evils of which we have spoken, that God has caused his people to study the Bible as never before, and they are gathering in Sunday-schools and Bible-classes to counteract the mischief which so many pulpits are making. The faithful study of the Word will be blessed to the overthrow of the foes of the truth, and a new generation will arise strong in the Scriptures to purify the church and rid it of its false teachers."

The Faithful Ambassador.

A SINGULAR CHINESE STORY, AND A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS.

A FAITHFUL servant is rightly worthy of all honour and esteem; and if that faithfulness is at the peril, not only of comfort, but of life itself, his name merits to be placed in the first rank on the scroll of fame. Faithful service generally meets with its due appreciation in temporal matters, but in the spiritual world it cannot fail, for the promise is, "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life." That an ambassador should be faithful is of the utmost importance, for he is the king's representative. He acts and speaks in the king's name, and with the king's authority. It would be treason for him to tamper with the royal message, to betray his trust, or neglect to fulfil the mission on which he is sent. This is true when applied to a transitory monarch of time, but the truth is intensified when applied to "the King eternal"—intensified as regards the reward of faithful service, and also as regards the consequences of neglect of his trust. If Christ has sent us forth as his ambassadors (and indeed he has), we represent him or misrepresent him, according as we are faithful or faithless in the mission with which he has entrusted us. He is honoured or dishonoured in proportion as his ambassadors faithfully deliver his message, or adulterate it with human devices and expedients. I fear some of the followers of Christ must have forgotten, or perhaps not yet quite learnt, what our Saviour meant when he said, "*As* my Father hath sent me into the world, even *so* send I you."

It is not our intention to write a paper on the Christian ambassador, though we think that such a paper just now needs to be written in words of fire, that would burn into the heart of every follower of Jesus.

We are about to reproduce a curtailed account of a faithful ambassador, whom neither bribes, honour, flattery, suffering, nor death could influence in his faithfulness to his rightful King. The reader may think it an allegory for the present occasion, but it was written by heathen hands, and at a time when the author could have known nothing of the subject we wish to illustrate. We thought, as we read it: We want Christian ambassadors of that stamp, made of the same material, determined to honour their King amidst all changes of thought, and other influences.

Our illustration is believed to be authentic, and is drawn from the reign of the Emperor Woo-tee. This monarch, so much celebrated in history, occasionally sent an embassy to the King of Tartary with messages of congratulation and other matters of interest to the empire. Among the insignia of the ambassador's office, a staff was given him by the emperor, bedecked with jewels, and ornamented by five gorgeous tassels. The ambassador chosen for the court of Tartary on the occasion to which we wish to refer was Soo-Woo, one of the emperor's ministers, who had already distinguished himself by his fidelity, learning, and sagacity. Soo-Woo received his jewelled staff as the emblem of his mission, and arrived safely at the Tartar court. The king knew well

the worth of his visitor, and determined to avail himself of his ability and learning. He therefore received him as a prince, and surrounded him with the highest officials of the Tartar court, and honoured him with the highest marks of respect that royalty could bestow. Thinking that he had made a favourable impression on his visitor, he sent his highest officers to solicit Soo-Woo to accept service at his court, promising him the highest position and emolument. The ambassador at first paid no heed to these allurements, but being pressed, he replied, "I am the servant of the emperor, and can serve no other."

The royal messengers reported their failure to the king, who regarded the answer of his visitor as a little oriental diplomacy to gain a higher reward and greater honours. He therefore determined to double the price, and make the offer, not through any menial, but personally. He called him to a private audience, and prefaced the offer of his bribe with dignified flattery. "It was quite right," he said, "that a man of your ability and dignity should refuse an offer made by any of my servants; besides, a man of your sagacity is worthy of a higher consideration than my officials offered you." He then endeavoured to dazzle him with increased honour and wealth. Soo-Woo, not wishing to offend the king by an immediate refusal, asked for time to consider; but when the time granted arrived, it found the king no nearer the attainment of his object. He had expected a favourable reply, and the royal seals and robes were waiting the acceptation of Soo-Woo. The ambassador soon saw that force was intended, and again with emphasis declined the offered honour; and, drawing his sword, said, "I can die for my master, but I cannot serve another." Supposing he intended mischief, he was immediately seized, carried away, and the court broke up in confusion. Some time passed before the king took any further steps to secure his object. He did summon the ambassador again to court, but it was the last time he appeared. The king now added forgiveness to the honours he had previously offered (for he made much of the crime of drawing a sword in his presence), but all would be forgotten if he would comply. But Soo-Woo grasped his official staff more firmly, and declared he would live and die with it. The feigned friendship of the Tartar monarch was now changed into manifest enmity, and the ambassador was ordered away in anger. As flattery and wealth had failed, he decided to try what imprisonment and suffering would do. The ambassador, still bearing the symbol of his office, was conducted to a loathsome prison, filthy and dark, and entirely devoid of furniture. He was even left without food. In his incarceration he suffered extremely from hunger and thirst, and in despair was even sometimes tempted to take away his life. But the thought occurred to his mind that the act would be dishonouring to his master, and perhaps satisfactory to the tyrant. Urged by this thought, he endeavoured to prolong life by feeding on the insects and vermin that abounded in his prison. In this way he passed a long period of suffering. The tyrant monarch thought the long period of suffering would cause him to yield to his request. The prisoner was, therefore, tempted with the promise of liberty and wealth if he would accept service under the king, but again he declined, and another period of suffering followed. Again, and the last time, the king summoned him to his presence, but he did not go. "Tell the

king," he said, "if he desires to dismiss me to my master, I will gladly come to court; if not, do not let me see his face again."

The king, wearied and vexed by his many failures, resolved on final banishment to the distant and inhospitable regions of Bokai. This wilderness was only sparsely inhabited by rough shepherds and fishermen. To this place Soo-Woo was conducted, still bearing with him the emblem of his office, and was placed under a cruel master among the king's shepherds.

During the long stay of the ambassador, the emperor Woo-Tee had died, and his son Chaw-Tee had succeeded him. The new emperor was no less a friend of Soo-Woo than was his father. The latter had often wondered why his faithful servant should linger so long; but having full confidence in his integrity, and in the honour of the Tartar king, he imagined there must be just reasons for his absence. The son thought otherwise, and decided to discover, if possible, what had become of his devoted minister. He therefore sent another embassage to the king, to hear what account he would give of the ambassador, but with private instructions to spare neither trouble nor expense to discover Soo-Woo. He even sent the royal seals with them, in case they might be needed. This mission duly arrived at the Court of Tartary, and made known their object. But the faithless Tartar king affected surprise, declared he was not in his kingdom, and that he had left for the Imperial Court years past. But it was well known that he had not returned to Court; and the envoys, doubting the king's statement, decided to act on their private instructions. They scattered themselves over the country; but the search was long and disheartening, and their hope of success began to fade into despair. An event, however, revived their hope. At a banquet of the revenue officers some of the embassy were present. Present also was an officer who had just returned from collecting the royal dues from the shepherds and fishermen of Bokai. He became merry with wine, and amused his audience with his adventures in that distant province. A part of his narration had reference to a singular old man, who had assisted in the collection of the revenue. He was strangely attired, spoke a foreign tongue, and was regarded with veneration by the inhabitants. The excited listeners durst ask no questions; but, retiring from the banquet, consulted about this mysterious character. They resolved to reach Bokai, and visit him. But the country was far, and almost inaccessible; and the enterprise was rendered still more difficult by vigilant guards, whose duty was to keep off strangers. But the Tartar tyrant did not possess faithful servants everywhere. Indeed, a master who is clever in craft and deceit, may expect to have servants after his own model. A few gold coins had sure effect on the fidelity of the guards, and the strangers passed without further challenge. A careful search followed over a wide, wild country. It was long before they got tidings of an old shepherd to whom the great Spirit Sonti had given a staff, with tassels and jewels, and who was regarded as the special favourite of heaven. He was, however, under the control of a cruel superior, who made access to him difficult and dangerous. But one of the adventurers sauntered and wandered with apparent carelessness up to the old man's side, and whispered the late emperor's name—Woo-Tee—in his ear. The man, who had never trembled at suffering and death,

started at the name, trembled, and fell. Soo-Woo was discovered—discovered by the spell of his master's name; and emancipation and honour were about to follow. But how could it be effected? He was a prisoner, and could only leave his place of banishment by the edict of the king.

These earnest adventurers had to leave their aged friend in exile, and they retired from Bokai to act on their discovery. It would take too long to return to China, to report their success, so they wrote letters, as coming from the emperor, to which they attached the authoritative seal, in which the emperor was made to tell the king the whereabouts of Soo-Woo, and the treatment he had experienced. It demanded his immediate release, and threatened invasion in case of refusal. This document was also supported by supposed private letters of instruction on the subject to the embassy. The king summoned a council. The documents were read, examined, and pronounced genuine. In fact, the king had no doubt that by some art the emperor knew all about his treachery, and, dreading the invasion, he hastily issued orders for the return of Soo-Woo, who was hurried back to his waiting friends. He was escorted home in triumph, still bearing the emblems of honour his master had conferred on him—faded, indeed, for his robes were defiled; his attenuated fingers still held the ensign of office, but the tassels were disfigured, and the jewels bedimmed. The emperor rejoiced on hearing of the return of his faithful servant, and sent royal robes to replace his vile garments; and then Soo-Woo was called to Court, and in the presence of the chief officials of the empire, he gave up his staff to his imperial master, as a sign of the completion of his mission. There was joy in the palace that day. The heart of the emperor's son was made glad. The courtiers rejoiced with him; and not less than these did the heart of Soo-Woo rejoice as he received the approval and reward from his master.

We have now briefly told the history of Soo-Woo, with the hope that some reader may translate the whole into spiritual language, and work it out in his own experience, with the assurance of the Master's final approval, pronounced in the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

John Stuart Mill on Providence.

"I HAVE never seen any providence," sneers John Stuart Mill. But this is nothing wonderful. I have never seen the world revolve, though I have lived upon it more than fifty years. The broad current carries the ship with it though you do not mark the track. And the providence of God encircles you, and your vessel, and your ocean too; and while you may take your own little path upon that ocean, the ocean, ship, and passenger are being made subservient to a Higher Will.—*Princetoniana.*

A Prayer.

BY ALFRED BAX, MINISTER OF SALTERS' HALL CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

I.

ALONE, yet not alone in life's highway;
My Saviour thou art all my strength and stay;
And thou wilt guide me safely all the way
Unto my home.

II.

My strength is small, for all I have to do,
Yet leaning, thou wilt surely bear me through;
Each opening day my little strength renew
Until at home.

III.

Teach me to cast my burden every day,
And seek no more the load thus cast away;
But calmly walk, unburdened all the way,
Unto my home.

IV.

Oh, where is faith unless I daily lean
My all on Jesus, feeling he has seen
The thorny path that lies as yet between
Me and my home?

V.

Oh, let no murmur from my lips escape,
But meekly bear each day for thy sweet sake
The rugged cross that thou dost bid me take;
Until at home.

VI.

Yea, let me in the hour of sadness shine
Bright as a star at solemn evening time;
All through that ever-strengthening grace of thine,
Till I go home.

VII.

May I grow patient in the trying hour,
Like to my Lord, and in his living power,
And under his warm wings for ever cower,
Till safe at home.

VIII.

Then when the evening shadows flee away,
And morning breaketh of that endless day;
I'll praise that Presence with me all the way
Unto my home.

Pastor Archibald G. Brown in East London.

Part III.

WHEN, in company with Mr. Brown, we once more go forth for a winter morning walk on the 25th of February, the pastor remarks, as we pass along the clean and well-kept streets, that casual visitors



Yours in Christ
Archibald G. Brown

would not, from outward appearances, judge that there was anything to be found like the poverty and misery which are so prevalent. Many of the streets out of the Bow Road are by no means of the squalid type;

and they are so quiet and orderly that one might suppose that these abodes of the common people were blessed with plenty and content.

Presently we come to a street where the small houses, although monotonously alike, may have been intended for semi-genteel people; but, being now let out in rooms, a much poorer class is in possession. The house at which we halt has what were intended for half underground kitchens, and rather melancholy looking little parlours, with bedrooms to match. Our destination is downstairs, into one of the kitchens—poorly furnished, but tolerably clean—where, in charge of a nurse, we find a young woman with an infant two or three days old. There is one other child of tender years, so that four persons altogether live in the kitchen, although there does not appear to be sleeping accommodation for the nurse and elder child.

The young mother is the widow of a young mat-maker, who was never addicted to drinking, who was intensely anxious to procure the work that he could not get, and who, driven to despair, had, about a month before, drowned himself in the neighbouring canal. The sound of the pastor's sympathetic words causes the mother to burst into tears; her young face is flushed with anguish; and she presses her hand to her throbbing brow. The excitement of speaking of the past is too great for her strength.

Tears seem to bring relief, and she tells us about her late husband. When they were at their best he was a mat-maker; but, on account of his poor health he could not retain his situation; and poverty in its most terrible form began to invade the home. He made mats of a quality superior to those that are commonly carried about by hawkers; but these goods are now so extensively manufactured in prisons and philanthropic institutions that the ordinary makers find it more difficult to obtain employment. At all events, what chance of competing with Prison Commissioners and Committees with ample capital had the man whose resources were insufficient to procure the common necessaries of life? He loved his wife and child, and his inability to provide bread for them seemed to set his brain on fire. He would sometimes say that he could not stand it any longer, and would show a most intense dread of having to enter the workhouse. With tears which strangely emphasize her words, the young widow declares that a more kind-hearted young fellow never lived; he never kept anything away from her: he never brought on trouble by drinking; his want was work, or the ability to do it.

He would at times utter dark and strange words—forebodings of his coming fate; and the attempts of the heroic girl at his side to look on the brightest aspect of things, and so to cheer him up, were unavailing. On one occasion he replied to her words of consolation by an outbreak of bitter irony—"Why, you've got nothing; you haven't got a yard of calico for what's a coming."

Still, the young wife retained her self-possession; she did whatever was possible, and spoke cheerfully. But one day the man was worse; his head troubled him more than usual, and he repeated that he could not stand it any longer! No! He could not endure it any longer!

"Why, what's the matter with you?" replied his wife, still cheerily, "I've got threepence, I'll get you a chop, and we'll have a little tea, and I'll have a potato."

Brave words, and self-denying action! She wanted him to hold the child and make the kettle boil; but as she was going out, he caught hold of her by the door, and seemed wilder than ever!

"*You won't let them take me away, will you?*" he said, with ominous emphasis that could not be misunderstood.

The overwhelming horror of being taken forcibly into "the house" had at last gained the mastery, and the poor mat-maker could hardly be accounted responsible for his actions! An enemy had hold of him that he could not shake off in his own strength.

"Oh, don't talk like that," cried the wife, getting alarmed. "Pull yourself together, have a wash, and do not take on so": but there was no hopeful response. The humble meal which the distressed housewife proposed to provide with the last three coppers she possessed, to make the evening cheerful, was not set out. Her distracted husband left the house by the back way, and soon his lifeless remains were found floating in the canal! The verdict was, of course, in accordance with the evidence. It was clearly a case of "temporary insanity"; but how few who read a coroner's summing up, and a jury's finding, have any idea of the anguish they represent.

"And now you want Christ, and he wants you." The pastor had risen to take his leave; and those were his farewell words, supplemented by a substantial gift, which he laid upon the table. The money was accompanied by the assurance that all things necessary should be provided during her weakness, and after that, work would, no doubt, be provided. To find them work is the greatest boon that can be conferred upon the poor.

We have a call to make, the circumstances of which are quite a contrast to the case of the widow, and represent a still darker phase of East-End life. The house is of a similar kind to that which we have just left; and it is let out in rooms at a rate which proves that a peer in a West-End mansion is much more cheaply housed, in proportion to his accommodation, than the poor who pay three shillings or more a week for single apartments.

This time, however, the home consists of two rooms, one of which presents quite a parlour-like appearance, having pictures, ornaments, and furniture, which are relics of other and happier days. The occupants are a woman, aged thirty-three, who has not yet lost all of her youthful good looks, her mother—aged sixty-six, and five children. The latter range in age from about nine downwards, and thus require all of one person's attention. Is the young woman a widow? No, her sorrow is darker than that of widowhood—she has a heavier trouble to bear than that of the heart-broken mother we have just left. Her husband, who is a murderer at heart, has just commenced a term of twenty years' penal servitude, for attempting to poison her!

This is another of those tragic cases, the details of which, if embodied in a work of fiction, would be thought wildly far-fetched or improbable.

"Tell your story again, as you told it to me the other day, Mrs. R——," says the pastor, taking a seat, and stroking the hair of the comely little girl he has promised to take in charge.

Thus challenged, Mrs. R—— becomes seated by the little fire opposite to her careworn old mother, who gives it as her private opinion that,

in a case of this kind, the heaviest part of the punishment falls on the wife; but this can hardly be true, when, on the other side, there are twenty years of penal servitude. Mrs. R—— herself offers no opinion on this matter; and she is able to tell her story without that tearful excitement which nearly choked the utterances of the young widow.



A TRAGIC STORY.—"WORSE THAN A WIDOW."

"Tell your story as you told it to me the other day, Mrs. R——," says the pastor, taking a seat.

In its commencement, the narrative of Mrs. R—— is one of those common-place stories of love-making which illustrate the holiday manners and customs of the East-Enders. When she was twenty-two, or on Whit-Monday, 1876, she accompanied her sister and a friend down to Southend, where, for the first time, she met her future husband. In the little parlour, already mentioned, there are two expensively-got-up photographs, showing the pair as they were in those early days, before

life was blighted; one of these is reached down, and dusted, for closer inspection. The portrait is that of a girl, showily dressed, but with a face which testified that she was fitted to be a prized possession to a man who knew her value. The features of the youth are far less taking. The figure is that of a sprucely-got-up young barman—not a promising profession to begin with; and the *physique* in general is not pleasing.

At last the couple were married with the usual congratulations and anticipations of happiness. Things went on in the ordinary manner for about eight years, when the wife became subject to strange aches and pains, as well as sicknesses, that could not be accounted for. While he seemed to show a husband's sympathy, the man was ever ready to suggest remedies, and among other things he thought a day at the seaside might have a beneficial effect. They went off to Southend, where they had first met as lovers; and, with a grim determination which it is not pleasant to contemplate, the barman seems to have settled in his own mind that where he had opened the acquaintance with his wife there he would make a final effort to be rid of her. The ride down to the seaside had not mended matters; the mysterious pains were more alarming than ever; and, as stout had rather increased than allayed them, R—— recommended oysters. No suspicion seems to have been aroused in Mrs. R——'s mind, even when the same repulsive taste was detected; nor even when, after eating the oysters, the pain was supplemented by a deadly sickness. He told her that the best thing was to walk about; and actually took her for an airing on the pier, which is a mile and a quarter long. The day of agony was not to be described. On reaching London the man professed to be greatly concerned at seeing his wife so ill, and prescribed spruce and peppermint. Mixing this for her, he went his way to his place of business. Mrs. R—— took another terrible draught of the irritant poison, when all the old symptoms became more intense. It was then that suspicion began to dawn. Violent sickness saved her life. She felt a gritty substance at the bottom of the cup. On the following morning she received an affectionate letter from her husband, who expressed the hope that she was better. These loving words did not prevent Mrs. R—— from taking the cup to a chemist as soon as she was able to do so. The chemist looked very enquiringly at his visitor as he examined the cup.

"You are a lucky woman to be alive to tell the story of that cup," said the chemist.

Mrs. R—— went again in the afternoon, when she learned that the substance in the cup was a most deadly poison. The chemist communicated with the police, and the would-be murderer was arrested.

Such was the story, and the explanation was that this "very shrewd young man" had become tired of his wife, and wished to marry another. Drink had nothing to do with the crime, but the sad power of an evil passion.

Here, then, we have a family whose trouble is peculiar, and whose sorrows add to the perplexities of the pastor. If it had not been for Mr. Brown, they would not have been in their present home; and even now Mrs. R—— will need to have assistance given to prevent her going hopelessly down. A sewing-machine for waistcoat work is

what is wanted; but on account of the miserable prices paid, we can hardly see how a mother can keep herself and four children at such employment.

These two cases are exceptional in their tragic interest. We may now give attention to some things which are more generally characteristic of the work.

Speaking of his work some time ago, Mr. Brown remarked: "Some of the worst neighbourhoods are comparatively new; the houses, therefore, present a tolerably good appearance outside, but are, within, full of all uncleanliness." He added: "Sheer want has, in many cases, stripped the houses as well as cleared out the little furniture once in them. Our missionaries have entered homes where the banister rails have been pulled down for firing, and the stove sold for bread."

Scenes like this are often associated with drink and wrong-doing; a contrast, in a way, to that "vast amount of genuine, clean, and heart-touching poverty," which is met with on all hands. The pastor tells of "men and women who have been worsted in the battle of life, and after every endeavour to retrieve the day; men who walk from morning till night 'seeking a job,' until, wet through, they return to a supperless room, sleep in their drenched garments, and then lie for weary weeks racked with rheumatic pains; women, who, with the husband in the infirmary, toil at the wash-tub, or ply the needle, for a wretched pittance, from dawn to midnight; widows who wage heroic battle against overwhelming trouble, and pinch themselves to give their fatherless bread. Such cases as these we know by hundreds."

In one of his annual statements, Mr. Brown says: "Want is the short history of thousands. Their life consists of 'not having.' The hands want work, the heart wants sympathy, the body wants bread, the mind wants light, the face wants a smile, the spirit wants hope, the nerves want rest, the conscience wants peace, the soul wants Christ." Then realizing, as he does, that our own virtues, or supposed virtues, are in such large measure the result of our surroundings, he wonders at the patience of the great body of the suffering poor, although he has always thought a catastrophe, or a social crisis, such as may be little dreamt of by the easy-going classes, to be neither impossible nor improbable. The question is, how is the want to be relieved? How are the poor to be helped, by being taught self-help, without causing them to lose self-respect, and become pauperized? "It may be a mercy to fling a bone to a dog; but it is not mercy to fling relief at a man": there must be both love and discrimination. The love of God in the heart of Christian people not only prompts them to do what is needed, but teaches them how to do it.

Members of the Cobden Club, or disciples of Adam Smith, would not consider Mr. Brown to be a sound political economist. If he is a politician at all, the pastor is certainly not a Radical; he likes to see the Government rule with a strong arm. He thinks that the fierce competition, which is continually bringing prices down, is the direct and indirect cause of most of the sorrows of the poor. His tractate on *Cruel Cheapness* has not only been widely scattered about our own Islands, but has been translated into one or two of the European languages. The problems there handled will sooner or later have to be dealt

with by the Legislature; and Mr. Brown believes that trade-education, and a well-directed system of State-directed emigration, would do more than anything else to relieve the now congested labour-market. The continual falling of prices—the price of labour and of the goods produced by that labour—is a natural outcome of the present condition of things; and it is made more acute by the sweaters or middlemen who now thrive, as it were, upon the people's sufferings. As the House of Lords has instituted an enquiry into the sweating system, the public are likely to know more about this matter.

While numbers of even thrifty and Christian people come down from comparative affluence to poverty through altering conditions of trade, and falling prices, the distress among the multitude, who live by unskilled labour, tends rather to extend than to diminish. In the pastor himself, and in the agents he employs, these poor people find their best friends; and while the local mission extends its operations year by year, increasing numbers are being helped to fight the battle of life with greater hopefulness. Many owe all they have in the world to what has been done for them in the name of Christ. The main object is to spread the knowledge of the gospel among those who are not too far gone to be won for better things. Such people, in the transformations they undergo, prove before our eyes that religion has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.

G. H. P.

An Arabian Story.

HAS man ever, by his own exertions, come nearer to God? Has not, alas! man's so-called progress been a progress of retrogression? There is a very touching Arabian story of a certain wicked city which was punished by God with continuous drought. At length, the inhabitants of the place, pressed by famine, sent seventy of their number to the prophet of God, that he might supplicate rain for them; but all the time the city and deputation remained impenitent in their hearts. At length they arrived in the place where the prophet lived, and begged him to consult God on their behalf. The prophet did so, when three clouds of different colours, white, red, and black, appeared above the horizon, and a voice pronounced, "Choose which ye will!" They chose the black cloud, which followed them on their homeward journey. When they approached their city the inhabitants came out to meet them, and on beholding the dark cloud, they shouted and danced for joy, crying, "Rain and plenty!" But lo! as the cloud came just over the city, it burst into a raging pestilential wind, and instead of rain and plenty, there was desolation and death! Let us not be too sanguine as to the influences of our so-called "progress" and "civilization" as a means to bring men nearer to God. That which appears at first sight as a cloud of healthful showers may burst upon us as a whirlwind of destruction. The study of "science falsely so-called" has only confirmed man in his proud defiance of God. The world may become ever so polished, but its beauty will be an artificial and dead one. It needs *quickening*, not polishing.—*From David Baron's "Rays of Messiah's Glory."*

The Misuse of Language.

IT is very amusing to notice the number of things in the South of France that are dignified with the epithet "Grand." Perhaps it is equally remarkable in other parts of the world; but our observation has been confined to that particular quarter lately; and wherever we have gone, we have seen before us, in more or less prominent characters, the word GRAND. We have been invited to stay at a "grand" hotel, to refresh ourselves at a "grand" *café*, or restaurant; to promenade in a "grand" garden, to go shopping at a "grand" *magasin*, &c., &c. In some instances the adjective was correctly used, for the hotel or garden was a large one; but in many cases it was altogether inaccurate.

We have been many times struck with the curious mistake which is often made in singing the hymn "Dare to be a Daniel." It is possible that our readers may have heard, as we have, that—

"Many giants, great and *small*,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's band."

This mistake reminds us of the way in which words are constantly misused. It grates upon our ear when we hear any one, speaking of earthly matters, say that there is an *infinite* difference between them. How can there be an infinite difference or distance between things that are both finite? A poor woman in Mentone, to whom some temporal relief had been given, replied, in the Southern exuberance of her heart-felt gratitude, "I thank you *infinitely*." One can hardly be surprised at such a remark from such a speaker, when a literary man, of no mean repute, writes that the *Sword and Trowel* review of his new book will do him "*infinitely* more service" than many notices in other magazines and papers.

"The Down-Grade" controversy has furnished many illustrations of the misuse of this word "infinitely." One learned Editor wrote concerning the course he would have recommended, "This is *infinitely* better than fulminating from afar"; while another said of *our* Editor, "He brandishes the sword with *infinitely* more vigour than he lays on the peaceful trowel." A gentleman, who has been most earnest in denying that Congregationalists are on "The Down-Grade," himself wrote, not long ago, "I am satisfied that the *eternal* cry for a catholicity, which practically means indifference to a large section of truths on which Christians are not agreed, is working most injuriously to the interests of truth generally." One who takes quite a different view hopes that something which has happened will prevent brethren from "writing *everlasting letters* to the papers." It is a great mercy, both for the writers and readers, that letters to the papers are not "everlasting." Even a special foreign correspondent of *The Times* writes about what certain persons are "*everlastingly*" doing, when he means only to refer to something that they do occasionally, or frequently, or, at the most, constantly. "The *almighty* dollar" is a truly shocking utterance; and less blasphemous, but more silly, is the unmeaning talk affected by young ladies of the period concerning "an *awfully jolly* fellow," or an "*awfully nice* girl."

These extravagances and exaggerations in expression are pleasantly alluded to by Mr. Edward Bennett, in his lively little book, "Amenities of Social Life," recently reviewed in this magazine. In his treatise on "The Art of Conversation," he thus refers to individuals possessing what he calls "a passion for exaggeration :—"This is considered to be more a foreign than an English vice; and one has only to watch a French conversation to see how it flourishes abroad. There is plenty of the kind, however, in this country. I know a very respectable lady, whose most frequent remark on the weather is, that she never remembers anything like it before, and though she is past middle age, she is for ever capping her experiences." (Please, Mr. Bennett, have you not fallen into the error you are condemning? Can this lady be *for ever* capping her experiences while in this mortal life?) "If there is a draught in the room, 'it is enough to turn a mill.' We hear of some barometers being set higher than others, so that, while one may be pointing at 'rain,' another is at 'much rain.' So, in different families we find language pitched in a higher key than others. Exaggeration runs in families. I know of one circle where everybody talks about and describes things in a style most painful in its want of a sense of proportion. 'Hateful,' 'shameful,' 'disgusting,' 'horrid,' 'never,' 'ever,' are words which recur with distressing frequency about events which, in a household where the graces of speech were cultivated, would be described as 'unpleasant,' 'regrettable,' 'distasteful,' 'hardly,' or 'scarcely.' In fact, the meaning is the same in both instances, only the barometer is set in the one case higher than in the other."

How much may depend upon the right word being spoken at the right time, in the proper tone, by the proper person! War or peace, life or death, heaven or hell, may hang upon a single word. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." (R.V.) The Lord thought so much of the words of Samuel, that he let none of them fall to the ground. Certain winged seeds, when released from the plant in which they grow, are wafted by the wind till they find a resting-place, where they can germinate, and bring to perfection the life that lies hidden within them. Thus Samuel's winged words were watched over by the Lord, and his Spirit wafted them so that they did not fall to the ground, but were carried into the hearts of those whom the Lord intended to bless by them. Paul wrote to the Colossians, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Some appear to imagine that last word ought to have contained two syllables, and to have been spelt *p-e-p-p-e-r*, for the seasoning of *their* speech consists of a specially strong form of cayenne. Let every word of ours be fashioned after the pattern given to us in the Word of God, and especially after the example set us by the Lord Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word, of whom it was truly said, "Never man spake like this man." He ever knew "how to speak a word in season" to him that was weary; and of him the apostle declared that he "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth."

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone!"

JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

Joseph Donisthorpe, the Normanton Blacksmith.

THE history of the rise of the General Baptists in the Midland Counties is one which will well repay careful perusal. The state of England at that time was, in many respects, truly deplorable. Many of the churches and ministers among Nonconformists were on "the down-grade"; and, as for the parochial clergy, one of the ministers of the Church of England, the venerated John Newton, of Olney, states his opinion of what they were about the middle of the eighteenth century in the following words:—"I am not sure that, in the year 1740, there was a single parochial minister who was publickly known as a gospel preacher in the whole kingdom." God, however, was even then preparing several men whose names have since become well-known as faithful ambassadors of the cross, not only in the Church of England, but outside of its pale.

Whitefield and Wesley, and others in England, Daniel Rowlands, Howell Harris, and Howell Davies, in Wales, were men of renown, whose ministry produced results which will go on down the ages.

In the Midland Counties there were some humble and earnest men raised up, whose labours God greatly blessed in gathering sinners to Christ and building up the kingdom of the Crucified. David Taylor was one of these. He was a servant to the Countess of Huntingdon, residing in that capacity with her ladyship at Dorrington Park, Leicestershire. When made a partaker of the grace of God, his liberal-minded Christian mistress encouraged his endeavour to make known the way of salvation in the villages around. In this way he visited Glenfield and Rutby, near Leicester. Curiosity led many to hear the strange preacher and his new doctrines. Among others who went to hear was one Samuel Deacon, of Rutby. One day, when at work mowing, he was told that a stranger had been preaching in the street at Glenfield, and was going to preach at Rutby. He laid down his scythe, left his mowing, and went to hear him. The sermon made a profound impression on his mind, and led him to search the Word of God. The clergyman at Rutby was not only spiritually ignorant, but grossly dissolute in his life. The conduct of this unworthy man struck Deacon in a new light, and he came to see that if the shepherd was a mere hireling, the sheep were in no less danger than their unfaithful pastor. He applied this specially to himself. It pleased God, however, by means of careful reading of the Holy Scriptures, and earnest prayer, to bring Samuel out of his perplexity, and to lead him to Christ, on whom he was enabled to rely for salvation; and so he found peace and joy in believing. He afterwards became a preacher, and was many years pastor of the church at Barton Fabis.

Soon after this, Lady Huntingdon released David Taylor from his engagements with her, that he might devote himself entirely to preaching and spiritual work.

There is a village, not many miles from Leicester, named Normanton, where lived, at the time of which we are speaking, a respectable blacksmith, named Joseph Donisthorpe. Without any external means being used, this man was brought to see something of his state as a sinner in

God's sight. Reading the Scriptures, he became further enlightened. He saw that the law of God requires perfect and constant obedience in all things, and he was conscious that he had come dreadfully short. Deep gloom and fearful anxiety pervaded his mind. He knew he must render an account to God, and he felt he was in no way prepared to do so. Anxious to obtain relief, he applied to a neighbouring clergyman for advice. Alas! he was a blind guide. He was entirely ignorant of the way of salvation, and wished Mr. Donisthorpe to continue to take things in the same easy way he did himself. "You are an honest man," said he, "and just in all your dealings, and everybody knows you to be a kind-hearted, good man, of excellent morals. Take my advice; make yourself easy; continue to attend your church; and, if all be not right at last, I will bear the blame."

The advice of this "miserable comforter," who had solemnly subscribed the "Thirty-nine Articles," in some of which the way of salvation is plainly stated, did not satisfy Joseph Donisthorpe. God had laid "judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet"; and he knew that such a bed was too short to give any rest to his troubled soul, and such a covering too narrow either to screen him from the wrath of God, or in any way meet the case of his shivering misery. He was near despair; and he had no comforter, for he had never heard of any one having been in a like condition.

One evening, however, as he was returning from a neighbouring town, sadly pondering his wretched state and lost condition, and wondering how God permitted such a wretch to live, light suddenly darted into his mind by the recollection of those words of humble and blessed Paul: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." Immediately all his fears were gone, and his dreadful apprehensions at an end. "The light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" filled his heart. The great truths of sovereign grace and redeeming love shone with a grandeur and a glory inexpressible. Redemption through the blood of Christ filled his soul with the highest admiration and the warmest gratitude. He rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Joseph's faith was as thorough as it was simple. He believed in God with all his heart. Such blessed facts as those he had been brought to experience were, he believed, quite unknown to his neighbours; nay, he thought he might be the only person on earth to whom God had granted this abundant revelation. Animated, then, with motives of gratitude to God and love to his neighbours, he began at once to communicate what he had found, fully expecting that the intelligence would be received with rapture, especially by the clergymen, whose business it was to teach men the way to heaven. Poor dear man; how sadly he was disappointed! And yet he laboured not in vain.

The Normanton blacksmith began by showing his piety at home. His wife was his first auditor. As she listened to his unfolding of the "grand discovery he had made," she burst into tears. She thought her good-man was gone mad. The regularity of his conduct, however, soon undeceived her, when she listened with more attention. God graciously opened her eyes, and her heart also; and she was his first convert.

The truth, which was chiefly luminous and glorious in his view at

this time, was that of *justification by faith.* He discoursed on this to all who came to his house, to the customers that came to his shop, and to almost everyone he met in the street. Some heard with attention and candour, but others reviled him and persecuted him. By one means and another the Normanton blacksmith and his "new doctrines" came to be quite the talk of the neighbourhood.

Very many flocked to his house of an evening, after the toils of the day were over, to examine the strange things Joseph had to talk about. Not a few disputed, while some embraced his doctrine. This obliged the blacksmith to study the subject more deeply, to hammer out his thoughts into shape on the anvil of prayerful meditation, so that he might be prepared for the defence of his positions, from both Scripture and reason. One evening, while sitting on the table in his own kitchen, thus raised a little above his visitors, who occupied all the chairs in the house, he began to describe "the lost state of man by nature, his utter inability to deliver himself from this dreadful situation, and the certainty and sufficiency of salvation by Christ." Brimming over with his subject, and animated with a desire to make others as happy as he was himself, he undesignedly engrossed the whole conversation, and held on with such readiness of speech and such earnestness of manner, that he spoke for the space of two hours, no one attempting to stop him. At the close he was startled with the idea that he had been preaching. This thought of preaching had never occurred to him before, for though deeply anxious to teach his neighbours what God had taught him as to the way of salvation, he designed to do it in the way of conversation, with no reference to the ministry. His own heart taught his mouth, and the yearnings of love over the ignorant and out-of-the-way gave the impulse which he thus readily obeyed.

From this time, cheered by the attention which his neighbours, in many cases, gave to his words, he was encouraged to proceed.

Normanton and Rutby were only a few miles apart, and David Taylor and the Normanton blacksmith, learning in each case what the other was doing, sought acquaintanceship, and were soon engaged in united efforts for the people's good, carrying on the good work with increased energy.

In 1743, a poor man living at Osbaston, near Market Bosworth, invited Donisthorpe and Taylor to preach in his house. Among those who attended the first time was a carpenter from Barton Fabis, named Whyatt. The word laid hold upon him. The second time the preachers visited Osbaston, Whyatt invited a respectable farmer, named Aldridge, to accompany him. Mr. Aldridge, too, was convinced of the importance of religion, and united with the carpenter in asking Donisthorpe and Taylor to visit Barton. For some reason or other, a Mr. John Taylor went instead of the others, and preached in Whyatt's house. For a few weeks he went on unmolested. One evening, however, matters took a different turn. Thinking to illustrate to his hearers the power of divine grace, Mr. Taylor read to his audience an account of the persecutions endured by the rather eccentric but earnest, devout, and faithful John Cennick, showing how the grace of God inspired him with such zeal for the salvation of immortal souls and the glory of God, that he willingly endured furious handling from the

excited mob. The communication had a different result from what was hoped, for the hearers seemed to sympathize more with the persecutors than with the persecuted, and they determined to mete out similar measures with these new evangelists.

The proceedings which followed were so outrageously barbarous and cruel that one could not credit the record of them were it not given upon unimpeachable authority. One scarcely ever read of such vile conduct among wild Indians and the most uncivilized of the uncultured heathen. The conduct of these christened savages reflects shame and disgrace upon the men who received "tithes and offerings" for preaching the gospel, but failed to teach their parishioners the first principles of civilization, to say nothing of morality and the gospel of mercy and love.

Mr. Aldridge, a gentleman farmer, had taken the preachers and other friends under his protection. Failing to find either Taylor or Donisthorpe at the preaching place, they proceeded to the farm, a body comprising farmers and others to the extent of several hundreds. They made an assault upon the door. The inmates were not all believers, and too readily took carnal weapons in their defence. Mr. Aldridge's brother seized a gun, and threatened to shoot the first man that advanced. Several men rushed at him, seized the gun, wrenched it from his hand, and discharged it into the air. A sister of Mr. Aldridge, seeing some fingers protruding between the door and door-posts, took a cleaver, and drawing it down the door-post wounded the hand that obtruded. The door was instantly burst open; Mr. Aldridge's father, an old man, was dragged about and brutally treated, and so was his wife. The preachers were seized and carried from village to village as in triumph. Mr. Aldridge was thrown into a fish-pond, two of the mob accidentally falling in with him. They endeavonred to drown him if he would not "recant." He bore their insults meekly for a time, until he saw that his life was in danger, when he thrust his persecutors away, and made his escape. Joseph Donisthorpe was seized by the hair, dragged to a gate, his neck violently bent over it, and immediate death threatened. Mr. Taylor was very roughly handled, but amid it all he could sing :—

"For me my Saviour thus was led,
For me a gazing-stock was made;
All praise be to his holy name,
Who counts me worthy of his shame."

The magistrates and gentry rather encouraged, than otherwise, these proceedings, and the former actually committed the persecuted followers of Christ for trial at the quarter sessions.

The mob carried their riotous and rigorous proceedings to such an extent that not a few believers who had had no thoughts of separating from the Established Church became at once Nonconformists. At one place a bonfire was lighted, and the maddened mob danced around the fire, shouting, with blasphemous exultation, "We will burn the Holy Ghost with the Methodists."

The people were mainly poor, and what is now called "boycotting" was practised on those who attended the preaching. No work, no help was there for them and their families. The Normanton blacksmith's

was a case in point. The farmers and tradespeople took such offence at his frequent religious conversation and preaching, that they were determined, "since," as they said, "he had made such a fool of himself," to compel him to desist. They went in a body, and advised him to leave off exposing himself to serious consequences and disturbing the village. Finding him proof against their arguments, they threatened to take away their work from his shop. This struck home. Joseph had seven small children, and was expecting the eighth shortly. But he was firm, and answered them sensibly, like the man that he was.

"Gentlemen," said he, "are you pleased with my work?"

"Yes; we find no fault with that."

"Are my charges reasonable?"

"Yes; we are satisfied in these respects. Our complaints are of a different nature."

The reply of this faithful servant of God, dependent as he was on his work for bread, is worthy to be remembered and imitated. He was made of good stuff. His heart could bleed over sinners; but he would not yield what was God's, even for his children's bread.

"Gentlemen," said he, "these are the duties which I owe to you. What concerns God and my own conscience you have no concern with. God forbid that I should obey you rather than him! The cause is his; and if, for the sake of his cause, you deprive me of the means of obtaining a livlihood, I have no doubt he will support both me and it!"

Seeing him thus determined, they discharged their bills, and took their work away unfinished, leaving him without any visible means of livelihood.

At first he thought of travelling the country to do jobs. This commended itself to him, as he thought it would afford him opportunities for making known the gospel. The persecuting bigots held to their decision, and Joseph Donisthorpe held to his, and God took care of him and his family. Other work came in, and God did not allow his promise to fail.

Mr. Donisthorpe and his co-workers continued these operations and meetings some years before they became Baptists. At length they saw infant baptism to be unscriptural, and the next step took them to the apostolic doctrine of believers' baptism. There was then a difficulty as to obeying the practice enjoined, since none of the ministers had been baptized on a profession of faith. This was settled in a very proper way, no Baptist minister being available. The ministers were our Normanton blacksmith, Joseph Donisthorpe, and Mr. Kendrick. So Mr. Donisthorpe baptized Mr. Kendrick, and then Mr. Kendrick baptized Mr. Donisthorpe. Thus these apostolic men followed the apostolic precedent.

Our faithful Joseph came to be quite a prominent figure in the Midland district as a leader among the General Baptists. He preached on special occasions; and when the New Association of General Baptists was formed in the interests of evangelical truth, Joseph Donisthorpe was one of the preachers on the second meeting of the association in London, 1771.

In association with Mr. Grimley, he laboured earnestly, and with splendid success, at Loughborough, and the district round about. Here,

in the midst of his usefulness and honours, he was suddenly called to his rest and reward, May, 1774. After praying with his usual fervour, he proceeded to give out a hymn. When he had read the first two lines, his voice faltered, and he sank back in the pulpit. He lay insensible until the next week, when he quietly passed through the gates of mortality into the presence of his Saviour. The hymn which he had announced was a very fitting one, the two lines he had read being—

"The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no fields of battle there!"

Perhaps in no part of Great Britain have the General Baptists won more triumphs than in the Midlands, and in no part were they found to-day in greater numbers, nor more in harmony with the great evangelical truths which the Normanton blacksmith so powerfully preached, and in his life so eminently illustrated.

May our present ministry be animated with the same zeal for souls and for God; the same loyalty to truth, to conscience, and to our one Lord, our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ; and while they may have to meet with opposition, in other forms, of a character more subtle and less pronounced, may they have grace to "hold fast the faithful word," to meet all opposition in the spirit of their Master, and to have respect in all things to him before whom every man shall stand or fall, according as he has been, or has not been, faithful to his sacred trust.

R. SHINDLER.

Unseen Protection.

"A LADY was wakened up one morning by a strange noise of pecking at the window, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backwards and forwards inside the window in a great fright, because outside there was a sparrow pecking at the glass wanting to reach the butterfly. The butterfly did not see the glass, but it saw the sparrow, and evidently expected every moment to be caught. Neither did the sparrow see the glass, though it saw the butterfly, and made sure of catching it. Yet, all the while, the butterfly, because of that thin, invisible sheet of glass, was actually as safe as if it had been miles away from the sparrow." It is when we forget our Protector that our hearts fail us. Elisha's servant was in great fear when he awoke in the morning and saw the city of Dothan encompassed with horses and chariots and a great host; but when his eyes were opened at the prayer of the prophet, his fears vanished, for he beheld the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore."

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near;
A guide, a glory, a defence:
Then, what have you to fear?

James Inglis, in "Waymarks for Pilgrims."

A Rub for the Pew.

"I USED to hear you with a jaundiced eye." Such was the well-meant but comical explanation he gave to his minister, who remarked upon his altered conduct towards him after a prolonged absence. Formerly he had sat uneasily throughout the service, and betrayed his impatience by various artifices, which arrested the attention and disturbed the comfort of others, and completely unnerved the minister. When he abruptly left the neighbourhood, the minister heard of his departure with a grateful feeling of relief, and he could not restrain the utterance of the wish that he might never see him again. Nor do we wonder at this, for the presence of such a man destroyed the preacher's comfort, and lessened the usefulness of his ministry. The shafts of his preaching could never penetrate the armour of this person's prejudice, and so he was thankful when he missed his unsympathetic hearer from his accustomed place. This place, let me remark, had been one of the most prominent in the chapel; for prejudice leads to such utter meanness that it will assert itself in the most offensive manner. The man who poses before a preacher with whom he has no sympathy, when he knows that by so doing he is hindering a servant of Christ in the execution of a solemn duty, forfeits the title of Christian. Yet we have known this conduct pursued with relentless persistency for a considerable period, and seemingly enjoyed as though it were a means of grace. The pleasure it affords, if any, must be of a coarse and brutal character, and the man who courts it degrades himself by the indulgence. It is a sad misfortune to the cause of Christ when such a man, as is often the case, holds a prominent office, or is able to help by his purse or counsel. His example is contagious, and others become disaffected without being able to assign a reason.

To return: our minister was thankful for the candour of the returned prodigal, and, accepting his expression of regret for the pain he had caused, a lifelong friendship was established between them. Having resumed his place at chapel, the friend's demeanour proved that he was, indeed, an altered man. Sunday was welcomed with delight; he was devoutly attentive throughout the service, and the words of the preacher were sweet to his ear. The change, which found its graphic expression in the amusing phrase, "I used to hear you with a jaundiced eye," was wholly in the listener. This was the point of his confession: he owned that he had himself made the ministry unprofitable. His minister had offered him bread, and he had rejected it because, to his jaundiced eye, it looked like a stone. The jaundiced eye discolours and distorts every object at which it looks: it minimizes excellencies, and exaggerates defects.

The jaundiced-eye hearers are to be found, we fear, in almost every congregation; but unlike the friend we have mentioned, they consider it the duty of the minister to retire, for they conclude the fault is in him. Nor do they hesitate to proclaim this; until at length, they influence others to endorse their verdict, and the prejudice extends, in ever-widening circles, over the entire congregation. We do not wonder that the prayer rankles in the heart of the tormented minister, if it does not find expression in his Litany—"From hearers with a jaundiced eye, O

Lord, deliver us!" It is impossible to feel pity for jaundiced eyes, because the malady is self-inflicted. Men foster prejudice till it masters them. They are beyond pity and beneath contempt who wilfully pervert that which is right.

One remarkable feature of the malady is, that its victims are unconscious of the disorder: they mistake jaundice for cultured vision. If

"The knowledge of disease is half its cure,"

ignorance must bar the remedy, and render recovery hopeless.

The following symptoms indicate the presence of the malady:—

1. When a minister is labouring to arouse the conscience, and his sermon is condemned for lack of literary excellence and rhetorical finish.

2. When a minister confines his discourse to an exposition of doctrine, or the application of precept, and it is rejected for not being a philosophical treatise.

3. When the minister is well-nigh breaking his heart with anxiety to bring sinners to Christ, and his sermon is despised because it falls short of the hearers' standard of rhetorical excellence.

4. When the minister endeavours to widen out his Scripture teaching, and he is censured for not giving prominence to the hearers' fads or pet theories in familiar platitudes.

5. When the minister discourses upon man's responsibility, and he is blamed for not always keeping to the fore the doctrine of divine sovereignty, or *vice versâ*.

6. When the minister is solemnly impressed with the awful realities of judgment and the wrath to come, and the hearer dismisses his appeals because they are addressed to his fear, and because the claims of justice are more strongly emphasized than the wooings of love.

When will the men of jaundiced vision remember that to the minister belongs the responsibility of selecting his theme and the method of its treatment? Doctrine and duty, promise and precept must be dealt with in turn and in due proportion, if a full-orbed gospel is to be presented, and the minister is to be "clear of the blood of all men." He must discourse upon the regret and the remorse of penitence; the balm and the blessedness of peace; the solace and the strength of joy; the toils and the triumphs of faith; the duty and the discipline of patience; the compulsion and the comfort of love; the privilege and the power of service; the necessity and the nature of trial, and the earnest and the ecstasy of hope. His business is "to bring forth things new and old," and to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ"; and he must be left to decide the order and the frequency of the topics which lend themselves to discourse. "Who art thou that judgeth another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." It is a solemn thing to interfere with an officer in the execution of his duty, and no one can attempt it and be blameless.

To the occupants of the pew we would say—

"Receive with meekness the engrafted word."

"Above all, put on charity."

"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out."

It is a sorry business to live groaning and complaining because you have doomed yourself to "hear with a jaundiced eye." V. J. C.

Some Adventures of Preachers in the Streets.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN the middle of this century, when the Open-Air Mission was founded, preaching in the streets of towns, and in the open spaces of the country where people were likely to be attracted, seemed to be a strange innovation. In his tract—"Go out Quickly," first issued in 1855, the now veteran traveller, John Macgregor, or Rob Roy, insisted that, "The people are ready to come, and willing to listen;" and, while warning the preachers that they must adopt a simple style, he sought to encourage his battalions by contrasting the old times with the new. He said, "Fifty years ago the scoffers and indifferent were usually a majority in any assembly representing an average of the passengers in a street, or the inhabitants of a narrow court, but now those predominate who are willing to weigh the words of any man who speaks soberly, and who, by his tone and manner, shows that he is really in earnest." If those words were true in 1855, the times have since altered still more in favour of the preachers, and never before were so large a number of open-air services held from one end of the country to the other. In London these services may be said to begin in the centre—on the steps of the Royal Exchange itself—and to extend through the town and into the suburbs.

The chief opportunity for this increasingly popular service is, of course, on the Sabbath; for, as all know who have walked about the town on that day during fine weather, the great bulk of the working people are found in the open air; so ill adapted for recreation, or even for rest, are their straitened rooms. From this standpoint, what a study does the capital present to a shrewd and careful observer! If the weather be warm in the afternoon, the people turn out on the pavement of the courts, and some of them there pass their time in gambling and profanity. But these, some will perhaps say, are only of the lowest kind—thieves, and even worse—they must not be confounded with the working classes proper. Let the asker of the question come and see for himself.

To discover how many workers turn the Sabbath to account we need to be out earlier in the day, or while the bells are ringing for morning service; and we shall then find them at those Sunday morning markets for which London is remarkable. What a congregation is found at the Bird Fair, in Spitalfields! What popular preacher could muster such a throng as is found at the markets in Brick Lane, Leather Lane, the New Cut, or Walworth? It is surprising how large a proportion of the poorer part of the population pass the greater part of their time in the open air. Since the people will not go to the churches or chapels, what is easier, or more reasonable, than for the preacher to carry his message to the people? "I am sure," said the Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1862, "that if you, the open-air preachers, avail yourselves of the opportunities given to you in this metropolis, and if you go to work as you have done, with discretion, judgment, piety, and zeal, you cannot fail in time to see the most blessed results flowing from your exertions."

In the opposition to his work, which he is pretty sure to meet with in a greater or lesser degree from various persons—representative of different classes of unbelievers—the open-air preacher will come in for a share of adventure; and he will soon discover the necessity of being properly equipped for his service. The preacher has to bear in mind, for example, that unbelief is more thoroughly organized than used to be the case in other days; and hence, more systematic attempts are made to interrupt, to perplex the preacher, and to hinder the work. It is hardly safe for one to attempt open-air preaching who cannot, by way of smart repartee, reply to the hackneyed cavils of professed infidels, who go about for the express purpose of prejudicing the crowd against the Bible. A crowd of working people is very susceptible; for it is sure to be made up of acute observers on whom a most excellent impression will be produced if the preacher shows himself able to hold his own, or even to silence the enemy. This has often been done, and can be as often done again by those who have confidence in their message, and who have taken the trouble to notice the stereotyped objections which are continually being offered. Any preacher who can thus hold his own, preserve his temper, and show Christian forbearance, will not fail to make surprising headway; and among his occasional trophies will perhaps be an infidel lecturer himself, who may once have been the preacher's dread. One such, who was lately won for better things at an open-air service at Islington, was a professional Secularist lecturer, who had laboured in the infidel cause on both sides of the Atlantic. This convert was well educated, he had a pretty clear head-knowledge of Scripture. With eyes full of tears he regretted the injury he had done to thousands, and made the resolve to undo what he had done as far as possible by preaching the faith he had once laboured to destroy. To spike the enemy's guns by silencing arguments is good practice; but to take them for actual service in the Christian cause is still better service.

It does not do to shrink from discussion when challenged: an effort must rather be made to make the discussion tell in favour of the truth. A striking example of how this can be done was seen in the City-road some years ago, when a number of professed infidels attended the services for the purpose of asking questions which might perplex the preachers. The discussions in the street took such a turn that a friend hired a hall, in which they might be continued; and in that place the discussions were carried on for six months, the general results being of the most satisfactory kind. Hundreds of working men, who attended, became convinced that there was something more in the Bible than they had been taught to believe, and they saw that the Book could be successfully defended; and thus, for the time being, no more disturbance injured the meetings in the streets.

In point of fact, these captious infidels who get up questions to interrupt the street preacher are, for the most part, totally ignorant of the Book they deride, as the following suggestive adventure in the City-road will show. The scene opens by a man in the crowd calling out that he did not believe in the Scriptures. "What do *you* know about the Bible?" asks an Irishman, tall and shrewd, whose native wit suggested to him a most effective method of testing the calibre

of an objector. "Here!" added he, at the same time taking a sovereign out of his pocket, "I will give you this to repeat a dozen verses from any part of it! You can't? I know: I knew you couldn't!" went on the Irishman, when he found that there was no response. Then he made the terms easier by shouting, "You shall have it for six!" but still the sovereign did not change hands.

Its possessor again lowered the terms: the infidel should have the coin if he would repeat only four verses, nay—"Faith, you shall have it for two!" but still the man could give no satisfaction; so complete was his ignorance of the Bible he decried that he could not repeat a single line. What a butt he became for the jeers of the people!

Clerkenwell Green is a famous place for open-air speakers of various professions, the district is a notorious one on many accounts, and many are the memorable scenes which those who have carried the gospel into that poor quarter have witnessed. Some years ago, on a Sabbath afternoon, in company with a City missionary, we spent some time in exploring the courts—including the celebrated "Little Hell"—and saw many contrasts of life, but did not find the place so hideous as some had portrayed it. In preceding years, however, the associations may have been worse; fighting, profanity, and drunkenness having once been more common in the locality than now. On one occasion, about a quarter of a century ago, a woman acted as second to her own brother in a prize fight, but afterwards she became converted, and engaged in Christian work. At the time we speak of, drunkenness and bad language were dreadful in the extreme; and on a certain Sunday afternoon something occurred in one of the courts where open-air services were held, which some in the neighbourhood may probably still remember. A wretched woman, while in a drunken state, deliberately kneeled down, and asked God to paralyze her; and when the prayer was uttered, the paralysis asked for came, so that the woman was carried to the hospital with one side withered, as it were, and without the power of speech. This was, with good reason, regarded as a judgment of God, and when she became sufficiently sobered down to realize the magnitude of her sinful folly, the stricken woman became very penitent.

The people show many contrasts even in regard to their opinions about themselves, some thinking that they are a very good sort if they have only paid their way, and have done nobody any harm; but others are apt to despair, and to think that they are sinners who are too bad to be saved. "Please don't come, for we are such wicked people!" said an old man and his wife, who had attended an open-air service in Clerkenwell, and who found that the preacher was willing to visit them at home for further conversation. The description which the old people gave of themselves was too true, for at home they had two daughters whose mode of life was the most wretched to which a woman can fall; and so miserable were they that they had resolved to commit suicide when the visit of the preacher was the means of their being turned into a better way.

The cases of transformation of character which are brought about through the instrumentality of street services are some of them sufficiently remarkable to be noted for the encouragement of those who still proclaim the gospel in the open air. Said one woman, who had

been noticed as showing great emotion at a street meeting—"If you will believe me, that very morning before I left home, I put a very fine rabbit into the pan to boil for dinner, but while listening to you I forgot all about it, and when, after the service, I got home, I found it boiled to pieces." Though the rabbit was spoiled, her soul was saved, and she became a thoroughly changed character.

Perhaps better known is the case of a man of ninety, who, through being reduced from riches to extreme poverty, walked out into Lincoln's-inn Fields, on a summer evening in 1860, with the intention of committing suicide. As he went along he was attracted by an open-air service in one part of the great square; and as the preacher happened to take for his text the words of the apostle to the Philippian gaolor—"Do thyself no harm"—it struck home to the old man's soul, and the result was, that instead of dying a suicide, he found a panacea for his trouble—something of more enduring value than the £150,000 which had once been his earthly inheritance. These fallen stars, as they may be called, are among the most interesting of the characters encountered by preachers in the street. "Does not this teach you, sir, that there is predestination?" said one to a preacher at Barnet Fair; "for I have been a clergyman, and can speak Latin or Greek with you if you like; but here I am now a showman!" Cast adrift on the London streets many such may be found—men of education, trained at public schools and universities, who have thrown themselves away.

Respectable persons who frequent respectable places of worship frequently have very poor notions of the true nature of the mission and the work of Jesus. Thus, "a woman who was a sinner" once entered a chapel in distress of soul on account of the sins of an abandoned life; and on seeing who was present, a lady, who had more of the world's respectability than of the spirit of Christ, remarked, "Our chapel is come to something for a harlot to be here!" The woman would not go again after hearing of this remark; but she attended an open-air service, at which the preacher gave forth the gospel from the words, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." There was hope in the woman's heart; for she said, "If he receives sinners, perhaps he will receive *me*." Soon after that, she understood, in their wonderful fulness, the meaning of the words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." While the church professes to rejoice in brands plucked from the burning, how shall we characterize those who, by their unscriptural prudery, would spurn the very souls for whom Christ died?

Ireland seems to be a very inhospitable clime for open-air preaching. Although a Bible-carriage with its speakers may do some service, the enterprise is not always practicable. A report which came from the Emerald Isle a few years ago, says:—

"Open-air work has been carried on but very little for some years in Dublin. The fact is, few have been found willing to risk their lives in any of the thoroughfares or outskirts of the city; and, therefore, some friends for a few years rented a field for the purpose; but even this, I believe, is given up. The last time we attempted open-air preaching was in Phœnix Park, where some twenty, after making it a matter of prayer, went forth simply to testify of Jesus. The first hymn was given

out without any interruption. But a crowd of about 500 collected, aided by two priests, when every kind of filth and dirt was flung at whoever attempted to stand up. They were not satisfied even with this, for when the first verse of the hymn—'There is a fountain filled with blood,' was given out, they began beating our party with sticks. It so happened that one of their own party, by mistake, was felled like an ox at my feet, from a deep wound in his head, and was obliged to be carried immediately to the hospital. By this time there could not have been less than a thousand gathered together; and though a number of policemen were looking on, they would not stir till they saw the blood drawn from this man, and then it was to take in charge those who were the aggrieved party. You may never expect to hear better things of Ireland until the gospel has been preached to every creature in it. Ireland's wounds cannot be cured by a thousand suggested ointments, such as Parliament can give it. It must be done by lifting up him who is the way, the truth, and the life."

Still, even in Romish countries, the truth will assert its power; and it has been proved that the gospel may find its way even to the heart of a Romish priest, through one of his own congregation. Some years ago, the following anecdote appeared in *Evangelical Christendom*:—

"An anxious penitent confessed to a priest that she had been to a Protestant service. He questioned her closely, for his curiosity was greatly excited. She gave him a full account, and acknowledged that a great impression had been made upon her mind. The impression communicated itself to him, and shortly after he requested his own sister to go to the nearest place where Protestants assembled, to listen, as with *his ears*, and under his responsibility, and to bring him full details of everything. Reluctantly she did so, but faithfully reported all. The priest was convinced that there were truths of which he was ignorant, entered into communication with the pastor, appointed a secret place for a prolonged interview, and found peace in the finished work of Jesus then and there. The secluded place in which he labours allows him comparative freedom of action; he preaches Jesus; all his parishioners have the New Testament; the children learn more of Christ than of ceremonies; and confessions are stopped short, and belief in the full satisfaction wrought by the Lord Jesus is substituted for penance."

Being a duty, as well as a privilege, open-air preaching will always bring good returns; for, however much it may look like an innovation, it is a return to the practice of the primitive age, and is, besides, the natural and the most scriptural way of spreading the gospel.

Prayer Echoes from the Ocean.

BY PASTOR R. HERRIES, NORTH SHIELDS.

"Then the mariners . . . cried every man unto his God."

ONE Sunday evening, in the early part of last summer, when about to enter my chapel for the evening service, I saw a group of foreign sailors standing at the chapel-gate trying to read the notice-board, evidently to ascertain the name of the place and the time of service. They looked like Norwegians, and knowing a little Norsk, I went to them, and inquired their nationality. They told me they were part of the crew of a Norwegian barque that had just arrived in the Tyne from Buenos Ayres, and that they were seeking the Baptist chapel. Pointing to the chapel, I said, "This is the place you seek; and if you will follow me I will show you to a seat." With a grateful "mange tak" (many thanks), they entered.

At the close of the service three of them waited behind to speak with me. One was a man about sixty—a typical "old salt." The other two were young men. I asked them why they had sought the Baptist chapel. The old man replied, "I have been a member of the Baptist church in Arendal, in the south of Norway, for fifteen years, and I want you to baptize these two young men: one is my son. If you will come on board our ship, the *Garfield*, to-morrow, about noon, I will tell you the story of their conversion."

Next day, at the time appointed, I went on board, and found my three friends on the look-out for me.

The old man, Lars Christensen, who was the ship carpenter, told me the following story of the power of prayer:—

"When we left Buenos Ayres for the Tyne, the steward and myself were the only God-fearing men on board. In the evening, when our work was done, we met together for prayer. It was laid on our hearts to seek the conversion of those who sailed with us. Night after night, when the others were 'spinning yarns,' we were pleading at the throne of grace for their salvation. One of the crew was a wild young man who, in the earlier part of the voyage, had to be put in irons: for him we made special intercession. God touched his heart. One dark night we found him in a remote part of the ship, on his knees crying to God for mercy. With glad hearts we pointed him to Christ, and that night he found peace.

"Next night the three of us went to prayer, and God was preparing a fourth. The following day my own son said he had given his heart to Christ."

The old man's eyes grew dim, and the tears began to steal down his weather-beaten face as he spoke of his son. With grateful heart and glowing face he went on with his story.

"The two had now become four, and, as the number grew, our faith increased. We were now pulling at the promise with a rope of four strands, and we pulled hard. By the time we entered the Tyne, no less than seven of the crew had sought and found the entrance to the haven of divine peace."

I had heard many a sailor's "yarn," but never was my heart so touched by a story from the sea as by this simple statement of what God had wrought in answer to prayer. With what joy the angels of heaven must have watched the course of that ship, as one after another of "the mariners cried every man unto his God"!

The voyage lasted fifty days, and in that time seven souls were given to these two devoted men. In my heart I wished the voyage had been round the world, that the story might have ended with the conversion of the whole crew.

Two of the converts—one the old man's son—had seen the duty of

Christian baptism, and had resolved that the first Sunday on shore should see them "standing out" for a Baptist chapel, should such be within reach. Hence I found the group at the chapel-gate on the Sunday evening; and great was their joy to find a Baptist church with a pastor who could baptize them, speaking to them in their "own tongue."

The following Sunday I announced from the pulpit that, at the Wednesday evening service I would baptize two Norwegian sailors, and tell the story of their conversion. This brought together a large attendance. A goodly number of the ship's crew came to the service, and we had a soul-stirring time. I sought to improve the occasion by speaking of the power of prayer, and closed my address by relating the story of the voyage as I had it from the lips of the old man. Every heart was moved, for the power of the Lord was present.

At the close of my address I asked my old friend the carpenter to engage in prayer. He began in soft, earnest tones to plead for a blessing on the two young men. Soon his soul grew fervent, and his words came fast. His spirit rose into strength, and when he got fairly "under weigh," he seemed to go right away to the gate of heaven in a chariot of fire. When I heard the man pray, I did not wonder that God had given him many souls. The whole congregation was moved by the spell of his prayer; and though they understood not his language, they felt the kinship of spirit, and sustained the prayer, all through, with many a hearty "amen."

We shall not soon forget the baptism of Kristen Andreas Larsen, and Tönnes Tönnesen.

Kristen Larsen was leaving his ship, and when he sailed the next week for his home in Norway, I gave him a letter to Pastor Oren, of the Baptist church, Arendal.

The *Garfield* lay in the Tyne for several weeks, loading for the port of Rio Janeiro. Before she sailed, I gave Tönnes Tönnesen a letter of introduction to my old friend and fellow-student, Pastor João M. G. Santos.

God bless all praying sailors, and make them such a blessing, and send us to land many such "Prayer Echoes from the Ocean."

Why Creeds are Necessary—Illustrative Case.

LET us suppose—what in times of old might have happened—a presbyter from the banks of the Nile making his appearance in some sequestered hamlet of Palestine or Syria, whither controversies—though they had long been raging elsewhere—had not yet found their way to disturb the faith of the village flock, and where no creeds existed, because none were called for. The stranger comes into intercourse with the native pastor, as primitive in his character and as incorrupt in his doctrine as he is obscure in his lot. They confess to each other that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God, and forthwith embrace as brethren partakers of a common hope, and followers of the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Yet a little while, and the Egyptian brother makes it known that a co-presbyter and familiar of his, Arius by name, had recently favoured the Alexandrian Church with highly rational views of the doctrine of Scripture respecting the person of Christ—that he is the first and greatest of created beings. "Brother, what thinkest thou?" The provincial stands aghast at the question. "What! Jesus the Saviour, whom I have hitherto adored and confided in as my Lord and my God, in the rank of created beings?" These truly are strange and fearful things that are brought to his ears. Alas! not to *his* ears only. The new views of Alexandria spread like a swarm of locusts over the face of the land. Speculation and debate blight the fruits of piety, as hot winds make the vines to languish on the sunny slopes of Lebanon. Does the Palestine presbyter *now* take to his bosom

and to his fellowship every man who calls Jesus Lord? No. Wherefore? Is he turning bigot in his old age? Does his love wax cold? Is he narrowing instead of extending his embrace of the brotherhood? Talks he now of a creed? What! is the good man losing sight of Scripture? Does he lightly esteem the many summaries of doctrine that are expressed in Bible words? Ah, no! He prizes them, if possible, more than ever; and it is because he does so that now, when any one comes to him with a profession of the faith, he is careful to ascertain, by due enquiry, that the stranger not only uses inspired sounds, but that he uses them in their inspired sense. In a word, he frames a confession; not to lord it over other men's faith, but to protect his own. If the confession, that for a time might be oral, be further supposed to have been afterwards reduced to a written form, what then? Does it change the nature of a creed to extend its use?

PRINCIPAL HARPER.

A Confab Aboard.

(FROM "THE CHART AND COMPASS.")

"MY word, Jem, this is a taut craft, or she couldn't weather a gale like this."

It was blowing great guns, and a big sea was running, but the mate had his craft well in hand, and every man was on deck, ready for any emergency. The thought of home and dear ones couldn't be staved off, and so Bill Smith began to express his worst fears. What if the next sea she shipped should swamp her, with not another sail in sight! There was nothing but Davy Jones' locker for all hands; and Bill pictured his wife a widow, and his fatherless children cast upon the world to rough it for themselves.

"Well, Bill," said Jem Brown, "it's best to look on the bright side o' things, and always hope for the best."

"That's very true," replied Bill; "but when everything's got two sides, it's as well to look at both, and take stock o' the worst."

But Jem was not disposed to change his habit, and so he said, "Why, if the worst comes to the worst, the Lord still lives! There's a Voice that can always speak a calm, and it seems to me that with all the risks we run, there must be a special Providence that cares for us poor chaps. The old Book says: 'So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.' We've weathered too many storms to begin to show the white feather now."

"Yes! but what a hungry monster the sea is!" said Bill; "she's never satisfied. When our craft dips into the trough, it's for all the world like getting into the jaws of a big beast. It's nothing short of a miracle that we ever get out again."

"Well," said Jem, "you've hit the nail on the head this time, old fellow; it is a miracle, and I always think of the Miracle-worker. If I had no faith in God, I should be the biggest coward afloat. Ever since I took to the sea I have thought about the text that Spurgeon once preached about—'The sea is his, and he made it;' and it's been a wonderful comfort to me in many a stiff breeze. If God made the sea, he can manage it; and if we trust him, there won't be much room for fear."

"I wish I had your faith," replied Bill; "I should keep a stouter heart, come what may."

"There's no mistake about that, mate," rejoined his friend: "a fellow with faith in God can keep a cool head and a quiet heart. And, as for his wife and bairns, why, the Book tells him that God is a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow, and so he can leave them to his care. While I've got my health I can work for them, and try to put by something for a rainy day; but if the Lord sees fit to call me to himself, I don't fear for all on 'em I leaves behind."

"Yours is a comfortable sort of religion, old fellow, and it's worth trying," said Bill.

"Then try it, mate, and I'll help you all I can. When it's our watch," said Jem, "we'll have a bit o' prayer together; and take my word for it, you'll be a happy man if you trust in God."

Bill was silent for a few minutes, and then Jem resumed: "I gave you a text that Spurgeon preached from to sailors once. What a stunning chap he is! I was reading the report of his Orphanage the other day, and it took the wind out of my sails when I saw he's got 500 fatherless boys and girls there."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Bill.

"I do, though," chimed in Jem, "and a tip-top home it is for 'em. He picks out the poorest that apply, and treats 'em in first-rate style. They're dressed A 1, and no two on 'em are togged out alike."

"Well, he's a brick, mate," said Bill; "and if I makes the shore again, I shall go and hear him preach. There must be something in his religion for him to take in 500 orphan children: I never heard of the infidels doing anything like that."

"No," said Jem, "it ain't in 'em, mate; they boast about people's rights, but they don't do anything for their wrongs. The religion of Jesus Christ teaches us to help those who can't help themselves. Spurgeon spends upwards of ten thousand a year to keep the orphans, and Christian people all over the world send him the money. I don't think the Socialists have got a finger in that pie."

"Well, that's an eye-opener to me," soliloquized Bill: "I never thought about it before."

"Perhaps not, Bill," said his companion; "but you can put it into your pipe and smoke it now. And I'll tell you something else, old fellow. Spurgeon has taken into his Orphanage upwards of forty boys and girls whose fathers followed the sea."

"Well," said Bill, "If anything happens to me, I only hope Spurgeon will take my youngsters into his Orphanage. What a Godsend it would be to the poor wife!"

"You needn't fear," said Jem; "if Spurgeon can't take them all, there are other good men who will do their best for 'em. If we trust in God for ourselves, we ought to trust him for our families. He says, 'Leave thy fatherless children unto me.'"

"That's wonderfully comforting, mate," said Bill; and just then the weather lulled a bit, and the captain ordered a reef to be shaken out, and so their confab ended. C.

Notices of Books.

Ploughing the Rock. Reprinted from Farm Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON. Price one penny. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

IT was suggested to us that the Farm Sermons, if published separately, at a penny each, would have a wider circulation, and would prove very acceptable among farming people. We hope our friends will encourage the publishers in this mode of publication. This one will serve as a test, and if it succeeds others will follow in due course.

"*Theopneustia:*" *the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.* By L. GAUSSEN, D.D. Re-edited and revised by B. W. CARR. With Prefatory Note by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings.

WE have now issued a new edition of this grand work. Every Christian should read it, and scatter it. It is one of *the* books for the period. Next month we will say more about the author and the book itself. The price is 3s. 6d.

Thirty Thousand Thoughts. Vol. VI. Old and New Testament Characters. Nisbet and Co.

THIS last portion of a huge enterprise, not only contains the indices of the preceding volumes, but it will be very useful by itself. We should not wonder if it commands a sale as a distinct book upon a wide and fruitful subject. Certainly it is the most complete collection of remarks in the English language upon male Scripture characters. Why all female characters are left out, we know not. The women of the Bible ought not to be overlooked: the wives of the three editors ought to lecture them for this omission. The price is sixteen shillings, but it is a large book, and has cost a world of labour in its production. The extracts are not all such as we should have pitched upon, but still they are worth any man's reading. The whole work falls short of what we looked for; but yet no one can afford to sneeze at thirty thousand thoughts. If he should only value one in ten of them, he will have enough for some time to come.

The Down-Grade Controversy. Four Sermons preached by the Rev. GEORE SAMUEL in Christ Church, Six Ways, Aston, Birmingham. J. L. Allday, Edmund Street.

THESE sermons are as able as they are sound and scriptural. It would greatly gratify us if our friends who love the old gospel would widely disseminate this brave testimony for the truth. Mr. Samuel deserves great honour; for so bold a witness must have cost him much obloquy.

Rays of Messiah's Glory; or, Christ in the Old Testament. By DAVID BARON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book, by a Jewish author, should have great weight with devout Jews, for it argues the Messiahship of our Lord with clear Scriptural proofs, and supports its reasoning by names of great authority in the Hebrew schools. The work is none the less refreshing to the spiritual Christian because of its adaptation to the Israelite. We read the work at its first appearance with great pleasure and profit, and we are, therefore, right glad to see it in a second edition. The spirit of the writing is sacredly sweet: the learning of the Rabbis is made subservient to the wisdom of Christ.

Christians and Christians. By the Rev. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A., Principal of the Church Army Training Home. Marshall Brothers.

THIS is a live coal. The Church Army has a future before it if its men answer to the training which this book proposes. All sorts of professors, Christians and Christians, would be all the better for having such lessons drilled into them. Capital! Capital!

The Life of George M. Murphy, Member of the London School Board. By ANNIE TAYLOR. Elliot Stock.

GEORGE M. MURPHY is a well known name among the multitudes of South London. He worked for their good with heart and soul. He was great as a Missionary to Surrey Chapel, and followed his calling to its utmost verge. Nor was he content till he had gone far beyond the ordinary work of his office. At length he undertook the pastorate of the church which meets in the chapel in the Borough Road, formerly occupied by the renowned Mr. James Wells. As a minister he was still the missionary, the temperance advocate, the pleader for all reforms. On the School Board he was intensely active, and was seldom unheard. His great weekly meetings at the Lambeth Baths were wonderful convocations of men, who would, many of them, have been in the public-house had they not been gathered to his readings. His line of things was not ours, but we have no doubt that he was exceedingly useful in the direction in which he spent his strength. It was a sorrowful day for us all when he departed, for everybody felt that he had lost a friend. Friends who knew Mr. Murphy will prize this memorial of a very useful life.

Notes on the Books of the Bible. By Dr. W. P. MACKAY, M.A., of Hull. Hodder and Stoughton.

VERY excellent and instructive for beginners in the study of Scripture. Could be used in a Bible-class with much advantage.

Sermons and Addresses: Chiefly Official. By ROBERT NEWTON YOUNG, D.D., President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, 1886. T. Woolmer.

OF course, we read these sermons as sermons preached by a Methodist to Methodists; but even on such lines we find very little from which we personally dissent. On the other hand, we say enthusiastically that some of these sermons are absolutely after our own heart. They are grand testimonies to the one unchanging gospel, and to the permanency of the method of God's working by "the foolishness of preaching." The sermon upon "The Unchangeableness of Jesus Christ" brought the tears into our eyes: it is so judicious, and yet so strong, so wise, and yet so believing. While Methodism has men in it like Dr. Young, we wish it God speed in its support of those glorious essentials in which there are neither Arminians nor Calvinists, Methodists nor Baptists, but Christ is all and in all. Certain wild talkers would be all the better workers if they would consider the teachings of their brother of the same denomination, who finds ample room for faith and fervour without rushing into novel methods and subordinating the ministry of the gospel to theories of political and moral reform. Dr. Young never sinks the preacher of the gospel in the sensational demagogue. We are to be witnesses for Christ, and teachers of his immutable truth, and we feel a hearty brotherhood with all who in every church abide "steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." In all important matters divines of the order of Dr. Young are on the lines of the good old way, and are the distinct antagonists of the "Down-Grade," which leads to the destruction of souls and the undermining of the gospel of Christ.

Boston Monday Lectures. Vital Orthodoxy. By the Rev. JOSEPH COOK. R. D. Dickinson.

THERE is always something striking in Mr. Cook's lectures, and they are heartily on the right side. He says capital things, but we cannot always say that he puts them well together. His materials are sound, but his architecture is defective. Moreover, his is the wisdom of men consecrated to the highest ends; but even then it is not to us the best weapon for conviction. We are always hoping that minds of a certain class will be affected, but we greatly question if they are. It is a delight to find so able and sincere a man on the right side; but yet we are dubious. We have Paul's fear lest any faith thus created should stand in the wisdom of man.

A little more unction, more appeal to authority from the throne and less to thought and reasoning, would seem to us more congruous with the good work which the lecturer most earnestly attempts. Mr. Cook's work is unique, and so far we value it greatly; but let it not set the fashion, or we shall get on wrong lines of working, and may fail as ignominiously as if we discarded the truth itself. This we say with great admiration for the excellent lecturer and his lofty motives. The only sword for this war is the sword of the Spirit; all the rest are wooden weapons.

The People of the Pilgrimage: an Expository Study of the "Pilgrim's Progress" as a Book of Character. First Series. True Pilgrims. By Rev. J. A. KERR BAIN, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THAT great original, John Bunyan, not only preached sermons, but he made texts from which other people have preached times beyond count. Mr. Kerr Bain has found in the "People of the Pilgrimage" a first-rate subject, and he has worked it out in a masterly manner. For this design there were needed an observing eye, and that insight into character which far surpasses the eye, together with a deep personal experience, and sound sense: all these have evidently met in Mr. Bain, and hence Bain on Bunyan is as much a book to buy as Caryl on Job. This book would cut up into a dozen lectures very well; and for this purpose, as well as for their private reading, we recommend it to ministers. It is so soundly gracious that, though it is not excessively brilliant, many will rejoice in its light.

God without Religion: Deism and Sir James Stephen. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. Bemrose and Sons.

A MENTAL constitution, a moral education, a spiritual perception, and we may add, a varied experience of sympathetic contact with other races and other creeds than his own, have all combined to qualify the author for the task of surveying the scepticism of the age, and exposing its fallacies. His series is now complete. Three schools of thought contend for recognition, championed in our own country by three living professors, arrayed in borrowed plumes.

Positivism: by Mr. Frederic Harrison,
Agnosticism: by Mr. Herbert Spencer,
Deism: by Sir James Stephen.

We introduced the first of the Rev. William Arthur's essays under the title of "Religion without God," to the notice of our subscribers in the volume for 1885, p. 552. In all three Mr. Arthur concerns himself less to defend the faith of the gospel of God than to expose the weakness of its adversaries, and the sophistry of their reasoning. With the last only of these essays we are concerned at present. The social position of "an accomplished English judge" throws a kind of halo round Sir James Stephen's opinions, which may dazzle the giddy multitude whose studies of divinity are concurrent with the news of the day. For them we fear the momentous destinies of eternity are of less real interest than "an event" for to-morrow fore-shadowed in "the sporting column." Sir James Stephen's theory sounds rather strange to us, but as we have never read his own summing-up, it would be clearly extra-judicial for us to criticize it. In so brief a notice, however, as we can afford, it is not easy to do justice to Mr. Arthur's fervid eloquence, or to the felicity of his historical translations. His closing pages rise, unintentionally no doubt, to the dignity of a peroration. Who that knows can fail to appreciate his clever reference to "*the Clapham Saints*"? Fine subject for a picture! Mr. Ruskin himself might revel in a view of the days that were just a little before our own birth. Think of Zachary Macaulay, Claudius Buchanan and a few more of kindred spirit, attending the funeral of Henry Thornton! Threescore years and ten have passed since then. We sigh for more of the like of those noble believers. Blessed be God, the race of saints is not extinct, but we are always sorry when it is not continued in the same families.

Notes on some Prophecies; indicating the probable relation between England and Egypt in the last days. By the author of "Notes on Daniel vii." James Nisbet and Co.

RATHER a bulky pile of Notes, thought we, as we saw before us a portly volume of five hundred and fifty pages, including seven pages of index. "No one," says the author in his preface, "can be more sensible of the crudeness, faulty construction, and desultory character of this work than himself." Our author's judgment we will not dispute. His crotchet—the Anglo-Israelite theory—which crops up constantly, is best explained in his own words:—"Our premisses may be disputed, our conclusions may be erroneous, but however feeble our argument may be, we firmly believe that in days yet to come the identity of Ephraim and England will be completely established." Little things take large hold of his imagination. Here is a coincidence which seems to him as conclusive as a mathematical demonstration—"Whoever we are, and whatever we are, it is at least a remarkable fact that the initial letters of Ireland, England, Wales, and Scotland form the word Jews." Elsewhere positive evidence from the pens of pious people is brought forward to prove that the "pure language" which the prophet Zephaniah predicts, chapter iii. v. 9, is Anglo-Saxon; or, in other words, vernacular English. Credat Judæus! But after all, these "notes" are a fine "omnium gatherum," a collection of tit-bits and random readings that may by turns amuse and edify the reader's leisure hour.

"*Behold the Man!*" *Being the Six-fold Trial of Jesus Christ.* With other Poems and Hymns. Nisbet.

ADMIRABLE sentiments, but we do not detect the poetry.

The Presbyterian Church: its World-wide History and Extent. By J. MOIR PORTEOUS, D.D. Nisbet.

THIS work is a mine of information upon all that concerns the Presbyterian churches. Moreover, it gives brief summaries of other communities, and goes far in the production of a survey of Christendom. Dr. Porteous is an out-and-out Protestant, and a true blue Presbyterian. The work before us is a third edition of an essay which gained a prize. It is altered down to date, and it is remarkably cheap at half-a-crown.

The Theology and Theologians of Scotland, chiefly of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By JAMES WALKER. T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a second edition of a work which we welcomed in hearty tones not long ago. Scotland is just now a favourite subject with book makers. Full many a lesson Scotland's story teaches to the recreant professors who are turning once again to those evil ways which plagued the church in former days. O Lord, keep Scotland firm for thy cause and covenant!

Religious Life in Scotland: from the Reformation to the Present Day. By PROFESSOR LINDSAY, D.D.; Rev. C. G. M'CREE; Rev. Dr. BLAIR; Rev. Dr. LANDELS; Rev. NORMAN L. WALKER. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is an exceedingly instructive book. It is well written throughout by its five authors, but we are inclined to think that no portion of it is better done than that which has fallen to the share of Dr. Landels. He writes like a man who is quite at home with his subject, and with all the impartiality of the historian who belongs to no party, but simply records facts. The last portion of the history is by Mr. Norman L. Walker, who touches upon "Mr. Spurgeon's Concern." We hardly think that it is fair to look at the Down-Grade papers as a prophecy of what is to be; for our earnest hope is that, by timely warning, the churches may escape the present tendency to go down hill, and may return with great earnestness to their old faith. All along, from beginning to end, this volume is a fine piece of church history, and its items are furnished by men who are specialists upon their allotted subjects.

The Covenant of Peace. By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

ALL well and good so far as it goes. But there are suspicious indications in these discourses of a screw loose somewhere. The signs are not conspicuous, but they are clear to a careful reader. We feel sure that men of the Broad School would read these sermons with admiration, and that, at the same time, orthodox believers would be pleased with them. This is not as it should be. There is a haze about the author's expressions: they may mean that which is right, and they may not. We cannot afford to let such things pass unchallenged. Certain of the remarks are well enough, but they are such as have been used to undermine the truth, and we fear they will still tell in that direction. Yet the volume contains much precious truth put in a forcible manner; and if it were more clear on test questions, we should have felt pleasure in commending it. As it is we do nothing of the kind.

The Gospel of St. John: an Exposition, Exegetical and Homiletical, for the use of Clergymen, Students, and Teachers. By Rev. THOMAS WHITELAW, M.A., D.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.

DR. WHITELAW is the author of the exposition of Genesis in the Pulpit Commentary, and that volume we consider the best of the entire series. We receive this exposition of John with high hope and large confidence. Ministers will find in it great help, both in explaining the portion of Scripture, and in making sermons. John's Gospel has already been the subject of many a learned comment, but there is plenty of room for the present richly suggestive work. Brevity has been consulted, and we see no trace of word-spinning. Reference to Continental writers are sufficient; indeed, as we judge, rather more than sufficient. Learned criticisms on the text are not obtrusively forced upon the reader, but supplied according to need. Altogether a fine book.

Arrows of Truth. By the late MARCUS WRIGHT, Esq. G. Norman and Son, Hart Street, Covent Garden.

THESE papers are published as a memento of a Christian gentleman who departed this life six years ago. Prefixed to them is a brief memoir. Mr. Wright was born in 1812, and he died in 1882. (Our days are as a hand-breadth, they are easily spanned.) Of those seventy years, forty-nine were passed in such self-gratification as any one in easy circumstances, gifted with physical strength, graced with a liberal education, favoured with opportunities of foreign travel, and addicted withal to daring field sports, might easily imagine to be the summit of earthly happiness. The remnant of his three score years and ten, he spent as a converted man, a Christian truly consecrated to the Master's service—teaching in the Bible-class, exhorting the unsaved, and corresponding with people in all ranks of life at home and abroad. The Holy Scriptures were his constant study. After his decease the manuscripts here published were found in his chamber. They tell of truths that had been precious to his own soul, and set before us glimpses of the gospel which he thought likely to attract the thoughtless. To our idea, such a book is more than a memoir; it is a model. Here we have an outline of a modest department of ministry, such as many a believer might repeat in his own life, with great profit to himself and others.

Lord Lawrence. By WILLIAM ST. CLAIR. London: Hamilton Adams.

THIS neatly got up six shilling volume gives us a very vivid picture of a very able administrator. The author is familiar with life in India, and describes it with fidelity and freshness. He knows well how to instruct and stimulate his readers.

Three Friends of God: Records from the Lives of John Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, Henry Suso. By FRANCES BEVAN. Nisbet and Co.

A FASCINATING volume. The "Friends of God," who before the Reformation walked in the power of the gospel, which they yet but darkly knew, are a group of men about whom gathers much of deep interest. They are veiled in mystery, and so were some of their teachings, but they are evidently our true brethren. This book treats of *Nicholas of Basle*, who is supposed to have been the mysterious personage by whom Tauler received the blessed light. Two others, equally shrouded in gloom, are here introduced to us. Much that is gracious in the writings of the period is woven into the history, and altogether a highly instructive book is made out of the little that is known. We have perused the work with great pleasure; not always quite seeing where some of its statements might lead, but admiring the caution of the writer, who seems as anxiously to handle the theme as we could have desired him to do. Regarding it as a contribution towards lighting up a dark page of saintly history, we value the work very highly.

Princetoniana. Charles and A. A. Hodge, with Class and Table-talk of Hodge the Younger. By a Scottish Princetonian (Rev. C. A. SALMOND, M.A.). Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE have had, of later years, no abler theologians than the Hodges, and we fear it will be many a day before we see their like. Mr. Salmond, in these memories and fragments, has given us a great treat. We value every morsel about the Princeton worthies; may their influence long endure. Even apart from his theological excellence, the sayings of the younger Hodge are full of Scripture and salt, weight and wit. The modern school think us fools, but certainly we were taught by wise men; and the proverb does not assert that walking with wise men produces folly. Finer minds than those of the Princeton tutors have seldom dwelt among the sons of men. We count it a precious memory that we once spent a day with the younger Hodge. No better text-book of theology for college and private use is now extant than the old edition of "Hodge's Outlines." Oh, for more Princeton theology, for it is the teaching of the Word of God.

Grace Abounding. By JOHN BUNYAN. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

THIS is a very neat edition of a truly wonderful book. It would be a sad misuse of this graphic description of a painful inward experience if readers condemned themselves for not feeling the like, or tried to create an imitation of it; but like the law, if a man will use it lawfully, it is good. Bunyan endured years of Satanic temptation and morbid introspection. Had he looked to Jesus only, instead of to texts laid home to his heart, and impressions made upon his imagination, he might have found speedier rest. His tossings to and fro were multitudinous, and his battlings with despair were marvellously varied. To us the record is more charming than any romance.

We have often read the book before, but the handy form and clear type led us to read it again, very much to our spiritual profit. Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" is a classic of experimental divinity, and at the same time a curiosity in metaphysics, and a record of rare spiritual struggles. Worth as many novels as would reach from the earth to the moon.

Summer Sermons. By JAMES MORRIS WHISTON, Ph. D. Hudson and Son, Edmund Street, Birmingham; and James Clarke and Son, Fleet Street.

THESE are called Summer Sermons because they were delivered in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, during the visit last summer of Dr. Dale to Australia. The title has no other signification. If to some they might seem to have the warmth and beauty of summer, to those who remember the ministry of John Angell James in the same place they must have resembled more the cold and barrenness of winter. The gospel method of salvation is openly disavowed. It is styled, by way of reproach, "The scapegoat theory," and "The life-boat theory." The theological Christ of former years is said to be happily changed for the moral and practical Christ of modern times. The theological Christ is a "theory in which the liabilities of law to all who consent to the arrangement are lifted from them, and put upon a divine substitute, who answers the law for them, instead of helping them, as their partner, to answer the law themselves." To receive the moral and practical Christ is to have "the Christian spirit which consecrates life, not to getting, but to giving, good to the world; and this spirit men may unconsciously derive from Christ, although entirely ignorant of him." Paul's figure of the potter and the clay, in vindication of divine sovereignty, is, we are told, hardly satisfactory. It was good enough then, but not now.

Much moral instruction and original illustration may be gathered from these sermons; but that in other respects they should have been so far appreciated in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, as to lead to their publication, is a melancholy proof of the departure of the Congregational ministry, even in high places, from its former purity, and unction, and power.

Protestant Missions in Pagan Lands; a Manual of Missionary Facts and Principles. By Rev. EDWARD STORROW. Snow and Co.

AN extremely useful digest of missionary operations. It should find a place in all missionary libraries. The cost is three shillings and sixpence.

Children's Hosannas: a Choice and Original Collection of Anniversary Music. Compiled by JOHN BURNHAM. 6d. Cloth limp 9d. Nicholson, Warwick Square.

THIS is the third part of the "Children's Hosannas," issued by Mr. Burnham, and it is not a whit behind the other two in freshness and brightness. The three parts can be had in one volume for 1s. 6d. You have here the best of music for Sunday-school Anniversary Services.

The Philosophy of Religion. By HERMAN LOTKE. Dickenson.

THIS volume consists practically of notes of lectures; and, while the lectures, as a whole, are able, striking, and even powerful, the one on dogmas and confessions must be utterly condemned. It is difficult to understand how a man of Lotke's talent and fairness so failed to grasp the fact and the significance of the atonement.

Great Thoughts from Master Minds. Illustrated. Vol. VIII. A. W. Hall, 132, Fleet Street.

THIS is a work of a high class in a literary point of view. We cannot say that we believe in all the thoughts selected, nor do we always agree that they are great; but still, upon the whole, the collection is a worthy one, and includes much that is really choice. We wonder that it has been kept up to so high a standard so long, and still more that it has commanded a remunerative sale. This last fact is remarkable, because it proves that there are more persons than there used to be who can enjoy first-rate literature. We do not marvel that *Tit Bits*, and *Rare Bits*, and such like sell largely, for they suit the popular taste; but for more sober matter to command purchasers when sold in pennyworths, is a mark of the rising tide of education. It would have been impossible some years ago to have purchased such a volume as this at double the price charged, which is only 4s. 6d.

Tenants of an Old Farm: Leaves from the Note-book of a Naturalist. By HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D With an Introduction by Sir John Lubbock. Illustrated from Nature. Hodder and Stoughton.

FINE bits of natural history, very prettily illustrated. Like Sir John Lubbock, we do not care for the tale which is used as a setting for facts which are quite interesting enough of themselves. Dr. McCook is an accurate observer, and he is evidently upon the most friendly terms with spiders and crickets and all their family circle. He writes as an enthusiast, and yet he is a faithful narrator, and he has produced a work which must be both popular and useful. His publishers and draughtsmen have ably seconded his endeavours to provide an attractive volume for youthful readers.

Manners Makyth Man. By the author of "How to be Happy though Married." T. Fisher Unwin. Price 3s. 6d.

WE have already praised this sensible and merry book. This is a popular edition at a lower price. Just what we expected.

Saul of Tarsus, and other Poems. By ISAAC SHARP. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. Price 2s. 6d.

VERSES of a Brighton poet, as we suppose. He sings of the Downs as only he could who is familiar with them, and knows the benediction of their sky. Those who love the southern hills will exult with him as he sings:—

"How do ye stretch with glorious sweep,
In mighty curve and clear outline,
With gradual slope and sudden sweep
In undulation far and fine!
The sweetest airs of land and sea
Ever around and o'er you play,
Making you sweet and fresh as they,
With their immortal purity."

Rightly does Mr. Sharp confess that poetry, the fairest domain of literature, should be jealously guarded against intrusion. We doubt not that there are men at arms who will challenge his right of entrance into the mystic circle of anointed minstrelsy, but the sentry who bears *The Sword and Trowel* hereby allows him free passage as a good man and true.

Mr. Nelson sends us a capital book on *Earthquakes in Ancient and Modern Times*, by MUNGO PONTON. It is an interesting compilation. *Driven into Exile.* A story of the Huguenots, by A. L. O. E., is first-rate. As gracious as it is thrilling. How wonderfully that Aloe continues to flower, and the fragrance of those flowers how sweet and health-giving! May she continue in full bloom for a hundred years. Two stories also come from the same firm, written by Mrs. M. A. PAULL. They are worthy of our good word as stories, and in type and binding they are faultless. One is called *Whatsoever*, and the other is *Rhoda's Reform; or, Owe no Man Anything.* This last reminds us of what a wise man once said: "We are not commanded to pay our debts, but so to arrange our matters that we never get into debt." A book which teaches people to pay their way is well worth reading. *The Flamingo Feather*, by KIRK MUNROE, would seem to be a rattling boy's book. It is profusely illustrated, and swarms with Indians, and canoes, and all sorts of things dear to the juvenile heart when it goes in for reading, and pines for adventures.

Old English Ballads. A Collection of Favourite Ballads of the Olden Time. With numerous Illustrations. Nelson and Sons.

A FINE edition; good for the eyes to look upon. Drawings of revels around the maypole are too apt to cherish the notion that the old days of licentiousness were happy ones, and therefore we do not admire them. The ballads themselves are valuable only as relics of great historic interest. Most of them lay bare before the reader ages of cruel strife and of dark oppression on the one hand, and daring defiance of law on the other. Still there is sound sense in them, which is more than can be said of the modern ballads of the music-hall type; and their quaint old English idioms make them sound sweetly in the ear of a lover of our rugged Saxon. Chiefly for this reason we have been tempted to go through this collection, and we doubt not that many a homely phrase will in consequence be found imbedded in our speech and writing.

Esther Reid. By PANSY. *Workers together.* By PANSY. Nelson and Sons. Two shillings each.

CERTAINLY these are works of fiction, but still more, they are descriptions of gracious work in the heart, and holy labour for the souls of men. We feel distinctly benefited by having read them, in order to form a judgment of them. This kind of reading is apt to be professional, and so to yield no benefit; but these are such hallowed books that even a reviewer finds a blessing in them. Pansy seems as if she cannot get on without a Christian doctor; and certainly the power to bless both body and soul is doubly valuable. These stories contain bits of Scriptural exposition, illustration, and application, which are real nuggets. We hope that in reading such books as these many will find the Saviour; they are fiction only in form, in essence they are fact throughout. In form and type these are handsome books.

Phyllis Raymond. By SARAH SELINA HAMER. Andrew Crombie.

WE do not care for such love stories. One would think that young dissenting ministers and curates, and all the women in their congregations, had nothing to do but either to make love to one another, or else gossip about engagements and weddings. Just sentimental nonsense, told in a manner worthy of a more sensible theme.

Margery Merton's Childhood. By ALICE CORKRAN. Blackie and Co.

THE binding of this book is so novel and handsome as to invite attention; but knowing Miss Corkran from her "Snow Stairs" and other books, we hardly need external attractions. Some of the situations in her story show a great knowledge of human nature; others reveal her acquaintance with French peculiarities. A second volume might very well be written to complete the tale; for there are lots of ends of material fraying out. We are taken into Catholic institutions, and introduced to artist life. High ideals of honour are set before us, and well wrought out. What the story lacks is a word concerning that faith in the Lord Jesus without which souls neither rest serenely nor rise to the highest forms of consecrated life. We have an earnest hope that this faith will yet put a depth of music into the melodious writing of this evidently true-hearted authoress.

A Border Shepherdess: a Romance of Eskdale. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

A NARRATIVE most touching and thrilling, worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The honour which even its adversaries must accord to the old Covenanting theology is measured out in unstinted measure; although we do not believe that Calvinists are less tender than other Christians, or less ready to receive returning prodigals. Covenanting theology is stern to sin, but it weeps over the sinner; and if it wields the sword, it is ever for life and liberty, and not for self. This is a very wonderful story, and one which is not soon effaced from the memory. It seems to us rather improbable, but then we have seen so many improbable things in real life that we are not sure that the criticism is worth making.

Harry Milvaine; or, The Wanderings of a Wayward Boy. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. Hodder and Stoughton.

In the Dashing Days of Old; or, The World-Wide Adventures of Willie Grant. Same author. Shaw.

TWO grand books of the class which high-spirited boys specially delight in. Full of stirring adventures, here, there, and everywhere—in the "Land of brown heath," on the ocean wave, in African wild, in Canadian forests; now fighting pirates, anon transfixing a python, or stalking a lion. Dr. Stables amuses with his midshipman's pranks and queer stories, while he compels his young friends to learn many an interesting fact in natural history or physical geography. We give the first place to "Harry Milvaine." Many lads will prefer the other volume, because it has more dash and fight in it; the very reason why we put it in the second place, though, nowadays, princes, peers, and parsons patronize pugilism!

Armour Clad; or, Arthur's Victory. By GERTRUDE P. DYER. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THIS story of one of W. H. Smith and Son's book-stall boys and his companions, has every appearance of being "founded on fact," not excepting the fiction of the "confirmation" of the two boys. It is interestingly written on Christian lines, and merits our good word.

Golden Gates; or, Rex Mortimer's Friend. By M. L. RIDLEY. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THE trials, to which the David-and-Jonathan-like love of these boys exposed them, through the prejudice of social caste, are well told, and made to convey some useful lessons to lads.

Joyce Tregarthen; or, Obedience Better than Sacrifice. By E. CHILLON. Shaw and Co.

A SINGULAR, romantic story, the scene of which is laid in one of the Scilly Isles. The interest centres in a young girl, Joyce Tregarthen, who believes she has attained to a state of sinless perfection, and with intense fervour exhorts her neighbours to seek "the higher life." How Joyce is painfully taught that she has "not attained, neither is already perfect," is effectively described, and gives the author the opportunity of telling "the old, old story."

Barbara: A Story of Cloud and Sunshine. By CLARA VANCE.

Sukie's Boy. By SARAH TYLER. Hodder and Stoughton.

"BARBARA" is a pretty, pathetic, poetic story from the New World, for the elder girls. "Sukie's Boy" is a simple, well-told story of the trials of a family of humble country folk, which will profit the elder lads and lasses of the same class, if they will read it through.

Cross Corners. By ANNIE B. WARNER.

Mistress Matchett's Mistake. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Daphne's Decision; or, Which shall it be? A Story for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL. Nisbet and Co.

"CROSS CORNERS" is an American story of a quaint little maiden, and a very odd youth, who, though poor in this world, is rich in faith, and has a happy faculty of always finding Scripture ready wherewith to comfort his heart and season his sayings. There are, of course, other persons in the story, which is very pleasant reading. It is one of the "Golden Ladder" series. The other books are well written, but call for no special mention.

Miss Con; or, All those Girls. By AGNES GIBERNE. Nisbet.

THE authoress endeavours to give "a few general hints" to girls who desire to climb higher than others the "rungs of literary ladders." Pleasant and profitable reading.

The Story of Little Hal and the Golden Gate. By MAUDE M. BUTLER. Shaw and Co.

THE sayings and doings of a merry little lot of children, and the "decided opinions" of "nurse," the autocrat of the nursery table. Master Hal, surnamed "Rampageous," is the leading character, and little folks will like to read about him, and perhaps try to copy the pretty outline pictures which embellish the book.

The Lord was There (Ez. xxxv. 10). *Incidents from my Journal.* By ANNA SHIPTON. Morgan and Scott.

LEAVES from an invalid's journal, illustrating most remarkably the goodness and wisdom of the Lord. Those who know Mrs. Shipton's spiritual and touching style, and the choice poetry with which she overlays her works as with pure gold, will welcome another of her books, of the same class as those which aforetime have flowed from her consecrated pen.

Notes.

THE Evangelical Alliance has done grand service to the cause of truth by calling together Christians of all denominations to bear united testimonies to the common faith. It was our great privilege, on two memorable occasions, to address vast and enthusiastic audiences upon "the Unchangeable Gospel" and "Experience as the proof of the old faith." Very hearty were the words of sympathy addressed to us in private, and overwhelming were the tokens of approval thundered out in public. Letters from all classes of the community, and from all sections of the Church of Christ, show the deep interest which is felt in the controversy concerning vital doctrines. On all sides there are hisses of the serpent, but in greater volume the voices of the seed of the woman. It is an hour of travail, but the outcome of it all will be the increase and the manifestation of true believers. As to breach of unity, nothing has ever more largely promoted the union of the true than the break with the false.

What is all this noise about? Is there anything worth contending for? Otherwise contention itself is a serious evil, a sin to be answered for before the great Judge. We again declare that our contention is not for a narrow, sectarian form of teaching, nor for a personal peculiarity of persuasion: we contend only for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. This is assailed. Unbelief seems to be in the air. It is to be found, not alone in the ministry, but in the deaconship, and in the membership of the churches: not unbelief upon the outskirt truths, but upon the central teaching of revelation. We only asked that the grosser forms of error should not be tolerated within the bounds of the Christian body to which we belonged. We thought the request a reasonable one, and to obtain it we proposed a form of sound words to be the basis of union. This has raised all this smother. In a few years' time, if the truth should again be to the front, it will scarcely be believed that one of the most pronounced bodies of Evangelical Dissenters hesitated to declare its faith. Even now that body does not like distinctly to refuse, or honestly to yield the demand; and so it balances sentences, discusses everything except the main question, and proffers a base imitation of a declaration in lieu of that which is sought from it. Writing before the Annual Meeting, we write hopelessly. It is more than probable that another attempt will be made to put off the evil day of confessing its faith by raising some point of procedure; or else a strenuous endeavour will be made to get the scanty and objectionable historical statement of the Council carried through as a substitute for that which is requested. It matters little: the truth of God will stand, and those who hold it will in patience possess their souls.

Much talk is poured forth about charity and love. Our marvel has been how certain gentlemen, who have been so fluent thereon, could speak without their consciences rebuking them when they remember their ungenerous action, and personal animosity, towards one whom they speak of as an honoured friend. The harsh language of more outspoken opponents has more music in it than such idle compliments. But we forbear. What is said of us is nothing; but shall truth be sold to keep up a wider fellowship?

The error in the Baptist denomination is ten times more widely spread than we knew of when we wrote the "Down-Grade" papers, and we are bound not to withdraw a syllable, but to emphasize each word with all our might. We did not at the first aim at the Baptist body, for we thought most hopefully of it, but the controversy has revealed what we little dreamt of. The Lord in mercy bring back the many wanderers!

On *Tuesday evening, March* 27, the sixth anniversary of the TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was celebrated. The President, C. H. Spurgeon, took the chair. Addresses were given by Mr. J. H. Raper, Dr. Barnardo, and Pastors H. O. Mackey and J. W. Harrald, and the report was read by the secretary, Mr. A. E. Smithers. During the year, 91 meetings have been held, and 527 pledges taken, and the gospel has been placed prominently before those who have been present. The total expenditure for the year has been about £130, and the balance-sheet showed £14 18s. 9d. in hand. In this work the gospel is made prominent. Never did any company of abstainers more enthusiastically subordinate everything else to the cross of Christ. Hence we hopefully expect to be more numerously joined by our fellow-church-members. We agree with them that no man is saved except by faith in the Lord Jesus; and we hope they agree with us that strong

drink is one of those fascinating sins by which men are kept from thinking upon the gospel, and turning to the Lord Jesus. We desire to break the power of this horrible witchery. Should they not help us? At any rate, we seek the prayers of the Lord's people that efforts for those who are the victims of drunkenness may be owned of God, not only in promoting sobriety and thrift, but in pointing men to the one great Sacrifice for sin. "If by any means we may save some" is the thought which swayed the apostle of the Gentiles, and it embodies the spirit of his Lord.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The Teachers' Annual Soirée was held on *Wednesday, March* 28th, in the College. Nearly eighty were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Harry Hibbert was presented with an illuminated address, and an enlarged portrait of himself, in recognition of his valued services to the school, for the past twelve years, as librarian and manager of the periodical department.

SURREY SQUARE MISSION-HALL.—As reported last month, the annual meeting was recently held, when Mr. E. Bithray presided; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Beccliff, Cave, Elvin, and Salter; and the following statement was made by the hon. Superintendent (Mr. C. A. Pavey):—When the mission removed to the new hall, it was composed of 49 members. During the year 40 have been added, making a total of 89, all members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church.

God has set his seal to the gospel proclaimed by his servants. The first Sunday evening service was taken by Mr. J. W. Harrald, and as a result of his faithful ministry four souls decided for Christ, and two backsliders were reclaimed.

The Sunday-school had so increased that children had been refused admittance, until the new room was built over the vestries, and now we have 100 infants in this room. Altogether there are nearly 300 scholars, and 26 teachers.

Loan Tract and Visiting Society. When we started in the new hall, 800 families were visited every week by 18 visitors. Now 1,600 families are visited every week by 50 visitors (all Christians). 20,000 leaflets have been judiciously distributed during the year.

Benevolent Fund. This is an important part of the work, but it is cramped for want of means. Several cases of real distress have been relieved.

Gospel Temperance Meetings are held every Saturday night, and the attendances have doubled. *The Band of Hope* numbers over 200 children.

A Christian Workers' Bible-class was formed on the first Friday after the opening of the hall. It now numbers 50 members, all anxious to study God's Word, and thus make themselves better able to teach others.

Mothers' Meetings were started last October, and have a membership of 70 women, with a clothing, blanket, coal, and boot club attached.

The Young Christians' Band is a new institution. Its need was felt as a connecting link between the Sunday-school and the church. Already we have seen blessed results among the young.

Open-air Preaching. During the past summer we have held six services a week, with good results *known* to the workers.

Lodging-house Mission. A gospel service is held every Sunday evening, in the kitchen of one of the lodging-houses in the Mint. The poor people join heartily in the singing, and are very attentive to the addresses delivered. During the year our friends have been able to give free teas. Several cases of *rescue* could be mentioned.

Mr. Pavey mentioned that all this work was carried on at a cost of about £150 a year, which was nearly all raised by the members and congregation.

COLLEGE.—Several students have recently accepted pastorates. Mr. A. C Batts has gone to Upwell, Norfolk; Mr. J. W. Davies, who has been for a long time in charge of the work at Burnt Ash Chapel, Lee, has settled there; and Mr. R. J. Peden is going to Foxton, Leicestershire. Mr. H. J. Preece, of Maidenhead, who has supported himself while attending the College classes, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church from which he came; and Mr. E. Last, who has been supplying the place of the invalid pastor at Kelso, N.B., has been elected as his successor, now that Mr. Steel has been "called home."

Mr. J. Briggs is leaving Shoreham, Sussex, and going to Longton, Staffordshire; and Mr. A. H. Smith is removing from Sandhurst, Kent, to Bootle, Liverpool. Mr. C. A. Cook has left Toronto, and gone to Bloomfield, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Mr. J. S. Harrison, who has been invalided for more than a year, is much better, and is coming home from Australia, in the hope of again engaging in evangelistic work in England. Mr. G. H. Harris writes that he has arrived safely at the Falkland Islands, after a pleasant voyage. He believes that he will be able to do good and useful work in those far-away isles of the sea.

We have to go to press with the magazine too early to be able to give a report of the College Conference. That we shall hope to do next month, and at the same time to present our readers with some account of the work of the College.

We have been able to get into this place the announcement that the gifts at the Annual Supper, instead of falling off, reached the splendid, and altogether unprecedented, amount of £3,700. Brethren of all denominations were present to cheer the President by their presence and their liberality. Praise ye the Lord!

EVANGELISTS.—The following resolution was passed by the Baptist Church, Sutton-in-Craven, after the visit of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith*:—

"Resolved—That this church acknowledges with thankfulness the signal blessing bestowed upon the recent mission conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith; and in sending to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon a thank-offering of £12 towards the support of the Evangelists, desires to express to him its deep sense of the indebtedness under which he has laid the churches by this and other self-denying enterprises in connection with his long-continued and earnest ministry; and prays that his valuable life may be long spared, and his great usefulness continued. —JOHN ALDIS, Jun., Pastor."

Our brethren have since conducted missions at Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth; Putney, and Northcote Road Chapel, Wandsworth Common. In each place large numbers have attended, and many have been blessed. After the Conference the Evangelists are to be at Huddersfield.

Pastor W. Fidler writes concerning *Mr. Burnham's* visit to Towcester:—"You will be glad to know that the services have been much appreciated, and have been of service in leading some souls to decide for our blessed Lord. We have had the gospel in a plain and simple way put before the people night after night, and God has set his seal upon it."

This month Mr. Burnham is to be at Shefford, and the Seamen's Mission, Gosport.

Mr. Harmer, assisted by *Mr. Chamberlain*, has again visited Totnes. He was not well part of the time, but the services were not without good results. This month he goes to Drummond Road, Bermondsey, and Acton.

Mr. Mateer has been conducting very successful services at Springburn, Glasgow, and also at Ilfracombe; and *Mr. Carter* has rendered very efficient help to Mr. David Harris, at Watlington.

COLPORTAGE.—The annual meeting will (D.V.) be held on *Monday, May* 14, when the President hopes to preside, and Dr. Thain Davidson will speak.

ORPHANAGE.—From the seventh annual report of the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party we learn that, during the year, 297 garments have been sent to the Orphanage. God bless all the workers and givers!

During the past month Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan boys have made a very successful visit to Jersey. Their engagements for May are as follow:—1, 2, Cambridge; 3, March; 4, Wisbech; 5—7, Lynn; 8, Bishop's Stortford; 17—25, Haslingden, Burnley, Fleetwood, and Blackpool.

Will our friends bear in mind that the annual festival is fixed for *Tuesday, June* 19, the President's birthday? We hope to see a large gathering of helpers from both town and country on that occasion.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 26, ten; 29, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Octavius-street Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour ...	2	17	9
Contribution from Calstock and Metherel, per Pastor A. Pidgeon ...	0	10	0
Miss S. Dawson	1	0	0
Mr. John Moser	10	10	0
Rev. E. A. Carter	1	1	0
Mrs. Haywood	0	10	0
Part collection at Providence Baptist Chapel, Hounslow, per Pastor E. B. Pearson	1	10	0
Mr. H. Hudson	1	1	0
Mr. J. Compton Rickett	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Crisp	1	0	0
Mrs. Dent, for Barton Cliff Church ...	2	0	0
Mr. Edward Pink	2	2	0
Pastor J. W. Davies	2	0	0
Mr. G. R. Wales	1	1	0
Mr. B. Venables	2	2	0
Mr. George Gibbs	1	1	0
From a reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	10	0	0
S. L. R.	1	0	0
Per Pastor Noah Heath:—			
Collected at Fleet Chapel 3 0 0			
Pastor Noah Heath ... 0 10 0			
	3	10	0
Part collection at Carshalton, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	2	2	0
The tenth of my first-earned money ...	1	0	0
Miss K. Protheroe	0	10	0
Mr. P. Charles Rutherford	5	0	0
The widow's mite, Kelso, per Pastor E. Last	0	10	0
Mrs. Atkinson, per Pastor Frank Russell	0	10	0
Pastor H. C. Field...	1	0	0
Mr. John Cameron	1	0	0
Mrs. Spicer	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Whitaker	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	2	2	0
Mrs. Callam	1	1	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mallett	2	0	0
Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0
Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. James W. Wolfe	1	1	0
Mr. John Dyer	5	5	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	5	5	0
Hampton Court Baptist Church, per Pastor A. Hall	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Mr. James Gresham	1	0	0
Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	1	1	0
Baptist Church, Brentwood, per Pastor W. Walker	0	10	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor R. W. Sexton	0	18	1
Mr. W. J. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. P. Holland	1	0	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	1	0
Mr. Hall	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Collingwood	3	3	0
Baptist Church, Faversham, per Pastor C. A. Slack	0	10	0
Mr. A. Norman	2	2	0
Mr. S. R. Pattison	2	2	0
Mr. G. Harris	2	0	0
Mrs. Ryder	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Burt	3	3	0
A sympathizer with Mr. Spurgeon	300	0	0
Mr. R. Cory	200	0	0
A friend	100	0	0
Mr. George Williams	100	0	0
Mr. James S. Budgett	50	0	0
In memory of J. T.	50	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	25	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	25	0	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Harrison Evans	3	3	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	25	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	25	0	0
Rev. J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
Mr. Frederick Howard	5	0	0
Mrs. J.	15	0	0
Mr. Marshall Maze	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas R——	40	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	14	0	0
Mr. G. H. Frean	2	2	0
Easter offering, per Mrs. J.	5	0	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	10	0	0
E. R., Sheffield	10	0	0
The Misses Hadland	3	3	0
Mr. W. M. Grose	10	0	0
Mrs. Ball	3	0	0
Mr. D. M. Drysdale	5	0	0
Mrs. Pepys	5	0	0
Miss Heath	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Miller	2	0	0
Mr. Martin J. Sutton	2	2	0
Rev. T. C. Tatham	1	0	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Keevil	25	0	0
Mr. Edwin Jones	5	0	0
Mr. Alexander Blackwood	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Gould	2	2	0
Mrs. Altham	5	0	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	3	3	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	5	0	0
Mrs. Bennetts	5	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mrs. Verrall	5	0	0
Mrs. Charles Burt	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas Lea, M.P.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Marnham	10	0	0
Mr. J. Crighton	20	0	0
Mr. R. Booth	1	0	0
Communion collection at Commercial Road Chapel, Oxford	1	14	0
Mrs. Walters	0	10	0
Per Pastor W. Carnes:—			
Mr. H. W. Hinton — 0 10 4			
Pastor W. Carnes — 2 1 0			
	2	11	4
Per Pastor H. H. Driver:—			
Mrs. Robb — 0 10 0			
Mr. A. Hoby, L.D.S. — 0 10 0			
Pastor H. H. Driver — 2 0 0			
	3	0	0
King Street Church, Bristol, per Pastor G. D. Evans	5	0	0
The late Mr. William Dunnet	12	17	2
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Mr. E. J. Parker	1	0	0
Mrs. Callam	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Adelphi	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
March 18 — 25 8 9			
,, 25 — 22 4 3			
April 1 — 22 6 0			
,, 8 — 22 14 3			
	92	13	3
	£1,471	0	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Beattie	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Emily Prior	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Lang:—			
Mrs. Pilgrim — 0 10 6			
Mrs. Lander — 0 5 0			
Mrs. A. Beckingsale — 0 5 0			
	1	0	6
Collected by Miss Hardwick (book)	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Hardwick (box)	0	2	8
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
A friend, E. L.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. R. Middleton:—			
Mr. George Middleton, sen. — 0 2 6			
Mr. George Middleton, jun. — 0 5 0			
Mr. Abraham Middleton — 0 2 6			
Mr. Richard Middleton — 0 5 0			
Mr. William Middleton — 0 2 6			
Miss Emily Middleton — 0 1 0			
Mr. James Forrester — 0 1 6			
	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bickford	0	2	6
Miss R. C. Drake	0	5	0
Mr. H. J. Reynolds, thankoffering	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Walker	2	2	0
Mr. R. Bell	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Stamps from York	0	2	6
Mrs. Fisher, per Mrs. Fryer	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Heath (first earnings)	0	5	0
S. Newman	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Davis	5	0	0
Mr. James Martin and family	0	3	0
A tithe	2	0	0
Mr. Jno. Batten	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Hardy	0	1	6
Mr. W. Staples, per Mr. S. J. Dobson	0	10	0
Mr. S. Francis Smith, L.R.C.P.	5	0	0
West Calder Free Church Sabbath-school	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson	2	0	0
Contributions given at services conducted by Mr. David Tait	3	7	3
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Percy Syer	0	3	0
W. and J. E. M.	0	10	0
B. C., Tullamore	1	16	0
A Wellow friend, per Pastor J. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
Mrs. Goff	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wickham	1	0	0
Mr. R. Lewis	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Brasted	0	10	0
Mr. W. Chudley	1	1	0
Halbeath Sabbath-school	0	3	6
Miss Alice Hopkins	0	10	0
A friend and sympathizer	0	15	0
G. N., Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. J. Kipling	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Bown	0	10	0
St. John's (Newport) Men's Bible-class, per Mr. J. Eldridge, jun.	1	10	10
Mr. E. P. Fisher	6	0	0
B. B....	0	2	6
Pastor Frank Russell's Bible-class, Hull	1	13	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
Collected by Master A. C. Johnson ...	1	0	0
Collected by Master Matthew Smith ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Clout	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Davies	1	10	0
Mr. P. Fleming	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Boyd	0	5	3
Collected by Mrs. Boyd	0	5	5
Collected by Mr. W. Lance	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Livett	0	13	6
Collected by Miss Briggs	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Soulsby	0	10	0
Miss Day	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Walters	1	1	6
Collected by Miss Battam	0	19	7
Collected by Mrs. Beecliff	0	18	4
Collected by Mr. H. Lymberry	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Oxley	0	6	0
Collected by Miss F. A. Pickworth ...	1	11	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland ...	0	15	4
Mr. G. F. W. Irving	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Beale	0	8	7
Collected by Mrs. Burton	0	10	6
Mr. Alexander McCay	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts ...	0	17	6
Collected by Mrs. M. E. Usher	0	7	0
Collected by Mr. A. G. Edgerton ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Coppin	1	3	0
Mr. T. A. Flitton	0	15	0
Miss Studd and Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. J. Shilling (an "Old Boy") ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Thompson	0	14	6
Master Sydney Harvey, per H. B. S. ...	0	5	6
Young Women's Bible-class at Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	13	8
P. O., Derby	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. C. E. Ferrall	0	5	0
In memory of dear Bertie	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Alex. B. Miller :—			
Mrs. Colville	1	0	0
Mrs. Galloway	0	10	0
Miss Anderson	0	5	0
Misses Clarke	0	5	0
Miss Russell...	0	5	0
Mrs. Auchemole	0	5	0
Mrs. Thomson	0	5	0
A friend	0	7	6
Mrs. Simpson	0	2	6
Mrs. N. R. Boyd	0	2	6
Mrs. McKinlay	0	2	6
Mrs. Bailey	0	2	6
Mr. Dunwoodie	0	2	6
Miss M. Freebairn	0	2	6
Rev. William McKenzie ...	0	2	6
Mr. Cunningham	0	2	0
Mrs. Freebairn	0	2	0
Miss Freebairn	0	2	0
Miss A. Freebairn	0	2	0
Mrs. Stewart	0	2	0
Miss Hogarth	0	2	0
Miss Campbell	0	2	0
Miss J. Miller	0	2	0
Mr. Allison	0	2	0
Rev. David Scott	0	2	0
Rev. John Lamb	0	2	0
Rev. John Meiklejohn ...	0	2	0
Rev. Allan Cameron ...	0	2	0
Mr. Elmslie	0	2	6
Smaller amounts	0	11	7
			6 0 1
Collected by scholars of the Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Guildford, per Mr. P. Pickett :—			
Infants' box	0	13	0
Girls' box	2	2	1
Boys' box	1	19	1
Mr. Walker's box	0	6	5
Mr. Pickett's box	1	12	3
Odd farthings	0	0	2
			6 13 0
The late Mr. William Dunnet			12 17 2
Crieff Baptist Church			1 0 0
Mr. J. Wilson			0 10 0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd			0 5 0
Mrs. Edgar			0 2 5
Miss Jarman			1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mrs. Haynes	10	0	0
Mr. W. Moore	5	5	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
			15 12 6
Mrs. Holmes			1 0 0
Mr. S. D. Richards			50 0 0
From near Strathpeffer			0 5 0
A friend, Southampton			5 0 0
E. R. B.			0 5 0
Miss M. Murray			2 0 0
P. and P.			0 5 0
A. G. Gibbs			0 10 0
Mrs. Callam...			2 0 0
Postal order from Norwich			0 10 0
T. R.			0 5 0
Postal order from Swaffham			1 0 0
One in bitterness for a firstborn ...			1 0 0
Mrs. Williams			0 10 0
Mrs. Mein			0 3 0
Per Mr. Alexander Sutherland			1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Wicks			0 4 0
M. B., a thankoffering			1 1 0
M. B., instead of fire insurance ...			0 7 0
Collected by Mrs. Fred. Norris ...			2 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. George Gould			2 2 0
Miss C. Dixon			1 0 0
Mrs. Hayne, per Mrs. Booth			1 0 0
Mrs. Booth			1 0 0
S. and N.			10 0 0
Mr. S. Cornborough			0 10 0
Mr. J. Gillison, per Mr. Cornborough...			0 10 0
Mrs. Ash			10 0 0
Mrs. Bowie			0 6 0
A widow's mite			0 4 0
Friends at Wick, per Mr. David Tait...			0 16 0
A country minister...			0 3 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones			10 0 0
Mrs. McKenzie			0 10 0
Postal order from Tain			0 3 6
A Durweston chimer			0 10 0
Mr. George Cooper			5 0 0
A thankoffering from a servant girl ...			0 2 6
Mrs. George Palmer			5 0 0
Mrs. Sims			5 0 0
Mrs. Cooper...			0 5 0
From Budleigh Salterton...			1 0 0
A widow's mite, Dundee			0 5 0
Mrs. Darling, per Miss Christie... ...			10 10 0
Miss E. Clover			0 5 0
Mr. Diver Reed			0 4 0
Mr. James Morrison			1 0 0
Mr. Walter Worth			0 2 6
Miss E. A. Fysh			0 1 0
H. H., Aberdeen			1 0 0
From Sunnyside kitchen			0 10 0
X., Norwich...			0 5 0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Crighton	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones	1	0	0
Two readers of "The Christian World"	15	0	0
H. T....	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred Greenland (part of a weekly family collection)	2	10	0
Richard Bush (an "Old Boy") ...	0	5	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Amy Jackson (orphan girl's collecting card)	0	5	0
H. C.	5	0	0
"From a mother in the far north, who has found Mr. Spurgeon's sermons most precious"	1	0	0
Per Mr. R. Gracey:—			
Collected by Mary Robinson 0 3 1			
Collected by Lillie Gracey 0 5 0			
Collected by Jack Robinson 0 1 3			
Collected by Martha Shaw 0 5 0			
Collected by Lizzie Adeley 0 3 10			
Regent Street Sunday-school, Belfast:—			
Collected by M. Millar ... 0 12 0			
Collected by M. McIvor ... 0 11 0			
Collected by W. Smyth ... 0 1 6			
Collected by E. R. Moore 0 3 3			
Collected by Lizzie Morton 0 3 0			
Collected by Sarah McAlister 0 4 4			
Collected by Mary Guir ... 0 1 7			
	2	14	10
Gold locket, watch, and chain	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Salt...	0	4	6
Stamps, Edinburgh	0	1	6
S. O. Tracts...	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Davis	0	17	6
Mr. Absolom	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Whitaker	2	2	0
Mr. R. G. Madden	0	5	0
Mr. Clarkson	0	5	0
Miss Jones	0	3	0
Mr. Russell	0	5	0
Mr. W. Kelly	0	10	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. J. Hudson 5 0 0			
Mr. Smith 1 0 0			
	6	0	0
Per Pastor F. J. Aust:—			
Mr. G. Allan 3 3 0			
Mr. E. Woolridge 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Fellowes, sen. ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Hodgetts 0 10 0			
Messrs. Holt and Willett... 0 5 0			
Mr. T. Turner 0 5 0			
Mr. Bridgwater 0 2 6			
Mr. Pearson 0 2 6			
Mr. F. Nock... ... ... 0 2 6			
Mr. C. Darby 0 2 6			
Collection and small donations received after address on the S. O., by Pastor F. J. Aust ...1 13 0			
Less expenses ...0 9 0			
1 4 0			
	6	17	0
Mrs. W. Murrell	1	0	0
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Cefn, Ruabon	24	12	0
Bangor	14	5	0
Chester	38	10	0
The Groes 20 13 8			
Lieutenant-Colonel Meredith 1 0 0			
	21	13	8
Rhyl, per Mr. C. J. Walmsley	2	17	0
Ramsden Road Chapel, Balham ...	26	0	0
Devonshire Square	4	0	0
Upper Holloway	10	8	9

	£	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Worrell	1	1	0
In memoriam, Ethel Bertha	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mrs. Collingwood 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson... ... 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts...	0	10	0
Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. H. I. Reynolds	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. J. Reynolds	0	5	0
Mr. W. E. Stace	0	10	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, March 16:			
Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss 0 10 0			
Barrett, Mr. H. 3 6 0			
Bonser, Miss 0 4 6			
Brown, Miss 0 18 6			
Balkwell, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Charles, Miss F. B. ... 0 10 6			
Coleman, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Cunningham, Mrs.... ... 1 12 6			
Dee, Mrs. 0 13 6			
Ewen, Mrs. 4 0 11			
Ferguson, Miss A. 0 10 6			
Fowler, Miss N. 0 11 2			
Fryer, Miss S. 0 15 0			
Hallett, Miss 0 15 0			
Jephs, Miss 2 4 0			
Lawson, Mrs. 0 16 0			
Miller, Mr. C. 1 0 0			
McDonald, Mrs. 0 9 0			
Pellatt, Mrs. 0 12 0			
Scutt, Mrs. 0 8 3			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ... 2 10 0			
Willis, Mrs.... ... ... 1 0 0			
Donations:—			
Baber, Mr. G. R. 0 10 0			
F. H. 0 5 0			
Raybould, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Summers, Mr., per Miss E. Burton 0 10 0			
G. H., per Mr. S. Johnson 8 0 0			
No name 1 1 0			
Tea tickets 2 5 0			
	37	19	4
Collecting Boxes:—			
Abbey, Mrs.... ... ... 0 8 1			
Allan, Miss 2 16 9			
Ackland, Miss S. 0 6 2			
Bigg, Miss L. 0 0 8			
Brain, Miss 0 17 0			
Brooks, Miss 0 6 11			
Burton, Miss J. 0 1 10			
Brice, Miss C. 0 3 10			
Brice, Misses F. and G. ... 0 2 3			
Brice, Master G. 0 0 7			
Benham, Miss 0 7 0			
Burton, Mrs. W. 1 13 9			
Butler, Mrs. 1 12 0			
Buswell, Mrs. 2 0 0			
Boswell, Mrs. 0 6 3			
Beecliff, Mrs. 0 18 4			
Chance, Master H.... ... 0 3 0			
Clode, Mrs. 0 2 3			
Cooke, Miss 0 4 7			
Chance, Master M.... ... 0 3 3			
Caragerard, Miss 0 2 8			
Chapman, Mrs. 0 8 0			
Child, Master D. 0 1 2			
Chard, Mr. T. P. 1 16 6			
Crichton, Miss 0 1 4			
Child, Master S. 0 1 0			
Curtis, Master 0 2 3			

	£	s.	d.
Cox, Miss A.	0	3	10
Charlesworth, Miss F. ...	0	2	0
Cooper, Mr.	6	6	6
Cranch, Master B.	0	1	5
Clay, Mrs.	0	4	0
Conquest, Mrs.	0	9	11
Cox, Mr. J.	0	3	7
Davis, Mr. T.	0	4	9
Dowen, Master	0	5	6
Davies, Master H.	0	8	8
Deacon, The Misses ...	0	12	0
Ellerington, Mrs.	0	3	4
Eldridge, Miss	0	2	4
Everett, Misses A. and E.	0	15	1
Emery, Mrs.	0	4	6
Evans—Mabel, Maggie, and George	0	8	0
Field, Mrs.	0	3	5
Fowler, Miss E.	0	3	6
Fathers, Mrs.	0	4	4
Fuller, Miss E.	0	5	7
Finnis, Miss D.	0	3	5
Gray, Mr.	0	5	6
Garrett, Charlie and Elsie	0	13	7
Gage, Master S. V. L. ...	0	12	4
Hart, Mrs.	0	6	11
Hutchison, Master ...	0	2	11
Hayler, Mrs....	0	3	3
Hillen, Mrs....	0	13	6
Hannam, Master J. ...	0	0	10
Harding, Mrs.	0	5	7
Hurn, Miss E.	0	1	7
Hoyles, Master A. (penny collection at Sunday dinner table)	1	5	0
Hillier, Mrs.	0	7	2
Hawgood, Miss	1	1	1
Jago, Mrs.	0	11	0
Larkman, Miss B.	0	10	4
Ladds, F. W. V.	0	10	0
Langley, Miss E.	0	1	1
Little, Miss	0	10	7
Lockyer, Mrs. (for Mrs. Allison's class)	0	13	5
Lambert, Mrs.	0	10	9
Lynes, Master A.	0	1	7
Lucas, Misses A. and A. ...	0	3	3
Mills, Master F.	0	5	1
Mills, Master F. C. ...	0	3	2
Morris, Miss F.	0	1	4
Mackey, Mrs.	0	8	10
Morris, Mrs. R.	0	1	9
Moser, Master G.	0	0	11
May, Master W.	0	0	4
Matthews, Mr. W. and Miss F.	0	4	0
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	4	3
Miller, Miss M. F.	0	5	1
Merritt, Miss	0	12	9
Moore, Miss E.	0	4	3
Martin, Miss N.	0	2	11
Morgan, Mr.	0	17	10
Marsh, Master A. E. ...	0	16	3
May, Miss	0	7	2
Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. G. McKee	1	7	1
Nutt, Miss A.	0	6	0
Noble, Miss M.	0	4	0
Owen, Master F.	0	1	8
Pitt, Miss	0	11	3
Price, Miss F.	0	2	5
Perrott, Miss L.	0	1	4
Parker, Master F.	0	1	1
Plant, Mr. J.	0	12	10
Price, Miss E. M.	0	7	6
Palmer, Mrs.	0	5	5
Podmore, Mrs.	0	12	3
Pearce, Misses C. and P. ...	0	5	3
Pitt, Mrs.	0	8	1
Paxton, Mr. R. A. J. ...	0	3	0
Rose, Miss B.	0	2	7
Rose, Miss A.	0	2	8
Richardson, Mrs.	0	10	1
Rayner, Mr.	0	4	9
Ransom, Mr. H.	0	2	4
Ruthlendon, Mrs.	0	10	4
Roper, Mrs.	0	4	11
Russell, Mrs.	0	3	8
Rowe, Mr.	0	3	3
Roberts, Miss A.	0	4	3
Soar, Mr. W.	0	7	6
Saunders, Miss	0	2	4
Stacey, Miss...	0	1	2
Smith, Mrs. G.	0	7	1
Selth, Miss	0	11	11
Stevens, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	5	8
Simmonds, Miss	0	0	10
Slatcher, Master	0	3	1
Smith, Mrs. R.	0	9	6
Swain, Mr.	0	6	10
Smee, Miss C.	0	4	2
Smith, Miss G.	0	0	6
Summers, Master S. ...	0	8	7
Starr, Miss (No. 12 House Boys)	0	9	11
Spencer, Mrs.	0	4	11
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	9	3
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	9	9
Taylor, Miss M.	0	6	8
Terry, Miss R.	0	2	6
Taylor, Mr. F. W. J. ...	0	4	0
Thomas, Miss G.	0	8	0
Taylor, Mrs.	0	5	9
Thomas, Mrs.	0	2	9
Tyson, Mrs.	0	10	2
Townsend Street Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Wilton	3	12	10
Voss, Master	0	6	6
Weekes, Miss	0	5	4
Wells, Miss	0	4	0
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	4	0
White, Miss E.	0	1	3
Ward, Miss A.	0	13	9
Watts, Mrs.	0	7	7
Warren, Miss M.	0	10	0
Woodcock, Mr.	1	10	0
Wheeler, Miss E.	0	3	9
Walter, Mrs.	1	1	0
Wilmot, Mrs.	0	18	6
Young, Mr. T. A.	0	3	11
Miss Ivimey's mothers' meeting at Metropolitan Tabernacle	1	1	0
			69 4 6
			£621 9 2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 14th to April 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—1 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. J. Walton; 1 bag Split Peas, Mr. J. Hall; 1 box Raisins, Mr. H. Vincent Moss; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scale Haslam; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 15½ quarterns Bread, Miss Fuchs; 1 Cake, Miss Dawson.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—1 suit, Mr. John Brown; 2 dozen pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Knopp; 16 Flannel Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 1 pair Boots, a Friend at Llandudno.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—12 Pinafores for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Moss; 26 Articles, Friends at Mount Pleasant Farm; 6 Articles, Miss Dawson; 24 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 51 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles, Mrs. Penstone; 10 Articles and 3 pairs Cuffs, Miss Glazebrook and Pupils; 24 Articles, Mrs. J. Harding;

2 Articles and a quantity of Patchwork, Miss Cave; 6 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

GENERAL.—27 articles, Mrs. Voss; 100 copies "The Story of Jesus," Mr. A. Mackeith; 12 Balls, Friends at Mount Pleasant Farm; a set of Cricketing Materials, Mr. Anderson; 12 Illuminated Texts, Mr. Drake; 1 Hair Brush, 6 Writing-cases, Mrs. J. Harding.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	20	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston ...	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Thomas Bantock	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Mr. W. Morton ...	10	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District, per Mr. Thomas White	10	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea ...	10	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	15	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, Newton Abbot District	10	0	0
Worcester Association	30	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, Thurlow	10	0	0
Portsmouth, per Miss Robinson ...	10	0	0
Thornbury District, per Mr. G. Whitfield...	7	10	0
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	15	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
	£227	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Bank of England notes, S.W. postmark...	10	0	0
Mrs. L. W. Pole	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones	5	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
	£26	0	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Pontypridd...	12	14	10
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Ampthill ...	6	13	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Sutton, Yorkshire	12	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Rotherham ..	25	0	0
Sarah P.	0	12	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Chester	7	0	0
The late Mr. Colvin, per Mr. J. E. Colvin	5	0	0
Mrs. Thomas Pearce	0	10	0
Mrs. James Pearce	0	10	0
Mrs. Jefferson	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth	30	0	0
Scotch notes from Collace	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Towcester	2	0	0
	£101	19	10

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Butler	1	1	0
Mr. S. Ashby	1	0	0
Miss Doig	20	0	0
E.	5	0	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	0
A sermon-reader in the neighbourhood of Ashby-de-la-Zouch	1	0	0
From Budleigh Salterton...	0	5	0
Mr. G. W. Rabbeth	1	0	0
Miss Hall	0	15	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
	£31	1	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.

JUNE, 1888.

Presidential Address*

AT THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, APRIL 17, 1888.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT is not possible for us to converse together during such a time of intense excitement without alluding, or at least seeming to allude, to matters which are just now the subjects of severe controversy. It will be thought that things spoken by me this day are aimed at individuals who may not be in my mind at all. I am awkwardly circumstanced, and I might, therefore, speak with great reserve; but such is not my habit: as a rule, I blurt out my thoughts, for I have nothing to conceal. I have no intent to wound any one, but I cannot help it if I do. I do not say this by way of apology, for I am now past all need of apology, and I have become a chartered libertine in the speaking of my mind, since I have found it utterly impossible to please, let me say or do what I will. One becomes somewhat indifferent when dealing with those whom every word offends. I notice that when I have measured my words, and weighed my sentences most carefully, I have then offended most; while some of my stronger utterances have passed unnoticed. Therefore, I am comparatively careless as to how my expressions may be received, and only anxious that they may be in themselves just and true. Certainly my criticisms have cost me more pain than they have inflicted.

* Although this was delivered before the resolution of the Baptist Union, nothing has occurred to require any softening, but much to emphasize it. The evils spoken of were at first denied, but surely none can now question that they exist, abound, and triumph.

At the first I said that he who ventured on the task which was laid upon me would get no honour from it: the prophecy is true, and I am content to have it so.

I have now nothing to gain, and I have nothing to fear. I can never endure worse misrepresentation than has already befallen me. It is not my intention to say anything upon the burning question which distinctly refers to the Union; and if I go beyond that intent it will be the current of the hour which bears me away, and no resolve of my own. I make these remarks by way of introduction, that your minds may be led out of the clamour of the fight into the hush of quiet thought.

I would also add a word of caution to heated minds. Can we not draw a distinction between men and their opinions? An old Scotch wife once quarrelled with her minister. I think the difference arose out of some business transaction; perhaps the poor preacher was slow in his payments, or she had not been up to the mark in the goods supplied to him; but, anyhow, she felt bitterly towards him. Yet she came constantly to hear him preach, and when he asked her how she could abuse him as she did, and yet always attend his ministry, she answered, "Man, my quarrel is with *you*, not with the gospel." Our case is exactly opposite to hers. Our quarrel is not with the men, but with that other gospel, which is not another, with which they trouble us. Away with personalities, but let us earnestly contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. It may not be easy to keep clear the distinction between the men and their opinions; but at any rate let us labour to do so. Let us grind the falsehood to powder, but desire from our inmost souls the good of those deluded by it. I have heard of a stone being broken to atoms on the breast of a man, yet he who wielded the hammer hurt not the man in the least degree. We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with spiritual wickedness. We fight neither with small nor great, save only with the deadly error which seeks to be king in Israel.

I desire so to speak to you, that you may be girded for the battle against all sin and false doctrine, and be prepared to follow your divine Lord in all his sacred warfare. May you go back to your several spheres of service feeling that you have wasted no time in coming up to this Conference, but that you have been inspirited and stimulated by communion with each other and your Lord. God help me so to speak as to give a healthy tone to our fellowship!

I want to speak to the times. We are exhorted to be "abreast of the age": I will look into its breast, and see whether it has there a sound mind, or an evil heart of unbelief. My subject is

THE EVILS OF THE PRESENT TIME.

Nobody can question that there are evils which are constant throughout the ages; and, on the other hand, there are certain intermittent fevers which rage only at intervals. There are evils of all seasons: evils of winter, evils of summer, evils of autumn, evils of this spring-tide. Certain evils abound at this particular period, with which we were not so familiar twenty years ago. We meet now with error, and with sin, in forms which they did not commonly assume in the early years of our ministry. Truth is one and the same in all eras, but falsehood changes

its shape, and comes and goes like the fashions of dress. To evil things also there is a season, and a time for every doctrine which is not from heaven.

I suppose you have met, in your pastoral work, with the great evil of *questioning fundamental truth.* Brethren have always differed on minor points, and it has not been unusual for us to meet each other, and discuss matters of doctrine upon the basis of Holy Scripture. All were agreed that whatever Scripture said should be decisive, and we only wished to ascertain what the Lord had revealed. But another form of discussion has now arisen: men question the Scriptures themselves. A deacon of one of our churches said the other day upon a certain doctrine, "Even if the Bible said so, I would not believe it." This is a new thing in our Israel. To some the teaching of Scripture is not of final authority: their inner consciousness, their culture, or some other unknown quantity is their fixed point, if fixed point they have anywhere. The fount of inspiration is not now within the Book, and with the Holy Spirit, but within the man's own intelligence. We have no longer, "Thus saith the Lord," but "Thus saith modern thought." We used to debate upon particular and general redemption, but now men question whether there is any redemption at all worthy of the name. We used to converse upon which aspect of the atonement should be made most prominent, but in the vicarious sacrifice we all believed. Alas! we have fallen upon days in which substitution is denied, and the doctrine of the putting-away of sin by the blood of our Lord Jesus is spoken of in opprobrious terms. We described justification by faith under various figures in days gone by; but now men are among us who set it quite aside. The other day a certain preacher informed us that even if a sinner should truly repent and believe on his dying bed, he would yet have to suffer for a while in the next world. Thus salvation by faith is made to give place to a sort of purgatory. This is not to differ about the faith, but altogether to renounce it. It is not in our denomination alone or chiefly that these evils exist, but they are everywhere. I know not what our brethren mean when they deny the general prevalence of unbelief. Are they wilfully deaf and blind? Do they live on the dark side of the moon? You must have noticed in the newspapers apologies for Mohammedanism and Buddhism, in which these religions are praised to the disparagement of Christianity: this is a sign of the times. Scribes are taking up their pens to write upon themes which would not have been touched by the secular papers years ago; and they are only touched now because there is an unbelief abroad which creates a market for anti-Christian literature. Those against whom we fight to-day are striking at the life of our religion. They are not cutting off its horns, but tearing out its heart.

When I note the clamour for "progress in theology," and mark the changing nature of modern opinion, I am reminded of the story of a prudent churchwarden who trembled for the spire of the parish church. A vane was to be placed on high, and when he saw it upon the ground it struck him as being far too large to be safely fixed upon the spire. I suppose it was the image of Peter's cock, and when the good man looked upon it, he did not weep, but he trembled. "Surely," he said, "when the north wind blows it will tear down the vane and the steeple too."

He who had to fix the vane endeavoured to cheer him by the fact that when the wind was blowing, the cock would turn round, so that the full force of the gale would not come upon it. That was a comfortable consideration, and it brought a grand idea into the churchwarden's mind. Those four letters, N. E. S. W., were of considerable size, and would offer a serious opposition to the wind: could not these also be made to revolve? Certainly this might mitigate the danger: but of what use would the vane be? Even so, they are trying in certain quarters to make the cardinal points of truth go round with the wind. To this we object. Let the weather-cocks spin round as much as they please, but we must have fixed points of faith. Unless we have infallibility somewhere, faith is impossible. The true faith teaches us facts which cannot be questioned. Where is faith to build if there be no rock, and nothing left us but shifting sand? As for us, we find infallibility in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and our one desire is to have them opened up to our minds by the Holy Spirit. Those who choose to do so may invent a changing gospel; but we believe in "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

We are tried at this time by the way in which *many attack the truth by misrepresenting it, and wickedly distorting it.* They designedly harp upon some one doctrine as though it were all we believed; or, at least, the chief point of our teaching. They know that we hold much more of truth, and that we do not make this one point prominent; but this they willingly forget, that they may make up a case against us. It is easy to paint all a man's features, and yet to caricature him by putting one feature out of proportion to the rest: this is what our opponents do. To give an instance: the doctrine of eternal punishment has been scarcely raised by me in this controversy; but the "modern thought" advocates continue to hold it up on all occasions, all the while turning the wrong side of it outwards. The terror of "the wrath to come" is brought to the front, as if this was our main teaching, and as if its dread forewarning was peculiar to the orthodox doctrine. Can they assure us that there is nothing terrible connected with their own beliefs as to the future of the wicked? If one who holds either of the new views will state his belief clearly, it will be fairly open to much the same criticism as that by which we are castigated. We, at least, do not teach that sinners who die penitent and believing will need to undergo long purgatorial pains before they enter Paradise. Our hope is larger than that hideous dogma. Do any of these gentlemen teach that sin does not entail terrible consequences? If they dare not say as much, why do they turn their spurious humanity in our direction, and grow indignant at *us?* They will claim at other times that upon the point of future judgment the difference is a matter of degree; but it is not ingenuous on their part to forget this fact when they are labouring to make us the objects of the world's obloquy. This, however, does not matter much to us, for we do not flinch from truth because it is terrible; but it shows the style of men who oppose us.

It is the same with other doctrines which we hold: they are constantly being misrepresented, or, at least, misinterpreted. If our opponents would state the case fairly we should not mind it, but this would not serve their purpose. One said the other day, "I hate that

text which says, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'" "Why?" said a friend; "what is the difficulty to your mind?" The reply was, "I cannot see why God should hate Esau." "Nay," said our friend, "I am not at all surprised that God hated Esau, but I am greatly amazed that God loved Jacob." That is indeed a marvel of grace; the other is one of the common-places of justice. Truth thus has its coat turned inside out, and then is dragged up and down the street in scorn. They make a straw man, and carry him about as a guy, hoping afterwards to burn him. Fine sport for children, but great folly in men.

While we do preach "the terror of the Lord," I may say of myself, and of you also, that "we persuade men" in all tenderness. We do not worry them to Christ; but with much gentleness and love we endeavour to draw them with love, and urge them on with tearful anxiety. We are under trembling apprehensions of the wrath to come, and therefore we are in downright earnest. We have no pleasure in their death. Do our enemies dare to think that we have? We grieve to think of their dying in their sins. It is ungenerous to represent us as cruel because we dare to be honest in our interpretation of the threatenings of Scripture.

Yet misunderstanding and misrepresentation form an evil which we have to deal with constantly. I have no doubt that you find it in your churches, weakening your testimony, shaking the unstable, and causing unbelief in many minds. Our gospel is adapted to meet this difficulty. Let us not distrust it; but at the same time, let us not shut our eyes to the fact that this form of evil is rife among us, and must be met in the name of the God of truth.

Another great evil is *the want of decision for the truth among truly good men*, those who are our brethren in the faith of our Lord Jesus, but who do not seem to have made up their minds as to separation from error. Good, easy men! they are all for peace! Sitting on the fence seems to be a popular position among professors just now. After next Monday's Union Meeting several brethren may have made up their minds; but until then, they will sit uneasily upon the fence. I have, with commendable forethought, endeavoured to drive a number of tenter-hooks and other useful nails into the top of that fence, to assist them in retaining their hold, but I fear they are not deeply grateful to me. Theirs is a position which I never was able to occupy myself, and therefore I have no very profound sympathy with them. One or two learned divines are trying their utmost to get down on both sides of the fence; but it is a perilous experiment. Some are trying to get down on the winning side, and others would prefer to keep their judicious position world without end. Neutrals, in the end, have the respect of neither party, and assuredly they are *the difficulty* in every controversy. In the churches there will always be trouble so long as men are afraid to denounce sin and error. A negro preacher in a certain village said that among his flock he carefully abstained from preaching against the sin of stealing chickens, because it seemed so much to damp brotherly fellowship. Many a preacher touches the matter of strong drink very tenderly because certain of his supporters are in "the trade." Is there not a great deal of this suppression of unpalatable truth? Are not many unfaithful as to the sins around them? "They are all things

to all men," but it is not that they may save some. I have heard it whispered that it is that they may save *a sum* to the exchequer of the church. Are not important persons too much consulted? Is not position more valued than piety? Is there enough of downright faithfulness to truth and to Christ at all hazards? Brethren, we want grace to say, "I can be poor; I can be ridiculed; I can be abused; but I cannot be false to my Lord."

I make no personal reference, but I see the spirit of compromise concerning holiness and sin, truth and error, far too prevalent. The spirit of compromise comes not of the Spirit of God, but of the spirit of the world. It is always wisest and best to exhibit clear decision upon fundamental points: we must draw the line distinctly, and then stand to it firmly. Do not alter your course because of winds and currents. Don't try to make things pleasant all round. Do not be like the fellow in one of the American towns, who saw a traveller leaning against a lamp-post, weary and worn with his journey. The traveller enquired of him how far it was to such a place, and was told that it was ten miles. The weary traveller sighed and said, "I shall never hold out. I shall faint on the road." "Ah!" said his sympathizing informant, "I did not know you were quite so far gone, I will knock off three, and make it seven for you." Of course, this operation in words did not alter the fact, nor really reduce the ten to seven. Yet this is the method of some weakly amiable souls; they tone down truth, forgetting that their tone does not affect the fact. This obligation is too severe, and therefore, it is suggested that it may be somewhat relaxed. This doctrine is too stern, make it wear a milder aspect. This manner of pleasing everybody at all cost is the style of the period. If sin and human depravity, and so forth, are strongly spoken of in the old theology, run off to the new, and soften matters. If the punishment of the impenitent too much alarms men, treat it lightly, and spirit it away; who wants to win converts by fear? Yes, yes; "make it seven." But what avail your soft words? The distance is all the same for your lying; and when the deceived one finds it to be so, he will pour no blessings upon your heads. May the Lord save us from the doom of deceivers of souls! May we be watchmen who will be clear of the blood of men! Be decided yourselves, and then, like men who stand firm themselves, you will be able to help others whose feet are slipping.

Another great evil of the times is *the insatiable craving for amusements.* That men should have rest from labour, and that they should enjoy such amusements as refresh both body and mind, nobody wishes to deny. Within suitable bounds, recreation is necessary and profitable; but it never was the business of the Christian church to supply the world with amusements. Did Christ found his church that it might offer to the public tableaux vivants, and living wax-works? A dissenting congregation, to my own knowledge, commenced a series of special services with a social meeting, and the evening was spent in various silly dissipations; and among other things the assembled friends played at "Musical Chairs"! I do not know whether you understand what that childish game means. Think of ministers of the gospel and officers of a church playing at "Musical Chairs"! There is a bill extant which states that next week there is to be a

"Punch and Judy" show in the same place of worship (so-called)! This is to go on side by side with the preaching of thy bleeding sacrifice, O Christ of God! No, brethren, let me correct myself: the preaching of Christ usually ceases when these frivolities come in. These things are so opposed in spirit, that one or the other will have to be dropped; and we know which it will be. What is to be next done in our chapels? To what length of tomfoolery will ministers of the gospel yet go? Amusements beneath the contempt of idiots have been tolerated in our school-rooms. It has not come to that yet with us, personally; but, brethren, we ourselves have to battle hard against it, for the people are all agog for these vanities, and there are so many societies and institutions more or less remotely connected with our churches that it is difficult for us to keep them all from wandering. Brethren, we are not here to play away our time, but to win souls for Jesus and eternal bliss. By the solemnities of death, and judgment, and eternity, I beseech you, keep yourselves clear of the follies, the inanities of the day. Remark with interest how "the wisdom of this world" and the follies of it seem to be boon companions, and turn from them both with equal loathing.

Another of our difficulties lies in *the lack of intense piety in many of the Churches.* Numbers of our brethren and sisters to-day are living, in a high degree, to the glory of God. I thank God that there is now as much of holy activity and hearty consecration as in any former period in the history of the Christian Church. Among us are men and women whose names will go down to posterity as examples of devotion. God has not left himself without witness. But do you not notice how superficial is the religion of the mass of professors? How many servants might live in so-called Christian families without perceiving any difference between these houses and those of worldlings? Is not family prayer neglected in many instances? Have we not members who are never seen at a prayer-meeting? When inquiry is made, do you not find that the richer sort could not attend because the dinner-hour is at the same time as the gathering for prayer? No doubt they will be most careful to worship the god they favour most. In other cases you find that busy men who could not come out to pray were quite able to attend a concert. Public dinners and sing-songs are more important ceremonials with many than the offering of prayer to God. Do we not meet with church-officers who say openly that they do not care for such old-fashioned things as prayer-meetings? This is a wretched sign of declension, and it is frequently to be seen. Our churches may well cause heart-ache to their pastors; but, for the most part, in such cases the pastors themselves have so much backslidden that they care nothing about it.

In reference to ministers, many church members are indifferent as to the personal piety of the preacher; what they want is talent or cleverness. *What* the man preaches does not matter now; he must draw a crowd, or please the *élite,* and that is enough. Cleverness is the main thing. One would think they were looking for a conjuror rather than a pastor. Whether he preaches truth or error, the man is held in admiration so long as he can talk glibly and keep up a reputation as a speaker. If we had truer piety in members and deacons, pretenders would soon take their

wares to other markets. Alas! I fear there has been great laxity in the admission of members, and the quality of our churches has become defiled and debased by "the mixed multitude," among whom all manner of evil finds a congenial dwelling-place. Unhappy leader, who has an Achan in his own camp! Better that Demas should forsake us, than that he should abide with us and import the world into the church. How many ministers are weak for warfare with sin because they are not supported by a godly people, and their hands are not held up by praying brethren!

Not to make my jeremiad too long, a sad evil is *the stolidity of the people outside with regard to the gospel.* Compared with what it used to be, it is hard to win attention to the Word of God. I used to think that we had only to preach the gospel, and the people would throng to hear it. I fear I must correct my belief under this head. If the gospel does not attract men, nothing will; I mean, nothing which can do them good. Personally, I have no reason to doubt the attractiveness of the old, old gospel; but I am assured that some of my brethren who faithfully preach the gospel of Christ do not find the people flocking about them. We all feel that a hardening process is going on among the masses. In this vast city we have street after street where the people are living utterly regardless of the worship of God. Those who attend church or chapel are marked men; and if you were to enquire for them, they would be pointed out to you as remarkable individuals. A curious circumstance came under my own notice: it seems that men may come to hear a preacher on a week-evening with less suspicion than on the Sunday. One who had attended a week-night service was asked to come on Sunday, but he replied, "Oh, no; I have not gone so far as that yet!" Attendance at a place of worship on the Sunday has in London become, to many people, a profession of religion. Merely to hear Spurgeon on a Thursday is a different matter. It is a fact that thousands of persons live close to our notable sanctuaries, and never dream of entering them. Even curiosity seems dulled.

Why is this? Whence this distaste for the ordinary services of the sanctuary? I believe that the answer in some measure lies in a direction little suspected. There has been a growing pandering to sensationalism, and, as this wretched appetite increases in fury the more it is gratified, it is at last found to be impossible to meet its demands. Those who have introduced all sorts of attractions into their services have themselves to blame if people forsake their more sober teachings, and demand more and more of the noisy and the singular. Like dram-drinking, the thirst for excitement grows. At first the fiery spirit may be watered down, but the next draught of it must be stronger, and soon it is required to be overproof. The customary gin-drinker wants something stronger than the pure spirit, deadly though that draught may be. One said, as she tossed off her glass, "Do you call *that* gin? Why, I know a place where for threepence I can get a drink that will burn your very soul out!" Yes, gin leads on to vitriol, and the sensational leads to the outrageous, if not to the blasphemous. I would condemn no one, but I confess I feel deeply grieved at some of the inventions of modern mission work.

Apart from this intoxicating sensationalism, there is a sort of heaviness in the air. Do you not feel it? We are getting into the condition into

which Germany fell not long ago. To this day, when talking with a German who is about joining our church, I usually find that he has lived in a country town. The devout German villager still attends public worship, but in the large towns a practical atheism is supreme. Why is this? The ministers have done it. They preached the people out of their faith in the Scriptures: they taught them to be doubters. The most mischievous minister of Satan that I know of is the minister of the gospel, who not only doubts the truth in his own soul, but propagates doubt in the minds of others by his criticisms, innuendoes, and triflings with words. Some ministers believe nothing except that nothing can be believed. Such a man's conscience is withered. In some modern ministers the faculty wherewith to believe is extinct: they have played with words till they cannot be true if they try. Against this I have protested with my whole soul. People say, "Why did you not speak against these things twenty-five years ago?" I answer, "These evils were scarcely apparent then." Things are not now as in our early ministry. There has been a sudden growth of the toadstools of error. I never heard of Universalism then, nor of *post-mortem* salvation, nor of probation in the next state. Until very lately I have not heard of ministers holding up the blood of Jesus to scorn. I will not, however, repeat the sad facts which have of late come to my knowledge, and pierced my heart. The times are out of joint. The world may well be careless, for the church in many places is full of unbelief. I trust the present hurricane of evil may soon pass over; but anyone who has his wits about him will sorrowfully admit that the good ship of the church is now tossed about with contrary winds, and needs that her Lord should come and say to the winds and the waves, "Peace, be still.' So far I have borne before you the burden of the Lord.

(To be continued.)

Pensively Musing.

IT is told of the late Isaac Taylor that when he was a young man, his mother, observing him one day leaning pensively against the mantel-piece, inquired what he was troubling about. He replied that he was thinking of the many evils which had come upon Christianity. Verily, had he lived to see the year 1888, his theme of pensive thought would have widened out beyond his fears. What more can Satan do than he has already done? From the lowest foundation to the highest pinnacle he has sought to remove every stone of the temple of truth. Of errors and sins he has cast on the church so plentiful a bespattering that little remains to be tried. Yet we are not inclined to lean much on the mantel-piece, but rather to put more coals on the fire, or use the poker to provoke a greater flame.—C. H. S.

The Text among the Flowers.

A YOUNG man, named Robert Reyner, belonging to Hartlepool, whom I know personally, told me the following story a short time ago, and I am sure I can rely upon its truth, he being a thoroughly sincere Christian, as well as a good worker for God's cause. He was by trade a driller in the iron shipbuilding, which is very hard, laborious work. Having to be in all positions at work, he found his labour to be very trying to his constitution; and it ultimately brought on a dreadful malady in the form of a double rupture. The poor fellow toiled on as long as he could, but at last he had to cease his work. He became worse and worse, and was advised to go to London, to see what could be done for him there. After much prayer, he consented to go to the great city, and went to Guy's Hospital. After having been duly examined by the principal doctors, he was told that there was nothing for him but to undergo a very dangerous operation. The surgeons intimated at the same time that they required his own consent, for the operation would be peculiarly full of risk. They gave him a week's consideration, and at the end of the week he gave his consent that in three days the operation should be performed. With much prayer he committed his case in a child-like manner to his heavenly Father, in whom he had strong faith. Then he thought of his dear young wife being left in this hard, unfeeling world without any earthly friend, and this was a sharp trial to his loving heart. This gave him great trouble for the first two out of the three days of waiting. Sometimes, also, his faith wavered at the prospect of premature death. No wonder, for life had its holy pleasures for him. He said to himself that he would never again have the privilege of standing up in the High Street of West Hartlepool to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. This sudden end of his happy service gave him some trouble of mind. However, the day before the operation, lying on his bed meditating, the Lord sent a message from the throne. There came to his bedside a little hunched-back woman with a basket of flowers. She talked with him some little time; and, upon leaving, she presented him with a little bunch of flowers, and in the midst of them he found a tiny card, bearing the somewhat singular text of Scripture —we mean singular to be put to such a use :—

"He trusted in God: let him deliver him NOW" (Matt. xxvii. 43).

When he read these words, they filled him with holy joy, and he cast himself deliberately upon his God, and cried, "Come on, you doctors!" The following morning the principal doctor was much surprised to see him so full of joy; and was still more taken aback when he told them that he would not be chloroformed, as he intended going to heaven in his sober senses. In the presence of the four doctors he exclaimed, "Lord, deliver me NOW! Nevertheless, thy will be done." He bore up under the terrible pain like a true hero, for the Lord sustained him. The operation was skilfully performed, and my friend is to this day preaching the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God.

CAPTAIN MELDRUM.

A Book for the Times.*

SOME books, like some men, can only properly be understood and estimated when they are surrounded by their historical background. It is necessary for us to know the time at which they appeared, and the special work they were meant to do, if we are to grasp their true character, or appraise their real value. Mr. Ruskin somewhere says that a clump of primroses, taken out of its setting in the bank or hedgerow, never looks the same as it did in its native place; and we have all felt that a knowledge of the context, circumstance, and special purpose of writer, all help us in our judgment of books.

In February, 1764, there was born in London, of Scottish parents, a child named Robert Haldane, who was destined under God to do a mighty work in reviving true and evangelical religion in Europe. He inherited large property from his relatives, and in his earliest years, developing the family passion for the sea, entered the navy. Here he seems for a time to have found congenial pursuits, but subsequently, falling under gracious influences, he became converted, joined the Established Church of Scotland, and speedily resolved to devote his energies and wealth to the cause of his Saviour and Lord. His first ardent desires were turned towards India with its millions ignorant of the gospel. Applying to the East India Company for permission to become a missionary to the natives, he was, after much tedious delay, refused; "the powers that be," like some of later date, thinking that to disturb native superstitions might endanger their government. This rebuff did not, however, extinguish his earnest desire to accomplish evangelistic work; so, in conjunction with the renowned Rowland Hill, he went through Scotland preaching with great power, and causing a remarkable revival of religion in many places.

In 1800, the General Assembly, disturbed out of its slumbering proprieties by these innovations, and growing alarmed at what might possibly follow, forbade the field-preaching, and discouraged in every form the attempts made to rouse the Christian Church to a more zealous life and service. This caused Mr. Haldane to secede from the Established Church; and now, at his own expense, he built places of worship, called tabernacles, in many of the large towns, whilst he also started educational institutes for godly young men, under the care of able and devout teachers. All this did not, however, satisfy his zealous spirit. He was anxious to go further afield, and speak of Christ in "the regions beyond." At the end of 1816, he resolved to take a short missionary tour on the Continent, probably spending some six weeks in his visit to Paris and Geneva, endeavouring to stir up the Protestants to renewed efforts to tell on the surrounding heathenism and idolatry. As the event proved, his visit was to be much more important than he anticipated, and to be prolonged for three years. In Paris he organized a theological school for the better training of preachers; and in the South of France he was greatly blessed in arousing an earnest religious spirit among the Protestant churches.

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* "Theopneustia:" The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By L. Gaussen, D.D. With Prefatory Note by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

The crown and glory of his labours were, however, reserved for the city of Geneva. No place had been more famous and historic during the Reformation. From its heights the light of gospel truth had flashed with special brightness. It had been the battlefield where had been witnessed the complete victory of the champions of truth over the hosts of darkness and error; it was as the Thermopylæ of Protestantism invested with imperishable renown. But it had sadly degenerated. A spirit of rationalistic criticism had been at work, and the speculations of men had taken the place of God's truth. Spiritual fervour was almost unknown, the fundamental truths of the gospel were scouted with disdain, and lethargy and barrenness had followed. Mr. Haldane had heard that there were only two persons in Geneva that would care to welcome him, and show sympathy with his fervent efforts for spiritual revival; and upon his arrival he found it only too true. He says, "I found Geneva in the most deplorable darkness; an unbroken field of labour, with *a fallen church!*" The pastors of the churches in the city and neighbourhood, and the professors at the Theological School, were generally Arians or Socinians, ridiculing the proper Deity of Jesus Christ, preaching neither the law nor the gospel fully, their doctrine having no gracious effect upon their hearers.

Mr. Haldane's method of work was unique, and adapted to the special circumstances of the case. He invited a number of the neighbouring pastors of churches and students of the College to meet him in the evening, at his hotel, from six to eight o'clock, where he had long conversations with them; and this led at last to his taking a connected course of study with them, on the Epistle to the Romans.

The anger of the more advanced pastors and professors in the faculty was aroused, the bigotry and intolerance of the loose school of theology, which will endure anything but the gospel, were soon seen. They attempted to move the government to banish Mr. Haldane from the canton, but they failed. The power of the Word of God began to impress the hearts of the students, and among the many who came under its converting, transforming, and inspiring influence were the gracious Cæsar Malan, the brilliant historian, Merle D'Aubigné, the consecrated Felix Neff, and last, though by no means the least, Louis Gaussen, who was afterwards to become in his turn the champion of evangelical truth in Europe. Well might Dr. Gaussen, in view of these facts, afterwards write, "To Robert Haldane was given the grace to accomplish a work of which the revelation of the last day will only show the extent."

The first interview of Haldane with Gaussen was not very promising. In vivid style, Haldane recalling it, says, "He would listen to my statements, and draw himself up; but he would not answer a word!" In due time he, notwithstanding, became teachable, and, yielding to the majestic authority of God's Word, boldly pronounced for the evangelical faith. Again was the spirit of intolerance roused, his orthodoxy and energy being alike obnoxious to the rationalistic and lukewarm General Assembly of the Genevan church. They passed a resolution that every minister should sign a declaration that, for the future, in preaching, he would not allude to the following points :—

1. The union of the divine with the human nature in the person of Christ.

2. Original sin.
3. The operation of the Spirit of grace in regeneration.
4. The doctrine of election.

The first to refuse this compact of sinful expediency was the strong-hearted Cæsar Malan, who paid the penalty in being deposed from his pastorate. Merle D'Aubigné and Louis Gaussen were soon added to the list of those who retained their consciences at the cost of their offices.

Set free from hampering restraint, these noble men of God, in 1831, founded a new school of evangelical theology: D'Aubigné and Hävernick became professors; and in 1834 Gaussen took the Chair of Theology. In 1840, seeing that all the errors of the recent sad decline in theological teaching and spiritual life had come from false views of the authority of Scripture, Gaussen published the book entitled, "Theopneustia; or, the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures." It quickly ran through several editions, and was translated into other languages, and before many years were over, Gaussen had the joy of knowing that a great change in religious thought had been effected by its power.

It will only be possible within the limits of this paper to give a very slight sketch of its style and contents; but enough will, we trust, be shown to prove the timeliness of its reproduction by Mr. Spurgeon in view of present-day controversies. Beginning with the importance of the doctrine, our author says:—

"It is the doctrine of doctrines: the doctrine that teaches us all others, and in virtue of which alone they are doctrines: the doctrine which is to the believer's soul what the air is to his lungs—necessary for birth in the Christian life, necessary for living in it, necessary for advancing in it to maturity, and persevering in it."

He expressly disavows defining the method of inspiration:—

"It has not been precisely defined to us. Nothing authorizes us to explain it. Scripture has never presented either its manner or its measure as an object of study. Were we asked: How has this work been accomplished? we should reply that we do not know; we perceive the effects, we admire and adore the cause, but it is our duty to be content never to know the *means by which this is done.*"

The human element is not, however, ignored:—

"In maintaining that all Scripture is from God, we are very far from thinking that man goes for nothing in it. It is the word of Moses, of Amos, of John, of Paul; but still, the thoughts expressed are God's thoughts, and the words are God's words."

The theory of different degrees of inspiration is stoutly attacked:—

"Inspiration cannot exist in varied degrees. A word is from God, or it is not from God. If it be from God, it is not so after two different fashions."

Insisting on the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, he brings the apostles as witnesses, saying:—

"Observe when they quote it, with what respect they speak of even its smallest particles; how attentively they weigh every word; with what assurance they often insist on a single word, in order to deduce from it the most fundamental doctrines."

The testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ is used again and again to strengthen this position:—

"Among the most ardent defenders of their verbal inspiration, we know not one that ever expressed himself with more respect for the altogether divine authority and everlasting endurance of their most minute expression, than was done by Jesus. And we scruple not to say, that were any modern writer to quote the Bible as Jesus Christ did, with a view of deducing from it any doctrine, he would forthwith have to be ranked among the most zealous partisans of the doctrine we defend. From his childhood to the grave, from his rising to his ascension, it is the Bible, ever the Bible, he quotes. It is Moses, the Psalms, and the Prophets: he quotes and explains them; but how? Why, verse by verse, and word by word. Either Jesus Christ exaggerated when he spake thus, or these rash, wretched men unwittingly blaspheme their divine authority."

The various theories of inspiration are carefully discussed, and shown to be inadequate to account for its authority: a brief history of the attacks made upon the orthodox teaching is given: and a deeply interesting description of God's providential care of the Bible follows. The alleged contradictions in the text are examined and shown to be imaginary, and capable of explanation; whilst the historical books are proved to be amongst the most valuable of the whole collection.

Then the war is carried from the merely defensive right into the enemy's country, the mistake of setting up human thoughts and opinions to judge the Scriptures being vigorously exposed.

"As for us, it strikes us that there is no arrogance comparable to that of a man who, owning the Bible to be a book from God, makes bold to sift with his hand the inspired from the uninspired, the divine from the human. This is to overturn all the foundations of the faith: to place it no more in believing God, but in believing ourselves. Learning is the doorkeeper who conducts you to the temple of the Scriptures. Never forget, then, that she is not the God, and that her house is not the temple. She leaves you in the street: you must enter."

The volume concludes with a splendid appeal to the witness of Christian consciousness. The evidence of those who have studied the Scriptures is adduced to show that the closer their meditation the more their admiration of the very words it uses: the experience of mature Christians in their lives, in their sufferings and services, emphasizes this. The further a man advances in the Christian life the more he prizes and loves even the least teachings of Scripture. All these facts are used by our author to support the closing exhortation to declare the sacred Word with more of fulness, reverence, and confidence in its power, that success and blessing may attend our work for God.

For the student, the preacher, or the private Christian, few books of such strengthening, stimulating power can be named: a thoroughness of treatment joined to a charm of style and beauty of diction rarely found in one author are here to be seen; and in view of the present phase of religious thought, in some particulars so sadly similar to that which prevailed in Geneva fifty years ago, none could be more timely. May it act as an antidote to the soul-injuring errors so rife and fashionable with many. Mr. Spurgeon has re-issued it in the earnest hope that it may establish the wavering and win back the wandering.

"I'm Wak'ning th' Folk up, Sir."

OH, the rattling of those windows! I verily thought some evil-disposed person or persons had fired off a cannon, and cracked the lodgings in which I was located. It was five o'clock in the morning, and right well I knew it, for no more sleep did I get that day. No sooner had I recovered from my fright, and discovered the cause of my alarm, than pitter-patter, pitter-patter, all down the footpath began a continual tramp of mill-girls' feet, in their wooden clogs. My geographical position at this moment was Oldham, in Lancashire, and the time of year, fortunately, was June; both time and place are fixed upon the calendar of my memory by two cheering events, which took place just then. The first was the birth of a bright-eyed little Evangeline, who is still a living record of the date; the second was a cheque for £70, which was sent as a thankoffering to Mr. Spurgeon's Evangelistic Fund, from these warm-hearted Lancashire people.

My sleeping accommodation during my stay in this town was the first-floor front in a leading thoroughfare. After the heavy duties of Sunday, I retired to my chamber for a night's repose. My usual habit is to sleep soundly; but what a Monday morning to be sure! I was suddenly aroused by a crash at the windows adjoining my bed-room. I sprang from my bed, and lifted the window in a fright, when, to my astonishment, I saw the perpetrator of this unseemly conduct; for, just beneath my bed-room window stood an old man, quite unconcerned about disturbing the sweet slumbers of the inhabitants. This man has made it part of his life's concern to disturb all the sleepers in that district; in fact, he lives for nothing else. He seems also to enjoy his occupation, and I am informed that he is liberally remunerated for his painstaking effort to waken up the people of this district thus early in the morning the whole year round.

His *modus operandi* is as follows:—He carries a long stick, about ten feet long, with a birch besom attached to the end of it; he is thus enabled easily to play a tattoo with his bundle of twigs on the window panes of the sleeping apartments. You may easily imagine the fright it gave me on the first occasion. I arrested this miscreant, as I shouted at the top of my voice to ask him what he meant by such unseemly conduct. He smiled, and quickly replied in his quaint Lancashire dialect, "I'm wak'ning the folk up, sir, wak'ning the folk up." I am told on good authority that this old man is quite an expert at this kind of thing. Over twenty years he has been engaged in this business. His services are greatly appreciated, and his faithful consistency in this calling has caused many families to rely upon him in a most trustful manner. Many a bread-winner has food for the bairns through the wakening-up of this old man, who otherwise would be sleeping on and neglecting to provide for those of their household.

I have heard it said of late that there are shepherds who have been falling fast asleep while many of the sheep have been straying from the fold, and lambs have been starving and perishing in the cold, because of the dreaming of the shepherds; but I am told a change is taking place, and I believe it to be so, for I see by the papers that John Ploughman is still alive, and has been using his long stick. I don't think he has

broken anybody's window, but I have the best authority for saying he has been wak'ning up some of these under-shepherds, and there is quite a stir already; good turnips are being scattered all over the fields, there is a lively bleating amongst the sheep, and new-born lambs are joyfully skipping about in lively glee.

I lately met an old, grumpy, fossilized shepherd, who has turned his few sheep into the bleak, bare meadow, to pick up what bit of food they can, and has almost starved the life out of them; and he has the presumption to say he thinks they are getting on very well, and all the rattle and noise he has heard from a distance is but a nine days' wonder. I think I threw a little light across his path; I told him I had made a call of late upon John Ploughman, and Mrs. Ploughman kindly invited me to take tea with him, and in the homestead I discovered that Mr. Ploughman has a similar instrument to that of the old waker-up in Lancashire. I examined John Ploughman's "wake-me-up birch," and it is very peculiar. At the end of his staff there are six prongs; on each is a capital letter indicating a word for each prong. I learned from faithful John it is the very same weapon that he commenced his Master's service with, over thirty years ago; it has never been broken, mended, or improved, and is as bright to-day as ever.

On one prong I saw a capital *T*, which stands for *Truth;* it will not bend or break, but like a singer's pitchfork, it will vibrate, when shaken, a standard musical note. On another prong there is a capital *S*, which stands for *Salvation;* this, also, when applied, peals forth a joyful sound. On a third prong there is a capital *I*, which stands for *Integrity:* it is straight, genteel, and beautiful, giving grace and elegance to the five other musical prongs which surround it. On a fourth prong there is a capital *R*, which stands for *Righteousness:* the ring from this one gives richness to the rest. On a fourth prong there is a capital *H*, which stands for *Humility:* it will bend, but never break. On the last prong, which completes the circle of six, is a capital *C*, which stands for *Charity*, and chimes with its cheerful note in harmony with the other five.

It struck me there was no originality in these six words; I had heard them all before, and wondered in my own mind how it is John Ploughman is enabled to wake up so many more sleepers than other watchmen who have been called into the Master's service, and have had the same kind of instrument put into their hands to be used for the same purpose; but I told my friend, through coming into close touch with this spiritual awakener, I discovered his great secret of power.

I saw, on careful examination, these six prongs used by him are all united, and form one harmonic chord. If you strike with any one of these prongs, you get a distinct sound, which may waken up some sleeper who may turn over on his couch for a time only; but I noticed when John Ploughman handled the staff, he had a wonderful twist in his wrist, and he never strikes with one prong only, every prong is brought into play, and by this motion he produces a most heavenly chime, which causes the sleeper not only to awaken by the sound, but his eyes are at once fixed on the capital letters which are kept continually swinging before his view; the *C* is made to come *first* instead of *last;* you therefore lose sight of every prong giving a distinct word, and as the

six capitals revolve in succession, you are bound to see C H R I S T the moment you are awakened out of your sleep.

Some four hundred ministers have just lately spent five days in company with this Prince of callers, and they have all solemnly resolved to go forth, scattering themselves in all parts of this country, determining each man to take these capitals, and spell them out, and ring them out. Therefore, I am expecting that, before this year shall close, we shall hear of a great many lambs being born, and sheep being fed, to the honour of the Chief Shepherd. J. MANTON SMITH.

Two Deaths: a Contrast.

OMAR, the second Caliph of Islam, was a worthy successor of Mahomet. He was stabbed in the mosque at Medina, however, and lay dying upon the floor surrounded by the leaders of his government. Having called for ink and paper, he wrote a letter full of counsel to whomsoever might fill the caliphate after his decease. Then those standing by uttered many words of comfort to their dying chief. Among other things they assured him that he would leave no one behind him who could charge him with injustice. This sent a thrill of satisfaction through the trembling frame of the aged Arab, and he earnestly cried, "Testify this for me at the day of judgment." Immediately they gave him their hands in promise that his wish should be complied with; but this did not fully satisfy the rapidly-sinking leader. He exacted from them a written testimonial, and desired solemnly that it should be buried with him in the grave, so that the angels might present it on his behalf at that great day. This is one of the finest things that Islamism can produce, and there is a certain moral grandeur about it. Yet that grandeur is marred by self-righteousness, and shrivels into nothing in the presence of the Judge of all the earth, whose righteousness alone is perfect. How sad to see the friends of a dying man pointing him for consolation to himself, and to his own doings!

What a contrast to this is presented at death-beds where their hope of salvation is spoken of by followers of Jesus! Take that of the famous Bishop Butler as an instance. He had clear and true conceptions of his utter unworthiness in the sight of God. "Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin," he said, as he lay dying, "and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die." "You have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour," was the immediate reply. "True," said the aged man, "but how shall I know that he is a Saviour for me?" No attempt was made to flatter the good man in his dying moments; and no word was uttered that might have led him to trust to his own works for salvation. He might have been reminded, like the dying caliph, of his excellent life, but none administered so poor a cordial. Instead of that, the message of mercy that fell from the lips of our blessed Lord was quoted as an all-sufficient answer to his anxious enquiry. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," said one of the friends standing near his bed. Then, with a look of wonder upon his dying face, the bishop exclaimed, "True! and I am surprised that though I have read that scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment, and now I die happy." ROBERT SPURGEON.

On Preaching in Wales.

ALTHOUGH the Welsh have now no exceptionally great preacher, standing head and shoulders above all others, like some who have gone before, they show no disposition to allow preaching, as a divine institution, to deteriorate through any fault or neglect of their own. Preaching appears still to be the best-prized privilege in the country, and because the people are not enamoured of the light or frivolous amusements which find favour with others, this is also the principal recreation which, in one way or another, is associated with most of their holidays. The Welsh appear especially to delight in open-air congregations; and perhaps they are the only people who can take in and digest two or three sermons at one meal, and half-a-dozen in one day. In this respect they would seem to surpass all other countries; and partly in consequence of their hearers' capacity for hearing, preachers have found it necessary to keep up the quality of their discourses.

We shall never forget our first experience of an Association meeting in South Wales. On a wet Whit-Monday morning we left London, and in about nine hours, on being landed at Haverfordwest, the dripping skies did not add to the cheerfulness of the outlook. Indeed, the spirits of our friends there were under a damper. They had a great religious festival in prospect; in other words, on the two following days an Association was to visit the town, and some thousands of visitors were expected, who would not only be spiritually entertained at the meetings, but must also be catered for, free of charge, in the matter of refreshments, and hence the heavy rain became an affliction. Ample preparations for the assemblies had been made in a pleasant field just outside the town; and a great covered platform showed where, on the principal day, the centre of attraction would be. There, at three services in one day, six long sermons were to be given; and, full as such a complement might seem to some who are beginning to get along without any sermon at all, this was exceedingly moderate compared with programmes in which a dozen discourses are advertised.

At the Association meeting just referred to, the dampness of Monday was followed by seasonable Whitsuntide weather on the Tuesday, so that the townspeople, and the visitors who were already coming in from outlying districts, were in a cheerful holiday mood. Wednesday was the popular day, however; and the most perfect of June weather promised that neither preachers nor hearers would be disappointed by having their "outing" in anywise marred. After breakfast, and after the early morning prayer-meeting, the scene became more lively every hour, while London visitors could now see the difference between English religious gatherings and a great Welsh preaching field-day. Vehicles followed closely upon one another on the roads leading into the town, where throngs of new-comers enlivened the streets, while in the field of assembly thousands were expectantly awaiting the two first preachers, one of whom would speak in Welsh, and the other in English. Our companion—a ministerial friend—came first. His text was from Psalm lxxxvi.—"Show me a token for good." The text was given out in both languages, and then, as the preacher warmed with his subject, the sea of upturned faces showed that his earnest words were

intelligently appreciated by his audience. Having two good eyes, he so far differed from Christmas Evans ; but, nevertheless, he had the power to catch the Welsh ear, and to send home to the people's hearts a wholesome lesson. The words had been used by David because he could neither live nor die without God, and the prayer might have been used by every Christian. The preacher declared that he earnestly panted to bear a life-long testimony for truth ; and, if unable to be great, he would be content to stop among the crowd, and pray, "Show me a token for good."

The great crowd then adjourned for dinner, unstinted provision being made for all by the townspeople. Then came an afternoon service, with two more sermons. Next followed the tea, free to all comers, as was the case with dinner. Then the evening gathering, with two more sermons of about an hour each, brought the exercises of the happy day to a close. This is how the Welsh keep an Association when there are only six sermons.

The custom, as we have described it, has held on for generations ; for similar meetings are described by David Rhys Stephen in his Memoir of Christmas Evans. He remarks: "The preaching is always in the open air, if the weather permits. A large scaffolding is erected in a field, or on the mountain-side : on this spot the officiating preacher stands, surrounded by the other ministers who attend, and other friends, and thence he addresses the congregation. The feeling formerly induced by the approach of such a meeting, in the locality where it was to be held, was thoroughly jubilant ; and assiduous preparations were made so as to be able to abstain from labour during the two days of the Association, and to entertain strangers. These hospitalities were not confined to the members of the particular denomination whose forces were to assemble, but cheerfully exercised by persons of all communities, and of none. It was a common thing for the clergyman of the parish to have open house, and readily to entertain those who were sent to him." Even in olden times the congregations would vary in numbers from ten to fifteen thousand.

The favourite season with the people for these meetings was early summer; and the circumstances attending the first appearance of Christmas Evans in South Wales are well described by Mr. Stephen :—

"The day was very sultry, and two good brethren were to preach before him ; the second in English. The latter was long, or seemed to be long ; and when Mr. Evans was to begin his discourse the people seemed wearied and jaded. His subject was the Return of the Prodigal Son. As he proceeded, one man, who had sat down on the grass, got up here, another there ; the people closed in together about the platform, looked hard at the preacher, nodded approvingly to each other, wondered, felt, wept, wept aloud, at once with joy and sorrow ; powerful emotions were produced that continued through all the remaining services, and remained in many hearts for their everlasting salvation."

Christmas Evans (1766–1838) was not an admirer of long services; and he admired the English custom of giving only one sermon at a service. In advising a younger man the great preacher once said : "Beware of long sermons as well as long prayers"; and in regard to what he thought the better practice of giving one sermon at a time, he added, "We do not

read that, on the day of Pentecost, Peter, James, and John preached after each other; but Peter, 'one of the twelve,' delivered that successful sermon."

The man who spoke thus was a model itinerant of the apostolic standard, who traversed the country on foot, or on horseback, guide-map in hand, sometimes preaching three times a day. In one place he says himself: "I frequently preached out of doors at nightfall, and the singing and praying would continue until daybreak. So much tenderness fell upon the hearers, that they wept profusely, and so cried out, that one might believe they were melted by the Word of God." His hearers followed him in many instances from one village to another, and it must have been delightful thus to attend the zealous evangelist, to take note of his manner of work, and to see how his greatest occasions were commonly in the open air. Thus, as Mr. Stephen tells us: "He was always considerably put out if some officious brother gave out a hymn, especially if a long one, after his sermon. His feeling was, that from the reading of his text to the close of the service, it was his own to conduct. When no one interposed, he gave out from memory, in the most ardent tones, a single verse, strikingly appropriate, and never sat down till the people had finished singing. The while, a careful observer might have observed the flashing eye gradually growing calm, and the distended and enlarged forehead and features slowly subsiding into their accustomed form and expression. After that, at his lodgings, he was like a lamb in innocence and playfulness, that is to say, when he had succeeded in preaching."

Wishing his reader to bear in mind that preaching is the most popular thing in Wales, Mr. Stephen portrays Christmas Evans as he appeared at an Association: "It is Wednesday morning, in the second or third week in June, a beautifully fine day, and the assembly meets in a small dell among the mountains of Carnarvonshire. This place is so exquisitely romantic, so green is its grass, so transparent the waters of its purling brooks, and so completely is it hemmed in by the jagged crags and cloud-capped cliffs of the surrounding mountains, that an English traveller passing through, called it 'Beauty sleeping in the lap of Terror.' Well, it is ten o'clock; there are three thousand people present; the neighbouring clergy and ministers of other denominations are there; the service commences with a hymn; the sounds of slow melody arise from a thousand tongues, and seem to linger and loiter among the neighbouring acclivities, ere they entirely leave the earth and are received on high." Reading and a prayer follow, after which, Christmas, standing six feet high, comes forward, gives out another hymn; and then, as he in his clear enunciation discourses, in his own way, of mercy and justice, the effect is, that all who are seated spring to their feet to remain spell-bound to the end; meanwhile the preacher's "face is language, his intonation music, and his action passion." It is hardly to be wondered at that the great orator had, in his lifetime, and after his death, plenty of little imitators. There were those who found that they could shrug their shoulders, or shake their heads, like the model of their ambition, and like him, they could also exclaim, "*Bendigedig*," as he did; but notwithstanding, not one of these was Christmas Evans. They reminded Mr. Stephen of what Dr. Parr said concerning the

imitators of Johnson—"They had the nodosities of the oak without its vigour, and the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration!"

It is commonly agreed that Daniel Rowlands (1713–1790) was the most wonderful preacher who ever appeared in Wales. The scene of his labours was Llangeitho, on the river Ayron, and near the Mymydd-Back hills, in the neighbourhood of Carmarthen. Expelled from the Church of England for his so-called irregular practice of preaching up and down the country in the open air, he became a leader of the Calvinistic Methodists. On his monthly Communion Sunday people assembled in thousands from all parts of the Principality; and the scene along the mountain side, when the preacher would "tap the barrels of the covenant of grace, and let out the wine well refined, and give the people to drink," was perhaps quite unique, even in the annals of Wales. One man, who lived at Caerwys, 110 miles distant, walked both ways eleven times, and considered himself to be richly repaid. Great numbers of others travelled long distances in other ways, carrying food with them, and drinking at hill-side springs. In reference to his friend's ministry, Whitefield writes, when his friend was a young man: "The power of God under the ministry of Mr. Rowlands, was enough to make a person's heart burn within him. At seven in the morning, have I seen perhaps ten thousand from different parts, in the midst of a sermon, crying 'Gogoniant' (glory!) ready to leap for joy." Meanwhile, at this time (1743) preaching in the open air in Wales was a service of danger; for, writing to Whitefield, on February 14th, Howell Harris says: "I have seen brother Williams, on his return from brother Rowlands. He informed me of the enemy being let loose on them, while they were discoursing near the sea-side, in Cardiganshire. A company of ruffians came upon them, armed with guns and staves, and beat them unmercifully; but they escaped without much hurt. The ruffians were set on by a gentleman of the neighbourhood. No wonder the enemy rages, when he sees his kingdom so attacked." What a picture do these words give of the condition of the Principality at that date! But under such preaching the Revival spread in a wonderful manner, and opposition became weaker. It should clearly be understood that Rowlands never aspired to be a *grand* preacher. He was a very humble man; he spent a great part of his time in prayer, and he was never content to take his stand on the mountain-side, or on the sea-shore, unless he felt that the Lord had given him something to say to the people. Judging of his preaching by its fruits, we see that it was as effective as it was otherwise wonderful. It is said that in the early days of his ministry, he could stand on a hill near Llangeitho and cry, "Alas, alas! I can see not so much as one house where prayer is offered." Before he completed his course he could stand in the same place and say, "Oh, blessed be God, I can see no house to-day in all this country in which someone has not raised an altar to the Lord God Almighty."

John Elias (1774–1841) the contemporary and the friend of Christmas Evans, was regarded as the greatest Welsh preacher of his day; and he not only visited every county in the Principality, but periodically visited London also.

Like Rowlands, Whitefield, and Christmas Evans, John Elias was terribly in earnest, was great in prayer, and seems to have appeared to

greatest advantage in the open-air, especially if a promising opportunity offered for attacking and defeating the enemy on his own ground. One of the chief scenes of Whitefield's victories over the devil was Moorfields; and the rougher the hosts arrayed against him, the more marvellous appeared his power. A similiar scene, and a very remarkable conquest, John Elias being the central figure, once came off at Rhuddlan, in Flintshire, in the neighbourhood of Rhyl. The little town was formerly of great importance; and the picturesque ruins of its great castle, and the portion of a house in which a parliament was held in the thirteenth century, as well as other ancient remains, remind visitors of distinguished historical associations; although the place is now merely a little centre of business life in a rich agricultural district. In the days of John Elias, the custom was still common of holding a "hiring" fair on certain Sundays in the harvest season; and the preacher resolved that, if possible, he would administer a death-blow to this institution in the form of an open-air sermon. As an institution which had held on its way from time immemorial, the fair might be expected to die hard, but that did not weigh with John Elias, when once he had made up his mind to preach in the fair. There was a great congregation, a great assemblage of young persons of both sexes, and of those who were older, such as was very characteristic of that part of the country in 1802, when the incident occurred. With its workmen carrying their tools, its jesters and musicians, the scene was a veritable local Vanity Fair; but thousands came forward to see and hear the new wonder when the invading preacher appropriated as his pulpit the steps of the New Inn, where, after singing and prayer, he discoursed on the words found in Exodus xxxiv. 21—"Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest." As he rebuked the people for their sin and folly, and spoke of righteousness and judgment, each word was a thunderbolt. Nor did he give them short measure either, as the discourse extended through an hour and forty minutes. That sermon ended Rhuddlan Sunday fair; it was never held afterwards.

John Elias was thus a very encouraging example of a successful preacher. He received a very indifferent education in youth, but strove hard to make up the deficiency. He depended on God, earnestly praying at all times for "something to say" to the people; and between this, and even a good sermon of his own preparation, he always drew a clear distinction. He meant to infer that even an elaborately prepared and eloquent sermon might not have in it the "something to say," for which at all times he earnestly craved. What was there in such a man which enabled him to wield the power he did? Viewed as a preacher and a scholar, he had many deficiencies; but to make up for this he utilized to the utmost all his advantages, and he was especially great in prayer, and well acquainted with the Scriptures. The readiness with which he swayed the multitude might partly be accounted for by the great dramatic power with which he presented the truth; it was not that the matter of his discourses was better than that of some others. "Is Elias a greater preacher than you and I?" Christmas Evans once asked Williams of Wern. "If he keeps his mouth closed, he is no greater than we are," replied Williams; "his sermons are no better than ours;

but when once he opens his lips, he is as good as twelve of us." Hence, how much depends on the manner in which the truth is put.

Two things strike us as being remarkable in connection with these great preachers of Wales—their poverty and their devotion to their work. In this sense alone, they were truly apostolic men ; and though poverty alone is not a virtue, their singular indifference to those things which even many in the ministerial office seek after, shows that with them it was "this one thing I do." Thus Daniel Rowlands, the greatest genius of the whole train, served two churches for nearly a third of a century, on a stipend of ten pounds a year. Then, speaking of Christmas Evans, as he was at the height of his power as a young man in the closing decade of the last century, Mr. Stephen says : "His poverty was at this time great, so great, that he distinctly specifies the necessity he was under to print a small pamphlet occasionally, that he might get a few pounds for his inevitable expenses, and then to go from home to sell his little book." The preacher himself did not make a virtue of his poverty ; but so far as lay in his power, he made this and all other things redound to the glory of God. Christmas Evans himself says: "It pleased God to bring two benefits out of my poverty ; one was the extension of my ministry, so that I became almost as well-known in one part of the principality as the other ; and secondly, he gave me the favour and the honour to be the instrument of bringing many to Christ, through all the counties of Wales, from Presteign to St. David's, and from Cardiff to Holyhead. Who will speak against a preacher's poverty, when it thus spurs him to labour in the vineyard ?" He not only suffered poverty patiently when it had to be borne, he actually turned it into a talent to be used in his Master's service.

The unremitting industry of these men was another striking characteristic of their life and ministry ; and in this respect they have left an example for all future generations. Vavasor Powel, who was one of the first to carry the gospel to the throngs who were found at fairs and markets, would often preach three times in a day ; and it was thought that there was hardly a parish in the Principality in which his voice had not been heard. Powel was one of the precursors of a noble band whose industry has never been surpassed.

Indeed, Christmas Evans's own testimony, regarding industry and its general effect on the preacher's character, deserves to be taken to heart by all who have any desire to excel and succeed in the Lord's work. "I am a young man, my dear boy, and you are just entering the ministry," he once said to Mr. Stephen, when the two were together near Pontgwaithyrharn ; "let me now and here tell you one thing, and I commend it to your attention and memory : All the ministers that I have ever known, who have fallen into disgrace, or into uselessness, *have been idle men.* I am never much afraid of a young minister, when I ascertain that he can and does *fairly sit down to his book.*"

Such were the men whom we may fairly call the great open-air preachers of Wales ; the pioneers in a blessed reformation, and men who did for the Principality what Wesley and Whitefield did for England—they gave the people the gospel at fairs, markets, and on mountain-sides, until the progress of the powers of evil was checked, and the desert began to blossom as the rose.

G. H. P.

Extract from Address

BY THE LATE REV. W. ALEXANDER, D.D., ON THE OPENING OF THE THEOLOGICAL SESSION, 1877.

I WOULD be very far from maintaining that no advance in any sense, or in any direction, can be made in theological science. It would be strange, indeed, were this the case. Strange that the church, with the Spirit of Truth abiding and dwelling in it, should, after centuries of thought and experience, have made no progress in the knowledge of divine things. This we may confidently say cannot be; or if such were the case, the church would be in fault, and its teachers to blame.

Progress there ought to be, and we may presume will be, in each succeeding age. The Bible, the fountain of divine knowledge, is for all ages; and as men continue to study it, and reflect on its teachings and gather experience in regard to the practical bearing of these on the wants and needs of men, it cannot be but that fresh discoveries will be made both as to the real meaning of its contents, as to the relation of its varied utterances to each other, and as to the adaptation of its revelations to the spiritual and social interests of the race. But as there may be a wrong progress as well as a right, as there may be progress in a wrong direction—progress away from the truth—it concerns us to enquire in what way is progress of the right kind to be made in theology? and by what methods is this to be secured? Every wind that blows will not waft a ship on its proper course, and there may be "winds of doctrine," which instead of aiding men to reach the haven of spiritual rest, may only drive them on rocks or quicksands, where they may "make shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience."

But with these slight exceptions, the Scriptural evidence in respect of dogma remains exactly as it was. Take any of the Reformation Confessions: the divines who espouse the doctrines asserted in these appeal to the same texts of Scripture in their defence, and expound these in the same way as their predecessors did; and those who impugn these doctrines follow their predecessors in like manner.

It is not, then, in respect of the substance of divine truth that progress in theology is to be sought or expected. There may, nevertheless, be progress even in regard to the cardinal verities of religion. This progress may be both intensive and extensive—intensive, in that by patient study and earnest thought we may penetrate even more and more deeply into the meaning and essence of the divine utterances; and extensive, in that we may apprehend these even more and more in their breadth and length, in their comprehensiveness, in their bearing on the manifestation of God, and in the width of their applicability to the condition and needs of man. We may survey more fully the varied aspects of the truth revealed. We may see more clearly the harmony of the fundamental truths with each other, we may discern more accurately how they fit into each other so as to form a compact system, and we may perceive even more clearly how they are indeed fundamental, how they sustain the entire body of revealed truth, how they give meaning and consistency to many detached utterances in the Bible

which are in themselves obscure. We may also, by the use of proper methods, pursue a course of deduction which shall carry us to conclusions beyond those we have already reached, so as, if not to discover new truths, to ascertain more fully the bearings and consequents of the old. We may advance also in the fitting expression of truth in the form of dogma so as to bring our formula to be more truly and fully the expression in words of the signification of what in divers modes is announced to us in Scripture. There is thus a field for salutary progress in different directions, progress which, whilst leaving intact the essentials of Christianity, shall enrich our theology, and enable us to present the unchanging verities of the "everlasting gospel" in forms more fitted to express them adequately, and at the same time more adapted to new conditions of society, and new forms of thought among men.

The King's Mandate.

"Let my people go."—Exodus v. 1.

"PHARAOH—let my people go."
Thus God's servant spoke,
When in bondage Israel sighed,
Groaning 'neath the yoke.

Freed from Pharaoh's galling chains,
Other powers oppose,
He would have his people free:
Hark! his mandate flows:—

Pleasure—let my people go!
Other springs of bliss
Now their happy souls have found—
Perfect happiness.

Fashion—let my people go!
Meekness, truth, and grace
Are the ornaments I love
On my own to trace.

Science—let my people go!
Faith their power must be,
Sight, and sense, and reason fail,
All they find in me.

World—let thou my people go!
Now a brighter day
Shines upon them from afar,
Clear, with heavenly ray.

Christ, and him alone I'd see
As on them I gaze,
To their heavenly calling true—
Living to my praise.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

The Blessedness of True Charity.

THE merciful man shall be rewarded in this life. He shall be blessed—

1. In his person. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." (Psalm xli. 1.) Let him go whither he will, a blessing goes along with him: he is in favour with God; God casts a smiling aspect upon him.

2. In his name. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." (Psalm cxii. 6.) When the niggard's name shall rot, the name of a merciful man shall be embalmed with honour, and give forth its scent as the vine of Lebanon.

3. In his estate. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." (Prov. xi. 25.) He shall have the fat of the earth, and the dew of heaven. He shall not only have the venison, but the benison.

4. In his posterity. "He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed." (Psalm xxxvii. 26.) He shall bequeath a blessing to his children; and God will see that the entail of that blessing shall not be cut off.

5. In his business. "For this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto." (Deut. xv. 10.) The merciful man shall be blessed in his building, planting, journeying; whatever he is about, a blessing shall empty itself upon him. He shall be a prosperous man: the honeycomb of a blessing shall be still dropping upon him.

6. With long life. "The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive." (Psalm xli. 2.) He hath helped to keep others alive, and God will keep him alive. Nothing is lost by mercifulness. It spins out the silver thread of life. Many are taken away the sooner for their unmercifulness; because their hearts are straitened, their lives are shortened. —*Thomas Watson.*

"Take my Hand."

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

"ASK God to take my hand." This was the touching request of Ernest Ireson, a little fellow of twelve summers, as his mother sat by his side, expecting every hour would be his last.

He had taken farewell of his friends and companions: they had gone out one by one, and now only his mother remained of whose presence he could take any count, and suddenly the thought was borne in upon him that presently he must pass beyond her reach, and traverse the last part of the way alone. His request was not suggested by fear—he had been calmly resting in Jesus for some time, and was only awaiting the summons which should call him home. The ravages of consumption had left him wasted almost to a skeleton, and with scarcely strength enough to move in bed; but though heart and flesh were failing, God was the strength of his heart, and so he maintained a brave courage to the last.

His mother did not know the little poem* which, doubtless, came to his mind, and upon which his request was based, but it was familiar to him—

"Father, take my hand:
And through the gloom
Lead safely home thy child!"

It was a touching sight as the widowed mother sat by that corner cot, watching, through tearful eyes, the passing of her own child beyond the reach of her hand and voice. Again and again the language of simple trust and hope had been heard; again and again farewell had been spoken, and messages whispered for the loved ones who had gone before. As the last steps of life's brief pilgrimage were being taken, and the frail traveller felt the gloom gathering, by which even the redeemed are for a moment amazed, the path of life, which slopes from darkness up to God, stood revealed to his quickened gaze, and the most fitting sequel to the last-spoken farewell was the pathetic request—

"Ask God to take my hand."

However effectual the prayers of a righteous man may be, the prayers of a widowed mother are not less availing, and to a dying child they were as soothing as an angel's lullaby, and so he fell asleep.

"The babe dies peacefully in the warm arms
Of its sweet mother, while the glowing life
Of the fond heart, whereto she presses it,
Half binds the fluttering dove to its white cage,
And keeps the pulse at play. Oh, she would pour
Her own life into the cold, cold babe with joy!
Therefore she binds him so about her heart
To make him still live on, thinking to blend
Her being with the babe: but, lo! the bud
Of immortality, nursed in her breast,
Has blossomed into heaven.
So let ME die
Where the warm life of Jesus shall inspire
My fainting spirit, and his heart shall beat
New pulses into MINE!"

Only a day or two before little Ireson passed away, he sat up in bed and wrote the following letter, but his strength was spent before he signed his name:—

"Dear Mr. Charlesworth,—Just a few lines to let you know how I am trusting in Jesus. I have given my heart to him for some little time now, and I feel very happy for it. And I hope all the boys and girls will do so too."

A few hours before the end the nurse reminded him that he had not put his name to the note. He replied, "*I can do it now!*" The letter was spread on the cover of a book, and taking a pencil in his wasted fingers, he subscribed his name thus:—

"I remain,
"Yours truly,
"E. IRESON."

* "See "Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song."

This document has a sacredness which stamps it with a value to the possessor not equalled by a Bank of England note.

"I remain!" Quite true, dear child! But not in the home of your adoption, and with the friends you had learned to love! We think we hear thee beyond the tomb, exclaiming, "I remain!" From the home where Jesus is, there is borne to us the echo of a familiar formula, transmuted into a note of triumph—"I remain!" And we shall meet thee again in "the sweet by-and-by." Till then, we cherish the blessed memory of thy too brief course here below, and of this pleasing episode in the latest stages of thy earthly pilgrimage.

The dawn of light in the soul of Ernest Ireson was not noticed at the time, but its effects were afterwards seen in his character and conduct. As his disease developed, no pains were spared to arrest it; but all without avail. He was sent to Ventnor for a time, but returned feebler than he went. The doctor gave no hope of improvement, and it was soon evident to all that his days were numbered. It was sad to note the wasting of this dire disease, which he had inherited, and to feel powerless to stay its course. We knew he must die; and so there was nothing to be done but to smooth his passage to the tomb, and to encourage his trust and hope in the Saviour. He was grateful for every service rendered, and for the loving ministry of all who had to do with him. While I was away with the choir, the following letter, written with great care, reached me at Llandudno:—

"Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
"March 6, 1888.

"Dear Mr. Charlesworth,—Just a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting on. I have felt a little better this last day or two, and I have been able to get up for a few hours. The doctor has been to see me to-day, and he said I was still very bad. They are all very kind to me in the infirmary; I have everything I ask for, and I know that if I were at home I could not be looked after so well as I am here. I am glad to say I am trusting in Jesus, and I know he will answer my prayers. Please give my kind love to all the boys, hoping they are all doing well.

"I must now finish my letter, with kind love to you for what you have done for me since I have been in the Orphanage.

"I remain, yours truly,
"Ernest Ireson."

On my return I saw him several times, and found him very calm and trustful. Though his words were few, there was no hesitancy in his replies to questions. It was impossible to look upon him without the conviction that he was a child of grace. How thankful we are that all the children who have passed from the Orphanage by the way of the tomb have left us with the full assurance of their departure to the Father's house on high! Though we can speak with certainty of the conversion of many who are still with us, and with hope of many more, we long to be assured of the salvation of all. To this end they are nurtured by many ministries, and we are thankful to know that our friends do not forget the objects of our solicitude in their approaches to

the throne of grace. The assurance of the Saviour should strengthen faith and encourage prayer:—

> "It is not
> the will of your Father
> which is in heaven,
> that one of these little ones
> should perish."

If it be not the *will* of our Father, let it not be our *fault* if any of these little ones miss their way.

"Take my hand!" Is not this the yearning desire, if not the uttered prayer, of the children? And what shall be the response? The distance that separates us must be overbridged; and, despite the attainments of years, we must keep the child-spirit, or we shall lose touch with them. Perhaps it is the consciousness that the adult has lost all sympathy with the child which accounts for our youths aping the manners of men. The bane of modern society is that our children cease to be children too soon: a generation ago it was different, and the charms of childhood lingered as the adorning of our "young men and maidens" till they were far on in their teens.

"Take my hand!" is the piteous prayer of boys and girls who shudder at the dangers of the way, or, having fallen, know their weakness and their need. It is impossible to look upon a group of children, gathered from the alleys of our towns at the signal of a street-organ, and not feel a pity toned with sadness! No hand seems to hold them, and it is not difficult to forecast their probable future. The Orphanage deals with but one class, but what a large class it is! For every orphan received, there are twenty whose applications must be refused for want of room! We can only take the hands of five hundred at a time, and must trust that others will not let the remainder drift. In the good time coming we would venture to hope that the rich will not monopolize the charities designed for the poor, and that our Industrial Schools, supported by the rates, will be so administered that no degradation will attach to those who receive their sheltering care. Meanwhile we must keep on, and our friends, we are sure, will not withhold the needed funds. Imagination may picture the fate of some of those we have received in the Orphanage had we not been able to take them by the hand; but the wildest fancy must stop short of the possible reality, for there is an awful strangeness in every instance of moral wreckage.

"I know that if I were at home I could not be looked after so well as I am here," was the grateful testimony of little Ireson. If we are disappointed that his career has been so brief, there is a solace in the reflection that we were able to "take his hand," and hold it till he passed beyond the reach of our poor ministry. The last time I visited him was in company with Mr. Manton Smith, and after we had commended him to the Lord in prayer, Mr. Smith sang to him a hymn from a card which hung by his bed. He was touched by this kindness, and though too weak for any effort beyond a faint whisper, he pointed to one of the verses, as expressing his experience, and Mr. Smith sang—

"Jesus, I do trust thee, trust thee without doubt;
Whosoever cometh, thou wilt not cast out:
Faithful is thy promise, precious is thy blood—
These my soul's salvation, thou my Saviour God!
Jesus, I will trust thee, trust thee with my soul!
Guilty, lost, and helpless, thou canst make me whole."

There were tears in the tones of the singer as he gave expression to the faith and hope of this dear child, who was

"Only waiting till the angels opened wide the pearly gate."

The usual custom was observed at the funeral: all the children assembled in the large dining hall, excepting those of the house in which Ireson had lived, and they formed part of the procession from the infirmary. Surmounted with wreaths of spring flowers—sweet tokens of affection, and emblems of a promised resurrection—the coffin was borne into the hall and the service proceeded. After singing a verse or two of Lyte's latest composition, commencing with the verse—

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,"

and a prayer by the Rev. George Sparks, I read a portion from the Word of God, and addressed the audience amidst a silence that was again and again broken by the sobs the children were unable to suppress. The scene can never be effaced from the memory; and as the relatives went forth to the cemetery, to bear their loved one to his quiet resting-place, the request of Ernest Ireson suggested the resolve of every orphan present, and they pledged themselves to make the prayer their own,

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND!"

P.S.—On reading the foregoing paper by Mr. Charlesworth, I cannot help adding my prayer that not only children in our Orphanage, but that all of us may pray, "*Lord, take my hand!*" How much we need guidance to-day! I am sure I do. It must be much more easy to die than to live, and hence the double needs of our Father's hand while yet we tread the treacherous ways of common life.

If we follow where the Lord leads, we are rid of the burden of responsibility, and enjoy perfect rest. Let us never pull against that hand, nor dream of slipping our hand from out its grasp just for a day or two. No, let us hold, and be held. Let us commit our way unto the Lord, and let our only concern be that prompt obedience shall prove our perfect confidence in God.

Oh, it is sweet to sing, "He leadeth me"! Even if we cannot add "beside the still waters," but are forced to say, "He leadeth me into the wilderness," let us be equally well content. The way must be right, even though we know it not, when the Lord himself brings us by it.

"Father, Father, take my hand,
Lead me through the unknown land,
Till within thy house I stand.
Father, Father, take my hand!"

C. H. SPURGEON.

Sad, yet Full of Hope.

WE insert the following letter, that our friends may be reminded of our brave fishermen and sailors, and of the perils of the deep. Grimsby is much on our mind, for there our excellent Mr. Lauderdale is at work; and the three vessels, named respectively *Susie Spurgeon*, *C. H. Spurgeon*, and *J. A. Spurgeon*, all belong to this port. A generous smack-owner, a Primitive Methodist, has sent fish both to the Orphanage and to its President, and Mr. Dobson is always thoughtful. We grieve to hear of so sad an event as that which he has brought under our notice. May the Lord himself watch over the widow and the fatherless!

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon,—Knowing your deep interest in our Grimsby fishermen, I feel sure you will be grieved to learn that, during the late gale, one of our smacks has been lost with all hands.

"The *Ellen May*, belonging to Brixham, about three years since came to fish in the North Sea, as trade was so very bad down the Channel, and the captain and part owner brought his wife and children to reside in Grimsby. Being members of the Baptist church in Brixham, they attended the Tabernacle here, under the Rev. E. Lauderdale's ministry. Through your kindness, I have often been able to make him up a nice parcel of reading; and when you commenced sending the fifty sermons weekly, Fred. Saunders was the first name on the list to have them kept for him. He was ever grateful for them, as he much enjoyed anything from Mr. Spurgeon's pen.

"For the past two months it seems that the Brixham smacks have been fishing in the Irish Channel; and, as they were earning rather more than the vessels at Grimsby, Saunders' brother, who lives at Brixham, at last persuaded his brother Fred. to take his smack round, and work with the vessels there, as he was thoroughly acquainted with the ground. Three weeks since, this morning, he left Grimsby Docks, everything looking like a prosperous voyage. Before he went, I packed him up a number of Sunday-school Chronicles, together with a bundle of Spurgeon's sermons, giving him more than usual, telling him to hand them over to someone less fortunate than himself. Almost the last thing before he left he took out his purse, and said, '*Here is 2s. 6d.; send that for me to Mr. Spurgeon for the Orphanage*'; a pleasure which was readily undertaken. I promised at the same time to save the receipt for him until his return; and, sad to say, I have now the receipt, but I can never deliver it.

"From Grimsby he had a splendid run, and in three days was at work on the opposite coast, and for a time all went well. On Saturday, March 10th, he was seen off St. Ives, Cornwall, in the afternoon, becalmed; no doubt he was then on his way to spend the Sunday with his friends at Brixham. As darkness came on that night, a fearful gale sprang up, and on the following morning a smack—no doubt the *Ellen May*—was seen by the coast-guards driving on to the shore, or rather rocks, of that iron-bound coast. She was in a dreadful state: one mast gone, bulwarks, sails, rigging—in fact, she was simply a wreck. One poor lad was lashed in the rigging, and the others were hanging on where they could, attempting now and then to pump, and thus, if possible, keep her

afloat until some help came. As soon as she was seen, the rocket apparatus was sent for, and put into position; but before that was finished, one mighty sea had rolled over her, and had engulfed smack and crew; and nothing was seen more, as the water there is so very deep.

"When the first telegrams reached Grimsby we hoped that it could not be so bad as they stated; but on Thursday afternoon, from a visit that his brothers had made to the spot, and enquiries and telegrams all over, we had at last to give up all hope. But as then the widow, with her six children under eleven years, knew nothing that had transpired (though she thought it strange that she had heard nothing from him, as he was such a man to write home), upon Mr. Robinson and myself fell the sad duty of going to see her, and as gently as possible tell her of her loss. You can imagine what a task it was. When at last she realized it, she looked at me with such a look. How could I tell her that he was 'gone for ever'? The children played about in all their glee, little aware of the sorrow that had fallen on their little lives.

"The crew consisted of five hands—the captain, F. Saunders; the mate, Single; the third hand belonging to another vessel; the deck boy was brother to Mrs. Saunders (so that she loses husband and brother); and the little cook was a Grimsby boy.

"For me it was a sad week indeed, and the only thing I could see was that poor wreck with the five souls on board drifting to death. Saunders was a bright Christian, and now is for ever with his Lord. Of the others I can say nothing. You will please excuse me writing all this sad news, but Fred. is the first of our list of regular sermon-readers gone to gloryland, and I felt that I could not but let you know.

"Kindly remember the widow and her six fatherless children, with one still unborn, in your prayers.*

"I felt sure that, coming to such an untimely end, you would be pleased to know that he was *ready*. His last letter to his unconverted brother was full of warning, and I trust that he may now be led, through this, to Christ.

"May I add what a delight and blessing he found in reading and rereading the sermons on the Sabbath, and especially the 'Robinson Crusoe' sermon, which was carefully kept in his box, and it, with a number of others, was lost with him? "SAM. J. DOBSON."

The Final Conflict of Systems.

THE last issue must be between Atheism in its countless forms and Calvinism. The other systems will be crushed as the half-rotten ice between two great bergs. Two things you may be quite sure of, viz.:—1. That you won't get rid of your difficulties by putting away Christianity, because they will come up under philosophy itself; and 2. That you won't get rid of the difficulties of Calvinism by turning Arminian; therefore don't potter with half-measures, but be on one side or the other, out and out.—*Princetoniana.*

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* We trust that the Stockwell Orphanage will provide a shelter for one of the little ones: we cannot take more, or we would gladly do so.—C. H. S.

True and False Fire.

TRUE fire can only be retained by a life of purity and obedience. Anything like impurity in thought or deed will quench the holy flame, and leave you paralyzed and powerless. But the greatest danger of all is the temptation to work with false fire. There is a natural enthusiasm, an excitement which can be worked up, especially by men of strong natures, which is merely a human imitation and false fire. The evangelist feels dead and heavy, and he knows why, for he has lost the fire. He has been smothering it all day by a careless, slothful, self-indulgent life; but now that it is the meeting time, he wants the fire to burn. But instead of seeking it upon his knees, and wrestling in prayer until the baptism of fire is given him, he makes up his mind to pull the meeting through by human energy. He chooses a hymn with a swinging tune, and repeats the chorus time after time. He quickens the pace of the tune, claps his hands, swings his body, and urges the Christians to sing louder and louder. He shouts in prayer, and rushes through three or four prayers in desperate haste. He excites himself and all around him, and tries to believe that there is spiritual power in the meeting. And all the time he feels a wretched hypocrite, for he knows that it is not genuine fire from heaven, but mere human excitement.

Remember this: divine fire may, and often does, create excitement, but excitement will never create divine fire. Animal excitement which is worked up by man will always lead to a terrible re-action, and the evangelist who works with false fire will soon find all his labour fruitless, his own heart will get wrong, he will despise himself, fall into despair, and have to give up the work . . . . . Beware of false fire, but go in with all your heart and soul for the fire of the Holy Ghost.—*F. S. Webster, in "Christians and Christians."*

"Bread found after many Days."

IT is remarked how the sight of an unfamiliar object, the fragrance of a flower, a strain of music, or even a peculiar task, will recall events which happened years before, and make vivid the whole of the well-nigh forgotten circumstances.

So it happened with me, that on a recent Sabbath evening, as I read the Lord's query addressed to Sarah through Abraham, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" the following event in my life's history rose before me, which I now write for the encouragement of God's servants.

Twenty years since, I was a lad in the Sunday-school at a well-known and much frequented watering place. During a time when our chapel was being repaired, altered, and re-decorated, the church and congregation, with the Sunday-school, worshipped in a hall, and one Sunday morning we had, as a pulpit supply, an aged Christian minister, whose sermon was remarkable for two things. First, its intense earnestness—the old man was on fire; and second, its extreme length. The text was, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" and from nature, providence, and grace, came the answer—"Nothing."

With eager and almost passionate entreaty, the preacher summoned one by one his inferences, put his questions, and remarked their answer.

Abraham and Moses, Samuel and David, Daniel and the Hebrew youths, were all examined as to whether, in their history and experience, they found anything too hard for the Lord, and then came the emphatic—"No." So, too, did Peter and Paul, Mary Magdalene and Martha, all testify to the omnipotence of divine love. No heart was too hard for him to soften, no nature so dead, but he could quicken; no sin so black, but he could cleanse, and no temptation so great, but he could keep. The people grew restless; the preacher had a wide field from which to cull argument and illustrations; and the universal "No" to his question, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" grew almost monotonous. The congregation gradually melted away, until, at the finish, but few were left. I and my parents stayed to the end, between one and two o'clock. Ten years passed away, the circumstance ever lingering in my mind: meanwhile God had saved me by his grace, and called me to proclaim his truth. I was requested to preach, one Sunday afternoon, in a village five miles from the town in which I resided. It was a very wet day, and before I started, I was kindly informed, by a friend, that preaching in that chapel was like being in a wet blanket (and that on fine days), for the people mostly slept through the service, and conversions were unknown. I had no dinner, having to start before the usual hour for the establishment to dine (I was in business); but proved the truth of the word, "Man shall not live by bread alone," and was fed in soul by the Word of God. I arrived just at the time for beginning the service, rather tired after my long walk, hungry, and very wet.

During the performance by the chapel choir of a hymn, I sat down in the pulpit, and pulled off my boots, thinking to find, perhaps, dry socks, but, alas! they, too, were soaked. Nevertheless, the Lord stood by me, and with much freedom and power I was enabled to speak from the words, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" The old preacher's text and sermon, as far as I could remember, did good service that day. God blessed the Word; a revival broke out, and amongst the first to declare himself on the Lord's side, and to bear testimony to the truth of God's saving might, was an intelligent young man, who witnessed that he owed his conversion, under God, to that sermon. So that the bread cast upon the waters was found after many days; and though the Word was not blessed to the conversion of the one who heard, yet through the hearer, a soul was won. "In the morning sow the seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

H. W. CHILDS, Southend.

Notices of Books.

Boys and Girls who have Risen: a Prize for Mission Schools. Edited by G. H. PIKE. Passmore and Alabaster.

MR. PIKE is at home in all matters and stories which have to do with missions and schools. The tales here told are new to us, are undoubtedly true, and are always made to teach something good. In our judgment this book deserves to be given away in tens of thousands, so that many more boys and girls may learn how to rise through the examples of those who have risen. The price is 1s. 6d.

The Christian Band: its Principle and Method. By CHARLES WATERS, Hon. Sec. International Bible Reading Association. S. S. Union.

ONLY three halfpence; but as a spark may cause a great fire, so the information in this pamphlet may be for the eternal benefit of thousands. Forming godly children into little communities, and watching over them for Jesus, is, and must ever be, a good work. That which is good for sheep is good for lambs. In plain words, our esteemed friend, Mr. Waters, tells beginners how to do it, and stirs them up to be at it at once.

The Philosophy of the New Birth. By JOHN EDWIN BRIGG, Vicar of Hepworth, near Huddersfield. Nisbet.

IN a very short time the hypothesis of evolution will be the football of contempt. Already it is ceasing to be the fetish which certain persons made of it. What will then be the value of theological books which have treated the fancy as a fact? They will be treated with indifference; or, more likely, they will be mourned over as having tainted the streams of gospel truth. In the present instance, we are at issue with the very title of the book; and though its contents are to a large degree acceptable, we cannot tolerate the underlying notion that the new birth is in any sense an evolution. In works like this we see much danger in the fact that they are on the whole so good, that readers swallow down the germs of error without being aware of their presence. Our author's aim and object is to spread the truth. He is charmed, like Professor Drummond, by an untenable theory of physics, and thinks it will be most useful to illustrate spiritual things thereby: our fear is, that when the theory vanishes, and the supposed analogies disappear, much faith will be placed in jeopardy. We do not object to the one foot on the earth, it is the other foot on the sea which causes us anxiety. Good men, like the writer of this treatise, have our full confidence while explaining the Scriptures; but when they come to their philosophy, and to the fairy tale of evolution, we part company, fearing that they are doing much more harm than good.

The Inspired Word; a Series of Papers and Addresses Delivered at the Bible-Inspiration Conference, Philadelphia, 1887. Edited by ARTHUR T. PIERSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VALUABLE course of lectures upon Bible-Inspiration. Whoever conceived the idea of a conference upon such a subject, it was most opportune, and the work set before it has been well done. Dr. Pierson truly says in the preface: "If confidence in the Word of God can be undermined; if, by subtlety and sophistry, its *infallible inspiration* may be made to appear like an old wives' fable or groundless tradition; if in any way men may feel at liberty, like Jehudi, to use a penknife on the sacred roll and cut out of it whatever is offensive to the proud reason or the wayward will of the natural man, the devil will have achieved his greatest triumph." This makes us value all that is done by godly men to maintain the supreme authority of the sacred Word.

A Day in Capernaum. By Dr. FRANZ DELITZSCH. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

NO, not even when the learned pen of Delitzsch condescends to it can we approve of this style of writing. We do not like to see the life of Christ hammered out into stories in which imagination plays a part. This style of writing may be instructive, and it certainly is interesting, but we do not think it is reverent, or allowable. We are willing to give this book a very high place among productions of the sort, but the sort itself is questionable. We know that many will differ from us, but we none the less tenaciously maintain our opinion. The world is full enough of materials for fiction without weaving tales out of the story of the Lord Jesus; the day may come when people will not know which is gospel and which is legend if eminent writers take to interweaving sacred fact with their own inventions.

The Gospel in Nature, Scripture Truths Illustrated by Facts in Nature. By HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D. With an Introduction by W. Carruthers. Hodder and Stoughton.

A REMARKABLE book. Mr. Carruthers well says of our author, "He opens alike the book of nature and the book of grace with the hand of a master." This is a volume to be bought and read. It is far better than Professor Drummond's doubtful volume. It has in it quite as much of scientific interest as "Natural Law," and it is not open to the solemn suspicions which the later utterances of Mr. Drummond compel us to feel. There is no mistake as to these sermons, they are first-rate in all respects.

The Englishman's Bible. By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Large print edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is an edition of a well-known and much-valued work, which ought to make it better known and more valued still. The print is not only large, but singularly clear, and presents a very attractive page to those whose sight is not so strong as it once was. For the information of those who have yet to make the acquaintance of this book, we may say that the purpose of "The Englishman's Bible" is to place the ordinary English reader in a position to perceive the felicities, beauties, precisions, and perfections of the original text, so far as this can be done without a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek. If prodigious labour, at once painstaking, exact, ingenious, and skilful, could bring success, Mr. Newberry deserves to succeed in the very highest degree. The work is a monument of industry and a mine of suggestion. The general plan is, dispensing with comment or even annotation, to supply the reader, in a concise introduction, with explanations of the Articles, Numbers, Emphatic Pronouns, Tenses, Particles or Prepositions, Uniform and Correct Renderings, Divine Titles, and other points of a similar kind; and then, by an elaborate series of signs inserted in the text, to refer to these explanations, and direct their application as the case demands. In order to derive the full benefit this work is designed to yield, it is needful for the reader to take the precaution of thoroughly mastering the signs and explanations at the outset. Being thus furnished, he will also be proof against the irritation likely to be caused by frequently recurring signs and references only partially understood, and therefore turning the attention aside from the tenor of the meaning. The use of the work requires thought, and perhaps the very greatest service it will render is to counteract skimming the surface, and to cultivate the habit of enquiring and searching into the deeper meaning of the Scriptures. It will, no doubt, also create in not a few a longing for that fuller light which the knowledge of the original languages alone can shed upon the study of the Old and New Testament.

Every-day Christian Life; or, Sermons by the Way. By ARCHDEACON FARRAR. Isbister, Ludgate Hill.

IN his own line of things Canon Farrar is a master, and cannot be read without instruction; but from our point of view, we never feel quite safe with him, for there is a twist in his thinking, which is visible on frequent occasions, though it is by no means so glaring as in many less able divines. In this case we might, if we wished, object to a few expressions, but we prefer to note and to commend the high strain of moral teaching of these sermons, and the substantial Scriptural teaching by which that teaching is supported. Faith is to the front here, and not that perpetual doubt which is the pride of "modern thought." Doctrine is fittingly made to be the basis of duty, and truth in life is urged upon us by the truth of revelation. By the way, as a very small matter, does Dr. Farrar think it at all necessary to speak of "the Qur'ân"? We all know that he is a scholar without his thus bewildering us when he writes of the Koran.

The Sermon Bible. Genesis to Samuel. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS promises to be a fine collection of memoranda upon the homiletical portions of Holy Scripture. It will be a sort of index of modern sermon-literature, and those preachers who have considerable libraries should secure the volumes as they come out. The work will serve as a catalogue of reference. The collection contains the teachings of various schools; but then, it is intended for the use of discriminating theologians, whose office it is "to teach others also." Seven and sixpence is little enough for such a mass of information. Still, as it is not original, but "annexed," from many authors, it ought to be sold at a low figure. We do not see much sense in inserting blank paper at the end: very few will write on it, and one hardly cares to buy plain paper at the price of books. It comes cheaper as stationery than as literature.

Christianity and Evolution. James Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a republication of a series of articles by different authors, from *The Homiletic Magazine*. The design is to show how far the ascertained facts of evolution, as taught by scientists of the present day, are compatible with Scripture teaching, and especially with, what is here styled, a genuine, intelligent Christian faith. We do not believe that there are any *facts* which prove evolution, neither do we believe in the Christianity which is in accord with that false theory, and so this book has no sort of value for us. It is the modern view of the Christian faith which is referred to throughout the whole volume. Neither Christianity nor evolution is well defined, and we see no agreement among the several writers respecting either of them. By conceding much on both sides, the writers have attempted to justify a religious belief which pretends to be Christianity, and is nothing of the kind. The dishonour cast upon Christianity by putting it side by side with the scientific dream of evolution is one which we resent in the strongest language within our reach. The only conclusion we can draw from this attempt is, that so far as any form of Christianity coincides with evolution, it may be pronounced to be false; and so far as it is not in accordance with it, it is all the more likely to be true.

The Mental Characteristics of the Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. HENRY NORRIS BERNARD, M.A., LL.B. Nisbet and Co.

WHAT a subject! Many would have lost their way in such a theme. The Godhead is so near the manhood, that it is difficult to survey the one because of the unspeakable glory of the other. Mr. Bernard writes with a delight in that perfect Son of Man whom he tries to depict. Of course he fails to set forth all the beauties of the Chief among ten thousand; but he calls attention to many admirable traits of character which the hasty reader might not have seen. Most of the book has been already published in the *Homiletic Magazine*, but it is none the worse for that. It speaks of Jesus, and this commends it. We could have enjoyed a deeper spirituality if the writer had possessed it; but he has other excellencies which we highly appreciate, and he uses his powers honestly in his Master's service, and therefore our word is heartily *for* him.

The Bow in the Cloud; or, Words of Comfort for those in Bereavement, Sickness, Sorrow, and the varied Trials of Life. Edited by J. SANDERSON, D.D. New York: E. B. Treat, 771, Broadway.

A LARGE and valuable collection of cheering passages from great authors. All sorts of gracious writers are laid under contribution. Logan's "Words of Comfort" are largely transferred, but then he also was a gatherer from land and sea. We doubt not that this store-house of balms and cordials will be largely patronized by mourners in America; for alas! even in that great republic, grief has its throne.

Unfinished Worlds. A study in Astronomy. By S. H. PARKES, F.R.A.S., F.L.S. With Illustrative Diagrams. Hodder and Stoughton.

SCIENCE without scepticism. One has great pleasure in being led to adore at the footstool of Jehovah's throne by being taught somewhat concerning his more glorious works. Mr. Parkes writes in a popular style, and ever with that modesty and reverence which mark the wise and gracious author. His notes upon Dr. Dollinger's experiments are boldly in opposition to the current nonsense known as the philosophy of evolution. Readers will be pleased with the facts stated and the diagrams given in illustration of them; but the chief impression made upon their minds will be—*how little we know of all these wonderful things!* This is a healthy lesson for us all to learn.

One would hardly have expected to find the earth put down among "unfinished worlds"; but there is a spiritual sense in which it does not yet appear what it shall be, for its glory is yet to be revealed.

This is a splendid book for five shillings. We have not seen it before, but we note that this is the second edition.

Hymns for Homes. Words and Music, 6d. Edited by W. Y. FULLERTON and J. MANTON SMITH. *Hymns for Children's Services.* Selected by J. MANTON SMITH. Passmore and Alabaster.

JUST the sort of hymns for Children's Special Services. For sixpence you have the words and music, and then you can get the words by themselves for two shillings the hundred. Our friends Fullerton and Manton Smith know when they get a bit of real life. Whatever they select for song is sure to be sound and sounding. They wed true teachings to sweet harmonies, and thus preach and sing their way into hearts which the Lord opens. Teachers and parents who are musical will like these "Hymns for Homes."

The Religious Aspect of the Evolution Question. By the Rev. GEORGE MARTIN. Elliot Stock.

VERY good indeed. This is the right sort of thing. A faithful pastor here guards his flock against the scientific monster of the hour, which is prowling around and devouring the weak and the pretentious. Our good neighbour speaks plainly and popularly, but handles the question very forcibly. Friends should see that such admirable teaching is widely scattered. Bound, the book is two shillings, and in paper covers one shilling.

"*Where is Calvary?*" and other Pointed Papers and Personal Appeals. By WALTER J. MAYERS. Partridge and Co.

OUR friend Mr. Mayers is always eager to win souls, and we feel sure that the Lord will bless his earnest appeals, both spoken and written. In our April number we gave our readers one of the telling papers from this collection. They are pleasantly written, plentifully illustrated, and charmingly bound. Such a book, sprinkled with prayer, and lovingly presented to an unconverted friend, would be good seed, which, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, would bring forth fruit unto life eternal. We thank the author for the inscription, which runs thus: "These pages are inscribed to C. H. Spurgeon, with warm gratitude, sincere esteem, and ever-deepening love." Such things may seem little, but when the storm of opposition beats heavily, it is sweet to know that some are not ashamed to own a vilified friend.

The Pocket Encyclopædia. A Compendium of General Knowledge for Ready Reference. Sampson Low.

ESSENCE of meat. We never remember seeing in any other instance so much knowledge packed away into so small a space. It is wonderful how completely a thing is described in few words, and how accurate is the description. Put your hand in your pocket; take out the price and lay it out with Sampson Low, in buying this compendium. When you put the book into your pocket you will have more there than you took out of it. A young man who needs to know a little upon everything should take our advice, and get this Pocket Encyclopædia, and constantly refer to it.

Witnesses for Christ and Memorials of Church Life from the Fourth to the Thirteenth Century. A Sequel to "Early Church History." By EDWARD BACKHOUSE and CHARLES TYLOR. In two Volumes. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THESE are charming volumes, and they are essential to every complete library which has a space for church history. We suppose them to be the productions of Christian gentlemen of leisure, who have time for research and travel, and are able to spend much money without the prospect of any adequate return from their sales. They take us into most interesting fields of study, and delight us with details which many historians have overlooked. The illustrations are most valuable, and altogether the works are of the highest order. Their main purpose is to show how, from one age to another, the Lord left not himself without witnesses, but visited chosen men with the enlightenment of his Holy Spirit, and qualified them to testify of Christ. We owe a debt of gratitude to the compilers of these volumes which it will be difficult fully to acknowledge. We hope to return to these precious storehouses at an early date.

The Women of the Bible. By ETTY WOOSNAM. Partridge and Co.

THE other day we reviewed a book which only mentioned the males of the Bible; here we have the women all by themselves. Lively, holy, practical talks to a Bible-class, worthy to be read by old as well as young. We are struck with the forceful brevity of the sketches, and pleased with their truly spiritual tone. Cheap at 1s. 6d.

A Handy Concordance of the Septuagint. Giving various Readings from Codices Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, Sinaiticus, and Ephraem. S. Bagster and Sons, Limited.

THIS must be of great value to a student of the Septuagint. The more digging into the original Scriptures, and into this invaluable translation of the Old Testament, the better. The cure for much of modern scepticism is the devout study of the Word itself. We fear that the number of such hard readers is not so great as it should be, but for these this volume must be a great help. It is published at 15s. Everybody knows the reliableness of the issues of S. Bagster and Sons.

An Explanatory Commentary on Esther, with four Appendices, consisting of the Second Targum, translated from the Aramaic, with Notes, Mithra, the Winged Bulls of Persepolis, and Zoroaster. By Professor PAULUS CASSEL, D.D. Translated by Rev. A. BERNSTEIN, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A SPECIALLY remarkable exposition, which will secure for itself a commanding position in Biblical literature. It has great charms from a literary and historical point of view. It is not what devotional readers would call highly spiritual, but in this it agrees with the Book of Esther itself—a book in which we have not the name of God even once, and yet have God at work in every line. Dr. Cassel has concentrated his great learning upon the Persia of Xerxes, and makes its manners and its history illustrate the inspired story. He notes many most instructive points, and sustains throughout the rapt interest of the reader. We may not accept all that he teaches, but, as a whole, his book is an invaluable contribution to the elucidation of the marvellous story of Esther, Mordecai, and Haman. We think our author has given us an excellent reason why the name of God does not appear in Esther. The Persian king was to his subjects the personification of God, and it was prudent on the part of the Jewish writer not to come into *verbal* conflict with a contemporary reader when his *facts* would by themselves place the king in his true position, and glorify the God of Israel to the highest degree. Dr. Cassel adds:—"Nevertheless, the strongly-marked Jewish faith appears everywhere. The fasting which Mordecai prescribed was connected with prayer, although the form of the prayer is not given. One thought pervades the whole book, and that is the wonderful providence by which God protects the house of Israel. It cannot be destroyed even by the malice of such an enemy as Haman. Even Zeresh, his wife, is represented to be of the same opinion, when she says to him, 'If Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews, before whom thou hast begun to fall, thou shalt not prevail against him.'"

Gleanings from the Harvest. By Rev. W. HASLAM, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

A BOOK is sure to be alive if you see the name of William Haslam on the title-page. We reckon him among our beloved personal friends. We do not always put truth exactly as he does, but we mean very much the same thing. He is one of our King's mighties, and lives for the gospel of our Lord. Here he gives us a collection of incidents, by no means sensational, but always sufficiently interesting to secure attention to the doctrine which he would teach. These pages bring to our remembrance rides with their author at Mentone, when almost every turn of the road brought forth a story and a blazing sentence of sacred truth. Those were brave days for us, at any rate, and we hope they may be repeated.

Memorials of Jordan. A New Year's Meditation. By FRANK H. WHITE. Partridge and Co.

COSTS a penny, but is worth its weight in bank-notes. Eminently suggestive.

"Thou Winnowest my Path!" A New Year's Blessing. By SOPHIA M. NUGENT. S. W. Partridge.

COSTS only one penny, but very precious. Get it at once, and let it be a fan in the Lord's hand to winnow you.

Notes of a Bible Reading on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. Post free for fourpence of Mrs. Osmond, 63, London Road, Leicester.

A WONDERFUL mass of typical interpretations. Some may be pressed too far, but others are singularly striking. If all meetings for Bible-reading suggested as much thought as this tractate they would be soul-enriching ordinances to an eminent degree.

Volumes of magazines make very good reading: we question whether any other form of literature would be found more generally interesting if we were shut up to it. For children we can speak very highly of *The Little Gleaner.* Houlston and Sons. This is eminently sound and gracious, and yet by no means dull. *Spring Time.* Joseph Toulson. Remarkably fresh and vigorous. *The Child's Friend,* by the same publisher, is small in all respects. *The Adviser.* Houlston. Is an admirable temperance advocate, of Scottish origin. *Faithful Words for Old and Young.* Alfred Holness. Downright earnestness as to soul matters is the mark of this periodical, and we feel sure that it must be useful. *The Mother's Friend.* Hodder and Stoughton. Fulfils its purpose, and that is saying a good deal. *Juvenile Instructor and Companion.* Watts, London House Yard. Teaches kindness to animals, and all other virtues, and does its work very well. Most of its wood-cuts we think we have seen before; yet the volume is nicely got up.

Baptist Messenger. Elliot Stock. Our old friend is the same as ever. It is sound and solid. *The Church,* by the same publisher, has also much about it which we admire, and some few things which are not quite to our liking. Still, it is good in its own line.

Illustrated Missionary News. Partridge. A mass of missionary matter for 2s. 6d. In every way a very remarkable serial, second to none in illustration and information.

The Reaper. Office of *The Reaper.* Ardrossan. This is first-rate. It deserves to have a Glasgow or London publisher: it is much too good to be a merely local paper. It contends earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Methodist Family. Wesleyan Sunday School Union. A superior production: specially well conducted.

Christian Messenger. Joseph Toulson. A magazine for Primitive Methodists. We do not think it equal in quality to the former one, neither do we agree with all its teaching; but then we are more primitive in our ideas than the Primitives are.

The Shield and Spear. Vol. II. Edited by W. Evans Hurndall. Elliot Stock. A vigorous serial: on the right side, and of the right spirit.

The Teacher at Work. Elliot Stock. Must be helpful to any teacher who will carefully read it.

Poetic Rays. By EMMA HALFORD HARRISON. W. B. Horner and Son.

THE dedication is a fair sample of the poetry, the rhythm, and the spirit of the whole of this little book.

"A few rays of thought,
From memory brought,
At Thy feet, Lord Jesus, I lay;
The work may be mine,
The praise shall be thine;
Accept it, dear Master, I pray."

We do not feel inclined to criticize that which is so humbly laid at our Master's feet.

Faithful Service. By REV. FRANK W. DODD, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

ENCOURAGEMENTS and warnings of an honest and searching kind; just such as men and women of the period most need. Here are none of the soft flatteries of the philosophical pulpit, but counsels such as befit the narrow way, and are demanded by the popularity of the broader road.

The Fireside Pictorial Magazine. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

OUR esteemed friend, Mr. Charles Bullock, has for years done eminent service in providing all classes with literature that has the true gospel ring about it. During the present year he makes a new start by enlarging "The Fireside" from 64 to 80 pages, thus making it one of the cheapest sixpenny serials in the market. The editor belongs to the Church of England; but his work will be valued by members of all denominations who like to have the truth without compromise.

Grammar of Elocution. By JOHN MILLARD. London: Longmans.

ALL young men ought to be taken through a course of training in this high-class text-book, written by the Elocution Master of the City of London School. It is thorough, comprehensive, and concise. Its expositions are clear and discriminating, and its illustrations are numerous and apposite. The volume, which is nicely got up, costs three shillings and sixpence, and has already been through four editions.

Studies on the Science of General History. By Dr. ZERFFI. Volume I. Ancient History. London: Hirschfeld Bros.

THESE Lectures are meant only for students. They are learned, yet luminous; profound, yet popular; philosophical, yet interesting. The best method of studying the Chinese and Chinese history, India and the Indians, Persia and its people, Greece and Rome, are discussed and illustrated. Almost every line contains a fact or an exposition of an important principle. Students will welcome this able volume for its history, but we trust they will repudiate its theology.

Our Children: How to Keep them Well and Treat them when Ill. By ROBERT BELL, M.D., &c. David Bryce, Glasgow.

A GUIDE of this kind should be in the possession of every mother; for the instructions given are helpful in home doctoring. The hints given are not so simple as some others we have seen, but we dare say they will prove to be useful. Treat the children ill, and they will seldom be well; but treat them well when well, and with God's blessing they will rarely be ill.

Work of the Blind in China: showing how Blind Beggars may be transformed into Scripture Readers. By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING. Nisbet.

INTERESTING, no doubt, and very prettily bound; but far too little for the money as books go nowadays. Say sixpence instead of one-and-sixpence, and we may deal with you.

The New Chant Book. An Extended Selection of Psalms and Hymns, with the Te Deum and Ancient Hymns of the Early Church, with the Words of the Weigh House Collection of Occasional Anthems. By T. H. FAIRHURST. Elliot Stock.

As a collection of psalms, &c., for chanting, this strikes us as being very good. The system of pointing can be easily mastered and will prove helpful to a congregation adopting a liturgical service. There is a wide range of subjects and an index of Music for the Choir. We have no special liking for Anthems or Chants in our Services, and must not be expected to commend any collection; but those who differ from us should examine this book, which is well printed, and bound in a compact and inexpensive form.

Courtship. For all who intend to get Married. By the Editor of "Home Words." 7, Paternoster Square.

THIS is a lively three-pennyworth. We do not wonder that it is in its fifth thousand: if only one-tenth of those to whom it is addressed would buy it, what a sale it would have! Mr. Bullock is not unaccustomed to the yoke, and he is, therefore, able to speak from experience. If his advice is followed, there will be none to say that "courtship is bliss, but marriage is blister." Truly did Ruskin say, "A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with the wrong person"; and our author is right when he says, "Be sure you do not marry for beauty alone."

"Beauty's a flower, you've heard it said—
It may be flower, but it isn't bread."

From Messrs. Shaw we have *Dora Ashley; or, the Patience of Hope*, by C. E. IRVINE; and a new edition of *Will Foster of the Ferry*, by AGNES GIBERNE (half-a-crown each); *Tim's Treasure, and how he found it*, by ALICE LANG (eighteen-pence). Bright little stories, with a line of gospel teaching running through them all.

Grandmama's Miracles; or, Stories told at Six o'clock in the Evening. By PANSY.

One of the Least, and *Ray Elliott's Deliverer*. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN.

Woodside; or, Look, Listen, and Learn. By CAROLINE HADLEY. Nelson and Sons.

THREE pretty, plain-printed shilling books for little people. The prize flower of the three is Pansy.

Edwin, the Boy Outlaw; or, The Dawn of Freedom in England. By J. FREDERICK HODGETTS. Partridge.

THE author, an indefatigable student of Anglo-Saxon and Early English Literature, has produced a highly interesting picture of English life and manners at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries. A special feature is Professor Hodgetts' "attempt at placing Robin Hood in his true light, as a herald of English freedom." Among books of recreative reading for boys we class this A1.

St. Chris. By E. VAN SOMMER. National Temperance Publication Depôt, London.

A STORY of to-day concerning "London, E." It tells of toiling masses and their misery. There is *art* in depicting the characters of the tale, and there is even more of *heart* in the writer's purpose to arouse sympathy with the poor drunkards of whom he tells. It is a book which you find it hard to lay down when you have once begun to read it.

The Black Troopers; and other Stories.
Strange Tales of Peril and Adventure.
Adventures Ashore and Afloat.
Remarkable Adventures from Real Life. Religious Tract Society.

FOUR first-rate books for a boy's library. We hardly remember any collection of stories so enthralling, and yet so unobjectionable. Jack will want no urging to read when he once dips into any one of these volumes.

The Blind Brother; or, Lost in the Mine. A Story for the Young. By H. GREENE. Nelson and Sons.

A TOUCHING tale, wherein simple truth conquers the hard heart. Put it in the juvenile library.

The Fortunes of the Frejhaldts. A Russian Story. By MARY E. ROPES. Religious Tract Society.

AMONG Nihilists and secret plotters, honest piety finds its way, and works out its escape. The story is thoroughly good and lively.

The Shepherd's Darling. By BRENDA. Shaw and Co.

TELLS how a wicked girl, whose total depravity none would question in order to spite a shepherd's family, tempted his darling child to join a travelling circus. The recital of the scenes and sufferings of the little victim will move many a reader to tears, so realistic and exquisitely tender are they. This is the perfection of story-telling.

Nella; or, Not My Own. A Story for Girls. By J. GOLDSMITH COOPER. Elliot Stock.

THE plot of this story is simple and natural, and evidently constructed for the purpose of illustrating the hopes and fears, failures and successes, of a young Christian seeking to adorn the doctrine of Christ. A real Christian "story for girls."

The Child's Guide to Temperance. By ALICE PRICE. National Temperance Pubhcation Depôt.

FULL of useful warnings against strong drink; but, really, we do not know a single *child* who would read it, or understand it if he did read it. Still, there's no telling what Board Schools may have done: we may yet hear little boys rebuke brewers in Hebrew, and girls repeat the denunciation in Greek. We shall be glad to hear it in any case; but for the present we recommend a temperance writer for children to use such words as children would themselves use. The idea of this "Guide" is a good one; but let it be carried out in our mother tongue, and not in Latinized language.

Longley's Holiday Guides. Sweden, Norway, Giant's Causeway, Scarborough, Round Glasgow, Across Wales, &c., &c. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane.

LET us hope you will get a holiday this year, and if so, Mr. Longley will supply you with a condensed guide-book, illustrated. You can get far more detail for more money; but these forty guides, at a penny each, are really very wonderful. If your pence are few, you cannot do better than buy one of these. We have not space for Mr. Longley's list, but it embraces most of the tourist regions of the United Kingdom.

Fifty Sermons. By the Rev. AUBREY CHARLES PRICE, B.A. Preached in Immanuel Church, Brixton, in 1886-7. Hamilton Adams.

SHORT and sweet. Too short, seeing they are so sweet.

Notes.

IT was no small comfort to see the Baptist Union anxious to clear itself, and to make peace. I hoped that in this happy frame of mind it would do something which would mend matters, and therefore in all haste I retracted my prophecy that it would do nothing at all. But what has it done? The resolution, with its footnote, with the interpretation of its mover, and the re-election of the old council, fairly represent the utmost that would be done when everybody was in his best humour. Is it satisfactory? Does anybody understand it in the same sense as anybody else? Does not the whole virtue of the thing lie in its pleasing both sides a little? And is not this the vice and the condemnation of it?

I am not, however, careful to criticize the action of a body from which I am now finally divided. My course has been made clear by what has been done. I was afraid from the beginning that the reform of the Baptist Union was hopeless, and therefore I resigned. I am far more sure of it now, and should never under any probable circumstances dream of returning. Those who think it right to remain in such a fellowship will do so, but there are a few others who will judge differently, and will act upon their convictions. At any rate, whether any others do so or not, I have felt the power of the text, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," and have quitted both Union and Association once for all. The next step may not be quite so clear; but this is forced upon me, not only by my convictions, but also by the experience of the utter uselessness of attempting to deal with the evil except by personally coming out from it.

The instinct of the gracious life is to seek congenial communion, and hence the necessity of some form of fellowship for ourselves and our churches will suggest itself to those who sorrowfully come forth from the old camp. To institute such a thing formally, and ask persons to join it, would be folly: it must grow up of itself—by the demand of those who desire it, and then it will be true and lasting. I do not, therefore, move in this direction till I hear from other brethren of like mind that they desire to do so. It will not harm us to abide alone for a little while, till we see where we are; and then, whether we are few or many, we can unite to help our poorer brethren, and to conserve the faith. Our desire is not to oppose others, but that we may strengthen each other's hands in the Lord. Utterly isolated church life would have its evils, and in true union there will be not only strength but joy. This will come in due time if it be the Lord's will.

Mrs. Spurgeon being utterly prostrate from severe illness is unable to reply to letters, and will be glad if none are sent to her till further notice. Those who have applied for books must kindly wait. Prayer is asked for her speedy recovery; but the weakness which will naturally remain after the mischief has abated will, under the most favourable circumstances, keep her from attending to the Book Fund for some time to come.

Mr. Spurgeon has received the following certificate from his medical attendant, and has been compelled to cancel engagements: "This is to certify that Mr. Spurgeon is suffering from nervous debility, and is quite unfitted to undertake any public engagements outside his own pulpit work for the next three months.

"(Signed) J. J. BARRETT, M.D."

TABERNACLE FLOWER MISSION. — This very useful mission pursues its blessed way. We will notice it more at length next month; but we wish friends near London would think of it, and send flowers for the poor and the sick. Flowers used at public services are scarcely worth sending, they are so withered and worn. Hampers should be sent so as to reach the Tabernacle before ten o'clock on Wednesday morning. Direct—

DELIVER IMMEDIATELY.
Bible Flower Mission,
Metropolitan Tabernacle,
Newington Butts, London.

Mrs. John Spurgeon, our mother, fell asleep in the morning of May 23, at Hastings. She rests from the pain and weakness of many years at the age of 73. May her beloved husband be sustained under this heavy trial! Pray for him.

The first anniversary of the opening of BEULAH CHAPEL, THORNTON HEATH, has recently been celebrated. On the anniversary day, *Thursday*, *May* 3, at 6 o'clock in the morning, a prayer-meeting, attended by between seventy and eighty persons, was held, at the close of which a brother was baptized, making the forty-eighth immersed during the year. On *Sunday*, *May* 6, the Rev. John Spurgeon preached twice to crowded congregations, and on the following Tuesday a tea and public meeting were held. The chair was taken by Mr. W. Higgs, and addresses were delivered by Pastors J. W. Boud (Penge) and H. O. Mackey (Peckham), and Messrs. J. T. Dunn and G. Goldston. Mr. J. H. Wicks read the report, which stated that the church now numbers eighty-three members, one having "fallen asleep in Christ" on the preceding Sunday. Pastor J. W. Harrald presented the financial statement. The receipts for the past year amounted to £167, a small balance remained in hand, and the total amount raised for all purposes since the opening of the chapel was over £610. We give this account because many *Sword and Trowel* readers helped us in the building of the chapel, and therefore take an interest in its prosperity.

On *Tuesday*, *May* 8, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided at the Annual Tea and Parents' Meeting in connection with GREAT HUNTER STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL. Thirteen years ago this work was started by some young men converted at Tabernacle special services, and since then the friends have continued their connection with the Tabernacle, and from time to time have sent up candidates for church-membership. The Young Christians' Band has 39 members, and is doing a good work; 70 scholars are in the Bible Reading Union, and 80 in the Band of Hope. There are 230 names on the books, and the average attendances are—morning 68, afternoon 152, evening 153. Workers are much needed just now, especially a teacher for the Young Women's Bible-class.

On *Tuesday evening*, *May* 15, Mr. Adam Chambers, an American minister, delivered his lecture on "The Pilgrim's Progress" at the Tabernacle, the pastor occupying the chair. John Bunyan's immortal work is illustrated in a novel manner by eighteen oil paintings, executed by Mr. Chambers. We can heartily recommend our brethren to arrange for a visit from Mr. Chambers, for his lecture is brim full of the gospel, and is one of the best sermons to the heart that we have ever heard. Mr. Chambers is not a money-hunter, but a soul-winner. Our recommendation was not given without deliberation and investigation; but it is unreserved and intense. Letters will find him if directed to the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Johnson has completed his course, and settled at Upton-on-Severn. Our beloved brother, Mr. C. B. Sawday, who has been the honoured pastor of the church meeting in Vernon Chapel, King's Cross Road for nearly 25 years, is removing to Leicester to take charge of the church at Melbourne Hall formerly under the care of Mr. Meyer. We ask for him the prayers of all faithful men, and we commend our dear friend to the confidence of the godly in Leicester.

Mr. A. MacArthur has removed from Sharpsburg to Washington, Pennsylvania; and Mr. W. A. Biss from Union, Pa., to Ransomville, Niagara Co., New York State. We are greatly cheered by letters from our American and Canadian brethren.

A short paragraph in our January "Notes," with reference to the "Down-Grade" in Victoria, Australia, appears to have been misunderstood by some. Our correspondent asks us to say that his remarks had no reference to the *Baptists* of Victoria; and he says, "I am also profoundly glad to add my conviction that, as a whole, our ministers love and preach the old, precious, Biblical truth. They measure 'modern thought' by God's Word, and not God's revealed mind by human mutations."

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the newly-formed PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION was commenced by a prayer-meeting, at the College, on *Monday afternoon*, *April* 16. C. H. Spurgeon presided, and there was a large attendance of ministers and students. The spirit of prayer was very specially poured out, and the earnest and united supplications of the brethren gave promise of the blessing received during the week. By tea-time the number present had considerably increased; and when the hour for the public prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle arrived, still more of our brethren from the country had arrived. Prayers were presented by Pastors T. W. Medhurst (Portsmouth), J. A. Brown (Cottage Green, Camberwell), A. Macdougall (Oban), A. G. Everett (Dorking), G. Hudgell (Calne), and H. F. Gower (Bath); and brief addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. Spurgeon, F. M. Smith (Norfolk Street, Peckham), and W. G. Hailstone (Wycliffe Chapel, Reading), and Evangelists J. M. Smith and J. T. Mateer. The meeting was a grand beginning of a glorious week.

On *Tuesday morning*, *April* 17, larger numbers than at any previous Conference assembled at the College, and a specially solemn season was spent in prayer and

praise, in the course of which Pastor J. A. Spurgeon read an appropriate passage from the Epistle to the Philippians. The next item upon the programme being "The President's Address," Mr. Spurgeon reminded the brethren that the new Association did not at present possess a President, or officers; whereupon, amid a scene of great enthusiasm, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was unanimously elected perpetual President, and Pastor J. A. Spurgeon perpetual Vice-President, provided that, should they ever depart from the faith, they should resign their offices. Pastors E. H. Ellis and H. O. Mackey were elected secretaries, and Pastor F. H. White remembrancer, for the ensuing year.

The newly-elected President then delivered his inaugural address upon—(1). "The Evils of the Present Time." (2). "Our one Abiding Object." (3). "Our Urgent Necessity." (4). "Our Special Wisdom"; and (5). "Our Powerful Encouragements." The first half of the address is published in the present number of the Magazine; the remainder will be printed next month. After a short recess the business of the Conference was transacted. First, there were one or two matters relating to the dissolved Association. It was reported that the whole amount contributed at the Conference communions had been given to invalided brethren, or the widows of those who had died. Next, it was stated that there was a balance of over £70 to the credit of the Assurance community. It was resolved that any subscribing members of the fund who are not in the new Association should have the offer of the amount which Mr. Greenwood should decide to be due to them, and that the rest of the money should be carried forward as the nucleus of a similar fund in connection with the new Association. An opportunity was then afforded to Pastor W. Jackson to present to the President, on behalf of Mr. Wheeler, of Birmingham, a silver tray, "in loving appreciation of the noble and heroic attitude he has recently assumed in defence of the truth of the gospel."

The Vice-President then had the very formidable task of reading the roll of members and associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. This first list comprised 521 names, to which were added the names of 25 students who had been in the College six months, thus making 546. We have not published any list this year, because it would necessarily be incomplete, for many of our foreign brethren have not had time to sign and return the forms sent to them, and doubtless some few good men, who were formerly with us, will join the new Association "when the mists have rolled away." The death of Brother Compton, in Tasmania, was reported; the rules of the Assurance Community were adopted, with the addition that associates as well as members of the new Association are eligible to join, and Mr. Allison was appointed manager of the Fund for the ensuing year; *Monday, June* 18, was fixed for the DAY OF SPECIAL UNITED PRAYER in connection with the Conference; and the President was empowered to admit as associates during the year such persons as he should deem qualified.

The afternoon and evening were spent, as usual, at the Orphanage. At the evening gathering prayer was offered by Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin, one of our new associates; an address, full of pathos and power, upon "The name Jesus" was delivered by Brother Fullerton; a charming paper upon "The hidden life of a faithful minister," which we hope soon to present to our readers, was read by Pastor Levi Palmer, of Taunton, and Pastor F. H. White gave his interesting and instructive lecture, with dissolving-views, upon "Bunyan and his Book." Looking back upon the first day's meetings of our new Association, we can truly say that for fervour, enthusiasm, and spiritual power, they were never excelled, if even equalled, in the past.

On *Wednesday morning, April 18th*, prayer and praise occupied the first hour. Professor Gracey followed with a most carefully prepared and thoughtful paper upon "Church growth, as illustrated by apostolic times," and a well-spent morning was closed with a bright and useful paper by Pastor W. A. Davis, of Acton, on "Whole-hearted consecration in our work as ministers."

In the afternoon the College subscribers met for tea, and afterwards the annual meeting of friends of the Institution was held, under the presidency of Edward Ford Duncanson, Esq., of Bickley Park. Prayer was presented by the Rev. W. Stott, and addresses were given by the Chairman, the President, Revs. R. H. Lovell, and Colmer B. Symes, B.A., T. A. Denny, Esq., J. V. Farwell, Esq., of Chicago, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and Pastors Levi Palmer (Taunton), A. A. Saville (Carlisle), J. Horne (Ayr), C. A. Fellowes (St. Helier's, Jersey), and J. J. Kendon (Jericho, Jamaica). At the supper which followed, an extra room was furnished with guests, for so many friends were anxious to show their sympathy with us in the present crisis. The amount subscribed, including donations from those who were unable to be present and contributions received after the meeting, considerably exceeds £3,700, that is more than half as much again as on any previous occasion. Such a result calls for very special thanks to our gracious God and also to the noble host of Christian ladies and gentlemen who came to our help in an hour of special trial. May the Lord abundantly reward every one of them!

On this evening, evangelistic services were held in twelve chapels in London and the suburbs, at which addresses were delivered by brethren from the country.

On *Thursday morning, April* 19, hearty praise was rendered for the liberality displayed on the previous night, and more prayer was presented for a continuance of spiritual blessings. The Vice-President then delivered an adddress upon "Lessons for the Present Time from Paul's Epistle to Philemon"; Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., read a stirring essay upon "Church Reform in Hezekiah's day"; and Bro. John Jackson, of Sevenoaks, read a practical paper upon "Fear, an Element of our Ministry."

In the evening, a large number of friends joined the ministers at tea; and afterwards, the Tabernacle was nearly full for the annual public meeting. The President occupied the chair, and spoke of the work of the College; prayer was offered by Pastor C. Spurgeon (Greenwich); and the Vice-President read a list of the twenty settlements of students during the year, and also reported that the 370 pastors, who had furnished statistics, had baptized 4,770 persons during the year, and that the clear increase in their church-membership for the past year had been 3,856. (N.B.—The Baptist Union, with 1,860 pastors, and 2,764 churches, reports an increase of 1,770 members for the year, or much less than half the increase recorded by our brethren alone. Leaving them out of the calculation, the rest of the denomination has decreased more than 2,000 during the past twelve months.) Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. J. M. Smith sang; addresses were delivered by Mr. Fullerton, and Pastors J. J. Kendon, E. H. Ellis (Devonshire Square Chapel), W. Cuff (Shoreditch Tabernacle), and Hugh D. Brown, M.A. It was a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm; and the singing by the vast assembly of our Tabernacle National Anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross," and "Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious," to the tune "Calcutta," was something not easily to be described or forgotten. At the supper for the ministers and students, hearty thanks were given to Mr. Murrell and his helpers for their efforts in providing so well for the physical wants of the week, and a cordial vote of sympathy with the Vice-President and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon was passed.

On *Friday morning, April* 20, after a season of intense devotion, the President read the names of the 16 London and 24 country brethren whom he suggested as the special committee to be called together in case of emergency. The committee was unanimously elected; hearty thanks were accorded to the friends who had entertained the ministers from the country; and also to Mrs. Spurgeon, for her Conference present, Dr. Gaussen on "Inspiration," and her many gifts to the brethren during the year.

The closing service of the Conference was then commenced with prayer by Pastor A. G. Brown, the President read and expounded Isaiah liii., and then preached from Matthew xxvii. 50—53. Next followed the communion, in the course of which the President's father and brother prayed, and at the close the whole assembly stood, with hands linked, and sang Psalm cxxii. At the farewell dinner, our faithful Remembrancer, Pastor F. H. White, reported that 173 brethren had collected or contributed £409 for the College funds during the year. This announcement was followed by cheers for the President and Mrs. Spurgeon, the tutors, and all helpers; and with the benediction was closed the first of a new series of Conferences at which it is hoped that the Lord may increasingly manifest what he can do through a body of men banded together to promote Evangelical doctrine, and to "contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

EVANGELISTS. — After the Conference *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* went to Huddersfield, where they had good meetings and considerable blessing. They have since conducted a three weeks' mission at Greenock. This month they go to Oban and Tobermory. In August our brethren are coming to London to commence a year's special services. Most of the time is already booked; if the Evangelists' help is desired, application should be made at once to Mr. Fullerton, Regent Road, Leicester.

Pastor Albert Smith writes concerning *Mr. Burnham's* visit to Shefford:—"His work amongst us has been most cordially appreciated. The whole church has been roused and cheered, and precious souls have been consecrated to the Lord. I am quite sure that our brother's work must be of untold value to our struggling country churches just now."

Mr. Burnham has since been to the Seamen's Mission, Gosport; and this month he is to be at Ruardean, Gloucestershire.

During the past month *Mr. Harmer*, though very far from well, has conducted successful services at Bishop's Stortford; Drummond Road, Bermondsey; and Acton. At the two latter places he has had the assistance of Mr. Boyall, a student in the College. Pastor B. Brigg sends us a very cheering account of the mission at Drummond Road.

ORPHANAGE.—We again remind our friends of the date of the Annual Festival, *Tuesday, June* 19, the President's birthday; and give them all a very hearty invitation to be present. Lord Kinnaird has kindly promised to preside at the evening public meeting.

Mrs. Allison will again have the whole of the laundry yard at her disposal for her large collection of Oriental costumes and curiosities, to which she has made considerable additions during her recent visit to Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, and Syracuse. Last year a large number came to see and to hear what Mrs. Allison could show and tell them in the way of Biblical illustration; and we hope many will come at the

approaching festival. The charge for admission will be sixpence for each person, and the whole of the proceeds will be given to the funds of the Orphanage.

The Ladies' Committee ask us to say that there is to be, as usual, a sale of useful and fancy articles, and they will be very grateful *if each reader of "The Sword and the Trowel" will send one saleable article.* All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W. Donations will be gratefully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.

COLPORTAGE.—About thirty of the colporteurs came from their districts to meet the Committee for prayer and conference on *Sunday and Monday, May 13th and 14th.* On the Monday afternoon the President addressed the men, and many of them spoke of their hearty sympathy with him in his contention for the truth. They also presented an address of congratulation to the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, on the attainment of his jubilee this month. Our worthy brother richly deserved to be thus remembered, for he has done grand service to the Society, and to the brethren in the field. In the evening the annual public meeting was held in the Tabernacle in conjunction with the prayer-meeting. Mr. Jones read extracts from the report, which we shall present to our readers next month; several prayers were offered for a blessing upon the work; and addresses were delivered by the President, Dr. Thain Davidson, and three of the colporteurs. We thank God that this Society is in a healthy condition in all respects.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 3, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Cooper	1	1	0
Pastor A. E. Johnson's Bible-class	0	6	0
Friends at Markyate Street, per Pastor J. S. Bruce	1	5	6
From friends at Newbury, per Pastor E. George	6	0	0
Pastor T. Hancocks and friends	3	16	0
From Higham Hill Baptist Church, Walthamstow, per Mr. T. Cox	1	0	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	6
Pastor J. Bridge	0	5	0
Pastor C. D. Crouch	0	10	0
Miss Apthorpe, per Pastor C. D. Crouch	0	10	0
Pastor W. J. N. Vanstone	1	10	0
Pastor James Briggs	0	5	0
Rushden Old Baptist Meeting, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	2	10	0
Mr. Hammerton	0	10	0
Mr. T. Freeman	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Buchel	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. Henry Keen	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chisholm	1	1	0
Sunday-school teacher	0	7	0
Rev. J. Green	0	5	0
Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	5	0
Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0
Pastor L. R. Foskett and friends, New Mill, Tring	1	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kelly	5	0	0
Chelsea Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. H. J. Page	1	10	0
Contributions from Scarisbrick Street Chapel, Wigan, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	18	0
Contributions from Bugbrooke Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. J. Flatt	0	10	0
Contributions from Wellington Street Chapel, Luton, per Pastor F. J. Feltham	2	2	0
Contributions from Union Church, Northampton, per Pastor H. Bradford	1	0	0
Pastor J. J. Irving	0	10	0
Contributions from New Brompton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	2	14	6
Southwood Lane Baptist Chapel, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	1	0	0
From Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley	4	12	0
Collection at Wycliffe Baptist Chapel, Reading, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone	4	0	0
Per Mr. T. N. Smith:—			
Mrs. Tilson	1	0	0
Mrs. J. R. Lovell	0	5	0
	1	5	0
Mr. J. E. Potter	5	0	0
Mr. Joshua Allder	1	1	0
Mrs. Allen	1	1	0
Miss Emery	10	0	0
Mr. C. J. W. Rabbits	2	2	0
Pastor G. Simmons and friends	1	10	0
Pastor A. A. Saville's Bible-class	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cowie	5	0	0
Messrs. A. Straker and Son	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	10	0
Mr. Samuel Perry	1	1	0
Mr. Archibald Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Kennard	0	10	0
Subscriptions and contributions from Baptist Church at Elgin, per Pastor R. E. Glendenning	5	15	0
Rev. T. Witney	0	5	0
From friends at Melksham, per Pastor G. A. Webb	2	8	0
From Baptist Church at Bildeston, per Pastor R. E. Willis	1	0	0
From Baptist Church at Stroud, per Pastor W. T. Soper	3	10	2
From Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0
From Baptist Chapel, Lower Edmonton, per Pastor D. Russell	1	14	3
From Baptist Chapel, Limpsfield, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	0	10	0
From Baptist Chapel, Holbeach, per Pastor J. C. Travers	0	18	0
Communion collection, Putney Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Thomas	1	5	0
Miss Howard	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood	25	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Parker	448	19	0
Miss St. Clair Trotter	5	0	0
Mrs. Stead	2	0	0
Mr. George Lister	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Francis Leete...	1	1	0
Evening collection at Margate, per Pastor R. T. Sole	2	10	0
Collection at Romney Street Chapel, Westminster, per Pastor G. Davies...	1	1	0
A friend, per Pastor G. B. Richardson	0	10	0
Subscription from Hay Hill Baptist Chapel, Bath, per Pastor W. Pettman	0	16	0
Pastor W. A. Davis	2	10	0
Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller and friends	0	10	6
Part collection at Ashdon, per Pastor R. Layzell...	0	8	1
Per Pastor A. McCaig:—			
Mr. J. La Touche 1 0 0			
Mr. Boyle 1 0 0			
Mrs. Boyle 0 10 0			
Birdie Boyle 0 5 0			
Other friends 0 9 0			
	3	4	0
Pastor W. J. Mayers	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Mayers...	1	1	0
Part collection at Faringdon Baptist Church, per Pastor I. O. Stalberg ...	1	3	9
Pastor J. S. Hockey's Bible-class ...	1	0	0
Collection at Grafton Street Chapel, Northampton, per Pastor S. Needham	1	0	0
Collection at Burnham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	1	0	0
Contribution from the Tabernacle, Southend, per Pastor H. W. Childs...	2	0	0
Friends, per Pastor E. Morley ...	1	2	6
Mr. J. Sadler	0	10	0
Mrs. Binns, per Pastor G. Wright ..	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Woollard	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
A few friends, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	0	15	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	2	2	0
Pastor G. K. Smith	0	5	0
Contribution from Parson's Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor John Wilson ...	6	0	0
Pastor Jesse Dupee	0	5	0
Part collection at South Stockton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Winsor	0	10	0
Collection at Ridgmount, per Pastor W. J. Juniper	1	3	6
Contribution from Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor F. H. White	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Windsor, per Pastor C. Cole	3	15	6
Contribution from Hampden Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Hillman ...	1	0	0
Per Pastor A. Macdougall:—			
Mr. J. Fraser 0 10 0			
Mr. Angus Macdougall ... 0 3 0			
Mr. D. Whyte 0 2 0			
Pastor A. Macdougall ... 0 5 0			
	1	0	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne ...	1	17	6
W. C., per Pastor E. Osborne	0	10	0
Collection at Devonshire Square Baptist Chapel, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	3	3	0
Mr. B. Tico	1	0	0
Mr. D. Tait	1	1	0
Miss Darkin	1	1	0
Miss Chenoweth	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rains	5	0	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Greenwood... ...	10	10	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	1	0
Mr. W. Ackland	3	3	0
Mr. James Newman	2	0	0
Mr. W. Alford	1	10	0
Mr. J. T. Dunn	1	1	0
Mr. Hooper	2	0	0
Miss Hooper	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Downing	2	2	0
Mr. Edward Graves	1	10	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Crocker	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Leaver	2	2	0
Mr. P. H. Garner	2	2	0
Miss E. C. Sambourne	1	1	0
Mrs. H. J. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. D. Henderson	1	0	0
Mr. Frederick Sage	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Newby	0	10	0
Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Harmer	3	0	0
Mr. George Green	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marden	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	25	0	0
Mr. W. P. Olney	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross	5	5	0
Mr. J. W. Everidge	3	0	0
Mr. J. Pullen	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wayre	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	3	3	0
Mr. H. A. Bowers...	1	1	0
Mr. McMartin	1	1	0
Mrs. Scard	1	1	0
Miss Crooso	1	1	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Mr. John Bygrave...	1	10	0
Two old friends	2	0	0
One new friend	0	10	0
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards... ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wilkins	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Falkner	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Dipplo	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	10	0	0
Mr. E. Wollacott	5	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Miss Frisby...	1	1	0
Miss A. Cotier	1	1	0
Mr. Hillier	5	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lovell	5	0	0
Mr. F. Rouse	3	3	0
Mrs. Rouse	2	2	0
Mr. J. Thwaites	0	10	0
Mr. R. G. Hobbes	1	0	0
Miss Webber-Smith	3	0	0
Miss Webber	2	0	0
Mrs. Keeley	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pearman	5	0	0
Mr. Wright...	2	2	0
Mrs. Porter	0	12	0
A friend	0	2	6
Mr. S. Causton	10	0	0
Mr. S. Field	2	2	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Miss Wade	5	0	0
Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	10	0
Miss Potier	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Jones	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey... ...	3	3	0
Miss Thorne	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bond	5	0	0
Dr. Barnardo	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr...	5	5	0
Miss Carr	1	1	0
Mr. Gerald Carr	1	1	0
Mr. James Clark	10	10	0
Mr. George Hollands	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	2	2	0
Miss Burdett	2	0	0
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Colbeck	1	1	0
Mrs. Garrett	3	3	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Harden	4	4	0
Dr. Dunbar	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. Frederick Mullis	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell	1	1	0
Mr. R. Stocks	1	1	0
Mr. Jones and friend	3	3	0
Mr. E. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Montague	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. W. F. Masters	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Friend	0	10	6
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. Olney	2	2	0
Pastor C. A. and Mrs. Fellowes	2	2	0
Miss Minnie Fellowes	1	1	0
Mr. R. Sortwell	2	2	0
Mrs. Sortwell	2	2	0
Miss Annie Sortwell	1	1	0
Miss Nellie Sortwell	1	1	0
Miss Elsie Sortwell	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	6	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cross	10	0	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Hobbs	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Miss Stevens	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Horn	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fowler	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bevis	5	0	0
Mr. Stuart J. Reid	1	1	0
Pastor William Cuff	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Stiff	25	0	0
E. C.	3	3	0
Mr. William Williamson	3	3	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0
Miss Norris	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hale	5	5	0
Mrs. Bartram	2	0	0
Mr. W. Fletcher	1	1	0
Miss F. M. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. William Scott Durrant	1	1	0
Mr. Sidney A. Read	3	3	0
Mr. T. P. Coe	3	3	0
Mr. R. A. James and friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson	3	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	2	0	0
Mr. Coxeter	10	0	0
Mrs. Coxeter	2	0	0
Mrs. Henderson	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winckworth	5	5	0
J. C. C.	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Hunt	5	5	0
Mrs. Hunt	5	5	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	1	1	0
F. R. T.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Pewtress	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thomas	2	2	0
Miss Ada Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Thomas	1	1	0
Miss Maud Pitt	0	10	6
Mr. W. Lawrence	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson	2	2	0
Mr. Abraham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Irwin	1	10	0
Rev. William Stott	2	2	0
Per Mr. S. Irwin, half collection, Baptist Chapel, Teddington	1	14	2
Mr. H. Humphrey	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	12	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Short	2	2	0
Miss Head	1	1	0
Mrs. W. B. Head	1	1	0
Mrs. Marsh, sen.	5	0	0
Mr. A. Ross	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith	3	3	0
Mr. and Miss Meakins	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	20	0	0
Pastor J. and Mrs. Douglas	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Corpe	2	2	0
Mr. T. D. Atherton	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Morgan	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. G. F. Satchell	10	0	0
Mr. R. D. Lown	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Barr	1	1	0
Mr. Alexander Skene Smith	1	1	0
Mr. C. Parker	2	2	0
Mr. J. A. Davies	0	10	0
Mr. C. Waters	2	2	0
Mr. T. Boston	1	1	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs, jun.	5	5	0
Mr. Thomas Wall	10	0	0
Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hill	10	0	0
Mr. E. J. Hill	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall and family	20	0	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Miss S. Buswell	1	1	0
Miss L. Buswell	1	1	0
Miss Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mrs. Thomas Haddon	4	0	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	5	0
Mr. C. Savage	3	3	0
Mr. W. Gyles	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Alderton	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Gunston	2	2	0
In memory of the late Mr. Charles Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Newstead	1	1	0
Miss Giles	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	3	3	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	1	1	0
Mr. A. J. Moore	2	0	0
Mr. George Redman	5	0	0
Mr. K. J. Fox	1	0	0
Mr. T. C. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin Fox	2	0	0
Mrs. G. H. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. H. Virtue	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Buswell	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Judd	1	1	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	5	0
Mr. C. J. and Miss Alldis	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Fisher	3	3	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. T. Summers	5	5	0
Mr. J. H. Sheldrake	3	3	0
Mrs. Calder	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Creasey	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Field	5	5	0
Mr. G. Andrews	2	2	0
Mr. Warman	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Joiner	2	2	0
Mr. J. W. Heath	2	0	0
Mr. William Smellie, jun.	3	3	0
Mr. Robert Knight	1	0	0
Mr. T. Hale	5	0	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mr. G. Bantick	1	1	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
Miss Romang	1	1	0
Mr. M. Romang, jun.	1	1	0
Mrs. Morrison	1	1	0
Pastor T. W. Medhurst and friends	7	0	0
Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Miss A. R. Habershon	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	1	1	0
Mr. H. K. Judd	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Barrett	2	2	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mrs. Sampson	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0
Mr. W. Evans	15	15	0
Mrs. W. Evans	7	7	0
Mrs. Chilvers	3	3	0
Mr. G. Paterson	1	1	0
An old friend	1	0	0
Mr. George Dawbarn	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fluxman	5	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	12	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Goddard Clarke	3	3	0
Per Pastor R. T. Lewis	2	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0
Contribution from Ilfracombe Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Genders	1	3	3
Mr. Robert Miller	10	10	0
Rev. W. Y. Fullerton	5	5	0
Mrs. Norman	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Mills	5	5	0
Mr. Smith	1	0	0
Rev. John Burnham	2	2	0
Annual collection at Godstone Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. B. Nichols	1	6	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
From a "U. P."	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. George Thompson	250	0	0
Mr. E. F. Duncanson	100	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	100	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	100	0	0
Mrs. Henry Reed	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox (for the support of one student for a year)	50	0	0
Mr. W. Vinson	10	0	0
Mr. W. Blott	10	0	0
Mrs. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton (2nd donation)	2	2	0
Mr. G. E. Elvin	2	2	0
Mrs. Heath	1	1	0
Mr. R. R. Nelson	2	0	0
Mr. C. W. Pankhurst	1	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	20	0	0
Mr. G. D. Stapleford	1	1	0
Mr. John Taylor	2	2	0
Mr. F. G. S. Norris	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Smith (second donation)	25	0	0
C. A. M.	52	10	0
Miss Robinson	10	0	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	0	6	0
Miss Heritage	2	2	0
Mr. G. F. West	1	0	0
Mr. John Anderson	10	0	0
Mrs. Soady	5	0	0
Miss Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. John Riley	5	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. James Briggs	5	0	0
Miss C. Coleman	1	10	0
Miss M. E. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Huntley	21	0	0
Pastor J. W. Harrald	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. William Fox	10	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	3	3	0
E. G., Bexley Heath	3	0	0
W. S.	4	0	0
Mr. J. Morgan Davies	2	0	0
Mrs. Grimshaw	1	1	0
"Stand up for Jesus"	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Tyrrell Giles	3	3	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
H. E. S.	25	0	0
Mr. A. McArthur, M.P.	10	10	0
Mrs. Richard May	10	0	0
Mr. W. J. Rea	10	0	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Rev. W. Tyler, D.D.	2	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	3	3	0
Mrs. Aitken	2	0	0
Mr. W. Edwards	25	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
Rev. R. and Mrs. Collins	2	0	0
Mr. J. J. Clarkson	1	1	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	10	0	0
Mr. J. V. Farwell	20	0	0
Miss Smallridge	1	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Mr. W. Paterson and friend	1	0	0
Miss F. Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes	5	0	0
Mr. H. R. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Nash	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Knight	10	10	0
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	5	0	0
Mr. R. C. Morgan	10	10	0
Mr. R. Scott	10	10	0
Mr. G. E. Morgan	1	1	0
Mr. George Higgins	5	5	0
Mr. W. Stevens	1	1	0
Mrs. Perston	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Horsfall, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mr. H. J. Mansell	10	0	0
T. J. P.	5	0	0
Dr. Weymouth	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Lindley	5	0	0
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0
"David's spoil"	0	5	0
E. H., Northampton	0	2	3
Collection at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	19	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Deex	0	10	0
Mr. T. T. Price	0	10	0
Mr. Benjamin Pitt	0	10	0
Miss M. Munro	0	4	0
Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Salt	0	5	0
Mr. John Barton	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Spurgeon, per Pastor E. S. Cole	1	0	0
Mrs. B. R. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. T. H. Woolcson	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Pattison	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Thresh	0	10	6
A farmer	2	0	0
Mr. Clay, per Rev. George Lock	1	1	0
Dr. Biss	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goldston	2	2	0
Mr. John Brown, per Pastor E. Lauderdale	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Pickworth	10	10	0
Rev. F. R. Cheshire	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Phillips, per Pastor C. L. Gordon	1	0	0
Baptist Church, Ilford, per Pastor Jas. Young	1	13	0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
G. G., Glasgow	0	5	0
Collected in Mr. Everett's Bible-class	3	10	0
Rev. B. Senior	1	1	0
W. M.	5	0	0
Mr. John Chapman	5	5	0
Mr. H. J. Atkinson	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Pastor E. T. Davis	2	2	0
Mrs. Wells	1	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
April 15	30	0	0
,, 22	5	0	0
,, 29	20	0	6
May 6	26	2	10
,, 13	22	2	0
	103	6	1
	£3,080	16	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
In loving memory of our dear mother	0	2	6
Mr. W. Woolridge	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas D. Adams	1	0	0
Mrs. Ruck	10	0	0
Mrs. Pentelow	0	5	0
Miss F. M. Edwards	0	10	0
H. Jackson and friends	0	15	0
Miss Law	0	5	0
A Dorset friend	0	5	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. John H. Church	1	0	0
Mr. Ernest Woodeson	1	1	0
Mr. Austin Woodeson	0	10	6
Mr. William Woodeson	0	10	6
M. S.	0	7	6
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	3	0
Mrs. Mein	0	2	0
Mr. G. Yates, per Mrs. Shurmer ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. S. Trevillion	1	10	0
Mr. John Currie	1	1	1
Mr. J. Sutherland	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	12	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	3	0
Miss Murray Gartshore	0	5	0
Stamps	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Joscelyne	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Randall	1	0	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	5	0
Friends in Dundee, per Mr. W. R. Scott	0	10	6
M. M....	1	0	0
A sermon-reader, Haverhill, Suffolk ...	2	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Abr. Altham Burnley, balance of legacy for 1886 and 1887	40	19	9
Executors of the late Mrs. Hannah Higgins 2140	4	10	
Mr. S. Truscott	5	0	0
Mr. E. Lang	0	1	9
Mr. A. Cole	0	2	6
Friends at Bethesda Free Chapel, per Mr. H. W. Cothay, jun.	0	2	0
"We are seven"	7	0	0
Mr. R. G. Glendinning	20	0	0
Brymaar Sunday-school children, per Mr. C. Gray	0	13	3
Mr. T. P. Alder	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0
H. C. L.	5	0	0
Rev. G. Macdonald	0	2	6
Rev. D. Arthur	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. E. J. Reed, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	0
Mr. Upton, per Mrs. Clarke	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	16	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
A "U. P."	2	0	0
E. H. R.	0	10	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Porter, 5 per cent. per annum	1	9	9
Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. J. Sadler	0	10	0
Lily Sadler	0	1	0
Mr. G. Mill	0	5	2
Maggie and Jackie, Glasgow	0	8	6
Mr. Henry Hoare, per Miss Stair ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Harding, per J. T. D. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Higgs	1	7	6
Mrs. R. J. Reavell	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Parker	418	19	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. John Carter	0	2	6
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	1	0
Mrs. Davis	0	10	0
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	3	0	0
A Fenman, March...	0	10	0
Mrs. Andrews	50	0	0
Miss Maggie Trevenen	0	8	0
Mr. E. Baker	0	5	0
Proceeds of home bazaar, held at Seaford, by Miss Gorringe and young friends	7	15	9
In loving memory of our dear mother	0	2	6
M. R.	0	10	0
Mr. S. Kirk, per Mr. W. H. Pollard ...	0	10	0
L. K. D.	0	12	6
Mr. George Morrish	5	0	0
Mrs. Norris, per Mr. G. H. Gill... ...	1	5	0
Mr. Charles Harris	2	0	0
Officers and teachers of South-street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gowing	0	15	0
Collected by Miss E. Jones	0	5	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Mr. G. C. Varley	5	0	0
In memory of little Seymour	0	10	0
Mr. G. Baker	1	0	0
A friend, per Pastor C. D. Crouch ...	30	0	0
Miss E. Eno	0	3	6
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Keeble	1	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Long Lane, Borough	1	18	2
March, Cambridgeshire	13	6	9
Wisbech	5	1	3
Bishop's Stortford	7	7	3
Blackheath, programmes	0	13	0
Grange Road Baptist Chapel, Birkenhead (balance)	0	14	6
Jersey...	70	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Wells' sons	1	0	0
Mrs. Mold, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. Gunn	5	0	0
Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Shurmer	0	3	6
A widow's mite (2 qrs.)	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Miss A. S. Muir (March and April) ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. H. J. Reynolds	0	5	0
	£2,954	17	6

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 16th to May 14th, 1888.—Provisions:—6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; a quantity Rhubarb, Mr. W. Taylor; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutter; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 case Oranges, Rev. R. E. Chettleborough; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 10 bundles Rhubarb, Messrs. Borgeand Bros.; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Nelson Read.

Boys' Clothing.—4 Night Shirts, The Missionary Sewing Class, Silver Street, Taunton, per Mrs. T. F. Penny; 9 Shirts, The Queen Street Band of Hope, Chester, per Mrs. J. C. Williams; 15 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

Girls' Clothing.—16 Articles, The Missionary Sewing Class, Silver Street, Taunton, per Mrs. Thos. F. Penny; 6 Handkerchiefs, Miss E. Parsons; 8 articles, Mrs. M. Robertson; 40 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GENERAL.—1 box Flowers, Miss Lawrence; 1 Scrap Book, Mr. James Trickett; 10 articles and 1 Scrap Book, The Misses Milner; 1 hamper Flowers, Friends at Thornton, per Mr. J. G. Thomas; 40 copies "Mountain Musings," Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.; 2½ dozen Hand Towels, Messrs. G. and J. Lowe.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Meyseyhampton, per Capt. Milbourne	15	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Oxfordshire Association—Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	9	0
Ross District, per Mr. Thomas Blake...	5	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith ...	10	0	0
Tring District, per friends at Weston Turville	1	5	0
Tring, per Mr. W. Humphrey	0	10	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen....	10	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Col. Birney	6	0	0
	£118	4	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. J. Powell	1	1	0
Miss Norris	0	10	6
L. K. D.	0	10	0
From Scotland	5	0	0
Mrs. Gunn	10	0	0
	£18	1	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Zion Baptist Chapel, Chesham	1	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Long Buckby	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Simmons	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Totnes	2	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	2	0	0
Miss F. A. Shaw	4	0	0
Mr. G. W. Slater	0	10	0
Miss Steel	3	0	0
Widow Smith	0	2	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Shefford	0	18	3
Mr. and Mrs Inwood	0	10	6
Mr. J. Goodchild	0	10	0
Mr. P. Cameron	1	0	0
From Scotland	10	0	0
An old friend, per Mr. W. Michael ...	1	0	0
	£30	16	3

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th to May 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Miss McDowell	1	0	0
C. C.	0	3	0
Mr. E. Heesom	0	10	0
Mrs. L. White	5	10	0
Mr. R. E. Walker	5	0	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
M. L. C.	0	10	0
Stamps from Dunmow	0	5	0
Mr. A. Donaldson...	0	10	0
E. K., N.	1	0	0
Mr. P. Van Alstine	4	0	0
Mr. James Lewis	1	5	0
Mrs. Pringle	5	0	0
A little out of a little	0	10	0
	£26	3	0

£50 from Miss Mackenzie has been appropriated to the maintenance of one of the Tabernacle missionaries.

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

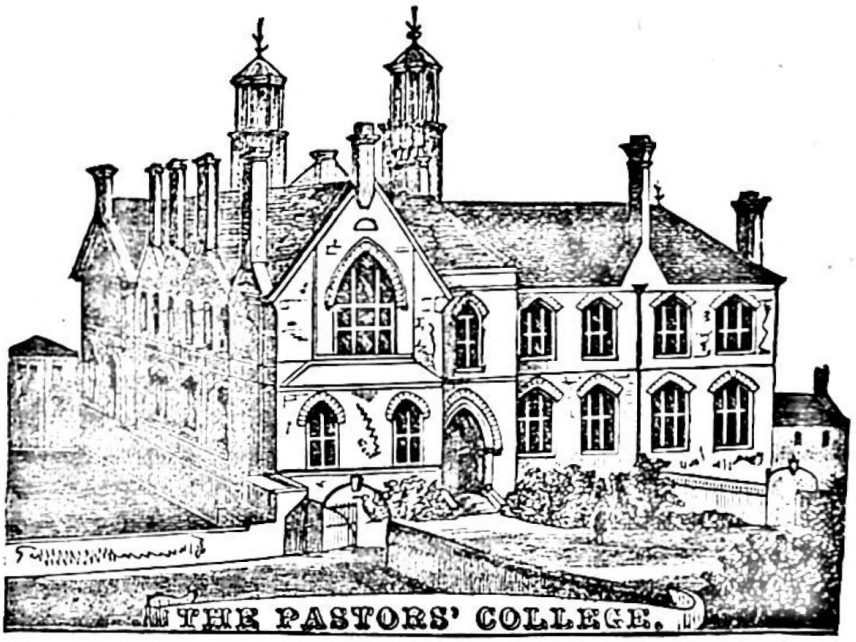
THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE

NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1887-88.



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1888.

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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C. H. SPURGEON. | W. C. MURRELL.
J. A. SPURGEON. | J. PASSMORE.
J. BUSWELL.

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.

A Few Words from the President.

DURING another year we have diligently laboured on in the Pastors' College, and have found pleasure in the labour. The Lord has been mindful of us, and has accepted and prospered our work. It is more easy to think out and deliver twenty lectures, than to write one Report. The fact is, there is nothing to write about so long as all goes smoothly, tutors are in health, students are in sound working order, funds come in regularly, and openings are found for men when their term is over. This has been our happy portion throughout the year. Everything has gone well with us, and we can only say, "Bless the Lord"; and with hearty thanks assure our generous donors that we were never more attached to our College enterprise, and never more hopeful as to its results.

Yet we may, and even feel that we must, say that our staff of workers is a singularly able one. The Vice-president looks after the whole institution with a sleepless eye, and in a thousand ways, mentionable and unmentionable, keeps the little band in good marching order. He has to administer fatherly discipline and brotherly advice; and he does both with wonderful wisdom and patience. Mr. Gracey is graceful, accomplished, affectionate, commanding. All the men love and admire him, and they are right in so doing, for he lays himself out for their benefit, and he has something worth laying out. Our old friend, Mr. Fergusson, is all on fire with the desire to push on his young friends, and put into them an intense fervour for their holy work. Mr. Marchant is the third of the trio, and contributes his large information and deep experience to the common treasury. What these brethren have been to us during the last few months, and for many long years before, it is not in the power of our pen to write. Happily, whatever brawls disturb the street, we dwell in peace at home—yes, and much more than peace, for we are of one heart and of one soul. It is a mercy to have these leaders in their places, and able to fill them. We praise our God who has provided such admirable fellow-helpers. The grand old veteran, Rev. George Rogers, is yet flourishing, and his occasional presence always brings with it a gracious influence.

Mr. Cheshire most ably pursues his scientific lecturing, showing to his willing auditors that Nature is full of instruction, and that it supports the teaching of the Word of the Lord, so far as the material can corroborate the spiritual. Mr. Richardson perseveres with his voice-training, and many have been the improvements which he has produced in the speech and delivery of our young divines. He is a great acquisition to our staff. He aims at giving personal attention to each man in his own important department.

Mr. Johnson does not come into the College proper, but he steadily works on among the young men who seek education in the evening, and thus prepares valuable raw material for further development in the higher classes. This part of our work does not command such numbers of men as it used to do; but we trust the day will yet come when these golden opportunities will be eagerly seized upon. Any young man who

desires to serve the Lord, but feels a lack of education, can attend these classes without making any payment, and so can obtain valuable instruction. Associations of young men, aiming rather at amusement than instruction, may command approval during the present feverish hour; but, in the long run, games of chance, and billiards, and all the favourites now so popular, will be found to be unprofitable to the mind, and sorry things to be provided by the church for the advantage of her sons. Then, we trust, the return to solid mental food will be enthusiastic and abiding.

Of students, we have had no lack. If we thought it wise to take them, we might increase the number four-fold. The quality of our present men is high; above the average, and something more. No fellows could work more steadily, or show greater interest in their work. A fine tone and spirit have pervaded the whole body, and in adherence to the truth no man has wavered. Nothing has given us greater satisfaction than to see clear apprehension of truth, and firm grip of it in all the brethren. Very greatly have they been strengthened by those assaults upon the faith which apparently might have driven them from their standing. With nothing to bind them to the old orthodox faith but their own convictions, inwrought by the Spirit of God, they have been firm as the mountains about Jerusalem. Young men are young men, and there are faults, of course, in us all; but if we never had more trial of patience than we have had this year from our students, we should go singing all the way to heaven. A holy and prayerful spirit has been dominant among us, and this has produced honest plodding at the studies.

Vacancies in our churches are comparatively few, but we have our fair share of applications for men; so that fifteen have settled over pastorates in England and Scotland. Feeling that the world is our parish, and not the narrow territory of the United Kingdom, we rejoice that so many representatives of the Pastors' College are working abroad. We have added to this number, during the year, six men, two of whom have gone to the United States, one to China, one to the Congo, another to St. Helena, and the sixth to Port Stanley, Falkland Islands.

It is an honour to have a good detachment of men in the Mission field. Our reports from them are very hopeful. They are a solid, resolute, reliable body of men, and are working on in downright earnest. Names most dear to their brethren are among them. May precious life be spared, health be granted, and the divine blessing be abundantly bestowed!

We believe that our brethren in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand are proving themselves the men for the place and the time. We question if any body of ministers is doing more than they are to extend the kingdom of our Lord Jesus. The same may be said of our workers in South Africa. These Colonial pioneers complain greatly of the want of a Colonial Society to aid them. The Congregationalists do much for these rising empires, and the Baptists do nothing. It is certainly a sad oversight, or a sad penury, which prevents any denomination from nursing the young churches which are formed in new settlements by the members who have left the old house at home.

We have been able, in several cases, to pay the passage money of the outgoing minister, but we have no funds for anything beyond: we wish we had.

In the States and Canada our numerous brethren are distinguished by real work and success. Many of them have been the pioneers of the advancing hosts which are subduing the West to civilization, and to church life. We think of those who were once our boys, who are now fathers in Israel, and the tears stand in our eyes.

Our Evangelists have done splendid service to the churches of Christ during another year. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are our Moody and Sankey; and we do not use the name playfully, for they are in all respects worthy to rank with those two servants of the Lord. Immense crowds usually gather about them. Their testimony is clear gospel, cleansed from all sensationalism and novelty of doctrine. We have given no detailed account of their work this year; it is before the world. We have given space to the less known brethren of our staff.

Messrs. Burnham and Harmer have gone out singly, and to smaller audiences have testified the same Gospel with delightful results. We are far from wishing to make tables of results, but we feel assured that no agency for winning souls has been more largely blest than their evangelistic labour.

Mr. Eyres has been aided by us in a Children's Mission, which has been a great blessing in many places. He has now left us for Mission work in China. God bless him!

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, after going round the world preaching and singing Christ, have parted company. Mr. Mateer will be glad of a pastorate; Mr. Parker is working through America.

Mr. Carter, Mr. Tait, and Mr. Hill have also worked this year under our Evangelistic flag, and will probably come more distinctly into our working ranks. Mr. Chamberlain has rendered memorable help in sacred song. Altogether, the labours of our Evangelists are a theme for grateful song, and a stimulus to the more fervent offering of the prayer that the Lord may send more labourers into his harvest. Judging that it would interest our subscribers to see what two of our workers are doing, we asked Mr. Burnham and Mr. Harmer to write accounts of their work, and these will be found further on.

From the commencement of the College we have gone upon the lines of definite doctrine, and we have left no question as to what that doctrine is. In the case of every man admitted to the College, a belief in sound doctrine has been a chief requisite. In other ways our witness is clear enough, and leaves no excuse for men dishonest enough to creep in among us, and steal an education from those whose doctrines they detest. The Weekly Sermon has spoken more than two thousand times, and its voice has not been yea and nay, but one unvarying testimony to the great fundamentals of the old orthodox faith. So far as has been in the power of mortal man, the doctrines of grace and the grand teaching of the cross have been inculcated by us incessantly in the pulpit and by the the press, in the church and in the College. Our hope and belief was that the ministers who went forth from the Pastors' College would remain true to the faith once delivered to the saints. The torrents of error

which are now rushing around the foundations of the Church are so tremendous, that we could not expect every man to stand. Among so many, there would unavoidably be a few who would be carried off their feet, and here and there one who would joyfully commit himself to the current because he had always been wavering. The testing time came; we will not repeat the details so well known by our friends; but when the crisis was past, we found ourselves rejoicing that the vast majority of our brethren were not only firm, but enthusiastic in their attachment to the old truth. It was heart-breaking work to find a few in heart and speech bitterly opposed; but this we could bear more easily than to find good men and true siding with those whose errors they disavowed. They desired to be in fellowship with those whose wanderings they deplored. Of course this meant that they would sooner part from the orthodox many than quit the heterodox few, though they would greatly have preferred that the alternative had never been proposed to them. These brethren we conceive to be following a very wrong course in this matter; but it is a great comfort to us to hope and believe that they are themselves preaching the gospel, and earnest in their hope that others will be brought back to do the same. Still, our Conference roll has been shortened; but we can hardly tell how much; for even up to the hour of writing brethren are returning to us. In a little while the mists will roll away, we shall know each other better, and be knit together in a surer union than ever.

To us it was an imperative necessity that we should have no fellowship with Universalists and other parties of the New School of doctrine; and at a painful cost deliverance has been wrought for those in our Conference who cannot side with the false doctrine. The bolder utterances and firmer faith of those who remain true believers in the Vicarious Sacrifice make up a grand set-off against the loss which we have sustained. Henceforth we have one faith as well as one Lord and one baptism. A sense of freedom from an alien element restores a confidence in each other which was beginning to depart from us. What we need is a new anointing from on high. Oh, that we may receive it during the Conference gatherings of this year! Come, Holy Spirit, and baptize us anew into thyself, and into fire!

Friends will be glad to know that, in the matter of funds, we have been safely carried through another year. He who called us to this work has supplied us, and will supply us in all necessaries even unto the end. Many of our largest helpers have gone to their rest, and we shall be right glad if others will take their places. A few in great bitterness of controversy have withdrawn their support, and have sent in little doses of wormwood and gall instead of silver and gold. We acknowledge their right to do as they think right; but we shall not feel bound to close our doors because we have lost their favours. What we have done is better judged of by the Lord than by them. Already we have had ample proof that all losses will be doubly made up. The Lord has willing servants where we little look for them. He may find for this school of the prophets some Obadiah, who will care for the prophets of the Lord, or some "great woman" like the Shunammite of old, who will

look tenderly upon the Lord's cause and foster it. Assuredly, to help young preachers to study the Scriptures and become more efficient ministers, is one of the noblest works that ever moved the heart of man. We do not make preachers, that is the work of the Holy Spirit alone; we only try to aid those whom the Lord has already called. To this our life is devoted, and we therefore have no hesitation in asking others to devote their substance to so good an object.

Vice-President's Report.

WITH more than usual satisfaction I can report upon the past session's studies. The health of the men has been good and the average of work higher. A devout spirit prevails in the College, and all, with varied talents, are animated with one desire, faithfully to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them, to prepare for their great and glorious calling as preachers of the Gospel of the Grace of God. There is nothing new to report. No new truths are taught, and the old ones are as dear as ever; and our methods of teaching, though varied to meet each batch of men admitted, are yet substantially the same. The "spirit of the age" is not substituted by us for the Spirit of God; and, so far as I can judge, the young men are not anxious for us to make this change. No spray of the blighting waves of "modern thought" has beaten over our ramparts to the injury of our students, and we desire to be spared its withering influence. In the old strength we march to the old strains of praisea long the old paths, and enter animated with the old hopes, upon another year.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

IT is with very great thankfulness I once more write an Annual Report. Generally speaking, the past has been a year of "patient continuance in well doing." It will be cheering to the many friends of the College in this and other lands to know that it is in a thoroughly healthy and vigorous condition, and fulfilling well the purpose for which it was at first founded. If any change has taken place, it has been a renewing of its youth in the spirit of prayer, in zeal for the conversion of souls, in attachment to the vital truths of the Gospel, and in Evangelistic and pioneering work in many directions. It is satisfactory also to say that these aims and qualifications in our brethren have been met by an answering goodwill and appreciation on the part of the churches.

As brethren have been ready to "settle," open doors have been found for them through the spontaneous choice of the churches exercising their freedom and independence. Not the slightest solicitation or appeal has been used to obtain invitations to preach. Deacons and churches have first come to us, and in this spontaneous goodwill

of our free churches, we make our glory and boast. It is our continual effort, as a College, to deserve this confidence of the churches better; and I can freely testify to the laborious industry of the students to equip themselves as worthy candidates for the responsible office of the pastorate.

During the year I resumed my course of Lectures on Systematic Theology, besides using the admirable handbook of Dr. Hodge in a separate class. Other classes have been engaged in the study of Homiletics, Church History, and Trench's Synonyms of the Greek Testament. In the Greek Testament itself our subjects have been the Epistles to the Galatians and Ephesians, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospel according to John. In Classics the senior men have been reading Sophocles' Œdipus Tyrannus, the XIIIth Book of the Iliad, Plato's Phaedo, the VIth Book of the Annals of Tacitus, Cicero's 1st Oration against Catiline, and Augustine's De Doctrinâ Christianâ. In Hebrew we have had selected sections from Genesis, Joshua, Isaiah, the Psalms, and minor Prophets. The Discussion Class, comprising the whole College, in which a great variety of topics is handled, has been doing good service in training the brethren in debate and in ready impromptu speech. I cannot conclude without mentioning the great regularity of attendance and conscientious diligence which have been maintained during the year. The spirit of cordiality and unanimity prevailing throughout the College, and uniting all in one great purpose, has made the work as pleasant as it is, full of promise for the future, and of assurance for the present that the gracious Spirit of God is dwelling in our midst.

DAVID GRACEY.

President's Note.

IT is my part to take the whole of the men on Friday afternoons, and then our plan is to expound Scripture, lecture upon a topic useful to the pastorate or the pulpit, give the sketch of some great worker, or a reading from some eminent author. We spend two very happy hours together, and get over a good deal of ground in a year.

After the class is over, my duty is to hear the men's accounts of where they have preached, and where they are asked to settle; also to hear of destitute localities where the gospel is needed, and of efforts which are commenced for taking the Word of the Lord to them. When I have seen from a dozen to twenty brethren in succession, and heard their desires, aspirations, and discouragements, I sometimes feel that a long morning's preparation, two hours' lecturing, and two hours' private advice, take as much out of a man as he can spare for one day. Nevertheless, the labour is most pleasant, since everybody is hearty, and all are anxious to do what is best for the glory of God. In this spirit the joy of he Lord is our strength.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

ANOTHER year of College work is closed. Again is come the time for asking such questions as—What work has been done? How has it been done? And what is its aim? The nature of the work in my department may be judged by the following list of its studies:—1. English, its Grammar, its Composition written and spoken; and English History. 2. Philosophy, including Logic and Metaphysics. 3. Ethics, as taught by Butler and Wayland. 4. Scripture Knowledge, as taught in Angus's Hand-Book of the Bible. The most of this comes in at the first stage of a man's College course, and means hard grinding for him at a time when his habits of study are not yet formed. Yet to this grinding he owes his future.

How has the work been done? Well and faithfully in each branch, and by every man in my different classes. Thoroughness, enthusiasm, and steadiness have been with us all the year round; and we are pleased to have this opportunity of publicly awarding to all a meed of well-earned praise. No year has passed over us more suggestive of future usefulness in the vineyard of Christ.

A NOTABLE POINT.

A coming struggle in the Church of God is often foreshadowed in the College Class-room of the theological student. It was said that the Reformation in Europe made its first appearance in the monk's cell and amid the throes of Luther's soul. In the churches of these lands there is a struggle fast approaching, a struggle between the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ and the ravings and dreams of the new theology; and tremors of it have already made themselves felt in every College throughout the country, giving rise to searchings of heart among students preparing for the sacred office of the ministry. Of course Satan would delight to remove from the true faith every professed teacher of the Word of the living God. He craftily begins early with the schools of the prophets, and he does so with all such schools. Our College in this respect in not an exception.

Perhaps it might relieve the monotony of our Report to mention the effect of the Down-grade controversy on the religious life of the thoughtful student, so far as we have observed it.

It has created an intense desire for efficiency in preaching the Old Gospel.

The rough handling which its wholly inspired and eternal truths have received from the would-be leaders of religious thought, has provoked among the students a strong desire, in every way, to understand and fathom their meaning, that they may more perfectly expound them unto perishing men. They have resolved to know what this Gospel really is, and to what it leads. To accomplish this, the men subject almost every syllable of the sacred text and context wherein these reviled truths are set forth to a crucial criticism, and with this result—they stand out before their minds with such clearness of definition as to deepen their

former belief in their divine origin and complete inspiration. They rise from the task of examination, conscious of having in their possession a heritage of holy facts, and a wealth of spiritual doctrine. They rejoice in mountains of eternal verity, compared with which the New Theology is as the land of mist and marsh.

The noise of the Down-grade battle has led our students to seek for increased assurance and certainty in preaching the Gospel. This they seek to attain by subjecting the vilified truths of revelation to another kind of test, namely, that of discovering the results of preaching them to the people—preaching them in their purity, separated from every trick and wile of the New School. They watch anxiously to see whether these truths do indeed turn men from sin to God. A conversion is a corroboration of the doctrines which they preach. They compare notes with brethren long out in the field, and celebrated as soul-winners. They examine for themselves the outcome of the work of these men, to see what fruit the tree of the gospel is bearing. They are amazed at the vigour and freshness of spiritual life which prevail among those who feed upon sound doctrine; and they are glad as they see the solidity of their piety, and their firmness in the faith. Doctrines which build up such men are not to be despised. They rejoice in the purified lives of notorious sinners converted to God, they look hopefully upon those who crowd the enquiry-rooms of their spheres of labour. To the Student's question—"How do you account for these results?" the invariable response in every case is—"By simply preaching those truths, nothing but those truths, and all of those truths that are now spurned and cast out by the New Theology." If its apostles could witness the recoil expressed in look, word, and act of these young men, as they contrast with all this gracious result the empty benches of the modern synagogues, they might learn that their vain-glorious boasts are not quite so universally received as they suppose. We wish they could see the abhorrence on the countenance of these young men after comparing the results of the gospel of free and sovereign grace with the philosophical tinkering and tailoring of the Broad School. We feel certain they would not be quite so sure that the ball is at their feet, or the game so nearly won.

The coming struggle is increasing among our students an intenser spirit of consecration to the person of the Lord Jesus. The almost blasphemous utterances against the name of Jesus, and the coarse liberties of expression towards his sacred person, which are common in these days, shock the devout, and urge them to intense resolve to wipe away the dishonour. In our simplicity we believe Jesus to be the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and our students are of the same mind. To them there appears no change in their Redeemer. They believe him still to be God and man, and on his sacred substitutionary work they rest their hopes of their personal salvation, and that of their hearers. When they hear of a preacher saying, "I will never preach the doctrine of the shambles, the dogma of the butcher's slab," they first grow indignant, and next they determine to cleave to their Lord and Master with a tenderer love than ever. They remember the agony of Gethsemane,

and the sufferings of Calvary, where the Lord of glory poured out his soul an offering for sin, and they loathe the teaching which makes light of the punishment of sin, and Christ's bearing of it in the sinner's stead. For the life of them they cannot think, as do the New Theologians, that to believe and preach that Jesus bore the sins of men, and that his righteousness is imputed to believers, is "unjust or immoral." We would say to these revilers of the doctrine of salvation by substitution: Be not deceived, your fallacies have utterly failed, so far as we have observed, to alter or disturb by one atom, in one single student, the solemn convictions of his soul with regard to his Lord's atoning work. No, the enemies of the old faith do not succeed: all godly students and ministers feel their love fanned to a greater heat by the efforts made to lower the glory of the cross. The audacious advances of false teachers have called upon them to close up their ranks around the person of their divine Saviour. They have done so with firmness and enthusiasm. Opposition has made the Master and his service even more sacred in their eyes, so that each longs to be a devotee of Christ. As the offence of the cross has not ceased, neither has enthusiastic attachment to it come to an end.

The coming struggle is increasing the conviction that, unaided by the methods of the New Theology, the Gospel, as taught by Christ and the Apostles, is, in every way, adequate to cope with and cure all the ills of the souls of fallen men. The New School teaches that God's Gospel is becoming antiquated. They declare that, single-handed, it is incapable of attracting the masses, and that it has failed, when left to itself, to satisfy the needs of the present hour. To assist, improve, and put vigour into this paralyzed Gospel of the Almighty, new methods of aiding it are suggested. We feel ashamed to mention them, because of their frivolity, or worse. It seems as if the church were borrowing from the theatre its masks and buskins; from the music-hall, its songs and comic recitations; from the tavern, its billiards and games of chance; and from the casino, its dances, posturings, and tableaux vivants. We have heard so many things of this sort that we often say—What next? and What next?

It is a sickening story: for very shame we will go no further into detail. The New Religion comes to us in the cast-off clothes of the world's mummers, propping itself up with silly amusements, and courting popularity by pandering to the cravings of an age which loves entertainments, and thirsts after novelties.

Once more do we wish the apostles of the New Theology could mark the loathing and disgust with which true men regard this substitute for spiritual religion. They ask—Can any Gospel be made attractive and effective, far less the Gospel of God's grace, by being allied with the frothy levity of the free-and-easy, the instruments of the gambler, and the paint and millinery of the green room? They wonderingly ask: Did such artifices ever win a soul for Jesus? Are they winning them now? Will such rubbish ever save a soul, even with eternity to do it in? Their manliness, their common sense, and their piety, come to their aid. They turn their backs on the flippant invention, and refuse to preach a Gospel which depends for attractions upon the puppets of a show.

Doubly dear, in their esteem, has this terrible sight made the grand old Gospel of Jesus with "its artless unencumbered plan"—Believe and Live. And as they look upon its grand provision for the helpless sinner, they bow their hearts before it, and denounce all others as vanities and lies.

The coming struggle is fostering among our students a spirit of complete reliance on the Holy Spirit's help for true success. The utter failure of all these new methods to attract or retain men within the reach of the Gospel, their utter failure to keep up in the Church a healthy Christianity, and to furnish a continuous stream of fresh blood in the form of new converts, is manifest to all. Although managed and administered by men of solid learning, splendid ability, and consummate tact, this new Gospel and these wretched methods do not succeed. What then? We who do not possess the mental might of these new Theologians, what shall we do? We are thrown back on this question—Are these new methods and these administrative abilities the chief sources of ministerial strength? We believe that there is no power for good in them at all. A voice from heaven tells us, "Not by might, nor by power, but my Spirit, saith the Lord." Are precious talents of mind to be despised? Far from it: let them be put in their proper place, and let them become ministering angels in the saving of men. But the Holy Spirit is the cause of prosperity throughout the Church of God in all its spiritual work. Natural gifts are but his tools. The Spirit in the minister of God imparts to him that spiritual life and fulness which make him to pour forth from his soul rivers of living water, which flood with abiding life and endless fruitfulness the entire area of his ministry. The Spirit working with him gives unction to his words and fire to his heart for his altar service; but it is the Holy Spirit who is the true source and fountain of it all, and to him must it all be ascribed. That we are driven to trust more in him than ever, is a blessed result from a very evil condition of things, and unto God be all the glory!

A. FERGUSSON.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

DURING the past year, the ordinary course of study has been pursued in the classes under my care. The results have, I think, been quite up to the average. Perhaps, lately, we have had rather an unusual amount of sickness, the sudden changes of the winter trying some of the brethren severely.

The usual elementary work in Latin and Greek has been done in the junior classes. Two or more books of Euclid have been read by many of the students, while others are proceeding with Book I. In Greek, Xenophon's Anabasis, Lucian's Dialogues, the Gospel by Mark, with the Epistle to the Philippians, and the First Epistle of John, have furnished subjects for different classes. In Latin, Eutropius, Cæsar, Nepos, and

Virgil's Bucolics and Æneid have been studied. Arnold's Greek and Latin Exercises have also been translated. I think somewhat more ground than usual has been covered by the classical studies of the year, and the work has been, for the most part, carefully and conscientiously performed. To me, personally, the toil of the year has been heavier than usual, and while it has been a pleasant relief to the care which God has suffered to come to me in my home, I cannot but thankfully acknowledge the kindness and tender sympathy of the brethren during a period of sore trial. The Lord remember it to each for good in the day of his own adversity.

Whatever departures there may be outside the College from the faith generally received among us, I very gladly bear my testimony to the conviction that within the Institution we are of one heart and of one mind. I do not know of a single student who has shown any sympathy at any time with what is regarded as the New Theology. On the other hand, very hearty have been the prayers for the President throughout this controversy. The solemn conviction that some such action as that which he has taken was absolutely necessary, while general among us from the first, has evidently deepened in intensity as the discussion has proceeded. May God overrule the whole of this grave discussion for good throughout all the Churches, and even in the world beyond!

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

OUR work during the past year has been continued upon the old lines. Our object is to utilize the facts made known by science as illustrations of spiritual truth, so that the parables of nature may be ever ready at the preacher's hand. I have personally received much encouragement by many of the brethren, now away in their pastorates, stating how valuable they have found our work to be to them in their pulpit ministrations.

During our study of God's working in nature, there often comes the deep hush, born of reverence, as we realize how inexpressibly grand are the revelations of measureless power and infinite understanding, which even the visible universe can bring home to us. Thus we often realize with David that though the stars are silent, yet, to the spiritual man, their voice has gone out into all the earth; and further, that though science may by some be accounted destructive of the foundation of our faith, and the propagator of a soul-withering materialism, yet, when accompanied by the true wisdom, she is but the revealer of the delightful truth that "He is not far from every one of us," and that "in him we live, and move, and have our being." In this use of science have we not the example of our Lord and King, the prince of teachers? For he brought before his hearers such science as they could realize; and made

the budding lily, and the growing corn, exponents of truths concerning his kingdom.

This year has embraced a physiological course, in which we have been greatly helped by the acquisition of Marshall's large and admirable diagrams, which have been purchased out of my annual grant towards maintaining our apparatus in efficient condition. To these have been added illustrations in the way of simple dissections.

Light, heat, and sound have occupied a good deal of our time. We have now added to our lantern a very excellent polariscope, which will not only be of extreme value in bringing before the class those most fascinating experiments in connection with the polarization of light, but will be of general service in giving to the brethren an opportunity of repeating these experiments before public gatherings. For this purpose the magic lantern, which has intentionally a very portable form, has been a long time in use, and now to this the polariscope will give novelty and variety, without adding much to its weight in transit. I shall be glad to hear from brethren who could avail themselves of the assistance which I thus suggest.

During the year we have also acquired a pseudoscope, which, by reversing the shadows of any object under observation, gives a totally wrong impression of its form, *e.g.* the inside of a saucer appears the outside, the outside of a spoon the inside, and so on, showing that our knowledge of form depends not only on the eye, but on judgment, the latter requiring educating; and so, to me, appearing to explain the curious fact of the blind man when restored to sight seeing men "as trees walking." The microscope is, as heretofore, used during the tea hour on Friday, and, as an instrument of education, is of no small service, while the pleasure which it gives is abundantly evident.

Our attendance is good, and the interest in our work remains unabated.

F. CHESHIRE.

Report of the Evening Classes.

OUR past year's work has been steady, and much progress has been made in each department of study. The young men have shown a very laudable desire to profit by the lectures given, and thus to fit themselves for more efficient service for the Master. Many of them are engaged in Evangelistic work, and several desire eventually to enter the Ministry.

I am glad to be able to testify that they are all in deep sympathy with our Pastor in his defence of the Truth; that they are earnest Bible students, praying for the anointing of the Holy Spirit; and intensely desirous of winning souls for Christ.

College Home Visiting Society.

By C. H. SPURGEON.

IT struck me that it would be a double blessing if the students set to work to visit the dwellers in our neighbourhood—they would bless themselves and those they visited. Accordingly, the brethren organized themselves, mapped out the district, and proceeded in couples to visit the whole region, house by house. Mr. Rumsey became the Secretary, and the brethren became the visitors. Furnished with sermons, they went forth at such hours as their incessant studies left open for such holy service; and the result has been to themselves, at least, most beneficial. Some did little more than leave the sermon at first, but in many cases they grew bolder on each occasion, and we doubt not that this year they will all manage personal conversations with readiness. To some this is an art only to be acquired by practice. In every instance the visitation has been instructive to the visitor. Now the men see what they will have to deal with as pastors. Visiting will not henceforth be strange work to them. Their love for souls has been stirred up. They are learning how to speak to individuals about their souls; they are acquiring a hunger for conversions. God will bless this humble effort to themselves.

As to the persons visited, there can be no doubt that many of them have come to the Tabernacle services as the result of the invitations, and it will be seen in days to come how many have heard the Word of the Lord to their eternal salvation. The Secretary of the movement deserves special commendation: he did his work well. He will make a fine organizer in his future career. Here is his report:—

"It is with heartfelt thankfulness to God that we here present the First Annual Report in connection with our work of Home Visitation. Thankfulness, because of the great privilege afforded us in thus being permitted to sow beside all waters. Thankfulness also, because of the evident blessing which has attended our sowing. The importance of the work to which we have put our hands cannot be over-estimated. When we think for a moment of the teeming masses around us, living in utter neglect of God, in open violation of his laws, and regardless of their souls' eternal welfare, our work assumes an aspect of the gravest importance. Many of these are the souls for whom Christ died. Yet how are they to be reached? They do not come to God's house; there is but one way left, *we must go to them*. With this thought in our minds, we have gone forth, bearing the precious word of eternal life, seeking by all possible means to commend the gospel of the grace of God. Our plan of working has been simple, yet efficient.

"In apostolic order, our brethren have gone forth in pairs, and have thus mutually encouraged each other in the work. This method was adopted on account of the immorality which abounds in some of the districts visited. We are glad to report that cases of direct opposition have been but few. The greatest difficulty with which our brethren have to

contend, is the stolid indifference of the people to divine things. Nevertheless, again and again, their hearts have been cheered by the warm welcome given, and the readiness with which the sermons were received. All the brethren report concerning these sermons, that they were gladly accepted, and the people seemed grateful for them. The mention of our beloved President's name obtained, in many cases, a ready hearing for the brethren. There is abundant evidence to show that in the hearts of the common people the name of our President is revered and treasured. During the year, our brethren have worked 47 districts, visited 2,121 houses, 3,777 families, and distributed 4,027 sermons.

"In addition to the general work undertaken, special efforts have been put forth. The public-houses have not been forgotten. It is cheering to note from the reports of the brethren concerning this special work, that they received uniform kindness from the landlords, who not only tolerated them, but expressed their pleasure at their visits; whilst among the customers before the bar, they found many who readily received the books. To the sick and infirm, some of our brethren have been able to minister consolation, and frequent opportunities have been afforded for the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. Our President gave us a liberal supply of sermons, in an attractive book form, most suitable for distribution. Inside the covers of these books is to be found a kindly word to the reader, and a hearty invitation to attend the Tabernacle services. Thus the seed of the kingdom finds its way into the hands and homes, and we trust, into the hearts of the people, to whom we pray it may prove a blessing. The benefit is by no means confined to those who are visited. The visitor himself derives much good. Experience gained by intercourse with a vast variety of characters and disposition is most valuable; a knowledge of human nature is thus obtained which could be acquired nowhere else. In this work are to be found the means whereby the servant of God may qualify himself for the highest of all callings, viz., a soul-winner for his Master. The brethren regret that College duties leave them so little time for the work. Nevertheless, they are willing to do what they can. In closing this brief account of our work, we make one request: 'Brethren, pray for us.' In humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit, our brethren go forth, bearing the precious seed, fully accepting the divine assurance, that presently they shall return rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

Impressions of one who has just left the College.

IT would be as difficult to prevent a child from talking about his happy home, or a soldier from speaking of his gallant regiment, as to deter one who has just said farewell to the Pastors' College from referring to his Alma Mater. As one who but a day or two since left the dear old place, my mind naturally reverts to her walls, and my lingering thought here finds an utterance. I think no student ever forgets the first day of College life. The hopes and fears, the aspirations and the wonderings as to the future, added to the novelty of the whole experience, go to impress it indelibly upon the mind. Personally I may say, that lessons of humility and of determination were learned on that day, and on many succeeding ones. Somehow or other, those powers which I had mentally invested with some degree of importance assumed smaller proportions as the days passed by; and I discovered that I was even as other men: possibly less than most—certainly not more. To-day I thank God for the discovery, and I believe that it was the prophecy of any progress I may have made since.

As students, we all found on entering the Pastors' College, that if we desired idleness we had certainly turned our steps in the wrong direction. The various classes afforded full scope for untiring energies and indomitable perseverance. The matter ever urged even upon the most advanced was, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after." Yes, we had plenty of real hard study, whether in the classes for Logic and Metaphysics with Professor Fergusson, or under Professor Marchant with Cæsar and Xenophon, or taking our loftier flights in the pleasures of Tacitus and Plato, not forgetting Theology, Greek Testament, and Hebrew, with Principal Gracey. I do not think we minded the toil; and if then we were not so grateful for it all as we should have been, I believe we are now becoming more thankful every day.

However, we sometimes felt fagged out towards the end of the week, but a few helpful words from the Vice-President and a bracing talk from the President on the Friday afternoon, coupled with the College prayer-meeting in the evening, nerved us for further struggle. Those occasions have often been the means of renewing our strength and of relieving the weighted wings of our spirits. Is it the experience of most students? I know not whether it is so or not; but, sometimes, I have been in danger of forgetting the great end of my student life: in the study itself there have been times when the keen edge of my spiritual life has seemed turned and blunted, when the constant association with books and themes, bearing directly or indirectly upon religious matters, has appeared to dull and deaden the soul's sensibilities to the influence of spiritual things. At such times the stirring words of the President and

the prayers of the evening meeting have often been used to bring the Master of our spirits near, and I have entered into the meaning of those words :—

> "We touch Him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again."

Reviewing the past, my heart is filled with gratitude for all the help I have received in my spiritual life, by my association with the Pastors' College. It might have been otherwise had there not been every incentive towards a holier walk and a fuller consecration to the service of Christ. One often feels that the Christ of the Schools is not the same as He who sat at Samaria's well, and who suffered on Calvary; that sometimes the Rose of Sharon seems marred and crushed by the rough hands of polemic gladiators; but to-day I remember with joy the wise counsels to guard jealously our personal piety by communion and study of Scripture, and I think also of the opportunities for preaching the Gospel, when ofttimes the Divine presence was felt, ay, and known too, by the hearts of hearers touched and lives transformed.

In all our studies the tutors appealed to the highest possible motives. We were not urged to our work on the ground of scholastic attainments, but from the loftier motive of equipment for the ministry of Christ, and usefulness in his Kingdom. Thus were we helped in our inner lives, and the Saviour became more real to us than he might otherwise have been.

I presume it is quite a pardonable offence, but we always considered our tutors the very best in the world; and it is only truth to say that all the present students hold precisely the same view. Of course the three tutors differ in temperament, which it is only reasonable to expect, since they represent the three countries of the United Kingdom; but they are grand men; and how far their teaching and characters have gone to mould the thought and life and ministry of the students who have passed under their influence, who can say?

And so in their classes, and under the instructions of Professor Cheshire in Science, and Professor Richardson in Elocution, my time has passed. These four happy years have sped, forming a bright and glad retrospect, leaving me thankful for the real, hearty brotherhood that has ever existed amongst us as students, and for the love which made us all one. This has ever been characteristic of the men of our College, and it is hoped and believed that the time will never come when the ties of a common salvation and of a conquering cause will be less binding than they are to-day.

And now, in anticipating my future work, for which the college course has so greatly helped me, I thank Heaven that the pathway leading to the active service of our Lord has been so cheery and so sunlit as the past student years have proved; and I ask your prayers for what has been to so many a very gate of Heaven, the Pastors' College.

Evangelistic Notes.

BY J. BURNHAM.

CONCERNING God's gifts to the church, Paul writes, "He gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers." There is evidently a distinct line of service for the evangelist; and he takes too much for granted who supposes that the pastoral office includes the evangelistic. That there are men who combine in themselves the qualifications for both pastor and evangelist, is beyond dispute; but these are the exception, not the rule. This distinct qualification Paul recognized in Timothy, and hence charged him, "Do the work of an evangelist." This same charge was thrust upon me, ten years ago, in a rather strange way. I had spent three years in very happy work in a rural pastorate in Somerset; loving both my work and my flock. Suddenly prostrated, as the result of overwork, reason threatened to forsake her throne. The physician ordered immediate cessation from study, and six months' rest. Mrs. Spurgeon heard of this, and wrote one of her sweet, cheery letters, in which, with remarkable prescience, she foretold my future: "Don't be discouraged because unable to interpret God's dealings; it may be by *this* means he is opening before you a wider sphere of usefulness."

Feeling it would be unjust to the little church to hold on officially when incapacitated for work, I at once resigned, not knowing where next a door would open.

Of a naturally restless disposition, inactivity became burdensome. As soon as strength would permit, and knowing what ministerial isolation meant, I began visiting brethren in country places, and holding special services. At first, these took the form of "Evenings of Sacred Song," interspersed with brief gospel addresses; but they soon grew into more distinctly evangelistic services, and were blest beyond my most sanguine expectations. Tidings of the work reached Mr. Spurgeon, and at the following College Conference (1878), when I was fully restored to health, and seeking another settlement, he embodied Mrs. Spurgeon's prophecy in the charge of Paul to Timothy, "Do the work of an evangelist." After a fortnight's consideration and prayer over the matter, I accepted the charge, and have had abundant proof, since then, that the step was divinely ordered.

Now, for the information of kind friends and supporters, I am asked for a *short report.*

TEN YEARS OF EVANGELISTIC WORK

is a big text for a brief sketch, and I feel considerable difficulty in attempting the task; the difficulty is *not* what to *say*, but what to *leave unsaid.* As one result of long and varied experience, I would first bear unfaltering testimony to the

SOLE SUFFICIENCY OF THE GOSPEL

for this kind of work; *the gospel*, as received, believed, and handed down to us by our fathers. Here is a noteworthy fact, and a splendid tribute to the power and sufficiency of the *old-fashioned gospel.* Men who have nearly emptied their chapels by speculative theology, and feel

that they have lost their hold of the people, when they desire special services in order to recover lost ground, invariably (I was about to say, "instinctively"—perhaps so!) seek the help of those who abide by the old lines of thought and expression, rather than that of men of so-called "modern thought." This unintentional tribute we gratefully accept, fully persuaded, from experience and observation, that nothing beneath the sun will meet man's deepest need as the gospel will. We would say of it as David said of Goliath's sword, "There is none like that, give it me." This is

THE GOSPEL FOR THE AGED.

True, there are very few conversions among the grey-headed; but, blessed be God, we are not without witnesses to the power of the gospel on men who have passed their "three-score years and ten."

On one occasion, resting a few days with a farmer friend, on the Cotswold Hills, I yielded to his entreaty for an open-air service in the evening. Tidings went round the hay-fields, and a goodly number gathered on the Green. Next morning the farmer came in, leaving with me his old shepherd, in great distress, for a little counsel and prayer. I asked, "How long have you been so distressed?" He replied, "Do you remember, sir, having a service on the Green, about six weeks ago? What I heard then very much troubled me, and caused me many restless nights; but I kept it all to myself. Last night, sir, the word so broke my heart, I have not slept all night; I could not keep quiet any longer; so, in the hay-field I told master all about it this morning."

"What are you troubled about, shepherd?"

"I want to know whether you think God can save an *old* sinner like I am, who has forgotten him all these years?"

"It matters little what *I think*, shepherd; let us see what *God says* (turning to Heb. vii. 25): 'He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him'; '*to the uttermost*,' shepherd; that means the *oldest*, as well as the *vilest*, sinner." Then came an excuse rather common in rural districts: "I haven't had any education, and I can't understand these things like learned people can." I replied, "If 'tis a question of scholarship, then it is about time you commenced your education! No, no, shepherd; thousands have gone to heaven with no more education than you have; and thousands are going to-day, who can no more read or write their names than you can" (Here the old man's face lit up with hope, and I proceeded). "The matter is very simple. You go to yonder shop, and day by day get goods, putting off payment till you are deep in debt. Passing your door some weeks later, I observe you standing there with a very distressed look, and ask the meaning of it. Drawing from your pocket a bill, you exclaim, 'Here's a bill from Brown's for £10, and I have not 10d. with which to pay it!' Producing a receipted account, I say, 'Cheer up, shepherd! I heard of your trouble, and have called and *paid the debt for you*.' Would you not be glad?"

"Indeed, I *should*, sir."

"And how much education would you need in order to trust me?"

"Why I could trust you without any education! Couldn't I?"

"Just so, shepherd: you and I are the debtors; but Jesus *paid the debt for us.*" Turning to Isaiah, I read, '*He* was wounded for *our* transgressions, *he* was bruised for *our* iniquities: the chastisement of *our* peace was upon *him*; and with *his* stripes *we* are healed.' Are not you glad he has *paid the debt for you*, shepherd?"

Poor old man! on his knees he went, and thanked God for making it so plain to an old sinner. Then, hurrying to the fields, he took his master with a grip of the hand, as the great tears chased each other down his cheeks, exclaiming, "Master, master, I've found the Saviour, after all these years!"

"How is the shepherd getting on?" I asked of the farmer, when I called two years later. He replied, you would not ask if you were to hear the dear old man pray. It's too far from chapel for the poor people to go twice a day, so I gather them into my kitchen on Sunday evenings. I can't preach, but I read them one of Spurgeon's sermons, and the shepherd invariably helps by offering prayer in the service."

Glad as we are of such results, and we could mention similar ones, ours is especially

THE GOSPEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Their minds have not become warped by prejudice and sin; they are, therefore, more ready to accept, with unquestioning faith, the simple message of mercy. We had pleasing proof of this, only last week. A child listened eagerly to the message from Acts x. 43: on her return, she told her mother all she could remember; and that so accurately, that the mother, who had long been under soul-concern, grasped the truth, rejoiced in liberty, and sent next evening the following request:—"A mother desires you to join her in praise to God that she has found the Saviour."

Some time since, a little girl furnished me with a text for an address, which has been greatly used of God. She had long attended the Sunday-school, and was now in the senior class. She became deeply convinced of her need of a Saviour. The pastor and I sought to help her by reference to the many "great and precious promises"; but she could not claim them, and went home broken-hearted. Next day, turning again to the texts we had pointed out, she was enabled, then and there, to believe them for herself, and found "joy and peace through believing." This came to our knowledge during the afternoon; hence we were not a little surprised to find her again among the enquirers in the evening. "Annie: I thought you had found the Saviour?" said the pastor. "Yes, Mr. Smith," she replied, "so I have! but I wanted just to tell you how happy I am." The pastor invited her to call at the manse and see him for further talk, as he wished now to speak to the anxious. Suddenly recalling himself, as she was leaving, he said, "One minute, Annie; can you tell us how you lost your burden? it may help some of these who are troubled, as you were last evening." Simple, but rich in suggestiveness, was her brief reply:—"Please, sir, I went straight to the cross with my burden, and left it there, and came away free!"

During special services in Yorkshire, a dear child, under nine years

of age, yielded her heart to the Saviour. Many people looked somewhat coldly and suspiciously on one of such tender years professing to be saved; but her subsequent life proved the genuineness of her conversion. Five years later, at work in Yorkshire, I was summoned from the West to the East Riding; the dear child was "going home," and repeatedly expressed a wish to see me. After her glad greeting, I asked, "Are you in much pain, Lizzie?" "Yes," she replied, "a great deal at times; but Jesus is with me in it all. When I was first taken ill, I was scarcely conscious of pain for days, so sweet was the sense of rest I enjoyed in the Saviour's embrace." I turned to Revelation, and read to her of heaven: "Is it not beautiful, Lizzie?" "Yes," she said, "but it would not be heaven without Jesus." "Why not? All this is delightful! Streets of gold, walls of jasper, gates of pearl!" "Yes," she replied, "*in the light.*" "What do you mean?" I asked. "Read the next verse," said the child, "and you will find my meaning —'*the Lamb is the light thereof.*'" Sweet commentary on the Master's words, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

We rejoice in the abundant proof that ours is

THE GOSPEL FOR THE VILEST.

Last September, in an open-air service among the hop-pickers, I told the following incident:—There dwelt a man in this neighbourhood who spent nearly all his money in drink. Scarcely ever was he sober when he had a penny to take him inside a public-house. His home was a "little hell upon earth"; his wife went out "charing" to keep the wolf from the door; and the children were in rags, and half-starved. Four years ago this evening that man, sober because penniless, listened as I spoke on John iii. 16. Deep conviction seized him; he took to his heels to try to escape from the thoughts that haunted him. Finding this in vain, and ashamed to go home to his poor wife in this mood, he turned into a waggon-lodge a mile from here; and, behind a waggon, fell on his knees, crying to God for mercy. There he wrestled for two hours, till the light broke in; he cast himself upon the Saviour, and found peace. Not long after, his wife was brought to the Saviour, too; their home is now a "little paradise," and children, well-fed and well-clad, attend the Sunday-school.

A little girl listened to this narrative, and, on her return, began to repeat it to her father. He listened to the prattling tongue till unable longer to contain himself; then, falling on his knees, he cried, "O God, that's me!"

The next evening he came to tell me of this, and to bear testimony to God's faithfulness to him.

In one place I visited, a rather morose, unapproachable sort of man listened, evening after evening. Suspecting that God was at work with him, I called at his shop on Saturday, and found him in a very miserable mood; he had not slept for several nights, and was looking ill for want of that sleep he was positively afraid to take. I invited him to come to the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting, and commence the

day in right earnest with us. "Come to a seven o'clock Sunday-morning meeting!" said he: "I never did such a thing in my life! Whatever would the people say? Already they are beginning to talk, because I have been each evening to the services." I challenged the man: "What do you care what people say? But three weeks ago you were staggering through this place drunk, and using language that proclaimed you a child of wrath; is it a fact that you are ashamed lest men should think you are seeking to turn to God, and mend your ways?" This was too much for him; he replied, "I don't care what they say." "Then you had better come to the prayer-meeting, or *I* shall think you *do;* so, in either case, you'll be in the same fix! Moreover, you don't know what a blessing God has in store for you! It may be the meeting-place between the Father and the prodigal." The tear started, as he exclaimed, "I hope so, for I'm tired of this!" He came, and in that morning meeting found Christ. At the close of the day, with a beaming face, he gripped my hand, saying: "I never had such a Sunday in all my life!" Three weeks later, at the College Conference, the minister said, "You should have heard our friend Thomas last night; during a lull in the prayer-meeting, to the astonishment of us all, he began to pray. Before many sentences, he broke down abruptly, thus: 'O Lord, I can't pray yet; I'm only three weeks old. Amen!'"

A man and his wife had lived a very wretched life. More than once (and only a day or two prior to my visit) she had jumped out of the bed-room window, to escape his violence. On the first evening of our mission, I suggested to the Christians that they should each fix upon somebody as a special subject for prayer. It afterwards transpired that several hearts at once, without (human) pre-arrangement, fixed on this man. Next evening he was at the service, and the following evening his wife with him. They continued to come, and a week later his wife called on me to come and see her husband. I found him leaning upon the table, by his untouched meal. "Not at work?" I asked. "No, sir, I can't work, my sins trouble me so." "And have you taken no breakfast?" "No, sir, I feel more like choking! and I haven't slept all night; I'm afraid to go to sleep; my sins are constantly before me." I found congenial work in pointing him to the Saviour, but left him still broken-hearted. A few days later I called, and found him, not jubilant, but calmly resting on Christ. After a brief interview, I was rising from prayer, when he broke out in earnest thanksgiving; and soon he was praying, in endearing terms, for his wife: "O God, bless my *darling wife;* save her, too!" It was many years since the poor woman had heard *such music* from his lips, and it broke her heart. Bursting into tears, she began crying to God for mercy. Presently faith began to bud and grow: "O God, save me, too! Dear Saviour, I *want* to trust thee!" and, ere long it was, "O Saviour, I *can* trust thee! I DO trust thee! Blessed be thy name, thou hast saved me, too!" Not long since I heard from them from Australia; they were associated with the Wesleyan Church, the nearest place of worship, and he a local preacher on their "plan." It is a great joy to us when any find Christ, but a peculiar joy when

THEY IN TURN BECOME SOUL-WINNERS.

In the midst of an address I was once interrupted by a fine, intelligent young man, a Board-school teacher, up till then a follower of Bradlaugh, who rose tremblingly before a company of some five hundred of his fellow-townsmen, and, with a beseeching look, that haunts my memory still, said, "Sir, will you please pray for me?" I stopped my address, and could not help saying, before I prayed, "Young man, thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Soon after his conversion, his abilities were turned to good account, and he became an acceptable local preacher, then passed through college, and is now in the ministry.

Though wearied, and late in my arrival in Yorkshire, one Saturday, I could not resist the temptation of going to the prayer-meeting. It was one of the heartiest prayer-meetings I was ever in; but, with one exception save the pastor and myself, all the pleaders were sisters. A gracious work was manifest from the very commencement of the Mission. A number of young men, of which that little church was sadly deficient till then, were brought to the Saviour, and the good pastor's hands thereby considerably strengthened. Among these was a bright young man, also a Board-school teacher, full of promise. Soon he began preaching; has since passed through Manchester College, and in Lancashire to-day he is a useful young minister, of whom (if I mistake not) we shall yet hear great things.

There is an important feature in the Evangelist's work that must not be overlooked. Whilst often useful in gathering under the influence of the gospel those who are comparative strangers to the message, it is pre-eminently successful in bringing the pastor's work to full fruition. In very many cases the Evangelist is the "Reaper" in the field. A long season of earnest toil has been expended in turning the soil, casting in, and watering the seed. By-and-by the "fields are white unto harvest," and the Master, placing the sickle in the reaper's hand, bids him go forth and "gather in the sheaves." And herein is that saying true, "One soweth, and another reapeth." Thus, "both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together."

I have been greatly cheered by the

ABIDING CHARACTER OF THE WORK

in most places. Writing me lately, a minister said, referring to a baptism on the previous Sunday, "You will be pleased to know that this makes forty-three members we have received into the church, who trace their conversion to your visit of three years ago."

An East-end pastor recently observed, "We saw but three cases of conversion whilst you were with us; but have since received into fellowship ten who trace their decision to those services." Last month I paid a flying visit to a scene of former labours; and the sweetest music I then heard, was, "You will be thankful to know that all the friends who found the Saviour, when you were here, are holding well on their way, and walking consistently." Yes, very thankful to hear it. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

Report of Evangelistic Work.

By A. A. Harmer.

IN reporting upon another year's work, one has mingled feelings of joy and sorrow; joy for all that has been done, sorrow that the all is so little. "Do the work of an Evangelist," is still a command heard and obeyed by a few. It is still needful that there be "some Evangelists and some Pastors," and the Evangelist devoutly hopes that those churches which do not recognize this as a scriptural command will never invite him to work in their midst. The command is from God, and the Evangelist receives his commission from the hands of the King. It means loss of home comforts, much weary travelling, a great strain upon the health; but it also means a joyful work, the joy of harvest, bringing in the sheaves, and shouting the glad song of harvest home. It is something to be able to help the Pastor, who all the long year or years has been sowing the good seed, and who now, during the visit of the Evangelist, reaps and rejoices with joy unspeakable. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt"—a beautiful picture of the Pastor and Evangelist working in the same field; it means a double crop, barren hill-sides brought under cultivation, and difficulties swept away: "And all the hills shall melt." May all his servants know this joy!

In commencing work last April, I visited Totnes for the second time, and letters that I have had from Pastors and converts tell of blessings received. From South Devon I went up to Birmingham, and it was a *hard, hard* time; but with the help of a band of workers I went out into the market-place, and preached and sang in the open-air, but always invited the people in for a closing meeting. By these means we drew in the outcasts and wretched. We have reason to thank God that one poor girl was taken from the streets, and placed in a comfortable home.

With the help of Mr. Chamberlain, whose services are always greatly valued, I held a Mission in the new chapel at Thornton Heath: this led to continued services whilst Pastor J. W. Harrald was at Mentone. It was a happy time, and a good work was done among the young: the Pastor is helped in his work there by a splendid band of teachers and workers. The church at Beulah chapel has a bright prospect. Again, with the help of dear friend Chamberlain, I went in September to Bradford,—that busy, smoky place, where one ever hears the rattle of machinery and "the clang of the wooden shoon." The people loved the singing of the gospel, and many were charmed by its sound, and led to the Saviour's feet. It was here we met dear Mr. Wood, of Tetley Street, so bright and merry in his work, who, from the midst of the people he loved so well, went right into the presence of his Master, to hear the "Well-done, good and faithful servant."

In writing this report, incidents crowd in so that one can scarcely put them in order; but I must mention just a few. At South Bermondsey, during a service, I asked for requests for prayer. A woman, who had

been brought in the evening before, rose, and with much emotion, said, "Pray for my husband, he *ought* to give his heart to God, he *must* give his heart to God, because we both promised our dying child that we would meet her in heaven." In the vestry we knelt in prayer with husband and wife, when he surrendered his heart to Christ: they are now both members of the church.

The Evangelist is thrown amongst various classes, and can tell of work among sailors, soldiers, and miners; the latter class not the least interesting because their work is underground. When in the Sheffield district, I was invited to go down into a pit to see the men at "snap" time, and have some talk with them. I accepted the invitation, but when I arrived at a pit bank, I was sorry for it. I found the way down into the pit *painful:* please make your own application. I found the way down into the pit *rapid*, 300 feet in 30 seconds. I found the way down into the pit *dark:* the application is evident. When we arrived at the bottom of the pit, they clothed me in a big overcoat and gave me a safety-lamp, with these instructions: "Keep your head *down* and your light *straight.*" I found, by painful experience, what this meant: the great boulders overhead reminded me, and being careless with my light, it went out: again make your own application. "Keep *your* head down, and *your* light straight." I was much struck with the ponies that drew the "tubs" of coal; when they came to a narrow pass, they quite naturally fell upon their knees, and crawled through. I enquired, "Is it not very difficult to train them to this?" "Oh no, we just fasten a rope to their fore legs, and pull when they are to go upon their knees, and down they go." Again the application is evident. If sinners will not come to their knees, the Lord sometimes binds them with a great trouble, or loss, or bereavement, and thus, in the darkness of sorrow, pulls them to their knees.

If space permitted, I should like to tell of my second visit to Orpington, where I had the valuable help of Messrs. Allison and Vinson, and Pastor Scilley. It was a joyful time, and many decided for Christ; but, best of all, we were assured that not one of the converts of last year had fallen. The services at Long Buckby were to us all a blessed season, the closing meeting was a time to be remembered; many of the converts were young men, and will, we trust, prove to be good workers.

The work of the Evangelist is not all success: there are Pastors and Churches which don't seem to understand us; these of course never invite us the second time. I have just commenced at Totnes for the *third* time; Mr. Chamberlain will join me in a few days; the friends are praying for and expecting a great blessing.

May I remind friends that the funds of the Society of Evangelists are sometimes a source of anxiety to our President? This ought not to be; on the contrary, if the Churches visited *would only do their share*, our President would be able to send out several more Evangelists. We thank God for another year's work, and take courage, believing that there is a joyful time before us. "They shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them."

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

THROUGH the "Notes," month by month, in the *Sword and Trowel*, we have kept our friends informed concerning the movements of our College Evangelists. It is, therefore, only necessary here to give a list of the places in which our brethren have held special services since our last Annual Report.

Messrs. FULLERTON AND SMITH, during the past year, have visited Middlesbrough, Stockton-on-Tees, St. Albans, Bury St. Edmund's, Stowmarket, Wisbech, Taunton, Weymouth, St. Helier's (Jersey), Cambridge, The Metropolitan Tabernacle, Reading, Pontypridd, Abercarne, Sutton (Surrey), Ampthill, Sutton (Yorkshire), Rotherham, Down Lodge Hall, Wandsworth, Putney, and Northcote Road, Wandsworth Common. From every place we have received most gratifying testimonies of the blessing that has accompanied and followed the Evangelists' labours.

Mr. BURNHAM has related for us some of the incidents that he has met with in his services, so that we need only mention here that, since the last Conference, he has conducted evangelistic meetings at Milton (Oxfordshire), Fivehead, Frampton Mansell (Gloucestershire), Kent (among the hop-pickers), Cranford, Milton (Northamptonshire), Blisworth, Wellington (Shropshire), Winslow, St. Ives, Chalford, Frampton Mansell (second visit during the year), Southend-on-Sea, Chester, Towcester, and Chesham.

Mr. HARMER has also written an account of his work, which appears on another page. His missions during the past year have been held at Totnes, Plymouth, Birmingham, Brentwood, Higham Hill, Rickmansworth, Thornton Heath, Bradford, South Bermondsey, Stroud, Parnell Road, Old Ford, Orpington, Modbury, Newton Abbot, Redditch, Long Buckby, Plumstead, and Totnes (closing the year at the same place as he commenced it).

In addition to these brethren who are wholly supported from the Evangelists' Fund, partial assistance has been rendered to Mr. EYRES, who has now gone to China, in connection with the China Inland Mission; to Mr. PARKER, who is evangelizing in the United States; to Mr. MATEER, who, since his return from Australia with Mr. Parker, has conducted special services in various places with much acceptance, and who desires to settle down to pastoral work, if the Lord shall open the way; to Mr. HILL, who has been much blessed in evangelistic and Gospel Temperance work in London; and to Mr. SNELL, who is seeking to raise a Baptist Church in Guernsey. Mr. E. A. CARTER has also been added to the number of brethren partially dependent upon our funds.

There are abundant opportunities of service for all these Evangelists; and if our means were increased, we could employ even more well-qualified brethren, both at home and abroad.

Summary of Results.

DURING the thirty-two years of our existence as a school of the prophets, seven hundred and sixty-five men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this day; but some (sixty-one) have fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, more than six hundred brethren. Of these, five hundred and seventy-one are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized :—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College		765
,,	now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	571
,,	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, 54; Students, 7)	61
,,	Permanently Invalided	10
,,	Names removed from the List for various reasons, such as joining other Denominations, &c.	74

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.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1888.

Presidential Address

AT THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, APRIL 17, 1888.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page* 265.)

IN these evil times, we have still

ONE ABIDING OBJECT.

Whatever the season may be, the farmer has still his land to till. In summer and in winter his work may vary, but his object is the same. It is the same with the servants of our Lord Jesus. Whatever others may do, we have lifted our hand unto the Lord, and we cannot go back. We are still guided by that one purpose which brought us first into the sacred ministry: we dare not look back from the plough nor turn aside from the furrow.

How do you at this time look at your life's mission? What is that mission? What are you at? I think I hear you answer, *Our chief end is to glorify God.* We do not regard it as our first business to convert sinners nor to edify saints, but to glorify God. If we have preached God's truth, and on any one occasion no souls have been saved thereby, we are still "unto God a sweet savour of Christ," as well in those that perish as in those that are saved. The preaching of Jesus Christ is the burning of sweet odours before the throne of God, and to the Lord it is evermore an acceptable oblation. The sacrifice of Jesus is that which makes the world bearable to a holy God, and the preaching of that sacrifice is a savour of rest unto him.

This is a kind of lactometer by which we can test the quality of any

doctrine—"Does it glorify God?" If it does not glorify God, it is not genuine gospel, and it will not benefit us or our hearers.

It is ours to keep to our one object, come what may. The fisherman goes forth with his nets upon a calm, bright, summer's day. "Now, boatman, take thy guitar. Sit upon the bench, and delight us with sweet music." He answers, "I am not a musician, but a fisherman." A storm-cloud darkens the sky, and the rain and sleet drive down. "Now, boatman, quit the deck. Make all trim above and shelter thyself below." He smiles, and answers, "I am no yachtsman out on a pleasure-trip, but I am here to fish, and fish I will." Over go the nets!

Our sacred fishing may be better carried on in a storm than in a calm. When the waters sleep the fish seem to sleep also, or they are hidden in silent deeps far out of our reach. A dead calm is our enemy, a storm may prove our helper. Controversy may arouse thought, and through thought may come the divine change. In any case *we must win souls.* Whatever comes of it, we are bound to catch men for Jesus. Repentance and faith must be insisted on; the new birth, with its loathing of sin and trust in Jesus, must be ever set before our people. For this end were we born, and for this purpose were we sent into the world, that we might bear witness to grand soul-saving truths, that by the knowledge of these things God may be glorified among men.

Besides this, we have an intense desire *to build up the church*, and it strikes me that for this object it is of perpetual necessity that we continue to preach always the same gospel. Is there to be no progress? Yes, within the lines of revealed truth; but there must be no departures from fixed principles. A boy at school commences with his first book in arithmetic; in due time he needs another; but suppose that the second book put into his hand contradicted the first, where would the scholar find himself? Suppose you assure him that the multiplication table is worn out, and that men now know better than to say that twice two are four! What progress could he make? A consistent ministry, carried out through many years' preaching of the same truth, must, with God's blessing, produce a result upon a congregation. A noble building is possible when the walls rise course upon course upon a fixed foundation; but what result can those produce who change their teaching? This "ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth," what does it? What can it do? True progress is out of the question when everything is moving, road as well as carriage. There is a story told of a man who married his fourth wife, who had brought him money. The like had been the case with each of her predecessors. A friend said to him, "You seem to make a good thing of your wives, whether they live or die." "Alas!" answered the much-married man, "what with the expense of marrying them and the expense of burying them, there is not much profit about them after all." I should think it is much the same with the new creeds with which men fall in love one after the other. What with the trouble of learning the new doctrine, and the trouble of very soon burying it to make room for another, there is not much profit. Weaving comes to nothing if it be constantly pulled out again. If we would build up the church, we must be careful as to our foundation at the first; and upon that foundation we must keep on building to the end. As far

as I am concerned, the things which I taught at the first are those wherein I abide until this day. If I had chosen a new object, I might have selected new means for promoting it; but those truths which were for the glory of God thirty years ago, still produce the same result. We work to the same end, and trust in the same power, wherefore we change not our teaching.

Brethren, let me take you further, and speak upon

OUR URGENT NECESSITIES.

If we are to pursue our holy calling with success, *we need to be better men.* Brethren, I do not depreciate you: far from it. But, personally, I feel that as the times grow sterner I must cry to God for more grace, that I may be more able to cope with them. You can always cut a hard thing with something still harder. The granite Alps can be tunnelled by the diamond. Oh, for grace to be equal to the worst case which can arise! Whatever we already possess of capability or fitness is the Lord's gift, and he is able to grant us far more. He that gave us life can give it to us "more abundantly." The capacities of a man, when God takes him in hand, are not to be estimated by the man, but by God himself. It was prettily put at the meeting last night by one of the brethren, when speaking of the cloud "like a man's hand"; he said that it was the Lord's work, but a man's hand was in it. The blessing comes from the Lord alone, but its sign is often the little cloud, like a man's hand. Oh, to have our hands ready for the Lord's work; neither folded in indolence nor hanging down in despair, but lifted up in holy pleading and full consecration. Brethren, let it be a main business with us to be ourselves more holy, more gracious, and therefore better fitted for our work. It doth not yet appear what we can be. Oh, for high aspirations!

Let us not judge ourselves by others, and say with deadening self-complacency, "We are getting on well as compared with our brethren. There are not many additions to our churches, but we are as successful as others." O brothers, if some are still further behind in the course, that does not increase our hope of winning the race. While I was ill, a friend endeavoured to comfort me by remarking that many suffered far more than I did. He looked unutterable things when I replied, "None but a fiend could derive comfort from the greater agonies of others." Shall we, if we have little of God's blessing, be thankful that others have still less! Did you tell me that John Johnston's potatoes are smaller than mine? I am not going to have my potatoes judged by John Johnston's; my standard as a gardener is not the worst specimen, but the best. Let us measure ourselves by our Master, and not by our fellow-servants: then pride will be impossible, but hopefulness will be natural. We are capable of much greater things; let us attempt them. It is time for us to live, for we grow old.

This done, *let us get clearer views of what we believe.* A drunken John Brown—I say "John Brown," for "his soul is for ever marching on"—gets to his own house at four o'clock in the morning, and says to the servant at the door, "Where does John Brown live?" "O sir, don't talk like that," says the servant, "you know that you are John Brown yourself." "Well," says he, "I know that; but I want to know where

John Brown lives." There is an inebriation of "modern thought" which maunders much in that manner. John Brown of the New School does not know where John Brown lives. Where he lived yesterday he knows, but where he lives to-day it would be hard to tell. Many are spiritual gipsies. They camp behind any hedge, but they abide nowhere; their theology consists of a few sticks and bits of canvas. It is easily upset, but then it is as easily set up. Well may they sing—

"We've no abiding city here"!

They prefer the chase after truth to truth itself; it is clear that such a chase has not much of reality in it; for the man is pleased that his prey should perpetually escape him. In olden times the prophet was a *seer;* but nowadays a prophet is one who is too cultured to see anything. A man who protests that he has too much light to be sure that he sees anything is the favourite of certain intellectual hearers. David said, "I believed, therefore have I spoken"; but he was peculiar: our "thoughtful men" now speak because they doubt, and not because they believe.

The next thing necessary for the present time is that *we should have more faith.* We need to believe more intensely in God, so as to trust him more practically and more unquestioningly. The things which we believe must become more real to us. I fear we often use words without feeling their true meaning. This is terrible. It is a sort of wilful murder to expel the soul from pious phrases, and still use them. Let us be honest about the things of God: let us mean all that we say, and say only what we mean. It is a shocking thing for a man to talk all manner of evangelical, gracious, and sanctifying things, and yet to mean nothing by them. I fear our pulpits are not free from such word-mongers. Let us not hold forth shadows before the people. Let them, at any rate, be no shadows to us, but downright facts. You have heard of the old Scotch lady who was making her will. She was leaving £500 to this person, and £1,000 to another, till at length the lawyer remarked, "Have you as much money as this?" "May be not," said the old soul, "but it will show them my liberal intentions." It is to be feared that many preach evangelical doctrine, not because they believe it, but that they may please the evangelical. This will never do. Let us never lie open to such a suspicion. Let the doctrines we declare be dear to us as life, and as real as our own flesh and blood. We believe all Scripture to be true. When the Bible says that a man is lost, we believe that the loss is real and tremendous. Heaven and hell are realities with us, even though to others they may be dreams. To us Christ is a real Christ; and the Holy Ghost within a man brings real life from the dead. If we do not preach realities, I pray God we may be driven out of the ministry, in which we are only treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

We need also more love to souls. We shall never save more till we love more. There is a good story told by our brother Archibald Brown; I will not attempt to tell it in his presence; but it was something like this:—A man was accidentally buried by a fall of earth, and many were greatly energetic to dig the poor fellow out. One fellow stood by, scarcely as much concerned about the matter as many others, until a

woman rushed out of the crowd, and laid hold on him, and said in his ear, "It's your brother Bill that's in there!" Those few words wrought a marvellous change in the man; his coat was off in an instant, and he was down in the sewer working like a Trojan. If we would save our hearers from the wrath to come, we must realize that they are our brothers. We must have sympathy with them, and anxiety about them: in a word, passion and compassion. May God grant these to us!

There must be also a more thorough spirit of self-sacrifice. I must speak tenderly here, because I am among brethren whose life is one of perpetual sacrifice in a pecuniary sense. With scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, they work on without complaint year after year. If they could gain a hundred times their present income in any other calling, they would not quit the pulpit and the pastorate. The work of Christ is more to them than their necessary food. Thank God, this Conference is well supplied with men who count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord. But, my brethren, sacrifice is needed every day, that we may keep up the abundance of our service. Here also we have many who excel. They are not loiterers, but labourers. He who has an easy time of it in his ministry here, will have a hard time of it in the account to be rendered by-and-by. I fear the idea of the ministry with some men is as much on the down-grade as their doctrine. Their gentlemanly indifference reminds me of the British workman, who observed, "I have such a good master that I do not know how to do too much for him, *but I'll take precious good care I don't.*" Into that spirit may we never enter! Let us live intensely for our Lord!

But beyond surrendering ease, we must be prepared to give up everything else: our name, our repute, our friendships, our connections, must all go without reserve, if Christ's cause needs them. Sooner than deny the truth, we must forego every meed of honour, every particle of deserved esteem, every rag of repute. You have heard almost too often the classic story of Curtius leaping into the gulf in the Forum at Rome. There is a chasm in the Forum at this hour. Who will devote himself for his people and his God? Curtius does not stipulate that he shall be wholly engulfed except the pennon upon his lance, which shall remain above ground as his memorial. No, he takes the leap, and finds immortal renown in being completely swallowed up. In the battle for the truth let your personal comfort and reputation go to the winds. Let not the sacrifice be thought worthy of two thoughts. The weakness of many men is that they *think* so long that they *do* nothing. The blood of the martyrs is scarce among us. It will destroy our ministries if we begin thinking of the cost of honesty. Shall we have before our eyes the fear of a large subscriber, and become afraid of offending him by our fidelity? We have already offended God.

Brethren, let us fear no loss, because we have nothing to lose, seeing all is Christ's already.

> "Here, take an inventory of all I have,
> To the last penny, 'tis the king's."

My Lord, for thee I will rejoice to be the off-scouring of all things, that I may be found faithful to thee and to thy truth, even to the end.

In this part of my address I wish to speak

A WORD OF ADVICE

suitable for such a time as this. I would recommend you to *go over the fundamental truths with your hearers very carefully.* The bulk of the people do not know the first principles of the gospel. We assume too much when we take it for granted that our hearers, all of them, understand the gospel. Some of the old-fashioned dame-school teachers had a curious way of treating their scholars. They asked Mary to read a passage from a book, but Mary had not yet mastered her letters, and therefore she could not read as she was bidden to do. She was called a naughty child, and put into a corner and told to study her book. She could do nothing at it, for she did not know the letters! If we have not taught our people their letters, how can we expect them to understand the truths that we preach? Let us go over the foundation truths again and again. The simplest doctrines would be great novelties in some pulpits I could mention. A king once asked a courtier what made a certain French preacher so famous. "Your majesty," said the nobleman, "he preaches the gospel, and that is the scarcest thing in France." How true of many English pulpits to-day! Go over the elementary truths with your people. Make them know the first principles of the faith. It will not weary your hearers, it will bless them, and many of them will be delighted. Repeat the fundamentals, too; often, if you can. In the days of old-fashioned farming, they dropped three beans into the hole. And why? One was for the worm, another for the crow, and number three perchance would grow. Let us be liberal with the seed, for the evil powers are liberal with worms, and crows, and thorns. Let others go forth to shine; you are sowers, and must "go forth to sow." Repeat yourselves if necessary: Paul said, "To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe."

In the next place, *labour distinctly for the immediate salvation of your hearers.* Take aim. At Waterloo they say that, for every man that was killed, his full weight in lead had to be fired. We must improve upon this, and use arms of precision. We must get at the people each time we address them. It is wise to make definite characters the point of attack. We must look to the application of each sermon. I have known a true doctor, in a very critical case, act the part of nurse as well as surgeon, and personally see his liniments and poultices applied to his patient. This personal care gives surgery its best chance. We have great need to be very specific in applying truth to our hearers. If a doctor should prescribe a bitter medicine for children, to be taken every three hours, and then should leave it to the youngsters to take it themselves, I fear the doses taken would be small and few. Even so is it with unpalatable truth; we must not only set it forth in general, but we must measure it out in doses to each individual. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit this must be our daily work. We want our hearers saved, and saved at once, and towards this design we must drive with all our power.

Let us inculcate with all our might the practice of holiness. Holiness is the visible side of salvation. I thought it no ill sign when the

preaching of holiness was pushed to an extreme. I trembled at the fanaticism, but I thanked God for the earnestness out of which it grew. Let us seek the utmost degree of holiness. The doctrines of grace should be accompanied by ethics of the purest kind. We have been clear upon the fact that good works are not the cause of salvation; let us be equally clear upon the truth that they are the necessary fruit of it. What is the use of our churches if they are not holy? What is the use of ourselves if we are not holy? Holiness is practical orthodoxy, and it should walk hand in hand with doctrinal orthodoxy. We must not only have a high-toned morality, but a consecrated morality, quickened by the Spirit of God—and that is holiness.

To this end, I would exhort you to *be careful about the admission of members into the church.* Doubtless there are some in our ranks who ought not to be there. This is to their own hurt, to the dishonour of the Lord Jesus, and to the injury of the church itself. Unconverted members lower the whole tone of the church. How low that tone has now become, let spiritual men judge for themselves. If the members were converted, they would make short work of many of the ministers; but the people are like their priests. Many are the letters of sympathy which my protests upon this matter have drawn forth. It is clear that lax doctrine and lax living are pretty frequently associated. A weeping Hannah writes me of her husband, who has been for years a lay-preacher, who now spends his evenings far into night at the billiard-table, for which he acquired a taste when he went in for New Theology and religious entertainments. Many have gone from the prayer-meeting to the amateur theatricals of the Mutual Improvement Society, and thence to the play-house itself. This seems to be natural, if not inevitable. Oh that we had a purer membership to work with! Do what we may, Judas will come in; but let us not invite him: let us not make it easy for a betrayer of Christ to be comfortable with us. To mix up the world with the church is a crime; it brings with it an awful curse, and acts upon godliness as a blast and a mildew. Let the door of the church be opened to all sincere souls, but closed against all whose hearts are in the world. It is not even for the worldling's good that he should hold the form of godliness while he is a stranger to its power. As you love your Lord, and value men's souls, guard well the entrance of the church.

As to yourselves, I would recommend *entire separation from those who would be likely to injure your spiritual life.* I would no more associate with one who denied the faith than with a drunkard or a thief. I would guard my spirituals as jealously as my morals. A loyal man is not at home in the company of traitors. There are associations with the ungodly into which we must needs go, unless we get out of the world altogether; but there are others which are optional, and here we should dare to be scrupulous. A godly minister once said of a certain preacher, "I would not permit such a man to enter my pulpit. I am as jealous of my pulpit as of my bed." I do not think he was too rigid. We should guard ourselves against compromising the truth of God by association with those who do not hold it, especially at such a time as this.

Next, *we must bind ourselves more closely together*, and seek to render help to each other, and to all who are of the same mind in the Lord.

Denominational divisions sink in the presence of the truth of God. To my mind, the grand distinction to be now observed is found in evangelical doctrine, of which our Lord's substitutionary sacrifice is the centre and the soul. Where we see faithful brethren struggling, we ought to lay ourselves out to help them, for they are sure to be the objects of inveterate opposition. Lovers of the old faith should stand shoulder to shoulder, to remove the injustice of the past, and frustrate the opposition of the future. The struggle before us is severe; let us, at any rate, economize our strength by union.

Lastly, let me leave with you

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

The times are bad, but they have been bad before. You have to fight with Apollyon, but many have met this arch-enemy before your day. Gird up the loins of your mind, and stand fast, for the Lord is greater than the times. The days are evil, but evil days are followed by good days. History repeats itself, and this is one of the points in which history is very persistent. Let me read you a cheering passage from Witherspoon:—"Nothing is impossible to the power of God. I add, that the most remarkable times of the revival of religion, in this part of the United Kingdom, immediately succeeded times of the greatest apostasy, when 'truth' seemed to be 'fallen in the street, and equity could not enter.' This was the case immediately before the year 1638. Corruption in doctrine, looseness in practice, and slavish submission in politics, had overspread the church of Scotland; and yet, in a little time, she appeared in greater purity, and in greater dignity, than ever she had done before, or, perhaps, than ever she has done since that period. Let no Christian, therefore, give way to desponding thoughts. We plead the cause that shall at last prevail. Religion shall rise from its ruins; and its oppressed state at present should not only excite us to pray, but encourage us to hope for its speedy revival."

Make the most of prayer. I have received much encouragement of late from many quarters by the assurance that our conflict for the gospel is continually mentioned in their prayers. The praying heart of God's people is with us. Prayer is the master weapon. We should be greatly wise if we used it more, and did so with a more specific purpose. In New England a certain church had elected a young man named Mr. Stoddard to be its pastor. After a while the people found out that their new preacher was not a real Christian. What did they do? Did they find fault, and quarrel? No, they were wiser folks. One Sabbath night, when his day's work was over, the young minister saw the people flocking to the meeting-house. He was surprised at their coming in such numbers to a service at which he was not himself to preside. "Why are they meeting?" he said. "Sir," said one, "they are coming together to pray that their minister may be converted." Young Stoddard went within doors, sought his chamber, prayed for himself, and found eternal life. Before the hour of prayer was over he was converted, and went down to the meeting to tell them so. Was not this a glorious work of grace? Might we not win more victories if we more constantly used this weapon of all-prayer?

All hell is vanquished when the believer bows his knee in importunate

supplication. Beloved brethren, let us pray. We cannot all argue, but we can all pray; we cannot all be leaders, but we can all be pleaders; we cannot all be mighty in rhetoric, but we can all be prevalent in prayer. I would sooner see you eloquent with God than with men. Prayer links us with the Eternal, the Omnipotent, the Infinite, and hence it is our chief resort. Resolve to serve the Lord, and to be faithful to his cause, for then you may boldly appeal to him for succour. Be sure that you are with God, and then you may be sure that God is with you.

In a Thunder-storm.

IT is a delight to hear the crash of thunder among the hills, and to rejoice in the glorious roll of the drums of the God of armies when the forces of heaven are on the march. It is glorious to hear the voice of the tempest from afar; but it is quite another matter to be in your own house when it seems to be the target of the dread artillery of heaven. There is no music in the sharp crack of electric rifles sounding in your very ear, nor in the apparent fall of masonry from your own tower, nor in the trembling of beams, and walls, and floor. You are driven from the windows by feeling yourself charged with the subtle fluid; and as you move further into the house you are suddenly forced back by what seems a furnace or a sun descending through the light in the roof. Then a tempest is a tempest indeed; and as your dog with lowered tail crouches at your feet, and looks up in fear, you need all your manhood, to enable you yourself to look up to your own greater Lord, and rely upon his guardian care. I write under the immediate experience of such a visitation—a visitation which I shall not soon forget.

Just so when holy wrath breaks forth within the soul, and the conscience feels the terror of divine justice. There is then an end of all debate about the punishment of sin upon the heathen, or in the ages to come. The terrible result of evil has come home to you: in blazing fire Jehovah rebukes iniquity, and in thundering threatening he declares that he will by no means spare the guilty. How sweet it is at such a moment to bow at the cross, and shelter beneath the atoning sacrifice! In such an hour of conscious condemnation what can those men do who scorn the great propitiation? At any rate, for me in the time of physical agony, when the chill shadow of death freezes the current of my life, and the future, with all its solemnity, flames forth before me, it is my solace, my joy, my delight, to cast myself on Jesus, and to be as nothing in the presence of the all-in-all of his transcendent merit. It would be eternally for the health of some men's souls if they could but for a little while know the terror of seeing God in arms against iniquity. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; and for lack of that fear which they affect to treat as a mean thing, they remain for ever mean, never having faced the truth of judgment, and, consequently, never having known the truth of salvation.

C. H. S.

In the Lord's Hand.

HOW thoroughly we are in the hand of God, even as clay in the hand of the potter! All things as to our condition and our feeling are under his absolute control. Sufferers are made to know this, and it may not be useless if one of that fraternity should record his impressions on that point. Men in health and vigour may set up to be independent; but when the Lord's hand is heavily laid upon us, we take a lower place, and own ourselves to be crushed before the moth, and only in existence at all because the gracious power of God preserves us in being.

We are in the Lord's hand as to suffering. If he resolves to chasten, we cannot escape his rod. By one means or another he can afflict the most callous, and bring the most obstinate to his knees. As to his own children, the Lord can soon lay them low by those many methods of wisdom which are at his disposal. Nor can he merely grieve the flesh; but he can also vex the spirit, and cause the iron to enter into the spirit. Gall on the palate is bitter enough, but the Lord can pour wormwood into the soul, and that is ten thousand times worse. You can shut your mouth to a nauseous drug, but there is no closing the heart against a deadly grief. So penetrating and insinuating are despondency and depression, that no soul is secure against their entrance.

Turning *George Herbert's* quaint poetry into homelier prose, we see how pains and woes, within our flesh and mind, like moles within the earth, do "heave and cast about." We find them burrowing through bone and marrow, and seeking their prey not only in our daily pangs, but in the darker miseries of the night. However strong the constitution and robust the health, we are laid low in a moment, and the giant is helpless as a babe. Our flesh becomes like a meadow spotted with mole-hills, and our soul is tunnelled through and through with secret ways of penetrating sensibility.

> "No screw, no piercer can
> Into a piece of timber work and wind,
> As God's afflictions into man,
> When he a torture hath designed."

Actual physical pain may be mitigated, if not averted; but there are subtler sorrows which the most careful thought cannot shut out, nor the clearest argument rob of their sting. *Herbert* compares himself to a closet within which there are many chests, and in each chest a set of boxes, and in each box a private drawer; and he adds, "But grief knows all, and enters when he will." There is no shutting up any portion of our nature from the intrusion of this burglar of our joys: "No smith can make such locks but griefs have keys." It is vain, then, for any of us to say, "My mountain standeth firm, I shall never be moved"; we live in an earthquake country, where even the hills are made to move themselves. At the will of the Lord our stablest comforts bow like the reeds by the river when the rough wind sweeps down the stream; nay, and not only our comforts are moved to and fro, but ourselves, which is far worse, for "A wounded spirit who can bear?" Yet who in this battle of life, where arrows fly in showers, can always hope to be without a wounded spirit?

It would be well if those who are in the heyday of their mirth, and in the full flush of mental vigour and animal spirits, would think very tenderly of others who are of a sorrowful temperament, for in a moment they may themselves be brought into like depression. I have seen the strong man in his hardness, crushing the mournful; and I have seen with pity the same man weeping and looking around for comfort, with what he was wont to call a womanish weakness. It is no new thing for the man of iron to rust down into the dust of sensitiveness, or the child of jollity to become the heir of despondency. Where now his jests at melancholy? Where now his chidings of sorrow? In a moment the dancing day has sobered down into the night of lamentation. Let the prosperous and gleesome so act amid their mirth as to leave themselves no stings of conscience when the fogs of adversity are chilling them to the marrow.

Thus, O child of God, thou seest thyself to be in the Almighty hand as to thy liability to soul distress. But where else wouldst thou be? Surely, it is better to be unreservedly in the hand of the Lord than to have unrestricted liberty for thine own will and wish. It had better be as God wills than as we will. The sovereignty of God we would not wish to bound: "Let him do as seemeth him good." One would not wish to put a limit to what our heavenly Father shall do with us. Let him have absolute control over every part of us at every time: that corner of our nature out of which we could keep our God would surely be the focus of a curse, the seed-plot of a hell.

"My times are in thy hand;
Father, I wish them there."

As the bravely patient man stretches himself out before the surgeon, and surrenders himself to the knife, anxious that he may neither groan nor stir, so in strong faith the believer in the Lord God lies passive in his hand, and prays that his own will may never assert itself again except it be to say "Amen" to the will of Jehovah, be it what it may. O friend, hast thou learned this lesson? I am learning it letter by letter; but sometimes I fear I am forgetting it as fast as I learn it. Of late, in my experience, trial has followed trial, even as I have seen the white-maned waves rushing after each other as though the hindmost would o'erleap the rest. There must be a reason for this divine persistence in inflicting grief. Perchance it is that the lesson which is being taught me may be well learned, even as a line often cut into the brass is all the more clear and indelible. However, there will not be one more pain or depression than there ought to be, for he who dispenses the potion watches every grain and drop.

What a comfort to have a God in it all! What should I do without my covenant God and Father? How could I have come thus far without him in my strange mountain pathway? I had been dashed to atoms long ago had not he held me up.

"When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!"

If we were half as spiritual as we might be, we should know our Father's hand by its peculiar touch, and the perception of his nearness would create a quiet rest around us such as the young birds feel within the nest, and beneath the parent's wing. It is a grand thing for each one of us to have God to be all his own. He that filleth all in all takes up the case of his poor child, and thinks upon it with that same mind which devised the eternal laws, and settled the foundations of the universe. Well did Faber sing—

> "O little heart of mine, shall pain
> Or sorrow make thee moan,
> When this great God is all for thee,
> A Father all thine own?"

The other side of this truth ought not to be overlooked: *we are in the Lord's hand as to consolation and recovery.* It is true that in an hour the summer day was wintered into gloom and chill; but it is equally certain that with like speed the dreary drip can be stayed, and the clouds can fly away. He who can plunge us down with a word, can, with equal ease, lift us up. It is most delightful to remember this when the clouds return after the rain, and storm follows storm: still we are in almighty hands, and none can put back the sunshine from us, even for half-an-hour, when the Lord wills that we shall enjoy it. Then shall we find

> "Grief melt away
> Like snow in May,
> As if there were no such cold thing."

Marvellous are the wonders of Jehovah's hand on the heart. "He woundeth, and his hands make whole. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." We hear his thunder, and lie broken beneath his bolt, and feel in every bone how great he is; but anon, when he returns and cheers us with his sunlight, we rise into the skies, and see with all our eyes, in a light more clear and soft, how great is this same Lord in another way. His hand is strong to smite, but also strong to save.

> "These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
> Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell,
> And up to heaven in an hour;
> Making a chiming of a passing bell."

Are we not glad it is so? "He restoreth my soul." Are not our restorations in good hands? If we only received chastening from that dear hand, and had to go elsewhere for consolation, it would not seem so sweet as now it is.

Lord, I have looked up through tears and worshipped thee, owning that thou art all in all, and I less than nothing; and now I look up with those tears wiped away, and before they come again I bless thee, and take leave to rejoice in favours yet to come.

> "Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
> Could have recovered greenness?"

Yet it is so. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Where should a soul flourish half so well as in the hand that made it, bought it, and new-made it?

C. H. S.

Gleanings of Wit and Humour from unlikely Fields:

BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE SAYINGS OF MARTYRS, AS RECORDED BY JOHN FOXE.

IN the opinion of some, wit and humour belong exclusively to the circus and the stage; and if, as sometimes is the case, specimens of the same are displayed elsewhere, they are regarded with anything but favour. But this opinion is far from being a correct one. Every one —even a Scotchman—has a *right* to be humorous; *if he can.*

Probably the amount of *real* humour in the world is sadly small; certainly it is not so plentiful as the poor jesting which sometimes passes for the same. But whatever the quantity, like the gold in the auriferous rocks in Wales, it is found where least expected.

One would not naturally expect to find much wit in the "Book of Martyrs"; but such is the case, and we can almost picture to our imagination how Bonner, Gardiner, and Co. must have winced as their arguments and threats were met with humorous indifference by the Protestant martyrs, who were their masters as well as their victims.

In the year 1556 William Tyms, a curate of Hockley, was brought before a Justice of the Peace on the charge of heresy. For certain good reasons, no doubt, this man—Tyrrel by name—preferred to examine the prisoner in private; but, on the authority of some eavesdroppers, after about three hours' controversy, the magistrate lost his argument and his temper at the same time, and called the prisoner a traitorly knave.

"Why," said Tyms, "in the days of King Edward you affirmed the truth that I do now."

"True," replied the Justice of the Peace, "but I never believed it."

"Well, then," rejoined the prisoner, "bear with me, for I have been a traitor but a little while, but you have been a traitor six years."

As a result of this examination, the culprit was committed for trial, and in due course he was arraigned before the Bishop of Bath, and Bonner, Bishop of London. Being wearied and disappointed at the failure of about six hours argument and threatening, these worthy ecclesiastics changed their tactics, and tried the effect of flattery. "Ah!" said they, "thou hast a good fresh spirit; we would that thou hadst *learning* to thy spirit."

"I thank you, my lords," said the prisoner; "you both are learned; I would you had a *good spirit* to your learning."

After a short interval the prisoner was brought before Gardiner, who began the examination by making merry at the simple and rustic attire of the curate. "You are decked like a 'deacon,'" said the Bishop. The other replied that whilst his attire varied but little from that common to his order, the Bishop's presented a marked contrast to the clothing of an apostle.

Another remand, and soon after another and a final examination, in company with five others, before Bonner. The Bishop having addressed him as the ringleader of the company, Tyms replied, "I marvel that you begin with a lie"; for it appears that before the present occasion he and his fellow-candidates for martyrdom had not met. A little later Bonner was reminded that, although he now burnt those who protested

against the Pope, he himself had once been of their mind. After making a very lame excuse for his conduct, he advised Tyms to do as he had done. This, however, was not to be entertained; and as he could not follow the turncoat's example, Tyms and his five companions were burned together.

One other of this company was as outspoken as Tyms, for when he had been exhorted to conform to Rome, he replied, "I utterly defy and deny it, and all its works, even as I deny the devil and all *his* works."

In the same year, at Gloucester, a blind boy, Thomas Drowry by name, was charged before Dr. Williams, the Chancellor, with heresy. On being asked who had taught him his heresy, the boy replied, "You, when you preached on the sacrament," in which sermon the doctrine of transubstantiation had been denied and denounced. "Then," continued the Chancellor, "do as I have done, and thou shalt live as I do." But the prisoner replied, "Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and mock with the Word, and God, and your conscience, yet will not I."

As a result of his steadfastness, he was burnt at the stake.

Turning from Western to Eastern England, about the same period, a man named Fortune, a native of Suffolk, was brought before his *betters* (?) on a charge similar to the preceding ones. Not answering the first question addressed to him, he was asked the reason of his silence, to which he answered, "Silence is a good answer to a foolish question."

On being threatened with torture and burning, he said, "If you knew how those words rejoice my heart, you would not have spoken them."

At another examination before the Bishop of Norwich, he was asked what he thought about the ceremonies of the Church. His answer was, "All things which are not planted by my heavenly Father shall be plucked up by the roots." "But," pleaded the bishop, "they are good and godly." Said the other, "Paul called them weak and beggarly." When asked if he believed the wafer, after consecration, became really the body of Christ, the significant answer was returned, "If it be not God before the consecration, it is not God after, for God is without beginning and without end."

A little later on, the prisoner shows the prelate the difference between the statement of our Lord, "I am the *bread*," and the doctrine of the church, that the bread is *Christ*. Further on, the prisoner charges his judge with perjury, and establishes the charge by reminding him that, in the reign of Henry VIII., he took an oath to resist the Pope. Fortunately for these representatives of the combined temporal and spiritual powers, they could silence their opponents by means other than arguments, and these means they were not slow to use.

The examination of Julius Palmer, a native of Coventry, is full of interest, and his ready wit is apparent in almost every answer. It is worthy of note that, in the days of the Protestant King Edward, Palmer had been a violent Papist; in the days of Mary, he was a zealous opponent of Rome. Palmer had written some Latin verses, in which he had coupled the name of a certain living "divine" with Annas and Caiaphas. When charged with railing at the dead, and slandering the living, he replied that, if there were any slander, the man had slandered himself, and he thought it no railing to inveigh against Annas and

Caiaphas. His chief examiners were Dr. Jeffrey, and the Bishop ot Sarum. When upbraided with being an upstart, and asked how he dare offer disputation with a Doctor, his reply was, "The Spirit breatheth where it pleaseth him," &c. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," &c. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes."

His attention being directed to a "pix," he was asked what he saw.

"A canopy of silk," said he, "broidered with gold."

"Yes, but what was inside?"

"A piece of bread, in a clout, I trow."

Throughout the whole of the trial the prisoner proved himself, much to their chagrin, the superior of his judges; he overthrew all their arguments, turned a deaf ear to their threats, and remained unmoved by their persuasions. The real man appears in the last reply we shall quote. One of them said to him, "Take pity on thy golden years, and pleasant flowers of lusty youth, before it be too late."

Said Palmer, "I long for those springing flowers that shall never fade away."

Nor was it a lengthy period ere that desire was realized. Very soon his persecutors supplied that "chariot of fire" whereby he reached the abode of the blest—

> "Where everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers."

With one or two more extracts we will close.

Richard White, of Salisbury, being asked by the Bishop of Gloucester if the words of Christ—"This is my body"—were not true? answered, "I am sure they are true; but you play by me as the devil did by Christ: he said, 'It is written,' &c.; but the words that followed, 'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and asp,' &c., he left out, because they were spoken against himself; and even so do you recite the Scriptures."

A child of eight years old, Fetty by name, desiring to see his father, who was imprisoned in Lollard's Tower, sought admission. Whilst waiting, an attendant priest spoke of the prisoner as a heretic. Indignantly the boy retorted, "My father is no heretic, but you are, for you have Balaam's mark." For this offence the child received such a scourging at the hands of the advocates of gentle Popery, that he died shortly after. This castigation was administered in Bonner's house.

Elizabeth Young, charged with circulating heretical literature, was asked the question,

"How old are you?"

"Forty years and upwards."

"Twenty of those thou wentest to mass?"

"Yes, and twenty more I may, and yet come home as wise as I went."

The full force of these witticisms can only be seen when read with their contexts; but even in these extracts, we think there is sufficient evidence to lead us to the conclusion that Queen Mary might very profitably have dispensed with her spiritual advisers and her jester, and have obtained much more sound advice and truer humour from those godly men and women whose death-warrants she signed.

A. PARKER, Colne.

At Epsom on the Sabbath before "The Derby."

BY G. H. PIKE.

IN the suburbs nature has arrived at her loveliest. The atmosphere is balmy, and the sun is shining on the favoured earth with summer-like brilliancy; some of us are not disposed to remain in London, if more good is to be done further afield. Hence, on this glorious Saturday evening, May the 26th, 1888, our rendezvous at 6.30 p.m. is Waterloo Station, and our destination is Epsom Town. Epsom is one of the most healthy and picturesque spots in Surrey; but during the coming week both its town and its Downs will be given up, without restraint, to the saturnalia of "The Derby," which, without doubt, *does* do something for horses, as well as something for the country, but in a very different sense from what the racing fraternity understand or represent. As regards ourselves, we are interested in the people who go to Epsom at this season, and not in the race itself; we do not even know the name of the favourite; and we are quite indifferent as to which animal wins, or whether anyone wins at all. My own particular object is to get a clear idea of what is done at Epsom on the Sunday before the Derby; but my comrades, as members of the Open-Air Mission, have in hand an evangelistic programme, which will extend through every one of the four racing-days of the week.

Our leader is Mr. Gawin Kirkham, who seems to be specially fitted, both by nature and grace, for his life-work. Then we have Mr. John Kirk, a former officer of the Open-Air Mission, but now secretary of the Ragged School Union. Another comrade, Mr. William Clarke, can tell of tragic adventures in the Lord's service; for while engaged in the Christian visitation of public-houses in the unfashionable neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway, he was stabbed in the throat and nearly killed. At present Mr. Clarke is an evangelist among gipsies, and he is said to know more about them than any other man in England. Then we have Mr. H. S. Simmonds, of Battersea, who has proclaimed the gospel at Epsom during the Derby week for nearly thirty years. Mr. R. D. Stewart, who has come to London from Glasgow, is a young volunteer of much promise, who comes out in this particular enterprise for the first time. To note only one more among others who are equally worthy of mention, Mr. G. Heath carries the marks of long and faithful service. For many years Tower Hill served him as a most convenient pulpit; but he has many a time found, in the Old Bailey, as large a congregation as any preacher need desire, in days when executions took place in the street. Such was our company. Entertainment was provided for all by the kindness of Miss Alexander, who for twenty-eight years has conducted an evangelistic mission to the poor of Epsom and the neighbourhood. A very substantial tea was served at the Town Mission Hall, and each visitor was provided with a lodging.

As nothing else is on hand for this evening, a good opportunity for looking around the town presents itself to Mr. Kirk and myself, and of this it will be well to take advantage.

Beyond the usual attractions of an old-fashioned little town, there is not much to catch the eye of the antiquarian tourist at Epsom, although

certain of the older houses, which antedate the races by many years, are pictures in themselves, which, once seen, abide in the mind. Among the mansions is one which was a favourite place of resort when medicinal-water, instead of gambling, attracted thousands to the place. The Durdans, now belonging to Lord Rosebery, was the residence of Frederic Prince of Wales, the father of George III. It seems to be characteristic of the town, and suggestive in a painful sense, that the most magnificent tomb in the place is that raised over the remains of a jockey. The town itself has greatly altered in the course of a generation. The population has increased from three to nine thousand; and most things are done in quite a different manner from the methods of other days. Large numbers of villas have sprung up; but, socially, the neighbourhood has deteriorated. In former days, even the peasantry made a harvest by letting beds at exorbitant rates during the race week, themselves sleeping in outhouses, or anywhere. That is a thing of the past, however, and so also, for the most part, are the grand carriages, with postilions, which once carried aristocratic patrons of the turf from London to the Downs. In those bygone days racing led to demoralization and ruin, as it does in our own; but it was not quite such a system of sharping and cheating as it is to-day. As we walk through the town on this Saturday evening before the week of ribald excitement, we are conscious of there being something in the air that ought not to be there. How shall we explain what this something is? Look into the public-houses, where trade is not slack, and note what is the one absorbing topic of conversation; or notice the countenances of those who are conversing together in the street, and the strange spell may partially be understood.

At length another scene opens before us: it is the Sabbath morning, and such a morning as makes one think that nature has done her best to honour the day of rest. The sun is shining gloriously; the pure bracing air is a tonic. Which way soever we turn, gardens, fields, and meadows are clothed in the loveliest colours of early summer. But while all this may be invigorating to the body, and cheering to the spirit, the reminder comes home to the heart—it is the Sunday before the Derby; and whatever racing has done, or has not done, for the country, it insures that on this day, at all events, the devil shall have the largest of all the congregations assembled in this fair county of Surrey.

Not that evil is going to remain master of the situation, or to hold its own against the aggressive gospel. Mr. Kirkham does not marshal his battalion at the ten o'clock prayer-meeting in any such despairing mood. On the contrary, as ought to be the case with a leader who fully realizes the conditions on which the Lord has called him to service, he strikes a note of confidence and of triumph as he reads and comments upon the apostle's words about being "ambassadors for Christ," and "workers together with him." An ambassador did not rest in the country whither he was sent, for he was in a foreign land. They were never alone if they realized that God was with them; and God never sent his servants out without going with them. They were to work on God's lines without giving offence; but, at the same time, if they were to say nothing but what unregenerated people liked, they might as well

remain at home. Certain characters were never impressed until they were vexed. Mr. Kirkham then went on to speak of patience; which if needed more at one time than another, and by one body of preachers more than another, was needed by evangelists at race-meetings. He then described a memorable scene under the clock-tower in Epsom town some years ago, when he and his friends were on the ground to conduct a service. The opposition threatened to be more than usually annoying, for an abandoned woman imitated the antics of a ballet-girl before the crowd. Instead of retaliating, or calling the police, the preachers simply waited, without saying anything, for half-an-hour; and that patience proved to be one of the most effective sermons ever preached at Epsom. Mr. Kirkham then referred to the marvellous power which the devil possessed to obstruct such work as theirs; and hence there was urgent need to exercise love, to show purity of motive, and to enjoy unshaken confidence in the power of the Word to conquer. If they could command the right word at the right time, answering objectors in the words of Scripture, they would succeed. While some were debating about the meaning of Scripture, they should go forth with, "Thus saith the Lord." They should never dream of offering an apology to the King's enemies for being on ground where they had a right to be. If they had a message to deliver, let them give it out; if not, let them hold their peace. The proof of a sword was in the using; and so let them use and prove the sword of the Spirit.

That was a very promising beginning; and as has often been the case when a general has charged his men before going into action, there was a hearty response in the hearts of men, who without enthusiasm would not have been there at all. One part of the afternoon's programme was a flower-service at the Congregational Lecture Hall, the interior of which was tastefully decorated in the hope of its proving in some measure a counter-attraction to the scenes on the Downs, of which something will presently be said.

As he has usually done for some years past, Mr. Kirkham conducted the morning service at the Congregational chapel, of which Mr. Summers is pastor. Although the preacher did not overlook the needs of ordinary Christians, his address was in the main once more that of a leader to a trustworthy battalion. The address itself was founded on the Lord's own words (John ix. 4): "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day." Christ was held up as the Christian workers' model. We were told that man was never meant to be idle, not even in innocency. It was good even for children to be employed. While showing that difficulties should not be allowed to breed discouragement, the preacher remarked, in passing, that if any young lady was present who had prevailed upon Mr. Moody to write in her album, he would undertake to say that the words were those of Isaiah l. 7: "For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." Those who came to Epsom as open-air preachers during the Summer Meeting needed such cheer as that, although the work on the course had more encouragement associated with it than most people might be disposed to think. The work had gone on for years, and had gained a footing. If it had now to be commenced the preachers would not command the

hearing they did at present. Nevertheless, the service was beset with difficulties which it was not advisable to underrate. Having mentioned Whitefield as a model, and described his own visit to the great field-preacher's grave, Mr. Kirkham went on to speak of his own personal adventures in that neighbourhood during the Derby week. He had become hardened in the service in the sense that what would in the past have occasioned acute irritation would now be little thought of, or passed by as unworthy of notice. Something was also said about the miserable and destitute objects who were found in and about the town during the time of racing; and the preacher added that veterans in the service were well aware that the all-round work could not be carried on without their giving money. Mr. Kirkham then declared that in the course of a walk during the darkening hours of the night before the Derby, he had counted three hundred pitiable objects—men, women, and children, sleeping in the open-air—in gardens, beneath hedges, under arches, or wherever they could huddle for partial shelter. Among those poor creatures, who were thus down in the depths, a former Sunday-school scholar was once encountered; and, in answer to the question, "How came you here?" he had said, "Disobedience to parents." The work thus included caring for the body; and when he gave money at all, he did so without asking many questions. Miss Alexander's tea to the gipsies on the following day was then alluded to as something almost unique, and a splendid opportunity for preaching the gospel. Their Christian service altogether, whether done at home, in the foreign field, or in the open-air, all came from Jesus; and in point of fact, as experience proved, more courage was needed to deal with one individual than to speak to a thousand. As the preacher looked around on his helpers, he saw some who had done service at Epsom as evangelists during the Derby week for twenty-eight consecutive years, while others were there for the first time. Whether they were young hands, however, or veterans in the service, they were, as regarded the quality of their services, to be imitators of their Lord, whose working day was a short one.

We have now arrived at the middle of the day; and in the afternoon the mission service, of which Mr. Kirkham is the chief representative, will commence in earnest. As will be well understood from what has been already said, this is a carefully organized effort; but while commending this as one of the noblest of efforts, let us not fail to accord honourable mention to devoted individual volunteers who, from time to time have, single-handed, testified for their Lord at Epsom races. One of the most singular of these examples of self-sacrifice was a working man, who for several successive years not only freely gave his time, but walked to and from London in order to discharge unflinchingly the service which lay nearest his heart. Whence he came, what was his name, or the reason of his final disappearance from the scene, I am unable to tell; but what he did, and his strikingly original method of going about his work, will not soon be forgotten. If the day happened to be hot and dry, his well-known figure, covered with chalk dust, until he resembled a working miller, was something to attract anyone's attention in the lane leading to the course; and there he stood, confident and undaunted during the livelong day, giving away tracts, addressing words of

admonition to individuals, or keeping up a well-sustained fire of Scripture texts on the unthinking throng who were traversing the broad road to destruction. It is, of course, impossible to say what might be the fruits of such a service as this; but we may be quite certain that it would not be without result. The conquests made at open-air services are frequently not heard of until after many days. Thus, one friend I drank tea with on this Sunday afternoon, was converted at the time when Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Grand Stand on Epsom race-course in 1858. I heard of another who was converted at a service on the same ground, on a recent Sunday before the Derby, a man who has to supply certain necessaries to platelayers and others on a principal railway, and who is a veritable Christian light wherever he goes on the line.

After this quiet service we dine, and have a brief rest; and then comes the more curious part of the day's programme—to take the gospel on to the race-course. In former days, and for long after the death of "the first gentleman in Europe," the Sabbath before the Derby used to be called "Show-out Sunday," because in the early hours of the morning the horses engaged for the race were brought out for a canter on the greensward. This custom has been discontinued, as being hardly in keeping with the decorum of these respectable times; but, as though the devil, and those who favour his cause, were obliged to have some compensation, there has been substituted an afternoon and evening fair, which attracts thousands of pleasure-seekers, chiefly young persons from Epsom town and the surrounding villages. Many have heard of this illegal carnival who can have little idea of the reality; and thus, being desirous of knowing the truth, I determined, with Mr. Secretary Kirk for a companion, to see all of its phases for myself. Some years ago, a sixpenny engraving, "The Sunday Before the Derby," was issued for a charitable purpose; and being somewhat startling in its details, was naturally suspected of being an exaggeration. The picture was so far from being an exaggeration, that it came even far short of the truth. How one wished that the graphic pencil of a Cruikshank could have shocked the too easy-going propriety of those who think these things do not matter, by depicting the scene around the Grand Stand as we looked upon it!

There were said to be fewer people than usual on the ground; but at four o'clock there may have been some ten thousand present. The long dusty lane leading up to the course—the final heavy pull for poor horses from London—gave the usual evidences of what was going on, and of what was coming. In one place, a beggar, representing a large class, would be sitting by the way-side; here and there a coster-party, weary and travel-stained, would be toiling with their too heavily-laden barrow up the incline; and by way of ocular demonstration that fools are as plentiful as ever, or as ready to be caught as ever by those who choose to angle for them, a professor of the three-card trick has pitched in the middle of the road to gather a crowd around him. Ordinary tramps and mendicants may be supposed to bring up the rear; but whether they are really in want, or are only shamming poverty, these do not represent a class who are taken any account of by the betting fraternity. The poor are said to care for one another; but your thorough-going racing man cares chiefly for himself.

We no sooner step on to the grass of the common than a combination of sounds, coming from the direction of the Grand Stand, unmistakably reveals what is going on. There is music, such as it is, supplemented by shouts, laughter, and the rough whistle of the steam round-about, the more hideous because its scream is made partially to imitate the human voice. It is not a Vanity Fair, with its British and French Rows, such as Bunyan saw; but a pandemonium; all the more remarkable because in the midst of a landscape surprisingly lovely. In the near distance are all the concomitants of an ordinary fair, stall-keepers being dotted about here and there, while throwing for cocoa-nuts and similar diversions are carried on with vigour. Judging by their dress and appearance, the people on the ground are representative of all classes—from the very poorest upward.

Knowing well from past experience that, come what may, he will not lack a congregation, Mr. Kirkham is as self-possessed as Whitefield when he invaded Moorfields for the first time, at Whitsuntide, 1743, and came victorious off the ground. Soon after three o'clock a position is taken up opposite the Grand Stand, and our friend, supported by a detachment of his men, gives out—

"The gospel bells are ringing," &c.,

the music of which becomes an attraction in itself, until there is a good assembly in the form of a semi-circle, some standing, while others recline at ease on the grass. On coming to the speaking, the preacher leads off by telling of an alarm-bell at Harwich harbour, which did not give forth a pleasant sound, although it was kind of the authorities to have it there, because it warned of danger. In a similar sense it was kind of open-air preachers to warn those who thronged a race-course, although it might seem to spoil their pleasure. In the meantime, the congregation grows larger; and although there is not the slightest attempt at interruption, the scene, from the standpoint of sporting people, would not lack its comic side. Thus, yonder is a man comfortably seated who appears to be dining on a large cocoa-nut; while in another direction a playful dog twirls round and round at a great rate in trying to catch its own tail. The expression on the faces of many, who can hardly comprehend the preacher's motives, is a study half comical in itself.

Although people are thronging all around, the spot chosen for the service is comparatively quiet; we have to go much nearer the Grand Stand, in order to get into the thick of the fair. Accordingly, leaving the preachers for a time, we go forward to see what there is to be seen. The gipsies keep on arriving, and here and there a kettle may be seen on the grass. Numbers of workmen are busy erecting large refreshment tents, and fitting them up for four days' occupation. As the crowd thickens, the noise increases; we are in the heart of the Sabbath fair, the most complete sample of the "Continental Sunday" that we have as yet seen. Every two or three minutes the steam roundabouts are refilled with fresh riders, chiefly children and young persons. Swings are also in full play. Hideous-looking shows attract the more vulgar sort. One contains a human monster; a second, the floating wonder; another has marvellous blacks from the South Seas; and there is a place where men and little boys practise pugilism, or as it is

euphoniously called on the notice-board, "the noble art of self-defence." These things, being supplemented by shying at dummy human figures, throwing for cocoa-nuts, and shooting at bottles, make up a variety which the thousands assembled appear to appreciate. In a word, it is a fair of the lowest kind, a defilement of the charming Surrey landscape, a pandemonium which no magistrates faithful to their trust would tolerate. We heard of an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals being on the ground; but so far as our own observation went he was not needed. The only cruelty to complain of was that of those whose want of heart, or want of sense, allowed them to bring young women and girls into such a scene. Revolting as everything was, however, the great common constituted a mission field in which the gospel was faithfully preached at various points by members of the Open-air Mission.

Let us now turn to the gipsies. "You forgets God keeps a book of remembrance; what a big book he'll 'ave to keep about some on yer!" once remarked a gipsy herself to a number of the Romany clan. While wandering from one camp to another on the Downs, we think much of her reminder. One of the chief characteristics of the Derby week is seen in the muster of between one and two thousand of the gipsy folk, who invariably attend, and whose covered vans keep on arriving in successive companies for days previously. Miss Alexander always endeavours to make some good impression on these poor wanderers, and she is assisted by Mr. William Clarke, who speaks Romany more correctly than do the majority of gipsies themselves. On Monday evening, their friends gave a tea to a large company in Epsom Town, and next to the ample repast itself, the leading attraction of the occasion was an address by a Christian gipsy woman.

On Sunday evening, and again on Monday morning, I wandered about the Downs, in company with Mr. Clarke, from one encampment to another, and thus obtained a many-sided view of Romany life under very advantageous circumstances. On Sunday, more especially, during the riotous fair that was held in the vicinity of the Grand Stand, each gipsy "pitch" on the more distant greensward amidst the heather might be a rural slum; but one could at least hear another speak, while the calm summer-like weather and the wonderful landscape helped to impart a colouring of romance to the scene. Although the travellers had come from distant places, everyone claimed Mr. Clarke as an old acquaintance, and with the exception of a crone or two, who could not walk, they eagerly accepted tickets for tea. It was evident that they thoroughly appreciated the hospitable attentions bestowed upon them by the Gorgios —that is to say, "the Gentiles," the persons who are not of the Romany race.

Epsom Downs, during the Derby week, present an opportunity for studying the varied traits of Romany life, such as cannot be found at any other time or place. Some invest the whole thing with a glamour of romance; others put down all gipsies as unmitigated blackguards; but the truth is found between the two extremes. What is certain is, that they like their way of life too well to leave it, and the majority are quite content to remain without any schooling, as was the case with the generations before them. There is nothing very attractive

about the men; the more elderly are ugly and weather-beaten, the younger are like wild colts, with strong tempers and passions which it is well not to arouse. Many of the crimes of which gipsies are suspected are really committed by roving tribes who are not of Romany blood at all. We came across one woman who was partially disabled by a wife-beating husband; but as she sat on the grass outside the family tent, she made no complaint, sorry contrast as she was to the light-hearted laughing lasses around. Some of these latter are indeed striking figures amid their rough and sometimes squalid surroundings, their oftentimes beautiful features being set off by splendid sets of pearly white teeth, which, we are assured, are never touched by a brush. Mr. Clarke is like a visiting pastor among them, and at every tent, without exception, he is cordially greeted. With arch smiles and characteristic merriment, the dark-eyed damsels leave their wash-tubs when accosted in Romany; and reply in their native tongue with another gleeful outburst. One who accepted a shilling from the Prince of Wales wore the coin for a time as an ornament before giving it to her mother. The girls are more strictly virtuous than their Gorgio contemporaries of the poorer class, although gipsies are, of course, frequently far from being so poor as they seem. One weather-beaten veteran, sitting outside of his tent, boasted in our hearing that he had plenty to live on, and should have till he died.

The tea on Monday evening, to which reference has been made, was served *al fresco*, in genuine gipsy fashion, in a pleasant garden at the rear of Miss Alexander's mission-station. About nine out of ten of the guests were unmistakably of Romany blood; the others were mere vagrants, who preferred a wandering life to settled industry. Their tea-drinking, and cake and bread-and-butter-eating capacities were surprising; but the supplies held out until all were satisfied. Mr. Clarke then led off with a hymn, offered prayer, and gave the singular company some "straight" advice. Having served for some years as a public-house visitor in the unfashionable locality of Ratcliff Highway, he quite understands the idiosyncrasies of the roughest classes. The speaker of the evening, from a gipsy standpoint, however, was Mrs. Simpson, who, as could be seen, had no Gorgio blood in her veins. She confessed that she had once gone with the giddy multitude; and, dressed up for the occasion, she had accosted ladies at their carriage-doors to tell their fortunes. She was born in a tent, like the rest; but she was there to tell them that God was no respecter of persons: they were not to think that they were the worst people on the earth, for all were of the same value in God's sight. In reference to the ignorance of the gipsies, she tells them that she was not able to read a verse when first converted, twenty-six years ago—a fair time to give her new Master a trial. Gipsies might be too bad for society, but they were not too bad for Christ. As to the great gift of eternal life, they were not to pay for it, nor to work for it, nor to go across the sea for it; they had only to give up their sin, and accept it. Sin would not keep them out of heaven; nothing would shut them out but rejection of Christ.

What impression all this may have had on the not very impressionable race it is impossible to say, but they appeared to be good listeners; and when they returned to their tents and vans, on the Downs, in the

late hours of the chill evening, they would carry with them something to talk about.

Such were my experiences at Epsom during the Sunday and Monday preceding "the Derby"; and I returned home full of admiration for the work carried on by Mr. Kirkham and his helpers. Good results must come of such service, although they may not always be heard of in this world; and the fact ought to inspire gratitude, that the changes which have occurred of late years have been for the better. All opposition has virtually died out; but, as will be inferred from some things already said, it was not always so. Stone and flour throwing were common at one time; but all has ceased, since the death of one man more particularly, who urged others on in their unmanly pranks, while he himself carefully kept in the background, a passive observer. "You never seed me do nothin', Miss," he would say, with an air of injured innocence; while, all the time, he was the one to whom the flour-throwing boys were looking for orders. Even this man received a return of good for evil; for he was visited in his last hours by those whose work he had endeavoured to obstruct. Another class of opponents is represented by persons who affect to think that religion is too sacred a thing for a race-course. One such on a former occasion roughly accosted Mr. Kirkham beneath the clock-tower at Epsom. The gospel at the Derby? The very idea was suggestive of blasphemy! Indeed, the gentleman was so scandalized, that he hastened off to find a policeman, who might possibly be able to prevent such profanity. While this professed lover of order was gone on his errand, a poor gipsy woman came up, who viewed the matter from quite a different stand-point. She spoke as follows:—"How kind it is of you gentlemen to come here to preach the gospel to us poor gipsies!" In that speech the fine gentleman—who had not yet returned with his policeman—had his answer, and the open-air preachers had their encouragement to go on preaching the gospel to the poor.

Satanic Narcotics.

A STORY is told of a great council of war held by Satan, at which his various captains and lieutenants were invited to report what progress they had made in the destruction of the world. Many dark deeds were told, as they boasted of having led men astray into drink, and lust, and dishonesty, and gambling; but one got up at the close, and with hideous glee declared that he had surpassed them all, for "I," he said, "have rocked a Christian to sleep."

Oh, how many narcotics and opiates the devil has to make Christians drowsy! His favourite one goes by the fashionable name of "a liberal spirit." "I cannot be narrow," his poor dupe says; "I really cannot take the line that I am right and everyone else is wrong. Did not someone say that there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds? Are there not two sides to every question?" We may generally take it as a sure sign that a Christian is asleep when he argues in this way. It is part of the fog which hides from his view the sinking vessels.—*F. S. Webster, in "Christians and Christians."*

Pride.

THOUGH Pride was born in heaven, it is, indeed, the child of hell. Like Lucifer, its great patron, it transforms itself into all manner of shapes, and appears in all manner of places. In heaven, it fights as an angel; in hell, it talks like a god; and in paradise, it crawls as a serpent. It will feed like a parasite on the soul of a saint, and entrench itself like a demon in the heart of a sinner. Thus it is that Pride appears in all the extremes of human life. We see it in the rags of a Diogenes, and in the tears of an Alexander; in the prayers of a Pharisee, and the confessions of a Bendigo; in the canonical robes of a Romish priest, and the simplicity of a Brother or a Friend. Like Dagon, it enters God's sanctuary, and is sometimes as near to the preacher as his own shadow. It sparkles in the jewellery, rustles in the silks, and decks itself in the feathers of a fashionable congregation. It makes some laugh that they may show the whiteness of their teeth, and others cry to show the sanctity of their souls. It enters the field of literature, and may be seen in the laboured chasteness of a Virgil, and in the careless jumble of a George Fox. In the social world, it decks some in satin and sealskin, and gives them such airs of affected greatness, as remind us of Solomon's jewel of gold in the swine's snout. Others it clothes in rags and filth, and, like the slave that is proud of his fetters, makes them boast of acts of sin and deeds of cruelty. It finds its votaries among princes and peasants, blaspheming infidels and sanctimonious professors, self-righteous moralists and degraded prodigals, country swains and university graduates, wealthy misers and impoverished spendthrifts.

We must, however, remember that wherever pride is found, and whatever form it may assume, it is the child of the devil. God's heart hates it, his mouth curses it, and his hand smites it. It is a gilded misery, a secret poison, the mother of hypocrisy, the parent of envy, the engineer of deceit, and the forerunner of a fall.

Though at times it lights upon all, yet its chief victims are those who have the least to be proud of. It was not the olive, nor the fig-tree, nor the vine, but the bramble, that affected to be king. It is Hagar the kitchen-maid, and not Sarah the mistress, that grows haughty. It was those whose fathers Job would have disdained to have set with the dogs of his flock, who derided the patriarch. It was when Laodicea was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, that she boasted and said, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." Pride of any kind—whether it be religious, social, or commercial, is a sure sign of a bankrupt spirit. Empty drums sound the loudest, chaff lies at the top, not because it is best, but because it is lightest, and it is coppers and not bank-notes that jingle and make the most noise. It is the retired tripe-vendor that talks of his rich relations, and the farmer on the point of bankruptcy that appears at market in a new suit.

On the other hand, the greatest saints have always been the most humble. The most fruitful bough hangs the lowest, and the higher the sun the shorter the shadow. Thus Job cries, "Behold I am vile"; Abraham is "but dust and ashes"; David is "a worm, and no man";

and Paul is "less than the least of all saints." It is the art of art to hide art, and the glory of glory to conceal glory. It is only the Christ who can say to the trophies of his healing power, "See thou tell no man."

In one sense, all have something to be proud of. The toad may be proud of its beauty, the monkey may be proud of its barrel-organ, the condemned culprit may be proud of a high scaffold and a new rope; and Herod, fly-blown with the flatteries of his people, may be proud of that which qualifies him for the mouth of worms.

But in the truest sense, none of us have anything to be proud of. "Alas, master! it was borrowed," we may say concerning all our gifts, both natural and spiritual. Even the pagan Homer makes Agamemnon say to the warlike Achilles: "But if strength flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it; and so, 'tis not thine own." In whatever way we shine, it is only by borrowed light. Have we reason? It is but God's lamp burning in a sepulchre. Have we beauty? Let not the mud wall boast of the sun that shines upon it. Have we wealth? It is only a heap of God's yellow dust. Have we strength? So has a gnat or a fly, and all alike come from God. Have we holiness? Let us remember that this is a borrowed garment. Are we Christ-like? Let us not mistake God's image for our own. To ascribe glory to any other than God, is to pay rent to the wrong landlord. Those who are proud either of themselves or their works, may see their own portrait in Æsop's fly which sat on the axle of the chariot, and said, "What a dust I do make!"

An old divine once affirmed that John the Baptist has ascended by humility to that throne from which Lucifer fell through pride. Without doubt, humility is heaven's favourite grace. The least are to be greatest, the lowly are to be exalted, the poor are to be enriched, and the empty are to be filled.

Reader, be clothed with humility. It is the root of all virtue, and the storehouse of all good. The death of pride is the birth of humility.

LEVI PALMER, Taunton.

The Pope, Mahomet, and the Jews.

WHATEVER opinions competent students of the Bible may entertain concerning the method of interpreting prophecy adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness in their great work, "Light for the Last Days," which has been lately issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, no one will question their ability as theologians, nor the thoroughness with which they do their work. Many schemes of interpreting the predictions of the great prophets are in vogue; but the Historical, which has been, in the main, followed by the greatest writers, appears to be the most popular. It may be probable that no one school has all of the truth; and thus it behoves readers to search the Scriptures for themselves with all the more diligence. The authors of "Light for the Last Days" have certainly done this, and they express their conviction that "the Word of God leaves no room for doubt that we are living in the last days of this dispensation, and have well-nigh reached the close of the existing state of things. It leaves no room to

doubt that a change—*a change greater than any the world has ever seen*—is impending." This opinion is based on the wonderful predictions of Daniel in Babylon—that great prophet who lived twenty-five centuries ago, and whose book is alone sufficient to demonstrate the inspiration of the Bible.

The fourfold metallic image of Daniel, and the four beasts, are generally understood to refer to the Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman nations; while the little horns of Daniel vii. and viii. signify Romanism and Mahometanism, the Papacy being called in the Revelation "Babylon the Great." Thus, in many respects, the conclusions arrived at by Mr. and Mrs. Guinness closely coincide with the interpretations of many eminent students who have preceded them. "The times of the Gentiles" commenced with the rise of Babylon and the captivity of the Jews; and as this was to last for 2,520 years, the period has almost run out even on the longest or the solar scale. "The time of the end," however, in which we are now said to be living is an era, and not a date; but as our object is to take a brief notice of the Papacy, of Islamism, and the Jews, we refer such as are interested in the prophetical calculations to Mr. and Mrs. Guinness's volume.

Students of the Bible have always believed that the Eastern and Western apostasies, which rose about the same time, would fall together although their destruction might come in different ways. The following gives the key to Mr. and Mrs. Guinness's mode of interpretation :—

"The time of the end must be removed by twenty-five centuries from the captivity era. . . . The captivity era extended over 160 years, from B.C. 747 to B.C. 587—from the incipient rise of Babylon to the final fall of Judah. The corresponding 160 years after the lapse of 'seven times' extend, on the lunar scale, from A.D. 1699 to A.D. 1860 ; and on the solar scale, from A.D. 1774 to A.D. 1934. . . . . Reckoned from the earliest date on the shortest scale, the 2,520 years run out in 1699. Reckoned from the earliest date on the longest scale, they do not terminate until A.D. 1934."

In connection with these dates interpreters of the historic school point to that general decadence of the Papacy and the Porte, which has been continuous for nearly two centuries, and which is still in progress. "Has not the King of Italy, instead of the Pope, ruled at Rome for the last sixteen years ?" it is asked. "Is not Italy respected as a power of at least secondary importance, while 'the States of the Church' and the patrimony of Peter have long since disappeared from the map of Europe ? The Pope is now simply a priest; he is a monarch no longer." The great empire of the Papacy was, of course, broken up by the triumphant course of the Reformation long before the decadence referred to set in. It is remarkable that in the very year in which Luther was awakened to perceive the corruptions of Rome, the Pope was able to congratulate the bishops on the reign of a tranquillity which meant an entire absence of what passed for heresy. How different is the case to-day !

"To-day there are no less than one hundred and sixteen millions of Protestants in the world—a hundred and sixteen millions of those whom Rome calls heretics ! Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, England,

the United States—the greatest and most progressive kingdoms of the world—are what the Bible has made them; and the Latin nations of Europe—Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France—are what Popery has made them—Catholic in name only, and just as much opposed to the sovereignty of the Papacy as Protestants themselves."

But although the break with Antichrist occurred at the Reformation, the terrible power of the Papacy was seen for a century longer in the sanguinary excesses of so-called defenders of the Church in different parts of Europe. Broadly speaking, the Peace of Ryswick, signed in 1697, is regarded as the end of that general persecution which had characterized the system of Rome. As there was a period of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, so is there of Romanism. As the 18th century wore on, the reaction set in, and it has continued in some form from that day to this. The French Revolution of a century ago was an anti-papal outburst, and the spirit of hatred to the priests and the domination of the pope, which animated that movement, has continued until this day in the widely-spread atheism of France and Italy. Our author says, "A solemn character of retribution attaches to even the worst excesses of the French Revolution. The Papacy in the hour of its agony was exultingly reminded of its own similar cruelties against Protestants." The first Napoleon, who humiliated the Pope, and exalted Paris above Rome, brought retribution rather than support to the estate of the Church; and since the opening of this century the deterioration of the power and prestige of the Papacy has been very marked at successive epochs; such, for example, when Italy was united under one crown in 1860, and when the temporal power departed from the Vatican for ever in 1870. It is a memorable fact that Fleming, who wrote in 1701, foretold certain dates as coming crises which ultimately proved to be such. One of these was that of the French Revolution of 1848.

In regard to the Eastern outlook, those versed in the annals of Moslem rule are well aware that that power continued to grow in strength until the era of the Reformation, after which it remained stationary for a time, and then finally, at the Peace of Carlowitz in 1699, a permanent check was given to its encroachment which marked the beginning of the period of decline. About three-quarters of a century later the Porte was quite unable to check the progress of the victorious Russians; other concessions disastrous to the Moslem had to be made, and hence, as Mr. Guinness says:

"Never since that date has the Porte been able to take the aggressive against the nations of Europe, or even to stand successfully on the defensive. Its history, as is well known, has consisted of one monotonous series of disastrous wars, humiliating treaties, military and provincial revolutions, insurrections, massacres, cessions of territory, failures of revenue, diminution of population, plagues, bankruptcies, armies destroyed and fleets annihilated, ever-contracting dominions, and ever-increasing debts, and gradual loss of independence, till, at the present moment, protracted decay verges on total extinction. Europe is driven to recognize that nothing can much longer avert the long-predicted and richly-deserved doom of Mahometan rule in Europe—political death."

Taken in connection with what is said in prophecy concerning the rise and ultimate destruction of this apostate power, these concisely stated facts are of startling significance.

More interesting, because it is a more genial topic, is that modern renaissance of the Jews, which, in some form or other, is now visible throughout Europe. The history of the Jews for more than a thousand years after their final dispersion is one of the darkest of human records; and the wonder is that the race was not actually exterminated by the fanatical adventurers of the Crusades, who, in addition to the rescue of the Holy Places from the Turks, sought to sweep from the earth the remnant of Israel. In the 18th century the tide turned, however, and from that time to the present their condition has been improving, until they are to-day the richest trading communities in those nations where their rights are fully conceded by the laws and the populace. "For the past hundred years or more," it is said, "the world has been witnessing a literal fulfilment of the prediction that 'the yoke of the Gentiles shall be taken from off the neck of Israel, and their bonds burst.' The change in the civil position of the Jews throughout the largest part of Christendom, has indeed been one of the most characteristic features of the history of this century."

But one of the most striking characteristics of the Jews at the present time, next to their capacity for amassing wealth, is the tendency they are showing to return to Palestine. They have never ceased to cast longing glances towards that loved country as their own in a peculiar sense by divine right; and now, for more than a quarter of a century, the Universal Israelitish Alliance has been in existence for the purpose of according help all round, and partly with the view of promoting the return of the people to the land of their fathers.

In connection with the prophecy, "They shall eat the riches of the Gentiles," a large number of facts can readily be given to show how, in the leading countries of Europe, the Jews are gaining the ascendency in all the departments of trade, commerce, and politics. They are the leading capitalists of the day; in some countries they virtually own a main portion of the soil, and it has been on such facts as these that the promoters of anti-Semitic crusades have based their opposition. In Russia they have a railway king who appears to own about a fourth part of the railway system of that vast empire; in Germany Jews exercise a great influence over the national finances, while a much smaller proportion of Jews than Gentiles is found among the wage-earning class. It is also shown that the Jewish population is increasing much more rapidly than the Gentile, and that on an average they attain to a much greater age.

But our interest in the Jews is now chiefly excited by the renewed interest they are themselves showing in their own ancient inheritance of Palestine. The change which has come over the scene in the Holy Land in less than half a century is one of the most striking phenomena of history; and to interpreters of prophecy, and observers of the signs of the times, the movement for promoting the settlement of Jews in that country is regarded as the beginning of a second exodus. Less than fifty years ago, or after the accession of our present Queen, the members of the Hebrew race who were found in Palestine were almost

to be numbered by hundreds ; but now, even in the ancient metropolis of the country, they are to be numbered by thousands. "The number has now risen to over 10,000, and some say to over 15,000, that is, about half the population," we are assured, while some would make the total in Jerusalem alone to be 20,000. In the face of such facts, the question seems naturally to arise, Will not the settlement of the Eastern Question in part consist of giving back to the Jews their own land ?

"The Palestine Exploration Society have done a most important work in preparing the way for Jewish restoration," says Mr. Guinness, "and many thoughtful and judicious writers have already suggested that the only way to settle the Eastern Question, so far as Palestine is concerned, is for the Jews themselves to have it back. Thus, as the Ottoman power moves on to its predestinated dissolution, these two questions, What shall be done with the Jews as they are found in various Christian lands ; and what shall be done with the land which once belonged to them, force themselves simultaneously, and more and more imperatively, on the attention of the statesmen of Europe. The Russian persecutions have given a new impulse to the movement of the Russian Jews towards the Holy Land, and the *Jewish Chronicle* wrote in 1880 : 'We are inundated with books on Palestine, and the air is thick with schemes for colonizing the Holy Land once more.' "

Judging from the present outlook, this movement is destined to grow, for of course it is directly stimulated by the remarkable persecutions to which the Semitic race has been subjected in various countries. The life experience of Joseph Rabinowitch, the lawyer of Bessarabia in South Russia, is one more telling example of how good may be brought out of evil.

Wishing to find a way of escape for his harassed countrymen, Rabinowitch personally visited Palestine to make a survey for himself, when he was struck by the contrast of the present condition with what the land is described as having been in other days. Instead of yielding to unbelief, however, the lawyer commenced a diligent search of the Scriptures to discover if possible a reason for the difference, and the result was that he came to the conclusion that Jesus, whom the Jews had rejected, was indeed the Messiah. Their national chariot had properly four wheels—Abraham, Moses, David, and Christ; and having lost sight of the last, they would have to look in the past rather than in the future to find it. The good lawyer returned to his native land to preach the Redeemer in the Russian synagogues, showing his compatriots that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah referred to Christ, or "Jesus our brother;" and the result is, that he has gathered a community of Christ-believing Jews which now numbers about 200 families. Some Jewish observances are retained with an evangelical faith ; but now that a desire for enquiry has been awakened on a wide scale, who shall say where such a movement will end ?

In the meanwhile, the migration to Palestine promises to increase in volume ; societies are in existence to help it forward ; and as regards some of the Powers which find the Jews to be a burden, a cheap and ready way of avoiding prospective difficulties may probably be found in the giving up Palestine to those who claim it as their peculiar inheritance. Jews and Christians alike appear to believe that this colonization will in time be consummated.

Controversy.

MANY religious persons have a dread of controversy, and wish truth to be stated without reference to those who hold the opposite errors. Controversy and a bad spirit are, in their estimation, synonymous terms, and strenuously to oppose what is wrong is considered as contrary to Christian meekness. Those who hold this opinion seem to overlook what every page of the New Testament lays before us. In all the history of our Lord Jesus Christ, we never find him out of controversy. From the moment he entered on the discharge of his office in the synagogue of Nazareth, until he expired on the cross, it was an uninterrupted scene of controversy. Nor did he, with all the heavenly meekness which in him shone so brightly, treat error and truth without a reference to those who held them, or study to avoid giving its proper appellation to those corruptions in doctrine or practice that endangered the interests of immortal souls. His censures were not confined to doctrines, but included the abettors of false principles themselves.

And as to the apostles, their epistles are generally controversial. Most of them were directly written for the express purpose of vindicating truth and opposing error, and the authors of heresies do not escape with an abstract condemnation of their false doctrine. Paul again and again most indignantly denounces the conduct of opposers of the gospel, and by name points out those against whom he cautions his brethren. When Hymenæus and Alexander erred concerning the faith, and when he delivered them unto Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme, he did not compliment them as amiable and learned persons. Even the apostle, who treats most of love, and who possessed so much of that spirit which was eminently manifested in the divine Master, does not avoid controversy; nor in controversy does he study to avoid severity of censure on the opposers of the truth.

In the examples of opposing error left on record for our imitation, we perceive nothing of that frigid spirit of indifference which smiles on the corrupters of the Word of God, and shuns to call heresy by its proper name. With what holy indignation do the apostles denounce the subtle machinations of the enemies of the gospel! In vain shall we look among those faithful servants of the Lord for anything to justify that trembling reserve which fears to say decidedly that truth is truth, or that error is error. In what style, indeed, should perversions of the truth of God be censured? Ought they to be treated as mere matters of opinion on which we may innocently and safely differ? Or ought they to be met in a tone of solemn, strong, and decided disapprobation? Paul warned Christians against men who arose from among themselves, "speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them," and instead of complimenting false teachers in his day, denounced an angel from heaven on the supposition of his preaching another gospel. And if an apostle was withstood to the face when he was to be blamed, are the writings of those who subvert the gospel to be passed without rebuke?

While a spirit of lukewarmness and indifference to truth is advancing under the mask of charity and liberality, there is a loud call on all Christians to "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel," to present a firm and united phalanx of

opposition to error under every name, from whatever quarter it may approach, and not to "stumble in their ways from the ancient paths, to walk in paths, in a way not cast up; to make their land desolate" (Jer. xviii. 15). "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Should believers become unfaithful to their trust, and be seduced to abandon their protest against false doctrines, they may gain the approbation of the world; but what will this avail when compared with the favour of God? But if with prayer to God, in the use of the appointed means, they contend earnestly for the truth, then they may expect the gracious fulfilment of that blessed promise, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—*Haldane.*

Out to the Lightships.

BY PASTOR J. KEMP, PORTSMOUTH.

"WE are going out to the lightships to-morrow in the mission yacht; we shall have a short service on board for the men, and take them some books; will you come with us?" This invitation was given us by Mr. Burnham, one of Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists, who was labouring for a few days with Mr. Cook, of the Seamen's Mission, Gosport. Being assured the little voyage was not likely to be an unpleasant one, and having a great wish to visit these faithful keepers of the beacon-lights, we resolved to go.

The first ship was about eight miles out from the noble harbour of Portsmouth, where lie Lord Nelson's old *Victory* and the hulk of the famous man-of-war on board of which the first Napoleon was taken a prisoner, the *Bellerophon*, or the "Billy-ruffen," as the old watermen call it who row visitors up the harbour to see the sights; the second lightship was about eleven miles off. The coasts of the United Kingdom are studded with at least five hundred and twenty lamps, which gleam out from lighthouses and lightships: were not our coasts so indented and irregular, they would appear like a coronal of light encircling the brow of the Queen of the Seas. The lightships are not near the rocks, but are usually moored near sandbanks, where there is no foundation solid enough for a lighthouse to be built. Harmless-looking sandbanks may be as ruinous as black, jagged rocks, against which the waves rush and roar; even as the pleasant and secret sins of the apparently respectable are as deadly as the wickedness of the notorious evil-doer.

The worthy missionary above referred to, Mr. Cook, not being well enough to accompany us, we put off by ourselves, a party of six, happy in the knowledge that our little dancing craft was in command of a trusty seaman, who had been captain of the mission steamer *Livingstone* on the Congo river. The wind was not favourable to our getting out of the harbour; but, by dint of a good deal of tacking about, we were at length fairly out in the Solent. This clever "tacking" reminded us that a great many more difficulties might be overcome in business, and in Christian work, had people a little more *tact;* not cunning, but holy skill, and a happy facility in dealing with men. The Bucephalus of fiery energy is no doubt a noble steed, but he needs the masterly hand and cool head of Alexander to guide him.

Approaching Spithead, with the fine beach of Southsea on the one hand, and the picturesque scenery of the Isle of Wight on the other, a fresh breeze filled our canvas, so we sped merrily on; but when about six miles out, a dead calm fell on us, and for a short while we lay helplessly rolling in the swell of the sea. The motion was wretched, but no progress could

we make save as the current drifted us. Anew we were reminded that we must have utter failure in Christian work without the Spirit of God to speed us onward: without him we can do nothing. Our sails, however, soon began to fill, and away we glided once again, and were quickly alongside the light-ship *Warner*. The name struck us as suggestive and appropriate, since it warns vessels of a dangerous sandbank near. The *Warner* is a friendly beacon; and equally friendly are those solemn passages of Scripture which warn us of judgment and the wrath to come.

Our little yacht had for some time been recognized, and the purpose of our visit was quite understood. We were cheerfully hauled on board, and heartily welcomed by all the seven men we found there. For one month on shore they spend two months on board, and not many visitors relieve the monotony of their lives. We were shown round the ship, the working of the brilliant lamps was explained to us, and then we adjourned to a neat little cabin for a short service. Mr. Burnham, having led us in several of Sankey's hymns, read and expounded Psalm xxxii., clearly setting forth the way of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus; and then we commended one another to our heavenly Father in prayer.

A little more cheerful intercourse, and we prepare to depart. Hearty handshakes and good-byes follow; but we are hardly aboard of our yacht, when a touching little practical "thank you," is given, for a sailor graciously hurries to present us with a plateful of beautiful white hard ship-biscuits. We thought of the Orientals, who eat salt together in token of eternal friendship.

Away we go to the *Nab*, three miles further east. Trading vessels pass us; we hail them, heave on board neat little bags of gospel books, and thanks are waved to us. But a thunder-cloud is meeting us. We are within hail of the *Nab*, when a voice sings out to us, "A squall!" We expect it, but hardly so soon; for in a minute the lightning flashes, thunders crash over us, and rain descends in torrents. We retreat to the little cabin; but the captain and his mate bravely remain at their posts, though drenched to the skin. "God bless these faithful fellows!" we caught ourselves saying, almost involuntarily; and we felt grateful indeed to them. When the squall was over, the sea was rough, and we landsmen felt so *indisposed* and unfit for duty, that we had to be content with going near the *Nab*, sending a handsome cake and some books on board, and then shouting our "Good-bye." In the kindest way our greeting was returned. Then we set all sail, flew westward before the wind, dashed through the water, shot into Portsmouth harbour, and soon rejoiced in being again on *terra firma*. Taking leave of Mr. Burnham, we admired more than ever his loving spirit and untiring zeal in the service of the Master; at the same time resolving to pray more frequently than before for these faithful keepers of the beacon lights.

Notices of Books.

The Voice of the Year. By ANDREW SIMON LAMB, Barrister-at-Law. Nisbet and Co.

VERY timely and true. An earnest brother here calls forth the antagonism of the faithful to the old enemy of the faith, even Rome. It is well done that he should thus call. But we fear that he will call in vain. Where is there any Protestant feeling now? That decline of vital godliness which has brought on the "Down-Grade" has also taught the present generation that Anti-popery is antiquated, and the Protestant spirit is mere bigotry. According to present day notions no doctrine is essential, and there is no use in maintaining or denouncing any form of teaching, be it what it may. Yes, there is one exception: that which is Biblical and Evangelical deserves no tolerance, it ought to be hounded down without mercy. We thank Mr. Lamb for this and his other excellent treatises.

The Church of the Sub-apostolic Age: its Life, Worship, and Organization, in the light of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." By Rev. JAMES HERON, B.A. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE ancient work entitled *Didachè*, or, "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," is here used to cast a light upon the condition of the church immediately after the apostolic age. This makes a very interesting volume, but we attach small importance to its teachings. Of course, the *Didachè* is not a canonical book. It has only been brought to light in modern times, since 1883: it was discovered by Bryennios in a monastery at Constantinople ten years previously. Though we do not question its authenticity, we remember that there are marvellously clever inventors in the East. The document is said to belong to the opening of the second century, and certainly it has a corroborative character, in that it bears few traces of the grievous heresies which infested the church after that period. Still there are quite enough divergences from Biblical teaching; and if these appeared within a hundred years of our Lord's death it should awaken our diligence to guard the truth sacredly, since in so short a space it became defaced. This venerable writing lends no aid to Popery or to Rationalistic speculations: it has a Scriptural style and a simple form, and commends itself to the reader as being such a form of teaching as the close of the first century might have produced. The *Didachè* is a brief Church manual which Bryennios has divided into chapters and verses. It is of much the same value as the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, with which indeed it was bound up in a small, thick book, covered with black leather. Bryennios made a great find, and the learned world have ever since rejoiced in it with exceeding great joy.

Mr. Heron has made judicious use of the ancient book, and though we see little authority in the book itself, and quite as little in the inferences drawn from it, we are instructed by the historical light which it brings to us, and interested in the state of church life which it reveals. Quite a literature has grown up around the *Didachè*; but for plain readers Mr. Heron's work contains all that they will wish to know.

The Oldest Church Manual, called The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles—ΔΙΔΑΧΗ ΤΩΝ ΔΩΔΕΚΑ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ: The DIDACHÈ and Kindred Documents . . . with Illustrations and Fac-similes of the Jerusalem Manuscript. By PHILIP SCHAFF. Funk and Wagnalls, 44, Fleet Street.

THIS is *the* work upon the "Teaching of the Twelve," and in its pages the scholar will find, at first hand, all he desires to know of this remarkable manuscript. Some idea of it may be gathered from the following passage, which we take from Dr. Schaff:—"Pædobaptists found in it [the *Didachè*] a welcome argument for pouring or sprinkling, as a legitimate mode of baptism; Baptists pointed triumphantly to the requirement of immersion in living water as the rule, and to the absence of any allusion to infant baptism; while the *threefold* repetition of immersion and the requirement of previous fasting, suited neither party. Episcopalians were pleased to find Bishops and Deacons (though no Deaconesses), but non-Episcopalians pointed to the implied identity of Bishops and Presbyters; while the travelling Apostles and Prophets puzzled the advocates of all forms of church government. The friends of liturgical worship derived aid and comfort from the eucharistic prayers and the prescription to recite the Lord's Prayer three times a day; but free prayer is likewise sanctioned, and the prophets are permitted to pray as long as they please after the eucharistic sacrifice with which the Agape was connected. Roman Catholic divines found traces of purgatory, and the daily sacrifice of the mass, but not a word about the Pope and an exclusive priesthood, or the worship of saints and the Virgin, or any of the other distinctive features of the Papal system; while another Roman Catholic critic depreciates the *Didachè* as a product of the Ebionite sect. Unitarians and Rationalists were pleased with the meagreness of the doctrinal teaching, and the absence of the dogmas of the Trinity, Incarnation,

depravity, atonement, etc.; but they overlooked the baptismal formula and the eucharistic prayer, and the fact that the roots of the Apostles' Creed are at least as old as the *Didachè*, as is proven by the various ante-Nicene rules of faith. Millenarians and anti-Millenarians have alike appealed to the *Didachè* with about equal plausibility.

"We must look at the *Didachè*, as on any other historical document, impartially, and without any regard to sectarian issues. It is, in fact, neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Episcopalian nor anti-Episcopalian, neither Baptist nor Pædobaptist, neither Sacerdotal nor anti-Sacerdotal, neither Liturgical nor anti-Liturgical; yet it is both in part or in turn."

The Creator, and what we may know of the Method of Creation. By W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D. Woolmer.

THIS "*Fernley Lecture of* 1887" is an attempt to survey the knotty problems and hypotheses of *nature* as they present themselves to students who aim to keep abreast with the latest observations of *science*. Lectures on Natural Theology are not now what they were in the days of the "Bridgewater Treatises." They are, perhaps, less satisfactory to the devout mind because they are more combative; and they are less likely to gratify the popular taste because they are more prone to compromise. This much we know: between life and matter there is a great gulf fixed before which the scientist stands aghast. He cannot pass it; he dare not adventure. Dr. Dallinger has a tender sympathy with "the patient student, nature's loving learner, whose eye and ear are trained to read her faintest writing, and catch her lowest whisper." In fact, he is himself a specialist, and in some departments of science he is even an authority. He has been, if we mistake not, for four years, President of the Royal Microscopical Society. This discourse he has addressed to thoughtful and earnest minds, apt to enquire at times, "How the great foundation of religious belief, the existence of Deity, is affected by the splendid advance of our knowledge of nature?" How?—why, nohow! *we* might abruptly answer. But from the professor's chair a smoother response is expected. With painstaking consideration and eloquent circumlocution, he endeavours to guard every point. One instance must suffice us for an illustration: *Evolution*, if demonstrably a fact, is only a method. That method must have originated in an infinite mind. What magnificence, then, in the *design* that was so *involved* in nature's beginning as to be *evolved* by the designed rhythm of nature's methods! In this way it is thought that we may harmonize "the law of evolution," enacted in the laboratory, and the doctrine which attributes the Genesis to God. But all this is nothing to us, for we do not accept evolution at all. It is a dream which will vanish when men awake to facts.

The Goodness of God. Sermons by ABSALOM CLARK. Elliot Stock.

THE title of the first sermon, according to a modern freak, is here given to a diversified series of discourses. It is not, we think, aptly applied. The sermons are published at the close of a pastorate of forty years, and will, doubtless, be welcome to many as a memorial of an earnest and conscientious ministry. We should like to have seen more concerning the work of Christ and the grace of God. We have here a denial of hopeless and endless misery, on the ground of human reason and natural instinct; The author entertains a belief in annihilation, rather than in universal restoration. We cannot endorse such sermons.

An Easy Guide to Scripture Animals. By VERNON S. MORWOOD. With thirty illustrations. John Hogg.

WE like it. It will instruct the youngsters when at home on Sundays between the services. The questions will make it easy for the teacher, and the stories will hold the attention of the taught.

New Outlines of Sermons on the Old Testament. By Eminent Preachers. "The Clerical Library" series. Hodder and Stoughton.

SOME very good outlines, some poor ones, some bad ones; a mixture in a neat case.

A Handbook of Foreign Missions; containing an Account of the principal Protestant Missionary Societies in Great Britain, with Notices of those on the Continent and in America. Also an Appendix on Roman Catholic Missions. Religious Tract Society.

JUST the book that was needed. When all the great Societies are meeting in conference in London, it was timely that this condensed summary should appear. It is wonderfully complete; in every way impartial; and in all respects practically useful. It costs only 2s., and every missionary-minded man and woman should study it. It is the stock-taking account of the various branches of the church of Christ.

Natural Laws and Gospel Teachings. By HERBERT W. MORRIS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

GOOD. Good. Likely to be helpful. Since unbelief, like a wind from the wilderness, is tearing at the canvas of all our tents, we are thankful for every hand which drives in the tent-pegs and strengthens the cords, even though the mallet which it wields may not be of the largest size.

Tropical Africa. By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

VIEWING this record as the work of an accomplished naturalist, it deserves all that we can possibly say in its favour, and regarding it as the plea of a philanthropist, it is equally meritorious. The book must have a large circulation, for it is charmingly written, and the facts which it reveals are striking to the last degree. The chapter on White Ants is marvellous, and that upon the mimicry of African insects is even more so. The maps add very greatly to the value of the work, and must be seen to be rightly estimated. We wish there had been some line or word from which one could gather that there is a God, and that he had some hand in creation, and at least a finger in providence. One would imagine from these pages that the African insects made themselves, and are chargeable with the grossest deceit in being like other objects.

Professor Drummond may have some far-seeing design in this style of writing; but we sincerely wish that, if there be a spark of truth in the process of evolution, it may be carried out in him till he writes more clearly and distinctly on the right side. From the natural history of this book we should at once learn that its author was a Darwinian, but we should have to look elsewhere for evidence that he is a Christian. To our mind, the servant of the Lord is not justified in speaking so indistinctly of his Master.

The Church on the Sea. Edited by JOHN SINCLAIR. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE should think that captains will find this collection of sermons and prayers very handy when at sea, if they can only induce their passengers to attend at the reading of them. A service read from a book, however good it is, is apt to be rather of the tinned-meat order—a good deal better than nothing, but a long way behind the fresh article. From reports which we have heard concerning many services at sea, the use of such a volume as this would be a notable improvement upon the usual performance in the saloon; but that is not saying much. Owners might do worse than furnish their ships with this volume: it is too much to expect the captains to go to such an expense. These noble men do their very best; but it is hardly to be expected that they should be chaplains and commanders, impressive readers and hardy mariners. Let great companies and wealthy shipowners look at this book, and see whether it is not as necessary to a vessel as its log.

A South Window; or, "Keep Yourselves in the Love of God." By GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

PENTECOST says good things, and shows a fine spirit, but he is muddled in his teaching, and must never be followed implicitly. Some of his best statements have an ugly look about them; and, on the other hand, some of his apparently doubtful teachings are well meant. His south window looks very warm, but one might easily catch cold while sitting at it.

The Story of the Life of the Emperor William of Germany. Told for Boys and Girls all over the world. By the Rev. W. W. TULLOCK, B.D. Nisbet and Co.

WILL command a host of readers. Mr. Tullock makes the late emperor live before us. He is never prosy or lengthily didactic, gloating over some one little story as though all mankind would marvel at it because it concerned a king. We are pleased with the prominence he gives to the deep faith and child-like trust of his Majesty. His religion was of the Old Testament type, but it became the corner stone of a great character. Multitudes admire the grandeur of a life which is sustained by religious convictions, and at the same time our modern savants do their best to render such convictions impossible. They praise the fruit and cut down the tree.

God bless that much afflicted hero who, for a few days, has borne his father's high position, and grant him rest from the heavy cross which he so bravely carries. All Europe says "Amen" to this prayer. It may be granted before this line comes under the reader's eye.

And so it has been. The Lord, who is full of compassion, comfort the heart of the widowed Empress.

The General's Letters, 1885. A Reprint from the *War Cry* of Letters to Soldiers and Friends scattered throughout the World. By the General of the Salvation Army. Horn: 8, Paternoster Row.

AGES to come will form a higher estimate of William Booth than that which he receives to-day. Evidently he has a power within him above what the mere observer is able to discover. These letters are to their purpose, and drive at that purpose with tremendous energy and directness. Here is a believer—a man who believes in his mission, and in the God whom he would serve thereby. We are sorry that we cannot agree with many of his modes of procedure, but that is not the matter now before us—his letters are singularly forceful, and those who may have the curiosity to purchase and to read them, will learn more from them than they expected. Here we have no nonsense, no flattery of dainty taste, no justification of sham profession, no critical mistrusts; but all is bravely and even defiantly confident. Hence we have enjoyed the letters much.

The Life and Words of Christ. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Cassell and Co.

WE need not commend Dr. Geikie's work: it is the best "Life of Christ" yet written. This cheap edition, which costs only 7s. 6d., brings a wealth of instruction within reach of poor men. Three half-crowns could hardly be turned to better purpose than by being exchanged for such a volume.

Bible Sketches and their Teachings for young People. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. New and Revised Edition, with Maps. Vol. I. Old Testament; Vol. II. New Testament. Religious Tract Society.

YOUNG people must get a clearer idea of the sacred narrative from reading such simple but vivid descriptions. Dr. Green does not hesitate to use the homeliest forms of speech, but that which he has to say is the fruit of earnest study and ripe scholarship. Parents and teachers should look into these two volumes for aid in setting forth the holy narratives to their young friends.

The First Book of Samuel and the Second Book of Samuel. By W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE sermons must have given Dr. Blaikie's friends a clear and comprehensive view of the lives of Samuel, Saul, and David. In the shape of two volumes now before us we have to judge them with the view of usefulness to preachers rather than hearers, for they form part of the *Expositor's Bible*. Surely no man would be worthy to be a teacher of others who could study these volumes and rise therefrom without benefit. They are not a commentary, and are rather too diffuse to be strictly an exposition; but they consist of sound doctrine wrought out into daily practice by a gracious pastor.

The Scottish Covenanters: a fifty Years' Struggle for Religious Liberty. By the Rev. THOMAS J. MACCARTNEY. T. Woolmer.

IT seems as if all who would screw up the people to fidelity must needs turn their eyes to "Caledonia stern and wild." We rejoice that our Presbyterian brethren have had such a history, and we pray that the present and the future may prove worthy of the past. Truth is little set by south of the Tweed: the many have gone after their idols, and are even mad after them. Oh, for a renewal of the covenanting spirit! There is not grit enough left, we fear, among ten thousand modern professors to make a single covenanter. Mr. MacCartney has done his work very well, and his little book will do good service.

Standard Bearers; or, Heroes of the Scottish Faith. By ELIZABETH STIRLING. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE standard bearers of former ages must look with weary eyes upon the cowards of to-day, and that look ought to reproach the vacillating into decision. Here we have "a cloud of witnesses," from Ninian and Columba, through John Knox, down to the Covenanters. The line is of Scotchmen Scotch, but exceedingly clear and instructive. Seven sixpences would be well invested in this handsome book. Though we do not think that it is as good as it might have been, it is useful in reminding men of what their fathers were. Such is the spirit of this age that, if any one of these standard-bearers were living now, he would incur ecclesiastical censure and ridicule. The men of this generation are ready enough to heap up stones of memorial over the sepulchres of dead saints, and they are quite as much inclined to reserve a few of the stones to be hurled at the true successors of the faithful.

A Handbook of the Church of Scotland. Fourth Edition. By JAMES RANKIN, D.D. W. Blackwood and Sons.

IN this handbook we get the other side of great questions, and, as we think, the wrong side. Earnestly do we trust that this is not a true and accurate account of the Church of Scotland; for, if so, it is in an evil case. It would appear to be quitting the old Reformation ways, and running after the Church of England. A sort of Ritualism is springing up, side by side with Broad views; thus the two rails are laid for the down-line. We know not whether the facts are accurately stated as to the Established Kirk, but the reading of this Handbook, written by one of its own ministers, has left a mournful impression upon our mind. Is this the same church which once chased out Popery and sealed the truth with its blood? Will all churches decline in this way? God forbid.

The book grants all that we have heard laid to the charge of the Old Kirk, and hints at a good deal more. We see clearly enough why the Free Church could not return to the mother's embrace. We trust that the Free Church would repudiate with indignation much wherein our author is inclined to glory. Surely there must be many in the Old Kirk who will not accept this Handbook as truly representing them.

The description of the Disruption is thoroughly comic. It seems that the true martyrs were not those who threw up their stipends, and quitted their manses, but those who remained in the church. We have never before seen it in this light, and even now that we have seen it, we cannot get our eyes to supply a tear of sympathy for the newly-discovered sufferers and heroes. We would weep with those that weep, but we cannot squeeze out a tear. Still, there is no doubt that they were unpopular, and came under a good deal of criticism, not all of it tender or fair; and so far we can condole with them; but then their manses and salaries were saved, and this is not a matter which calls for sympathy.

Oh, that the Lord would return unto this church, and send back to her the old fire and life! This would be more to boast of than the increasing numbers and influence, which this handbook appears to claim for the Established Kirk. The book is very well got up, and conveys to a Southener a clear view of the church's idea of herself, and that is always worth seeing.

Among the Cannibals of New Guinea: being the Story of the New Guinea Mission of the London Missionary Society. By Rev. S. McFARLANE, LL.D. John Snow and Co.

A SMALL book for five shillings, but neatly got up. As containing information upon the great island of New Guinea, of which little was known till lately, the volume has a peculiar value. No one can read it without exulting over the power of the cross of Christ, and thanking God that true heroes are yet among us who dare to face the cannibal for Jesus. The directors of the London Missionary Society have had great reason to praise the Lord, because they have seen the isles waiting for the law of the Lord.

James Jolly: Memorials of an Earnest Life and Faithful Ministry. By HECTOR M. ADAM, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

THE life of a truly consecrated young man. With a specially good photographic likeness, and a memoir written with all the enthusiasm of friendship, this will be valued as a truly appropriate memorial of a man of God. In a short and peaceful career not many telling incidents occur; but the book is not without an interest of its own, for James Jolly proved in his life the truth of the saying of William Burns: "Personal holiness is the fundamental qualification for success in the ministry." He loved and lived the doctrines of grace, and was not as many whose beliefs lie on the shelf while they preach everything else except the vital truth of God.

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

ONE of the best of Paxton Hood's books. It richly deserved to be brought out in this cheaper and more popular form—a very nice, neat form, by the way, at the low price of 3s. 6d. The subject inspired the writer, and the writer gave himself to his subject. We were both amused, edified, and stimulated by this patent mixture of Evans and Hood when we took it into our system in large doses at the first appearance of the biography. A sort of united flash and dash, or special double effervescence, arises out of the conjunction of such a hero and such a writer. May the book help to breed great preachers.

Autobiography of a Scotch Lad: being Reminiscences of Three-score Years and Ten. Glasgow: David Bryce.

A SOBER story of a Scotch lad who became an honoured Baptist minister, and still survives in a green old age to bless his brethren. Such an autobiography will be chiefly valued by the writer's personal friends. Quiet and useful lives are by no means sensational reading, but they are none the worse for this to those who carefully peruse them, since they convey instruction of a solid kind to those whose lives are of the same order.

Memoirs of James Begg, D.D. By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. In two vols. (Vol. II.) Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

WE doubt not that Dr. Begg's loving friend has done his best, but he has produced rather the diary of an ecclesiastic than the life of a man. Perhaps this was the result of Dr. Begg's public form, but it certainly makes the book all the less pleasing. This is another case of a man buried beneath a pyramid of documents. A memoir at a shilling, containing the pith of these two volumes, would have done more for the honour of our deceased friend than all this mass of letter-press. We wish Dr. Smith had possessed the time and health to have made these memoirs shorter; but even as they are, a Scotchman will find good reading in them: we say a Scotchman advisedly, because many of the points which gave Dr. Begg's career importance will not be understood by non-Presbyterian Englishmen. His was a grand head, which seemed cut out of Aberdeen granite. Scotland needs a hundred of the like of him even now, and she will need them more. He reminds us of Daniel, and of how the Yankee accounted for the lions not eating him. "They could not eat him," said he, "because he was three-quarters backbone, and the other quarter clear grit."

Life's Battles in Temperance Armour. By THOMAS WHITTAKER. Third edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE gave our medal of honour to this life story of T. Whittaker some months ago when we quoted from it at large. This cheaper edition should have thousands of readers. Teetotalers in the heroic age of that movement were men of mettle and might. Their successors will, we trust, continue to exhibit the same weight and force in these softer days.

The Foundation of Death: a Study of the Drink Question. By AXEL GUSTAFSON and ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON. Fifth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BOOK written in awful earnest. It contains terrible facts, and thorough-going arguments derived therefrom. It lays the axe at the root of the evil, and allows no sort of compromise with the traffickers in strong drink. This edition for seven sixpences is cheap.

Temperance as taught in the Revised Bible. By Rev. J. COMPSTON. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

WE believe in total abstinence upon the great Christian principle of self-denial for the good of others, and we think this an abundantly sufficient ground to go upon. Mr. Compston's attempt to find total abstinence in Scripture is successful in some degree, but we cannot see teetotalism in many places where he sees it. We do not wish to dispute upon a matter wherein we are practically at one; but we feel afraid that candid readers may be led to think that the arguments for abstinence are weak when they see passages of Scripture made to set forth a sense which, to an ordinary reader, they do not appear naturally to express.

Scripture Outlines for Gospel Addresses to Children, young People, and Adults, compiled principally in acrostic Form. By J. W. JORDAN. James E. Hawkins.

WE don't know much about the use of acrostic addresses to Sunday-schools, but one who is at home in such things assures us that on the blackboard the big letters are helpful in winning attention. So be it. Two hundred outline addresses for half-a-crown cannot be very dear. They strike us as being somewhat bare and commonplace; but with good gospel to fill them up, we dare say they would be all right.

Joyful Songs for Sunday-school and Home. Being a Selection of two hundred Hymns from the "Voice of Praise, with Tunes." Sunday School Union.

A MARVELLOUS collection of music for the price. It can be had in the Old Notation and in the Tonic Sol-fa. We like it best bound for threepence because it is more durable, but it can be had in paper cover for twopence. Can anything ever be cheaper? There is no telling. One of these days books may be given away, and people paid to take them: then authors and composers will offer rewards of houses and life-policies to those who read or sing their productions.

A Satchel of Song. By Rev. CHARLES A. FOX. Partridge and Co.

THERE is true poetry here. Pressed like sweet scented leaves between these pages, fragrant thoughts are found. Grace, too, is in them, so that he who reads receives a blessing. What thinks our reader of that which follows, which we took at random, that he might see that this booklet is rightly, if somewhat oddly, called "A Satchel of Song"?

"CROSS-BEARING.

"Some meek souls wear Christ's yoke serenely well,
And bear triumphantly the load of life,
Lie still beneath the Husbandman's keen knife,
And find in weights wings scarce invisible.
And some heroic souls life's wounds impel
Press awful on 'mid pauses in the strife,
And wed the cross as others woo a wife,
And win fresh glory where so late they fell.
Speak, ye that Freedom's heights sublimely know,
And tread with brave feet all life's chequered land,
He who o'er dark Gethsemane could sing,
First bowed his will like some majestic bow,
And placed it strung within his Father's hand,
Thence all the purposes of Heaven took wing!"

Matthew Dale, Farmer. By Mrs. SAUNDERS. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A NEW edition of a well-written story of Scottish country life, with a vein of godliness and a sparkle of quiet humour in it. With kindly consideration for us ignorant southerners, translations of the Scotch words are given as footnotes.

Equal to the Occasion. By EDWARD GARRETT. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

THIS is a solid, sensible story, reprinted from the *Quiver*, in which excellent magazine it appeared in serial form some years ago. The story tells how the high-principled daughter of a London tradesman was "equal to the occasion" of extricating his business from impending ruin, and his good name from reproach, after his death, when misfortune had left her only a heritage of debt.

The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's: a School Story. By TALBOT BAINES REED. Prefatory Note by G. A. HUTCHISON. Religious Tract Society.

MR. REED writes *currente calamo*, and therefore boys will read right through what he writes, though "The Fifth Form" is nearly five hundred pages long. In a highly laudatory preface Mr. Hutchison says:—"The throbbing life of a great public school—a world in miniature—with its temptations, ambitions, and failures, has so often afforded superabundant material for narratives, powerful to enchain the attention and sway the emotions, whether to smiles or tears. This will take its place amongst the best of them."

Sybil and Dave; or, The Little Comforter. By JESSIE F. ARMSTRONG. Houlston and Sons.

EIGHTEENPENCE only for a sweet little story by the author of "There's a Friend for Little Children," and "Climbing Higher." Little children will read it and re-read it, big children will cry over it, and the "Friend of little children" will smile on it.

Vincent Earl's Atonement. By WILLIAM J. LACEY. Partridge and Co.

A NICELY got-up eighteenpenny temperance tale for the elder boys, and all young men who are non-abstainers. May it make many wise in time! We must say that, in our opinion, the writer's description of boarding-school life applies to twenty or thirty years ago, and not to the present time. Certainly in the wood-cut the beer-swilling foot-ball players are not in the costume of the period.

"*Sweet Nancy.*" By L. T. MEADE. Partridge and Co.

IN this shilling tale there are very old heads on very young shoulders: the story all through is too strange to be true, and yet will be liked for its unlikeliness.

Nan; or, the Power of Love. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. Partridge and Co.

ANOTHER shillingsworth of improbabilities dexterously woven into a love-story, in which the deaf is made to hear and the dumb to speak.

Born to Wander: a Boy's Book of Nomadic Adventures. By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D. Partridge and Co.

WE should think the two boys, Leonard and Douglas, *were* "born to wander," seeing that, as the story goes, their fathers gave them "a hundred or so a year each," and bade them go and see the world, and improve their minds: there were *grand*fathers in those days! And Dr. Stables does trot his young friends about, all over the world, from Arctic ice-floes to Indian wigwams. We verily believe there are boys who would even leave Virgil and Homer for Dr. Stables' talk. It will only cost grandfathers three and sixpence to try the experiment, and the cover of the book is worth a good part of the money.

Hazel Haldene. By ELIZA KERR. Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

A HEART-STIRRING story, beginning in gloom, but ending in gladness. The fatherless and the widow, their oppressors and benefactors, are admirably portrayed, and made to illustrate the truth that, of all the Christian graces, "the greatest is charity." As nice a book of its class as you'll get for half-a-crown.

What is the Bible? An Enquiry into the Origin and Nature of the Old and New Testaments in the Light of Modern Biblical Study. By GEORGE T. LADD, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: R. D. Dickinson.

NOT at all to our mind. We hoped we had a defence of inspiration, but in fact it so explains it away that we see nothing to defend that is worth five minutes' thought. We are far less afraid of works which are downright and outspoken in their antagonism than we are of these "candid friends" who treat the old Book with a kiss and a stab. If the Bible is not infallible, we do not care a rush whether it is inspired or not. If writers are to take away this book and that from the canon, they may as well take the whole, for they are evidently greater authorities than the Scripture upon which they sit in judgment. We will not give up our Bibles to be clipped and docked by this Doctor of Divinity, or any other man or lad.

Present Day Tracts on the Higher Criticism. By the Very Rev. R. PAYNE-SMITH, D.D., and the late J. S. HOWSON, D.D.; the Revs. Principal WACE, D.D.; Professor A. B. BRUCE, D.D.; and Professor F. GODET, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a selection from the "Present Day Tracts" series, and a very useful and seasonable one. To meet the assaults of "the Higher Criticism" (which might be more truly called "the Profaner Cavilling") tracts are put together which touch upon the authorship, authenticity, and credibility of the books of Holy Scripture. Thus we have six priceless essays from Drs. Payne-Smith, Bruce, Wace, Godet, and the late Dr. Howson. We prize the whole set of "Present Day Tracts," which extends to nine volumes, and would not be without them on any account; but we are glad the committee of the Tract Society also have the wisdom to publish selections upon a topic which is the theme of the hour, and needs at once to be dealt with.

Notes.

A MAGAZINE is in some danger of death when the editor is so completely prostrate that his brain will not think, and his right hand cannot hold a pen. But it has so happened that our peculiarly heavy affliction came upon us this time in a sort of interval between one monthly number and the next, and we are, through restoring mercy, again able to set about our appointed task. There is always some circumstance of grace about the heaviest trial. The thorn-bush bears its rose. The Lord lets us see a bright light in the clouds even when they gather in grimmest fashion.

We have not done anything, nor scarcely even devised anything, as to the great conflict now raging between truth and error, for the one reason that we have been quite laid aside. On returning to the subject, we find many generous letters of sympathy, and not a few of painful information. A venerable Baptist brother says: "Dry rot is more extended than any of us thought. People and priest are infected by the disease. Yet the Ruler over all can overrule it for good. Many who are sound are timid, many confused as to what to do, and many too indolent to do anything; but the battle is the Lord's." This witness is true; but surely there are some left who have eyes to see the great evil at once, and courageous consistency enough to shake themselves free of it. If they *need* reminding of their duty, it is to be feared that they are not the men who are worth reminding. Time was when for a hundredth part of the foul evils now tolerated in religious Unions, servants of God would have lifted up the cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" Shall we be again called a pessimist if we say that the days when truth was everything are "with the years beyond the flood"?

Complaints as to sermons ridiculing answers to prayer, deriding early piety, speaking coarsely of the precious blood of Jesus, and denying the universal need of conversion, are common enough. We cannot spare space for instances, which would only give pain to faithful hearts. These are very sorrowful matters; for they betoken not so much doctrinal error as utter ungodliness. In some cases the man is more wrong in the heart than in the head, if we can judge by the general tone of his conversation. Certain preachers seem to have taken out a license to speak contemptuously of holy things, and they do this under cover of decrying the worn-out ideas of old-fashioned orthodoxy. Of course, they can do so with impunity when once their churches have become sufficiently worldly and heterodox. Errors in

creed are insignificant matters compared with the absence of spiritual life and the presence of irreligious scorn. One of our correspondents, by no means a bigot, says that, after hearing a sermon by a person of this school, he almost instinctively stood up to see what sort of people they were who would accept such talk as a part of public worship. One does a little wonder what kind of Christians they must be.

In one of our churches the doctrines of Purgatory and Future Restitution have, since the Baptist Union meeting, been so distinctly preached that many of the members have taken alarm, and are looking about them to know what is to be done. It is said that the famous compromise condemned these notions, but it appears that the holders of them do not think so, for they remain where they were, and are even more bold than before to teach their delusions. How godly brethren can remain in fellowship with them is a question which rises continually to our lip. We would gladly contribute to union and harmony, but we have a conscience. There must be some few brethren left who possess the same sort of troublesome monitor; and, if so, they must have bad times when they come to think that their fellowship keeps the enemies of the gospel in countenance, and that the blood of innumerable souls will lie at their door.

A working-man, who is an intelligent deacon and preacher, giving us his name, and the name of the minister referred to, speaks of the old-fashioned orthodox teaching being held up to contempt from the pulpit. "The substitutionary sacrifice and the Trinity were quickly disposed of, and the penknife was set to work. Whole chapters were cut out of the Bible; we were told that certain books of it ought never to have been written. Verbal inspiration was utter rubbish, and ought never to be tolerated." As a consequence, the number of empty pews is appalling, and the people are told to console themselves with the fact that mere numbers are no test of prosperity. The prospect of the chapel being closed is by no means remote.

It is with the utmost pain that we mention such instances, but there are still some who are bold enough to deny that there are any departures from the faith, or so very few that they are not worth mentioning. Of course, in that case, all that we have said is either wilful falsehood, or else the dark dream of a morbid mind. We assert that we are neither morbid nor untrue, but that around us there are influences at work which are directly antagonistic to Christianity, and that anyone may see them who chooses to do so. The babyish game of shutting your eyes, and then crying, "I cannot see you," has been played at long enough: it is time that the most prejudiced should acknowledge that which everybody sees except themselves.

A week or two ago, a minister had been to hear a Congregational divine, on a great occasion; and, as he came out of the chapel, he said to a brother minister, "There is truth after all in what Spurgeon says: ministers do make infidels, and this sermon will make a great many; and yet there are ministers here who will be delighted with the sermon." The subject had been the infallibility of the Scriptures, especially the historical portions of them. The whole foundation of inspired teaching was abandoned. Time and thought will, we trust, arouse godly men to a sense of their wrong-doing in remaining in fellowship with those who not only deny the old-fashioned gospel, but question the fundamentals of religion. It cannot always be so that the Bible shall be degraded from its pre-eminence as the revelation of God, and those who are guilty of the crime shall yet be had in esteem as Christian teachers. It is wonderful how things have come to be as they are; but that they should remain so, is incredible, seeing that God lives to vindicate his own Word.

Mrs. Spurgeon requests us to say that she hopes applications for books will not yet be sent in. She is no more able to attend to business than she was a month ago. Often has she tried to answer some of the letters which are waiting; but we have grieved to see her make the attempt, since she has had to give it up as hopeless. It is a great sorrow to see her so bereft of all strength. If she could but muster enough physical force to attend to her beloved life-work, we should then have hope of her speedy recovery; but till she can set parcels of books in motion towards poor ministers' homes, we shall know that she is living only to suffer. Suffering, however, is not a new thing to her, nor is she lacking in the patience which is needed for this part of the Lord's service.

One of the joys of our birthday was a sight of *All of Grace* in Italian. *Tutto per Grazia. Firenze, Via dei Serragli* 51. *Prezzo: Centesimi* 75. A few days ago, an Italian officer called to tell with joy how he had found eternal life by reading the volume of sermons printed in Italian long ago. Therefore it is a delight to us to have another opportunity of preaching the gospel to the great advancing nation which has Rome for its capital.

A new edition of *The Interpreter* will soon be ready. It has hitherto been a very large volume on thick paper, and the price has prevented many from using it. It will now be produced in a smaller size, on thinner paper, and it will make a book which can be sold at 12s., or thereabouts. The work has had a large sale among the wealthier classes. Such persons as the late Lord Cairns, and others of his class, have used it at family prayer, and have written most heartily about the book; but now we trust a still

more numerous class will be able to get it, and will find themselves helped by it in conducting the devotions of the household. We wrote it that families wherein it is read might get a clear view of the general run of the Bible, and we hope we have not written in vain.

FLOWER MISSION.—Will our friends keep in mind this admirable work? We have at the Tabernacle the friends who can wisely distribute the flowers and texts, but we need helpers in the country to send up the flowers. Direct the hamper thus:—

DELIVER IMMEDIATELY.

The Secretary,
Bible Flower Mission,
Metropolitan Tabernacle,
Newington Butts,
London.

On *Tuesday evening, June* 5, the Annual Meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE CLASS was held. In the absence of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, through illness, the chair was taken by Mr. C. F. Allison. The report, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. Hudson, stated that satisfactory progress had been made during the year, the studies being doctrinal, experimental, practical, historical, &c. The Treasurer, Mr. Boulter, presented to the Chairman £50 10s. to be handed over to Mr. Spurgeon for the College, and the mission work in Spain. There are seven home mission-stations in connection with the class; and though some are small, the work is carried on with vigour by the members. These works are under the general supervision of our esteemed brother, Mr. Gray. One very pleasing feature of the meeting was the presentation by the Chairman, in the name of the class, of a beautifully-illuminated address on parchment, framed, and a Bennett's silver keyless lever watch, to the President, Mr. J.T. Dunn, who, in thanking the members for their warm expressions of Christian love and esteem, said that he owed more to the class than the class owed to him, as it brought him more to the study of the Word of God, and the throne of grace, for teaching and soul-saving power. He rejoiced to say that, during the six years of his presidency, many had been saved in the class, and had joined the church, and that, by the exercise of much self-denial, the class had raised £304. The following friends took part in the meeting: Messrs. Beecliff, Everett, Llewellyn, Gray, W. Ross, Sen., A. Ross, and Bartlett.

COLLEGE.—Mr. T. Philpot has completed his course with us, and settled at Burwell, Cambs. He has done a good work at Mitcham while in the College.

Mr. A. W. Wood, who was obliged to return from Agra through failure of health, has accepted the charge of the church at Broughton, Hants. Mr. W. F. Stead, formerly of Worthing, has become pastor at Shoreham, Sussex. Mr. E. B. Pearson is removing from Hounslow to George-street Chapel, Ryde. Mr. T. Whittle, of Madeley, is taking charge of the mission-stations at Yalding, Paddock Wood, Wateringbury, and East Farleigh, Kent.

Mr. Jas. Grant, who has been for twelve years at Paris, Ontario, has become pastor of the Parliament-street church, Toronto. Mr. C. Padley is seeking to form a new church at West Maitland, New South Wales.

Mr. E. H. Brown, late of Twickenham, who has temporarily taken charge of the work at Sandown, Isle of Wight, asks us to say that he will be glad to see any Tabernacle or other friends who may be in the island during the summer. The church at Sandown has had a chequered career, but we trust that, under Mr. Brown's energetic management, its prospects will greatly improve.

The annual day of special supplication by churches connected with the College Association appears to have been widely observed on June 18, and greatly blessed. We have been much cheered by the receipt of many telegrams and letters assuring us of the hearty response to the reminder we addressed to the brethren. These words of love have been very seasonable in the hour of weakness and pain.

During the past month, our Australasian brethren's signatures to the declaration of faith of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association have arrived, and it has been quite delightful to note the heartiness with which they have re-affirmed the old basis. Many of them state that they have been amazed that any of their College companions at home who are faithful to the gospel should have had any difficulty in joining the new Association.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor F. J. Benskin writes that the visit of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* to Huddersfield has been the means of quickening the spiritual life of many, and of leading a considerable number to decide for the Lord.

During June our brethren have conducted services at Oban and Tobermory. This month they are resting, and gathering strength for their London campaign, which is to commence in August.

The secretary of the Baptist church, Ruardean Hill, Gloucestershire, writes to express the gratitude of the friends for the services of *Mr. Burnham*.

Mr. Harmer's health having broken down in several missions which he has conducted recently, he has gone for a voyage up the Mediterranean. We are glad to hear that he appears fully restored, and that he hopes to return thoroughly prepared for his work.

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival was held on the President's fifty-fourth birthday, *June* 19, and was a complete success.

The weather was dull and cold, but between nine and ten thousand friends assembled from far and near, and the total receipts in connection with the festival amounted to over £1,300. This large amount was accompanied by a far larger amount of love. The sympathetic and cheering letters were a joy to read, and a delightful labour to answer. The receiver of all this affectionate notice feels overwhelmed and humbled by being made the object of so much regard. God bless the thousands who combined to cheer the Lord's servant by helping his good work!

The President was happily able to be present for about three hours in the afternoon, and to preside at a meeting held in the girls' play-hall, at which Drs. Ellis and Pierson, from the United States, spoke. Lord Kinnaird was greatly disappointed that he was too ill to attend, but he sent a generous contribution, and a kind letter of sympathy. Mr. C. F. Allison took the chair at the evening public meeting; prayer was offered by Rev. Burman Cassin, M.A.; the Vice-President presented a report of the past year's work; and addresses were delivered by Dr. MacEwan, Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson, and Revs. J. S. Pratt, M.A., Newman Hall, LL.B., and C. Spurgeon. We give our heartiest thanks to each of the speakers, and to many others who were prepared to have spoken if the evening had not become so cold. We have had Christmas at Midsummer this year. Thanks to all donors, both of money and of articles for sale; to our noble band of collectors; to Mrs. Allison, for her exhibition of Oriental curiosities, and her explanations of Bible manners and customs; to the friends who presided at the bazaar and other stalls; to Mr. Murrell, and his willing workers at the refreshment tents; to Dr. Barnardo, for the loan of his band; to the members of the Southwark Choral Society, for their services; and, indeed, to all who in any way contributed to the success of the day's proceedings. To the Lord our God be humble thanksgiving for a day of great blessing.

COLPORTAGE.—The secretary desires us to call our readers' special attention to the annual report which is included in the present magazine, and to intimate that contributions to the general fund are always needed to augment the £40 per annum subscribed for any district to which a Colporteur is sent. This good work deserves to be kept going at an increased rate.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 24, nine; 31, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. L. Edwards	15	0	0
Collected in the children's boxes at the Almshouses Sunday-school	5	5	0
D. M. M.	0	10	0
Pastor H. Ross Phillips	5	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Baptist Church, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askew...	1	1	0
Mr. John Neal	3	3	0
Sorrowful, yet rejoicing	0	10	0
Pastor T. Perry and friends	1	1	0
Mr. J. Passmore	10	0	0
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0
In memoriam	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore	5	0	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Price	4	4	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
Collection at Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Pastor W. Cuff	4	5	0
A few friends, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	3	0	0
Pastor C. Dallaston	2	0	0
Mr. G. T. Congreve	10	10	0
Mr. H. B. Finch	0	10	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	6
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class	18	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 20 ... ... 30 0 0			
,, 27 ... ... 26 10 0			
June 3 ... ... 16 15 6			
,, 10 ... ... 3 8 6			
	76	14	0
	£213	0	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
A friend from Tasmania, per Mr. Buswell	0	10	0
Miss L. Shaw	0	10	0
A. B., Leicester	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Mrs. Lawrence	1	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0
For Jesus' sake	0	10	0
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
W. S. C.	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	14	0	0
Proceeds of annual entertainment by the masters and pupils of Bethany House School, Goudhurst, per Rev. J. J. Kendon	9	0	0
The Misses Elizabeth and Martha A. Harvey	0	4	0
A delivered one in the gospel	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wilford	0	10	0
Collections at Surrey Square Mission and Sunday-school	2	4	0
Percy Sier	0	3	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
Mrs. Hyatt	1	0	0
"Of thine own give I thee"	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1	1	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	3	0
Miss M. Bassham	0	5	0
Mrs. Webb	2	0	0
Postal order from Dorchester	0	10	0
A constant sermon-reader, Wiltshire...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wheatcroft...	100	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Miss E. Dumaresq	0	10	0
Bessells Green Baptist Sunday-school...	1	3	6
A well-wisher	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. H. W. Spice	0	9	9
Mrs. Chancellor	1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Riddel, per Miss Russell	5	0	0
Collected by Pastor W. Gillard... ...	4	0	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
Diolchoffrwm	0	5	0
Miss S. Holcombe	0	3	0
Miss Green	1	0	0
Mr. Powell (U.S.A.)	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
A widow, per Rev. John McNeill ...	5	0	0
Straw plaiters, Ivinghoe Aston, per Mr. I Horn	0	5	0
Mrs. Mathias	67	10	0
Miss F. M. Goodchild	0	10	0
E. H. R.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Buchel	1	0	0
A lady	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Munday	1	7	0
Collected by Master H. Williams ...	0	1	7
Mrs. Oakley	0	2	0
Mr. R. Stewart's Bible-class, Regent Street Chapel, Belfast :—			
Ellen Bradford 1 2 2			
Elizabeth Gay 0 5 8			
Catherine O'Neil 0 7 4			
Agnes Mulholland... ... 0 8 0			
Elizabeth Keatley 0 11 4			
Agnes McKeown 0 4 6			
Mary Fegan 0 15 6			
	3	14	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	14	0
Townley Street Mission, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	15	0
Miss R. Dodwell	0	0	6
Collected by Miss M. Warren	0	7	0
Collected by L. A. S.	1	5	0
Salters' Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. J. T. G. Dodd	0	10	6
Mr. J. S. Crisp	0	10	0
Mr. G. Fryer	0	10	0
Collected by Master Roberts	0	7	4
Box at S. O. gates...	1	4	1
Automatic box in office	0	7	6
Mr. W. T. Graham	0	3	0
Miss Stirling and pupils...	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Ashwell	0	7	6
Mr. Whittingham	1	0	0
Collected by William, Charles, and Emily Jackson	0	10	9
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	0
Miss B. D. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. T. Martin	1	2	6
Mr. G. F. White	10	0	0
Mr. R. Johnstone	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford ...	1	9	0
Collected by Miss Bickmore	0	11	6
Mr. Alexander Allan	0	6	0
Proceeds of sale of canary, Master Ballard	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
From box on counter, Sellindge, per Messrs. Sharwood and Sons	0	13	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lothian	0	6	0
Mr. Charles Cox (an "old boy") ...	0	10	0
Friends at Risby	1	1	0
Mrs. Bainbridge	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. James Harman ...	0	4	0
Mr. W. Butcher	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Ayliffe	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Wykes	0	10	0
Collected by Miss H. Figg	0	6	2
Collected by Mr. S. Short (children's box)	0	8	6
Collected by Mr. H. Spurgeon	1	19	0
Mr. L. R. Hall	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. P. A. Belding ...	0	10	6
Mr. P. L. Henkin	1	1	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Copland	0	5	0
Mrs. Potter's children	0	8	6
Mrs. S. Dunn	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel Johnston	0	10	0
Mr. P. Wallis	0	10	0
Mrs. Ely	1	1	0
The Rookery children's box	0	17	0
In loving memory of our dear mother	0	2	6
A friend, per Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Rowell	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Emily Prior	0	9	2
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
Mr. James Beere	0	10	0
Mrs. Thorne	0	10	0
A friend, per Mrs. Thorne	1	0	0
A friend, per Pastor W. Jenkins ...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	9	5
Mr. A. Todd	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Finch	0	10	0
Mrs. Matthews	0	10	6
In memoriam, 17th July, 1885	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Adam	1	0	0
Adelphi	4	4	0
Mrs. Garroway	5	0	0
1 Samuel xxx., 20...	2	0	0
Miss Bessie Latlin...	0	2	6
J. S.	0	3	0
A small offering from a poor person ...	0	2	0
H. M. F.	0	3	0
Miss Hopperton, per Miss Bromley ...	0	10	0
Ruthie and Jackie...	2	2	0
A friend of the orphans	0	10	0
A friend to the Stockwell Orphanage...	20	0	0
Mr. George Hilder...	100	0	0
Mr. James Stevenson	0	2	0
Mrs. Potter	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe	0	10	0
Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Llandrindod friends, per Miss I. Harding	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	2	19	5
Mrs. Newman	2	10	0
Miss Julia Mead	4	4	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0
Miss Mary Smith	1	0	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
The Hon. Mrs. West	1	1	0
A. C.	0	5	0
O. R., Alcester	0	7	6
In memory of Mrs. J. A. Bass, Mount Sorrel	2	0	0
Miss Buckle...	5	0	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Mrs. Mundy...	1	1	0
A grateful grandmother	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Arnott and family ...	2	10	6
Miss S. Gould	3	0	0
A thankoffering for recovery from sickness, per Pastor W. Higlett ...	5	0	0
Sunday-school children, Railway Mission, West Brompton	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	3	0
Mr. W. I. Palmer	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0
Mrs. James Withers ...	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Sutton... ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mr. Alfred Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mr. Herbert Sutton ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Gregory	0	15	0
Mr. Beecroft	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cawslade	0	5	0
Mrs. Lansley	0	5	0
Mr. Brigham	0	2	6
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ...	0	2	6
Mr. Leslie	0	3	0
Mrs. W. Shepherd ...	0	2	6
Mr. Turner	0	1	0
	10	18	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Denham	1	0	0
Mr. Webdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
"Dorton"	3	3	0
Miss Pyne	0	2	6
Per J. L. K., jun.:—			
Three friends, D. P. C.	0	17	6
Mrs. Thompson	0	5	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Blackpool	10	0	0
Hasingden	10	5	2
Cambridge	10	10	7
Donations:—			
Mr. R. J. Moffatt	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Watts	1	1	0
In memoriam	1	1	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Apthorpe	1	1	0
Mr. Plant	0	10	6
Mr. Yarrow	0	10	6
Mr. Charton	0	10	6
Mr. Scruby	0	10	6
Mr. Wilmott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Chivers	0	5	0
Mr. Maris	0	5	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	5	0
Mrs. Summers	0	2	6
Mr. C. F. Foster	5	10	0
			25 11 1
King's Lynn:—			
Moiety of proceeds ...	4	0	0
Programmes	0	17	3
Donations	3	14	6
			8 11 9
Bishop's Stortford (second amount) ...			0 5 6
Baptist Total Abstinence Association			4 16 0
Carlton Church, Southampton			7 10 5
Bromley Road, Lee			3 3 0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Watson			1 1 0
Mr. George Palmer			50 0 0
Mr. George Palmer (extra)			20 0 0
A member of the Church of England ...			0 5 0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson ...	0	5	0
Odds and ends, F. R. T. ...	0	13	0
			1 8 0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Sandwich, per Bankers			2 2 0
Mr. E. K. Stace			0 10 0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey			0 2 6
Mr. H. I. Reynolds			0 5 0
			£616 17 1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 15th to June 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—A quantity of Bread, Mr. N. Read; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. W. T. Graham; 3 lbs. Tea, Miss S. Ellis; a quantity of Greens, Mr. W. Taylor; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Pringle; 1 case containing 1,080 Eggs, Mr. W. Paxman.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—4 Night Shirts, Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mr. W. G. Shepherd; 1 dozen Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 12 Shirts, the Surrey Square Mission, per Mr. Charles A. Pavey; 1 parcel Unfinished Garments, Mrs. E. Baker; 9 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; a parcel of pieces of Cloth, Mr. W. and E. Hunt.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—16 Articles, Miss H. L. Gibbons; 3 Dresses and 10 yards Cotton Dress Material, Mrs. J. Lord; 54 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Handkerchiefs, 12 Collars, the Surrey Square Mission, per Mr. Charles A. Pavey; 1 Dress, 1 Apron, "Anon.;" 13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 17 Articles, The Members of the Girls' Christian Band, Zion Chapel, New Brompton, per Mrs. S. Harvey; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Sewing Meeting, Oaklands Baptist Chapel, Surbiton, per Mrs. Storr.

GENERAL.—1 Cricket Ball, Mr. George Matthews; 1 box Flowers, "Anon."; a few copies of "Graphic" and "Illustrated London News," Mr. J. W. Andrews; 4 Pictures, and a few prints, executors of the late Mr. E. Boustead; 1 box Flowers, Miss E. Parsons.

BAZAAR.—4 dozen 6d. boxes French Chocolate, 2 dozen 6d. packets Cocoa Essence, Messrs. Cadbury Brothers; 2 articles, Miss Manning; 7 articles, Miss Wratten; 16 fancy articles, Miss C. Meares; 1 Mantelpiece Border, Mrs. S. J. Smith; 1 article, Mrs. R. G. Anderson; 1 volume, Mr. T. Dawson; 2 articles, Miss Cook; 2 volumes Bunyan's Works, Mrs. Devenish; 7 articles, Miss Morris; 12 articles, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, The Misses Deacon, and Miss B. Harding; 6 articles, Miss M. Jones; 4 articles, Miss Higgs; a few fancy articles, Mrs. A. E. Knight; 3 articles, Mrs. Hayward; 14 articles, Miss J. Workman; 1 Antimacassar, Miss Morris; 4 articles, a well-wisher, "M. M."; 1 article, Anon.; 2 articles, Miss A. Pile; 1 article, from a poor woman; 2 articles, Anon.; 1 painted Plaque, Anon.; 2 articles, Anon.; 3 articles, Miss Wilson; 1 box Pen Wipers, Anon.; 1 article, B. B. W., Scotland; 2 dozen fancy boxes Biscuits, Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co.; 1 painted Flower Vase, Anon.; 1 Table Mat, Miss Jackaman; 16 boxes fancy Chocolate, Messrs. Fry and Sons; 12 bottles Chutney, 36 bottles A1 Sauce, 24 Erbswurst, 6 tins Potted Meat, Messrs. Brand and Co.; 19 articles, Anon.; 2 articles, Anon.; 1 Dress, Miss E. A. Field; 2 articles, Anon.; 1 article, Anon.; 4 articles, Anon.; 4 articles, Mrs. Sims; 2 articles, Miss S. K.; 2 articles, Miss Hallett; 3 articles, a Friend; 3 articles, Anon.; 3 articles, Mrs. Cole; 7 fancy boxes Starch, 7 packets Corn Flour, 7 packets Blue, 12 tins Mustard, 3 bottles Mustard Oil, Messrs. J. and J. Colman; 2 articles, Mrs. Swindell; 6 articles, Miss Warren; 6 articles, Miss Goetz; 11 articles, Anon.; 1 article, Anon.; 1 Dress, Miss Roberts; 20 Pincushions, Mrs. E. Cork; 9 articles, Mrs. Wilmott; 11 articles, Mrs. Possel; 39 volumes, Mr. T. D. Galpin; 1 Doll, Mrs. A. Watts; 1 article, Miss F. Woodington; 2 articles, Anon.; 6 articles, Miss Thomas; 9 articles, Several Readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons; 2 articles, Anon.; 2 articles, Miss Dee; 2 articles, Miss H. A. Grose; 27 volumes, Messrs. Nisbet and Co.; 3 articles, Mrs. Ewen; parcel clothes, Anon.; 21 volumes, Messrs. Morgan and Scott; 2 Vases, Mr. May; 11 articles, Mrs. Fellowes; 1 set of Mats, Miss E. Harper; 5 articles, Mrs. McLeod; 1 article, Mrs. Keevil; 1 article, M. B. C.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Wilts and East Somerset Association...	30	0	0
Ludlow District, per Mr. James Evans	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. A. Maw	15	0	0
Cambridge Association—Swaffham District	10	0	0
James-street, St. Luke's, per Pastor E. J. Farley	10	0	0
Castleton, per Mr. John Cory	10	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhiwceiber, per Mr. R. Cory	20	0	0
Borstal District	20	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassell	10	0	0
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. B——	10	0	0
Worcester Association	30	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Bethnal Green:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£227	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Annual Meeting	13	15	3
Mr. J. G. Priestley...	2	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	14	9	3
Mr. John Neal	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	2	6
Mrs. Webb	0	10	0
Cairngorm	0	10	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. A. Long...	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	10	0	0
Mrs. John Olney	2	2	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
The Misses A. and E. Newman... ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. E. Davies	2	2	0
Messrs. W. Kent and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. G. F. Satchell...	2	0	0
Mr. Henry Barrett...	0	10	0
Miss Penston	0	10	6
Mr. George Palmer	20	0	0
	£91	16	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Mrs. Wightman	1	0	0
M. P., Sutton Bassett	1	0	0
Postal order from Staines	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Brown	0	5	0
The Misses E. and H. Symington ...	2	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Drummond-road, Bermondsey	2	0	0
Mr. James McElkinny	0	10	0
Mr. Lavers, per Mr. Dunster	6	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Ruardean Hill...	1	5	6
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Acton	3	10	0
Mr. Thos. Hunnable	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Northcote Road Chapel, Wandsworth Common	3	12	7
Mr. Bettinson	5	0	0
A grateful grandmother	0	10	0
Mr. Giles Shaw	5	5	0
A friend, per Pastor W. Jenkins ...	2	0	0
	£46	8	1

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Wilson...	0	10	0
Miss L. Caffyn	1	0	0
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0
A member of the Church of England ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. O. Lloyd	0	1	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood	5	0	0
	£8	16	0

Pastor E. Lauderdale asks us to say that he has received 5s. from Balham and 2s. 6d. from Bath for the widow of Fred. Saunders, of Grimsby. Two contributions have also been sent to us, which we have forwarded to the poor woman.

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

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,

1887.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Hon. Treasurer.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

Committee.

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„ J. J. COOK.	„ WALTER MILLS.
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„ S. JOHNSON.	„ 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	87	9,601	13	7	560,750	11,952
1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	1887	80	9,166	8	3	831,130	9,742

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.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT, 1887.

IN presenting their twenty-first Annual Report, the Committee desire again to express their gratitude to God for the steady and continuous success which has attended the operations of the Association.

During 1887 the number of men employed was not so large as in the previous year, being 80 instead of 86.

Allowing for this decrease in numbers, and notwithstanding the depression and poverty which have existed in many of the districts, the sales actually made show a very favourable average, and amount to £9,166 8s. 3d., against £9,601 13s. 7d. in 1886. To accomplish this no less than 831,130 visits were made to families, while the number and variety of publications sold were very considerable, viz. :—Bibles, 8,509; Testaments, 11,955; Books, 436,707; Periodicals, 327,372; Scripture Texts and other Cards, 175,084.

The amount of work involved in these results will be better appreciated if it be remembered that the majority of the sales range from a halfpenny magazine to a sixpenny book, and that few books are sold of more than a shilling in value.

The colporteurs were working in twenty-eight different counties :— Hampshire and Wiltshire each employing eight; Gloucestershire and Kent, five; Essex and Middlesex, four each; Somerset, Devon, Worcestershire, Warwick, and Staffordshire, three each; Cambridge, Derby Glamorgan, Salop, Suffolk, Bucks, Berks, Norfolk, two each; Hereford, Surrey, Oxon, Dorset, Northampton, Herts, Aberdare, Cornwall, and Lancashire, one each.

The need for colportage was never greater, and there is "much land yet to be possessed."

It must not be overlooked that many scattered districts are visited which are untouched by other Christian agencies, and remote from a bookseller's shop. In such localities the colporteur is a welcome visitor, and the contents of his pack are eagerly scanned, while his endeavours to win men to Christ are often crowned with much success. But the colporteur finds ample scope for his calling, even when the people are surrounded by facilities for buying good books, because he visits them at their homes, and by personal appeal induces many to buy what would not have been purchased in the ordinary way.

Also in such localities the injurious literature is more prevalent, and the need for pushing colportage all the greater. Experience proves that, whether in town or country, a suitable and qualified man is usually successful, and the instrument of doing much good. By the sale of God's Word and sound interesting books and magazines, by constantly calling upon the same people, and often reading and praying with them, and by simple gospel addresses, the colporteur's work is almost unique in its power for direct spiritual benefit.

Once a month a parcel of tracts is sent to every colporteur for gratuitous distribution. These provide a ready introduction, and even when no sales are effected often prove messengers of salvation to sinners, and of comfort to believers.

It is a cause for gratitude that the finances of the Association are in a thoroughly sound condition, as the cash account shows, and the committee very heartily thank all those friends who have kindly contributed in the past. It will be observed, however, that there is a deficiency of £603 6s. 2d., arising partly from a diminution of subscriptions to the general fund, and partly because aid has been afforded to several districts where temporary assistance was considered desirable.

The committee with much sorrow have to record the death of Edward Boustead, Esq., of Clapham, who from the foundation of the Association has been one of its most ardent admirers, warmest sympathizers, and most liberal contributors, though he would never allow his name to appear as such. Although he has left a substantial legacy to the Association, yet it must not be forgotten that his liberal annual subscription will no longer be available, and hence the need for additional contributions to the general fund.

The committee have to express their thanks to the Religious Tract Society for continued assistance in granting tracts at reduced prices, and also to the British and Foreign Bible Society for the supply of Bibles, &c., on favourable terms.

The character of the work performed by the society's agents will be gathered from the extracts which are given in the following pages, which it is hoped will interest friends of the work, and secure their prayers and practical co-operation.

EXTRACTS FROM COLPORTEURS' LETTERS AND REPORTS, &c.

DECISION THROUGH PREACHING.

Mr. ALLEN, of Repton, Staffordshire, writes:—"As I went to an appointment to preach, I met a man who told me that, through what he heard me say there, he had decided to seek the Saviour, and lead a different life (he has been a very bad character)."

THE COLPORTEUR AN ALMONER.

"I had again (through the kindness of a gentleman) the very pleasant task of delivering 2s. 6d. each to twenty-four widows and old people, which was in many cases not only received with thankfulness, but accompanied with a prayer invoking God's best blessing upon the giver."

TRACT USEFUL.

"One day I called at a house where a man was ill, but as I could not get to speak to him, I left him "Charlie Coulson," which led him to thought and decision. He has since died happy in the Lord."

TRACTS VALUED.

Mr. ATHAY, of Worcester, reports that he is greatly welcomed in visiting the people. The tract which he mentions, entitled "Charlie Coulson," is alluded to in most of the Colporteurs' reports, and appears to have been wonderfully useful:—"*Re* Charlie Coulson. I cannot date any direct conversions from this tract, but it has been blessed to sinner and saint. I gave one to a brother, who read it in the street in the city, one Sabbath night, to a lot of the low class, and they listened very attentively. 'That was a grand little book you gave us last time, sir,' cried one, 'I have read it to many. Our Will got through half-way, and couldn't go no further; he wouldn't let me have it again.' Gave her another. 'Thank you, sir, now I have one myself.' I read it at a village meeting, and it proved a very great blessing."

BOOKS VALUED.

Mr. ANDREW, of Sellindge, is much encouraged in his work, which he has been able to extend considerably by means of a donkey and cart provided by the liberality of local friends. He writes:—"A lady who bought from me 'Morning Thoughts for our Daughters,' said, 'Mr. A., I was very pleased the other day to hear that the book, 'Morning Thoughts, &c.,' which I gave to a young person, 'has been a great blessing to her, and I was so pleased to hear it; so I should like you to bring me three more copies to give away.' One person, who bought a copy of 'A Peep Behind, &c.,' said, 'I did like that book I bought of you. I cannot read myself, but my children read it to me, and we all liked it so much, that we should like another of the same kind.' Another, to whom I sold a copy of 'The Sunshine,' was so interested in it, that she gave me the order to bring it monthly."

CONVERSIONS.

Mr. BARKER, of Great Thurlow, is also greatly encouraged by the following incidents:—"During the past quarter, nine adults have professed conversion. One has been a most desperate character. For many years she has visited the public-house, and delighted in drinking, swearing, and song singing. But now she is 'clothed, and in her right mind.'"

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

"I visited an old lady at Bradley who was taken ill, whom I had visited many times prior to her sickness. She was anxious about her soul. I prayed with her, and pointed her to Jesus; and I have since been informed that she died a triumphant death. The people receive me gladly, and often thank me for a few kind words. It is indeed a blessed work?"

TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

Mr. BELLAMY, of Fritham, writes of good results in various departments of his work. Tracts again are mentioned as bearing fruit in reformation of character and inducing a desire for better reading:—"This month I gave a good number of tracts away—'Charlie Coulson'—these tracts have been used in four Sunday-schools, by the teachers and ministers, in the place of an address, and I believe have been much blessed. Since then, three servant girls came and told me that the tract had been a blessing to them, and asked me for more. Before they read this tract, they spent their Sundays walking about the forest, but now they wanted something better: could I bring them something better to read. Something like 'Charlie Coulson.' I now supply them with monthly books."

VISITING A FACTORY.

Mr. BEER, of East Greenwich, illustrates the variety of persons reached by colportage. He writes:—"The factory I go to gives me a good reception. The governor pays for the books, while a word is spoken to every one. One man has

nailed a text over his bench which I left some time ago—'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' The influence of this work seems to be telling on the lives of some of the men."

GIPSIES LOOKED AFTER.

"Twice during the quarter I have spoken to the gipsies. On one occasion I obtained their consent, and had an open-air meeting; also another time, and at another place, we had some singing, and selling the Word, whilst some woman shouted out, 'Throw him out; don't want no preaching.'"

EXTENDING THE WORK.

Mr. BIGNELL, of Orpington, reports opening up an entirely new district for preaching and Sunday-school services:—"We have extended our Christian work in this neighbourhood. A new field of buildings has been put up during the last three years, between Orpington and St. Mary Cray, all cottages. In going round from month to month I found very few of the people attended a place of worship, there not being any in the village. In December last I spoke to some Christian brethren about it, and we formed ourselves into a committee, and have taken a cottage, and made two rooms into one, so as to hold sixty persons. The room was opened in January, and we have had some glorious times there. We have service there on Sunday evenings, and once in the week, when the room is well filled. Nearly all who attend these services are *people who never went to any place of worship before.* One man, who has been to every service, had not been to a place of worship for four years, another for seven years; so that many are hearing the gospel who had not heard it for a long time. I believe that already a good spiritual work has begun in the hearts of many who attend. A branch Sunday-school has been started. Of the children who used to play on the Common on Sundays, not being taught to regard the Sabbath, many are gathered every Sunday into this room to be taught the Word of God."

VISITATION VALUED.

Mr. C. BARTLETT, of Bourton-on-the-Water, writes of visitation valued, and useful to several:—"I feel very sorry that I cannot report any manifest conversions, but my visits to the homes of the people, especially the aged, have been very cheering. One poor old woman I visited, and with whom I read and prayed, said, 'I'm so glad you come to see us; I wish you could come every week. It's just what we old folks want—some one to come and read and talk to us.' With tears running down her aged face, she thanked me, and begged me to call again."

DEALING WITH THE ANXIOUS.

"Another very old person I found in bed, being too weak and feeble to get up, and living quite alone. I said, 'Well, Mrs. H——, you are going down the hill fast; is it all right?' She said, 'I hope so; but I sometimes feel a bit afraid, because I am so old, and have been so wicked.' I said, 'You are just the one Jesus came to save.' She said, 'Do you think so?' I said, 'Yes. Just look here, what Jesus says: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."' She said, 'Then bless his name.' I prayed with her, and after I had gone down stairs, and was leaving the house, I heard her saying, 'The Lord bless the man.'"

BIBLE READING.

"Mr. BENDALL, of Great Totham, writes:—"In my journeys to-day I called at a house where I sold a picture Bible you sent me, and I was very pleased to hear that the man (a very ungodly man) was having it read to him. He would not have an ordinary Bible read to him, but after looking at the pictures he wanted it read, and I have been told that Bible is much prized in that house. There are also two young men, sons of the above, who have taken to reading God's Word through reading the picture Bible. So it gave me great encouragement in the work."

DRUNKARD RECLAIMED BY A TRACT.

"I was much encouraged to-day by the results of a tract I gave some two months ago. The man read the tract, and it had the effect upon him that he gave it to a

very drunken man, and it has been the means, in God's hand, of his giving up the drink. May the Lord change his heart!"

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

Mr. CORNOCK, of Ludlow, reports blessing in a case after six years' visitation:—"I was thanked by a woman leaving by train. She said I had been a great blessing to her father. 'He used to swear if we asked him to go to a place of worship, but now he is so different; he goes regularly. Oh, he is so different,' she repeated, with emphasis. I believe this dear man is really saved, and regularly comes to hear the Word. But I certainly did not know that I had been such a blessing to him till his daughter told me. I have visited them at intervals for six or seven years past, and praise the Lord for this testimony to-day."

A YEAR'S REPORT.

Mr. KEDDIE, of Maldon, sends a brief report of the past year, which is very encouraging:—"In looking back over the past year, I do it with mingled feelings. I feel I wish I had done more, but on the other hand I am glad for what I have been enabled to do. Let the following record speak:—Bibles sold, 109; Testaments, 86; Books under 6d., 676; over 6d., 657; Magazines, 7,352; Texts of Scripture, 1,114. Amounting in all to £157 14s. 3d., being the largest amount I have ever taken in one year since I came here, eleven years ago, and being nearly £20 advance on last year; besides, I have distributed thousands of tracts which I have had sent me by the society and private friends.

"I have supplied the pulpits of the Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, and Baptists, and the only regret I have heard is, that I do not go often enough. The services proved to be seasons of great refreshing to the people of God. Oh, for more of the loving Spirit's power on all the work!

"The mission at Woodham Walter is still progressing. One man, about a month ago, a desperate character, has seen his way to the cross, and is rejoicing in a Saviour's love. A woman, speaking of this man, said she was glad to hear of it, for her boys had to work with him, and his language was awful before he professed a change of heart."

TEXT CARDS BLESSED.

Mr. LLOYD, of Poole, sends a report full of interesting incidents. He writes:—"In January I sold some wall texts to a woman, who gave one to a sister, who was very ill in bed. It was put on the wall where she could see it. Before she died, she told those present that the precious words of the text had been the means of helping her to lay hold of the 'Blessed Hope' held out to her in the Gospel."

MR. SPURGEON'S WORKS.

"In March, a county policeman's wife told me that she obtained much good through reading 'The Sword and the Trowel,' which the year before I prevailed on her to take, as well as from a few books I had sold her. She said her husband also enjoyed reading the magazines each month very much."

TRASHY LITERATURE SUPERSEDED.

"In August, a woman told me how much she liked 'The Christian Million,' and that her daughter, who was in the habit of buying and fond of reading a lot of trash about love, had taken to reading the above-named paper, and had become much more thoughtful and steady."

THE COLPORTEUR AS AN EVANGELIST.

"My preaching has been by no means fruitless, for at one village chapel where I preach frequently, six or seven persons have found Jesus, and are already very helpful in a prayer meeting. Thus God has been pleased to own my humble efforts.

"These persons are now before the parent church as candidates for membership.

"I am thankful to say that God is still richly blessing me in my Sunday and week-night services with good congregations and seeking souls. To him be all the praise!

"I have preached and delivered ninety-five sermons and gospel addresses, with

much prayer for God's blessing, which has been richly given in the conversion of souls to himself.

"Here follows the number of Bibles, Testaments, &c., sold, together with the amount realized in cash :—Bibles, 175 ; Testaments, 52 ; Books at 6d. and upwards, 953 ; Books under 6d., 827 ; Periodicals (monthly), 7,447 ; Books, in packets, 773 ; Cards, in packets, 2,004 ; Almanacks (Scripture) 499 ; large Wall Texts, 564 ; Volumes bound, 144. Total value of sales, £160 10s. 1d."

Mr. PORTINGALL gives a description of his district, showing the great need which exists for colportage there :—"I have twenty-six villages in my district, which I visit every month, Kettering in addition. Six of these have no Dissenting place of worship, three have cottage services held every Sunday evening. There are a number of people in most of these places whose morals are very low, drinking being the principal cause. There are a large number, in proportion to the inhabitants, of every place that do not attend any place of worship, and are very indifferent to spiritual things. As to the circulation of literature, I find the *Free Thinker* is circulated in two or three of the largest villages, and in the others the local papers. I have been in this district now eight years, and have induced a number of young people to take good, wholesome reading ; and a number of parents, who told me that they had never taken any kind of reading for their children, have taken magazines, and say they do not know how they should get on without them, and hope I shall continue to visit them."

Mr. B. NEAL, who has worked in connection with Miss S. Robinson and the Soldiers' Institute, at Portsmouth, sends the following report :—"Dear Sir, I have to report that the work is going on. I continue to visit the same streets and courts as usual, and see the same people, only when a change of tenant is made. I visit the early morning market on Saturdays, with my Bible-carriage, where I give away a lot of tracts, and sell my books when I can. I have to endure a lot of insult and rudeness from infidels and others, my stand being in front of a public-house door ; but I am often able to speak a word for my Master to the people that I come in contact with in the market. During the summer months I have held many open-air meetings on Sundays and on week-nights in the streets, and on the quay among the watermen. Many have thus been led into the meetings in the hall. I have taken part in many other meetings at the Institute. As to success in this work, I must leave that to God. My testimony has been blessed to souls, and so have the tracts given away. I have heard of blessings on the books sold, and am often hearing of help received from reading Spurgeon's Sermons. Truly there is need for good books and tracts to be taken into these courts and haunts of vice, sin, and misery : and I do thank God for any blessing given, and still press on to do his will and bring sinners to him. To him be all the praise!"

VISITING SAILORS.

Mr. SALTER, of Cowes, Isle of Wight, writes :—"I have also visited the ships in the harbour, when I speak for the Master as opportunity offers, and give them a hearty invitation to our services if they can manage to get on shore. On the 15th of July I heard there were two foreign ships up the river to be repaired. I went on board a Norwegian, and showed them my books, and several Norwegian Testaments, but could not sell any. I gave them some Norwegian tracts that were given me by the late Miss Hadfield for that purpose. They read them, and seemed very pleased. I then went on board a large French vessel, and showed them my books, and a few French Testaments. The captain bought a Testament and one slate. I gave away some French books and tracts ; the sailors were very pleased, and commenced to read them before I left. On my way back I visited a few yachts, and gave away some tracts, as I could not sell them any books."

TWO CONVERSIONS THROUGH READING ONE BOOK.

Mr. TURNER, of Newton Abbott, reports interesting cases of the usefulness of good books :—"A lady purchased a book of me entitled, 'Precious Truths in plain Words.' She presented it to a poor widow, who was then in the hospital awaiting a very painful operation. The book was the means of her conversion. She has had many painful troubles since ; but has always found comfort from the reading of the book. Sold 'Messenger of Mercy,' to a lady whom I believe to be a Christian. But her

husband was not professedly a saved man, although a member of *the Church*. He was taken very ill. The last time I saw him I had a little quiet talk with him about his soul. He listened with very great attention as I told him of Jesus, the sinner's Friend. On my next round he was ill in bed, too far gone for me to see him. His wife told me he frequently asked her to read from the book in question. And when she was reading to him he would say, 'That is nice.' The son came in the market yesterday to tell me he had passed away to the world beyond. He simply trusted in Jesus; died in the arms of his sons. His last words were, 'It's finished; the last battle's fought; the victory's won; praise the Lord!' The same book was the means of the conversion of an old person eighty years of age."

"Called at a house, offered my books for sale, tried to sell 'Good Tidings for the Anxious.' The man heard me at the door, as I named the title of the book to his wife. He said, 'I will have it,' to which he added, 'I am one of those anxious ones.' I tried in my feeble way to point him to Jesus. During next round I sold him Mr. Spurgeon's, 'All of Grace' and his sermon called the 'Holdfast.' He has cast his fears to the wind, and is rejoicing in Christ as his personal Saviour, and has taken a class in the Sunday-school."

PERILS OF NOVEL READING.

"Called at a house on the 25th inst. The servant came to the door. I asked if I could sell her a book, to which she replied, 'I don't read the class of books you sell. I read nothing but novels.' I entreated her to give them up if she valued her character. I told her of others they had ruined. To which she said, 'I fear they will ruin me; they make me feel anything but serious.' She then told me of a young woman, now lost to all respectable society, who attributes her present condition to the reading of novels. I again entreated her, for the sake of her precious soul, to give them up. I then sold her 'The Orphans of Glen Elder.' She promised, God helping her, she would never read another novel."

AT WORK IN THE FAIR.

Mr. WITTON, of High Wycombe, speaks of good work done in the fair and market:—"On September 26th and 27th, Mr. Carter and myself took our stand on the fair ground, which was almost filled with show carts and stalls of various kinds. We arrived at the place about six o'clock in the morning, put up our stall, had breakfast, and commenced work.

"The first two things we sold were two Bibles; also a good number of small books. Mr. Collins had a large number of 'British Workman' and 'Band of Hope,' and other papers, for us to give away. In the afternoon we visited every show cart and van in the fair, and gave one to every owner and their children, and others. I visited one man with a broken leg; another man was sick; and had conversation with them. They were glad to have a word of Christian advice, and said they would read the books, or get someone to read them for them. We gave away 2,850 periodicals, besides those sold.

"Next morning, as I was passing the vans, I saw the young women reading the books we had left with them, and we trust that great good may come to those poor people. I sold a woman the little book, 'Mother's Last Words,' and it was sent to America; and there it was the means of blessing to a sick woman.

"The little tract, 'Charlie Coulson,' is still doing great things. A man that I gave it to sent it to a friend, and she read it, and the Lord blessed it to her soul. This little book is doing much good, and I wish I had more to give on my rounds. People lend it to each other, and God's blessing follows the reading of it.

"The other day, when on my rounds, I found a woman in great distress of soul; and as I tried to set forth the promises of God the light broke in upon her soul, and she was happy. I can only add that my work is going on quite as well as one might expect, as trade is very bad just now. May the Lord bless his own word and work, for his own name's sake!"

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 1887 :—

BOOKS.

Bibles...	8,509	Books under 6d.	90,956
Testaments (various)	11,955	Books over 6d....	67,495
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	2,015	,, in Packets	54,655
,, John Ploughman's do.	7,696	Scripture Texts...	50,897
,, Books (various) ...	4,104	Cards in Packets	124,187
Almanacks (various)	14,238		

TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS ... ... 436,707.

MAGAZINES.

Adviser	3,675	Mothers' Treasury	5,107
Appeal	2,988	Notes on Scripture Lessons ...	4,254
Band of Hope	13,728	Old Jonathan	3,027
Child's Own Magazine	7,371	Prize	12,717
Herald of Mercy	3,693	Sunshine	14,822
Baptist Messenger	5,873	Chatterbox	5,538
British Workman	11,440	Our Darlings	3,128
British Workwoman	13,367	Sword and Trowel	5,222
Child's Companion	7,926	Friendly Greetings	2,678
Children's Friend	11,674	Young England	3,819
Cottager	7,619	Boy's Own Paper	4,419
Family Friend	16,772	Girl's Own Paper	11,721
Friendly Visitor	6,797	Quiver	13,558
Home Words	4,219	Spurgeon's Sermons...	11,256
Infants' Magazine	4,361	Sunday at Home	9,820
Mothers' Friend	3,321	Welcome	3,877
Our Own Gazette	6,006	Miscellaneous Magazines... ...	112,000

TOTAL MAGAZINES... 327,372

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 80 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 191,000 Tracts, and made about 831,130 visits.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association :—

£112,884 15s. 6d.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,

OCCUPIED DURING 1887.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Mr. W. C. Toone.
Swindon	Wiltshire	B. Slatter	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	W. J. Singleton...	1872	Thomas Blake, Esq.
Riddings and Ilkeston	Derbyshire... ...	Robert Hall ...	1872	W. H. Roberts, Esq.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Rev. J. Ronney.
Dorking	Surrey...	H. Barringer ...	1873	Mr. C. Peirson.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire...	S. Shaw	1873	R. Cory, Esq., J.P.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	H. Maboy	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. Mears	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Wollow	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Witney	Oxfordshire ...	L. W. Smith ...	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	A. Maw, Esq.
Powsey Vale ...	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Mr. Sharman and Local Committee.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	H. C. Waller ...	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bollamy... ...	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington... ...	Hampshire	G. Botwright ...	1876	Rev. G. N. Willis.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	R. H. Cook, Esq.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Halesowen	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould	1877	C. H. Clowes, Esq.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Association.
Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards ...	1877	
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	D. Witton	1877	R. Collins, Jun., Esq.
Newton Abbot ...	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	R. Thorn	1879	Messrs. Fox. Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton ...	A. Portingall ...	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
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.
Towkesbury ...	Gloucestershire ...	Thos. Nolmes ...	1882	Rev. A. Graham.
Thornbury	Gloucestershire ...	C. G. Hicks ...	1882	E. Cullimore, Esq.
Tring	Herts	J. Appleby	1882	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
*Willingham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	F. H. Marshall ...	1882	Mr. W. Johnson.
Calne	Wilts	C. Morgan	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker ...	1883	Norfolk Association.
Great Totham ...	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrikyber	Aberdare	J. F. Lear and S. Magor	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Wendover and Aylesbury ...	Bucks	J. Smith	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Moysey hampton ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey	1884	Captain Milbourn.
*Bristol	Gloucestershire ...	A. Walker	1884	"H. M."
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn ...	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer
*Epping	Essex	G. Wheeler	1884	H. P. Brown, Esq.
Melksham	Wilts	J. W. Knee	1884	Rev. G. Webb.

Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlott	1884	Mr. W. E. Edwards.
*Winchester... ...	Hants	W. J. Singleton ...	1884	Miss L. Perks.
*Launceston... ...	Cornwall	George Keene ...	1884	Mr. R. Peter.
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.
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 Lassells.
Weston - super - Mare	Somerset	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	
Greenwich	Kent	W. Boor	1886	Rev. C. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Cope	1887	H. Sorpell, Esq.
*Sedgley	Staffordshire ...	H. Gilks	1887	F. A. Homer, Esq.
Horley & Burstow	Surrey...	W. H. Chillman...	1887	J. J. Tustin, Esq.
Peckham	Surrey...	H. S. Smith ...	1887	Rev. F. M. Smith.
Colchester	Essex	F. Hyatt	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
Somers Town ...	Middlesex	R. Edgson	1887	Miss Griffith.
Boroughbridge ...	Yorkshire	J. Powell	1888	Yorkshire Association.

No. of Districts occupied during 1887 :—85.

* 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, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
For Districts.			
Aylesbury and Wendover, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	60	0	0
A. B., in loving memory of, for support of Colporteur for one year at Thornton Heath	50	0	0
Brentford, per Mr. Thos. Greenwood	40	0	0
Bulwick Lodges, per Northampton Association	28	6	8
Bower Chalke:			
Per Mr. Hardiman	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
Mr. Butler	1	0	0
Per Baptist Church	5	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——, for 1888	5	0	0
	17	0	0
Bath, Argyle Home Mission	20	0	0
Bromley (Kent) Congregational Church	20	0	0
Bethnal Green:			
Mr. C. E. Fox	15	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	15	0	0
	30	0	0
Borstal, per Mr. W. R. Craske	40	0	0
Burstow and Horley, per Mr. J. J. Tustin	30	0	0
Bristol, per H. M.	20	0	0
Cheddar, per Rev. J. Renny			
Sidney Hill, Esq.	5	0	0
W. Clark, Esq.	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	1	3	
	10	13	9
Calne, per Mr. J. Chappell	30	0	0
Colchester, per Mr. R. Scott	40	0	0
Crosby Garrett	5	16	0
Cambridge Association	56	13	4
Cardiff and Penrhiwceiber:			
Mr. John Cory	40	0	0
Mr. Richard Cory	40	0	0
	80	0	0
Castletown, per Mr. J. Cory	40	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	32	7	11
Dover:			
Collection at Salem Chapel	8	0	0
Mr. Edwin	1	0	0
The Misses Newing	1	0	0
	10	0	0
Epping, per Mr. H. P. Brown	20	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	40	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	22	10	0
Greenwich, East, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	40	0	0
Great Totham, per Mr. W. Morton	38	8	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. R. H. Cook	40	0	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins, jun.	40	0	0
Halesowen	13	12	6
Ilkeston and Riddings, per Mr. H. Roberts	30	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. A. Maw	30	0	0
James Street, St. Luke's, per Rev. E. J. Farley	30	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	40	0	0
Launceston, per Mr. R. Peter	40	0	0
Ludlow:			
Per Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Mr. E. G., ditto	1	0	0
Miss M., ditto	0	2	6
	1	7	6
Per Mr. James Evans	9	7	6
Littledale, per Mr. J. Dodson	40	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. Keevil	30	0	0
Minchinhampton, per friends in district	40	0	0
Meyseyhampton, per Captain Millbourn	35	0	0
Maldon, Essex, friends at	30	0	0
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassell	30	0	0
Per E. B.	10	0	0
Newbury, per Mr. A. Jackson	50	0	0
Norfolk Association:			
Neatishead	40	0	0
Newton Abbot, per South Devon Congregational Union	40	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0
Orpington:			
Per M. A. H.	20	0	0
Per Mrs. Allison's Bible Class	13	18	9
Okehampton	40	0	0
Oxfordshire Association:			
Stow and Aston	50	0	0
Witney	40	0	0
	90	0	0
Pitsea, per Essex Congregational Union	30	0	0
Portsmouth, per Miss Robinson	40	0	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	80	0	0
Ross, per Miss Ball	20	2	3
Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R——	40	0	0
Slough, per Berks Congregational Union	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association:			
Per Mr. W. Beer	150	0	0
Per Rev. R. Colman	50	0	0
	200	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon	30	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Col. Birney	24	0	0
Sedgley, per Mr. F. A. Homer	23	6	8
Tring, per Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School	40	0	0
Thurlow, per Suffolk Congregational Union	40	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. Thos. White	30	0	0
Thornbury:			
Per Mr. E. Cullimore	5	0	0
The late Mr. T. S. Childs	10	0	0
	15	0	0
Uxbridge, per Mr. D. White	40	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks	18	0	0
Waterloo Ville, per Mr. G. F. Lancaster	21	13	4
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. T. Bantock	40	0	0
Worcestershire Association	130	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	120	0	0
Willingham, per Mr. W. Johnson	20	0	0
Weston-super-Mare, per Rev. Spencer Murch	40	0	0
Total	£2,667	10	10
Differences between the amount of Arrears and Advances at the beginning and end of the year	80	5	1
See General Account	£2,587	5	9

General Subscriptions and Donations.

	£	s.	d.
Allan, Mrs.	0	10	0
Adelphi	1	1	0
A. F.	5	0	0
Blott, Mrs. G.	5	0	0
Blott, Mr. and Mrs.	5	0	0
Baker, Mrs.	2	10	0
Beilby, Dr.	2	0	0
Billing, Mr. Josh.	1	0	0
Balcombe, Mrs. Jemima, deceased, Executors of	20	0	0
Baxter, Mr. James	0	10	0
Barrie, Mr. John	1	0	0
Bartlett, Miss	0	10	0
Brougham, Dr.	2	10	0
Casser, Mr.	0	10	0
Chillingworth, Mrs.	0	10	0
Cockrell, Mr. F. H.	3	0	0
Cockrell, Mr. F.	0	10	0
"Christian Herald," Readers of	14	8	3
Collected at Annual Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle	24	11	1
C. A. M.	10	0	0
"Christian," The Readers of, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Collection, South Street, Greenwich, after sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	22	12	7
Calder, Mrs.	5	0	0
Carrington, Mr. E. T.	0	5	0
Clarke, Miss Ellen	0	6	0
Dore, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Drayson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Dawson, Mr. R.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Drinkwater, Mrs.	0	10	0
E. C.	10	0	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
E. W. R.	5	0	0
E. S.	5	0	0
E. J. B.	2	0	0
E. S., £5 note	5	0	0
From a friend, F.	1	0	0
Fitzgerald, Mrs.	1	0	0
Friend, A.	5	0	0
Friend, A.	1	0	0
Gibson, Mr. Robert	5	0	0
Greenwood, Mr. B. J.	5	0	0
Galley, Mrs. P.	0	7	6
Grange, Mr., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Gibbon, Miss H. L.	1	0	0
Gairdener, Mrs.	2	2	0
Hastings, Miss	0	5	0
Heelas, Mr. D., per Mr. James Withers	1	0	0
Halstead, Mrs.	0	5	0
Habershon, Dr. S. O.	1	1	0
H. B.	50	0	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
H. M.	15	0	0
Hill End	50	0	0
H. J., Malta	0	10	0
Higgs, Miss	10	0	0
Holt, Mr. Thomas	10	0	0
Harrington, Mr. H. C.	1	0	0
Hadland, Miss E.	1	1	0
Hadfield, Miss	5	0	0
Holt, Mr. Thomas	25	0	0
Hope, Mr. Martin Sutton	2	2	0
Hector, Mr. John	2	0	0
Haynes, Mr. and Mrs.	0	10	0
Hacksley, Mr. G.	0	5	0
King, Mrs., per Pastor J. Stanley	1	0	0
King, Mrs., in memory of	25	0	0
Lang, Mrs. J. M.	1	0	0
Lang, Rev. W. and Mrs.	2	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0
Long, Mrs. A.	1	1	0
Land, Mr. Thomas	0	7	6
Mead, Mr. J. B.	10	0	0
Moir, Mr. W.	1	0	0
Mead, Mr. John	1	1	0
Mead, Mrs.	1	1	0
Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. L.	0	15	0
Mounsey, Mr. E.	5	0	0
Mansell, Mr. H.	5	0	0
Mainwaring, Mr.	0	10	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Matthews, Mr. C.	1	0	0
M. R.	5	0	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
Nicholson, Miss A. K.	1	0	0
Norries, Mr. F. G.	0	10	0
Newell, Mr. E.	2	10	0
Nicholson, Miss M. E.	1	0	0
Osmond, Mr. H.	3	0	0
Perry, Mr. W.	0	9	6
Parkins, Miss, legacy, third instalment	1	16	0
P. W. A.	5	5	0
Priestley, Mr. J. E.	2	0	0
Price, Mr. C. H.	1	0	0
Pottinger, Mrs.	1	0	0
Postal note, Dunmow	1	0	0
Postal note, Staines	1	0	0
Pentelow, Mr.	1	0	0
Rather late	1	0	0
Roberts, Mr. C. W.	5	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	3	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Robinson, Miss	1	0	0
Rouse, Rev. G. H.	1	0	0
R—— Mr. Thomas	5	0	0
Rains, Mr. John	2	2	0
Rains, Mrs. John	1	1	0
Smith, Mrs. Jane	0	5	0
Scotch note, Collace	1	0	0
Scotland, from	5	0	0
Stephens, Mr. George	0	10	0
Sermons, Mr. Spurgeon's, a distributor of	0	10	0
Thankoffering, Bridport	0	5	0
Thomas, Mrs.	1	0	0
Thompson, Mr. George	10	0	0
Tillotson	0	5	0
Thompson, Mr. T.	2	0	0
Ulceby, from	0	5	0
U. J.	0	10	0
V. S.	2	0	0
W. and E. H., Exeter	0	7	0
Wilson, Messrs. J. and L.	0	10	0
Webb, Mrs.	0	10	0
Williams, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
Watts, Mr. H. M.	0	5	0
Websdale, Mrs., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Williams, Mr. George	52	10	0
Westrop, Mrs	3	0	0
Wakeham, Mrs.	1	0	0
Williamson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wood, Mr. and Mrs. H.	1	1	0
Wilson, Mrs.	2	0	0
Woodman, Mr.	0	5	0
Wilkinson, Miss	2	0	0
York, Miss E.	0	10	0

Annual Subscriptions.

	£	s.	d.
Buswell, Mr. J. (1886)	1	1	0
Buswell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Barrett, Mr. Henry	0	10	0
Brown, Mr. J. and Mrs.	1	1	0
Bilborough, Mrs. B. P.	1	1	0
Brayne, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Blake, Mr. W. A.	0	10	6
Chamberlain, Mr. A. (1886)	1	1	0
Carrington, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Cook, Mr. J. J. (1886)	1	1	0
Cook, Mr. J. J.	1	1	0
Cassell and Co., Messrs., Limited	2	2	0
Davis, Mr. T. E.	2	2	0
Dennish, Mr.	0	10	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Evans, Mrs.	0	5	0
Evans, Mrs. W. (1886)	0	5	0
E. B.	100	0	0
Frearson, Mr. H. B.	15	0	0
Francies, Miss	0	5	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Gunn, Mrs.	10	0	0
Macgregor, Mr. W. G.	1	1	0
Harrison, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Hodder and Stoughton, Messrs.	2	2	0
Hellier, Mr. R.	0	10	6
Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Hall, Mr. James	1	1	0
Izard, Mr. W.	2	2	0
Jenkins, Mrs.	1	1	0
Kent and Co., Messrs.	1	1	0
Liberty, Mr. Charles	0	10	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N.	10	0	0
Murrell, Mr. W. C.	1	1	0
Norris, Miss	0	10	6
Newman, the Misses E. A.	2	0	0
Newman, Miss	5	0	0
Olney, Mrs.	2	2	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	10	0	0
Parry, Mr. and Mrs. J. C.	0	10	0
Powell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Palmer, Mr. George	20	0	0
Penston, Miss	0	10	6
Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Passmore, Mr. J., jun.	1	1	0
Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0
Partridge and Co., Messrs. S. W.	2	2	0
Russell, Mrs. C. L.	0	5	0
Scard, Mr. A. H.	0	15	0
Satchell, Mr. G. F.	2	0	0
Smallridge, Miss	0	10	0
Stiff, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Townsend, Mrs.	1	1	0
Tucker, Mrs. F.	0	5	0
Thompson, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Woollard, Mr., 1886	1	1	0
Wayre, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Sums under 5s.	2	16	8
Total	£813	1	1

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year ending December 31st, 1887.

Dr. **Cr.**

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Colporteurs—			By Gross Profit on Sales		2,101 1 3
Wages	5,102 10 10		By Subscriptions—		
Expenses	394 19 4		For Districts	2,587 5 9	
		5,497 10 2	For General Purposes	813 1 1	
To Depôt and General Expenses—					3,400 6 10
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants ...	499 12 0		By Interest on Deposit		33 12 9
Printing and Stationery	68 7 3		By Deficiency carried to Capital Account		603 6 2
Postages, Telegrams, &c.	26 2 4				
Cleaning and Sundries	10 8 5				
Advertising and Travelling	11 12 5				
Annual Conference	20 19 5				
Tracts for Distribution	3 15 0				
		640 16 10			
		£6,138 7 0			£6,138 7 0

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1887.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Creditors—			By Stock—		
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	178 13 4		At Depôt	456 3 4	
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,186 19 8		With Colporteurs	1,110 10 2	
		1,365 13 0			1,566 13 6
To Capital Account—			By Debtors—		
Balances, December 31st, 1886	3,766 1 9		Colporteurs' Balances (in transit) ...	580 8 6	
Deficiency, December 31st, 1887 ...	603 6 2		Book Agents	29 0 10	
		3,162 15 7	District Subscriptions (due)	237 6 8	
					846 16 0
			By Cash—		
			At Bankers	384 19 1	
			Petty Cash	30 0 0	
			On Deposit	1,700 0 0	
					2,114 19 1
		£4,528 8 7			£4,528 8 7

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

JAMES A. SPURGEON, } Auditors.
BENJN. WILDON CARR, }

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
April, 1888.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1888.

"I pray you to Fasten your Grips."

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

THIS sentence I met with in one of those marvellous letters which Samuel Rutherford left as a priceless legacy to the church of God in all ages. Truly he hath dust of gold. I thought it would make a capital text for a prayer-meeting address, and so I jotted it down. It gripped me, and so I gripped it, in the hope that it might grip you, and lead you "to fasten your grips." But do not imagine that I have taken a text from Rutherford because I could not find one in the Bible, for there are many passages of Scripture which teach the same lesson. As for instance, that exhortation, "Lay hold on eternal life," or that other, "Hold fast that thou hast," or that other, "Hold fast the form of sound words." The things of God are not to be trifled with, "lest at any time we let them slip": they are to be grasped, as Jacob seized the angel, with "I will not let thee go." Faith is first the eye of the soul wherewith it sees the invisible things of God, and then it becomes the hand of the soul, with which it gets a grip of the substance of "the things not seen as yet." A man has two hands, and I would urge you to take a double hold upon those things which Satan will try to steal from you. Take hold of them as the limpet takes hold upon the rock, or as the magnet takes hold of steel. Give a life grip—a death grip: "*I pray you to fasten your grips.*"

And first, *do this with regard to the Lord Jesus Christ.* Cling to his cross as the sole hope of your soul. You, who already hold him by faith, I would stir up to hold fast the beginning of your confidence even to the end. Hold to him more intelligently and more decidedly than ever. Let everything else go, but keep your hand upon him as Joab held to

the horns of the altar. Should Jesus ask you, "Will ye also go away?" answer at once, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." As he holds you by his grace, so hold him by the grace which he has wrought in you. You must not ever have to think, as that Swedish sailor did, of whom Mr. Faithful told us that he said, "he once had Christ, and had lost him." "I pray you to fasten your grips" so firmly that no such awful thought shall ever darken your minds. "I held him," said the spouse in the Canticles, "and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me." You cannot bring Jesus to others if you do not hold him fast yourselves. Never dream of letting him go who is your hope, your joy, your all. He is yours to have and to hold when death shall part you from all beside.

If any of you have never taken hold upon Christ Jesus, "I pray you to fasten your grips" on him to-night. Oh, that the Holy Spirit may teach you, lead you, and enable you to do so at this moment! Christ is no shadow, you can lay hold of him, there is something to lay hold upon. Grasp him now as a drowning man would seize a life-buoy, as a man dying of hunger would clutch at a bit of bread. Jesus will not try to get away from you: he did not withdraw his garment from the woman who touched it for healing: he never denied himself to a seeking soul. Hold him, then, with a daring grasp. Make bold with our good Lord, for he loves a daring faith. Hath he not said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"? Grasp him, for he puts himself in your way at this good hour. Men are eager enough to snatch at the shadows of this poor fleeting world; why are you so slow to "fasten your grips" upon him who is grace and truth. What life, what salvation, what everlasting joy shall come streaming out of him into you, if you are now moved to lay hold on him and take him as your own! Think it no robbery. He is God's unspeakable gift, freely bestowed on needy sinners.

In the next place, "I pray you to fasten your grips" *on the doctrines of the gospel.* You do believe them, dear friends, or you would not rally around the preacher. If there are any of you who do not believe them, and yet are members of this church, you can scarcely remain so with a clear conscience, for our Confession of Faith is most explicit on those points. When any cease to hold the grand doctrines of a free-grace gospel, they generally clear out within a very short time, for they are weary of the constant preaching of them. My ministry is a flail which parts the chaff from the wheat, and a fan which drives the chaff away. It is so, and I desire it to be so: I aim at separating the chaff from the wheat. If I hear that somebody has been offended because of the truth which I have preached, I remember that many were offended at that infinitely greater preacher who, on one occasion, found that many went back, and walked no more with him, for he had uttered a hard saying—"who could hear it?" Doth this offend you? You will be more offended yet, as we further and further dive into the truth of sovereign, distinguishing grace.

But you, dear friends, have taken hold of the doctrines of grace, and "I pray you to fasten your grips." These are times when everything will be snatched away from you unless you hold it fast. Some years ago, I was highly flattered by a neighbour of rather advanced views, who said

that the region of South London was difficult to work in, because the people were infected with a kind of teaching which it was impossible to destroy; for when people once got hold of it, they obstinately refused to let it go. I am rejoiced that this is the case. The doctrines of a gracious gospel are so Scriptural, so comforting, so self-evidencing, so satisfying, that men will not readily quit them when once they know their virtue. Free grace and dying love are such old wine that no man desireth new. Gospel truths saturate a believer right through, and remain in the grain of the cloth like the old reds of soldiers' coats. The gospel is like some perfumes, which never leave the boxes in which they have once lain. The love of free grace dwells in the core of our heart. It has not only reached our bone, but it has impregnated the marrow; you cannot get it out of us, even if you kill us. I judge how it is with you by what I know of myself: I could be ground into atoms so small that you could not see them without a powerful microscope; but every atom would sparkle with belief in the atoning sacrifice, and the eternal love which gave it. "I pray you to fasten your grips" upon the revealed truths of God's Word, so that you shall never flinch from avowing and defending them, whatever ridicule your adherence to them may cost you. I told an American friend yesterday that I could claim no credit for preaching a free-grace gospel, because I did not know any other, and would not know any other. "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." I will be an agnostic to all but my Lord and his infallible Word. Once, when I had been preaching in Wales, an old lady told me that she had been very pleased with what I had said, but I was inferior to Christmas Evans, because he had only one eye, while I had two. I hope I have only one eye, however, in the higher sense. When a man gets a single eye for God's glory, and preaches nothing else but the doctrine of the Word, he will take good aim, and hit a glorious mark. I pray that I may myself "fasten my grips" more and more upon the one and only gospel, and that all of you may do the same, without a single exception. We will not let go a particle of that perfect system of revealed truth of which Christ is the centre, and grace is the circumference.

Thirdly, dear friends, for your own comfort, "I pray you to fasten your grips" *on the promises of God.* In days to come the younger ones may see the wisdom of this advice. I will tell you what will help you to fasten your grips—a sharp touch of rheumatism, if grace goes with it. I do not want you to have the rheumatism, or any other trial; but if you do, I trust you will have grace given to lay hold upon precious promises suitable to your condition. Sanctified afflictions will help you to fasten your grips. If you have a very dear one long lying ill; or if your property is melting away; or if your jubilant spirits are sinking in depression, you will want the promises, and you will feel the necessity of fastening your grips. A grip of a promise of God is better than a grasp of a bag of gold. A grip of such a promise as this, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," will enable you to understand the exhortation which Paul saddles upon it, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." If you are afraid of trouble, if you are doubting and fearing, "I pray you

to fasten your grips" on the everlasting covenant. You have an anchor within the veil which will never give way; but mind that your cable is firmly held on board your vessel, for it is to this end of it that your care must be given, and therefore "I pray you to fasten your grips."

"I pray you to fasten your grips," also, *on the service which God has given you to do.* You who conduct Bible-classes and missions, you who teach in the Sunday-school, you who visit the kitchens of the lodging-houses, you who go round with those brown-covered sermons, and leave them from door to door, you who labour for your gracious Lord in any way—did you say that you thought of giving up your work? What are you at? "I pray you to fasten your grips." I heard the other day of a place of worship from which the congregation has gradually migrated, till very, very few remain. On looking over it I said to one of our deacons, "This place might do for me to preach in when I have to give up the Tabernacle, because of my general weakness and failure of health." He gave me no verbal answer, but he laughed, as if he could not contain himself, and that was all he said. I did not ask him to explain what he meant by laughing at my remarks. The laughter said more than words. I see you are laughing too. Well, you are going to give up your class, are you? Shall I laugh? I would if it would be interpreted by you as I interpreted my deacon's laugh. It does seem ridiculous for any one who has a work to do for Christ to talk of giving it up, unless there is a sheer inability to go on. I could rather weep than laugh, for it is even more sad than absurd. Here you are highly honoured by having the opportunity of doing good, and winning souls, and you talk of giving up? "I pray you to fasten your grips." Of course, when you cannot do the work because of age and infirmity, it will be your wisdom to stand out of the way, and let somebody else do it better; but as long as you can do it, "I pray you to fasten your grips." Some old men of my acquaintance carried on Sunday-school work till they died, and some aged ministers have been useful to the very last. One good point in the chapter from the Acts, which we read yesterday morning, was the fine fidelity of the Roman soldiers. The Sadducees and the high priest—little can be said in their praise; but the soldiers stood at the door of the prison in the morning, though an angel had set the apostles free. Thy stood as sentries where they were bidden to stand; and you, who are good soldiers of Jesus Christ, must stand where your Lord and Master has placed you—sentries fixed like statues till recalled. I have heard that on one occasion Sir Henry Havelock was going over London Bridge with his son, and that he said, "Stop here, Harry, until I come back." He forgot all about his boy, finished his business in the city, and went home. His wife said to him, "Where is Harry?" "Bless me," he replied, "he is on London Bridge; I told him to stop there until I returned, and I am sure he will do so." He hastened to the spot, and there was young Harry. "What, Harry, are you still here?" "Yes, father; you told me to stop here until you came back, and I have done so." A soldier's son could do no otherwise, and you are sons of the great Captain of our salvation, even the Lord of hosts. Keep your places, whatever happens; and work on, whatever occurs. Having done all, still stand; and you have not done all yet. Blessed shall that servant be whom his Lord at his coming shall find watching and working.

To desert your posts will be too shameful. Are you weary? Rest in your Lord. Are you discouraged? Let patience have her perfect work. No, no, my beloved, we will not one of us think of retiring. "I pray you to fasten your grips."

Now here is a harder bit. "I pray you to fasten your grips" *upon the cross:* I mean the cross which you are to bear after Jesus. You see, you are bound to carry it, for all believers in the Crucified must be cross-bearers. The cross of Christ has saved you, and now there is a cross of your own which the Lord has prepared for your shoulders, which you are to carry because you are saved. On affliction, loss, reproach for Christ's sake, "I pray you to fasten your grips." This cross you must take up. You are not to wait to have it forced upon unwilling shoulders. Your Lord's command is, "Take up thy cross, and follow me." Stoop down to it, grasp it, and bear it. Let your hand embrace it for Christ's sake. Do not shun that which is the badge of true saints, and at once their burden and their blessing. Is it reproach? Count it greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. Is it loss for the sake of holiness? Espouse it, as your joyful bride. Is it any form of persecution? Rejoice and be exceeding glad that you are counted worthy to suffer for your Lord's sake. Is it any other form of sorrow which attaches to the life of the godly? Do not rebel against it, but "take it up," and bear cheerfully the sacred load. Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions. Even if your cross grows heavier as you carry it, welcome it, and follow on in the footsteps of the Well-beloved, as one of an elect train, chosen in the furnace of affliction. Some day you will come to see the excellent uses of your crosses, and then you will praise God for them. By faith and patience you may even fall in love with the cross, till you would not even wish to part with it. Submission is the near road to comfort, and cheerful acquiescence finds the cross on the back to be like wings to the shoulders. We glory in tribulations also. "I pray you to fasten your grips" upon your cross, and hold it fast as a treasure rather than an infliction. What I say unto you I say also to myself. I owe more than I can ever tell you to pain, and weakness, and other forms of my Lord's dear cross. It is not an iron cross, as I once thought it, it is only a wooden one; and he himself always bears the heavier end. I could almost sing, "sweet affliction"; surely its bitterness is soon over.

"I pray you to fasten your grips" in a practical manner *upon one another*. Brethren, let us love one another, for love is of God. We are heartily joined together in one spirit: let us remain so. Let our love increase exceedingly, as we are pressed together by surrounding opposition. Let all those who are one in the common faith get together, and cheer each other. Now, I will not venture upon shaking hands at this moment with Mr. Faithfull, the brother who labours in Marseilles, because example is very contagious, and he has told us that the sailors give him awful grips when they shake hands. A very little while ago I could not even hold a pen, and I dare not run the risk of a sailor's grip with this most excellent friend; but spiritually, if not corporeally, let us all give each other one of those sailor grips with our hearts, if not with our hands. Brethren, you are very, very dear to me, and you return that love. Be of like mind among yourselves. Are you out at

elbows with one another? Are there even two women who cannot agree? Remember how our apostle said, "I beseech Euodias, and I beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord." They were only two private members, but Paul could not let them fall out. Put an end to discord at once. "I pray you to fasten your grips." Be not cold and distant towards your fellow-members, but let love reign supreme everywhere.

"'Tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

Get to know each other better. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Bear and forbear, feeling that you are not yourselves perfect. Let us live in hearty love, first to our adorable Lord, and then with all our fellow-servants, and so we shall become strong in the Lord, and the Lord will command his blessing to fall like the dew of Hermon where he sees brotherly love abounding. I speak not thus because you fail in this respect, but I speak the more freely because I trust you excel in it. Oh, that all churches were abodes of love! What do we see in many places? No contending earnestly for the faith, but much contending as to who shall be the greatest. I heard the other day of a church which has come to nothing, and one told me that the reason was that "everybody wanted to be boss." You know what the word means: I think it is of American origin, and includes a good deal. Diotrephes is a dreadful mischief-maker. Let us not imitate him, but let us be ready to wash the saints' feet.

"I pray you to fasten your grips" on all God's chosen in every place; on all God's church throughout the whole world; let us pray for all the Lord's people. Let us grip our brethren in America, who have sent so many gracious representatives among us. Our brother, E. J. Parker, who has been evangelizing there, may remind us of them. Let us do the same with the churches on the Continent, for whom our brother Faithfull has spoken. God bless France, and save her. Our evangelist Mr. Harmer has just touched the coast of Africa, and his presence makes us think of the Congo and the Cape. With both hands, and with all our hearts, we salute all the people of God throughout the world, rejoicing that we are one body in Christ Jesus. In this holy love "I pray you to fasten your grips." Amen.

Godless Science.

WHAT a pity that so many books of science should be so perfectly godless! It surely is not true philosophy to seek for every cause but the first, and to inquire after every being but the best. To the reverent inquirer nature is glorious with the light of God. Materialist professors only read facts as Milton's daughters read Hebrew—correctly calling and arranging the words, but utterly ignorant of the meaning. For, was not Baxter right when he said, "All things of which thy universe consists, when rightly put together, do spell the being, wisdom, and rule of God"? Philosophy fills not her office if she bear not incense as well as light. All sciences, like the Magi, should bring worship and offerings.—*Samuel Coley.*

The Gospel in Iona.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

A HIGHLAND communion is a great occasion. Being celebrated but twice a year, it is preceded by three days' continuous preparatory services, and followed by a day of instruction and exhortation to a godly life. It thus occupies five days: the whole community takes part in it, business is suspended, and the entire neighbourhood wears a very serious aspect.

Leaving Oban last month, where we had conducted a mission with some success, we found, on landing at Tobermory, in the Island of Mull, with a similar purpose in view, that the Communion Services were to be held there at the end of the week. Both the Free and Established Kirks had chosen the same time; and as everybody took part in it, except the irreligious and the Baptists (I do not mean by putting these two classes together to suggest any connection between them, quite the reverse), we found it convenient to arrange a short visit to Iona, that we might there preach the gospel, which, even in very early days, found in that island a home.

On the way thither our steamer stopped near world-famed Staffa, wonderful and interesting because of its basaltic columns and caves. We put ashore in a small boat, entered a cave, admired the regular formation of the columns, and marvelled at all we saw. Had we been inclined to allegorize, we might have found in the island a symbol of the church, consisting, as it does, of columns of every conceivable shape, yet each fitting into each other so closely as to leave scarce room for a knife between them, and gathering round a key-stone, which is the only square column in the island. Thus, around Christ, the only Perfect One, gather all sorts of characters, each in his own peculiar place.

But it was Nature which most engrossed us, and Nature has many noble lessons when we come to it already knowing the Hand that formed it. This is much easier than rising from Nature to Nature's God, though that is possible; and knowing him, Nature's laws then become only his method of action. If you cannot see this marvellous sight, the next best thing will be to make some starch, and watch it, as cooling, it contracts, and splits into all sorts of curious shapes. That is the way, it is supposed, the molten rock, cooled suddenly by the water, became shattered into such curious angles. If you cannot see it in Staffa, console yourself that you can see it in starch.

In another hour we arrived at Iona. Creation gives interest to Staffa, but it is grace which has made Iona famous. Nature in that: the gospel in this. So in our journey, as in our life, we had first that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual. And to be a Christian the natural must first become spiritual, and then the spiritual should become natural.

The *memory of the gospel* in Iona is still as a sweet fragrance over the whole island, and its "spicy breezes" have been wafted afar. For ever the name of Columba will be sacredly associated with it. Columba, who in the sixth century, fleeing from his native Ireland, found that here at

length he lost sight of its tumultuous shore, and straightway selected it for his future secluded home. His tiny boat of wattles and hides has been celebrated in song and story, so often told as to need not to be told again. It is one of the world's wonders how this man gathered round him multitudes of others in this lonely spot, and after having instructed them in the faith of Jesus sent them as missionaries to the mainland, where the truth of the gospel conquered on a splendid scale, turning savages into saints, and transforming the whole nation; and not that nation only, but many others beyond. Columba was as true a disciple as the Lord had; and the thousands who to-day visit his resting-place are only another illustration of the promise—"Them that honour me I will honour."

It is not a little curious that only this year the Roman Catholic church has canonized the apostle of Iona; and it is but a month since we saw, starting from Oban, two steamers, conveying a thousand devotees on a pilgrimage to his shrine. With bare feet they walked on shore, chanting the praises of "Mary the mother of God," whereas had Columba been there, his praise, and I trust ours too, would have been to him who, though Mary's Son, is Mary's Lord. And, of course, Columba belonging to the Culdees, had nothing to do with the Papacy, which had not even been heard of at that time.

There is *a monument of the gospel* in Iona to-day in the cross erected to the memory of Martin of Tours. The ruins of the stately cathedral, and the tombs of the many kings who from Scotland, and Ireland, and Norway were brought here for burial, had not half the interest for me which the old stone cross had. In itself, it is a striking object, and many modern monuments are modelled after it; but its chief charm lay in the fact that it recalled an old gospel story about the man of whom it was a memorial.

Born of heathen parents, and wishing to become a Christian, his father, to frustrate his desire, sent him to be a soldier, hoping that he would be so absorbed in his martial pursuits as to forget religion altogether. The only effect of the change was to make him linger as a catechumen (a very ugly word), instead of making full profession and being baptized. But one bitterly cold winter night, being on duty at the gate of Amiens, he saw a half-naked, shivering beggar, and, doubtless, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, ye do it to me," he took off his cloak, cut it in two, and wrapped the half round the beggar, wearing only half himself. Next night he had a vision, and saw Christ in heaven, surrounded by the hosts above. But the wonder was, that the King of Glory had over his shoulder half a military coat, exactly similar to his own, and he heard him say, "Behold the mantle given to me by Martin, yet but a catechumen." This was the turning point in his life. Immediately he came out boldly for Christ, who had thus owned his service, and who seemed to upbraid him for his half-heartedness; and in after-days he became a bishop, known for his toleration and wide charity, his ability and truth. Worthy, indeed, is Martin of Tours to have his monument side-by-side with the faithful Columba.

We arrived at the island at mid-day, and as there was to be no meeting until the evening, we had time, meanwhile, to admire its many

beauties, its white glistening sands, and the alternate beautiful light green and dark purple of the sea. This light makes Iona a favourite resort of artists: it can be seen in but few other places. There is also a local printing press, which reproduces some of the old works in connection with the island traditions; and then there is the large and well-kept library. We were much interested in a bookcase, with 250 volumes, which the venerable tourist, Thomas Cook, has recently presented, and glad to notice amongst them many volumes of Spurgeon's Sermons, which are, we were informed, greatly valued by the people.

Here, then, is *an embodiment of the gospel* in Iona. And the aims and methods of both men being as close a parallel as can be found, surely Spurgeon is much at home in the Isle of Columba. It will be noticed I do not use any title for either, though I am quite willing to call the one a Saint, if I may also use the same title for the other. Why we should reserve the name of Saint for only those who, in the olden time, served Christ, and refuse it to his true servants now, I do not understand, since even the humblest believer is amongst those who are "called to be saints."

The *proclamation of the gospel* took place in the evening. First, a meeting for children in the Schoolhouse, and then a general service in the Free Church, the wind being too keen to permit us to assemble in the open air, in the Nunnery, as had been intended, and Mr. McMillan, the genial Free Church minister, who accompanied us, being very glad to open his place of worship for the purpose. So the bell was rung and the people assembled—not all at once, however, for the Iona people are not very punctual—and as we sang his praises, and spoke his word, Jesus himself drew nigh, and caused our hearts to burn within us while he talked with us by the way.

Many a true *witness to the gospel* is borne by the godly lives of some of the Iona people. There is on the island a Spouting Cave, which sends its waters high up into the air; but a mightier force is felt in some hearts as the life within springs up, like a well of water, unto everlasting life. And a lovely hillock is shown where once Columba was discovered by one of his followers in the act of prayer, and round about the Saint was seen a company of angels. The morning following our meeting we gathered on this spot, and sang of "The Name," and in "The Name" offered prayer. And looking round on some of those who accompanied us, whose faith and love we had seen, I thought that perhaps we too were surrounded by angels, for surely some of God's angels are on earth, as well as in heaven.

Calvary Christians.

"THE Cross of Christ condemns me to become a saint!" So exclaimed a Bechuana Christian in the enthusiasm of his newly-found faith. The words are emphatic, and contain a truth all-important to the spiritual life. They take us straight to the real purpose of the Saviour's death; they put before us the true object of the Christian's life.—*F. S. Webster in "Christians and Christians."*

Bartley Campbell.

IN 1780, Mr. Henry Moore was appointed Assistant of the Charlemont circuit among the Wesleyan Methodists. This circuit was very extensive, and without any provision for a married preacher in the shape of a residence; so as he and his wife could not get lodgings elsewhere, they settled in Tanderagee, where the people were very poor but very devoted, and their religion was exemplary and powerful. In, for the first time, going through his circuit, which required six weeks, he came to Glaslough on a Saturday, which was market-day, and having no direction to any particular person, he let his horse walk slowly into the town, thinking that some member of the Society would probably recognize him. Accordingly he saw a lusty man leave one of the stalls, and placing himself right in his way, hold up his hand and vociferate, "I know what you are." "Do you?" said the preacher, "then perhaps you can tell where I am to go?" "Follow me," cried the stranger, as he stalked forward and brought Mr. Moore to the house of Betty Brown, "an Israelite indeed," who entertained the preachers. On going to the stable to see after his horse, the servant of God was followed by his unknown guide, who immediately began to inform him of the distress of his soul, which was so great that he "roared by reason of the disquietness of his heart." Suitable counsel was then given to the poor penitent, who had sadly grieved the Spirit of God.

The history of this man was most remarkable. His name was Bartley Campbell. He had been a Romanist, and had lived in the usual ungodly manner of the members of that church at that time; but the Spirit failed not "to convince him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment"; and poor Bartley hardened not his heart. He went to the priest, made confession, was enjoined penance, and directed to repeat certain prayers, after which he received absolution; but he found this would not do: his distress increased, and, as he said, hell was open before his eyes. He applied to other priests, and faithfully performed what he was commanded, but only realized additional misery. He at length resolved to journey to Lough Derg, where it was supposed all sin could be expiated. He walked thither, a distance of about fifty miles: and having arrived, passed to the small island, half a mile from the shore, called St. Patrick's Purgatory, and applied to one of the priests in waiting, who prescribed the prayers and penances usually enjoined. These, though severe, he fulfilled with the greatest exactness, and then again received absolution. But, as in the former cases, it availed nothing. The cloud of the divine displeasure remained, and guilt pressed still more heavily on his conscience. He returned to the priest, who inquired concerning the fulfilment of his instructions, all of which, he was assured, had been most faithfully attended to. "Did I not give you absolution?" said the priest. "You did, father." "And do you deny the authority of the church?" "By no means," replied the poor man, "but my soul is in misery. What shall I do?" "Do!" said the priest, "why, go to bed and sleep." "Sleep!" answered the awakened sinner, "no, father; perhaps I might awake in hell." The conversation abruptly ended with a threat of a good horsewhipping.

Poor Bartley, departing with his load of guilt, and seeking a retired

place, cast himself on the ground, and gave vent to his anguish in loud cries and tears. After some time he found a desire to pray, and anguish gave utterance to his troubled spirit. He called upon Christ, pleaded his precious blood, and in a moment all his distress was gone, and an assurance was given that the Lord had taken away his sins, so that the peace of God filled his soul. Having praised the riches of divine grace, he returned in transport to the priest, crying out, "O father, I am happy! I have found the cure!" His pastor replied with execrations, and a renewed threat of chastisement. Thus repelled, he thought of home; but recollecting having seen a number of persons performing their penances, he hastened to the place, told them of the cure, and of the jewel, as he called the knowledge of salvation, stating his own experience of the worthlessness of their penances, and of the willingness of Christ to save. But a cry arose that he was interrupting the penitents, and the priests, with a number of the votaries of superstition, hastening to the place, he was obliged to escape at the peril of his life. He reached home "a new creature," happy in God; and at once earnestly exhorted his wife to turn to the Lord, who, for Christ's sake, would give her the same happiness as he possessed. The poor woman answered only with tears, and really feared that he was gone mad. At length, being still in some degree under the influence of superstition, he thought of the place where God had spoken peace to his soul, and declared that his wife must go thither with him, and the Lord would make her happy *there*. Her lamentations availed not. Her pleading the two little ones only prompted the reply, "They shall go, too." He yoked his horse, carried out the bed, placed the mother and children on it, and set out on this extraordinary pilgrimage. Having arrived at the place, he brought the affrighted woman to the scene of his distress and deliverance, and earnestly exhorted her to call upon God, who, for Christ's sake, would forgive her sins, and make her happy in his love. But the godly sorrow that had brought him with strong cries and tears to the throne of grace had no place in the heart of the almost distracted woman: so having spent some time there, poor Bartley saw that it was no use, and that he must return and betake himself to labour to gain "the meat that perisheth" for his family, and seek for himself "that meat which endureth unto everlasting life."

Shortly after, he met with and related what the Lord had done for his soul to a priest, who was much affected, and could only answer with tears. After a few visits he acknowledged that he experienced a similar work when a young man; but had lost the blessing, and had long walked in darkness. Bartley exhorted him to look for the cure, be faithful with his flock, and tell them of the happiness that awaited them if they would turn to God. The priest became alarmed, and charged him not to speak a word to the people on that subject, for they could not bear it. "Father," cried the earnest man, "they will all go to hell, and you will go there, too, if you hide the cure from them. I will tell all that I come near, and you will soon see what good will be done, only do not oppose me." The priest reiterated his admonitions, and Bartley departed, fully determined to speak and labour for the Lord.

Soon after, the priest gave notice that he would celebrate mass in an old burial-ground in the neighbourhood. Bartley attended, and when

the service concluded, he stepped up, and said, "Father, you are to christen a bairn in the village; go, and leave the people to me. The dead souls you see are standing over the dead bodies, and I hope the Lord will awaken the uppermost." "Take care what you do," said the intimidated priest; "make no disturbance, I charge you"; and then he left. Bartley began at once to lay before the staring multitude his own former miserable condition, and the efforts he had vainly made for deliverance. But when he came to speak from the fulness of his heart of the cure and the jewel, how Christ had blotted out his sins and given him to enjoy his love, so that, said he, "I am happy all the day long, and I no more fear to die than to go to sleep," the effect was astonishing. A general and piercing cry arose, almost the whole assembly fell on their knees, while some lay prostrate, groaning with deep anguish. The cry was heard at the village, the priest hurried to the spot, and demanded of the speaker how he dared thus to disturb his flock; but was only answered with earnest entreaties not to hinder the work of God. "You rascal!" said the priest, "do you oppose the church?" "No, father," he replied, "I have found the church." "You villain," said the priest, "Begone!" and struck him on the head with his horsewhip. Poor Bartley felt "an old man's bone in him," and hardly knowing what he did, gave the priest a push that threw him over a grave, heels up and head down. A general commotion was the result, and the people, seeing that he had knocked the priest down, were all eager to lay hands on the culprit. Lamentations for sin gave place to execrations, and poor Bartley was obliged to fly for his life. Although he escaped the vengeance of the infuriated multitude, his conscience received a wound, and he went mourning all the day long, not knowing how to recover his happiness. Soon after, he met with some of the Methodists who understood his case, and encouraged him to come again to the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."

Such was his state of mind when he first met Mr. Moore; he continued with the Society, fully recovered his peace, and afterwards became very useful. He had a strong mind, great ardency of spirit, and was a perfect master of the Irish language. He could not be satisfied with any meeting where there were none convinced of sin, or enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. He called it a sham fight.—*From Crookshank's "History of Methodism in Ireland."*

Blunders easily made.

MRS. Edward Ashley Walker tells of hearing a clergyman explain in an address to children, that Christian ministers are the salt of the earth. After he had shown the value of salt in its power to keep food from spoiling, he told of the good work of ministers in aiding to preserve the world from total corruption. The children understood both parts of the address, but they could not run them together properly. When he concluded his address with the question, "Why are ministers the salt of the earth?" they answered, not unnaturally, "Because they keep victuals from spoiling." This is a fair illustration of the danger of speaking in parables.—*From "Teaching and Teachers," by Dr. Trumbull.*

The "Down-Grade" and the Up-Grade;

OR, THE POWER OF TRUTH.

THE decay of true piety, or godliness of life, has commonly been associated with a defection of doctrinal belief; or, in other words, a departure from the faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, a revival of true religion has commonly been attended with or followed by a renewed attachment to evangelical truth. This may be very much like saying over again the memorable words of Luther, that the holding or not holding the doctrine of justification by faith is the test of a standing or a falling church. Of course, he meant, and we mean, not the holding of evangelical doctrine in a theological or philosophical sense only, but the holding the truth in its living power, and gracious, holy influence. The history of Christianity and of Christian churches in England, Wales, Scotland, France, Germany, and other parts of Europe amply corroborates this statement. But nowhere do we see it more plainly than in the history of the Christian Church in Geneva, the city of John Calvin.

The common course in the Down-Grade movement has been, first of all, while still professedly holding the truth, to hold it less and less in its living, experimental power, until it has become little more than a theory or a form. Next, it has been common to gradually drop the form of sound words, and to make the opinions square with the life, instead of permitting living principles to inspire and regulate the conduct. Finally, it has sometimes happened, according to the temper of the man and his associations, to deny, slander, and denounce the very truths he once professed to hold and teach. The surroundings of iniquity, especially iniquity in a dress of religion, will soon cool down the fervour of inward piety if the repellant power of faith and prayer and communion with Christ be wanting; and when love to Christ has been cooled down to the point of tolerating error and sin, and living in conformity to the world, the full result of spiritual deadness and disloyalty to Christ and his truth is soon reached.

In reference to Geneva, and the lamentable departures of its ministers and people from the true faith, which reached its maximum in the [illegible] has been so present century, there was not only a departure from early pa[illegible]ave acted as if s taught by the greatest of the Reformers, but from all sound doctr[illegible]en the sugar-co[illegible], until the ministers and professors, and most of the evangelical m[illegible]llowed togethither Arians or Socinians. We cannot go into details, students, were but God has ne a brief summary of the state of things. When we but we will giveva. There wubs, plucked up by the roots and trodden under foot, see plants and sh[illegible]d, who saw the hand of the spoiler has been there, turning the we know that th[illegible]ning for somet into a ruinous waste. Something like this had th[illegible]ch was dealt out ty of Geneva. It had passed through great political tak[illegible] young men formed a with the first French Revolution and the wars of con[illegible] report. They were only Nay a love to Christ which p have led the Protestants to a deeper, truer, but[illegible] time the society was broke who comforteth his own in all their tribula- ar[illegible] found a Moravian congreof, it made them haughty, and hard, and

daringly impious. As to their faith, they were altogether on the *down-line;* and they not only had no brake to check their descent, but they desired none. Professing themselves to be wise, they had become fools.

James Alexander Haldane, Esq., in writing the memoirs of his uncle and father, Robert and James A. Haldane, describes Geneva as it was in its former glory, and as it was in its shame and disgrace :—

"Geneva is one of those names which symbolizes something far more glorious than the little town, whose ancient battlements were at once the monuments of the defensive skill of Vauban, and the persecuting tyranny of the house of Savoy. Geneva has been for ages a term antagonistic to Rome. Placed at the extremity of its own placid and beautiful lake, where the blue waters of the arrowy Rhône rush onwards to the ocean, this free city, as if designed by God to be a witness against Popery, whether Ultramontane or Gallican, stood between the Jura and the Alps, themselves the types of beauty and sublimity. Within its hospitable gates were received several of the Italian families proscribed for favouring the Reformation. It was the city where Knox, with other exiles from Scotland, found an asylum, and whence he imported into his own favoured land that form of church government to which Scotland has so fondly and firmly adhered. At a later period it welcomed many of the French who fled from the persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Geneva was, indeed, the glory of the Reformation, the battle-field of light and darkness, the Thermopylæ of Protestantism, from whose Alpine heights the light of gospel truth once streamed forth with brilliant lustre athwart the blackness of papal superstition. But Geneva fell from its ancestral faith, and proved how vain are historic names, orthodox creeds, and religious formularies, *where the Spirit ceases to animate the lifeless frame.*"

As far back as 1757 a celebrated French infidel complimented (?) the pastors of the city in an article in the French Encyclopædia, after his own fashion : "To say all in one word, many of the pastors of Geneva have no other religion but a perfect Socinianism, rejecting all that they call *mysteries.*"

Be it remembered, that they did not *call themselves* Socinians. No, their apostasy was less open than real. The same infidel writer, with a befitting sarcasm, adds, "I should be extremely concerned to be suspected of having *betrayed* their secret."

One fruitful source of false doctrine, and a frequen
subtle dissemination of error, was the plan practised b
Vinet of that day (1779) of allowing students to mai
Arian theses. This was the mistake at Northamptor
which was so fatal to many students, of which Dr. P
Is the same mistake repeated as to other errors in
conformist colleges of to-day? If so, it behoves all
to see to it. I suppose few persons, if any, are so
upon their table wholesome bread, and bread w
poisonous ingredients, that their children and
see, and take that which they prefer.

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Teaching and Teachers,"

At the early part of this century, Jean Jac
Geneva. In one of his letters he writes his
ministers of his day :—

"It is asked of the ministers of the Church of Geneva if Jesus Christ be God? They dare not answer. It is asked if he were a mere man? They are embarrassed, and will not say they think so. A philosopher, with a glance of the eye, penetrates their character. He sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he proclaims it, and thinks he does them honour. They are alarmed, terrified; they come together, they discuss, they are in agitation, they know not to which of the saints they should turn; and after earnest consultations, deliberations, conferences, all vanishes in *amphigouri;* and they neither say, 'Yes,' nor 'No.' O Genevans, these gentlemen, your ministers, in truth are very singular people! They do not know what they believe, or what they do not believe. They do not even know what they would wish to appear to believe. Their only manner of establishing their faith is to attack the faith of others."

French intercourse, specially during the First Empire, led to the introduction of French manners. The Sunday evenings saw the theatres open; and it was by no means an unusual thing for the pastors to dismiss their congregations earlier on the occasion of solemn festivals, that they might themselves join in the festivities of the Lord's-day, which were closed with—fireworks on the lake.

We in England may seem to be a very long way from this state of things; but we must not be the victims of a false security. It is well known that, in the Ritualistic section of the Church of England, people are found at the theatre at night, and at the communion the next morning; and that after an "early celebration" on Lord's-days the evening may be devoted to the claims of a dinner-party, or to lawn-tennis. In many Nonconformist circles it is the custom to attend chapel in the morning only, and spend the rest of the day at home—doing what? We do not say. It *may be* in reading good books, catechizing the children and servants, or, after the manner of our fathers, going over the morning sermon with them. But we suspect many people would laugh at us if we even suggested such a thing. One instance is well known to us in which a rather loud professor has a "musical evening" on the Sabbath, with a considerable medley of invited guests, for whom are provided the choicest refreshments. The *Christian World* has done much harm in the direction of secularizing the Sabbath, and other publications have followed in its wake. The first part of its title has been supposed to sanctify all its contents; or, at least, people have acted as if they thought so, and so the tinge of "Christian" has been the sugar-coat for the great bolus of the "World," and all has been swallowed together.

But God has never left himself without a witness, neither did he in Geneva. There were a few young men, thoughtful and religiously disposed, who saw through the shams of the pastors, or at least had a yearning for something different from the chaff of human opinions which was dealt out at the churches from Sunday to Sunday. These young men formed a society, which lived a little beyond its first annual report. They were only half-enlightened, but they were the possessors of a love to Christ which panted for a fuller revelation of him. After a time the society was broken up, some being removed, and others having found a Moravian congregation to unite with. One of these earnest

seekers was induced to enter the household of Madame Krudener, as her chaplain. Her views of Divine truth were far from distinct, and light was lacking.

In 1816 a Welshman, or possibly an Englishman, of the artisan class, of the Calvinistic Methodist persuasion, settled at Geneva, on the ground of the ancient convent, where, nearly three hundred years before, the Reformation was first proclaimed by William Farel. The name of this good man was Richard Wilcox. He took his religion with him when he left his native land for a foreign country, for it evidently had its seat in his heart. He met a few of the members of the disbanded religious society which we have just mentioned, and he gave the enquirers the benefit of his knowledge and experience. He was so far a true Calvinist as to dwell much on the eternal love of God the Father, and on the certainty of the salvation of all his chosen people; but he lacked one important feature of Calvinistic doctrine, the inviting of all who hear the gospel to come to Christ and believe on him unto eternal life. In this he fell short, but nevertheless he strengthened those who came into close fellowship with him in the true faith of Christ.

It is a very common thing with preachers who dislike Calvinistic doctrine, especially those who have never given themselves the trouble to study it carefully and closely, to draw caricatures of Calvinism, or, as a distinguished preacher has lately remarked, to set up Calvinism as a kind of target against which to discharge their arrows; in doing so, they not only misrepresent some of the most earnest and successful preachers of God's Word, but they mislead their hearers. In certain cases which have come to the knowledge of the writer, young men of small experience, with a daring which wiser men would never have displayed, have held up to ridicule the thing they called Calvinism, which was not Calvinism at all, but some scarecrow of their own dressing up, like unto nothing in either heaven or earth. At the same time, these gentlemen left their hearers to guess what doctrines they would have them receive in the place of those they would have them renounce. There is an old proverb about children playing with edge-tools, which we will not repeat, for we intend not to be unkind, but would rather "rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith." There is a temptation in this age of change to make truth subservient to charity, and everything to popularity. But this is folly. Whatever new kinds of diet may be invented, bread will always be in request; and when all the changing notions of theological speculators, and all the quiddities of those who are wise in their own eyes have had their little day, and lie like driftwood on the shores of time, the *eternities of Jehovah* will remain the joy and song of the redeemed. Eternal love, eternal life, eternal redemption; everlasting righteousness, everlasting salvation, according to an everlasting covenant, will be the everlasting portion and the eternal joy of all the called, and chosen, and faithful.

Would that we could speak a word kindly, and in a brotherly or fatherly, or, at least, a Christian spirit, to some of those men, young men mostly, whom Satan is trying to get into his sieve, and bewitch with a love for novelties and the things that "go" with the unthinking multitude; we would not tell them to wait until they are *sure* they have *a God-given message* to the people, and a "Thus saith the Lord"

for what they deliver in his name; but we would ask them humbly and patiently to wait upon God, and lay aside every consideration of success, advancement, and widening influence; and, like young Samuel, cry, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Coming back to Geneva, we find that towards the close of 1816, Richard Wilcox was about to leave Geneva, and that M. Empeytaz, one of the leaders of the little band of enquirers, was also quitting the field of conflict, where the ministers, with their lay-assistants and the Government officers, called the *Consistory*, were determined to crush him. His friend and colleague, M. Bost, was also leaving for the Canton of Berne. The outlook was dark for the praying few, who were like those "feeble Jews," in the days of Nehemiah, who sought to rebuild the ruined temple of the Lord on the original foundations. But help was at hand. When was the time that there was not "redemption in Israel"? And whoever looked for "redemption in Israel" in vain?

It was in the autumn of this year that Mr. Robert Haldane, in a remarkable way, had his steps directed of God to return to Geneva, after having, as he supposed, finally left it. He was well adapted for the work, as all God's instruments are. He was not a minister, as that term is usually understood, but a gentleman having means at command. He was one well instructed in the things of the kingdom of God; an all round Calvinist, sober minded and spiritually minded, with a maturity of understanding, an experience of divine truth, and a ripeness of Christian character rarely combined. He had also a zeal well balanced by prudence, a devotion to God and his cause, and a courage which had been proved in the service of his king and country.

The time, too, was opportune. There had been some little stir made by a pamphlet, entitled "Considerations on the Divinity of Jesus Christ." Henri Empeytaz, its author, we have already mentioned. Though to an ordinary body of evangelical ministers or students it would appear nothing special, this book created a good deal of excitement among the rationalistic students at Geneva. They assembled in the great Hall of the Consistory, and having elected one of their number chairman, passed an address to the "venerable company" of pastors, in which they solemnly protested against the "odious aggression" of the "calumnious" pamphlet. Two only of the students—M. Henri Pyt and M. Guers—refused to sign it. The president was M. Merle D'Aubigné, who soon appeared with new surroundings.

Mr. Haldane commenced reading the Scriptures in one of the rooms of his hotel. As he could not speak French with sufficient accuracy for his purpose, he employed one of the students as an interpreter. The first was M. Rieu, then M. Frédéric Monod, then M. James. His expositions were clear, forcible, and both earnest and striking. The first student brought others, and at length he met a number of them twice a week, to whom he expounded the Epistle to the Romans. As those expositions were afterwards published, and the work is still procurable, they need not be further described than that they were thoroughly Pauline in their character, Calvinistic in doctrine, and evangelical in spirit. These readings and expositions were carried on to the end of the session in the summer, and wonderful was the result. Among the converts were men to whom the church and the world are under everlasting

obligations. If we mention the names of some of the better known, that must be sufficient. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, Frédéric Monod, Gaussen, Henri Pyt, M. Guers, M. James, Charles Rieu, M. Gonthier, and last, but not least, Dr. Cæsar Malan. This last, as we are told by her sister, was the means of leading Charlotte Elliot into the light and liberty of the gospel, that gospel she so well understood, Calvinist as she was, and has so forcibly and beautifully expressed in her world-known hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea," &c.

In Geneva, and France, and Switzerland, and elsewhere, the Word of the Lord ran and was glorified through the ministry and writings of those men who were either first awakened or led into the liberty of the gospel by the clear and lucid expositions of Mr. Haldane. A foundation was also laid for evangelistic efforts both at home and abroad in the future.

Félix Neff, "The Pastor of the Alps," was not immediately one of the fruits of Mr. Haldane's labours, but he was indirectly such, through the instructions of Gonthier and François Olivier.

The conversion of D'Aubigné was very remarkable. It is the fashion nowadays in many Nonconformist pulpits to ignore the doctrine of the fall of man, and the total alienation and corruption of the human heart. There are ministers not a few who would be offended and indignant if one were to ascribe to them such sentiments concerning the depravity of man as were held and taught by Mr. Haldane, yet—hear it! all ye who only preach the doctrine in an undertone—God blessed the preaching of this doctrine in a remarkable way.

Young D'Aubigné heard of Mr. Haldane as the English or Scotch gentleman who spoke so much about the Bible, a Book with which he had only a slight acquaintance. One day he met Mr. Haldane at a private house with some friends, and heard him read from an English Bible, and expound a chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, concerning the natural corruption of man, a doctrine of which he had no knowledge. The truth was astounding to him, but he was clearly convinced of it by the passage read, and he said to Mr. Haldane, "Now I do indeed see this doctrine in the Bible." "Yes," replied the venerable man, "*but do you see it in your heart?*" That simple question was carried home to his heart. It was the sword of the Spirit. He was thoroughly convinced of the corruption of his own nature, and he gladly embraced the truth of salvation by grace alone. Thus did God prepare him to be the historian of the Reformation.

After Mr. Haldane left Geneva, in the summer of 1817, he spent two years at Montauban, where were 6,000 or 7,000 Protestants, and where was a Protestant college, established by Napoleon I., having then some sixty students. Here he laboured with fidelity and blessed success.

Now we want to make one or two observations on the foregoing.

First, we see the sad results of declension from the truth, and yielding to the specious pleas of rationalism concerning inspiration, the Divinity of Christ, his death as an atonement for sin, justification by faith, the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion, and such like. These truths are like so many links in a chain: give up one, and, in effect, you give up all, and you have nothing left but a cold, dreary, hopeless scepticism.

Therefore, we must neither give them up ourselves, nor *connive at* or *shelter those that do.* Truth first, and friendship and charity afterwards.

A course which has been often recommended by good men, and which may be right in some cases—that of avoiding controverted subjects, and simply dwelling on truths commonly received among professing Christians—was not that followed by Mr. Haldane. It could not well be; in him vagueness would have been ill-timed and criminal. The pastors and professors in the Faculty heard of the doctrines he was teaching, and they preached openly against what he taught; while he, on the other hand, collected their arguments and laboured to destroy their heresies. They taught that men are born pure, and spoke of the Saviour as the first of created beings; and he boldly opposed and refuted these errors. They taught that the gospel was useful, but not necessary to salvation; but he declared, with all boldness, that there is "None other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." It was not, therefore, by avoiding controversy and controverted doctrines, that he laboured to raise up the fallen standard of the gospel at Geneva, but by declaring the whole counsel of God, "dwelling," as he says in his letter to Rev. E. Bickersteth, "*on every doctrine of the Bible*, whether it was controverted or not, or however repulsive to the carnal mind; and confronting and bringing to the test of Scripture every argument levelled at my instructions, both by pastors and professors."

This full, unhesitating, all-round exposition and declaration of the gospel is wanted *now.* Let the truth be proclaimed from the house-top, with no rounding off of angles, and no apologizing for its sternness. Let us declare "all the counsel of God," and leave our own comfort to him whose honour should be more to us than life itself.

It is clear that there is a mighty power in those truths which are denominated evangelical. Mr. Haldane's methods were far enough removed from professional revivalism and every kind of sensationalism. It was by the plain, humbling, unwelcome truths about sin and salvation, plainly spoken, but earnestly and affectionately pressed, that God wrought so marvellously. The Lord used those very truths which are so little preached, and so little understood, in these days. Many are trying to work men up to Christ's character and excellence, without first of all bringing them into contact with Christ as the source of all grace, righteousness, salvation, holiness, and spiritual power. It was the "virtue"—*the healing power*—that went out of Christ, responsive to the act of faith in the diseased woman, that effected her cure; and it must be so in salvation; for Jesus is all-in-all, that God may have the glory of all. Christ will never be truly understood as Exemplar till he is received as a Sacrifice; and certainly he will never be followed in his life till the disciple has been quickened through faith in his death. You must take the Lord Jesus as a whole, and then there flows from him a wondrous power for moral cleansing: *then*, we say, and not till then. Christ crucified, and all the great doctrines which surround him and his cross, are the great restoratives of our fallen humanity.

Now, if these truths are the channels of such mighty power, and if God has, in numberless instances, so wonderfully blessed them, those men run a fearful risk who ignore, deny, underrate, or throw them aside. There may yet be new modes of travelling, and new methods of doing

many things, but there is not, there never will be, any new method of saving souls. While sin is what it is, and the human heart is what it is; while the prince of darkness holds the disobedient in the chains of enmity to God, while the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, the grace of God will be absolutely necessary; for only the grace of God can accomplish the wonderful work of saving the lost, raising the dead, justifying the ungodly, and making condemned sinners children of God. Therefore, O ye servants of God, hold fast that ye have received, and never think of casting away the weapons of your spiritual warfare. The Lord bless us all with more and more of his Spirit, his light, his love, his power, that by the faithful preaching of the "everlasting gospel," we may batter down the walls of superstition, error, infidelity, and sin.

The writer of this article specially commends to all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, ministerial and otherwise, a very excellent work,* by his old friend, Rev. D. Pledge, of Ramsgate. It is gold from the mine of truth, and "the gold is good." The work is specially opportune.

The Power of Grace upon the Heart.

AS to the power which the gospel exerts over such barbarians as have embraced it in lively faith, we have a fine example from the South Seas, of the most recent date. Shortly before his visit to England, the missionary, Mr. Taylor, assembled the New Zealanders who had become believers through his means. The religious farewell service, held in the closely-packed church, closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper. When the first row were kneeling in a semicircle round the table of the Lord, a man suddenly rose and went back through the whole length of the church to his seat. After some time, he returned and partook of the bread and wine. After the close of the service, the missionary questioned the islander respecting his singular behaviour, and received the following answer:—"When I approached the table, I did not know beside whom I should have to kneel. Then I suddenly saw that I was beside the man who, some years ago, slew my father and drank his blood, and whom I then swore I would kill the first time that I should see him. Now, think what I felt when I suddenly knelt beside him! It came upon me with terrible power, and I could not prevent it, and so I went back to my seat. Arrived there, I saw in the spirit the upper sanctuary, and seemed to hear a voice: 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' That made a deep impression upon me, and at the same time I thought that I saw another sight—a cross and a Man nailed thereon—and I heard him say, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Then I went back to the table."—*From "Modern Missions and Culture."*

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* "Scripture Verities." Elliot Stock; and of the Author.

"If Ever I am Converted."

"IF ever I am converted, I think I shall be a Baptist," said a young man, in a somewhat flippant manner, to the widow of a Baptist minister. The Christian lady was startled and struck with the seemingly careless way in which this was uttered. "When you're converted?" she replied; "and do you mean to say you are *not* converted, and can talk of it in this light way? Not *converted?* Oh, how dreadful! Not converted, Mr. S.? you surprise me. How dare you continue to live in this dangerous condition? Do you know all that it means? *Oh, how awful!*" and with these words she proceeded to walk with him towards his home. "Do you mind my coming in with you a few minutes?" she asked. "Not at all," replied the young man, with an air of I-don't-care. They went in, and the good old lady continued the conversation upon the all-important topic, especially pointing out to him the imminent danger he was in as an unsaved sinner. During all this the young man appeared as unconcerned as ever, and repeatedly said within himself, "Go on, old lady; it pleases you, and don't hurt me. As well talk to a brick wall as to talk to me." When she had finished her say, she somewhat surprised him by saying, "Do you mind kneeling with me in prayer?" "Not at all," said he, in the same careless manner. But when he was upon his knees, and the godly woman was speaking to the Almighty concerning him, he thought, "Well, this is a pretty predicament to be in! Down upon my knees, being prayed for by an old woman. How ludicrous!" The prayer ended, and, rising from her knees, she said, "Oh! I do feel so concerned about you, Mr. S.; do you mind reading a book on the subject, if I lend it to you?" "Not at all, Mrs. H.," said the young man, in the same offhand way. A few hours later the old saint returned, tired and dusty, and handed him "Grace and Truth." "But where have you been for the book, Mrs. H.?" "I found," said she, "that I had lent it to a friend at B—— (a village four miles away), and I have been over to fetch it." "Well, well," responded he, "according to my promise, I intended reading the book; but since you have taken so much trouble about it, I shall read it with additional interest." "Yes; do, do, dear friend!" said she. "It's your soul, your *soul*, I'm so anxious about."

He read the book, and, strange to say—no, *not* strange to say—before he had read many chapters, and had come to the part pointing out that "*It is not feeling, but faith in Christ, that saves,*" he laid the book down, stood up, and said aloud, "Then I'm saved! I've been waiting for feeling; I'll wait no longer. I'll believe."

The next baptismal service found him publicly professing his faith in Christ, having participated in the eternal salvation *wrought out* by the life, death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, which salvation was *wrought in* him by the Holy Ghost, and is being *worked out* by him with fear and trembling. To-day he is to be found an honoured deacon of that very church over which, years before, the husband of this dear, and now glorified, sister presided.

"Be instant in season and out of season." Be zealous for good works. Be wise to win souls.

F. E. B.

George M. Murphy.*

THAT George Mollett Murphy was no ordinary man is proved by the fact of his having risen to fill a position of distinguished usefulness, notwithstanding early disadvantages, which obliged him to leave school at eight years of age, and for long afterwards to occupy a very humble situation in the world. The manner in which he gradually worked his way upward to be a leading teacher of the working classes, a politician, and a patriot, reflected the greatest credit upon him, the more so because he was always removed from self-seeking. As a member of the London School Board he won respect and distinction as a painstaking and enlightened representative of the people. He was one of the chosen friends of Samuel Morley, who never grudged money to carry on the work at the Lambeth Baths.

Mr. Murphy was born at Chelsea; and there the family came into contact with some of the leading people of the place, especially the Sterlings, one of whom was "the thunderer" of the *Times*. Mrs. Taylor says, "Our parents were poor, owing to the constant ill-health of our father, and of the six delicate boys who died either in infancy or early childhood. The bereaved parents were overwhelmed with grief, and many were the tales we heard of the precociousness—real or fancied—of the one or two who lived long enough for the development of intelligence. But with George better hopes dawned; he was always sturdy and strong, and was the joy of the parental hearts. They saw in him the embryo minister when he indulged in infantile preachments from his chair, and a very marvel of dramatic oratory when he recited at a children's chapel service, with correct action—

> 'Two paths there are through which all mortals go;
> *This* leads to bliss, and *that* to endless woe.'"

Mr. Murphy, senior, was a Puritan in taste and sympathy; he was a great reader of the Bible, and was familiar with all the popular selections of hymns, and loved no recreation better than that of singing with his children. He attended Cook's Ground Chapel; but after service he would take some refreshment he carried with him, and then preach in the open-air. He was an eccentric man, who loved retirement from the world, and discountenanced both week-day gossip and Sunday visiting. He loved the works of the old theologians, and also the best poetry: his versified fables were a great source of amusement. In a way, he was quite as fond of gardening; but his little nursery did not pay, so that the family were always in straitened circumstances. Mrs. Taylor says:—

"Considering our impecuniosity, father was, perhaps, a little too *oblivious*. On the one or two very rare occasions, except Christmases, that my mother took us for our only holiday excursions, to see one or other of our two aunts—always designated by her in the antiquated style, Sister Anne and Sister Elizabeth—my dear father, in the very seventh heaven of delight at securing the quiet opportunity, would

* "A Friend of the People: the Life of George M. Murphy, Member of the London School Board," &c. By Annie Taylor. Elliot Stock, 1888. Price 5s.

shut up shop, and be absorbed all day in the study of his beloved Bible. At another time he expended the whole of ten shillings, just paid in, on seeds for our little garden. Dear man! I have often thought of him with great pity and sympathy: the coarser and more palpable evils of poverty are not the hardest to bear; it is far harder to the quiet, ambitious, studious, and independent to be forced to live in a very maelstrom of noisy activity, to have to stifle ardent longings, and submit, perhaps, to patronizing help. The last was my father's aversion. After a long and expensive illness, the minister of the church—of which both parents were members—sent delicately a useful present; but my father returned it, no doubt politely, although the act showed his temperament."

G. M. Murphy was born in 1823, and was at work eight years afterwards. "There were four children at that time, and doubtless the little earnings of the bright, active boy were of material help; and he never returned home without experiencing a mother's care for his growing appetite. I remember, a little later on, how the 'Benjamin's mess' was meted out to him; and oh! the beauty of it all!—a new dress for the 'mother' with the first earnings! But oh! the pity of it all! School over, and work begun at eight years old! One of the first sympathizing callers after his lamented death was a clergyman whose son had left college at twenty-four, after having had two thousand pounds expended on his education. Which would probably be the better adapted for God's work in the moral and social salvation of the masses? God knows best."

At fourteen years of age he entered the employment of Messrs. Cubitt, and somewhat later received some lessons in teetotalism from the lips of Father Mathew, who at that time was wielding a vast influence both in England and Ireland. Just then, however, George took what is thought to have been a false step, by entering the army. His father died before the young soldier received his discharge, his death, probably, being hastened by the sorrow and worry occasioned by this unhappy business.

George married at the age of twenty-two, and lived in London for three years, and then he accepted an appointment on board the *York* convict ship at Portsmouth. There he led a very useful and busy life, interesting himself in temperance, and social and sanitary matters. In 1852 he removed to Birmingham, where he served as time-keeper to Fox, Henderson, and Co., and there he had for a pastor John Angell James. He next accepted the secretaryship of the Birmingham auxiliary of the United Kingdom Alliance. While advocating the Maine Liquor Law in that district, Mr. Murphy experienced very rough treatment, but he maintained his position. He assisted in an investigation into the condition and influence of low theatres, music-halls, and similar places, the result being a collection of facts well calculated to inspire ordinary quiet-living people with despair. Mrs. Taylor says:—

"A year or two later Mr. Murphy made a similar tour of inspection in London, during some hours of the night, with, alas! the same appalling result; and in this year of grace (1887) the same gigantic evil is sapping the foundations of our national well-being, and the crisis is only delayed by the increasing and self-denying labours of private philanthropy. The

'powers that be' withhold their help, ignoring the curse that will surely come upon those who come not forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

In the spring of 1856 Mr. Murphy heard that a missionary was wanted at Surrey Chapel. When he applied to Mr. Newman Hall for the situation he thus referred to his life in Birmingham :—"For the last three years I have been a member of the church at Carr's Lane. I have been a permanent teacher in the Sunday-school, and at present have one of the senior classes, and in turn conduct the separate morning service for the younger children of both schools. I am a pledged abstainer, and secretary of the Carr's Lane Band of Hope, and I have also assisted from time to time at most of those, between thirty and forty, which exist at Birmingham. I have spoken occasionally out of doors during the past two years on the subject of religion and temperance. It has also pleased God to render my services acceptable in various pulpits in the town of Birmingham and neighbourhood. As a speaker on the temperance question, I have commanded large audiences, and have to thank God for carrying conviction to many minds. My labours in this department of usefulness extend for many miles around the Midland Metropolis."

The idea held both by Mr. Murphy and Mr. Newman Hall seems to have been that something different from the methods of the City Mission was needed; and thus Mr. Hall, in one of the many letters he wrote, remarked :—"The working men of London *hate* all 'parsons,' *i.e.* until they know *personally* a particular individual; but there is always a *prejudice* against them as a *class*. Therefore, I think the city missionaries are most *suicidal* in dressing as if they were ministers. They *rush into* difficulty! It is necessary for *me* to dress clerically, as, if I did not, I should offend the prejudices of those whom it is my special business to instruct; but if I had to address a multitude out of doors, where I was not known, I should certainly appear as a layman. Of course I only suggest this to your own good sense. But I am quite certain that if you come among us *not* as a minister, of any grade, and not wishing to appear or act as such, but as one of the people—going among them, not as if professionally, but as one of themselves, to do them good—you will do twice as much good to them, because there will be no prejudice excited."

Mr. Murphy settled in South London as an evangelist, under Mr. Newman Hall, in 1856, and at once proved himself a model worker. Besides ordinary Sunday mission services, he would preach in the open air; he instituted Bible-classes for working people, and Monday-evening lectures at the Mission Hall, Gravel Lane. There were also classes for technical education, including mechanics and drawing. Eventually, Mr. Samuel Morley rented the Victoria Theatre for the evangelist's Sunday services; and the same friend also paid for the use of the Lambeth Baths for week-night meetings. The longer he lived the more evident did it appear that the evangelist was specially fitted, both by grace and natural capacity, for the arduous service he had undertaken. A local paper thus referred to the man and his work :—"Mr. Murphy is at home among working men, devoting all his time and energies to their secular and spiritual welfare, and coming not only into contact, but close relations, with yearly increasing numbers of them.

Such an influence is seldom wielded by the political leader of the masses in times of excitement, still more rarely by a Christian missionary. A hundred Murphys distributed among the densely populated districts of London would, we believe, do more to win the working men to religion than an army of Scripture-readers, scores of City Mission agents, a bevy of Sisters of Mercy, or dozens of mediæval churches."

This sentence is rather too sweeping; for we believe that the City Mission is of far more use to the masses than most people imagine. Neither do we care to compare one form of agency with another. Our churches exercise an influence which we could ill spare, and so do Scripture-readers, and other workers. We can appreciate one form of service without depreciating another. We have need of all the armies of the Lord, and cannot afford to speak slightingly of any of the regiments.

He succeeded in getting hold of the poor, and he received many testimonials from them, including "a working men's watch." His lectures on "Self-raised Men" were very popular, and such were the crowds they attracted to Hawkstone Hall, that the lecturer had to adjourn to Surrey Chapel. His Working Men's Exhibitions attracted the attention of several eminent persons, including Mr. Gladstone.

When the Education Act came into force in 1870, Mr. Murphy's desire to sit at the Council of the School Board for London did not meet with the approval of all his friends; but notwithstanding, at the second election, in 1873, he gained a seat. He held this position till his death, and so proved his fitness for it, that those who at first thought him to be unsuited for such service cordially accorded him their support. He was even asked to stand for Parliament, but wisely declined.

After labouring for ten years as evangelist under the Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. Murphy, in 1866, became pastor of a church at Borough Road Chapel, eighty-six members of Mr. Hall's church being dismissed to form the new one. This was the chapel in which the famous James Wells had preached before the erection of the Surrey Tabernacle. Under Mr. Murphy it was a working people's church, and the nature of the work done may be inferred from this extract from the report for 1886: —"During the twenty-one years of the church's existence, 1,198 members have been admitted on profession of faith in the Saviour, or by transfer from other churches of our faith and order, 388 of whom are in good standing; of these, forty joined us in 1886. During the year, nine have joined the church triumphant, twenty-seven have been transferred, emigrated, or have removed to a distance."

This brings us nearly to the end, and in closing, we may do so in words which Newman Hall addressed to George Murphy in 1886:— "What a glorious thirty years' war you have waged against ignorance, sin, drunkenness, vice, and ungodliness! What multitudes have been blessed, directly and indirectly, by your ministry! You indeed illustrate the words, 'Patient continuance in well doing.' You have won the ears and hearts of the masses of the people, and are a practical refutation of their objections to Christianity." G. H. P.

Y. W. C. A.;

OR, HOW MUCH FOUR LETTERS MAY MEAN.

THE objects of the Young Women's Christian Association had been explained in a large school, and a number of girls joined the Association at once. But Katie would not do so. She said that she could not understand it. When she came home, her aunt said, "What is the Association?" "Well," said Katie, "when you belong to it, you are given a red card; and wherever you go you find a friend." Now Katie had grasped nothing but the truth, but still not the whole truth. Finding *friends* for young women is one great object, but the greater is to find them *The Friend;* and as these, roughly speaking, include the needs of all girls, so the Association works that both may be supplied.

The Y. W. C. A. is a vast union of young women, with branches and representatives all the world over. Its members belong to every station in life, and are all bound together as sisters; so that those who do not belong to it, lose the privilege of having some exceedingly nice relations. "By love serve one another," is the motto joining all these sisters in true sympathy and affection; and "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," is their motto, showing to whom the power and progress of the whole Association may be traced. There is almost no temporal need which the Association does not meet; or, at least, try to meet. To begin at the beginning, there are *the junior branches*. Here the little ones are set busily to work; and bright meetings, occasional teas, and competitions, are arranged for them. They join the Scripture Union, and usually become most enthusiastic members. These junior branches are the nursery of our association; and, indeed, so interested are the *girls* in them, that one of the chief difficulties is how to keep the *boys* out. "We have come," said three brave little boys one day, in a room full of girls, "and we mean to stay!"

These juniors, as they grow, are transferred into the other branches, and so are not lost sight of all along. Then *the servants* have special homes of their own, with good registries attached, and all at most moderate cost. *Young ladies in houses of business* have pleasant institutes, with bright reading-rooms, libraries, classes, and social evenings. In London alone there are over forty of these institutes and homes, and in most large cities there are several, and now very many small towns are able to boast of one such house. These institutes are centres of work, and the girls attend them for the sake of the classes held there.

There are departments for the encouragement of thrift, for giving aid in sickness, for holiday homes, total abstinence, and home study. In London the park-visiting department works busily; also restaurant visiting. One of the latest efforts made is that of the Factory Helpers' Union, working under Y. W. C. A. auspices. Clubs are being opened in London, and girls never touched before are being reached.

The *Travellers' Aid* is, perhaps, the most generally interesting of departments. No girl need come lonely and helpless to our great cities. By communicating with the Travellers' Aid she will be met at stations or steamers, welcomed or speeded, be lodged safely, and be passed right along her journey, and finally received at the terminus. It is almost a sort of "perishable goods" arrangement; but then girls are perishable goods. In this department night is cheerfully turned into day. A girl,

going to the colonies recently, and obliged to reach London at midnight, had the Station Visitor's promise to meet her there, take her on to the docks, wait with her all night, and see her on board early in the morning. This *is* serving one another.

Foreigners living in England are not forgotten. In the foreign registries they meet with true sympathy, and their loneliness is further provided for in French and German Bible-classes. *Three thousand* girls passed through our London office in the past year. In somewhat the same way, when English girls go abroad, the Y. W. C. A., working in connection with the International Union, can trace them to almost every country on the Continent; and then, with a still wider stretch, it embraces our Colonial towns, and there, also, institutes are established.

Thus there is a circle of love drawn round all young women; and wise are those who keep inside it. The true Christian fellowship offered in the Association has turned the tide in many a girl's life, and led her on to seek the highest things. The gospel meetings and missions constantly held in the different branches are blessed in bringing many souls to Christ, and throughout the whole work the steady up-building of the Christian faith goes on. Numbers join the Bible Reading Union, notes are carefully prepared on the subjects of study, every possible instruction is given; and Christian counsel is always readily extended by the secretaries to the members.

The literature of the Y. W. C. A. is quite a feature in itself. Three monthly papers are used as organs. *The Monthly Journal*, for workers, containing news of branches and different departments; and *Our Own Gazette* and *The Home Friend*, are largely read by young women. Monthly letters also have a very wide circulation amongst scattered members, who are unable to attend the meetings.

Young women in misery or in ease, in toil or in leisure, in isolation or in groups, at home or abroad, are all dealt with by the Y. W. C. A., which can with truth say to each and all, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

The honorary secretaries for London—Mrs. H. Arbuthnot, 15, Craven Hill Gardens, W., and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, S.W.—are glad to hear of any young women who wish to join, or to give further information, if desired.

A Common Danger.

THERE is a great danger in the present day of our being occupied with the means of sanctification and various theories—scriptural they may be—about holiness, and yet forgetting the one great end in view, namely, that we may become like Christ.

Many Christians are like that foolish man of whom George Herbert writes:

> "What wretchedness can give him any room
> Whose house is dirty while he adores his broom?"

So many of us are occupied in adoring our brooms, in crying up the excellencies of our pet theories and special doctrines, and all the time our houses are still dirty—our lives falling far short of the example of Christ.—*F. S. Webster in "Christians and Christians."*

Signal Instances of Preservation in the Life of Captain James Wilson.

WHEN Captain Wilson was proceeding with a very valuable cargo of military stores for Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, in the Indian Seas, he was unfortunately captured by the French, and carried into Cuddalore. He was permitted, however, with other officers, to be at large on his parole, and hoped shortly to be exchanged. It was after this that the following striking incidents occurred in his history.

Hyder Ally had at that time overrun and wasted great part of the Carnatic ; and, in conjunction with the French, after taking Cuddalore, hoped to expel the English from all that territory. He had lately defeated Colonel Bailey's detachment, and made them prisoners, and used every effort to get as many of the English as possible into his power, in order either to tempt them into his service, or to gratify his brutality, by exposing them to a lingering death. He bribed Suffrein with three hundred thousand rupees to surrender up to him all his prisoners at Cuddalore.

Captain Wilson no sooner received the intelligence, than he determined, that very night, if possible, to attempt his escape from a captivity which appeared to him worse than death. He had observed, as he walked the ramparts, the possibility of dropping down into the river ; and though he neither knew the height of the wall, nor the width of the rivers which were to be crossed, before he could reach a neutral settlement, he determined to seize the moment of delay, and risk the consequences, whatever danger or difficulty might be in the way.

About seven o'clock he, with his boy Toby, softly ascended the rampart unperceived, and the captain, leaping down, uncertain of the depth, pitched on his feet ; but the shock of so great a descent, about forty feet, made his chin strike against his knees, and tumbled him headlong into the river, which ran at the foot of the wall, and he dreaded lest the noise of the dash into the water would discover him. He recovered himself, however, as soon as possible, and returning to the foot of the wall, where there was a dry bank, bid the boy drop down, and caught him safe in his arms.

All that part of the Tanjore country is low, and intersected with a number of rivers, branching off from the great Coleroon ; these must all necessarily be crossed. He enquired, therefore, of the boy if he could swim, but found he could not. This was very embarrassing, but he resolved not to leave him behind, and therefore took him on his back, being an excellent swimmer, and carried him over. They pushed towards Porto Nuovo, about four leagues and a half from Cuddalore. They had passed three arms of the river, and advanced at as great a pace as they possibly could, to make use of the night, since their hope of safety depended chiefly on the distance they could reach before the morning light. Not far from Porto Nuovo a Sepoy sentry challenged, "Who goes there ?" on which they shrank back, and concealed themselves, turning down to the river side. The river at that place was very wide, and being near the sea the tide ran in with great rapidity.

He took, however, the boy on his back, as he had done before, and bid him be sure only to hold by his hands, and cast his legs behind him; but when they came into the breakers, the boy was frightened, and clung around the Captain with his legs so fast as almost to sink him. With difficulty he struggled with the waves, and turning back to the shore, found they must inevitably perish together, if he thus attempted to proceed. Therefore, setting the boy safe on land, he bid him go back to Doctor Mein, who would take care of him. As delay was death to him, he plunged again into the stream, and pushed for the opposite shore; but he found the tide running upwards so strong, that in spite of all his efforts he was carried along with the current, and constrained, at a considerable distance, to return to the same side of the river. At the place where he landed, he discovered by the moonlight, dry on the beach, a canoe, which he immediately seized, and was drawing down to the river, when two black men rushed upon him, and demanded whither he was going with that boat. He seized the out-rigger of the canoe as his only weapon of defence against the paddles, which they had secured, and told them he had lost his way, that he had urgent business at Tranquebar, and thither he must and would go; and, launching with all his remaining strength the canoe into the river, he entreated them to convey him to the other side. The good-natured Indians rowed him to the opposite shore. He returned them many thanks, having nothing else to give them; and, leaping on the beach, immediately pushed forward with all his might. He found he had as great a distance to pass to the Coleroon as he had already travelled, and therefore continued his course with full speed, the moon shining bright; and before break of day touched this largest arm of the river, of which those which he had crossed were branches. How long he was in crossing he cannot ascertain; he thinks he must have slept by the way, from some confused remembrance as of a person awaking from a state of insensibility, and which, he supposes, had lasted half-an-hour at least. However, with the light of the morning he had reached the land, and flattered himself that all his dangers were passed, and his liberty secured; when, after passing a jungle which led to the sea-side, he ascended a sand-bank to look around him. There, to his terror and surprise, he perceived a party of Hyder's horse scouring the coast; and being discovered by them, they galloped up to him; in a moment seized and stripped him naked, unable to fly or resist; and, tying his hands behind his back, fastened a rope to them, and thus drove him before them to the headquarters, several miles distant, under a burning sun, and covered with blisters. Yet these were but the beginning of his sorrows.

The officer at the headquarters was a Mahomedan, one of Hyder's chieftains. He interrogated the poor prisoner sharply, who he was, whence he came, and whither going? Mr. Wilson gave him an ingenuous account of his escape from Cuddalore, and the reasons of it, with all the circumstances attending his flight. The Mussulman, with wrath, looked at him, and said, "That is a lie," as no man ever yet passed the Coleroon by swimming; for if he had but dipped the tip of his fingers in it the alligators would have seized him. The Captain assured him the truth was so, and gave him such indubitable evidence

of the fact, that he could no longer doubt the relation; when, lifting up both his hands, he cried out, "This is God's man!" He was indeed God's man. The Lord had marked him for his own, though as yet he knew him not.

He was immediately marched back, naked and blistered all over, to the former house of his prison; and in aggravated punishment for his flight, Hyder refused him permission to join his fellow-officers, his former companions, and thrust him into a dungeon among the meanest captives. Chained to a common soldier, he was next day led out, almost famished, and nearly naked, to march on foot, in that burning climate, to Seringapatam, about 500 miles distant. The officers beheld his forlorn condition with great concern, unable to procure him any redress; but they endeavoured to alleviate his misery by supplying him with immediate necessaries. One gave him a shirt, another a waistcoat, another stockings and shoes, so that he was once more covered and equipped for his toilsome journey. But the brutes, his conductors, had no sooner marched him off to the first halting-place than they again stripped him to the skin, and left him only a sorry rag to wrap round his middle.

In this wretched state, chained to another fellow-sufferer, under a vertical sun, with a scanty provision of rice only, he had to travel, naked and barefoot, 500 miles, insulted by the brutes who goaded him on all the day, and at night thrust into a damp and unwholesome prison, crowded with other miserable objects.

On their way they were brought into Hyder's presence, and strongly urged to enlist in his service, and profess his religion, and thus obtain their liberty, to induce them to which; these horrible severities were inflicted on them, and to escape these, at any rate, some of the poor creatures consented. But the Captain rejected these offers with disdain; and though a stranger to a nobler principle, and destitute of all religion, so great a sense of honour impressed him that he resolved to prefer death, with all its horrors, to desertion and Mahomedanism.

In consequence of the dreadfulness of this march, exposed by day to the heat, and cooped up in a damp prison by night, without clothes, and almost without food, covered with sores, and the irons entering into his flesh, he was, in addition to all the rest of his sufferings, attacked with the flux; and how he arrived at Seringapatam alive, so weakened with disease and fatigue, is wonderful. Yet greater miseries awaited him there. Naked, diseased, half-starved, he was thrust into a noisome prison, destitute of food and medicine, with one hundred and fifty-three fellow-sufferers, chiefly Highlanders of remarkable size and vigour. The other officers were at large, but poor Wilson was imprisoned with the common soldiers, and chained to one of them night and day.

It is hardly possible to express the unvaried misery that, for two-and-twenty months, he suffered in this horrible place. The prison was a square, around the walls of which was a kind of barrack for the guard. In the middle was a covered place, open on all sides, exposed to the wind and rain. There, without any bed but the earth, or covering but the rags wrapped round him, he was chained to a fellow-sufferer, and often so cold, that they have dug a hole in the earth, and buried themselves in it, as some defence from the chilling blasts of the night. Their whole allowance was only a pound of rice

a-day per man, and one rupee for forty days, or one pice a-day, less than a penny, to provide salt and firing to cook the rice. It will hardly be believed, that it was among their eager employments to collect the white ants which pestered them in the prison, and fry them, to procure a spoonful or two of their buttery substance. A state of raging hunger was never appeased by an allowance scarcely able to maintain life; and the rice so full of stones, that he could not chew, but must swallow it; and often (he said) he was afraid to trust his own fingers in his mouth, lest he should be tempted to bite them.

The noble and athletic Highlanders were among the first victims. The flux and dropsy daily diminished their numbers. Often the dead corpse was unchained from his arm in the morning, that another living sufferer might take his place, and fall by the same diseases. How his constitution could endure such sufferings is astonishing. Yet he had recovered from the flux which he carried into the prison, and for a year maintained a state of health beyond his fellows; but worn down with misery, cold, hunger, and nakedness, he was attacked with the usual symptoms which had carried off so many others. His body enormously distended, his thighs as big as his waist before, and his face enormously bloated, death seemed to have seized him for his prey. But his heart was still insensible as the nether mill-stone. God was not in all his thoughts, and his conscience cauterized; as if made stupid by his sufferings, he was dying as the beast which perisheth. No humiliation, no prayer, no sense of sin, no recourse to a pardoning God, no care about an eternal world; he lay in a state of torpor towards everything holy and heavenly, occupied only with the desire of life, and hope of recovery. How he survived such accumulated misery, exhausted with famine and disease, the unwholesome vapours of a prison thickening around him, and the iron entering into his flesh, is next to a miracle; but the days of man are numbered. He is immortal in the regions of the shadow of death, till his appointed time shall come.

Reduced now to the extremity of weakness, his chains too strait to be endured, and threatening mortification, he seemed to touch the moment of his dissolution, and was released from them to lie down and die. The soldier to whom he had been last chained, had served him with great affection, whilst others who had been linked together, often quarrelled, and, rendered mad by their sufferings, blasphemed and aggravated each other's miseries. Seeing him thus, to appearance, near his end, and thinking it might alleviate his pain, Sam entreated he might spend for oil the daily pice (about three farthings) paid them, and anoint his legs, but the Captain objected that he should then have nothing to buy firing and salt to cook the next day's provision. Sam shook his head, and said, "Master, before that, I fear you will be dead, and never want it." Yet even this he survived.

The ravages of death had now thinned their ranks, and few remained the living monuments of Hyder Ally's cruelty and malignity: nor would these, probably, have conflicted with their miseries many more months or days; but the victories of Sir Eyre Coote happily humbled this monster, and compelled him reluctantly to submit, as one of the conditions of peace, to the release of all the British captives. The prison doors were opened. But what a scene presented itself! Emaciated,

naked, covered with ulcers, more than half dead, only thirty-two remained out of one hundred and fifty-three brave men, to tell the dismal tale of the sufferings of their prison-house.

Their humane and compassionate deliverer immediately provided them with clothes, dressing for their wounds, and food for their hunger; but now their mercies threatened to be more fatal to them even than their miseries. The ravenousness of their appetite could not be restrained; and though cautioned and warned against excess, they devoured the meat provided, with such keen avidity, that their stomachs, long unaccustomed to animal food, were incapable of digestion. Captain Wilson was of the number who could not bridle his cravings; the sad effects immediately followed. He was seized that night with a violent fever, became delirious, and for a fortnight his life was despaired of. But he who is the Lord of life and glory had determined he should not thus perish. When all human help had failed, the great Physician rebuked the fever, restored his understanding, and raised him up once more from the dust of death. The eternal source of mercy would not cut him off in the impenitence and hardness of his heart; he had grace in store for him, and work prepared, when the set time should come; and such work as was the farthest from every idea he had yet entertained. He was for this continued among the living to praise him; but at that time, mercies had no more effect on him than miseries. His heart was yet hardened, and he knew not the hand which healed him. The day of salvation was not yet arrived, nor the period of his chastisement closed. He returned to life and health, with the same corrupt propensities, the same unrenewed heart, the same forgetfulness of God, and contempt of his word and commandments. No sufferings, not those of hell itself, can produce a salutary change; a sinner would come out of these flames the same as he entered them, unless the Spirit of love and power changed the heart of stone into a heart of flesh.

Being now restored, and capable of accompanying his countrymen, he proceeded to Madras. Lord Macartney had forwarded a supply of clothes to meet them, but there not being a sufficiency for all, some had one thing and some another: to Mr. Wilson's share fell a very large military hat which, with a banyan, and pantaloons, made his meagre figure very much resemble a maniac. Impatient to visit his friends, he walked on from the last halting-place, and the sentries would hardly let him pass. He hastened to a friend, whose name was Ellis; and, knocking at the door, enquired of the servants for their master and mistress. The footmen stared at him, and said they were not at home, and were shutting the door against him, when he rushed by them, and threw himself on a sofa. The servants were Mahomedans, who hold the insane in much reverence, and such they supposed him to be; and, therefore, he was permitted quietly to repose; and, being tired, he fell into a profound sleep; in which state his friends, on their return, found him, but hardly recognized him, he was so altered.

The welcome and kind treatment of his friends, who supplied all his wants, soon restored him to his former life and spirits; and he began to think of new service, as he had yet obtained but a scanty provision, which his long captivity had not much increased, though he received

the arrears of his pay. He accordingly shipped himself as first mate in the *Intelligence*, Captain Pennington, for Bencoolen and Batavia.

During this voyage, the white ants and cockroaches, with other insects, multiplied in the most prodigious manner, so that it was resolved to run the ship down from Bencoolen to Puley Bay, and lay her completely under water, to get rid of the vermin. After a fortnight they pumped her dry, and the quantity destroyed of these creatures, with centipedes three or four inches long, was incredible. Bencoolen is a most unhealthy place, but Puley Bay is the region of the shadow of death; from thence none escape without the putrid fever. Perhaps the wetness of the ship added not a little to the cause of mortality. Before they left the bay, every man of the crew who were Europeans, except Wilson, died.

During a year and a half he more than once approached the gates of death. He continued, however, to improve his fortune, and became himself a sharer in the vessel, as well as commander. Having thus accumulated a small competence for that country, he resolved to return to England, and sit down content with what he had, and endeavour to recover his health, and enjoy himself.

Notwithstanding all Captain Wilson had suffered, he was at this time very much an infidel in principle. Some time, however, after his return home, a book written by Major Burn, containing dialogues on the Christian warfare, attracted his notice, as written by a military man; and this, together with the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, of Portsea, as well as his private intercourse with that valuable minister, was the means of giving him totally different views on the subject of religion. The particulars relating to this event may be seen in Mr. Griffin's life of Captain Wilson.

Captain Wilson was applied to, by the directors of the London Missionary Society, to take the command of the ship *Duff*, which first sailed with missionaries to the South Sea Islands. This service he performed gratuitously, and through the kindness of Providence, after placing the missionaries in the stations allotted them, he returned in safety to his native land.—*Condensed from "The Excitement."*

Wesley at Dinner in his Old Age.

AT Sligo, Mr. Wesley was entertained in the barrack by Mr. Burgess, who invited a large party to meet him at dinner. During the repast, the venerable minister suddenly laid down his knife and fork, clasped his hands, and looked up in the attitude of praise and prayer. Instantly everyone was still and silent. He then gave out and sang, with great animation, the lines :—

"And can we forget,
In tasting our meat,
The angelical food which ere long we shall eat;
When, enroll'd with the blest,
In glory we rest,
And for ever sit down at the heavenly feast?"

A peculiar solemnity and hallowed feeling rested on all present.

From "History of Methodism in Ireland."

A Curious Instance of Papal Infallibility.*

HARDLY can we remember so singular an incident as that which Dr. Wright records in the interesting pamphlet which now lies before us. If we had hitherto believed in the infallibility of the Pope of Rome, the fact here recorded would have delivered us from the delusion, and we trust the making of it known may have a like effect upon those who are now the victims of that fiction.

It seems that a certain M. Henri Lasserre found great benefit for his sore eyes from his faith in the water of the Lourdes Grotto, and invocations of the Blessed Virgin. Abundant facts prove that faith in anything has a curative effect. Whether it is a doll dressed in satin, as at Larghetto, or a doctor with a wide reputation, or a quack medicine, or an old woman, or a broom-stick; if you have confidence that you will be cured, it goes a long way towards curing you. That, however, is not the point. M. Lasserre was grateful for his cure, and, moved by that gratitude, wrote a book, entitled, "Notre Dame de Lourdes." It was the making of the place. His pen caused Our Lady of Lourdes to be much sought after; for his writing was charmingly attractive, and secured hosts of readers.

On a happy day, M. Lasserre discovered the Four Gospels, and was greatly impressed by them. He thought that the fourfold story of Jesus was the very book that France wanted; and he thought most wisely. He devoutly set to work to translate the original into the French of the day; making, not exactly a literal translation, but one which would command a reading from the ordinary Frenchman. Not in chapters and verses, but like an ordinary book, the gospel narrative flowed on in a charming manner. The version was as faithful as Henri Lasserre could make it; it would not quite satisfy an evangelical believer, but it was a wonderful performance for a Roman Catholic. For a preface, it bore in its forefront a lamentation over the neglect of the gospels by Catholics. He exclaims, "The gospel—the most illustrious book in the world—is become an unknown book." Strange that such a book, with such a preface, should be dedicated to "Notre Dame de Lourdes." But there was something stranger. The book appeared with the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Paris, *and the approval and benediction of the Pope!!* Note this—

"The Holy Father has received, in regular course, the French translation of the Holy Gospels, which you have undertaken and accomplished, to the delight and with the approval of the Archiepiscopal authority. His Holiness commissions me to express to you his approval of the object with which you have been inspired in the execution and the publication of that work, so full of interest," &c.

Miracles will never cease; the Pope had sanctioned a preface extolling the reading of the Scriptures, and had also given his countenance to a popular translation of a portion of the New Testament.

The Gospels, thus recommended, obtained a ready sale; edition followed edition, till the twenty-fifth appeared. Probably one hundred

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* The Power behind the Pope. A Tale of Blighted Hopes. By William Wright, D.D., F.R.G.S. Nisbet and Co.

thousand copies were sold, at four francs each. Not as cheap tracts, but as valuable books which are sure to be preserved, had the Gospels entered many French families, *under the sanction of the Pope.*

Suddenly "the Sacred Congregation" discovered that an error had been committed, and a decree was issued from the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, with the approval of "OUR MOST HOLY LORD, POPE LEO XIII.," condemning the translation of Henri Lasserre, to be placed upon the index of forbidden books. An infallible benediction was removed to make room for an equally infallible malediction in the space of twelve months and fifteen days. The book has been withdrawn from circulation; but no hand can gather up all the copies, or destroy the good which must have come of their perusal. As for M. Henri Lasserre, he deserves our sympathy, and he should be the object of the prayers of all who rejoice in gospel light, that on him the fulness of truth and grace may dawn.

This very wonderful story is set forth at length, with all the documents, by our friend, Dr. William Wright, of the Bible Society; and those who invest a shilling in the purchase of his pamphlet, which is published by Nisbet, will do well to keep the document. Hereafter, it will be produced full many a time as the clearest possible demonstration that the Pope is not infallible—proof which must tell upon even a Catholic mind. We hear that the pamphlet is to be sown broadcast over Italy, and it will be good seed.

The stopping of the sale of the Gospels may turn out to be for the furtherance of the truth. Let our readers think of it and rejoice—it is true that a Milan newspaper is daily issuing the Gospels in numbers. It will be a charming novel for the Italians. Hundreds of thousands will read the story of our Lord's life and death, and the Lord will make it to them as a voice from heaven. Courage, brethren! God is confounding his enemies, winning wanderers, and visiting his people!

C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

Open Doors in Japan. By M. MCLEAN. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one penny.

WORTH much more than a penny. It is a fervent plea for Japan, and it ought to be heard. Christian people might be doing grand missionary service by buying a quantity of this appeal, and giving the copies to those who are likely to take up the glorious mission. Families with means might wisely go to Japan, and live among the people, and win them for Jesus by gracious intercourse. Here are indeed "open doors" for all sorts of workers; and if they are entered at once, in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, we may expect to see Japan accept the Christian faith before many moons have waxed and waned. Japan may yet be a southern Britain, if the Lord arouses his people to carry on with vigour the work of evangelization among that wonderful people. We cannot often notice tracts and little treatises, but this is really a great book because of the grandeur and necessity of its subject. One penny will secure a copy; but those who write for it to our publishers must send three-halfpence, as the postage would be a halfpenny. Those who take quantities and scatter them, will be doing special service to Japanese Missions. In their case, the publishers would, no doubt, give special terms.

The Divine Programme of the World's History. By Mr. & Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS comely volume is the latest product of well-known yoke-fellows, husband and wife, who are as keen in the study of Holy Writ as they are vigorous in the prosecution of Christian work. Healthful exercise this! gymnastics of the soul! Oh, it is well to keep the muscles of the mind in full play! "Herein do I exercise myself," said Paul before Felix. The Scripture was open before him, its texts were at his finger ends, its familiar truths were prompting him as he spoke. To this hour we know no better prescription for keeping conscience in trim.

In the present treatise we are not traversing debatable territory, as in previous works by the same authors. Any one pleased or perplexed by dissertations on "Dispensational Truth" may here obtain a clear perspective. The programme suggested to us is that of seven ages of divine inspiration, associated, at the outset, with six names, and a seventh name that is above every name. These are *Adam*, the first father of the human race; *Noah*, the progenitor of the new world; *Abraham*, the patriarch of the Hebrew family, father of many nations, and propounder of all monotheistic faith; *Moses*, notable as a founder rather than as a father—the posterity to which he gave birth of no account, but the polity by which he consolidated a nation one of the greatest factors in the history of the world; *David*, the anointed king, brightly, though briefly, verging on the meridian of human hope, furnishing the fullest type of the everlasting kingdom, and composing the finest melodies of an orchestra worthy of the eternal; then comes *Daniel*, fountain-head of a new departure, in which Gentile supremacy runs its strangely long, but strictly limited, course. At length and at last, *Jesus* of Nazareth, the Messiah. Of him a first advent—then a parenthesis in which our little lifetimes are passed for better or for worse—and anon his second advent without a sin-offering unto salvation, for which we look with eager expectation.

A bird's-eye view of the stream of Revelation is very enchanting. We should like to give some idea of our author's survey by presenting an extract, but it is not easy to find a passage brief enough to suit our narrow space. Here is one we have marked:—"As in the Old Testament we have first historic books, then didactic and poetic writings, and afterwards the volume of prophecy, containing all the extant works of sixteen different authors; so in the New Testament we have first the four gospels and the book of Acts, which are historic; then the epistles, which are didactic, devotional, and hortatory; and lastly a book of prophecy; the Apocalypse" (p. 425). "The facts of history have assuredly fulfilled the prophetic outline, and yet what a concatenation of improbabilities it presented!" (p. 440).

This programme you will find to be like a Baedeker's guide to the grand points of interest in your excursions through holy Scripture.

The Coming of the King: thoughts on the Second Advent. By the Rev. J. ROBINSON GREGORY. T. Woolmer.

INSTRUCTIVE, and free from speculation, but it will not please those who believe in the Pre-millennial advent. The author feels the difficulties of both theories, and therefore writes modestly, and we can honestly repeat our first word—he writes instructively. If you cannot agree with all that he sets before you, you are at least all the wiser for knowing what he thinks. Our own position, if it be a strong one, becomes all the stronger when we have given due consideration to the judgments of others.

Old-fashioned Truths for New-fashioned Times; or, Weapons from an Ancient Arsenal. By. J. C. CROXFORD. Partridge and Co.

As straight as a plumb-line. Our author has no notion of compromising or of concealing unpopular truth. He has just selected those very themes which he knows to be unpleasing to the mind of this age, and he has spoken upon them in the plainest and bluntest manner possible. May his honest writing find some cordial readers, and prove a blessing to them.

A System of Biblical Theology. By the late W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., LL.D. Two volumes. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE welcome this guinea's-worth of solid divinity. There has been some talk of late concerning ministers giving themselves more fully to the study of theology. It is high time they should; for amid the vaunted progress of the age there is an evident decline among ministers as to an intelligent perception of the great things of God's law. The men do not read books worth the reading; you cannot bring them to it. Any nonsense which proceeds from a dreamy, muddled-headed word-spinner will gain its admiring followers, but true learning and Scriptural truth are at a discount, and the light heads of the age will have none of them. Hence we are not very confident as to the large sale of these two volumes. They would have been greatly valued fifty years ago, but who will duly estimate them to-day?

Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander delivered these lectures to young men of the Congregational College of Scotland, and grand times the students must have had in listening to them. As essays they are profound and elaborate. They excite and direct thought, and leave within the mind a great store of valuable instruction. Their author was a master in Israel, one of a constellation of stars which made the pulpit of the modern Athens a blaze of light a few years ago. Alas! the most of those stars shine no longer on this hemisphere.

In other times we should have felt inclined to mention the points upon which we cannot see with the worthy Doctor; but in this period of unbelief we are far more bound to dwell upon the thousand and one all-important truths in which we rejoice together. He was a great and good man, and his strength was given to the right side in theology; hence we read him with pleasure, agree with him with delight, and differ from him without loss of love. Oh, that Scotland and Congregationalism had many worthies like him!

The Christian student who does not care for other Bodies of Divinity because he thinks they are slavishly systematic, will hardly find occasion for that criticism in this case. He will find what must always be rare among systematic theologians—a good deal of personal originality. Alexander had evidently resolved to call no man "master." Above all, the student will here meet with a teacher sincerely desirous to give the meaning of Scripture and the mind of God. When we can say this of a man, we feel safe under his guidance; for if he should err, he will show signs of diffidence which will call you to special watchfulness.

We hope that Messrs. Clark will meet with many purchasers for this grandly tough bit of theology. The age will rise in our estimation if it be so. We confess we hardly think well enough of the nineteenth century to expect for these volumes the success which we desire for them. Mere apprentices will despise such works; but the ripe man, full of rich experience and heavenly knowledge, will prize each leaf, and give himself a glorious drilling as he masters chapter by chapter.

The Dawn of the Modern Mission. By the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D. With a Prefatory Note by the Rev. A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

THE esteemed lecturer has fallen asleep, to the great loss of the church of God. Although he was dissatisfied with the form in which he had presented his thoughts when he discharged the Duff Missionary Lectureship, we do not believe that his readers will be. Of a history which might fill a folio Dr. Stevenson has given us an outline in a small book—but not a dry-as-dust syllabus. He who wrote "Praying and Working" could not be dull. He has so many facts to give that his writing is always richly instructive, and charmingly lively. We do not know of a book which has more in it of guides and directing-posts by which a man may make out the larger story which is here condensed. It is a wonderful narrative, this tale of the mission fire—how low it fell, and how marvellously it blazed up at certain eras. The tale is so told as to fan the flame.

Thoughts on the Spiritual Life. By H. C. G. MOULE, M.A. Seeley & Co.

A FINE bit of experimental and practical truth. Mr. Moule is no skimmer, he deals closely with the conscience, and he leads the heart into real communion with God. We have had a great treat in looking through these "Thoughts": the only fault is that there are not more of them.

Palestine Lessons to my Class; through the Land of Promise in the Pathway of our Lord. By HENRY STANLEY NEWMAN. Partridge and Co.

IT seems as if everybody going to the Holy Land must write a book; and although one would fear that the subject would be overdone, it does not appear that there is any great danger of it. This is as fresh a book as if nothing had been written on Palestine. Not that its material is all new—that could not be; but the country is treated so observantly, and is written upon with so much spiritual unction, that nothing about it is stale. The volume is what it professes to be—notes taken by an earnest teacher, and repeated to his class with holy comments and earnest exhortations. The illustrations are good, and the volume itself is a credit to "The Orphans' Press," of Leominster. It is, by-the-way, a portly tome of 445 pages. Open it where you may, you will find holy instruction conveyed in plain language. To the multitude of Christian readers it will be more pleasant and more profitable than books which go into greater detail, and are composed in a higher style.

A Greek Testament Primer: an Easy Grammar and Reading Book for the Use of Students beginning Greek. By the Rev. EDWARD MILLER, M.A. Oxford University Press Warehouse.

JUST the thing for a student who has never been to school, but wishes to pick up enough Greek to read the inspired Word in the original. Here he will be made to begin with the Alphabet, and then he will be taken through the Grammar, and will be set to learn lists of words. Help in mastering the Grammar and the Vocabulary he will find here, and in these two things lie the main difficulties to be overcome. It is a great pity that more Christian people do not resolve to master New Testament Greek. It would be an infinitely more profitable use of time than that which is found in the fashionable recreations of the hour, or in reading the superabundant fiction of the period.

Fifty Answers to Infidel Objections. By W. R. BRADLAUGH. John Snow.

SUITABLE for the class to whom it is addressed. It is remarkable that while one brother fights against Christ's holy gospel, another is labouring with all his might to defend the faith. Remark the sovereignty of grace. Many of our readers have never heard of the infidel objections which are here answered, and there is no need that they should: there is no use in seeking out filth that you may see how it can be washed away.

St. Paul's Seven Wishes. By NETTIE. With an Introduction by the Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D. The Book Society.

VERY gracious. These devout pages are by one of the old school, so much derided by the modern thinkers, and so much superior to these great infallibles. Here you have somewhat of that savour which delights spiritual minds. As all the seven wishes of Paul may be summed up in Christ, so may this little book. We read it as children eat sweetmeats, with relish and appreciation.

Paul's seven wishes we give, that some of our ministerial readers may preach from them:—To know Christ: Phil. iii. 10. To win Christ: Phil. iii. 8. To magnify Christ: Phil. i. 20. To be conformed to Christ: Phil. iii. 10. To be found in Christ: Phil. iii. 9. To rejoice in the day of Christ: Phil. ii. 16. To be with Christ: Phil. i. 23.

The Pattern Prayer Plainly Put: an Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. By JOHN HERRIDGE BATT. F. W. Bourne, 26, Paternoster Row.

PLAIN and useful sermons upon the "Our Father" prayer. A great many good things well arranged around the holy petitions of the model supplication.

The Homiletic Magazine. Vol. XVIII. January to June, 1888. Nisbet.

THIS magazine becomes more and more expository, and in our judgment it is thereby improved. But we should fear that the withdrawment of lighter articles, and papers of a more general interest, will somewhat injure its acceptableness with readers beyond the circle of the ministry. We are impressed with the value of such a serial to earnest students of the Bible; and although we do not agree with all its statements and criticisms, we always look forward with pleasure to the reception of the half-yearly volume.

The Homilist. Edited by D. THOMAS, D.D. and Rev. J. J. S. BIRD. Vols. LVII. and LVIII. Houlston.

A DOUBLE editorship must be a difficult arrangement, especially when one editor possesses the pronounced individuality of Dr. Thomas. One man riding on two horses is in an anxious position, but two men upon one horse are not likely to be comfortable. Yet in this case we think the reader is a gainer by having two teachers instead of one. Dr. Thomas, in his own way and style, is a master, and Mr. Bird has fitnesses for homiletical work of no mean order. These two volumes contain many striking outlines, numerous pithy extracts, and several vigorous onslaughts upon modern heresies and follies. When so very many rivals are contending for the position which the Homilist once occupied almost alone, it will need great vigour for this serial to maintain anything like its former position; but if it is to be done, these two able editors should be able to do it. That they do not pander to modern thought may hinder their success in some directions, but it will help in others. Moreover, success is not such an important matter as fidelity.

The Pulpit Commentary. The Gospel of St. John (Vol. II.) Introduction and Exposition by Rev. H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D. Homiletics by Rev. Prof. T. CROSKERY, D.D. Homilies by various Authors. Kegan Paul.

VERY well, as books run nowadays, but the two volumes fall far short of our ideal of a pulpit commentary upon John. The homiletics are very well, so far as they go; but the good men who wrote the exposition and the outlines have in no case erred on the side of too spiritual an interpretation. John's gospel is a book in which the teaching is spiritual to a very high degree, and the great qualification for expounding it is not so much learning as an unction from The Holy One. We will not say that these divines know very little of this unction, but assuredly we see small traces of it in their volume. The modern spirit has a tendency to dry up the Scriptures, and leave them like the skins of the grapes when all the juice has been trodden out in the wine-press: though these writers are not of the Down-Grade school, they have evidently felt a measure of its influence; and hence they do not see in a text what a more gracious school of expositors would have discovered in it. What they have seen and written is good of its sort, but an hour of Hutcheson is worth a month of Croskery. Commentators of the present age may be more critical than their predecessors, but they are not more edifying nor improving, neither are their observations one half so thoughtful or suggestive. We are improving backwards. On the table of spiritual food the joints are finer in bone, and scantier in meat. There are more stones in the pie, but there is less flavour in the fruit. We are growing so wise that soon we shall be ashamed of everything savoury and sustaining; but we shall have the great consolation of knowing that we have found out the exact shade of meaning which is intended by the original Greek—the *shade* of meaning being far more important than the meaning itself.

The Pulpit Commentary is an enormous mass of valuable exposition; not all of equal value, but, as a whole, a great mountain of wealth to a discerning reader.

Selections from the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah. Annotated and prepared (with two Maps) for Educational and Home use. By the Rev. H. M. CLIFFORD, M.A. Henry Frowde.

As brief as can be, but often most suggestive: these annotations will be invaluable to those who have sense enough to study them with patience.

The Life of Richard Baxter, of Kidderminster, Preacher and Prisoner. By JOHN HAMILTON DAVIES, B.A. W. Kent and Co.

MR. BAXTER lived through the most stirring period of English history. He was under the rule of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and James II. He preached the gospel with his whole soul, protested against the vices of the cavaliers, and equally denounced the unconstitutional acts of Cromwell, and of the wretched monarchs who succeeded to his glorious throne. Richard Baxter was a moderate man in all but his zeal for God; hence he had a clear conscience, though he was always being blamed by some one or other. He was too good and great a man to narrow his mind to one party; he followed truth wherever he thought he saw her footprints; and, though we judge him to have been in some points mistaken, his errors are the unavoidable mistakes of one who laboured to be right.

A clergyman has written this life—a good sign. Of course, the writer makes apologies, where he can, for his church, and begs that the Episcopalians of the present day be not accused of the sins of men so many generations back. This is most natural and justifiable; but we cannot forget that the very fountain and well-head of persecution is the principle and the existence of an established church. Uniformity logically follows establishment, and with it the punishment, or, at the very least, the toleration of those who refuse to conform. Baxter was a very harmless Nonconformist, for in fact he preached in his own house, and then went with his hearers to the parish church, until the rector brought him before the magistrates for daring to preach at all.

His life is rich in facts, and is fitted to stimulate holy zeal for souls, and careful obedience to God. We like "Baxter's Autobiography" better than this life, yet it deserves to be read and studied.

Mrs. Somerville and *Mary Carpenter.* By PHYLLIS BROWNE. Cassell & Co.

ONE of an attractive series of biographies of "The World's Workers." As neat books at a shilling as were ever issued from the press. The lives appear to be written in a lively and practical style.

History of Methodism in Ireland. By C. H. CROOKSHANK, M.A. Belfast: Allen and Allen. London: Woolmer. Three volumes.

THESE three volumes are marvellously interesting. Details of the driest kind are relieved by stories which are as fresh as those which our friend Mark Guy Pearse imports from the abodes of the Cornish folk. Of course, the whole history is of the Methodists Methodistic, and of Ireland Irish; but these two points tend to increase the attractiveness of every chapter. When religion is full of vigour, it is sure to produce events and actions which are surprising, singular, and original. One feels that he has escaped from the monotony of decorum. Death is dull, but life is bright and fresh. The older volumes are the better; but the story leaves off before we quite reach the common-place of the present respectable and decorous period.

Every Wesleyan should read these volumes, and to that end they ought to be placed in the library of every congregation and Sabbath-school. We trust the Methodists will long be a living power in Ireland; and may the Baptists, one of these days, have a more manifest existence than at this present! Will the Emerald Isle never be converted to the faith which saves, and comforts, and elevates? May the Lord deliver it from Rome Rule! As it is, despite the weakness of combined Protestantism in Ireland, that vivacious country has yielded to the Christian church many of its most renowned workers and teachers, and some of its most liberal givers. An Irishman is alive by nature, and when he is made alive by grace, he is all alive. As our friends would say, we feel a very powerful weakness towards Irishmen, and we expect that they will yet do far more than can possibly be expected of them.

Having heartily introduced this great history, we shall, as we have done before, present our readers with a story from it. This will be found in a previous part of this month's magazine.

Praise: Meditations in the One Hundred and Third Psalm. By MARK GUY PEARSE. T. Woolmer.

NO wonder it has reached the ninth thousand; for Mark Guy Pearse's style is so rich and vivid that everyone is charmed with it. Better still, the matter touches the heart and feeds the soul. God bless him!

Bright Sundays. A few Words to Mothers. By One of Themselves. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace. London: Partridge and Co.

VERY helpful. We can quite believe that, after reading this little book, some mothers would greatly alter the nature of Sundays to their little ones. The more of sun on Sunday the better. Everything should be done to make the Sabbath a delight. A hint is enough to set the wise upon the right track; and many such a hint will be found in these pages.

The Story of the Cross. A Poem. By CHARLES NASH. Elliot Stock.

THE story of the cross in verse. We like the writer's tone and spirit more than his poetry. The theme is too sublime for the greatest of poets, and it quite overwhelms the excellent writer who has attempted it in this little book. His closing advice is admirable:—

"On doubt's wild sea cease aimlessly to toss,
And cling to Jesu's all-sufficing Cross."

The Inner Sanctuary; or, The Last Moments spent by Jesus with his Disciples before his Passion. By Rev. CHARLES ROSS, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

AN exposition of that wonderfully rich Scripture which is found from John xiii. 1 to xvii. 26. Mr. Ross has mapped the country, and given a clear outline of its hills and valleys; and if out of the bowels of the land he has not dug much of the finest of its gold, yet he has unearthed a portion of its precious treasure. The teaching is sound and clear, and the tone is earnest and devout; while the author has often caught the connection, and shown the meaning of the passages as a whole—a thing far rarer than it should be. Our author would, however, have attempted too much in so small a book if he had tried to bring out the deep spiritual meanings of the Master's words. Whole folios have been written on some one of these chapters, and well written too. What, then, could a man do with five such massive chapters to be boiled down into a small book? Well, he has done what he could, and he has done it well.

The Bible Illustrator; or, Anecdotes, Similes, Emblems, Illustrations, Expository, Scientific, Geographical, Historical, and Homiletic, on the Verses of the Bible. By JOSEPH S. EXELL. [Matthew and Mark.] Nisbet.

PLENTY of matter for your money. We never remember to have seen such solid pages; and in small type too! When compositors get blank spaces, and half-pages without type, they call them *fat:* the books are leanness itself. They are literally crammed. They remind us of trusses of compressed hay. Portions from sermons, commentaries, and all sorts of books are used as expositions on the various verses of these two gospels; and they have been, upon the whole, right well selected and arranged. Mr. Exell has a great gift in that direction, and he uses it with marvellous diligence.

This begging, borrowing, and stealing of the thoughts of authors has become quite an art. We feel that the price of these books—7s. 6d. each—is very low, even for material which has been all of it gathered from others. A preacher with better eyes than ours will exult over this volume as one that findeth great spoil: for our optics the type is a little too small. Some persons would have made three volumes of each of these, but Mr. Exell has rammed it down and squeezed it in as if he had used hydraulics. *Mark* is so graphic and picturesque that he affords a fine field for the use of emblems and other illustrations; and as the editor has carefully collected these, he has made up a very rich volume, which we gratefully place among our expositions of Mark. Of *Matthew* we can also speak most heartily. Morrison has so admirably commented on these two gospels that we hardly want anything else; still Exell has his excellences.

Dying Scientifically: a Key to "St. Bernard's." By ÆSCULAPIUS SCALPEL. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowry, and Co.

WHEN "St. Bernard's" came before us for review last year, we were compelled to ask what were the relative proportions of "romance" and reality in the book, so serious and shameful were the malpractices in large hospitals instanced by the writer. In the "Key" the answer is given:—"I reply, about twenty-five per cent. romance, and seventy-five per cent. stern reality." In "Dying Scientifically," the various charges in "St. Bernard's" are classified, and proofs adduced from the utterances of medical men of repute, and cases recorded in the *British Medical Journal*. We hope that the circulation of this little book and the cheap edition of "St. Bernard's" will hasten those reforms in the treatment of the sick poor which we are forced to admit are urgently called for.

Stories about Japan. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Religious Tract Society.

MEANT for children, but may be read by any of us with pleasure and instruction. A gem of a book for spare moments, and for weak eyes.

Cricket: A Popular Handbook of the Game.

Football: A Popular Handbook of the Game. Religious Tract Society.

CRICKET and football are two of the best of recreations, for they combine deliverance from occupation with the most healthy exercise. It has been supposed that the Puritans forbade all amusements, and yet we find Dr. John Owen playing at bowls with Oliver Cromwell. It is from this game that we get the theological term, "the bias of the mind." The Puritans would gladly allow such recreation as tended to rest the mind and invigorate the body; but then it must be regarded as recreation, and not become, as it does with some, an absorbing pursuit.

Football would seem to need more careful regulation to prevent accidents. We have known cases in which masters, playing with scholars, have accidentally broken their legs. Such a sad ending to a sport tends to embitter life. Big men and small boys should hardly play so rough a game together.

We hardly see what the *Religious* Tract Society has to do with these sports. It would be fairer to the publishing firms if these subjects were left to them. The Society will have a wide enough field if it minds its own hallowed business. At the same time, those two or three pages of Notabilia at the end may meet the eye of some who otherwise might not have read such seasonable words. In their own line these books are first-rate, and very cheap. Cricket 2s. Football 1s. 6d.

Scenes and Sights in Town and Country. Descriptive Views of some of the most Picturesque Places, Buildings, &c., in the United Kingdom. Numerous Illustrations. Joseph Toulson.

ALL who desire a book full of charming views, will find it here. Dr. Syntax will not need to go on another tour in search of the picturesque, for here it is to perfection. Our own country is far richer in beauty than those imagine for whom nothing is enchanting but that which is foreign. This volume is so very good that we wish it could have been made just a little better, and then it would have been first-class; as it is, it is well worth the money asked for it.

Britain in History, Ancient and Modern; or, Proofs Linking Israel with Britain throughout the Ages. By Mrs. G. ALBERT ROGERS. Nisbet and Co.

THOSE who believe in Anglo-Israelism will rejoice in this book, into which Mrs. Rogers throws great energy and remarkable research. Others will find in it many interesting facts, and something amusing in the handling of them. For our own part, we regret that our excellent friend should spend so much time upon a mere fancy; for although to her it is clear as the sun in the heavens, we regard the theory as a sheer piece of romance. We are not Jews: Abraham is ignorant of us, and Sarah acknowledges us not.

Five Little Peppers, and how they Grew. By MARGARET SIDNEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

JUST the book to please other "little Peppers." It is lively and bright; the reading corresponding with the attractive binding. The illustrations should have been better, for the book is worthy of good engravings. A good horse deserves good harness. American family life is here described in a happy style.

Little Neighbours in London. By E. C. RICKARDS. John Hogg.

A CAPITAL illustration of the text, "The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is Maker of them all." Full of pathos and practical piety, and most suitable for "les petites."

Little Folks. Midsummer Volume. Cassell and Co.

IT is among the marvels of the age that a juvenile magazine of such proportions as this can be kept up with freshness of matter, and brightness of illustration, year after year. After a few volumes the difficulty of production becomes immense. Genius must be at the head, and an ample purse must be ready to purchase contributions, or else a child's magazine soon becomes childish, and no child cares an atom about it. *Little Folks* knows nothing of this risk, but is for ever fresh as a daisy.

We commend this verse to certain writers who cannot make others believe in their abilities:—

"Araminta Cornelia White
Writes stories from morning to night;
So foolish, 'tis hinted,
They never are printed!
Araminta declares, though, 'tis spite,
Just because all her tales are so bright—
So clever and bright."

Within Sea Walls; or, How the Dutch Kept the Faith. By ELIZABETH H. WALSHE and GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

THE writer, who commenced this story in "The Sunday at Home," was needed in the upper courts before she was able to finish it. Mr. Sargent stepped in, and perfected the fabric. It is a tale of the Low Countries, and Philip of Spain, and William of Orange, and the Beggars of the Sea, and the persecuted saints on land. It fires one's blood to read how holy men have suffered and struggled; but in this case so much is introduced of that sacred gospel for which they endured so bravely, that one is not so much driven to tears, or worked up into indignation, as led to prayer to the precious Saviour, and to praise of his thrice-blessed name. Unreservedly we commend this excellent book—especially to the young.

Millie's Disappearance, and what came of it. By MARY E. SHEPHERD. T. Woolmer.

ON reading the early chapters of the story, we were inclined to set it down as ill-concocted, and full of unlikely situations; but the author was too clever for us, and we became interested in the poor folk who took the lost child in, and the rich folk who found the poor folk out, and we rejoiced as we found that both rich and poor brought in lost sheep to the Great Shepherd.

Pictures of our Pets; and Pleasant Talks about some of the Wonderful Works of God. Second Series. W. B. Horner and Son.

FIRST-RATE books for children, containing heaps of information upon natural history. What with the pictures, and the easy style of the writing, the youthful reader is easily caught and held, and the facts which are set before him are well worth his knowing. We suppose the books to be a shilling each; and if so, they deserve to be sold by tens of thousands.

In Glenoran. By M. B. FIFE. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE illustrations are as poor as the subject-matter, and yet that subject-matter is poor as poverty itself. We cannot imagine any good resulting from the reading of such a story.

Doris Cheyne. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A TELLING story of a noble life. This talented writer paints grand pictures with her pen, and creates characters which move souls to higher things. Our commendation is enthusiastic.

The Comprehensive Teacher's Bible. S. Bagster and Sons, Paternoster Row.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that there is such a demand for Bibles of a high class, with "Helps to Bible Study" added to them. A spirited competition has arisen among eminent publishers, and the result is a variety of Bibles to supply the demand. Mr. Frowde has done well for some time in this happy business, and now Messrs. S. Bagster and Sons have taken up the running very vigorously. This firm has long been to the front in this particular department, and they are evidently determined not to be beaten.

The Bibles are first class in quality of paper and printing. The bindings are, of course, good or better, according to price. A catalogue of the very varied forms and prices could be obtained of the publishers. The additional matter is valuable, clear, and well-condensed. There is enough upon Biblical matters to be a real help to teacher or preacher. The Concordance and the indices will be of considerable service when a Cruden is not within reach. The maps are first-rate. Altogether, the whole body of "Help" is adapted to produce a "comprehensive teacher," or, at least, one who comprehends his Bible. The chapter upon revelation and inspiration will produce a good deal of thinking, and possibly some little discussion; and this will be a healthful result, for the subject deserves to be well weighed. The range of "Help" on many topics is so wide, that we could hardly suggest an addition which would suitably occupy any portion of the space available in a portable Bible.

We are pleased to hear that for these Bibles there is a very large demand in America: there will be the same in this country.

The Story of the Nations: Turkey. By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. T. Fisher Unwin.

This is the story of an empire once so mighty as to threaten all Christendom, and now so feeble as to rule in Europe fewer people than are to be found in London. In Europe the Turkish territory once covered 230,000 square miles, it now retains only 66,000: its population was nearly twenty millions, but now only four and a half millions. The Turk may well cry, "Save me from my friends"; for, under the care of his allies, his empire is gradually crumbling to nothing. The sooner he crosses to Asia the better, but even Asia would not be very anxious to retain him.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole and his helpers tell the story very fairly. The writing is not always so clear that we catch the meaning all at once, and we cannot say that we think the style a model one; but the subject has so much interest of its own that we have studied with pleasure this latest of "The Stories of the Nations." This is the kind of reading which we commend. The more our young men give attention to history and other really instructive matters, the better for their minds and characters. Fiction is poor food for the soul; and those who try to live upon it must become feeble in moral sinew. There is no sort of excuse for devouring so much of the literary pastry of romance; for the more solid meats are quite as full of flavour, and infinitely more satisfying. We attribute much of the erroneous doctrine, and still more of the frivolous spirit of the age, to the drenching of men's minds with watery fiction, to the washing out of the material whereof true manhood is made up.

Biblical Commentary on the Psalms. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated by the Rev. David Eaton, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

The esteemed publishers have forwarded the second volume of this scholarly exposition, which we have aforetime commended to the more critical of our ministerial friends. Another volume will complete the work, which is a standard one.

India: Pictorial and Descriptive. By the author of "The Mediterranean Illustrated." Nelson and Sons.

A sumptuous work. India is too wide a theme for one volume, however large. Our author here gives a little upon each portion of that huge empire. He writes very pleasantly, and has a genius for seizing upon the most striking subjects. The illustrations are in the highest style of art.

A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Cheap Non-alcoholic Beverages. With Sketches of my Life. By ROBERT SEAGER, Ipswich. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

A PRACTICALLY useful book. We have not tried these particular beverages, but we are sure that one way to wean men from beer and spirits is to give them other pleasant drinks. It is a sign of the times that the providing of non-alcoholic beverages is being attended to, and that out of it there has grown an immense trade. May it limit the trade in death-draughts!

Notes.

WE take special note of *Memorials of Joseph Tritton*. Our departed friend was a man of a thousand—a choice and chastened spirit. By nature he was of pure taste and elevated spirit; but grace came in and refined everything, and wrought in him the beauty of holiness. All his sympathies were with the most pronounced evangelical teaching, and with the most practical gospel service. Nothing of the "Down-Grade" tendency could be endured by him: with a firmness singularly strengthened by gentleness, he put aside the false, and embraced the true. Mr. Tritton was the author of many exquisite hymns—hymns which are for persons of thoughtful mind and chaste taste. It would have been a great pity for these to have remained like scattered pearls; and it was a gracious impulse which led Mrs. Tritton to collect a number of them, and preserve them as a memorial of her beloved husband. That the volume should be sold for the benefit of the Baptist Missionary Society is a comely thing—such a thing as would comport with his own wish could he return among us. For twenty years he was the treasurer of the Baptist Mission; and at its jubilee, in 1842, he made his first public speech.

In these memorials we have both verse and prose. As the price is only 2s., and the money goes to the Mission, many of our readers will write to 19, Furnival Street, Holborn, for the book. They should enclose an extra threepence if they wish it sent by post.

We think our friends should all see the following letter by Mr. Henry Varley. We find it in *Word and Work* for July 20. It is a fine, outspoken, brotherly testimony; and, as we have had no conversation with our friend upon the subject dealt with, it is an altogether independent testimony from one who has traversed our country from end to end, and knows what he is writing about. We omit a paragraph about a newspaper, but give the rest *verbatim*:—

"MR. VARLEY ON THE 'DOWN-GRADE.'

"*To the Editor of 'Word and Work.'*

"SIR,—The discussion which has taken place during my absence from England is, in my judgment, of the very first importance; and I regret exceedingly that I was not here to express my hearty sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon, and those who have taken part in the defence of the gospel of Christ.

"There is great danger lest the important issues which have been raised by the 'Down-Grade' controversy should, in the interests of peace and union, be diminished and made light of. The mental activities of the present time are not favourable to holding firmly the Word of God. Revelation, which is unchanging, is not fast enough for an age of which it may be said, 'Change is its fashion.' All the more necessary, therefore, does it become to 'hold fast the form of sound words,' and contend earnestly, not for what some have called a mechanical system of interpretation, but 'for the faith once for all delivered to the saints.'

"We ought not to forget, face to face as we are with thousands of volumes filled with corrupt and false thought on almost every subject, that the prolific chamber for the conception and birth of false thought is the human mind, whenever it refuses the limit, discipline, and guidance of the fundamental principles of the Word of God. It is the faith of Christ which is persistently attacked, and which we intend persistently to defend.

"Take a recent case. In a northern town, a Congregational minister, conversing with one of his brethren, said, in reference to his approaching Sunday-school anniversary, 'I select the hymns; I do not leave it to my superintendent or teachers.' 'Why not?' was the enquiry. 'Well,' was this false teacher's reply, 'very likely they would select hymns that I object to have sung in my church.' 'Why, what hymns do you refer to?' enquired the brother minister. 'Well,' was the Congregational minister's reply, 'such hymns as "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," or "Jesus, Lover of my soul," or "There is a fountain filled with blood"; I am not going to have such hymns sung in my church.'

"Now, Sir, I fear the Congregational Union is powerless to deal with this deceiver. There cannot be room to doubt that, if this man had told the church of which he is the pastor that he would not have these hymns sung, he would never have been elected as the minister. The unfailing Word describes this dishonest deceiver to the life: 'But there were false prophets also among the people, as among you also there shall be

false teachers, who shall PRIVILY bring in damnable heresies, denying even the Master that bought them, bringing upon themselves swift destruction' (2 Pet. ii. 1).

"This deceiver brought in *privily* his destructive heresies; that is, he kept back from the church his views until he had secured his position as the minister. The dishonesty of such conduct is patent. I can understand ministers drifting into the deceptions which deny the atonement after they have been elected, but in such cases honesty of conduct would at once say, 'I must leave this church; my views are changed, but that change does not discharge my responsibility in regard to the doctrines and teachings which are held by the church in which I minister.'

"Why do not these men take neutral ground, and air their modern notions on their own platforms? Is it anything less than dishonesty of the worst possible type for a man to appear to subscribe to the doctrine of the gospel of Christ by accepting a platform or pulpit confessedly committed to and identified with that gospel, all the time intending, when the ministerial position is secured, to undermine and subvert that gospel? It may well be said of these men, 'They bring in sects of perdition' (R.V.). For of those who reject the sacrifice of Christ in order to the putting away of sin it is written, 'There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful expectation of judgment, and a fierceness of fire which shall devour the adversaries' (Heb. x. 27).

"The spread and working of this accursed leaven is defiling and corrupting in many quarters. Let us make no mistake, nor suffer the cry of 'Peace, peace,' to arrest the watchman's alarm. I am sure, Sir, to hear some of the things which have been written and said, you would suppose that Mr. Spurgeon ought to have framed definite charges against certain men in the Baptist Union, and have had them tried for heresy.

"I know of no court for such a trial; and if it existed, the men who should be charged with the heresy would be represented as martyrs, and as being persecuted for truth and liberty. Sympathy, money, and professions of friendship would be readily tendered; whilst Mr. Spurgeon, or any other man who should so act, would be held up before his fellow-men as a bigoted persecutor. The press, especially a portion of the religious press, would heap ridicule and opprobrium upon the entire question at issue.

"Separation, in my judgment, in Mr. Spurgeon's case, was wise and right. In no other way could he have made so effectual a protest against those 'destructive heresies.' The providence of God has made his servant (Mr. Spurgeon) much more than a prominent Baptist. He belongs to the greater church, viz., the church of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. His coming out from the Baptist Union has done very important service. Better that ten denominational unions should perish than that the great truth of Christ's sacrifice for sin should be ignored, misrepresented, or fail of constant prominence.

"Mr. Spurgeon's protest has been most timely. It is unwise to limit Mr. Spurgeon's action and attitude as though it necessarily reflected painfully or exclusively upon his own brethren in the Baptist denomination. This has arisen mainly by reason of Mr. Spurgeon's overshadowing individuality. In the same way I can understand what have been felt as our strong brother's hard words. I am as certain as I live that Mr. Spurgeon never intended any reflection upon such men as the gentle-spirited Dr. Culross; but I apprehend that none of the brethren would delegate that gentle spirit to the battle-field to do hard and doughty service against the troublers of Israel. Yes, Sir, it is easy to criticise the soldier at war on the battle-field, but I am not by any means sure that criticism begotten in the calmness and quiet of converse or the study after the fight is over is competent to pronounce judgment upon the warrior. For my part, I thank God for the timely and important protest given by Mr. Spurgeon; and I cannot see what force there is in the oft-repeated remark that his act was a reflection upon the soundness of the whole of his brethren. I have been away during the heat of the war. I am not conscious in this writing of any motive actuating me save a deep interest in and regard for the great and vital truths of revelation, and an earnest desire to express my deep sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon in his defence of truths which are dearer than life itself.

"This is no time for quiet in the sense of going over to the majority. Error is rampant, and the time of crisis is at hand; should any suppose that Mr. Spurgeon has been worsted in this conflict, let them think this again, that it is easy to be deceived by appearances. It is still through death to life, and through seeming defeat to divine victory.

"HENRY VARLEY."

The remarkable utterance of Dr. Dods, at the Presbyterian assembly, must surely arouse the faithful to a sense of the present danger. This is the sort of divine that the Baptist Society authorities invite to preach a special sermon. The more questionable a man's theology becomes, the more sure is he to be asked to take part in the public displays of the denomination. We can hardly think that the bulk of the people would have it so, but the rulers carry out their own devices.

The following resolution was prepared by a committee of the Kentucky Baptist Ministers' Meeting, and unanimously adopted by the General Association of the Baptists of the State of Kentucky, a body comprising over 137,000 members, 960 ministers, and 1,300 churches:—

"Resolved, that the ministers and other

messengers of the General Association of the Baptists of the State of Kentucky, assembled in annual meeting at Eminence, in the said State, this 20th day of June, 1888, send Christian greeting to their esteemed brother, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, assuring him of their thorough appreciation and approval of the faithful stand he has made in defence of important Scriptural truth in the recent 'Down-Grade' controversy'; of their deep sympathy with him in his personal affliction, and in the attacks which his fidelity has invited; and of their earnest prayers that the God of all grace may long spare him to his great work as an earnest, eloquent, and faithful minister of Christ's gospel, and a valiant defender of the faith once for all delivered to the saints."

On the day previous, June 19, the Nova Scotia Western Baptist Association passed unanimously a resolution to the same effect as the above. For these brotherly actions we are deeply grateful. To stand alone for the truth is a lesson we are learning; but to find others with us is a joy we delight in.

It seems to be an amusement to certain papers to invent courses of action, and impute them to us. This will do no harm if nobody believes them. When we make a move, it will not be done in the dark, and our friends shall not first learn it at the lips of opponents.

On *Monday evening, July* 9, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was able to be at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting for the first time after an absence of several weeks through illness. Mr. Harmer gave an account of his voyage up the Mediterranean, and specially spoke of work carried on among sailors at Genoa. Mr. E. J. Parker, the evangelist, who has recently returned from the United States, sang a new gospel hymn with much power. Mr. Faithfull, of Marseilles, described his labours among the sailors in the great southern seaport. Special prayer was offered on behalf of work among sailors, missions in France, and other forms of Christian service, and also for the restoration of our deacon, Mr. William Olney, who had recently undergone a peculiarly critical operation. We rejoice in this place to add that prayer has been heard for him, and that he is recovering. It looks like a miracle. The Pastor gave the address, which is printed in the present number of the Magazine. The meeting was full of power. If our readers are ever in London on a Monday evening, they should join in a Tabernacle prayer-meeting. As a permanent institution, its numbers and spirit surpass any meeting we have ever seen.

On *Thursday evening, July* 12, the Pastor preached, and a special baptismal service was held, when Mr. J. T. Dunn baptized eight soldiers who had come up from Woolwich to confess their faith in Christ. These are the fruits of the faithful labours of certain sisters in Christ with whom we greatly rejoice. Oh, that our Lord may have an army within the army!

On *Monday evening, July* 16, a considerable number of friends interested in Zenana work met for tea at the College, after which an address was delivered by Miss Thorn, of Delhi, who was a member of the church at the Tabernacle, before she went out to India as a missionary. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon also briefly spoke about the work, and Mr. Harrald reported, on behalf of Mrs. Charles Murrell, the Secretary of the Tabernacle Auxiliary of the Zenana Mission, that the receipts for the year had amounted to £161 6s. 11d.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the Pastor presided, and further reference to Zenana and missionary work was made in prayer, and a soul-stirring speech was delivered by the Rev. R. R. Chowdhury, of Allahabad. This brother is a converted Brahmin, and a man of remarkable power of mind, and force of speech. His allusions to the meekness, quietness, obedience, and submissiveness of converted Hindoo women were most beautiful, but they appeared to be somewhat amusing to certain of those who listened to him; and, doubtless, they were in a pleasant manner rehearsed by husbands to their loving spouses at home. It would really seem that there is something specially beautiful about the spirit of Hindoo females: they are so tender, kind, considerate, and gentle: so Mr. Chowdhury assures us; and we do not doubt his testimony. There is force in the argument from deep depravity, which would move us to seek the conversion of the savage; but we feel that there is equal force in the argument taken from natural amiability, which should urge us on to labour for the salvation of the gentle. Let Zenana work be pressed with growing vigour!

COLLEGE.—At the close of the summer session several students completed their course with us. Mr. S. J. Baker has settled at Sarn, Newtown, Montgomeryshire; Mr. J. C. Carlile, at Abbey Street, Bermondsey; Mr. G. H. Rumsey, at Longley Road, Lower Tooting; and Mr. A. W. Welch, at New Romney, Kent.

Mr. W. G. Silke, who returned to England from the United States about a year ago, has gone back to America, to "do the work of an evangelist," as openings occur. Mr. R. Hughes hopes shortly to go to the United States. Any brethren knowing of a vacancy may communicate with him, care of Pastor G. C. Williams, Mount Vernon, Knox Co., Ohio.

Mr. W. J. Mayers is leaving Bristol next month to become Deputation Secretary to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Mr. G. Wainwright is removing from Manchester to Westbourne, Bournemouth, for reasons of health.

Mr. A. J. Parker, from Colne to Harpole, Northamptonshire; and Mr. G. H. Kemp has left Niagara Falls, and gone to Grand Forks, North Dakota, U.S.A.

The students are now away for their vacation, which lasts until the beginning of September. We have only selected a very small proportion of the candidates seeking admission; other applicants must kindly wait until next year, unless they prefer to apply to some other college.

Our brother, W. J. Smith, late of Westmancote, has been recently called home. His health has been failing for a long time, and about a year ago he had to resign his pastorate, as he was unable any longer to bear the strain of the work. He was a good man, and many must have been blessed during the seventeen years that he laboured for the Lord in Westmancote. May his bereaved widow and children be helped and comforted in their time of need!

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been at Oban and Tobermory recently. Our brother Macdougall sends us an interesting account of their services at Oban and Taynuilt; and Pastor Donald Bell writes hopefully concerning the work at Tobermory. In each place many gathered to hear the Evangelists, and several, especially among the young people, were brought to decision for the Lord.

Our brethren are now resting in anticipation of their London campaign. The dates for commencing their missions during this year, so far as they are fixed at present, are as follows:—Aug. 25, Penge Tabernacle; Sept. 16, Bromley, Kent; Sept. 30, Talbot Tabernacle, Bayswater Presbyterian Church, and Westbourne Grove Chapel; Oct. 28, Upton Chapel, Lambeth Road; Nov. 4, Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road; Nov. 11, Metropolitan Tabernacle; Nov. 25, Bloomsbury Chapel.

Mr. Harmer has returned from his sea-trip, much benefited. He hopes to recommence his evangelistic work this month.

ORPHANAGE.—Through the generosity of Mr. Ross and Mr. Redman, the children have again had the treat of "a strawberry tea." Our heartiest thanks are given to the kind donors.

On *Tuesday, July* 10, the Orphanage annual excursion to Brighton took place, and the large company that went was specially favoured in having a bright, warm day.

This month the children who have friends who can invite them will be away for their holiday. There are always several boys and girls who have no relatives to take charge of them. We hope our friends in town or country will again write to Mr. Charlesworth, offering to take one or more of our lads or lasses for the whole, or part, of the month of August.

PERSONAL NOTE.—One of our former students sends us the following interesting account of two conversions through the reading of one of our sermons recently published:—A son of godly parents was the source of great anxiety to his friends, because he was not on the Lord's side, and, in some respects, was opposed to the truth as it is in Jesus. In consequence of an accident, he was taken to a hospital. His wife, though not a Christian, was very anxious about his state, and this led her to concern for her own soul's salvation. While he was absent from her, she was wondering how she could obtain peace, and asked the Lord to help her. Our brother thus narrates what followed:—"Just at that moment a tap came to the door, and a lady handed in your sermon upon 'Moses: his Faith and Decision' (No. 2,030). She read it at once, until she came to the sentence, 'Then set down my name as a soldier in that army.' She procured a pen, wrote her name on the margin of the leaf opposite that sentence, knelt down, and delivered herself up to God. Peace at once filled her heart. When her husband returned, she told him of the change; and her simple story of how she was converted did what the arguments of many friends, and the reading of many books, did not do—it was the means of his conversion. They are both now rejoicing in the truth."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—June 28, fourteen; July 12, eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Part collection at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins ...	6	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smithers	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange, per J. T. D. ...	2	0	0
H. I., Malta...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Miller	1	5	0
Mr. William Grant	2	0	0
Mr. John A. Stooke	0	5	0
Mrs. Ambler, per Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.	10	13	11
J. A.	25	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mrs. Shearman	3	0	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Nicholson	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	2	0	0
Mrs. Morden	0	2	0
A friend, per Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Coghill, J.P.	50	0	0
Pastor C. J. A. N. Padley	2	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	1	0	0
Proceeds of lecture, per Pastor A. Macdougall	0	6	2
Mr. John Coutts	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. L. Keys	1	1	0
Collection at Portmahon Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor T. I. Stockley	4	13	0
Pastor C. A. Cook	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clarke	1	10	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Miss Esther Milroy	3	0	0
Mrs. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. E. Stanion	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	1	0
Mr. George Harris	1	0	0
Ashford	1	0	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Pastor H. O. Mackey	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
June 17	34	3	9
,, 24	22	9	0
July 1	26	0	0
,, 8	5	0	11
	87	13	8
	£228	13	3

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. A. Pratt	1	0	0
Collected by Miss C. Fairley	1	12	0
Collected by M. J. Ashton	2	14	0
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Sharp	2	13	6
Collected by Mrs. J. Lord	0	8	0
Collected by Miss S. H. Pickering	0	8	0
Mr. John Malcolm	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Dodwell	0	10	6
Mrs. Walker	0	7	6
Rev. T. H. Sparham, a thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Garrett	0	5	0
Collected by Miss W. Bagshaw	0	10	0
Mr. S. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	2	0
Collected by Clement and Newling's, Ticket Writers, per Mr. Hawkins	3	2	3
Collected by Mrs. Willis	0	15	0
Collected by Miss B. Houston	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Bullock	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0
Miss B. Bamber	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	1	3	6
Collected by Mr. J. Walker	0	7	0
Master B. Dennish	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Cable	0	7	6
Mr. C. Lister	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Teverson	1	12	2
Collected by Mrs. Jackson	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Medland	0	12	0
Dr. H. Gervis	3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Blake	1	15	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. E. D. Randall, per Mr. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. Parkes	1	0	0
Miss B. Parkes	1	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffrey	0	6	0
Collected by Miss A. A. Lennard	0	10	0
Miss Martineau	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dickey	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	7	9
Mr. R. Parsons	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Barnard	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	4	0
Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone	0	12	0
Collected by Miss N. Gosling	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	11	7
Collected by Mrs. Holmes	0	14	8
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
Miss G. Buik	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. H. Critch	2	7	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker	0	3	6
Collected by Miss M. H. Weatherhead	1	6	6
Collected by Miss E. Clarke	0	15	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	10	6
Mrs. Smither	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1	5	0
Mrs. J. Gibbs	0	7	0
Mrs. Bunting	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Botting	1	4	6
Collected by E. E. and S. G. Dice	3	0	0
Miss J. Arnold's box	0	9	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
Collected by the Misses Young and Nicoll	0	6	2
Mr. Greening	1	8	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Casey's children	1	8	6
Mr. G. Whittet	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Laker	0	12	6
Collected by Miss E. Hinton	1	0	0
Mrs. P. Ashton and Miss A. Wolfenden	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Sharpe	0	10	6
Miss A. Green	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Chamberlain	0	10	4
Mrs. Oxenbridge	0	2	6
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Collected by Miss K. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. Creasey	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Francis	0	4	0
Collected by Miss O. Heaseman	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Gilpin	0	11	0
Registered letter, Dulwich ("from one who anticipated being present on June 19th")	0	5	0
Mrs. Fisk, per Mrs. Clarke	1	1	0
Box in office at Tabernacle, per E. H. B.	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Hall	0	3	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Burton	0	14	0
Mr. Wooltorton	3	5	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	2	0
Mr. R. T. Lewis	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Saltwell	1	1	0
Mrs. Saunders	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Offer	0	3	6
Hephzibah	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. Mortimer	1	11	0
Mr. J. F. Verry	0	5	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. F. Masters	5	5	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	7	0
Miss Dunbar	0	2	0
Mr. Absolon	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Saunders	0	8	0
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0
Miss Day	0	5	0
H. C. and B. Curtis	1	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Staveley	3	10	0
Pastor E. S. Cole	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. James Simpson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Munro	0	8	0
J. and H. Grundy	1	0	0
Mr. Longmore	0	10	0
Mrs. Womersley	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Luxford	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Reynolds	0	2	0
Misses Bessie and May Harrison ...	0	8	0
Mrs. D. Couttie	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Scutt	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. Morgan	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Roberts	0	4	6
Mr. J. T. Helby, M.L.S.B.	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Maxwell (book) ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Maxwell (box) ...	0	7	1
Collected by Mr. Cooper	0	18	6
Collected by Mr. L. W. Reed	0	5	8
Collected by Mrs. Duff	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. Edwards	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	9	6
Collected by Mr. E. Seal	0	6	6
Collected by Mrs. Boston	0	6	8
Mrs. R. Stapley	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Farmer	1	10	8
Mrs. Ferne, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. Falconer	2	0	0
Collected by M. and E. Chance	0	8	2
Collected by Miss Honour	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. B. M. Scott	0	12	8
Mr. A. Barber	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. Alexander	0	9	11
Collected by Miss Johnson	0	3	1
Mr. J. Cuthbert Axtens	1	1	0
Young women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff ...	0	15	4
Per Mr. Henry Smith :—			
Miss Fort 0 5 0			
In memoriam, Mr. Ernest Fort 1 0 0			
	1	5	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
Mr. S. Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mr. S. Patten	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Hare	1	9	6
Mr. C. Donaldson	1	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lucas, M.L.S.B.	1	0	0
Mr. R. F. Saunders, M.L.S.B.	1	0	0
The Young Women's Bible-class, Streatham, per Mrs. E. A. Davis ...	0	18	0
Collected by Mrs. S. T. Barrah ...	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. G. S. Brown ...	0	3	3
Mr. J. R. Smith	2	2	0
Per Pastor J. Rankine :—			
Collected by Mrs. McDonald 0 10 3			
Collected by Mrs. Rankine 0 7 6			
	0	17	9
Collected by Miss H. Taylor	0	10	0
Mr. John Hill	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Miller	1	5	0
Miss Stedman	0	5	0
W. S.	1	0	0
Pastor G. Cobb	0	10	0
Miss Clover	0	5	0
Miss M. C. Irwin	0	3	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	5	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	10	0
A friend, per Mrs. Cooper	0	2	6
Mrs. Younger	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs R. Haynes	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Norton	1	0	0
Pastor Frank M. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Hay	0	5	0
Mrs. Newing	0	10	0
Mr. P. Cockerill	0	10	6
Pastor E. T. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	0	0
A few friends in Magill, South Australia, per Mr. W. Yeatman	8	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A sermon-reader	0	10	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel," King's Lynn	0	2	6
Mrs. Woormer	0	2	0
Mr. Joseph Spurgeon, per Mrs. Goslin	2	0	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of one child for a year	20	0	0
Mr. George Jingey	20	0	0
Mrs. Roberts	0	2	0
Dr. Maberly	5	0	0
A friend	1	17	9
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Cracknell 1 1 0			
Sunday morning offerings 0 7 6			
	1	8	6
Mrs. Cracknell, sen.	1	1	0
Mrs. Gregg and her three little children	0	10	0
Friends at College Park, Willesden, per Pastor J. W. Thomas	0	10	0
Eskdale shepherd	0	10	0
Lizzie	0	2	6
Mrs. England	1	0	0
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	0
Mr. T. Oldfield	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Kate E. Buswell ...	3	3	0
Mrs. Shipway	0	2	6
Rev. J. and Miss Adams	0	6	0
Miss Adams' class	0	2	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mrs. J. H. Fordham	10	0	0
Miss E. Price	0	5	0
The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird ...	20	0	0
H. W.	0	10	0
Postal order from Weston-super-Mare	0	2	6
A poor member of the Tabernacle church	0	2	0
A constant sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mrs. Puralow	0	5	0
A. N.	0	2	6
Mr. A. Pearson, sen.	1	1	0
Mrs. F. Pool	0	10	0
Y.	0	10	6
Miss C. E. Berry	0	1	7
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0
Mrs. Aaron Brown	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery	1	1	0
Mrs. Baker	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams and friend	0	5	0
Mr. G. Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey	1	0	0
The Misses Horniblow	0	10	0
Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Bubb	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Turner	0	12	0
Mr. E. Frisby	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	1	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	5	0	0
Mrs. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Baker	5	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
In loving memory of Frankie Joscelyne	1	0	0
Miss E. Davies	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Ware	0	2	8
Miss Corfield	1	0	0
Pastor H. Wilkins and friend	0	5	0
Pastor William Parry	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Smith	5	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	1	0	0
M. T.	0	5	0
Mr. James Martin	0	3	0
Mr. Hudson's class, Boyer-street Baptist Mission, Derby	0	10	0
Mr. E. Scarfe	0	1	0
Collected in Miss Jones's evening class	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Miss Maynard	0	5	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6
Mr. James Johnman	0	2	6
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. William Biggs	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Johnson	2	0	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Lutley, penny subscriptions at the Sunday dinner-table	1	1	0
In memoriam, E.	0	10	0
Miss E. Morrison	1	1	0
Mrs. Walters	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Porter	0	10	0
Mrs. Chalmers	0	7	6
Mr. W. Church	0	2	6
Mr. E. Newell	5	0	0
Mrs. Morden	0	3	0
E. B. B.	1	0	0
An old friend from Cambridge	0	10	0
A commercial traveller	25	0	0
Mrs. Clement Norton	0	4	0
Mrs. M. Fryer	0	10	0
Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Miss H. Jackson	0	15	0
Mrs. Elgee (birthday remembrance)	0	10	6
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	2	2	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Received for presentation Almanacks, per Mrs. Baker	0	8	0
Mr. Walter Bumpus	0	10	0
Mr. S. Tutcher	2	0	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
Mrs. Deane	0	10	0
Collected by Miss May Turner	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
The Misses S. A. and B. Harris	0	3	0
Miss Dunbar	0	10	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	2	2	0
Miss A. M. Morris	0	2	6
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	6
Mr. D. Baker	0	5	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cockle	12	2	0
Collected by Miss Newbold	1	2	0
S. B. and C. B.	0	10	0
Collected by Master Oliver J. Rossiter, (including 13s. collected at Rooksbridge, per Mr. Rossiter)	8	3	3
Collected by Master Herries	0	5	2
Collected by Miss Emma Appleby	0	3	0
Mr. T. Weir	0	10	0
Mrs. James Benham	5	0	0
Mr. A. G. Clements	0	5	0
E. S., and E. Rutty	0	16	0
Mr. George Mitchell	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Wain	7	9	8
Mrs. J. Higham	2	0	0
Mr. James Smart	0	10	6
Mr. N. Leeder	1	0	0
Mrs. Bell	2	10	0
A few friends, Chipstead	0	3	0
Mr. H. Coghill, J.P.	50	0	0
Mrs. Harding	0	10	0
Mr. A. Scivwright	0	2	0
Collecting box at Buckland Chapel, per M. E. H.	0	7	0
Collected by Mr. Henry Doorbar, jun.	0	6	0
Mrs. M. J.	0	1	6
Mrs. Robson	0	2	0
Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. G. S. Norris, from officials in the G. P. O.	4	0	0
Collections at Seamen's Mission, Gosport, at services conducted by Mr. Burnham	1	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon, per Mrs. Allison	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Mottershead	0	10	0
Mrs. Lennard	5	0	0
Collected by Miss I. Gardiner	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Samuel Bown	0	10	0
Mrs. Roleston	1	0	0
Madame Park	100	0	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Tyson (on account of dividends)	300	0	0
Mrs. Tilley	5	0	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
Friends at Wishaw, per Pastor George Whittet	0	4	6
Miss A. Lloyd	0	10	0
Miss Poole	1	0	0
P. O., High-street, Borough	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jervis	0	2	1
Collected by Mr. F. Brown	1	2	3
Mr. R. A. Pilcher	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Padgett	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	0	18	9
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mr. J. Courtenay	1	1	0
Miss Webber	1	1	0
Mr. B. P. Bilborough, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Collection at Brighton, per Mr. E. H. Bartlett	0	14	4
Mr. and Mrs. Grange	2	0	0
Mr. C. Chester	1	1	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a thankoffering, per J. T. D.	3	0	0
Mr. Wollacott	3	3	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Poulter, per J. T. D.	2	2	0
Per Mrs. Evans:—			
Mrs. J. A. Pash — 0 10 6			
Mr. G. Hadnett — 0 10 0			
Mrs. E. Evans — 0 10 6			
Miss A. Francis — 0 5 0			
	1	16	0
Mr. Hellier	1	1	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Miss Mayne	0	2	6
Mr. John Coutts	1	1	0
Yorkshire	0	2	0
Miss Jones	0	2	6
Mr. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. Clarkson	0	5	0
Mr. R. O. Davies	1	0	0
S. Cole	0	5	0
Mrs. Evans	2	0	0
Mr. E. Sparrow	2	0	0
Mrs. Sale, per Miss Porter	0	5	0
Mrs. R. P. Hicks	1	0	0
W. M. S., Glasgow	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
A Dorset friend	0	2	6
Mr. N. I. Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Barker	1	0	0
L. M., a reader of the Almanack	0	5	0
M. N. W., Berbice	2	10	0
Mr. Andrew Alexander	0	10	0
In memoriam	2	10	0
Mr. Alexander McCay	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. W. Andrew	0	6	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	10	0
Miss Beall	0	5	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	1	0
Mr. Cheyne Brady and family	1	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	2	0
Two mites, Hollington	0	5	0
Mrs. White	1	10	0
Miss M. Fraser	0	5	0
Mrs. Robertshaw	0	2	6
Miss E. Hudson	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Fred. Norris	2	11	6
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Johnston	2	0	0
Mr. J. Ramsay	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss L. Millen	1	0	0
M. B.	1	0	0
A poor widow	0	5	0
A poor widow, Dundee	0	5	0
Children's pence, per Mrs. Bickford ...	0	2	6
Miss M. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. George Hyde	0	10	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Thankoffering, S. and A. L.	0	5	0
Mr. George Harris	1	0	0
A country minister	0	3	2
An aged invalid, per Mrs. J. Orme ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Kemp	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	6
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Ebenezer	0	5	0
Collected by Miss J. Jordan :—			
Mrs. T. McAffe 0 2 0			
Mrs. Cameron 0 2 6			
Mrs. McGaw 0 2 6			
Mrs. Gordon 0 2 6			
Miss Jordan 0 2 6			
	0	12	0
Orphanage choir at "The Edinburgh Castle" (Dr. Barnardo's)	20	0	0
C. M. G.	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Tyson	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss J. Stewart	0	7	6
Collected by E. Crisp	0	2	6
Mr. C. M. Maller	10	0	0
"His steward"	0	13	9
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mr. Cooper	1	1	0
Mrs. Watson	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Barry	1	1	0
Mrs. Calder	21	0	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Mr. J. Watts	2	2	0
Quarterly Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Miss S. A. Muir (May and June) ...	0	10	0
Amounts received at the Annual Festival, June 19th :—			
Donations :—			
A widow's mite, per Mr. Pavey 0 2 6			
Arthur 1 0 0			
An offering 0 3 0			
A widow's mite 1 0 0			
A friend 0 1 0			
A friend 0 0 6			
Anderson, Mr. W., per Mr. Cornell 1 0 0			
A thankoffering 2 10 0			
A friend, per T. H. O. ... 5 0 0			
A friend 0 2 6			
A friend, per J. A. S. ... 0 10 0			
A friend 0 1 0			
A reader of "S. and T.," and sale of two articles 0 2 6			
A lady 0 2 0			
Anon. 0 1 0			
Anon. 0 10 0			
Anon. 0 2 0			
Anon 0 10 0			
Chipping Norton Baptist Sunday-school Infant-class, per Mr. E. Burbidge ... 1 4 6			
B. W. C. 2 0 0			
Betts, Mr. W. 0 2 8			
Buckmaster, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Barrett, Mr. J. 1 1 0			
Cullingham, Mr. J. ... 0 10 0			
Critchett, Mrs. 8 0 0			
Crutcher, Mr. 0 2 6			
Chisholm, Master W. ... 0 10 0			
Dickinson, Mr. J. ... 0 10 0			
Davies, Mrs., per Mrs. Mott 1 0 0			
Dolney, Mr. G. 0 10 0			
E. and M. A. S. 1 1 0			
Ellwood, Mrs. 4 0 0			
E. A. S., per Mr S. Johnson 1 1 0			
Earl, Edith A., Miss ... 0 10 0			
Foster, Miss H. 0 2 6			
Friends from 146, Trinity Road, Tooting 1 0 0			
Forsdyke, Mrs. 0 5 0			
Field, Mr S. 1 0 0			
Friends from Hampstead 1 0 0			
Finlayson, Miss I. ... 1 0 0			
Gullant, Mr. and Mrs., per J. A. S. 0 18 0			
Giles, Mrs. 0 10 6			
Geikie, the Misses 2 0 0			
Hove, Mrs. 0 5 0			
H. W. 0 2 0			
Hillen, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Healy, Mrs. 2 0 0			
Horley Baptist Church, per Pastor B. Marshall 1 17 0			
Hill, Mr. 0 5 0			
Hall, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Hewkley, Mrs. 1 0 0			
Harold, Miss J. 0 5 0			
Jenden, Mrs. 0 2 0			
Jenkins, Mrs. 2 2 0			
J. S. (collected by) ... 0 10 0			
Key, Mrs. 0 2 6			
Lizzie 0 2 6			
Miller, Mr. J. S., per Mrs. Mott 0 10 0			
M. J. H. 0 10 0			
Newman, Mrs. 0 10 0			
Olney, Mr. T. H. 10 0 0			
Oxenford, Mrs. 0 13 0			
Providence Baptist Sunday-school, Hounslow, per Mr. Yeates 1 7 6			
Pearce, Mr. E. 2 2 0			
Pringle, Mr. G. F. ... 1 0 0			
Perrett, Miss 1 0 0			
Pearce, Mr. J. 5 0 0			
Romang, Mr. 0 10 0			
S. W., W. Dulwich ... 0 5 6			
Smithers, Mr., per Mr. Cockrell 1 1 0			
Soft, F. 0 5 0			
Springett, Mrs. 0 4 0			
Satchells, Mr. G. F. ... 7 7 0			
Two friends 0 10 0			
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Rose 0 10 0			
Tinniswood, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Turney, Mr. 1 0 0			
White, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Willis, Miss A. 0 5 0			
W. E. C. 0 10 0			
W. M. 0 2 6			
Williams, Mrs. H. ... 0 10 0			
Wayre, Mr. and Mrs. ... 2 2 0			
Wayre, Miss 0 10 6			
Wayre, Master 0 10 6			
			94 19 2
Collecting Books :—			
Abbott, Mrs. 1 1 0			
Allum, Mrs. 5 16 6			
Bonser, Miss 0 12 0			
Blant, Mr. 0 7 7			
Barrett, Mr. H. 3 10 0			
Briggs, Miss 0 5 0			
Brown, Miss J. H. ... 1 11 6			
Bantick, Mrs. 1 10 0			
Barter, Mr. A. S. 0 14 6			
Clayton, Miss H. W. ... 2 10 0			
Cockshaw, Miss 0 11 6			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cockshaw, Miss J. ...	2	1	1			
Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	11	0			
Cornell, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Cann, Miss	0	15	0			
Colman, Mrs.	0	6	0			
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Dee, Mrs.	0	5	6			
Evans, Mr. S. T.	1	6	0			
Evans, Mr. W. J.	2	12	0			
Freeman, Mr.	4	10	0			
Fowler, Miss N.	0	8	0			
Good, Miss	0	9	2			
Goslin, Mrs.	0	6	0			
Hoare, Miss	0	10	0			
Howes, Mr. C.	0	5	0			
Hammerton, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Hall, Miss A.	0	7	7			
Hobbs, Miss	2	0	0			
Hunter, Miss	0	5	0			
Jephs, Miss	1	13	0			
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	0	10	0			
Lawson, Mrs.	0	16	0			
Miller, Mr. C.	1	5	0			
Mann, Miss	5	17	6			
Mott, Mrs.	0	18	6			
Miller, Miss H.	0	13	1			
McDonald, Mrs.	0	18	6			
Richmond, Mrs.	0	12	6			
Rhodes, Mrs.	0	6	6			
Swift, Master J.	0	13	1			
Spurdens, Miss	0	6	2			
Tiddy, Mrs.	2	6	0			
Walter, Miss	0	15	0			
Wilson, Miss	2	0	0			
Willis, Mrs.	1	0	0			
Wheeler, Miss	1	10	0			
Weekes, Mr.	1	10	0			
				60	18	9
Annual Subscriptions:—						
Briers, Mr. J.	2	2	0			
Cox, Mr. G.	1	1	0			
Hoare, Mr.	0	10	0			
				3	13	0
Collecting Boxes:—						
Atkinson, Mr. E.	0	1	7			
Atley, Miss	1	5	6			
Apted, Mr.	0	11	4			
Austin, Miss	0	11	2			
Adlard, Miss A.	0	1	4			
Aldridge, Miss	0	3	11			
Akast, Masters F. and W.	0	2	2			
Anon. (name & No. erased)	0	3	6			
Anon. (name & No. erased)	0	3	9			
"B. W."	0	10	2			
Barden, Mrs.	1	15	0			
Barnard, Miss N.	0	8	8			
Barrett, Mrs.	0	2	0			
Basket, Mrs.	0	10	2			
Bates, Mrs.	0	5	4			
Barton, Mr. A.	0	2	5			
Baxter, Miss E.	0	17	1			
Beale, Miss	0	5	0			
Bell, Mrs.	0	9	11			
Black, Miss	0	6	8			
Boswell, Mrs.	0	8	10			
Bragg, Mr. W. A. ...	1	10	0			
Brake, Miss G.	0	12	6			
Briggs, Miss	0	1	7			
Bucknole, Miss	0	11	10			
Burrege, Mrs.	0	3	8			
Buswell, The Misses ...	1	12	0			
Butler, Mrs.	0	11	2			
Butler, Mrs.	0	12	8			
Bygrave, Master H. ...	0	3	3			
Bygrave, Miss F.	0	1	4			
Baldock, Mr. H.	0	13	7			
Baldock, Mr. A.	0	13	2			
Bailey, Mr. G.	0	5	1			
Beaven, Mrs. A.	0	2	9			
Barnes, Mr. T.	1	0	0			
Barnard, Pastor J. H. ...	0	7	6			

	£	s.	d.
Bellefontaine, Master ...	0	1	6
Benson, Master S.	0	4	1
Bilby, Miss	0	6	0
Bowden, Miss	0	2	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	4	1
Boyce, Miss E.	0	5	6
Brice, Misses E. and A. ...	0	3	3
Brice, Miss C.	0	4	9
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0	5	10
Brice, Misses F. and G. ...	0	0	11
Brice, Masters G. and B. ...	0	2	4
Bryan, Master C. G. ...	0	0	6
Bruin, Miss E.	0	9	9
Burton, Miss J.	0	1	4
Bygrave, Master H. ...	0	0	10
Bygrave, Mr. C.	0	0	9
Bygrave, Miss B.	0	1	10
Bygrave, Miss A.	0	1	10
Box, Miss J.	0	5	4
Cairns, Misses L. and J. ...	1	7	6
Call, Mrs.	0	1	11
Cane, The Misses	0	13	6
Causton, Miss E.	0	11	7
Coker, Miss	2	16	0
Clark, Miss	0	6	3
Charlesworth, Master E. ...	0	13	4
Chamberlain, Miss ...	0	11	10
Chandler, Miss M. ...	0	6	4
Chamberlain, Mr. H. ...	0	5	5
Chapman, Mrs. H. ...	0	12	9
Chapman, Mrs.	0	5	0
Charles, Master J. ...	0	2	10
Chrimes, Master H. ...	0	1	0
Cook, Miss A.	0	19	3
Collier, Mrs.	0	5	2
Conquest, Mrs.	0	7	7
Cooke, Miss	0	5	6
Cornwall, Mrs.	0	4	7
Cowen, Mrs.	0	5	5
Cowell, Mr.	0	9	10
Crane, Mr. W.	0	7	3
Cranch, Master B.	0	1	0
Crickner, Mrs.	1	0	6
Cropley, Mrs.	0	1	5
Curtis, Master P. W. ...	0	2	0
Collins, Miss	0	11	6
Cara-Gerard, Miss ...	0	4	4
Dale, Miss	0	13	4
Dalton, Mr. R.	0	12	2
Davies, Master F.	0	3	3
Davie, Master H.	0	4	2
Deacon, Misses L. and F.	0	12	0
Deakin, Miss	0	11	7
Debenham, Master ...	0	1	0
Dolling, Mr. A.	0	9	0
Dowen, Mr.	0	3	11
Druce, Miss	0	9	1
Durwin, Mrs.	0	8	2
Ellerington, Mrs.	0	3	4
Esling, Miss E.	0	3	0
Essex, Mrs.	0	11	3
Evans, Master S. H. ...	0	2	4
Everett, Miss	0	4	5
Everett, Miss E.	0	4	10
Eyles, Misses A. and A. ...	0	4	2
Fairbairn, Miss A. ...	0	1	7
Fairhead, Mr. Hy. ...	0	5	2
Farmer, Miss	1	10	3
Farrelley, Miss	1	3	2
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	18	8
Fern, Master C.	0	10	8
Field, Miss K.	0	12	4
Field, Miss	1	1	2
Fitness, Master E. ...	0	1	2
Fraser, Miss	0	7	2
Fremlin, Miss	1	0	3
Frisby, The Misses ...	1	1	0
Fuller, Mr. A.	0	8	3
Fuller, Miss E.	0	2	11
Gadwyn, Miss	0	14	1
Gant, Mrs.	0	3	1

	£	s.	d.
Garrett, Charlie and Elsie	0	2	10
Gerrish, Mr. J.	0	2	11
Glew, Mrs.	0	7	2
Gosling, Miss A. E. ...	0	9	3
Godsland, Miss L. ...	0	0	7
Goulding, Miss	0	4	5
Gowers, Mrs.	0	19	10
Grant, Miss C. A.	1	5	1
Gray, Mr. A.	0	2	7
Graves, Miss K.	0	4	0
Green, Miss R.	0	2	10
Green, Miss K.	0	4	7
Griffin, Mrs.	0	3	8
Grimes, Miss	0	17	0
Hannam, Master E. H. ...	0	0	9
Harbert, Miss	0	13	5
Harvey, Master	0	4	10
Hardy, Master B.	0	8	9
Harrald, Lily and May ...	4	0	0
Harrald, Master C. ...	0	17	1
Harrald, Master E. ...	0	19	0
Harmer, Miss A. ...	0	17	6
Hartle, Misses F. and D....	0	1	7
Hawes, Miss	0	8	3
Hay, Miss J.	0	5	3
Heesom, Miss F.	0	1	4
Hellier, Mrs.	0	11	10
Hertzell, Mr.	0	4	5
Herman, Mrs.	0	10	10
Highman, Mr. Ed.... ...	0	8	6
Higgs, Miss	3	4	0
Hobson, Master H. ...	0	8	1
Hogbin, Mr.	1	3	4
Hollobone, Mr.	0	17	5
Holland, Master	0	2	10
Howlett, Miss A.	0	4	3
Howell, Miss	0	3	1
Howland, Miss	0	2	11
Hoyles, Master A.... ...	0	12	9
Hudson, Miss	1	3	6
Huitt, Miss L.	0	5	9
Huitt, Miss E.	0	4	7
Hutchinson, Miss B. ...	0	1	0
Humphery, Mrs.	0	12	9
Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0	11	9
Johnson, Miss S. A. ...	0	4	3
Johnson, Miss S. J. ...	0	18	4
Joyce, Mrs.	0	5	4
Jones, Mrs....	0	6	9
Jones, Miss L.	0	2	11
Jones, Miss E. E.	1	16	3
James, Master F.	0	3	9
Jordan, Mrs.	0	2	8
Jordan, Mrs.	0	2	5
Keevil, Miss E.	0	7	1
Kerridge, Mr. S.	0	18	4
Kirby, Mrs.	0	10	1
Lance, Mr. W.	0	6	5
Lane, Miss K.	0	4	4
Larvner, Mr. H. H. ...	0	5	5
Larraway, Miss E. ...	0	1	7
Larkman, Miss	0	6	2
Lawson, Miss H.	0	4	9
Little, Miss	0	6	6
Linden, Miss R.	0	2	1
Limebears, Miss	0	2	6
Lowne, Mrs.	0	3	7
Lovell, Master	0	3	11
Lucas, Misses A. and A. ...	0	1	11
Mackey, Mrs.	0	9	8
Maley, Mrs.	0	2	1
Mallison, Mrs.	0	4	7
Mann, Miss	0	16	10
Marsh, Master E.	0	3	2
Marshall, Miss (young women employed at Messrs. Freeman and Hillyard's)	2	4	1
Martyn, Miss E.	0	4	5
Matthews, F. and W. ...	0	9	11
Matthews, Miss N. ...	0	6	2
McCombie, Mrs.	0	11	10
Medland, Miss	1	5	2
Meller, Mrs.	0	11	5
Merritt, Miss	0	8	7
Midson, Miss E.	0	1	8
Mills, Master Henry ...	1	7	10
Milner, Miss G.	0	5	11
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	3	10
Mills, Mr. F. C.	0	2	8
Mills, Master F.	0	4	5
Minter, Master E. K. ...	0	15	5
Moppett, Miss J.	0	2	11
Morris, Mrs.	0	1	7
Moore, Miss E.	0	5	9
Morgan, Miss	0	2	3
Morgan, Mrs.	0	9	7
Morgan, Miss L.	0	6	3
Moser, Master G.	0	1	3
Mycroft, Miss F.	0	5	6
Maynard, Mrs.	0	12	6
Narraway, Master H. ...	0	6	9
Newman, Miss L.	0	10	7
New, Master C.	0	10	4
Nichols, Miss A.	0	19	2
Northcroft, Mr.	0	7	8
Northcroft, Mr. W. ...	0	10	7
Owen, Master H. ...	0	0	4
Oxford, Master H. ...	0	7	7
Pain, Miss C.	0	7	8
Page, Misses L. and G. ...	0	5	4
Palmer, Mrs.	0	3	0
Pankhurst, Master B. ...	0	9	1
Partington, Miss F. ...	0	1	9
Pavey, Miss	0	2	5
Pawson, Master E.... ...	0	5	6
Pawsey, Misses A. and E...	0	10	7
Payne, Mr.	0	4	2
Payne, Miss A.	0	5	4
Payne, Mr. J.	0	3	11
Pears, Master B.	0	3	7
Pearce, Misses C. and P. ...	0	5	9
Peck, Miss F.	0	3	7
Peirce, Misses J. and L. ...	0	13	1
Perry, Mrs.	0	1	5
Perkins, Miss W.	0	1	9
Peters, Miss F.	0	17	1
Piggott, Miss A.	0	7	7
Pitt, Mrs.	0	5	3
Pitt, Mr. W.	1	7	8
Pitt, Miss W.	0	6	10
Poole, Master W.	0	9	9
Powell, Mr.	0	15	0
Powell, Miss G.	0	17	4
Prebble, Mr.	1	2	2
Price, Miss E. M.	0	5	5
Pullen, Mr. E. R.	0	2	0
Quennell, Mrs.	0	4	1
Radley, Miss	0	2	9
Raiman, Mrs.	0	12	0
Ranson, Miss E.	0	2	0
Rawlins, Miss E. L. ...	0	6	6
Ridley, Mrs....	0	3	8
Reading, Mrs.	0	8	0
Reverley, Mrs.	1	4	5
Robin, Mrs.	1	6	4
Roberts, Mrs.	1	7	0
Roberts, Mrs.	0	5	1
Rogers, Mrs.	1	1	5
Roper, Mrs.	0	8	7
Rose, Miss B.	0	3	0
Rose, Miss A.	0	3	0
Rowe, Mr.	0	3	10
Russell, Mrs.	0	2	3
Rugg, Mrs.	1	0	0
Robert-street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	16	11
Sage, Miss	0	3	9
Scott, Miss J.	0	3	10
Sidery, Mrs....	0	13	10
Silk, Miss A....	0	0	6
Silk, Miss E....	0	4	1

	£	s.	d.
Sheard, Miss F.	0	1	11
Shenton, Miss	0	3	11
Shenton, Mrs.	0	3	11
Shepherd, Miss F.	0	14	8
Shepherd, Master H. ...	0	7	3
Shotton, Mr.	0	2	1
Slanimon, Miss F.	0	1	5
Smee, Miss C.	0	2	6
Smith, Miss	0	1	5
Smith, Mrs. G.	0	5	5
Smith, Miss C. J.	0	19	6
Smith, Mr. E. L.	0	4	1
Smith, Miss M.	0	1	2
Smith, Mrs. F.	0	2	9
Snell, Miss	0	8	11
Snape, Miss S.	0	13	10
Sortwell, Miss A.	1	6	2
Speh, Miss	2	15	8
Staines, Mrs.	0	5	1
Stammers, Miss	0	7	4
Stewart, Mrs.	0	14	0
Sturton, Miss	0	3	10
Sullivan, Miss L.	0	3	11
Sullivan, Masters H. and T.	0	3	10
Summers, Miss L.	0	4	5
Sutherland, Miss D. ...	0	12	0
Swain, Miss	1	8	0
Simmonds, Miss L. ...	0	6	6
Sculfer, Miss	0	3	3
Stocks, Miss...	4	1	0
Shepherd, Rev. J. E., per box No. 284	0	16	8
Taylor, Miss E.	0	15	3
Taylor, Mrs....	0	3	6
Taylor, Mr. F. W. J. ...	0	2	1
Terry, Miss R.	0	1	10
Thomas, Miss G.	0	4	9
Thomas, Miss E.	0	4	2
Thomas, Miss	1	0	6
Thomason, Miss	0	9	6
Toms, Miss L.	1	5	1
Turner, Mrs.	0	4	6
Turner, Miss M.	0	4	5
Vears, Mrs.	0	11	0
Vero, Miss	0	2	0
Voss, Miss T.	1	5	3
Unwin, Miss	0	5	4
Waddell, Mrs.	0	8	8
Waite, Mrs....	0	3	2
Walker, Mrs. A.	0	13	3
Walker, Miss L.	0	19	6
Warren, Miss M.	0	8	3
Warrington, Miss	0	0	11
Warner, Master C.... ...	0	2	6
Waterman, Miss	1	15	3
Watkins, Mrs.	0	4	10
Watson, Master R. ...	0	15	2
Watts, Mrs....	0	8	9
Weare, Mrs....	0	8	3
Webster, W.	0	19	2
Weekes, Miss J.	0	7	8
Weekes, Miss	0	3	5
Weekes, Miss F.	0	6	7
Wells, Miss	0	5	0
Wessell, Miss	0	13	1
Wicks, Miss M.	0	0	5
Wicks, Miss A.	0	2	8
Wilkins, Mrs.	1	9	1
Wilson, Miss A.	0	0	5
Wilson, Miss K.	0	1	10
Winchcomb, Mrs.	0	2	5
Wingate, Miss N.	0	4	11
Wheeler, Miss E.	0	1	8
White, Miss	0	2	3
Woods, T. and Pattie ...	1	10	0
Walker, Mrs.	3	16	3
White, Miss J.	0	10	4
Walter, Miss Z.	0	12	0
Willmott, Mrs.	0	10	2
Young, Miss B.	0	6	3
Odd farthings	0	2	6
Cash received in excess of above	2	3	6
			170 14 8

Given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage, June 19:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Pierson, Bethany Church, Philadelphia	5	0	0
Mr. E. Lyne...	0	4	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	1	1	0
Ada Wilkins	0	2	6
M. D.	0	11	0
Two sisters from Australia	1	0	0
Passion flower	0	10	0
Miss Toward	2	2	0
Per an old student:—			
Mr. John Morley 21 0 0			
Friends at Clapton Hall ... 6 0 0			
	27	0	0
Mr. Sawyer	0	5	0
Mr. Noah Keevil	2	2	0
L. H.	10	0	0
Rev. Dr. Cowdy	1	0	0
			50 17 6
			£1427 13 3

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 14th to July 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—3 lbs. Dorset Butter, "H. A. B."; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 cwt. Gooseberries, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nutter, jun.; 10 bags Potatoes, Mr. R. Carter; 10 pecks Strawberries, Mr. George Redman; 67 pecks Strawberries ("Strawberry Tea"), Mr. W. Ross; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; a quantity of Rhubarb, Mr. Taylor; a quantity of Vegetables, The Executors of the late Mr. Boustead.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—1 dozen pairs Knitted Stockings, "M. B. B.," Grange; a quantity of Bows, Mrs. Moore; 23 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—87 Articles, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 46 Articles, Fleet Baptist Chapel Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 16 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 240 Neck Ties, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross; 7 Articles, "S. H. L."; 9 Articles and Haberdashery and Hosiery, Mr. T. T. Holttum; 7 Garments, "M. O. S."; 25 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 5 Pinafores, Jane E. C. (for No. 1 House); 4 yards Calico, Miss Joscelyne; 12 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 18 Articles, Mrs. Moss; 1 box, containing several Articles of Clothing, and a quantity of Haberdashery, &c., Mr. M. Phillips; 34 Articles, Dorcas Meeting, Clapton Hall, per Miss D. A. E. Darling; 42 Articles, Mrs. Wood's Bible-class.

GENERAL.—1 Silver Pencil Case, Miss E. Turner; 1 box Cut Flowers, Mr. Johnson; 1 Scrap Book, and a few Fancy Articles, Jane E. C. (for No. 1. Girls); 1 Scrap Album, Miss Joscelyne; 1,000 Patent Firelighters, Mr. George Handy; 1 Gold Watch (for sale), Mrs. Forsyth; 1 load Firewood, Mr. Keen; 1 hamper Fruit, 1 box Flowers, proceeds of Flower Service, Baptist Chapel, Buckhurst Hill, per Mr. Burton.

BAZAAR.—96 fancy boxes Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 2 Articles, The Misses Huitt; 6 Articles, Miss M. Shipway; 4 pairs Daisy Mats, P. A. Staples; 6 Articles, The Misses Fannies; 9 Articles, The Misses Pick; 5 Articles, Anon.; 3 Articles, Anon.; 2 Articles, Mrs. Verrall; 3 Articles, Miss C. Bental; 1 Article, Mrs. Watts; 1 Hand Bag, G. D. C., Bideford; 7 Articles, Mrs. L. Crickmore; 2 Articles, Mrs. Palmer; 1 Tea Cosy, Miss Northcroft; 18 Articles, Miss Hall; 2 Canaries, Mrs. B. L.

Halcrow; 1 Article, Mrs. Vinson; 2 Kittens, Mrs. Wicks; 2 Articles, Anon.; 1 Book, Anon.; 1 pair Boots, Mr. W. B. B.; 19 Articles, Anon.; 1 Article, Mrs. M. Parsons; 3 Articles, Mrs. Baldock; 1 Article, H. Pile; 4 Articles, M. Morris; 2 Articles, Miss Geikie; 2 Articles, Mrs. Blanford; 2 Fancy Baskets, Anon.; 1 Article, P. M. S.; 7 Articles, Anon.; 22 Volumes, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin; 6 Articles, Miss W. E. Jenkins; 2 Articles, Miss H. A. Grose; 6 Articles, M. J. L.; 5 Articles, Mr. J. Garner; 3 Articles, Miss B. Harding; 1 Sofa Rug, Mrs. Howard; 2 Articles, Hitchman.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Cheddar District:—			
Mrs. Clark	2	2	0
Rev. J. Renney	0	5	0
Mrs. Webb	0	5	0
Rev. T. B. Field	0	2	6
Mrs. Davies	0	2	6
Mrs. Jeffries	0	2	6
	2	19	6
Great Totham district	8	8	0
Wendover and neighbourhood	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Tustin, for Horley	10	0	0
Fairford and Meysey Hampton	10	0	0
Hadleigh district	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney district	10	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Colonel Birney	1	15	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Okehampton district	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church ...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Minchinhampton district...	10	0	0
Weston Turville, for Tring	1	5	0
	£164	7	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
H. I., Malta	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Miller	0	15	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. E. Newell	2	10	0
Mrs. Mordon	0	1	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. J. and Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
	£7	17	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
W. B. B.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Howard	1	1	0
Mrs. Mordon	0	1	0
Miss K. E. Cooper	0	5	0
"Ebenezer"	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's visit to Huddersfield, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	10	0	0
Mr. A. da Silva	0	2	6
Mr. Joseph Russell	5	0	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mrs. Westrop	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Oban... ..	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Tobermory ...	10	0	0
	£55	2	0

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Shearman	5	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
	£5	10	0

Pastor E. Lauderdale asks us to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from Mrs. Virtue for the widow of Fred. Sanders.

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,

1887-8.

Trustees and Committee of Management.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President and Acting Treasurer.*

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.

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.

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 approved 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.*

1887-8.

PART I.—NARRATIVE.

THE year 1887 will be memorable in the history of the nation as the year of the Queen's Jubilee. Its celebration, for the most part, took a practical turn, and many of the Institutions, which are the glory of the Victorian era, received substantial help from the special generosity of a grateful people. In this we rejoice!

We resolved upon a purely domestic celebration of the event, and presented every child in the Institution with a well-bound Bible, the date of the Jubilee celebration being inscribed.

As the Vice-President of the Orphanage attained his Jubilee during the year, it was thought well to hold our Annual Festival on his birthday. An illuminated address was presented by his brethren who serve as Deacons of the Tabernacle and as Trustees of the Orphanage. The Vice-President also received a purse of gold and a replica of a bust of himself, executed by Mr. Roscoe Mullins; this latter was presented by the officers and children of the Orphanage.

The Vice-President has rendered such valuable help in the direction of the affairs of the Orphanage that we are sure our many friends will unite in the prayer that he may long be spared to assist in the good work, the claims of which were never more exacting than now.

During the year we admitted 41 boys and 52 girls, thus bringing up the grand total to 910 boys and 334 girls, or 1244 Orphan Children in all.

To have been the means of providing a Christian home and training for so large a number, "cast upon the fatherhood of God," must ever prove a theme for thanksgiving on the part of all who have had fellowship with us in this work.

The joy to the many widowed mothers, who were thus relieved of a portion of their burden, found expression in the grateful "thank you, and God bless you!" as they brought their children to our gates. To make "the widow's heart sing for joy" is a ministry which angels might well covet.

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* In consequence of the illness of the President at the time of writing this Report, it is issued without his revision. Mr. Spurgeon hopes to be able, very shortly, to send a personal note of thanks to all our subscribers.

From amongst the cases admitted during the year we append the following, selected almost at random: they will convey some idea of the world of Orphanhood brought to light by the operations of the Institution. In the 93 families represented there were about 600 fatherless children, left to face the stern realities of the world!

P. M., Brighton. Second of six children under nine years of age, the youngest born a week after death of father. Mother writes—"From my husband's death till now I have been receiving 15s. monthly for a piano which was out on hire; but the payment has run out, and I have nothing coming in at all."

G. E., Bedford. Fourth of seven children under 12 years of age; the eldest has lost her thumb.

G. U., Penzance. One of seven children—four by earlier marriages. Both parents and a neighbour were murdered by an uncle.

F. B., Sheepshed. Eldest of four under six years of age—one suffering from spinal disease. Father, a policeman, was murdered while "on duty."

J. S., Southend. Second of four children under 11 years of age. Father committed suicide from grief caused by the death of his wife.

J. W., Leamington. Fourth of six children under 11 years of age, the youngest six weeks old.

W. B., Bermondsey. The fifth of six children—four under 13, the youngest three years of age. The visitor writes—"The father was a master Fellmonger. Want of success and means turned his brain: committed suicide. I fear the very worst for the family after their home is sold up."

M. W., Lisson Grove. Fourth of six children—the youngest six months. The father died of consumption: mother trying to support her family by needlework.

M. W., Portsmouth. Fourth of eight children under 14—the youngest 11 months. Father drowned.

B. A., Guildford. Fourth of six children under 11—the youngest 14 months. Mother earns about 8s. per week, rent 4s.

E. C., Birmingham. Seventh of nine children under 15—the youngest two years of age. Father was a commercial traveller.

F. S., Brixton. Third of five children under 11 years of age. Family found in starving condition. Mother placed in Inebriate Home.

C. W., Chatham. Fifth of 12 children under 15 years of age—youngest one year old.

As the children are *selected* according to the proved necessity of each case, and are not *elected* by the votes of Subscribers, the condition of the candidates may be described in the words of the Psalmist—

"The needy: the poor also; and him that hath no helper."

The need which poverty leaves unsatisfied for ever cries at our gates. Thank God, we have been enabled to deal with the need of 1,244 helpless children, through the sympathy and help of our friends; and we have the fullest confidence that the responsibility of providing for our adopted family will be cheerfully shared by them in the exercise of their

Christian stewardship. It is a choice privilege to act "in God's stead," as "the helpers" of those who are left in a state of helpless orphanhood, and to whose widowed mothers the gracious precept is addressed,

"Leave thy fatherless children unto Me."

During the year our friends who take collecting-boxes and books brought in the sum of £824 5s. 3d. 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 £275 19s. 8d. 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 mothers 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 £1,100 4s. 11d., for which we are truly grateful.

The Young Ladies' Working Associations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Brixton, Reading, and other places, continue to render 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 £1,140 4s. 5d. 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."

It is a pleasing fact in the history of the Orphanage that the children have never lacked a meal for the want of funds: what has been needed has come, and very remarkable have been many of the providences by which our heavenly Father has sent the supplies. We have never had to appeal to our friends *to get us out* of debt; they find a joy in *keeping us out*, and we pray that our gracious Master may "remember all their offerings, and accept their burnt sacrifice!"

"Ye have done it unto Me,"

will be the Saviour's comment upon his verdict of life's ministries; and is there not a heaven of felicity in being "approved of Him"? We need no other inspiration in our work than this—it is "unto Him"; and if He shall add a "well done" at the last, we will ascribe it all to His grace, for we certainly cannot appraise our poor gifts and services at so high a value.

That our work has its own peculiar anxieties is only to be expected. It often happens that, with the death of the father, the widow, struggling to maintain a home for her children, is not able to keep them from the baneful influences of the streets. To eradicate the evil which is thus acquired, is an almost impossible task, especially when the moral consciousness is impaired, which, alas! we discover to be the case in so many instances. The members of our staff devote themselves to the moral training of the children with commendable zeal and tact, and they "watch for their souls as those who must give an account!" The task is not an easy one, and it is a cause of thanksgiving that our failures are so few, while our successes encourage us to pray and labour on. It has been a joy to us to hear of the conversion of many of our old boys and of their devotion to Christian work. Some of these were amongst the most unpromising of our number, and caused us the most anxious solicitude. Thus it has come to pass that "bread cast upon the waters has been seen after many days." Again and again has the divine assurance been verified—"My Word shall not return unto Me void."

Many of the letters received from the old boys from time to time breathe a grateful spirit, and afford encouragement to the workers. The following, from a boy in a solicitor's office, will serve as a specimen:—

LONDON, E.C.,
May, 1888.

Dear Mr. Charlesworth,—I write this to let you know that I am getting on very nicely in my profession. I left the Orphanage three years ago, and I have been in this situation ever since. I hope that all the boys who are brought up in the Orphanage, and the girls also, may get on as well as the majority of those boys I have met. I have profited very much by the good Christian training I received, and I trust that God may bless the Orphanage as it deserves. . . . . I will come down to the Orphanage and see you whenever I can conveniently do so. You have no idea with what pleasure many of us look up to you as our father. I am sure you were a father to us when we were at the Orphanage.

With kind regards, I remain,
Dear Mr. Charlesworth,
Yours very sincerely,
A. H. W.

The education of the children is always a matter of some difficulty, from the facts that so many of them are of delicate constitution and that their schooling was neglected during their mother's widowhood. Still, we have great cause for thankfulness in the results we are able to record, and in the fact that there is no difficulty in procuring situations for our boys when their time has come to leave the institution.

Our subscribers will be interested in the following tables:—

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, MARCH, 1888.

In connection with
The Clapham Sunday-school Auxiliary.

Number of Prizes	8
,, First-class Certificates... ...	32
,, Second ,, ,, ...	98
Total	138

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS, MAY, 1887.

Science Teachers:
Mr. J. J. Thompson, and Mr. A. Simmonds.
Subjects:
Physiography, Geology, Magnetism, and Electricity.
Results gained:

First-class Certificates	12
Second-class ,, ...	91
Total	103

N.B.—Only three boys failed to satisfy the examiners. The results will be considered highly satisfactory when it is borne in mind that our boys were all under fourteen years of age, and the same questions were set for evening-class pupils of all ages throughout the country.

DRAWING EXAMINATION, MARCH, 1887.

Freehand, Geometry, Model, and Drawing to Scale.

	Prizes.	Certificates.	Totals.
Freehand	2	24	26
Geometry	8	23	31
Model	0	20	20
Scale Drawing	3	28	31
	13	95	108

Fifty-seven satisfied the examiners and secured the grant, but they do not rank for prizes or certificates.

Total number successful ... ... 165.

BAND OF HOPE EXAMINATION, 1887.

Subject—"The Worship of Bacchus."

70 Children presented.

Results.

Prizes.	1st Certificate.	2nd Certificate.	Hon. Mention.	
5	35	14	11	... Total 65.

AUXILIARY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Contributed by the Orphan Children, 1887.

	£	s.	d.
For General Fund	12	1	10
,, Swedish Bible Fund	1	0	0
,, North African Mission (per Dr. Churcher, formerly one of our teachers)	1	8	10
Total	£14	10	8

With regard to the health of the children, we can but put on record our thanksgiving to our heavenly Father for results which surprised the most sanguine hopes. Many weakly children became, in course of time, quite robust, and many attained maturity who must have succumbed in their earlier years but for the tonic advantages of the Orphanage régime. We append the medical officer's report.

307, CLAPHAM ROAD, S.W.

Gentlemen,—I have the honour of submitting to you my Annual Report for the year ending March, 1888. We have again renewed cause for thankfulness in the general health of the children, having had only one case of scarlet fever, and not any of small pox, notwithstanding the gravity of the epidemic which raged in the metropolis.

We have lost two of our children, one from cancerous, and the other from tubercular disease, the latter never having been robust during the five years he was with us. Those who have not visited a sick or dying child in our Orphanage can form little idea of the comfort with which it is surrounded. Every thought is anticipated, every wish carried out, and, unless absolutely prejudical to health, whatever food or luxury is asked for, is at once procured.

The room is made bright with flowers and pictures, and, if sick unto death, the child is nursed with tenderest care night and day, its friends and relatives being with it. I shall not readily forget the last hours of little Ireson,* and the gratitude and affection he displayed to those around him. A man of great sanitary renown and an eminent authority on orphanages, told me he considered our institution the most perfect in the kingdom. Certainly few medical officers have such advantages—no surgical appliance that conduces to the comfort of the children being ever refused, whatever the cost may be.

I close my report with best thanks to the committee and officers for their cordial assistance and support, and to my valued colleagues, the Honorary Medical Officers.

I have the honour to be, your obedient Servant,

(Signed) 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. The health of the children is a matter of primary importance, and all who are charged with responsibility are unremitting in their efforts to secure their most perfect physical development.

In this brief record of a year's stewardship we have abundant cause to "thank God and take courage," and to all our friends and subscribers we would say,

"Brethren, pray for us."

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* See No. 12 Stockwell Orphanage Tracts.

PART II.—STATISTICAL.

BOYS RECEIVED DURING THE LAST 7 YEARS:—

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
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
19	April, 1887, to March, 1888	41	910	44	671	239

GIRLS RECEIVED DURING THE LAST 7 YEARS:—

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
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
19	April, 1887, to March, 1888	52	334	41	100	234

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics	300	Accountants	14
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	181	Commission Agents	12
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	181	Postmen and Sorters	8
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	179	Surgeons and Dentists	6
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	133	Journalists	6
Mariners and Watermen ...	41	Soldiers	6
Ministers and Missionaries ...	34	Solicitors	4
Farmers and Florists	26	Architects and Surveyors ...	3
Commercial Travellers	26	Fireman	1
Railway Employés	24	Cook	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	22	Photographer	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	18	Gentleman	1
Policemen & Custom House Officers	16		

TOTAL... 1,244

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	475	Presbyterian ...	23	Bible Christian ...	2
Baptist	308	Brethren	5	Society of Friends	1
Congregational ...	138	Roman Catholic ...	3	Salvation Army ...	1
Wesleyan	118	Moravian	2	Not specified ...	168

TOTAL... 1,244

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED :—

Balham	8	Highbury	1	Pentonville	2
Barnsbury	2	Holborn	9	Pimlico	6
Battersea	18	Holloway	15	Plaistow	1
Bayswater	6	Homerton	3	Poplar	5
Bermondsey	79	Hornsey	4	Rotherhithe	8
Bethnal Green ...	6	Horsolydown... ...	6	Shadwell	1
Bloomsbury	2	Hoxton	11	Shoreditch	4
Borough	10	Islington	30	Soho	2
Bow	15	Kennington	11	Southwark	29
Brixton	31	Kensington	6	Spitalfields	1
Bromley	1	Kentish Town ...	9	Stepney	6
Camberwell	40	Kilburn	9	Strand	2
Camden Town ...	6	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Chelsea	7	Lambeth	62	Stockwell	4
Clapham	13	Lewisham	5	Stoke Newington ...	8
Clapton	5	Limehouse	6	St. John's Wood ...	1
Clerkenwell	12	Marylebone	20	St. Luke's	2
Dalston	3	Mile End	8	St. Pancras	5
Deptford	8	Newington	14	Sydenham	1
Dulwich	6	New Cross	12	Vauxhall	5
Finsbury	4	Norwood	9	Walworth	45
Hackney	17	Notting Hill	10	Wandsworth	15
Haggerston	1	Nunhead	2	Westminster	10
Hammersmith ...	5	Old Ford	1	Whitechapel	3
Hampstead	4	Paddington	5		
Haverstock Hill ...	3	Peckham	37	LONDON... TOTAL	789

Bedfordshire, Bedford	5	*Devonshire*, Torquay	4	*Gloucestershire*,	
„ Luton ...	1	*Dorsetshire*, Poole ...	2	„ Nailsworth ...	1
Berkshire, Maidenhead	2	„ Portland ...	2	„ Painswick ...	1
„ Newbury ...	2	„ Swanage ...	1	„ Stroud ...	2
„ Reading ...	22	„ Weymouth ...	2	„ Weirstone ...	1
„ Slough ...	1	*Durham*, Stockton ...	4	„ Wotton ...	1
„ Uffington ...	1	*Essex*, Barking ...	1	*Hampshire*,	
„ Wantage ...	1	„ Boxted ...	1	„ Bournemouth...	1
„ Wokingham ...	1	„ Braintree ...	1	„ Christchurch...	1
„ Wargrave ...	1	„ Brentwood ...	1	„ Farnboro' ...	1
Buckinghamshire,		„ Chelmsford ...	1	„ Hayling Island	1
„ High Wycombe	1	„ Chingford ...	1	„ Landport ...	1
„ Princes Risboro'	1	„ Coggeshall ...	1	„ Lymington ...	1
„ Winslow ...	2	„ Colchester ...	3	„ Newport, I.W.	1
Cambridgeshire,		„ Dunmow ...	1	„ Pokesdown ...	1
„ Cambridge ...	3	„ Halstead ...	1	„ Portsmouth ...	3
„ Cottenham ...	1	„ Hatfield Heath	1	„ Portsea ...	1
„ Histon ...	1	„ Ilford... ...	1	„ Romsey ...	1
„ Soham ...	1	„ Leyton ...	3	„ Sandown ...	2
„ Wisbech ...	1	„ Leytonstone ...	5	„ Southampton	5
Cheshire, Birkenhead	1	„ Loughton ...	1	„ Southsea ...	2
„ Chester ...	1	„ Maldon ...	8	„ West Cowes, I.W.	1
Cornwall, Falmouth	3	„ North Woolwich	2	„ Winchester ...	1
„ Penzance ...	3	„ Paglesham ...	1	*Herefordshire*,	
„ Porthleven ...	1	„ Plaistow ...	1	„ Ledbury ...	1
„ Truro ...	2	„ Rayleigh ...	1	*Hertfordshire*,	
Derbyshire, Belper ...	1	„ Romford ...	3	„ Berkhampstead	1
„ Derby ...	5	„ Southend ...	1	„ Dunstable ...	1
Devonshire, Appledore	1	„ Stratford ...	3	„ Hoddesdon ...	1
„ Bideford ...	1	„ Walthamstow	5	„ Redbourne ...	1
„ Brixham ...	1	„ West Ham ...	1	„ St. Albans ...	1
„ Devonport ...	3	„ Witham ...	2	„ Ware	1
„ Exeter ...	1	*Gloucestershire*, Bristol	4	*Huntingdonshire*,	
„ Plymouth ...	1	„ Cirencester ...	2	„ Fenstanton ...	1
„ Stoke... ...	1	„ Gloucester ...	2	*Kent*, Ashford ...	2

Kent, Bexley Heath	1	*Middlesex*, Harrow ...	2	*Surrey*, Barnes ...	1
„ Bromley ...	2	„ Hendon ...	1	„ Blotchingley	1
„ Canterbury ...	1	„ Hounslow ...	2	„ Catford ...	1
„ Charlton ...	2	„ Isleworth ...	2	„ Croydon ...	11
„ Chatham ...	4	„ Tottenham ...	5	„ East Moulsey	1
„ Cranbrook ...	1	„ Walham Green	1	„ Godalming ...	1
„ Crayford ...	1	„ Whetstone ...	1	„ Godstone ...	1
„ Deal	2	*Norfolk*, Dereham ...	1	„ Guildford ...	1
„ Dover	2	„ Holt ...	1	„ Horley ...	1
„ Eltham ...	1	„ Norwich ...	1	„ Kingston ...	3
„ Eynsford ...	2	„ Yarmouth ...	1	„ Leatherhead	1
„ Folkestone ...	2	*Northamptonshire*,		„ Norbiton ...	1
„ Goudhurst ...	1	„ Brackley ...	1	„ Penge ...	1
„ Gravesend ...	3	„ Kettering ...	1	„ Red Hill ...	1
„ Greenwich ...	12	„ Northampton	1	„ Reigate ...	1
„ Maidstone ...	3	„ Oundle ...	3	„ Richmond ...	1
„ Margate ...	6	„ Peterborough	1	„ Surbiton ...	1
„ New Brompton	5	„ Thrapstone	1	„ Sutton ...	3
„ Northfleet ...	2	„ Walgrave	1	„ Tooting ...	2
„ Orpington ...	1	*Northumberland*,		„ Wimbledon ...	1
„ Plumstead ...	4	„ Newcastle ...	1	„ Woking ...	1
„ Ramsgate ...	2	*Monmouthshire*,		*Sussex*, Brighton ...	7
„ Rochester ...	1	„ Blaenavon ...	1	„ Chichester ...	3
„ Sittingbourne	2	„ Newport ...	1	„ Hailsham ...	1
„ Swanscombe ...	1	*Nottingham*,		„ Hastings ...	3
„ Tonbridge ...	1	„ Nottingham ...	1	„ Lewes ...	1
„ Tunbridge Wells	1	„ Retford ...	1	„ Newhaven ...	1
„ West Wickham	1	„ Sutton ...	1	„ Seaford ...	1
„ Woolwich ...	5	„ Worksop ...	1	„ Worthing ...	1
„ Wrotham ...	1	*Oxfordshire*, Banbury	1	*Warwickshire*,	
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	2	„ Chipping Norton	3	„ Birmingham	4
„ Blackpool ...	1	„ Kidlington ...	1	„ Coventry ...	1
„ Bolton... ...	1	„ New Headington	1	„ Leamington	1
„ Liverpool ...	5	„ Oxford ...	1	„ Oxhill ...	1
„ Manchester ...	2	„ Thame ...	1	„ Quinton ...	1
„ Morecambe ...	1	„ Witney ...	1	„ Wolverhampton	1
Leicestershire,		*Rutlandshire*,		*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
„ Leicester ...	1	„ Uppingham ...	1	„ Chippenham	1
„ Lutterworth ...	1	*Salop*, Aston-on-Blim	1	„ Pinton Stoke	1
Lincolnshire, Boston...	1	„ West Felton ...	1	„ Salisbury ...	1
„ Grimsby ...	1	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2	„ Summerford Magna	1
„ Lincoln ...	1	„ Taunton ...	3	„ Swindon ...	1
Middlesex, Acton ...	1	„ Yeovil ...	1	„ Warminster	1
„ Barnet ...	1	*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1	„ Westbury Leigh ...	1
„ Chiswick ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	2	„ Wroughton...	1
„ Ealing ...	1	„ Fressingfield	1	*Yorkshire*, Bedale ...	1
„ Edmonton ...	2	„ Halesworth...	1	„ Burley ...	1
„ Finchley ...	1	„ Ipswich ...	6	„ Leeds ...	1
„ Fulham ...	1	„ Southwold ...	1		
„ Harlington ...	1	„ Stanstead ...	1		
„ Hampton-Wick	1	„ Stowmarket	4		
		Surrey, Addlestone ...	1	COUNTRY... TOTAL	434

Wales, Aberystwith	1	*Wales*, Haverfordwest	2	*Wales* Llanelly ...	1
„ Bridgend ...	1	„ Hay	1	„ Rhyl ...	1
„ Builth ...	1	„ Llanbister ...	1	„ Swansea ...	3
„ Cardiff ...	5	„ Llandudno ...	1		

Scotland, Dunfermline ... 1 | *Ireland* 2

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	789	Wales	18	Ireland	2
Country	434	Scotland	1		
TOTAL				1,244.	

PART III.—DESCRIPTIVE.

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.

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 1,244 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. Several earnest 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 there are frequent meetings for the Members of the Band of Hope.

As the Orphanage is maintained by free-will offerings, we may indicate several 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 unpleasantness. 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, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	1,771	11	8
Provisions	4,022	7	7
Clothing	1,722	3	5
Laundry	481	15	7
Fuel, Gas, and Water	817	3	0
Books and School Requisites	218	16	4
Medical Expenses	180	9	6
Excursions and Travelling	75	8	6
Situations, Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	63	1	11
Gardening and Sundries	57	10	5
	9,300	7	11
,, Printing, Advertising, Publications, Stationery, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	684	4	0
,, Repairs, Sanitary Alterations, Renovations, Furniture, &c.	1,408	6	11
,, Poor and General Rates	163	5	0
	11,616	3	10
,, Transfer to Foundation Fund	2,000	0	0
,, Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1888	2,339	1	8
	£15,955	5	6

	£	s.	d.
By Donations:—			
General	5,611	14	4
Boxes and Books	1,100	4	11
Services of Song (less expenses)	1,140	4	5
	7,852	8	8
,, Legacies	3,195	14	3
,, Annual Subscriptions	317	12	0
,, Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs and Insurance)	1,589	10	1
	12,955	0	0
,, Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1887	3,000	5	6
	£15,955	5	6

Audited and found correct, this 8th day of June, 1888.

WM. IZARD,
147, Cannon Street, E.C.
W. W. BAYNES,
32, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Auditors.

JOSEPH PASSMORE,
WILLIAM HIGGS,
HENRY SMITH.
JAMES A. SPURGEON,
Acting Treasurer,
Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

The Sin-Bearer.

A COMMUNION MEDITATION AT MENTONE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."—1 Peter ii. 24, 25.

THIS wonderful passage is a part of Peter's address to servants; and in his day nearly all servants were slaves. Peter begins at the eighteenth verse: "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." If we are in a lowly condition of life, we shall find our best comfort in thinking of the lowly Saviour bearing our sins in all patience and submission. If we are called to suffer, as servants often were in the Roman times, we shall be solaced by a vision of our Lord buffeted, scourged, and crucified, yet silent in the majesty of his endurance. If these sufferings are entirely undeserved, and we are

grossly slandered, we shall be comforted by remembering him who did no sin, and in whose lips was found no guile. Our Lord Jesus is Head of the Guild of Sufferers: he did well, and suffered for it, but took it patiently. Our support under the cross, which we are appointed to bear, is only to be found in him "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."

We ourselves now know by experience that there is no place for comfort like the cross. It is a tree stripped of all foliage, and apparently dead; yet we sit under its shadow with great delight, and its fruit is sweet unto our taste. Truly in this case "like cures like." By the suffering of our Lord Jesus our suffering is made light. The servant is comforted since Jesus took upon himself the form of a servant; the sufferer is cheered "because Christ also suffered for us"; and the slandered one is strengthened because Jesus was reviled.

"Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort than an angel's mirth?
That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?"

Let us, as we hope to pass through the tribulations of this world, stand fast by the cross; for if *that* be gone, the lone-star is quenched whose light cheers the down-trodden, shines on the injured, and brings light to the oppressed. If we lose the cross—if we miss the substitutionary sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, we have lost all.

The verse on which we would now devoutly meditate speaks of three things: *the bearing of our sins, the changing of our condition, and the healing of our spiritual diseases.* Each of these deserves careful notice.

The first is, THE BEARING OF OUR SINS by our Lord: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." These words in plainest terms assert that one Lord Jesus did really bear the sins of his people. How *literal* is the language! Words mean nothing if substitution is not stated here. I do not know the meaning of the fifty-third of Isaiah if this is not its meaning. Hear the prophet's words: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" "for the transgression of my people was he stricken;" "he shall bear their iniquities;" "he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many." I cannot imagine that the Holy Spirit would have used language so expressive if he had not intended to teach us that our Saviour did really bear our sins, and suffer in our stead. What else can be intended by texts like these—"Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. ix. 28)? "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21). "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree" (Gal. iii. 13). "Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour" (Eph. v. 2). "Once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself" (Heb. ix. 26). I say modestly, but firmly, that these Scriptures either teach the bearing of our sins by our Lord Jesus, or they teach nothing. In these

days, among many errors and denials of truth, there has sprung up a teaching of "modern thought," which explains away the doctrine of substitution and vicarious sacrifice. One wise man has gone so far as to say that the transference of sin or righteousness is impossible, and another creature of the same school has stigmatized the idea as immoral.

It does not much matter what these modern haters of the cross may dare to say; but, assuredly, that which they deny, denounce and deride is the cardinal doctrine of our most holy faith, and is as clearly in Scripture as the sun is in the heavens. Beloved, as we suffer through the sin of Adam, so are we saved through the righteousness of Christ. Our fall was by another, and so is our rising again: we are under a system of representation and imputation, gainsay it who may. To us the transference of our sin to Christ is a blessed fact clearly revealed in the Word of God, and graciously confirmed in the realizations of our faith. In that same chapter of Isaiah we read, "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," and we perceive that this was a matter of fact, for he was really, truly and emphatically sorrowful; and, therefore, when we read that "he bare our sins in his own body on the tree," we dare not fritter it away, but assuredly believe that in very deed he was our Sin-bearer. Possible or impossible, we sing with full assurance—

"He bore on the tree the sentence for me."

Had the sorrow been figurative, the sin-bearing might have been mythical; but the one fact is paralleled by the other. There is no figure in our text; it is a bare, literal fact—"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Oh, that men would give up cavilling! To question and debate at the cross is an act near akin to the crime of the soldiers when they parted his garments among them, and cast lots for his vesture.

Note how *personal* are the terms here employed! How expressly the Holy Ghost speaketh! "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body." It was not by delegation, but "his own self," and it was not in imagination, but "in his own body." Observe, also, the personality from our side of the question, he "bare *our* sins," that is to say, my sins and your sins. There is a sort of cadence of music here—"his own self," "our sins." As surely as it was Christ's own self that suffered on the cross, so truly was it our own sins that Jesus bore in his own body on the tree. Our Lord has appeared in court for us, accepting our place at the bar: "He was numbered with the transgressors." Nay, more, he has appeared at the place of execution for us, and has borne the death-penalty upon the gibbet of doom in our stead. *In propriâ personâ*, our Redeemer has been arraigned, though innocent; has come under the curse, though for ever blessed; and has suffered to the death, though he had done nothing worthy of blame. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

This sin-bearing on our Lord's part was *continual*. The passage before us has been forced beyond its teaching, by being made to assert that our Lord Jesus bore our sins nowhere but on the cross: which

the words do not say. "The tree" was the place where beyond all other places we see our Lord bearing the chastisement due to our sins; but before this, he had felt the weight of the enormous load. It is wrong to base a great doctrine upon the incidental form of one passage of Scripture, especially when that passage of Scripture bears another meaning. The marginal reading, which is perfectly correct, is "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body to the tree." Our Lord carried the burden of our sins up to the tree, and there and then he made an end of it. He had carried that load long before, for John the Baptist said of him, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away" (the verb is in the present tense, "which taketh away") "the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Our Lord was then bearing the sin of the world as the Lamb of God. From the day when he began his divine ministry, I will not say even before that, he bore our sins. He was the Lamb "slain from the foundation of the world;" so, when he went up to Calvary, bearing his cross, he was bearing our sins up to the tree. Yet, specially and peculiarly in his death-agony he stood in our stead, and upon his soul and body burst the tempest of justice which had gathered through our transgressions.

This sin-bearing is *final*. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree, but he bears them now no more. The sinner and the sinner's Surety are both free, for the law is vindicated, the honour of government is cleared, the substitutionary sacrifice is complete. He dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him; for he has ended his work, and has cried, "It is finished." As for the sins which he bore in his own body on the tree, they cannot be found, for they have ceased to be, according to that ancient promise, "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found" (Jeremiah l. 20.) The work of the Messiah was "to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness" (Daniel ix. 24). Now, if sin is made an end of, there is an end of it; and if transgression is "finished," there is no more to be said about it.

Let us look back with holy faith, and see Jesus bearing the stupendous load of our sins up to the tree, and on the tree; and see how *effectual* was his sacrifice for discharging the whole mass of our moral liability both in reference to guiltiness in the sight of God, and the punishment which follows thereon. It is a law of nature that nothing can be in two places at the same time; and if sin was borne away by our Lord, it cannot rest upon us. If by faith we have accepted the Substitute whom God himself has accepted, then it cannot be that the penalty should be twice demanded—first of the Surety, and then of those for whom he stood. The Lord Jesus bore the sins of his people away, even as the scape-goat, in the type, carried the sin of Israel to a land uninhabited. Our sins are gone for ever. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." He hath cast all our iniquities into the depths of the sea.

Beloved friends, we very calmly and coolly talk about this thing, but it is the greatest marvel in the universe: it is the miracle of earth, the mystery of heaven, the terror of hell. Could we fully realize the guilt

of sin, the punishment due to it, and the literal substitution of Christ, it would work in us an intense enthusiasm of gratitude, love, and praise. I do not wonder that our Methodist friends shout "Hallelujah!" This is enough to make us all shout and sing, as long as we live, "Glory, glory to the Son of God!" What a wonder that the Prince of Glory, in whom is no sin, who was indeed incapable of evil, should condescend to come into such contact with our sin as is implied in his being "made sin for us!" Our Lord Jesus did not handle sin with the golden tongs, but he bore it on his own shoulders. He did not lift it with golden staves, as the priests carried the ark; but he himself bore the hideous load of our sin in his own body on the tree. This is the mystery of grace which angels desire to look into. I would for ever preach it in the plainest and most unmistakable language.

In the second place, briefly notice THE CHANGE IN OUR CONDITION, which the text describes as coming out of the Lord's bearing of our sins. "That we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." The change is a dying and a reviving, a burial and a resurrection: we are brought from life to death, and from death to life.

We are henceforth legally dead to the punishment of sin. If I were condemned to die for an offence, and some other died in my stead, then I died in him who died for me. The law could not a second time lay its charge against me, and bring me again before the judge, and condemn me, and lead me out to die. Where would be the justice of such a procedure? I am dead already: how can I die again? I have borne the wrath of God in the person of my glorious and ever-blessed Substitute; how then can I bear it again? Where was the use of a substitute if I am to bear it also? Should Satan come before God to lay an accusation against me, the answer is, "This man is dead. He has borne the penalty, and is 'dead to sins,'" for the sentence against him has been executed upon another." What a wonderful deliverance for us! Bless the Lord, O my soul!

But Peter also means to remind us that, by and through the influence of Christ's death upon our hearts, *the Holy Ghost has made us now to be actually "dead to sins":* that is to say, we no longer love them, and they have ceased to hold dominion over us. Sin is no longer at home in our hearts; if it enters there, it is as an intruder. We are no more its willing servants. Sin calls to us by temptation, but we give it no answer, for we are dead to its voice. Sin promises us a high reward, but we do not consent, for we are dead to its allurements. We sin, but our will is not to sin. It would be heaven to us to be perfectly holy. Our heart and life go after perfection, but sin is abhorred of our soul. "Now, if I do that which I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." Our truest and most real self loathes sin; and though we fall into it, it is a fall—we are out of our element, and escape from the evil with all speed. The new-born life within us has no dealings with sin; it is dead to sin.

The Greek word here used cannot be fully rendered into English—it signifies "being unborn to sins." We were born in sin, but by the death of Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit upon us, that birth is

undone, "we are unborn to sins." That which was wrought in us by sin, even at our birth, is through the death of Jesus counteracted by the new life which his Spirit imparts. "We are unborn to sins." I like the phrase, unusual as it sounds. Does it seem possible that birth should be reversed: the born unborn? Yet so it is. The true *ego*, the reallest "I," is now unborn to sins, for we are "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." We are unborn to sins, and born unto God.

But our Lord's sin-bearing has also *brought us into life*. Dead to evil according to law, we also live in newness of life in the kingdom of grace. Our Lord's object is "that we should live unto righteousness." Not only are our lives to be righteous, which I trust they are, but we are quickened and made sensitive and vigorous unto righteousness: through our Lord's death we are made quick of eye, and quick of thought, and quick of lip, and quick of heart unto righteousness. Certainly, if the doctrine of his atoning sacrifice does not vivify us, nothing will. When we sin, it is the sorrowful result of our former death; but when we work righteousness we throw our whole soul into it—"We live unto righteousness." Because our divine Lord has died we feel that we must lay ourselves out for his praise. The tree which brought death to our Saviour is a tree of life to us. Sit under this true *arbor vitæ*, and you will shake off the weakness and disease which came in by that tree of knowledge of good and evil. Livingstone in Africa used certain medicines which are known as *Livingstone's Rousers;* but what rousers are those glorious truths which are extracted from the bitter wood of the cross! O my brethren, let us show in our lives what wonders our Lord Jesus has done for us by his agony and bloody sweat, by his cross and passion!

The apostle then speaks of THE HEALING OF OUR DISEASES by this death. "By whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

We were healed, and we remain so. It is not a thing to be done in the future; it has been wrought. Peter describes our disease in the words which compose verse twenty-five. What was it, then?

First, it was *brutishness*. "Ye were as sheep." Sin has made us so that we are only fit to be compared to beasts, and to those of the least intelligence. Sometimes the Scripture compares the unregenerate man to an ass. Man is said to be "born like a wild ass's colt." Amos likens Israel to the "kine of Bashan," and he saith to them, "Ye shall go out at the breaches, every cow at that which is before her." David compared himself to behemoth: "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee." We are nothing better than beasts until Christ comes to us. But we are not beasts after that: a living, heavenly, spiritual nature is created within us when we come into contact with our Redeemer. We still carry about with us the old brutish nature, but by the grace of God it is put in subjection, and kept there; and our fellowship now is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. We "were as sheep," but we are now men redeemed unto God.

We are cured also of the *proneness to wander* which is so remarkable

in sheep. "Ye were as sheep going astray," always going astray, loving to go astray, delighting in it, never so happy as when they are wandering away from the fold. We wander still, but not as sheep wander: we now seek the right way, and desire to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. If we wander, it is through ignorance or temptation. We can truly say, "My soul followeth hard after thee." Our Lord's cross has nailed us fast as to hands and feet: we cannot now run greedily after iniquity; rather do we say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee!"

"My wanderings, Lord, are at an end,
I'm now return'd to Thee:
Be Thou my Father and my Friend,
Be all in all to me."

Another disease of ours was *inability to return:* "Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned." Dogs and even swine are more likely to return home than wandering sheep. But now, beloved, though we wandered, we have returned, and do still return to our Shepherd. Like Noah's dove, we have found no rest for the sole of our foot anywhere out of the ark, and therefore we return unto him, and he graciously pulls us in unto him. If we wander at any time we bless God that there is a sacred something within us which will not let us rest, and there is a far more powerful something above us which draws us back. We are like the needle in the compass: touch that needle with your finger, and compel it to point to the east, or to the south, and it may do so for the moment; but take away the pressure, and in an instant it returns to the pole. So we must go back to Jesus: we must return to the Bishop of our souls. Our soul cries, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Thus, by the virtue of our Lord's death, an immortal love is created in us, which leads us to seek his face, and renew our fellowship with him.

Our Lord's death has also cured us of our *readiness to follow other leaders.* If one sheep goes through a gap in the hedge, the whole flock will follow. We have been accustomed to follow ringleaders in sin, or in error: we have been too ready to follow custom, and to do that which is judged proper, respectable, and usual: but now we are resolved to follow none but Jesus, according to his word, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." For my own part, I am resolved to follow no human leader. Faith in Jesus creates a sacred independence of mind. We have learned so entire a dependence upon our crucified Lord that we have none to spare for men.

Finally, beloved friends, when we were wandering, we were like sheep *exposed to wolves,* but we are delivered from this by being near the Shepherd. We were in danger of death, in danger from the devil, in danger from a thousand temptations, which, like ravenous beasts, prowled around us. Having ended our wandering, we are now in a place of safety. When the lion roars, we are driven the closer to the Shepherd, and rejoice that his crook protects us. He says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give

unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

What a wonderful work of grace has been wrought in us! We owe all this, not to the teaching of Christ, though that has helped us greatly; not to the example of Christ, though that is charming us into a diligent copying of it; but we owe it all to his stripes—"By whose stripes ye were healed." Brethren, we preach Christ crucified, because we have been saved by Christ crucified. His death is the death of our sins. We can never give up the doctrine of Christ's substitutionary sacrifice, for it is the power by which we hope to be made holy. Not only are we washed from guilt in his blood, but by that blood we overcome sin. Never; so long as breath or pulse remains, can we conceal the blessed truth that he "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." The Lord give us to know much more of this than I can speak, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

Telling is not Teaching.

TEACHING would be a very simple matter if telling were teaching; but no one thinks of counting the two processes identical—except in the sphere of purely religious truth; as in the church and Sunday-school. Who would think of teaching an apprentice to shoe a horse, or to set type, or to make a watch, by simply telling him how? Who would expect artists, or authors, or soldiers, to be taught in their profession by the mere telling of their duties? If men and women knew all the valuable truths which have been told them, from the lecture platform, in social converse, and by direct personal instruction, how wise the world would be! If children had been taught all the good things that have been told to them at home and elsewhere, how much more would they know than their parents—who have not always been taught by simply being told! And what learned congregations we should have, if all that some of these wise and venerable preachers have told their people had been learned by their people! That telling has not been teaching in every case all will see at a glance, whether they are ready or not to agree that telling is never teaching, nor ever can be.—*Dr. H. Clay Trumbull.*

Where to find the Prayer.

SHORTLY after family worship, which had been conducted by the venerable John Wesley, Dr. Wilson said to him, "My wife was so delighted with your prayer, that she has been looking for it in the Prayer-Book, but cannot find it; I wish you could point it out to me."

"My dear brother," said Wesley, "I cannot, because that prayer came down from heaven, and I sent it up there again."—"*History of Methodism in Ireland.*"

Musings by the Sea.

BY A SEASIDE PASTOR.

THE busy towns are now sending their hosts of tired workers to the quiet of the seaside, and a few suggestive thoughts may prove helpful and *sea*sonable to the many of God's people who will be spending the next few weeks by the sea.

The Psalmist (Psalm xcv. 5) sings: "The sea is his, and he made it"; and where God's hand has been, our eyes may usefully linger. Besides, the sea is his servant, doing his will; his messenger, speaking his messages; his glorious freehold, holding his treasures. How completely it is under his control is exemplified by its perfect obedience to Christ, who found a solid pavement on its waters, hushed its winds and waves to quietness with a word, and commanded its finny tribes into his disciples' nets. The *beauty* of the sea is his. Its marvels of changing colour and glittering sheen, sometimes blue as the sky above, and sometimes silver; then diffused with a golden glory, and anon almost blood-red—a sea of fire. Its music of rippling or thundering harmonies. Its peace and awful storms. The *wealth* of the sea is his. Its palaces stored with precious stones, pearls and corals. Its watery fields filled with the rich harvest of fishes. Its gardens growing the anemones and sponges, and its bosom giving all the water to the sky that comes back to earth as rain, whilst all its highways are kept up at his sole expense. The *health* of the sea is his. It is the world's great purifier, and keeps by its saltness, constant motion, and healing breezes the world from putrefaction. How many a weary invalid from year to year finds renewed strength and health in its breath! The *power* of the sea is his. Wonders of strength are in it—strength to bear up the heaviest burdens, strength to overthrow the mightiest work of man. Beautiful, strong, cruel sea, *He* holds thy waters in the hollow of his hand, and all that comes from thee should be given back to him! Let us go down to the sea, and spend our time in

I. WALKING THE SANDS. These may not only be the delight of the children, but they may be the teachers of their parents. In their vast *numbers* they may cheer the hearts of God's desponding ones, for the cry is still, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" It might prove a useful stimulus to faith to try and count a handful of the grains, and then multiply them by the mighty space covered, and remember that this baffling arithmetic God uses to tell the number of his people (Genesis xxxii. 12), and also the multitude of his thoughts toward us (Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18).

As the mystic *boundary* of the sea (Jeremiah v. 22) the sands may teach the waverer or ready-to-halt some of the marvels of the divine sovereignty who has bounded the sea by his decree and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He who places mere sand as the barrier for the waves' proud hosts, can, and will, not only stay the wrath of man, but cause it to praise him.

In its wondrous *variety* the sand is a figure of the wisdom, understanding, and largeness of heart given to the Lord's servant. It is said that God gave Solomon largeness of heart as the sand by the sea shore.

Look into a few grains and learn their history. Some particles were the homes as shells of living creatures, and others were brought from mountain and from valley in all parts of the world. Here we have crystal and pebble, gold and coral, and a thousand other forms of matter; and so in all *his* wondrous variety can God enrich the souls of his servants with blessings for which they do not ask, and of which they have not even thought.

Its want of *cohesion* and consequent disunion make it a fatal place to build *on*, whilst *in* buildings it keeps them damp, and we learn from our Lord's words that our only stable foundation on which to build for time and eternity is Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages.

Leaving the sands, and launching forth on the deep, we may go—

II. FISHING. To the minister of the gospel, Sunday-school teacher, and other servants of the great King, whose work is to catch souls, this is a most suggestive occupation. Did not the Master say, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men"? Faithful following means divine fashioning; and how to set about the work may be taught us by the fisherman's way. He goes on *purpose* to catch fish. For him "'tis not the pleasure of an idle day," but the business of his life; and on the success or non-success of his exertions depend his own living and comfort. It is life or death with him, whether he catches or not. So he is ever on the look-out for fish, and gathers from the experience of others as well as from his own practical wisdom as to how and where best to catch them.

When the *net* is used, how carefully it is cleaned and mended, so that no fish escape; and with what variety of sized mesh it is made, so as to catch the kind of fish in season! May not we thus learn to adapt ourselves to our audiences, and never use a mackerel net to catch shrimps; nor use a sermon adapted to adults to catch children. When fishing with *line and hook*, how careful is the fisherman to see that the right hooks are used! How anxious is he to get the best kind of bait, to go into the right spots, to watch the tides (and a flood-tide is best for fishing, and is it not for catching men?), and the season for the various kinds of fish! Here, too, *patience* is required, and skill, and a capacity for enduring hardness, for rough weather is often the best time to catch them. Sitting in a boat, fishing, not long since, on a beautiful day, and with but poor result, my companion called to mind a former very successful occasion, when, amid almost continuous rain and rough wind, we caught as fast as possible; and he said, "I would sooner have the rough day and plenty of fish, than a fine day and no result." Sometimes we can catch most men in a storm, for sure enough the devil rages or chastisement comes when we have success, but it comes to increase that success, and rather say we—the storm and success than the calm and none.

In catching men we find room for the *occupation and exercise of every faculty*. We have, off here, large mussel-beds, on which, during the summer months, on the ebb, but especially the flood tides, large quantities of eels feed. To catch them is not difficult, and is called eel-bobbing. A stick, about two feet long, has a piece of string attached, long enough to reach the bottom. A number of lob-worms are strung on worsted, and a bundle of them attached to the line. The eels bite, and their small teeth get entangled in the worsted, and as soon as the

fisherman feels his prey, a swift lift and dexterous jerk of the wrist lands it in the boat. The whole skill here lies in *landing* the fish; plenty can feel them nibbling, can bring them to the top of the water, but to bring them into the boat, *that* is the difficulty. And to land men when caught, is not that *our* difficulty? Impressions, and good desires stirred within them, are not enough, but from the world's wide waves they must be lifted, to the rest, and peace, and decision for Christ, *this* we must aim at; and, as no fisherman is satisfied with having so many nibbles, no more can we rest unless men are really landed for Christ.

We may be wishing to have a plunge in the waves, and assuredly we may find helpful thoughts in—

III. BATHING. In the plunge from *terra firma* into the yielding waters the Holy Spirit finds an illustration of Christ and his work, who, to save us from death, plunged into the wild and stormy waves of suffering, and sorrow, and sin. By this we were saved. Again, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim, so does our Saviour come after us. I have sometimes used the following experience as an illustration of salvation. For fifteen years I lived by the seaside, and was a frequent bather, and yet never learned to swim. I would persist in keeping one foot upon the bottom, for then I felt safe. But one day, in a rough sea, a great wave fairly picked me off my feet, and I struck out for dear life. I awoke to the fact that I could swim, that the waves would bear me up if I trusted them entirely, and I no longer clung to my own way of self-help. Even so does Christ save. How often the trying to help oneself keeps from peace and rest! and when the soul first abandons all to Christ, ventures wholly on him, that soul finds, to its own astonishment, that Christ indeed bears up and saves him.

There is one other form of seaside enjoyment equally suggestive :—

IV. BOATING. Multitudes of craft may be seen covering the waters, and often the expression rises to the lips, "There go the ships!" How typical of human lives! There are richly-laden merchantmen, carrying cargoes that bless or curse; the useful collier; the swift, white-sailed pleasure yacht; the huge war-ship; the fishing smack; the small but powerful tug; the Trinity cutter, with its load of beacons, and buoys, and provisions for light-ship men, all these remind us of the varied lives men lead. The different powers, of wind, or steam, or oars, also show how, spreading our sails of faith, we may be wafted by heaven's breeze, or impelled by mighty love we may steam to glory, or ever doing with our might what our hands find to do, we may make sure progress heavenward. The great need is to have Christ as our Captain. We are reminded that in no form can life be all pleasure to us. If we are *good* sailors, we still have storms to try us, and winds, and tides, and dangers in a thousand forms, to call forth our watchful activities, and to keep our eyes upwards. Whilst we who sit in summer sunshine by the sea, or plunge into its depths and find healing, or fish in its waters, or sail on its surface, find in it only a symbol of pleasantness and blessing; yet we may well remember that many a widow heart and fatherless child think only of its treachery, and storm, and death, and find comfort and help in the thought that, in the future world, there shall be "no more sea."

H. W. CHILDS, Southend.

"His Nets were Set."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"HIS *nets were set.*" So ended a brief notice in a newspaper, of the untimely death of a fisherman on the New Zealand coast. So far as could be ascertained, he had performed his daily duty, little dreaming that other hands would haul in the nets which he had set. He rowed his little boat to shore, to find even before he could reach his house (for he expired in the bush) that another fisherman had spread a net for *him*, from the meshes of which there was no escape. By way, I suppose, of indicating the extreme suddenness of the seizure, the reporter stated that "his nets were set." But this brief sentence casts something like a ray of light, however faint, over the otherwise all-dark picture. One naturally reflects, "It was well, at all events, that his duty, humble though it was, was performed to the last. Better far to leave the nets in position than in a tangled heap ashore in need of washing or of mending. None can charge the lone fisherman with neglecting opportunities, or of dying a sluggard's death."

Whether or not he had any premonitions of his approaching end we cannot tell. Perchance he refused to yield to indisposition; struggled bravely on; and having accomplished his accustomed task, lay down in duty's path and died!

Such is the pathetic story. And who may not envy the fisherman his epitaph—"His nets were set"? Fishers of men, as all should be who have heard the Master's call, be it ours to cast and haul the gospel net while we have any being; and we may well be

> "Happy if, with our latest breath,
> We may but gasp his name,
> Preach him to all, and cry in death
> 'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

A Christian worker can scarcely have a nobler ambition than to die in harness. Whitefield's two favourite expressions were, "I would rather wear out than rust out," and "We are immortal till our work is done." In the earlier part of his ministry, he was very much admired by an old dissenting minister named Cole, who went about preaching in the wake of his younger but more popular brother. One evening, whilst preaching, he was struck with death; managing, however, to conclude his discourse. The sermon over, his spirit passed away. Hearing of this, Mr. Whitefield exclaimed, "O blessed God! if it be thy holy will, may my exit be like his!" The prayer was heard. He died as he had lived—working. "His nets were set." Though actually sick unto death, he started to ride fifteen miles to preach his last sermon, praying, "If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die." Next morning he passed away, saying, only two hours previously, "I had rather wear out than rust out." He had a large number of preaching engagements "booked," and longed to fulfil them, but though "his nets were set," his season was past, and the well-nigh miraculous draughts he had been permitted to witness were not to be repeated in his history.

It was much the same with good John Wesley. Never was there harder worker. He is reported to have said, "Leisure and I have taken leave of each other. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me." His oft-repeated prayer was, "Lord, let me never live to be useless; but may I

'My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live,'"

His hopes were in great measure realized. In his old age he said, "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours. I can preach and write still." True to this spirit is his memorable reply to a lady who once said to him, "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me; converse and pray with the family as usual; retire to my room at ten o'clock; commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory!"

His hope and prayer were in great part realized. After he had preached his last sermon, only a few days before his death, he both read and wrote. Prayer and praise were ever upon his lips. After trying once to sing, he gasped for breath, and said, "Now we have all done, let us all go." The ruling passion was strong in death; he was doubtless fancying that he was dismissing a congregation. "His nets were set."

So also was it with the saintly McCheyne. He preached in public within a fortnight of his death; and in the delirium which preceded his last sleep, he continued praying and preaching to the people, and died with his hands upheld as if pronouncing the benediction. Thus did he pray—"This parish, Lord, this people, this whole place," and again, "Do it thyself, Lord, for thy weak servant." *His* nets were set!

Of John B. Gough we scarcely need reminding. He had hoped to die fighting; and he did. He died setting his nets, for his closing words are still catching men—words worthy of the man who spake them, and worthy, too, of the solemnity of the occasion: "Young man, keep your record clean!"

And what shall I more say? For time will fail me to tell of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of John Knox, preaching with such fervour that he was "like to ding the pulpit into blads," although he had had to be assisted into the pulpit; of the devoted Mr. Townsend, who, unable to proceed to a meeting for want of breath, yet struggled on, exclaiming, "Oh, it is hard to give up working in the service of such a Master!" Nor can we forget the noble army of martyrs, God's "slaughtered saints"; nor the devoted missionaries who have fallen in the front. All these have died in harness, with their faces to the foe, in the midst of their labours, and with plans and hopes for future service. Their nets were set!

In such cases, sudden death is, indeed, sudden glory. Rather than pray the good God to deliver us therefrom, we might well crave to have it so. Lord, give us strength and grace to labour till the last moment of life; to die at the wheel, like faithful John Maynard; to perish at our posts, like the sentinel of Pompeii; to die, like Stephen, witnessing a good confession.

> "I'll speak the honours of thy name
> With my last labouring breath;
> Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
> The antidote of death."

But in order to this, we must "fill brightest hours with labour," and "give every flying minute something to keep in store"; for death publishes no time-table, and makes no appointments. "We must not leave empty spaces in our time," says Matthew Henry, "lest the Lord should come in one of those empty spaces. As with a good God the end of one mercy is the beginning of another, so with a good man the end of one duty is the beginning of another." If the nets are to be set when we die, we must never have them unset while we live. Agreeably to this, Calvin replied to one who begged him to spare his exhausted frame. "What!" said he, "would you have my Master find me idle?"

Are we, then, to commit ourselves to lives of ceaseless toil and untiring exertion? "Take it easy," "Rest and be thankful," "Slow and sure": such are the titles of the songs that siren voices sing. But what saith the Word, and what saith our enlightened conscience? "The King's business requires haste." "Work while it is called to-day." "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

Besides, it is not for long. "My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here." When that zealous and devoted labourer, Mr. Grimshaw, who usually preached from twenty to thirty times a week, was entreated to spare himself, he always replied, "Let me labour now, for the hour is at hand when I shall rest." "We shall have time enough to rest in heaven," Whitefield used to say to those who bade him give himself a day's rest. "Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" to live and die for him, asking as the greatest favour that the lowest inch of life's candle may be consumed in the search for the lost silver piece, and the blade worn to the haft in fighting the foe. Said one to an acquaintance whom he had not seen for years, "Why, I thought you were dead." "Nay," said he, "that's the last thing I'll do." Perhaps even the ill-timed jest may be turned to good account. There are Christians who die as to usefulness long before they actually expire. Giving up Christ's service should be the last thing we do. It may be wise to change the sphere, it may be well to diminish the strain; but give up altogether! die out! nay, verily! If soldiers can fight on their bleeding stumps, or hold their chargers' reins between their teeth, the hand being shot away; if admirals and generals can leave the quiet retreats of their old age to tread the deck, and lead the war again, we will be at least as bold and self-denying as they; for we have a still nobler cause. "I serve" is the Christian's motto when he enlists; it is his till he breathes his last!

Are our nets set? Have we some good works in progress, some schemes for the glory of God in hand? We want no holidays "till Jesus comes, and we are gathered home." We must set our nets till all the fish are caught. Furlough is out of the question till the war is over; so we may as well learn the harmony, and catch the spirit of one of the Jubilee singers' sweetest and most inspiriting refrains:—

"Oh, what do you say, brothers?
Oh, what do you say, brothers?
About the gospel way?
And *I will die in the field*,
I'm on my journey home.

"Oh, what do you say, Christians?
Oh, what do you say, Christians?
About the gospel way?
And *I will die in the field*,
I'm on my journey home.

"Oh, what do you say, preachers?
Oh, what do you say, preachers?
About the gospel way?
And I will die in the field,
I'm on my journey home."

Costers' Donkeys at the People's Palace.

AMONG all the concerts held from time to time at the People's Palace, in the Mile-end Road, there has been nothing to exceed in vocal power the choruses and solos with which the united congregation of donkeys at the Show of the 23rd and 24th of July enlivened the neighbourhood, of course to attract a crowd of eager sight-seers. This was the costers' great festival; and being chiefly carried out by Mr. W. J. Orsman, pastor of the Mission Church at Costers' Hall, Hoxton, the success was complete. The great Earl of Shaftesbury, in former days, showed keen interest in these exhibitions; for he was shrewd enough to see, that by giving prizes, or certificates of merit, for well-kept animals, an influence could be brought to bear upon the whole body of street-traders throughout London, which would represent a kind of moral revolution. The godly nobleman, whose most prized distinctions were "K. G. and Coster," was one of the best friends the street-traders ever had; and the poor people have not forgotten him. Thus more than one exhibitor was heard to tell the judges as they passed round, "The old Earl has praised that one."

The entries were two hundred and seventeen, including some ponies; and some of the animals had more or less remarkable characteristics. One, said to be ninety-nine years old, was valued at £100. There were other oddities, both among the men and the animals; and Mr. Orsman himself, who is well acquainted with both, supplies us with this note:—

"The ass and the Hebrew have a religious and historical association. It was a curious coincidence, therefore, that the judging should have

taken place in a spare corner contiguous to the Jews' old burying-ground, in which the rank grass grows over the grave of Isaac Disraeli.

"One of the most noticeable of the donkeys was a pretty grey one, ten years of age, who would carry his owner's overcoat or whip in his mouth, and follow slowly walking or trotting for miles. The affection between the young fellow to whom it belonged and the animal was very hearty, and the lad said he rarely, if ever, touched it with the whip. Presently there came a ragged, unkempt-looking little brown beast, but there were no signs of ill-usage about it, and its owner told how he had known it take a load of fourteen hundredweight of coals for a mile, with an occasional push up behind the cart from himself. One or two of the donkeys had names suggestive of peculiarities about themselves, as, for instance, Rickety Poll, Troublesome Bill, Flyaway Sal, or Wild Charlie. Two mules were shown, and one of them, fat and sleek, his mistress—for in this instance the coster was a lady—assured me cost her only sixpence a day for keep."

Some will remember that it was as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that Lord Shaftesbury originally promoted these shows; and of their effect in general some idea may be formed by this passage from the memoir by Mr. Edwin Hodder:—

"It was proverbial at one time, that both ponies and asses were shamefully ill-used; but by education and exhortation, by the institution of donkey-shows and prizes, and a variety of other means, the men of Golden Lane had come to take a pride in their animals, and had found that just treatment was the wisest policy. With twenty-four hours' rest on Sunday, they would do thirty miles a day without exhaustion; whereas, without it, they did not do an average of more than fifteen."

Then take this extract, on the same subject, from Lord Shaftesbury's diary for 1883:—

"July 3rd.—To Costermongers' Donkey and Pony Show in evening, and afterwards anniversary meeting. It is one of the happiest successes in all our London movements. Forgot (and I deeply regret it), when I spoke, two main points: one, to exhibit Orsman's merits, as giving, and as having given for twenty years, all his time to this grand work after the weariness of his office hours; the other, the example of the costers of 'Golden Lane' (their original designation) in their treatment of the animals that belonged to them, had led to a universal improvement all over London."

Nothing could be more emphatic than this as to the value of the work in general, which of course reaches a long way beyond the costers. In point of fact, Costers' Hall is the head-quarters of a working mission church of the most comprehensive kind. With such facts kept well in remembrance, the solos and choruses of the donkeys at the People's Palace have more meaning, as well as more music, than might at first be suspected.

The people at Hoxton wish to celebrate Mr. Orsman's fiftieth birthday by establishing a Seaside Home at Broadstairs. Who will give the necessary two thousand pounds?

The Lepers of India.

BY LEVI PALMER, TAUNTON.

A LEPER! What pen can describe the mass of misery that is compressed into that little word! At the touch of leprosy Uzziah's crown lost its glory and his sceptre its power. It was this that stamped the otherwise unbroken prosperity of Naaman with a fatal "but," which drew pity instead of envy from the heart of the meanest pauper. The Bible itself can depict no more pitiable creature than a leper. From the sole of the foot even unto the head, with wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, he stands forth as the object of heaven's displeasure, the personification of sin, and an exile from the camp.

English historians have also described this woe-begotten victim in much the same way. During the Middle Ages the disease was so prevalent in England that every important town had its leper-house. The leper was deprived of all rights of property and family, and the priest performed over him the rites of burial, completing the same by throwing over him a shovelful of earth. Henceforth he was regarded as a walking corpse, and was compelled to warn the living of his approach by sounding a rattle or ringing a bell.

With us this is happily the experience of the past. The breath of the leper no longer taints our pure island air. Whatever diseases England may be heir to, its sons and daughters are at least free from the insidious decay, the piecemeal corruption, the living death, of the disease called leprosy.

But in India there are to-day multitudes of lepers of the same type as those who lived in the days of Moses, and in the time of Christ.

An article in a recent number of *The Bombay Gazette* states that within the Dhurrumsala "there are men and women with their limbs wasted till only the outlines of the bones remain, or else swollen out of all form of limbs; and at every few yards are to be seen wretches who have lost fingers and toes, or even hands and feet, leaving nothing but useless stumps, which continue to waste and slough."

Yet in India alone these masses of corruption number one hundred and thirty-five thousand! And each of them is inhabited by an immortal soul; by a soul that is capable of love, and joy, and gratitude, and that has within its reach the possibilities of eternal glory. Surely to neglect such a sphere of service in this century of Christian missions would stamp the church of Christ with an indelible stain. But a volume just published by Messrs. Shaw and Co., entitled, "A Glimpse at the Indian Mission Field and Leper Asylums," shows that the Christian church has already entered this sphere of service, and is now feeding, clothing, visiting, and seeking to save the souls of these poor victims. A mission to lepers in India was founded in 1874, and since then has gradually enlarged its operations. This society endeavours to utilize, as much as possible, existing agencies, by assisting leper asylums already established, and providing missionaries with the means for carrying on Christian work in connection therewith. It makes grants of money towards the building of new asylums, prayer-rooms, &c., and in many instances provides for the entire support of lepers.

In Mr. Bailey's opinion, the number of lepers in India is greatly

under-estimated. Not only is there a great concealment of female lepers, but it is almost certain that, at the last Bengal census, only those in whom the disease was fully developed, were entered as lepers by the enumerators. Mr. Bailey says, "The lepers are commonly put down as numbering from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand; but this is, I believe, far from correct. I, for one, believe them to number five hundred thousand, and I know there are medical men and others who agree with me in this."

How completely is the leprosy a type of sin! This is specially seen in the reluctance with which the leper confesses his disease. We select only one instance. It is that of a little boy named Marcus. "He is undoubtedly a leper," says Mr. Bailey, "though he does not seem willing to admit it. When examining him to-day, I turned round his hands, to look at them, and observed that there were long blisters on the insides of his fingers. I asked him how he had got them, and at first he seemed inclined to hide the truth from me; but on pressing him about it, he said that he had been warming his hands in front of the fire, and had burned them. I then asked him if he had felt it, and he was obliged to confess that he had not." The account of this boy's removal to the leper asylum is very touching. "Poor child!" writes Mr. Bailey, "I think he had buoyed himself up with the hope that it might, after all, turn out to be a false alarm, and that he would get better, and return to the home where he had spent so many happy years of his young life. 'O sahib,' he sobbed, 'I don't wish to go to the leper asylum.' We comforted him as well as we were able, by telling him that we would allow him a room for himself, and a little bit of ground to make into a garden."

These lepers are so isolated, that it may be said of them, "neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun." The missionary is to them an angel of light, for his visit is a ray of sunshine. Of a visit which he paid to the asylum at Saharanpore, Mr. Bailey writes: "There were seven men present, who looked the picture of utter desolation. They stared at us in amazement, as if wondering why we should take sufficient interest in them to come there. When we spoke kindly to them, it seemed to touch a chord in their poor, desolate hearts. What a pitiable picture they presented as we drove away! This little change in the terrible monotony of their daily lives was, after all, but momentary, and had only too quickly come to an end. As we moved off, we left them saláming vigorously with their poor fingerless hands."

Bangalore stands 3,000 feet above the sea-level, and, with its magnificent trees and flowers, is one of the prettiest stations in India. Yet, amid this scene of beauty the fatal plague sits embowered. Mr. Bailey's visit to this asylum shows that the gospel can make even the desolate heart of a leper to blossom with joy. He says, "There are twenty men and ten women in the leper asylum. Men and women occupy quite distinct quarters. The doctor pointed out one man, and said, 'That is a very good man, and he always appears to be happy, whenever I come.' I spoke to him for a few moments, and found out that he was an Eurasian, and a Protestant. The poor fellow did seem quite happy, but told me that he was greatly annoyed by not being able

to feel the ground under his feet. In other words, he had no feeling whatever in his feet. I saw one poor fellow without either hands or feet, and two babies being nursed by leprous mothers."

The expressions of gratitude that come from those poor lepers that receive the truth are very touching. Mr. Bailey speaks of a Chinese leper whom the disease had robbed of his fingers and toes, yet he managed to contrive something extraordinary to manifest his love and gratitude to Christ. Noticing that the reading-desk had become rickety, he spent his small savings in buying wood; and as he could not grasp any tools in his hands, he put a knife between his teeth, and in this manner he carved a beautiful little rest for the Bible, and thus put many to shame by his love and ingenuity in the Master's service.

Writing of the mission at Arcot, Mr. Bailey says: "After breakfast a number of beggars assembled at the mission-house to receive alms. They come once a week, when they have the gospel preached to them, and at the same time receive a few coppers each. Amongst them was a poor leper, whose hands were in a fearful state. When it came to his turn to receive his money, the poor fellow, with a delicacy of feeling which it was touching to behold, covered up his poor maimed hand with a cloth which he had round him, and then stretched it out." Of his visit to the asylum at Pallypuram he says, "I saw the usual sad sights that are never absent from these leper asylums, but was especially struck by a young leprous mother, with a dear, bright little baby in her arms. Surely this poor child must be drinking in poison every day." Mr. Bailey feels very much the necessity of establishing orphanages for the children of lepers. His visit to almost every asylum shows the need of this. In addition to the case just given, he says of the Lucknow asylum that "there was a little boy, the son of one of the lepers. This child had the disease fully developed already. Poor child! he might, perhaps, have been saved could he have been removed from his afflicted parents in time."

Not only is the poor leper an outcast whilst living, but he is abhorred and shunned when dead. Dr. Dease gives two instances of this. He once saw some men dragging off the body of a dead leper by means of a rope tied to one foot. They dragged the body till they reached a great hole, into which they pitched it, and covered it up with stones, as they might have done to a dead dog. At another time a leper died at the asylum of Chanday (Pithara) shortly after the place had been commenced, and none of the other *lepers* even could be got to touch it; so that Mr. Kirk, a devoted Christian man, who was just then in charge of the place, was obliged to dig the grave himself, and afterwards to carry the body to it.

In order to show how the gospel can make glad the heart of a leper, and convert even a maimed body into a habitation for a consecrated soul, we quote the case of Iláhí Bakhsh, a poor blind man, whom Mr. Bailey met with on a former visit to India. He says:—

"One old man, whom the disease has made blind, always answers in cheerful tones that all is well with him. One day I found him with worms in one foot, and a small wound in the other where it had been eaten by rats without his knowing it; and as he began telling me his troubles, I thought that at last he was going to complain, but he

finished up by saying that God had been very good to him. Another time he suffered intensely with a thorn in his foot day and night for sixty days, and still would not complain. Their hands and feet may be eaten by rats while asleep, and they know nothing of it till they wake up; and in walking thorns can run into their feet, and be broken off without their knowing it, till they begin to suffer pain from it a day or two later. One day, when I found him doubled up on his bed, rocking to and fro, and groaning with pain, I thought he surely would murmur at his lot, and ask why it must be so; but he only said, 'My pain is very great, but God is merciful and kind to me.' He is the same one that I have before mentioned as composing hymns to the praise of Christ, which the lepers delight to sing. His influence over them all is very great, and although they receive lessons daily, and sometimes twice a day, from someone connected with the Mission, whatever they seem to know and understand best, they say they have learned from Iláhí Bakhsh, who goes over and over with them the many Bible truths he has stored away in his memory. The last time the Lord's supper was administered to them, I noticed, for the first time, the perplexity of the old blind man as to which of the stumps of hands held up before him the piece of bread had been laid in. A man standing by told him to eat, and still he hesitated, till someone told him which hand the bread was in."

In Palestine, eighteen hundred years ago, the only hope of the poor leper was centred in Jesus of Nazareth. No physician ever thought of curing him. He was regarded as a hopeless wretch, cut off from society, and fit only for the grave. How differently did Jesus of Nazareth view him! Unfettered by the law, he touched him, and said,

"Be clean.
And lo! the scales fell from him; and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him."

In India to-day the only hope of these one hundred and thirty-five thousand lepers is centred in the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the only power that can rejuvenize the soul. Although the disease is still incurable, yet when accompanied with the gospel, accessory means seem to have double power. In this way suffering is alleviated, and this dark cloud of human woe is lit up with the glory of an immortal hope of glory beyond.

Dr. Halbek saw two lepers in the leper hospital, in Hamel-en-Arade, sowing peas; "the one had no hands, the other no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted hands was carrying the other, who wanted feet, upon his back; and he again carried in his hands the bag of seeds, and so dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot; and so they managed the work of one man between the two." Is not this an allegory? Some have wealth, but not the ability to carry the gospel to these poor lepers. Others have the ability, but lack the wealth. Would that the two could unite their forces, and so plant the leper asylums of India with the good seed of the kingdom!

A Mission of Mercy.

BY J. BURNHAM.

THE season has again returned for our annual mission among the masses of immigrants to the hop districts in Kent. We greatly rejoice in the privilege of serving God among these poor, struggling, sin-stricken souls; and are devoutly thankful at the many evidences to-day that our labours have not been in vain during the past ten or twelve years. The very marked improvement in the moral atmosphere of garden and camp is not simply the testimony of the workers who have laboured, prayed, and watched for this, but is recognized by many



outside the circle of directly Christian effort. An interesting article, entitled, "London Hop-pickers," appeared in *The Echo* of August 26th, last year, from which we quote the following:—"There was a time when the picking of hops brought with it into the peaceful villages, where the gardens are situated, a terrible increase of crime. . . . But all that is changed now; the sanitary inspector, the excise officer, the energetic constable, and last, but by no means least, the self-denying band of Christian workers, who, by their kindly sympathy over the motley crowds in the hop-gardens, have so altered the state of affairs, that crime is scarcely heard of, drunkenness is unfrequent, and the magistrates of the two counties find their work but little increased by the sudden influx of these vagrant thousands." We have no knowledge of.

the writer of this article from which we have quoted, but we gratefully accept this recognition of the value of the work carried on by the "Hop-pickers' Mission."

With hearts yearning for the salvation of these poor outcasts of society, the missionaries engage in any and every conceivable way that the novel and varied circumstances suggest. The following jotting from my journal may give the courteous reader an interesting peep at the worker "seeking the lost":—

"A FAIR CHALLENGE."

Sept. 12.—In the course of my walks through the gardens, came across a "complete wreck" of humanity in rags and tatters. He asked me whether I had a left-off coat, to better shield him from the wet and



windy weather. I replied, I had one, but it was decorated with "the bit of blue"; if he would sign the pledge, and keep in "the blue," he should have the coat. His companion at the bin chimed in, "That's a fair challenge, guv'ner!" After some hesitation, the man consented to have the coat under those conditions. He called at my house for it, and thus gave me the opportunity I sought, of quiet converse with him. I wrote out the pledge, signed his name (as he could not write), got his ×, and a friend's signature as witness. Then, with tears, he told me how drink had brought him down, down, down to the present sorry plight. He had a godly, praying mother, but had practically cut

himself off from her and her influence, that he might, unhindered, follow his own will; and this was the outcome of that determined course in sin. As far as one could judge, he seemed thoroughly sincere in his wish for amendment. I then bade him get to his knees, whilst we sought God's help to enable him to overcome this "besetting sin"; for, in his own strength, he was *sure to fail*, in spite of determination. Poor fellow! as we rose from our knees, the tears were chasing each other down his sunken cheeks; and he seemed evidently touched that



J. BURNHAM.

anybody should thus care for him, after he had cared so little for himself. *That* seemed to be the thought that thoroughly roused the man, kindled hope within him, and strengthened his resolution. I told him the "old, old story," of the prodigal, who not only left the swine-trough, but came home to his father, and of the warm welcome he received, as shown in Luke xv. 20. He listened, and wept; and, as he gripped my hand at parting, expressed the hope that, if we were spared to meet next September, I should find him "a new man in Christ Jesus."

This year we hope to locate ten workers in the heart of the hop country, besides availing ourselves of efficient help on the spot. And, as in former years, we shall have constant calls upon us to shield the

shoeless and thinly-clad from the inclement weather; we shall tend with medicine the sick; gather the strangers to a "free tea," in a meadow, on Sunday, with a view to singing, and preaching the gospel to them. All this means heavy expenditure. Old friends, still spared, will *be sure* to help again in this interesting and needful work. But many helpers of former years have passed into the "promised land"; hence we urgently appeal for others to take their places on our lists. Who will promptly and liberally respond to our Macedonian cry?*

Parcels of clothing, or tracts, should be forwarded, carriage paid, direct to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Marden, S. E. R. Contributions to Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, London; Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; or to Mr. J. Burnham, Brentford.

The Error Pest.

IN India, just now, special efforts are being made by experts for "the comprehensive and continuous investigation of insect pests"; and it is not too much to say that something of the kind is called for in the religious world in England. "Special attention is to be given to the subject in a systematic manner, so that growers, whose successful cultivation is sadly interfered with by insect pests, may be taught how to detect the presence of the enemy, and to guard against its ravages." One species alone is supposed to have destroyed a million rupees' worth of Indian wheat in a single year.

Like error among theologians and divines, "it appears to have flourished largely owing to facilities for its growth and multiplication, ignorantly afforded by the unsuspecting dealers." Not willingly or designedly, yet not the less surely, have these men bred the weevil they now desire to destroy.

"A number of insecticides and appliances which tend to the destruction of the little marauders, scarce visible to the naked eye, but whose operation or effects are only too distinctly evident," have been used in America. "As the Indian pests are believed to be closely allied to those of the Western Continent, the presumption is, that they may be dealt with by the same means." The error pest of to-day may be destroyed in the same manner, and with the same power of truth that Paul employed in his time. The same confidence in the gospel, the same devotion to Christ, the same power of the Spirit, are needed to fit a man to deal with false teaching with the same results.

The danger is that, in destroying insects, plants may also be injured, especially if these insecticides are employed by unskilled and careless hands; and the same danger is recognized by those desirous of the complete annihilation of error in the church of Christ. Zeal must impel to the enterprise, but discretion must guide the hand that applies the remedy. And what if a few living plants are a bit bruised during the process while the whole land is freed from the pest! Was it not because they had been attacked by the evil that the wounds were made? Will not the complete victory over the evil be a sufficient and overwhelming reward to those who assailed the foe? ROBERT SPURGEON.

* We have inserted Mr. Burnham's portrait, that both the evangelist and his work might come more vividly before the minds of the friends of the poor hop-pickers.

Altering the Word.

EVERY motive that could move men to alter the Word of God has been fully delineated in various portions of the Bible. It shows that God was aware from the first of the reception that would be given to his truth; and it is instructive to the humble believer as it is humiliating to the modern lover of pen-knife criticism.

1. The tendency to alter the Word of God is *human*. It is manifested in the first religious conversation on record. The divine voice had asserted, "Thou shalt not eat of it;" the human voice added, "neither shall ye touch it." The addition was the precursor of the fall.

2. The desire to alter the Word of God is *dangerous*. In the wilderness God himself points this out: "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it" (Deut. iv. 2). The nations they were advancing to conquer had long cast aside their allegiance to their Maker, and the least tendency to question or alter God's Word might result in the same downfall for Israel. Deut. xii. 31, 32 distinctly refers to this danger, and re-asserts the warning, "Thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it." That idolatry does result from such daring rebellion is proved by the state of the Roman Catholic community to-day.

3. The act of altering the Word of God is *sinful*. "Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar" (Proverbs xxx. 5, 6). "Every word of God is pure;" and he who essays to improve upon it imputes error to the All-wise. Only unholy minds could attempt it.

4. The desire to alter the Word of God is *weakness*. Jeremiah's was a terrible message, and even he might yield to feelings of pity for his race; God saw this, and in words that could not be misunderstood, he said to the prophet, "Diminish not a word" (Jeremiah xxvi. 2). If God's message is diminished, its power is lessened, and its results are consequently less certain. The authority, the power, the meaning, the terror of God's truth must be preserved in all their fulness if God's purposes are to be carried out.

5. The ambition to alter the Word of God is *Pharasaic*. To break the perfection of the law and teach our own alterations or additions as if they were of God is vile indeed. Matthew v. 19, 20. Our Lord reproved this spirit in scathing and unmistakable language. Why is it his words are forgotten? "Ye have made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition," he says. "They teach for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matthew xv. 6, 9). The Pharasaic spirit thus renders impossible obedience and loyalty to God as the supreme Teacher.

6. The craving to alter the Word of God is *accursed*. Rev. xxii. 18, 19 should be read with fear and trembling. Is there not a reference to this tendency revealed in Paradise? What else is meant by the threatening, "God shall take away his part from the tree of life" (See Revised Version). Is not the offender's name to be taken away as Adam's was? Thus all down the ages God has warned men against this crime. He is a jealous God, and has determined to visit with the direst punishment all who dare to alter his completed and full revelation.

This is the crime of the present day: the Lord preserve us from it!

George Hatton, the Prisoners' Friend.

THE most cheerful note that occurs in the new report of the St. Giles's Christian Mission is that which refers to Mr. Hatton's recovery to health; for although the work of the two branches of the mission has not been allowed to flag, the months of enforced retirement from active service of the godly man who is pastor of the mission church, and superintendent of such a comprehensive enterprise, have, of course, proved a serious drawback. A vast number of expressions of sympathy have been called forth, however; but when the service is of such a costly kind as that among discharged prisoners necessarily is, sympathy is best expressed when it assumes the shape of money contributions.



JUST OUT OF PRISON.

The work in St. Giles's commenced over a quarter of a century ago, when Mr. Hatton became associated with Bloomsbury Chapel, under the pastorate of Dr. Brock. Since that day the notorious parish has greatly altered in outward appearance, and as one may hope, has altered for the better, the Board of Works having supplemented the work of the missionaries by a good deal of wholesome vandalism. Still, although

St. Giles's is not what it was, the crowded streets continue to represent a vast field for evangelistic enterprise. Internally, the chapel in Little Wild-street, which the church handed over to the mission some years ago, is a handsome place, with a history extending back through two centuries; and a good congregation is now attracted to it. There have been nearly twelve hundred persons received into communion from the outlying districts since Mr. Hatton took possession. This is the principal of six stations, each of which has its Sunday-school, the total number of Sunday-scholars being over fifteen hundred, taught by one hundred and twenty-six teachers.

The general work in St. Giles's includes more branches than can well be mentioned separately. The house to house visitation, "this quiet, difficult, but fruitful service," as it is called, is well sustained. The Bible-woman is also a comfort and a blessing to the poor people. The work in the lodging-houses is especially interesting in this quarter; for many interesting as well as hopeful characters are found in them, including a few of the class we call fallen stars. The temperance crusade has also been very successful, five hundred and fifty-seven members being enrolled in the various bands, while a large distribution of temperance literature takes place. The Lads' Institute is also a valuable means of giving numbers of young fellows a chance in life which they would not otherwise enjoy.

This is all as good as anything of the same kind that can be found; but for more striking adventures we have to look into the working of that branch which is more specially concerned with discharged prisoners. The establishment of such an agency never occurred to anyone when the mission was founded; and when it was suggested at all, it seems to have suggested itself in a truly providential manner. The object is to get hold of those who are discharged from the prisons of Pentonville, Holloway, Wandsworth, and Millbank, to turn them, if possible, into better courses; and to do this most effectively, a breakfast is prepared outside of the gates of each prison, at which the proper word is spoken, while in cases of necessity help is given to enable the man to regain an honest footing in the world. In the course of a year, between fourteen and fifteen thousand will thus accept the invitation to breakfast; and while over six thousand will receive help as well as good advice, all must be more or less influenced. This work commenced in 1877; and since that date the gradual falling-off in the number of criminals all the country over began. There is no other country in the world in which prison commissioners could tell such news as our own are able to do in England from year to year; and hence, the example set by Mr. Hatton in London is being imitated in New York and Boston. It is indeed true, that our friend's prison-gate breakfasts are unique repasts; and it is wonderful to think that, in ten years, he entertained eighty-five thousand, two hundred and thirty guests, of whom twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eleven signed the teetotal pledge, while over twenty-four thousand were assisted in various ways. The public at large, throughout the country, are benefited by a work like this.

Persons wishing to contribute, or who may wish for further information, can address Mr. George Hatton, 4, Ampton-street, Regent's-square, London, W.C.

Thomas Smith Thomson,

MEDICAL MISSIONARY AT NEYOOR, TRAVANCORE, SOUTH INDIA.

BY J. L. KEYS.

IN the history of Modern Missions, South India will ever occupy a foremost place; for here the first Protestant missionary unfurled the banner of the Cross; here, too, long before, Francis Xavier had toiled and wept. One of its divisions, Travancore, has a peculiar interest attaching to it, from the fact that there the ancient Syrian Church was established, and there it continues to exist, despite the intrigues and oppression of the Romish church in past centuries.

With the institution of Medical Missions Travancore will henceforth also have its name identified; for there in the year 1838 Mr. A. Ramsey, the *first* medical missionary, began his work. Of the *last* medical missionary "in the direct line" we purpose now to give a short notice.*

Thomas Smith Thomson was born in Edinburgh, on Dec. 28th, 1843, and died at Neyoor, South Travancore, India, on July 31st, 1884. Thus the brief memoir, written by his fellow-labourer in the gospel, Mr. Hacker, is a record of only forty years, but these make up a varied, active, and useful life.

Dr. Thomson's parents were devoted Christians, who trained their eight children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and had their gracious reward in seeing them converted to God in early life.

When Thomas was about sixteen years of age his family went to Australia, and settled there. His father had the oversight of a small church at Yackondandah, Victoria, where he lived a useful and honoured life for many years. Thomas had early manifested a desire for medical work, and therefore he was left in the care of an uncle in Edinburgh, so that he might prosecute his studies in that city. While living in Edinburgh he attended the ministry of the Rev. James Robertson, under whose faithful preaching and godly influence he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour and Lord. From that time onward —he was then in his seventeenth year—"he strove his utmost to render loyal service: his consecration was thorough, the love of Christ being a fountain of joy to himself, and through him a means of good to others."

During the seven years of his University course he worked in his leisure among the poor in the city, and in the Sunday-schools. He was full of enthusiasm of a practical kind; "for," said he, "souls must be won, and Christ must be glorified." And souls *were* saved, not only among the children, but among his fellow-students in the University.

In May, 1868, he successfully passed his final examinations, received his diplomas as physician and surgeon, and found bright prospects of usefulness open to him on all sides. His parents in Australia were anxious that he should come out to them, and assured him of a lucrative practice. On the other hand, friends in Edinburgh wished him to settle there; but he was desirous of obtaining more experience in his profession before undertaking onerous responsibilities; and as yet the grand thought of being a medical missionary had not really possessed

* "Memoirs of Thomas Smith Thomson, L.R.C.P., Medical Missionary at Neyoor, Travancore, South India." By J. H. Hacker, of the London Mission, Neyoor. Religious Tract Society.

him. His life-work was not revealed to him, and he could only look up to the Lord with the one prayer, "Use me, bless me, lead me, O Lord!"

Just at this time he heard of a vacancy for a resident surgeon in the hospital at Leith, and made application for the appointment, which, to his surprise and gratitude, he obtained.

August, 1868, found him settled at Leith, full of congenial and happy work, mainly among the sailors and working classes, earnestly labouring to do good to the souls of his patients, as well as to their bodies. He has recorded many instances of the Divine blessing on his efforts. Great was his joy when his teaching resulted in blessing to the souls of his patients, as in the following instance:—

"March 10th, 1869.—On Saturday evening, when in the female fever ward, I was specially interested in a young girl, Mary Campbell, who had been suffering from typhus fever. . . . I was surprised to hear her call me back, and, with tears, ask me to take her to Jesus. 'I have been a wicked girl. God be merciful to me a sinner!' . . . I had prayed earnestly for the salvation of those under my charge, and now I was surprised at the answer to my prayer. . . . How slow of heart are we to believe! I gladly sought to impress her with a knowledge of the love of God to us through Jesus Christ. . . . I left her singing for joy. In the morning of the Sabbath she was calm and thoughtful, but tears of joy shone in her eyes as she told me she had found peace, and had given her whole heart to Jesus. This incident has tended greatly to quicken me in prayer, that I may be the means, by God's grace, of bringing many souls to Christ."

In the beginning of 1870 there was a great outbreak of typhus fever in Leith, and Dr. Thomson's energies were so severely taxed that he himself succumbed, and lay for some months hovering between life and death. This dark providence proved but another link in the chain of God's design to bring him into the mission field, for it severed his connection with Leith, and caused his return to Edinburgh. Here the way was opened for his appointment as resident assistant surgeon to the Cowgate Dispensary of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, the very atmosphere to nurture his growing desire to become a medical missionary. This was in August, 1870. A few months later, Dr. Lowe, who had just returned from active service at Neyoor, Travancore, was appointed chief medical officer at the Cowgate Dispensary, and was at once attracted by Dr. Thomson's earnest spirit, and felt that he was the very man for the vacant Neyoor mission station. Never was the voice of the Lord more clear, more special, than was this call to Dr. Thomson to Travancore.

Upon receiving his appointment from the directors of the London Missionary Society, he expressed a desire to perform one filial duty before proceeding to India. Having been separated from his father, mother, and family for thirteen years, he was anxious to see them once more, and receive their blessing upon his missionary enterprise. Permission was, of course, granted, and he obtained an appointment as surgeon on board a sailing vessel bound for Melbourne with emigrants. The voyage, which lasted five months, and was attended with many dangers, was spent by Dr. Thomson in incessant service for his Master. He thus wrote at the commencement of the voyage:—

"I trust I may be permitted to witness some conversions on board this ship, to the glory of God, and as a seal to the work to which I have devoted myself—that of the salvation of souls; and I resolve that no day shall pass without some work being done bearing upon that end. I resolve, also, daily to speak directly of Christ to some individual."

Only three weeks intervened between Dr. Thomson's return from Australia and his departure for India. During this short interval he proceeded to Edinburgh, and married Miss Jessie Liddel, a lady in every way suited to be the helpmeet of such a man. Her love to Christ was fervent, and her desire to spend and be spent in the service of God in India was equal to that of her husband. The two were one in aim, purpose, and hope, and entered upon their new life with much enthusiasm and delight. They reached Madras on January 4th, 1873, and after spending a week in united prayer and fellowship with the missionaries there, they proceeded to Neyoor, their destined home.

"EARNEST WORK BEGUN" heads the chapter in which Dr. Thomson's colleague and biographer describes his departed friend's manifold labours in Travancore. To our thinking, earnest work—unintermitting, God-glorifying work—had marked the whole previous course of his life, from the day of his conversion, when for his Sunday-school class he wrestled with God in prayer for their salvation, till at Madras he could not fully enjoy a few days' prayer and communion with his brethren unless he could in the intervals visit the Eye Infirmary, to read the Word of life to a blind soldier.

Dr. Thomson and his wife commenced their work with ardour, and had the joy of beholding an increasing interest in the cause of Christ among the people. The reports of his successful treatment of his patients caused the poor people to flock to him in such numbers that a second hospital became a necessity, and in answer to his believing prayers, sufficient funds were supplied, chiefly by the Maharajah, for the erection of a building equal in capacity to the first Neyoor hospital. In two or three years the increased accommodation enabled Dr. Thomson and his assistants to treat more than twenty thousand people annually.

Though as a medical man he was very successful, he subordinated everything to his missionary work. "How many thousands may receive good to their bodies is a small matter to me, compared with the fact that some souls are brought to Christ. If I can believingly say that some souls are savingly converted, I can rest," were words very often on his lips; and again, "I am a missionary, not merely a medico."

He began open-air services in the three small towns surrounding his station a few weeks after he had been in the country. The Day of Rest was more crowded with work, if that were possible, than any other of the seven. From village to village he went: here he starts a prayer-meeting; there he holds a service, visiting and helping some poor sick one *en route;* anon he begins a Sabbath-school, then another, and another; all this, and much more, goes on from early morn till dewy eve. But this is not all. He has a small medical "Pastors' College"—the best name we can devise for the band of Christian natives in training for medical missionaries. Each of these had his appointed village station, where he preached to the heathen. The school-rooms,

which were used by Mrs. Thomson as girls' schools during the week, were thus occupied on the Lord's-day by doctor, and dressers, and students, each one an ambassador for Christ to dying men.

For three years and a half Dr. Thomson and his wife toiled on, giving their best and holiest efforts to the people, while the growth of the work was visible in all directions. Then a grievous trial fell upon the Lord's servant—his dear wife was called to her rest and reward, and Dr. Thomson was left with two little children, "perplexed," as he said, "but not dismayed; cast down, but not destroyed." "Now for a swifter race, now for a busier and more active life," were the utterances of his heart as he rose to face the future.

About this time he was cheered by signs of the silently-spreading influence of the gospel among persons of the higher castes. In a letter which he received from a high-caste man, acknowledging the doctor's care and skill in a time of sickness, there are evidences of the writer's clear apprehension of the scheme of redemption, and of his personal faith in the Son of God.

After two years of work alone, Dr. Thomson married the widow of Rev. F. Baylis, who died at his post at Neyoor. From 1878, till the beginning of 1884—the year of his death—his desire and resolve for a swifter race and busier life were abundantly fulfilled. During the previous five years, as we have noted, he had trained "dressers," as they were modestly called, but who were now thoroughly fitted to take charge of branch dispensaries, which were established as fast as openings presented themselves, and the necessary outlay could be met. This meant for Dr. Thomson, over and above his work at Neyoor, fatiguing journeys to the stations, the visitation of schools, personal attendance upon many of the poor patients, and earnest words to each and all.

It was after a day thus spent, a day in which every minute had been occupied, that he told his wife he had spent a glorious day, but that he felt very exhausted. The next day he was attacked with fever, which, notwithstanding all efforts, proved unconquerable. He seemed to feel that he could not recover, for on the evening of Sunday, July 20th, when his fellow-workers went to see him, he said, "I have had a sweet day with Jesus, and am sure that for me to depart and be with him will be very far better, although I might be of service to you if I could remain." He exhibited true resignation and trust. "Do not pray so much for my recovery," he said to his chief medical evangelist, "but that the Lord's will may be done."

On the eleventh day of his illness, Dr. Houston, physician to the Maharajah, arrived; but his services could be of no avail, for Dr. Thomson's work on earth was done, and he must enter into the joy of his Lord. Some time after midnight his lips began to move, and he whistled softly a tune of one of Moody and Sankey's hymns, and his whole heart seemed to be in what he was doing. The hymn was No. 58, beginning—

"Who, who are these beside the chilly wave?"

Half an hour later, this devoted servant of Christ was singing the new song before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

His fellow-labourer, Mr. Hacket, gives an admirable review of his

friend's life and character, from which we cull a few sentences. *First.* Dr. Thomson had an unwavering trust in the gospel of Christ, and accepted, without the slightest question, the grand evangelical doctrines of the gospel. Doubt was devil-born in Thomson. He could not understand the meaning of speculation upon these things. *Secondly.* He was single-hearted in his devotion to God. Christ was his Saviour, his King, and his Lord. "First things first," was his motto. *Thirdly.* He was in downright earnest. Knowing that men were perishing for lack of knowledge—the knowledge which he himself possessed—he felt it to be his solemn duty, at all times to witness for his Master. He was a living illustration of the mighty power a man of average gifts may wield, if his heart and life are baptized with intense love to Jesus Christ, and consecrated to his service.

A Word in Season.

THE Rev. John Spurgeon was going to preach at his chapel in Tollesbury, Essex. It was the Sabbath morning, and as he passed a cottage garden he saw a man digging potatoes. He stopped, and said, "Am I mistaken, or are you? I have come nine miles to preach to-day, thinking it was the Sabbath-day. As I see you are at work, I suppose I must be wrong, and had better go home." The man coloured, and driving his spade into the ground, he said, "No, sir, you are not wrong, but I am: and I will have no more of it. I will be round this afternoon to hear you preach. Nobody has ever spoken to me before, and you've only done your duty." He was at the chapel, and his wife with him. His wife became a member of the church, and he remained a regular attendant upon the means of grace. C. H. S.

"That's the Name on 'em."

THERE are, as all the world knows (for it is a sharp and shrewd world), Christians who are "not summer, but winter painted green." Very disappointing are such Christians. Speaking of such you may remind your hearers of the boy who cried, "Hot mince-pies!" in the streets one frosty morning. A pedestrian, hearing the appetizing announcement, bought a pie; but, on setting his teeth into it, found it cold as a snow-ball. "I say, you boy, what do you mean by calling these hot mince-pies?" "That's the *name on 'em*," replied the urchin.

It may be difficult sometimes to tell the true from the pretended Christian, but a little watching, a little touching, reveals the difference. "Are all Smyrna rugs alike?" asked a customer. "No," replied the shopkeeper, "some Smyrna rugs *are* Smyrna rugs; but most Smyrna rugs are not *Smyrna* rugs.—*From "For Further Consideration."*

Current Religious Perils.

THE following letter, which we find in a new volume of Joseph Cook's Lectures, so nearly represents our views that we cannot withhold it from our readers at this solemn crisis. There is a manifest bracing up and returning to the old faith among many brethren; but their complicity with those who hold some one or other form of the Restoration delusion is shocking to contemplate. They may not be in error themselves, but they are in brotherly confederacy with those who are so.

"From the Rev. E. K. Alden, D.D., Home Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston.

"REV. JOSEPH COOK.

"Dear Sir,—In response to your inquiry I would reply that, in my opinion, one of the religious perils of the hour is the failure of many good men to discern the peril. There is sometimes a drift toward error which is gradual and almost imperceptible, and yet may be so steady and strong that the trend of a man's influence is toward error, although he is continuously advocating the truth. There are times when what a man omits to say is more effective in the wrong direction than are all his words in the right direction. If a person is known to hold a serious error, even though he may seldom or never directly advocate it, that fact that he is known to hold the error will possibly neutralize all his fervid utterances of the truth. This is particularly the case when the error is a popular current error, which needs to be steadily resisted by all good men.

"Indeed, there are times when the exclusive advocacy of certain important truths has the effect of error. And the reason is, that the truths are advocated in the interests of error. For example, there was a time, as some of us well remember, when the constant reiteration of the importance of saving the National Union was the most deadly weapon in the interests of secession. Nothing is more common, as we are daily reminded, than loud declamation in behalf of liberty in the interests of the worst forms of thraldom.

"So at the present time some of the most precious gospel truths are preached in the interest of some of the most pernicious errors. In other words, the unseasonable or disproportionate presentation of certain truths makes for error. Not that the error should always or often be definitely and directly opposed in a controversial manner, though this is sometimes inevitable; but that the appropriate timely truth best fitted to counteract, here and now, that particular error, should be vigorously presented.

"To be more specific, the popular trend just now in certain localities, not a thousand miles from Boston, is toward the unscriptural and dangerous dogma that all men will be finally saved.

"This error underlies a considerable part of the teaching and preaching of more than one religious denomination, and of more than one religious teacher whose instructions, in the main, are evangelical. But these very instructions, which emphasize the universality of the atonement, the universality of the offers of mercy, the Fatherhood of God, and the yearning of that Father's heart toward all his children, 'not willing that any should perish'—these instructions alone, silent as to the connected warning of the imminent peril of presuming on this superabounding divine grace, ignoring the divine justice and the certainty of the final doom of the wicked, become the persistent preaching of error in its most subtle and seductive form. Unless a person clearly discerns and strongly believes in the ultimate separation of the righteous and the wicked, in the 'everlasting death' as certainly as the 'everlasting life,' and is known so to believe, emphasizing this serious truth, as did our Lord and his apostles, in association with the precious truths centring in the riches of divine grace, presenting them both

with the same tenderness, he will almost inevitably be a continuous teacher of dangerous error.

"Herein lies the peril of the unscriptural teaching, even in a hypothetical form, of the possibility, for some, of gracious opportunity for repentance beyond death. The Word of God is so explicit in so many varied forms in declaring that 'the righteous' and 'the wicked' to whom it alludes are 'the righteous' and 'the wicked' whose characters are formed in the present life, and who will thus stand with unchanged characters in the 'resurrection of the just and of the unjust,' that the omission to declare this momentous truth and to use it as did our Lord himself to give urgency to his word, is a fatal omission, both in the instructions of a theological seminary and of a Christian pulpit, and will, almost without fail, involve the teaching of error under the guise, and even in the utterance, of precious truth. Here certainly is one of our 'current religious perils.'

"Yours respectfully,

"E. K. ALDEN.

"Boston, March 21, 1887."

The "Larger Hope" at Work.

ON Friday, August 10th, Maxwell, the murderer of Preller, was executed in America. The daily papers record the fact that, whilst the prisoner was under sentence of death for two years, it did not trouble him. He *hoped* (and apparently not without some grounds, for he was being continually respited during that time) that the sentence would be altered; and on the eve of his execution, he was comfortably playing dominoes in his prison cell. The Governor delayed the execution for two hours on the fatal morning, *hoping* for a telegram; and when, at last, the poor victim of deluding *hopes* was led forth to death, his agony was fearful. His *larger hope* had led him to neglect seeking the salvation of his soul, or even the bracing up of himself courageously to die. The death scene was all the more terrible because it was so unexpected. Condemnation had no terror and sin no fear, so long as there was a chance that the death sentence would not be carried out; and thus the criminal was immeasurably a loser through the dream which comforted him.

Side by side with this, place the testimony of a leading London clergyman at the Evangelical Alliance meetings. He stated that a young man, deeply imbued with a certain learned Canon's views, distinctly affirmed that, as there was a *hope* of final salvation for all, he would have his fling here if it cost him years of suffering, for he should be saved at last.

So does the preaching of the "larger hope" rob sin of all its terror by minimizing its punishment; but at the same time, it deprives the gospel of all its music, by declaring it to be scarcely necessary at all. The call of the gospel is to a holy life, inspired by the Spirit, and moulded after the likeness of Christ. But holiness has no charms for sinners; and when the only difference between those who accept the gospel message, and live the life of obedience and self-denial, and those who *have their fling*, is only a few years of suffering, where is the motive for either preaching or accepting the Word of the Lord? Indeed, even the minor fear is soon given up; for, if God is all love, why any punishment at all? Read in the light of the "*larger hope*," the glorious gospel of the blessed God is a poor thing indeed. But how terrible the delusion! If the "larger hope" be indeed a larger *lie* than Satan has aforetime dared to tell, then the sufferings of those trusting it will be the more awful, because of their having been led by it into the refusal of the *blessed* hope of eternal life. May God in infinite grace deliver our people from this delusion!

H. W. C.

Notices of Books.

The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith. Being Precious Promises arranged for Daily Use. With Brief Experimental Comments. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

THIS new volume will be issued about the middle of this month of September. It consists of a daily promise illustrated by the author's own inward and outward experience. During his bitterest season of trial, the writer has stayed himself upon the Lord, and trusted in his sacred promises; and this volume is the outcome of his faith, the expression of his confidence. Every text is a cheque upon The Bank of Faith. The comment thereon is short and suggestive. We trust that, like *Morning by Morning*, it will command many thousands of readers, and be a blessing to them all.

The Interpreter: or Scripture for Family Worship. Arranged and annotated by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

AFTER having a large sale in England in its first and most important form, our INTERPRETER now begins its life in a cheaper shape. It is printed from the same plates; but the margin is reduced, and the paper is thinner, so that it is now all there, but in a more compact form. For family use the larger form is the better; but for general circulation this is all that can be desired, and the price is only 12s. 6d. We trust that this volume will help many to begin household devotion—an institution of measureless value. A friend has purchased 2,500 copies of the INTERPRETER, which he gives away in order that he may promote the institution and maintenance of family prayer, and lead many to read the Word of God intelligently. This large book will now, we trust, commence a new career under the divine blessing, and enable many to know the Holy Scriptures from their earliest days. The decay of family prayer in England is a serious sign. We frequently hear professors argue that it is a mere expedient, and that they have not the time for it, and so forth. Others plead that it is difficult to select suitable portions, and that the children and the servants don't understand what is read. So far as there is any force in this last excuse we have met the difficulty in this volume. Here are the Scriptures chosen for reading, and here are short and lively explanations which make difficulties plain. If there is a will, here is the way. As to diffidence and timidity, no one has a right to indulge those luxuries at the expense of duty. Father, begin family prayer at once! And if you will not, we trust mother will resolve to attend to it herself, rather than leave the house without a roof, and the family without an altar.

The More Excellent Way: Thoughts Expository and Practical on 1 Cor. xiii. By THORNLEY SMITH. Woolmer.

MR. THORNLEY SMITH is a happy expositor. In his own calm, quiet style he conveys to the reader a wealth of holy comment upon his text. The chapter of love, which is in itself a sonnet, is treated by him in an appropriate spirit. He has a sweet harp, and he has tuned it to the melody of Christian love. The book is good reading, and the reading of it will do good. Two sermons are added bearing upon the same subject, and the whole is an excellent volume on "the more excellent way" of Christian charity. The author is already honourably known through his histories of Joseph, Moses, Joshua, and other works. At the end of a fifty years' ministry he presents the church with this ripe fruit of heavenly love.

The Armada Packet. Special historical, Narrative, and other Tracts, relating to the Controversy with Rome. 1s. Religious Tract Society.

BETTER suited for their purpose they could not be, for there are twelve of them as interesting as they are diverse, and as condensed as they are historically and Scripturally accurate.

Wisdom for Workers. Jarrolds.

TEN small books on most of the vexed social questions of the hour. Admirable little things to give to socialists, and grumblers in general.

The Key-words of the Bible. By A. T. PIERSON, D.D., Author of "The Crisis of Missions," &c. Hodder and Stoughton.

No word in this book is superfluous. This is all essence: a little volume containing the substance of libraries.

A great deal of light may be let in through a very small hole. With a single word our author illuminates a whole book of Scripture, so that he who has wit and grace may understand its bearings. We do not say that the theme is new, or that the statements are original; but the object aimed at is of the utmost importance, and the way it is aimed at is most admirable. A key-word and a key-text are given, and these are made to be a sort of general indicator of the contents of the book: then the main features are sketched in bold outline, and minor details are added in small type. It is an invaluable addition to popular helps for understanding what our God has written to us.

Our readers will already know much of what Dr. Pierson states; but as a specimen we note that of Genesis the key-word is Beginning. Exodus: Passover. Leviticus: Atonement. Numbers: Sojourn. Deuteronomy: Obedience. Joshua: Possession. Judges: Anarchy. Ruth: Kinsman. Samuel: Kingdom—and so forth. As an instance of our friend's power to collect and arrange, note his twelve conspicuous symbols of the Word given in the Scripture itself:—

1. *The mirror*, to show us ourselves as we are and may be (James i. 25).

2. *The laver*, to wash away our sin and defilement (Eph. v. 26).

3. *The lamp and light*, to guide us in the right way (Ps. cxix. 105).

4, 5, 6, 7. *The milk, bread, strong meat, and honey*, affording sustenance and satisfaction to the believer at all stages of spiritual development (Heb. v. 12-14. Ps. xix. 10, &c.).

8. *The fine gold*, to enrich us with heavenly treasure (Ps. xix. 10).

9, 10, 11. *The fire, hammer, and sword*, to be used in the work and warfare of life (Jer. xxiii. 29. Heb. iv. 12. Ephes. vi. 17).

12. *The seed*, to beget souls in God's image, and to plant harvest-fields for God (James. i. 18; 1 Pet. i. 23; Matt. xiii).

We do not know the price of this book, but we suppose it will be a couple of shillings, and we earnestly recommend its purchase. It will help in *searching* the Scriptures. That word *search* is intense; it literally means "look carefully," as a wild beast searches the sands to find the footprints of its lost cub. With a heart as eager as that of a mother, and an eye as keen as that of a lioness, we must search the Holy Scriptures, and we shall not search in vain.

Samuel and Saul: their Lives and Times. By Rev. W. J. DEANE, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

WITH great pleasure we saw upon the title-page the name of Mr. William Deane, Rector of Ashen, for he contributed "Abraham and his Times" to this remarkable series of "Men of the Bible." These works are not verbose, neither do they supply those emotional and devotional reflections which thoughtful men can produce for themselves; but they afford solid material for thought, and real assistance in understanding the Bible biographies. This is a noteworthy book. We do not think any reader will repent of spending half-a-crown upon it—that is to say, if he is an educated person, and knows when he has got a hold of something worthy of his attention. It is delightful to have such a book for review. There is no wading through a sea of words to seize upon a bit of broken wreckage hardly worth the trouble, but an easy gathering up of rich spoil to be laid by in our treasury for future use.

Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches; their State and Prospects. By J. MURRAY MITCHELL, M.A. LL.D. Nisbet and Co.

A SHILLING'S worth of accurate information upon the religion of the heathen, and the way in which the church of God is supplying the one antidote for the many poisons. It is a timely publication. Its author is a much valued friend, with whom it has been our joy to have had fellowship in the Riviera. No man better understands foreign missions than Dr. Murray Mitchell.

Forty Coming Wonders from 1889 *to* 1901. With fifty Illustrations and six Appendices. By Rev. M. Baxter. Christian Herald Office.

This is not to our mind at all. To impress upon careless minds the marvels foretold in the Scriptures is admirable; but to sketch fancy pictures of the events, and set dates for their fulfilment, is most censurable, and savours rather of Zadkiel than of the Holy Spirit. It is worse than ridiculous to represent "the plague of locusts" as beginning Oct. 21, 1897, and other signs as occurring on such and such a day of the month. Mr. Baxter has failed as a prophet already, and may fail again; but, meanwhile, his book is in the fiftieth thousand. We doubt not that the wood-cuts have a charm to the many who hunger after wonders; but to us the love of such pictorial sensationalism is sad, as the indication of what would break forth should some greater personage than Mr. Baxter appeal to the latent fanaticism of the age. We are sorry that any one should pretend to know the year and the day of future events, and we are more sorry still that any one should believe in such rubbish.

The Ancient World and Christianity. By E. De Pressensé. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. Hodder and Stoughton.

This great work is full of historical information as to religions of all kinds, and it is for that reason worthy of careful reading. But it runs upon lines with which we have no sympathy. The man of M. Pressensé is always aspiring after God and holiness; and the various religions which have sprung up are the results of his attempts to reach the divine and the pure. The man of our belief is a wanderer from the one living and true God, and a setter up of many inventions in order that he may shut out the light which lingers in his conscience, or visits him from creation. Thus we read history from a different standpoint, and arrive at opposite conclusions.

The very notion of comparative theology is abhorrent to our mind. Sennacherib was a professor of this science when he placed Jehovah with the gods of Hamath, and Arpad, and Sepharvaim. All that he had to say was regarded by the servants of God as spoken against Jehovah. "They spake against Jehovah as against the gods of the people of the earth, which were the work of the hands of men." False religions are not the breaking out of light, but the beclouding of it. They are not to be compared with the true, but are to be contrasted with it.

M. Pressensé writes in defence of the faith as against atheism and deism; and we by no means insinuate that he would accept the inferences which we should draw from his mode of treating the subject; yet we cannot help drawing them. The supposition of religious evolution vitiates the history which is made to support it.

Apart from this, the learning and research of this portly volume are beyond all praise. Paring the apple, a man may find much pleasure in eating the fruit.

Palestine Illustrated. By Sir Richard Temple. Allen & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

This is a noble volume. The letterpress is so much leaded out that there is not so much of it as we should have expected in so large a book; but it is exceedingly good, deeply spiritual, thoroughly Scriptural, and wonderfully fresh. One fears that Palestine will be exhausted, but it is like a well constantly drawn upon, from which the water is always sweet and refreshing. Thirty-two studies in oil, exceedingly well reproduced in colours, adorn this splendid work. The colours of these studies strike us as too glaring; but we dare not say that they are so, for when one sees oriental scenes for himself, he generally admits that the artist was right, and that his own preconceptions were wrong.

We recommend wealthy friends to have this choice book upon their drawing-room tables. It has been a great enjoyment to us to look it through, lingering over the pictures, and tasting the toothsome stories provided by Sir Richard's note-book.

Hawthorn Homilies. Being Sermons preached in St. Michael's Church, Hawthorn, and elsewhere. By HENRY J. SWALLOW. Elliot Stock.

THESE homilies are short: this is well. We think them short of the gospel: this is not well. The following extract will best explain the shortness of which we complain: the man who can thus describe evangelical teaching needs to read a few more gospel sermons, and come to a clearer knowledge of their teaching:—"Now, this is just what the gospel amounts to, as it is frequently proclaimed. You had a burden—Christ bore it. You had a debt—Christ paid it. You have no righteousness—Christ is your righteousness. What have you to do? Nothing. Don't try to do anything. Works have no merit in the sight of God. This is the kind of doctrine which will empty any church of its worshippers, and any heart of its goodness. Why should you come to church, since there is no merit in it? Why should you do your duty, since there is no merit in doing it, and Christ will do it for you? Do nothing whatever; only get off by heart a few religious formulæ, and persuade yourself that you are hiding in the Saviour's bleeding side, and resting on his bosom."

None more earnestly stir up men to good works than those who put works in their right place, not as the way of salvation, but as the fruit of salvation. Did not Mr. Swallow know this? If he did, he should have admitted it. If he did not, we fear he was himself half asleep when he thought he read Simeon's sermons to his mother; and we are all the more inclined to think this, because Simeon's *sermons* are not very many, and Mr. Swallow could hardly have *read* to his good mother the famous *Skeletons*, which are not meant for reading, but for quite another purpose.

The Bible: its Authority and Inspiration. By WALTER SCOTT. Nicholls, 19, Church Street, Kensington.

YES, a very forcible little treatise upon the question of questions—Is the Bible the infallible Word of the living God? Shame that this question should be so much as raised among professed ministers of Christ; but they not only raise it, but many of them treat the Holy Scriptures as common writings! Many Nonconformist ministers think it sheer fanaticism to believe that what is taught in the Bible is necessarily true. The very notion of an infallible revelation is ridiculed.

This tractate gives for twopence a very clear testimony upon the right side.

Studies on the Book of Psalms. The structural connection of the Book of Psalms, both in single Psalms and in the Psalter as an organic whole. By JOHN FORBES, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Dr. FORBES has laboured upon other portions of Scripture, and is recognized among scholars as an interpreter of the first class. He agrees with the great Augustine that "the very order of the Psalms contains a mystery"; hence we are quite sure that there will be no tampering with their inspiration. The fact of a divine arrangement in their order is very helpful to the exposition of the Psalms, since concerning any one of them you have a guide as to its meaning in its very connection.

We are pleased to note how Dr. Forbes beseeches modern critics to allow that the psalmists and prophets had some little intelligence, and were not quite imbecile. It would seem as if modern critics had monopolized all wisdom if it were not still more clear that, so far from having any insight to spare, they have not enough for their own use. We do not, however, take any special delight in our author's plan of reading the Psalms by their own light. We believe in reading them in the light of the New Testament, and in what he calls reading between the lines. It is interesting to take the Book of Sacred Songs and see what they must have taught the spiritual of their own age; but it is more edifying to note how their prophecies have been fulfilled, for the fulfilment is their exposition.

The volume will be of value to hard students, of whom the number is very small in this present thoughtless era.

A Glimpse at the Indian Mission Field and Leper Asylums. By WELLESLEY C. BAILEY. John F. Shaw and Co.

So much has been written about mission work in India, that the most fertile pen must fail to produce much that is new. Mr. Bailey has, however, made a fairly interesting volume, in which a few striking incidents of Christian work among the lepers of India are recorded.

Chips from a Temperance Workshop. Arrows for Temperance Bows. Edited by OLIVER PACIS. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union.

THESE readings, recitations, and dialogues for Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies have been well selected. Of course, there are some old familiar friends here, but there are many new pieces, both English and American. Here is the beginning of one:—

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

After Tom Hood.

"With skirts that are sodden and worn,
With filth on their shivering feet,
The women go in unwomanly rags,
Wending their way in the street;
Sickly, dishevelled, and soiled,
By gutter and gully begirt,
Where the open drain, with its direful wash,
Bubbles the song of the dirt."

The closing stanza is:—

"Come, some reforming hand,
And come in merciful might,
Come, Spirit of love, to the lowly poor,
Where never hath shone thy light:
Oh, that the day would dawn,
When, by crime and sin begirt,
From sickening 'slum' may ne'er be heard
The song of the sickening dirt!"

The Joy of Youth, and other talks to Young Men (with asides to Young Women). By ROBERT COLLYER. R. D. Dickinson.

SOME clever things, and wise ones. Where the author's doctrinal opinions come out, they are, to our mind, considerably off the rails, and hence his draught of good is apt to do harm by reason of the drops of evil which are carried down by it. Still, there is here so much bold moral teaching, such as young men need, that we wish we felt safe in praising the whole of these "talks." Where can we feel confidence nowadays? The subtle spirit of "modern thought" impregnates most writings, and does so in a style which is more pernicious than if it more fully tinctured them.

Holiday Recreations and other Poems. By ALEXANDER SKENE SMITH. With a Preface by PRINCIPAL CAIRNS, D.D. Chapman and Hall.

THERE is no hope for us, for according to our friend, the author, the goddess Poesy will wander over the earth "as long as graves wear mourning and cypress grows thereon." Indeed, he finishes his volume with the verse—

"In one more song exulting,
Bidding old earth adieu,
The last man who departeth
Is the Last Poet too."

Well, well, if the rhymes are not worse than those of Alexander Skene Smith, we can put up with them, nay, go the length of reading some of them with satisfaction. Here we have a considerable variety. Godliness, patriotism, domestic love, temperance, righteousness, and all those other good things "against which there is no law," are taught in verse of pleasing melody, and always in connection with the gospel of the grace of God. Mr. Smith does not soar like an eagle, neither does he drop into bathos; but he keeps up an even tenor of uncensurable excellence. We have read better poetry, but alas! we have a hundred times been wearied with jingling rhymes not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with these most respectable verses. The singer's heart is right, and he ever desires to do good, and thus to glorify God: this gives a charm to all his songs. Long may he sing!

The Women of the Gospels. Outlines for Mothers' Meetings. By E. M. DEWHURST. Marshall Brothers, 10, Paternoster Row.

YOUNG workers, who are making their first attempts to speak at Mothers' Meetings, will find that the excellent authoress has aimed at helping them. Very simple, gracious, and edifying; but not so suggestive as we could have desired them to be. Of this sister we would say most respectfully, "She hath done what she could," and may the Lord bless her earnest effort!

Friendly Greetings. Illustrated Readings for the People. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a first-rate magazine for the homes of the multitude. The volume for the year is beautiful for illustration, a joy to the whole family.

Large Coloured Scripture Scenes. Religious Tract Society.

THESE noble prints are as good as good can be. No school-room ought to be without such cheap, effective, and instructive adornments.

Historical Map of the Marian Persecution. BROOM AND ROUSE, Paternoster Square.

THIS may tend to keep alive the memory of our noble army of martyrs. It is a large map, price One Shilling. It should be hung up where young eyes may see it often, and learn to hate the false faith which burned their sires.

Bible Mirror, or Scripture illustrated. Horner and Son.

A CONGLOMERATE of coloured scenes which illustrate certain passages of Scripture. The cost is sixpence. We have sent it to the Infant School-room, with the foregoing productions, and we expect that little eyes will twinkle.

Exposition of the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. By JAMES MORISON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 7s. 6d.

OUR high esteem for Dr. Morison's scholarship and character leads us to feel that anything which he produces is to be handled with great respect. All the world knows that we see in Romans ix. the doctrine of Personal Election, and we are amazed that other people do not see it there, especially one with such clear expository vision as Dr. Morison. Still he sees the great principle which underlies the whole of the Calvinistic faith, for he says that the apostle "shows with great power of demonstration that God has the sovereign right to confer his Messianic favours upon whomsoever he pleases." We don't care whether the favours are called Messianic or not, so long as they are favours, and the Lord bestows them at his will. Grant us divine sovereignty in any case, and we believe that we have the main point from which all the rest will come.

Dr. Morison says that his first edition was issued in stormy times, and therefore a strong polemical tone pervaded his book; but now a different atmosphere surrounds him, and he has laid aside the sword for the sickle. A great comfort this after such battles. In Dr. Morison there is so sincere a desire to give a true exposition of the text, and so much of candour and good sense, that we differ from him with a sort of half regret, which is greatly sweetened by thankfulness that we are able to agree so far as we do. A certain angle of his theology comes more or less between us; but we feel convinced that Morison himself is no Morisonian in the popular meaning which is attached to that term. We do not know much of the controversy of his early days, but we do know that nothing can exceed the value of Morison on *Matthew and Mark*. Morison on *Romans ix.* is not less learned and thorough, but its subject is necessarily controversial, though in this instance the bitterness is past.

Aids to Spiritual Life: Day by Day. By JOHN BATE. Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

We have aforetime spoken well of Mr. Bate's work. We have here the fifth thousand. It is arranged so as to furnish a portion of reading for every day in the year, and these portions are thoughtful and instructive. It is a cheap book at 3s. 6d. It will not supplant *Hawker*—who will ever give up his honey who has once had his eyes enlightened by tasting thereof? It will not cut out *Jay*—whose matchless "Exercises" are clear-cut sermonettes. It will not even outshine *Mason* — whose spiritual "Instructions" have been the food of many quiet and holy souls. *Bate* will have a place by himself among practical people of a more modern sort, who yet delight themselves in grace and truth. The absence of a passage of Scripture at the head of each portion will be a loss to many who have been in the habit of carrying in their memories the text for the day —a practice which has many salutary uses.

Elsa's Holiday, and what came of it. By ALICE BRIGGS. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union.

A TOUCHING little story, illustrating the blessedness of "patient continuance in well-doing," and incidentally proving the usefulness of Sunday-school teaching, both to the scholars and others to whom they teach what they have been taught.

Frank Armstrong, and other Stories. By SARSON C. J. INGHAM. (Same Publishers.)

USEFUL and interesting stories, founded upon "The Golden Texts" of the International Sunday-school Union. We were certainly somewhat surprised to find the author introducing an extract from *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* into the dream of a Danish eider-down trader in the Arctic regions; but doubtless some of Spurgeon's sermons, or those who have listened to them in the Tabernacle, have penetrated to those ice-bound shores.

City Snowdrops; or, The House of Flowers. By M. E. WINCHESTER. Shaw and Co.

THIS thrilling tale of the sufferings and victories of a poor negress came to the reviewer when he was ill; and he had such pleasure in reading it that he would not mind being ill again, if he could have another such story to charm away the hours. With the exception of a little bit of superstition about the way in which "Good Friday" ought to be kept holy, this book is admirable throughout, and the gospel teaching it contains is sound and good: it is a veritable "house of flowers" and palace of delights.

The Curse of the Fevrills. By SYLVIA PENN. Jarrold and Sons.

THE curse of the Fevrills was *drink*. It has been the bane, the hereditary plague, of many a family. The writer has laid on a sufficient stream of mystery and excitement; indeed, we think that this business is considerably overdone. Perhaps some may read and consider a sensational story who would not have hearkened to sober reasoning; and if it be so, well and good. In the war against *the drink* we wish success to every weapon, whether it be the hundred-ton gun or the sling and stone; and, therefore, we trust this tale may tell.

The Boy without a Name. By W. M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

A TOUCHING story of the introduction of a poor boy into a godly family, where he is cared for and loved, and becomes in after years a successful preacher of the gospel. We quote a few words which describe the pith of the whole tale:—"The story makes one think more than ever of all the benevolent institutions that care for the fatherless. There is no telling what precious jewels may be found in such places, and how much sin might be prevented, and how much good be effected, by the Christian training of many such waifs!" Buy it and read it, and then send a grand donation to the Stockwell Orphanage, where such cases are cared for.

Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage. By KATE T. SIZER. T. Woolmer.

A VOLUME which one feels ready to give away because it is so good, and yet one wants to keep it to read it again. From beginning to end it is graciously interesting. John Bunyan's temporal and spiritual career are fascinatingly interwoven into a bright little tale, and the result is delightful.

Sire and Son. By Rev. AMOS WHITE. Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

IT is well styled, "A startling Contrast"; for while the sire is addicted to intemperance, the son is an earnest advocate for teetotal principles. The insidious power of the drink crave is described, and its fearful results are portrayed in vivid language. A capital temperance story.

Grace Trevelyan. By Mrs. COOTE. Religious Tract Society.

A BOOK for girls: not particularly interesting, but setting forth their temptations and triumphs in a simple and truthful fashion. If a little more sunshine had been shed upon the writing, the reading would have been brighter.

Both Sides, and, Stephen Gilmore's Dream; or, Coals of Fire. By JESSIE W. SMITH. Nisbet & Co.

THE quality of these shilling books must not be judged by their price; for though the stories are widely different, they have one main purpose, namely, the strengthening of the tried believer's trust in Our Father; at the same time, the way of salvation is interestingly put so as to catch the unconverted with holy guile.

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Three People. Four Girls at Chautauqua. An Endless Chain. The King's Daughter. The Chautauqua Girls at Home. Wise and otherwise. By PANSY. Partridge & Co. 2s. each, in cloth illustrated; also in paper covers at 4d.

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To many enquiring friends the editor would gratefully say that he is much better, though specially weak. Changing weather, with so much wet and cold, prevent a quick return to usual health. After a severe illness strength is slow in returning. Yet the work of the Lord has gone on with not less of blessing than in years past.

Hosts of American friends have been at the Tabernacle, and have greeted the preacher with loving sympathy. With these have come men of eminence, and plain lovers of the gospel belonging to all the denominations, bringing warm and tender words of sympathy and cheer. God is very gracious, and sends consolation by the hands of those whose very manner adds sweetness to their words. It is hard to make Christian people understand that there is a Union of professed Christians, which receives into its fellowship persons of any creed, or no creed, so long as they have been baptized. It is not easy to believe that men professing to hold the truth of God will retain in their communion men whose views are far removed from what is understood to be the evangelical faith. We are not anxious that Christians of other lands should be assured of a fact which is so greatly to be deplored; but certainly it is to the most of them a great surprise.

Few who have spoken with us have failed to see that there is a tremendous current, both broad and deep, which is running counter to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and to those fundamental truths which until lately have been considered vital to the Christian religion. The question now raised strikes at the root of all true religion. It is not so much which doctrine is Scriptural, but is there any inspired Scripture from which doctrine can be drawn with certainty? After dreaming and doting upon a future other than Scripture reveals, men now dream about Scripture itself. However, all this will have its day, and before long true hearts will turn from it with loathing. We believe that God and his great future are on the side of the old faith, and we are content to wait, and see what he will do.

The Pastor and Church at the Tabernacle are now free from all hampering connections with Unions and Associations, but by no means without communion of the warmest kind with the Lord's faithful people. We have no doubt that ways will be found in which all the benefits of fellowship will be enjoyed with those churches with which we can honestly and heartily unite. Of any movement our friends shall be informed. We hope they will believe nothing which the newspapers may insert, since in the absence of information they are apt to make guesses, and state them as facts. Our attitude is that of waiting for divine direction. Unbelief is in a hurry, faith can bide its time.

Mr. Henry Varley is doing grand service by his papers upon inspiration in *Word and Work*, in answer to Mr. Horton's book. No doubt there will, as the struggle is intensified, be raised up other brave advocates for the eternal Word; but meanwhile our brother is doing the work in a thoroughly efficient manner. Although the policy of silence is again adopted by the Loose School in the matter of the "Down-Grade," it is

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Fortunes and Misfortunes. The preceding are story-books; this is a book of stories, of which there are fourteen in one hundred and seventy-seven pages. We do not care much for bundles of booklets, though these "stories" are very striking, and contain much gospel truth. If they were facts pure and simple, preachers and teachers could legitimately and effectively use them. As it is, they remind us of the old story of the servant girl excusing her master, a parson, to his Saturday caller, by saying he couldn't be disturbed, for he was busy in his study making anecdotes.

Notes.

To many enquiring friends the editor would gratefully say that he is much better, though specially weak. Changing weather, with so much wet and cold, prevent a quick return to usual health. After a severe illness strength is slow in returning. Yet the work of the Lord has gone on with not less of blessing than in years past.

Hosts of American friends have been at the Tabernacle, and have greeted the preacher with loving sympathy. With these have come men of eminence, and plain lovers of the gospel belonging to all the denominations, bringing warm and tender words of sympathy and cheer. God is very gracious, and sends consolation by the hands of those whose very manner adds sweetness to their words. It is hard to make Christian people understand that there is a Union of professed Christians, which receives into its fellowship persons of any creed, or no creed, so long as they have been baptized. It is not easy to believe that men professing to hold the truth of God will retain in their communion men whose views are far removed from what is understood to be the evangelical faith. We are not anxious that Christians of other lands should be assured of a fact which is so greatly to be deplored; but certainly it is to the most of them a great surprise.

Few who have spoken with us have failed to see that there is a tremendous current, both broad and deep, which is running counter to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and to those fundamental truths which until lately have been considered vital to the Christian religion. The question now raised strikes at the root of all true religion. It is not so much which doctrine is Scriptural, but is there any inspired Scripture from which doctrine can be drawn with certainty? After dreaming and doting upon a future other than Scripture reveals, men now dream about Scripture itself. However, all this will have its day, and before long true hearts will turn from it with loathing. We believe that God and his great future are on the side of the old faith, and we are content to wait, and see what he will do.

The Pastor and Church at the Tabernacle are now free from all hampering connections with Unions and Associations, but by no means without communion of the warmest kind with the Lord's faithful people. We have no doubt that ways will be found in which all the benefits of fellowship will be enjoyed with those churches with which we can honestly and heartily unite. Of any movement our friends shall be informed. We hope they will believe nothing which the newspapers may insert, since in the absence of information they are apt to make guesses, and state them as facts. Our attitude is that of waiting for divine direction. Unbelief is in a hurry, faith can bide its time.

Mr. Henry Varley is doing grand service by his papers upon inspiration in *Word and Work*, in answer to Mr. Horton's book. No doubt there will, as the struggle is intensified, be raised up other brave advocates for the eternal Word; but meanwhile our brother is doing the work in a thoroughly efficient manner. Although the policy of silence is again adopted by the Loose School in the matter of the "Down-Grade," it is

happily the case that it is impossible to apply the pitch-plaster to all mouths; there are yet men and papers which cannot be burked or bought. All our readers should see what Mr. Varley has written, and Baptists especially, since the author whom he criticizes is chosen by the Baptist Union to take a leading part at its autumnal session.

The prayers of the Lord's people at the Tabernacle have been graciously heard in the restoration to us of our beloved brother and deacon, William Olney, after long suffering, borne with a cheerful patience which has been a lesson to us all. Long may he now be spared to the Lord's work! His son, Mr. William Olney, jun., continues his laborious service at Haddon Hall, and week by week we see persons, some from the poorest and most degraded districts, brought to Jesus. Week by week our numbers receive additions. The College is not in session, for the men are having their vacation; the orphans are nearly all away; the seat-holders are most of them at the seaside; yet through the influx of strangers the crowds are even greater than usual, and many feel the power of the Word, though as they mostly return to the country, we shall not have the home church thus increased. The Lord is with us, and we magnify his name.

TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Pastor W. J. Mayers, who is leaving Bristol, and coming to London, will (D.V.) conduct a Gospel Temperance Mission in the Tabernacle, during the week commencing October 1st. Although we shall seek to lead the people to total abstinence, this is ever with us very secondary to the gospel. Mr. Mayers, who can both speak and sing very sweetly, never goes off holy ground in temperance work; neither do the brethren who belong to our society. There may be cases where teetotalism becomes the Hagar in the tent, and Sarah is perplexed by her handmaid; but it is never so with us. Christ Jesus is all in all in the work. We would put the intoxicating cup out of the sinner's way, because it often keeps him from Jesus; but when that is removed, we know that little is done if the reformed drunkard stops there, and all our workers are earnest to impress upon him that it is so. "None but Jesus" is the motto of the Gospel Temperance worker, and therefore we ask Christian brethren to help us. We want friends in Southwark and Lambeth to hunt up the people and bring them in, that with a full house and the divine blessing we may see sinners saved.

On *Monday evening, July* 30, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and spoke of the continued need of the work, and of his gratitude to the Christian ladies who devoted their time and energies to it. Mr. Harrald read the report, Mr. E. J. Parker sang, and Mr. A. A. Harmer gave an interesting address, in which he described the joy experienced in the poor minister's home when the parcel arrived from the Tabernacle. During the year 61 parcels, of the value of £317 6s. 4½d., have been sent out by the Society, in addition to several sent direct to various poor pastors by two ladies, to whom the names of worthy applicants have been furnished. The report contains many touching letters from those who have sought the aid of the Society, with grateful thanks for the parcels sent to them; and it also mentions the receipt of six dozen new garments from the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, 63 articles from Mrs. Cowie and friends at Shooter's Hill Chapel, Blackheath, and parcels from a large number of donors. The receipts for the year have been £127 8s. 3d., and there is a small balance in hand. All information concerning the Society can be obtained of Mrs. Evans, 61, Gurney Street, New Kent Road; parcels should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. New and partly-worn garments, and materials that can be made up for ministers and their wives and families, are always welcome. Surely there must be many tradesmen and others who could help in this good work without impoverishing themselves.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, the same evening, the attendance was smaller than usual, owing to the terrible storm that was raging; but an earnest spirit of supplication was manifested, and much blessing was experienced by those who were present. The Pastor presided, Mr. E. J. Parker led the singing, and Mr. Harmer and Pastor W. J. Mayers delivered brief but telling addresses. Special prayer was offered for Mr. J. Possee, one of the elders of the church, who is going to Paddock Wood, Kent, to "do the work of an evangelist." Each Monday service has its special beauty and interest; and instead of the prayer-meeting being of second importance, it is to many *the* gathering of the week. Oh, that it were so in all the churches!

On *Monday evening, August* 6, although it was the Bank Holiday, a large company assembled for prayer at the Tabernacle. The Pastor was in the chair, and many special requests for prayer were presented. Much interest was manifested in the account given of his conversion by our brother, J. S. Harrison, who has returned to this country from Australia, where he has been greatly blessed in evangelistic work. His narration was followed by that of two American ministers, Dr. Hatcher and Dr. Macdonald, who told the story of how they found the Saviour. We are in great hope that many of those present were helped to obtain a like blessing for themselves. It was quite a thrilling scene as Dr. Macdonald grasped the Pastor's hand with both his own, and assured him of the

hearty sympathy of American Baptists with him in his contention for the faith once delivered to the saints. His closing words were:—"We know your struggles, dear brother, and we will remember you. As you stand by Christ, we will stand by you." This is the message sent by thousands of brethren from abroad. Although the most earnest efforts are made to pervert their judgments, our brethren abroad have hitherto been with us heart and soul. "The best of all is, God is with us."

On *Monday evening, August* 13, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon occupied the place of his brother, who had gone into the country for a brief, much-needed rest, and delivered an address upon "The Father seeketh such to worship him." Mr. William Olney, our senior deacon, offered a prayer which moved and melted all hearts by its tone of adoring gratitude to God, and supplication for continued and increased blessing upon the Pastors, officers, and members of the church at the Tabernacle.

On *Monday evening, August* 20, the annual meeting of the SPURGEON'S SERMONS' TRACT SOCIETY was held in conjunction with the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, Messrs. Chamberlain and Parker sang gospel songs with great power, prayer was offered by Mr. William Olney, Pastor W. Jackson, of Waltham Abbey, two Methodist ministers from America, a Presbyterian minister from the north of Ireland, and several special requests were presented by Mr. Harrald. Mr. Cornell, the Secretary of the Tract Society, reported that sermons had been sent, during the year, to 50 different towns and villages in the country. In 30 districts, from which returns had been received, the sermons are left regularly at 5,562 houses. The cost of the work has been about £70, and there is a small balance due to the treasurer. This Society supplies sermons in covers to be lent and exchanged: these are often received where tracts are refused. Application for grants should be made to Mr. Cornell, at the Tabernacle. Several instances of usefulness, through the reading of the sermons, were related by Mr. Cornell, and Mr. Wickerson, of Southgate. There was a large attendance, and the blending of prayer and holy service made the meeting doubly interesting and profitable.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted invitations to the pastorate:—Mr. E. A. Hobby, at Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham; Mr. F. A. Hogbin, at Clarence Road, Southend-on-Sea; and Mr. W. Walker, at Rotherhithe New Road.

Mr. A. Phillips is removing from Redruth to Wantage, Berkshire; Mr. F. R. Bateman, who returned from St. Helena, has settled at Twickenham Green; and Mr. T. N. Smith, of Banbury, has sailed for the United States.

Interesting letters have come from our brethren Phillips and Brown upon the Congo. We are sorry to see that Mr. Graham has been compelled to come home. We hope only for a change.

Pastor T. Green, though not one of our College brethren, asks us to mention that he is leaving York-street, Plymouth, at the end of this month, and will be happy to preach to any church that loves sound doctrine. His address will be 4, Clissold Park Villas, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, London, N.

EVANGELISTS.—Most of our brethren have been taking their summer holidays, but they will now be in full work for the winter.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have already begun their London campaign at Pengo Tabernacle, and this month they go to Bromley Congregational Chapel.

Mr. Burnham will be among the hop-pickers in Kent. (See his account of the work in the present number of the magazine.)

Mr. Harmer has been supplying various pulpits on Sundays, and he has since conducted a mission at Dartmouth. He will be fully engaged for a long time to come.

Mr. E. J. Parker asks us to say that he will be happy to supply for any church needing a pastor, as he is desirous of settling in England. In November he goes to Bradford, with Mr. Harmer, for evangelistic services.

Mr. E. A. Carter is conducting a mission at Yalding, Kent.

Mr. J. S. Harrison has conducted a five weeks' mission at Mr. Charrington's hall in the Mile End Road. The attendance was large throughout all the time, and many souls were blessed by our brother's earnest and forcible presentation of the truth. He has since occupied our brother Burton's pulpit during the pastor's vacation. He will be glad to hear from brethren desiring his services. His address is 23, Clayland's Road, Clapham, S.W.

COLPORTAGE.—The Colportage Association continues its plodding but important work of combating the enormous issues of unhealthy and infidel publications by means of its seventy-five Colporteurs. Every day in the week these Christian men "go forth, bearing precious seed," and not a few instances come to light proving that their "labour is not in vain in the Lord." £800 worth of Bibles, good books, and attractive periodicals is disposed of each month, beside the gratuitous distribution of a large number of tracts. In view of this broadside sowing, "sure will the harvest be," and many are the instances of good which are reported in the varied departments of the work. Now it is a book sold, then a tract given, which proves a means of blessing. Sometimes it is a word by the bedside of some afflicted one, and at others the word simply preached in the cottage or village

chapel. When will the Christian church be aroused to the necessity and vast importance of utilizing the power of the Press by sending Colporteurs into every corner of the land? Ritualism, Romanism, and Rationalism are leaving no opportunities unimproved to spread their pernicious doctrines by tracts, &c., and Colportage is the true remedy, by spreading "the truth as it is in Jesus." Our machinery is in good working order, and the Association is capable of speedy and extensive expansion. May many friends be stirred up to assist, both by their gifts and prayers! Our marvel is that so few assist us in this most valuable and economical form of service.

The following report just to hand from our Colporteur at Poole, Mr. Lloyd, is very interesting and encouraging:—

"As I was going down Market Street, Poole, on Saturday, 2nd inst., a man came to me, and asked me if I remembered, six years ago, asking a ginger-beer van driver for a ride on Wimborne Road, and giving him a little Testament. After a little thought I was able to recollect. 'Well,' said he, 'I was that man. I was a miserable drunken wretch then; I had swallowed two businesses, and was then spending nearly all I got at the publics I delivered my goods at. But I thank God that Testament led me to Jesus Christ for pardon and peace. I used to take it out of my pocket sometimes, at odd moments, and read bits. After a time something got the matter with me; I could get no rest, and I got angry with the book, and determined to throw it away; but used to read a bit before doing so. Then I was prevented doing it, till at last I could get no rest at all, and I was obliged, in the stable, to get on my knees, and groan for mercy. Blessed be God, he heard me, and relieved me from all my fear, by showing me Jesus taking away my sins! Now my home is happy, and my wife comfortable, and five of my neighbours are brought to God through the change they saw in me. I have many times prayed God to let me see you once more, and here you are. I did not know where you lived, or I should have written you long ago. I have been a Christian and a member of society five years.'"

The Secretary, W. Corden Jones, will gladly give any further information, and thankfully receive and acknowledge all donations and subscriptions. Address:—Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, London.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 26, fifteen; August 2, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from Zion Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Rev. W. C. Jones	0	5	0
Part collection at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea	1	17	8
Mr. John Masters	3	0	0
Mrs. S.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	2	0
Mr. George Scivwright	0	10	0
Mrs. Russell	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Underwood	0	6	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	5	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Prayer-meeting collections. Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison	25	0	0
Mr. Walter S. Cowell	2	0	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Mr. John Gibson	10	0	0
Mrs. Fielder	10	0	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 15	20	0	0
„ 22	30	0	0
„ 29	28	13	0
Aug. 5	23	0	0
„ 12	24	0	0
	125	13	0
	£224	4	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
A deceased friend, per Mr. J. Schofield	6	10	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	0	0
Mrs. Baines	2	0	0
Mrs. Cuthbert	2	0	0
Miss Scoles	2	10	0
Rev. W. Jones	0	10	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	12	0
Mr. Frank Butler	1	0	0
Mr. John Masters	3	0	0
A friend, Aberdeen	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Leiper	1	0	0
Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, Artie, and Winnie Nash	1	6	0
Eythorne and Ashley Sunday-schools	4	0	0
Mrs. Foster	1	5	0
In memory of A. W. Newson	0	10	0
Mr. James Dore	3	0	0
A poor old woman	0	2	6
Mrs. Hoye	0	10	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Collected	0	5	6
	0	15	6
Miss E. Ellis	0	3	6
Miss Smith, per Mrs. Shurmer... ...	0	2	6
A servant girl, near Forres	0	2	0
Mrs. H. O. Adams	1	1	0
An aged believer	0	5	0
Mr. John Muir	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Trevillion	1	10	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	2	0
Collected by Ernest	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Rouse, per Miss Tucker	5	0	0
Collected by the scholars at Charles Street Sunday-school, Camberwell New Road	4	0	0
Postal order from Wormwood Street...	0	5	0
Eusebia	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	0	0
Birds from Paradise	2	0	0
Mr. G. Shrewsbury	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	1	10	0
Miss Pentelow	0	5	0
Miss E. Emsden	0	2	6
Miss Bartlett	1	0	0
Mrs. Latter, per Mr. Alexander Allan	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	10	0	0
D. L. A.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Sellar	2	2	0
Mr. George Smith...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. S. Larlham	2	2	0
Isabel Cowie's box	1	13	9
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	12	0
J. B., Reading	0	2	6
A poor sinner	0	10	0
Stamps from Shipley	0	2	0
Half-crown from Richmond (less 8d. paid for registration)	0	1	10
Collected by Mr. C. H. Biddle	1	4	11
Mr. F. Hallett	0	5	0
Mrs. Skinner	0	5	0
Copper Brothers' annual excursion fund, per Mr. J. C. Watts	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Boltwood	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. W. D. Cox	0	2	6
Mattie Seaton	1	1	0
Mr. D. Goodall	0	1	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	0	10	6
Miss Edwards' Sunday-school class ...	0	9	4
Sergeant Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. N. Harrison	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Blake	0	5	0
Mr. E. Wain	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff ...	0	14	6
Collected by Mrs. A. Plummer ...	1	0	0
Messrs. Barker and Co.	5	5	0
Miss Moss	0	12	0
Mrs. Harvey	1	0	0
Found in weekly offering box at Tabernacle, per Mr. Murrell...	0	4	9
Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	6
Algernon James Green (aged one year)	1	1	0
Sale of firewood, per Mr. Cox	0	4	0
Mr. George Fitch	3	3	0
A. C., New Zealand	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. N. Drake	0	13	6
Mr. W. G. Green, house box	0	5	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. E. Cornett	1	1	0
Collected by Pastor Albert Smith ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	1	1	0
Mrs. Bridge...	0	5	0
Mr. James Brown	15	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mrs. C. Simonds 0 10 0			
Mrs. W. Palmer 0 10 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. Partitt 0 2 6			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
	1	10	0
Children's Sabbath service, Moray House, Edinburgh	2	2	6
Mr. William Hill	2	2	0
A thankoffering from A. F.	0	10	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	10	0
Mrs. Morgan	1	0	0
Mrs. Clews	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott	0	5	0
Mr. George Sinclair	0	5	0
Mr. James Campbell	2	0	0
Contributed at Highbury Hill Sunday-school, after address by Mr. Chamberlain	1	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. Williams:—			
Mr. Edward Williams ... 2 2 0			
Mr. William Davies ... 0 10 0			
Mr. William Rogers ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Aaron Davies 0 2 6			
Mrs. Fishwick 0 2 6			
	3	2	0
Mrs. Kennaby	0	5	0
R. B. B.	0	5	0
Per Pastor W. Jackson:—			
Pastor W. Jackson ... 0 10 0			
Collected by Lilla Eva Jackson 0 12 0			
Maggie Spurgeon 0 5 3			
Mrs. Jonathan Wood ... 0 4 6			
	1	11	9
Mr. E. Jarman	0	1	0
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—			
Contribution after lecture by Pastor on Mr. Spurgeon 0 9 0			
Profit on sale of "Life of Mr. Spurgeon" 0 11 0			
Pastor's box 0 12 6			
Mrs. Burnett's box ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Perry's two quarters' subscriptions 0 5 0			
	2	7	6
Mr. J. C. Lance	0	4	0
Mrs. Pester	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Miss Mayne	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Hatchard	1	0	0
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Maxwell	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Mrs. Shurmer	0	3	6
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. S. H. Dauncey (2 months)... ...	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds (2 months)	0	10	0
	£155	10	4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 14th to August 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—200 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 cask Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Sons; 1 box Black Currants and Gooseberries, Mr. W. Burridge; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; a quantity of Cabbages, Rhubarb, &c., Mr. W. Taylor; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. C. Saunders; a quantity Bread, Mr. Pringle; a quantity Bread, Mr. N. Read.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 Coats, 1 Suit, Mr. James Carbett; 2 Shirts, Miss Clarke's Bible-class, Eltham; 4 pairs Cuffs, Miss M. Hyatt.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—79 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 30 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting at Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 32 yards Cotton and Stuff Dress Material, Mrs. Ransome; 1 dozen pinafores, Mrs. Moss; 47 yards Dress Cloth, Mr. James Curbett; 8 Articles, Miss Clarke's Bible-class, Eltham; 12 Articles, Mrs. Feltham; 1 Cape, 2 Aprons, Miss Clara Oakley; 43 Articles, The Juvenile Jubilee Working Society, per Miss Wood.

GENERAL.—3 Magazines, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Stiff; 1 gross Thimbles, A Friend, per Miss Bonser; 1 crate of Pottery, value about £5, for Bazaar, Mr. James Stiff; 2 hampers Cut Flowers, Sunday-school children of Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Forest Row, per Mr. R. Martin.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	40	0	0
Southern Association	50	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, Newton Abbot	10	0	0
Halesowen District, per Mr. J. Hawkes	27	7	0
Tewkesbury District, per Mr. T. White	7	10	0
Kettering District, per Mr. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Portsmouth District, per Mr. T. Hogben	4	0	0
Portsmouth District, per E. M. ..	5	0	0
Worcester Association	30	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith ...	10	0	0
Littledale, per Mr. J. Dodson ...	20	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mr. Thomas Bantock	10	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class, for Orpington	10	0	0
	£233	17	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Francis	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
F. A. Norman, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst, Portsmouth	0	10	0
Mr. James Dore	1	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	2	6
Mr. W. H. Willcox	1	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	1	1	0
C. A. M.	25	0	0
Mr. John Gibson	10	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin	1	1	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
	£51	15	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Lloyd	0	5	0
Mr. James Dore	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes...	0	10	0
Miss M. Snell	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Gilmour	5	0	0
Gratitude	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas H. Howell	5	0	0
Miss Prentice	2	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
Mr. George Norton	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood	1	1	0
A. A. H.	1	1	0
Mr. C. S. Jopling	1	0	0
Mr. John Gibson	20	0	0
	£51	19	6

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th to August 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Hall...	0	12	6
Mr. E. Pickering	2	2	0
	£2	14	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.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1888.

The Doorkeeper.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

GOD'S worst is better than the devil's best. It is better to be God's doorkeeper than to be Satan's prime minister.

I am not going to preach from this text as it stands, but to use it to describe certain characters among us. They are not all they may yet be, but still they are accepted and excellent. Different grades exist in God's house, from the doorkeeper upward. God truly loves all his people, but they have not yet attained to love him equally; neither do they all know him alike, nor serve him alike. As there are lambs and sheep of the fold, so in the family of love there are different degrees. David, in this psalm, says, "Blessed are they that *dwell* in thy house: they will be still praising thee." Certain saints attain to be always at home with God. These are the most blessed men in the world. They are the Lord's chosen, and they know it, and therefore they are still praising him; and well they may, for the very atmosphere of the Lord's house is praise. In heaven they praise him day and night, and in the lesser heaven of communion here below, they cannot but be still praising him. Oh that all Christians dwelt in God's house, in unbroken fellowship with the Lord, always joying in the God of their salvation! If you are God's children, rest not satisfied until you dwell in his house at all times.

Those, also, who *serve* God are blessed. David saith, "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are thy ways." The

strong men consecrated to service, who do the Lord's will in the midst of the Lord's family, the Greathearts who guide the pilgrims to the celestial country, these are blessed. They throw their strength into the service of God, and live beholding his face, and doing his will.

Some in God's house are *stewards*. It is theirs to bring forth things new and old; and I can assure you, by experience, that this is a very happy office, especially if the Lord helps you therein. He is a poor steward who has to go to an empty cupboard; but it is a happy thing to go round to one and another of the family, and give each one his portion of meat in due season, because the Lord is with you. You cannot all be stewards; and although I enjoy that high privilege myself, yet there are times when the steward would be quite willing to give up his place for a while, and sit with the rest of you to get a good square meal of the gospel. There are guests who feast, and servants who wait, and stewards who provide in the house of God, and to each of these there is a peculiar blessedness.

Now, note that some of God's own dear children are neither stewards, nor guests at the table, but are simply *doorkeepers*. I was reading the life of Dr. Duncan, a great Hebrew scholar and a man of God, but at the same time a man troubled with frequent doubts and fears. Very seldom could he use the language of full assurance. Nobody else in the world doubted the safety of Rabbi Duncan, but he doubted it himself. He says: "I belong to God's house, but I sometimes do not know whether I am out or in, for I am a doorkeeper. But I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness, let those tents of wickedness be as silken as they may." Personally, I know several persons whom I reckon to be among the best, but they do not reckon themselves so. I feel quite sure of their salvation, but they do not. I know them to be very useful, but they do not. They are a sort of fern, they are very beautiful in character, but they do not flower with joy. They grow where there is little sun and much damp. They are choice plants, but in their own opinion they are nothing but noxious weeds. I had rather have one of them for a friend than fifty fine gentlemen of the modern school; but they think me partial and mistaken when I speak well of them.

The good man I am going to speak about is like a doorkeeper, and I will first *describe his character*; secondly, *try to set forth his usefulness*; and, thirdly, *give him a bit of instruction*, that he may know wherein his wisdom lies.

I. First, we will DESCRIBE HIS CHARACTER.

A doorkeeper is an outsider; and so, in some respects is this brother.

He is an outsider as to his own fears. He often thinks he does not belong to God at all. The suspicion sometimes crosses his heart that what he thought was conversion was only temporary excitement. He is afraid, as he sees his faults, that he has not the spot of God's children, but the mark of the reprobate. He is a man of tender spirit: he is so anxious to be right that he is afraid he is wrong; and there are times when he will cry out that he has neither part nor lot in this matter.

He is an outsider as to his own ignorance. He does not know much as yet: the precious things of God are too deep for him. If he knew more

he would be as happy as the days are long in June, for the most of his fears arise out of ignorance. If he understood the glorious doctrines of grace, he might arise and shake himself from the dust, and put on his beautiful garments; but he has not been well taught, and so he has missed much joy. Perhaps his minister has given him very thin milk-and-water, and none at all of the strong meat of the kingdom, and the consequence is that he is very weak and lean. He cannot enter into the innermost courts of God, because he has never been informed of them. He has not yet studied the Word for himself, and does not know his own privileges. He is as yet afraid to go far into the Lord's house, and so he sits just within the door, and is chilled by the draught. It is his ignorance which prevents his coming nearer to the table and partaking of those royal dainties which cheer the heart.

He is also an outsider in his estimate of himself. He does believe, but he is afraid that it is not real faith—the faith of God's elect. He does repent with all his heart, but he trembles lest his repentance should need to be repented of. He is very positive as to the truth of God, and very clear as to salvation by grace alone; but when it comes to his own participation in it, he fears that he is a rank outsider, for he puts himself down as the chief of sinners.

He is a doorkeeper. He does not go away from the door, but abides at the threshold, and sometimes sings to himself—

> "Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
> While Jesus is within,
> Rather than fill a throne of state,
> Or live in tents of sin."

A doorkeeper is apparently an outsider, *but he is assuredly an insider,* too. There are times when, in his vocation as doorkeeper, he must go inside the door, and show others to their places. He would give his eyes to "read his title clear," for he loves his Lord with all his heart, and he whispers, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." He has no other Saviour but Jesus, no other trust but the cross. He is an insider with regard to his desires; although those desires cause him many an inward pang. I will tell you his estimate of himself. He says, "I am the chief of sinners." He sometimes hopes that he is a saint, but he spells it in very small letters. He thinks that, if his name be in the Lamb's book of life, it is at the bottom of the last page. "Why," say you, "he is a good man." I know he is. He is one of the best of men, and ought not to be in such doubt; but the doubt is there. I often try to cheer him, for I know he is right enough at heart. If it came to fighting for the truth, he would fight like a tiger; but when he is talking about himself, he makes no more noise than a mouse. I have often envied him his tender conscience, and the way in which he walks humbly before the living God; but he thinks not so of himself. He may be an outsider in some respects, but in others he belongs to the house as much as the doors and the windows. You could not get him away from it. If you asked him to come inside and sit at the table, how he would blush! but if you forbade his sitting at the door, he would refuse to budge. If there is a place at table below the salt, among the trembling and the timid, you might tempt him to take it; but

he is most at home in the lowest place he can discover. If the saints' feet need washing, or the mats want banging, he is your man; but if you ask him to preach, though he could preach a very gracious sermon, he is far too timid for that work. In any place of prominence he is uneasy. Though he would not be afraid to fight the very fiend for Christ's sake, yet he is only a doorkeeper, and he is out of his element if you put him in any higher position.

Still, this brother belongs to the house, and is a sort of fixture in it. Guests may come, and guests may go, but the doorkeeper must be there. He belongs to the house more truly than some of those that talk a deal about it, for he is the first in and the last out. He must be there early to open the doors of the house. I know some who are afraid they are not Christians, but you could not make anything else of them: they are trusting in Jesus or trusting in nothing; they are eager for more grace, or eager for nothing. If they are not seeking the Lord, they are certainly seeking nothing else. I know dear people who are first in every good thing, and last in clinging to the Saviour, and yet often cry, "We fear we are not his people. We tremble, lest after all we should be castaways." The best of men think the least of themselves

Doorkeeper Christian, though you think so little of yourself, you would be greatly missed if you were gone. We might not miss other people, but we should be sure to miss the doorkeeper. If you were gone, who is to let us in or out? You are loved and valued far more than you imagine. Mr. Feeble-mind, Mr. Desponding, and Miss Much-afraid, and you, brother Ready-to-halt, we set great store by you; for if you are not strong, you are tender; if not bold, you are careful. We love you, and would do all we can to comfort you.

Thus have we viewed the doorkeeper's character. In many points it is beautiful, but in others it is pitiable.

II. Secondly, I am going to set forth HIS USEFULNESS.

The doorkeeper is useful to outsiders. Such a man will encourage others to come to Jesus, and he will do so tenderly. "Although," says he, "I sometimes question whether I am saved myself, I will do all I can to save others." When he sees a poor trembler hesitating outside the door, he is the man to say, "You may come in. You cannot be worse than I am: you cannot be weaker than I am. Come in." His very weakness and tenderness make him helpful to wounded consciences. Certain brethren at the upper table are rough, and hence sufferers shrink from them and creep near the poor doorkeeper, who shows them kindly sympathy. They say, "Poverty makes strange bed-fellows"; and trembling penitents find themselves so much at home with the doorkeeper that they begin to unbosom themselves to him, and in his feeble way he helps them. All the more because the doorkeeper is in his own experience sometimes out and sometimes in, he is the better able to deal with souls upon the verge. It is a very curious fact that some who have no confidence about themselves at all, have, notwithstanding, displayed a wonderful pertinacity in seeking to bless the souls of others. I have seen them watch day and night to bring a soul to the Saviour; and when I have talked to them, and found that they themselves were weak and doubtful, I have asked them why they were so earnest for others, and they have replied, "O sir, it is a dreadful thing not to be

safe in the arms of Jesus; it is a dreadful thing to die in your sins, and I cannot bear to think that anybody should be in that condition!" So, you see, that the very weakness which in one way we deplore, may make the man a good doorkeeper, to set the door wide open to all who come to the King's gate, that, if possible, they may enter.

This doorkeeper is often exceedingly useful to those inside as well as to those without. Our poor friend has a profound respect for those who are inside. As he is a true child of God, he loves his brethren; and as he is a humble man, he has great reverence for those who were in the Lord before him. When first converted, I had a higher opinion of professed Christians than I have now; I thought them well-nigh perfect. Even though I know more of their imperfections than I did, I can still say that I choose the people of God for my companions above all other men. God's chosen men are choice men. Where God sets his love we may safely set *our* love. The trembling doorkeeper has an intense reverence for all the people of God. If they are poor, he will help them; if they are sick, he will visit them; if they are desponding, he will cheer them. I believe that God keeps some of his servants in a state of frequent trial that they may have sympathy with the rest of his afflicted ones. Happy is the man who is favoured thus to be a comforter!

Do not think I am trying to make all of you into doorkeepers—I want you to aim higher than that; but as for those who are doorkeepers, I would have them turn their weakness to good account. There was a time—you can read about it in 2 Kings xxiii., xxiv.—when the temple became very foul, and the false priests set up in it all kinds of idols; but there came a good king, who determined that *the temple should be purged*, and who were the men to do it? The doorkeepers. They said to one another, "Let us turn Baal out," and out he went, bag and baggage, outside the wall of Jerusalem. No men are more determined to be done with error, and none more decided for the truth, than those poor, trembling ones, who are half afraid that they do not belong to the household of faith. Your loud-voiced man is not, after all, the best for the hour of trial. The man who trembles lest he should desert his Lord is the man who stands fast. The trembler is not the man to criticize God's holy, infallible Word, and hack it about. He is no speculator; poor, dear man, he has nothing to spare to speculate with. He says, "If I have heavenly bread enough for my own soul, I am not going to engage in those desperate ventures in which the carnally-wise lose their all." Therefore he is the man that God uses to cleanse the Temple. We put far more reliance upon those who distrust themselves than upon those who are self-confident. Do not distrust God, but distrust yourself as much as you please.

III. I am now going to speak to this doorkeeper TO GIVE HIM A BIT OF INSTRUCTION AS TO WHERE HIS WISDOM LIES.

My dear friend, your position and condition make you comparable to a doorkeeper; you are just inside the house, and just outside of it. Now, I think your wisdom will be to *keep to the door yourself*. If you are a doorkeeper, keep to the door. "Cobbler, stick to your last," is a wise old proverb; and you, doorkeeper, stick to your door. Since you do not know much, and do not enjoy much, know Christ, for he is the door; and when you meet a poor soul, talk to him about Jesus only

as the way of salvation. Keep to the gospel in its simplicity. "I should like to understand the Book of Revelation," cries one. So should I; but if I did understand it, I should not turn aside to explain prophecy, but I should go on preaching the simple gospel. "I should like to know more about the Lord's second coming," cries another. That also is most desirable in its proper place; but just now the most important truth for our people is that word of Jesus—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." You say, "I should like to be a fully instructed theologian"; but as you are not, stick to what you know, and do not talk about what you do not know. "I have met with a difficulty," says one. Have you? Look it in the face, and go on to points in which there are no difficulties. If I were eating my dinner, I should not be constantly looking out for bones. Some people take a text of Scripture, and look for a difficulty at once. They cry out, "Here is a bone"; but I say, "Give me the meat." As for you, friend doorkeeper, I would above all advise you to leave the bones, and live on the meat. Keep you to your door. Talk about Jesus Christ, and nothing else but Jesus Christ. Even when you are down in the dumps, talk of the blessed Saviour to other people. Mr. Bunyan, after he had begun to preach, at times doubted about his soul's salvation; but he says, "I went on preaching salvation to others. I preached as a man in chains to other men in chains." It is much better to be quite sure of your own salvation; but, even if a doubt should worry you, still do your best for others. Jesus says, "I am the door." Say to any soul that comes to you, asking you to explain the way of salvation, "The Lord Jesus is the door; and if any man enter in by him he shall be saved." Keep to the door.

Next, *know when to open the door:* that is to say, when you meet with a seeking soul, know how to encourage him. I fear that some even among ministers do not know how to set before men an open door. Somebody says of Arminian doctrine, "It is an open door into nothing at all; while a certain sort of Calvinism is a treasury of precious things, but it has no door of entrance." Pure evangelical doctrine has an open door into a royal treasury. Now, doorkeeper, the moment you see a sinner hovering about the gate of mercy, say to him, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: wherefore standest thou without?" Know that whenever a soul is under a sense of sin you may press him to trust Christ. Whenever you see a wound, it is meet to bind it up. Whenever you see a soul needing a Saviour, show him the Saviour he needs.

But doorkeepers must *know when to shut the door.* "What! Shut the door of the gospel?" says one. Yes, it is sometimes good to shut the door in a man's face: it may do him more good than if we set it open before him. When a person begins to talk to you about his excellent character, and his attendance at public worship—shut the door on him. He will tell you that he never did any hurt in his life, but has always paid twenty shillings in the pound, and has supported an aged relative, and has done all sorts of good things. Shut the door in that man's face. So long as he is self-righteous, tell him Jesus has not come to save him; for "he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." When another boastfully cries, "I have believed from my youth up, and I have never needed any change

of heart," shut the door deliberately. A lady said to me, "Sir, a person the other day was uncharitable enough to say that I am not a Christian; but," she added, "if I am not a Christian, I do not know who is. I may have done wrong, but never wilfully; I may show a little temper, but I soon forgive. I never neglect the sacraments, especially on Good Friday, and I am ready at all times to help the poor and make goods for bazaars, and so forth." I answered, "What you have spoken awakens my suspicion that what was said about you is correct. From your evident satisfaction with yourself, I fear that you are an entire stranger to the things of God; for a child. of God has nothing good to say about himself, but he speaks of the sinner's Saviour, and what free grace has done for him." The good lady turned all manner of colours; and then, to my surprise and delight, she reached out her hand and said, "I am very much obliged to you for telling me so honestly what you think of me; will you please explain to me further what it is to be a Christian?" Then you may be sure I did not shut the door, but right gladly opened up to her the way of salvation by grace. Brethren beloved, whether we are doorkeepers or not, let us resolve to bring souls to Jesus. These are dreadful times for apathy and indifference, and it needs that every Christian should lay out his time, his talent, his faith, and his prayers for the bringing of others to Jesus.

Let us go forth and bring in the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind, that many may crowd our Lord's banqueting-hall. You little ones, go after little ones like yourselves. You elder ones, who know more, bestir yourselves. Sinners are perishing; we cannot let them perish. Let us speak to God for them, and let us speak to them for God; and may we see them all enter the palace-halls of mercy. Amen.

"Sing a Hymn to Jesus."

"YOU seemed to enjoy the service to-night, my friend," said the preacher to a labouring man, after a special service in the village of R——. "I did, sir, and no mistake. My heart's all jumping with joy now." "How long have you known the Lord?" "Well, sir, it was like this here: I was stopped by the Holy Ghost, when I was coming home one Saturday night, two year ago, three parts drunk. I was singing out loud some of the songs we had in the tap-room, when the words came to me, 'Sing a hymn to Jesus.' I stopped, and said, 'Sing a hymn to Jesus? A hymn to Jesus? No, I can't.' I felt ashamed of myself.

"Now, I used to go to bed every Sunday afternoon, and sleep to tea-time; but that Sunday afternoon I slipped into the little chapel like a dog with a burnt tail, and crept behind the door; and the text that day was, 'Come to Jesus.' Well, if you will believe me, I came to Jesus, and he saved me, and has kept me ever since. My old mates couldn't make it out why I didn't go any longer with them to the public; but, sir," said he, "my heart isn't in the world, I've given my heart to Jesus."

F. E. B.

Hypocrisy and Formalist.



THAT we might give our readers some idea of the striking illustrations used in the new edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," issued by Partridge & Co., we have borrowed two of their blocks, representing Hypocrisy and Formalist. Do we not know the men at first sight? Even though their costumes are of an older age, they are still living in our midst.

HYPOCRISY, with face drawn into an unnatural shape by affectation, tries to look what he ought to feel, but fails altogether in the attempt. He would seem devout, but can hardly conceal a sort of sneer at his own self. He pretends to fervency, but he lacks the true fire. He would appear serious, and he becomes grotesque. We all know the man, and his wife too, and how wretchedly they try to "do the godly dodge," for the sake of the few shillings which they force from the benevolent. Theirs is the meanest of all trades; but the business still has those who follow it, and there will always be such as long as men of unrenewed heart hope to gain by the pretence of religion.



FORMALIST is a better man so far as he is not quite the same man. He is, at any rate, sincere in the false confidence which he places in the externals of religion. He is more of a gentleman than his neighbour Hypocrisy, but he is often more bitter towards real Christians, and is not one whit more godly. The two together are lighter than vanity. May none of us come into their secret in time or in eternity!

The volume from which these likenesses are taken is a sort of Spiritual Portrait Gallery. The engravings are such as Bunyan himself would have made had he been skilful in the art. We refer our readers to our notice of the book among the Reviews.

Bunyan and his Bible.

BY PASTOR J. McAUSLANE, CRAWLEY.

SPECULATING on the possibility of a solitary, Crusoe-like life, two friends questioned what single book they would prefer as the companion of their solitude. One is said to have decided for Shakespeare; and certainly, of secular writers, for variety, a better selection could scarcely have been made. The other, however, after some thought, chose the Bible; and, being questioned as to his reason for the preference, replied, "It is no end of a book." Now, however wise the first selection may be considered, the other was still wiser; and, doubtless, the "immortal dreamer" of Bedford gaol found that nothing could so relieve his tedium or dispel his melancholy, so furnish his mind with thought and establish his heart in grace, as the patient and delightful study of his cherished Bible. It was not only his most constant companion; but, with his Concordance, might almost be said to have formed his library. The Word of God not only furnished his almost Oriental fancy with imagery, it entered into his style, supplied him with language, and was so indispensable in the production of his books as to be now their best interpreter. He himself suggests this in the closing lines of his introduction to "The Holy War."

> "Nor do thou go to work without my key;
> (In mysteries men soon do lose their way;)
> And also *turn it right*, if thou wouldst know
> My riddle, and wouldst with my heifer plough;
> It lies there in the window. Fare thee well,
> My next may be to ring thy passing bell."

In a very remarkable way Bunyan fulfilled his own ideal of the minister of truth, the pilgrim's guide. Readers will remember his picture. It is the first shown in the house of the Interpreter; and it puts the Bible in the place which it should always occupy: "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, *the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips*, and the world was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head."

He also claimed that, in resorting to the method he adopted in his writings, he had not only used sanctified ingenuity, but was conscious of the guidance of mind and pen for heaven's design. Conscious of this, and believing that thereby he could reach more effectually those whom he sought to win, he defended his work as having the Scriptures themselves for his model.

> "I find that Holy Writ, in many places,
> Hath semblance with this method, where the cases
> Do call for one thing, to set forth another;
> Use it I may, then, and yet nothing smother
> Truth's golden beams: nay, by this method may
> Make it cast forth its rays as light as day."

In reading his inimitable allegories, an irresistible impression produced is, that they are largely imbued with the personal element. Is it not this that gives to them their deep tone of reality, and constitutes their charm? When the pilgrim is introduced, "a book in his hand,

and a great burden on his back," we instinctively connect it with Bunyan himself. Nor is the conjunction of "book" and "burden" arbitrary, but vital and experimental, corresponding exactly with fact, and with the same condition of mind elsewhere described. How eminently artistic and skilful is the delineation of *Captain Conviction*, who summons the town of Mansoul to surrender: "*His were the pale colours, and for a scutcheon he had the book of the law wide open*"! As we read the message of this ambassador from King Shaddai, full of threatening to the inhabitants as the beetling crags of Sinai to the terror-stricken pilgrim, yet concluding with hope as sweet as the words of Evangelist, we recognize in our author a master in the art of "turning the key aright." The law, with its terrors, ever precedes the gospel, with its overtures of mercy.

It will be remembered that, on leaving the cross where he lost his burden, the pilgrim is met by three shining ones, each of whom bestows his blessing. The third gave him "a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate." We must not suppose that this roll takes the place of the book he had previously been reading. Bunyan was too clear in his theology, and too experienced in practical Christian life, to fall into any such mistake. It is rather identified with it. For this very reason, it seems to me, the seal is said to be attached to a roll rather than to anything else. The sealed roll is explained as being "the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven"; and his comfort was secured and his confidence encouraged by reading it as he went on his way. The apostle's words to the Ephesians were evidently in view in this arrangement, where the sealing of the Spirit is made to accompany the hearing of the gospel and faith in Christ. "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the Word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom, also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." Experience amply justifies the introduction of the roll, as every believer can testify; for the cross, with its many other blessings, assuredly brings with it *the gift of a new Bible*, no longer the ministration of death, but a storehouse of sweet comforts.

Few writers show a more general or intimate acquaintance with the Bible than Bunyan. His pages are everywhere filled with suggestive references and direct quotations from it. So diligent was his comparison of text with text, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, that his editors have frequently to remark that, without any knowledge of the language, he often gives the exact meaning of the expression in the original. Thus in his sermon on "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," it is remarked how well "our unlettered author gives the meaning of *Agonizesthe*, strive, agonize." It will be interesting to note what he considered "a short breviat of the contents" of the covenant of grace. Here it is, as drawn up by the Lord Chief Secretary: "that the Son of the great King is engaged by covenant to his Father to bring his Mansoul to him again; yea, and to put Mansoul, too, through the power of his matchless love, into a far better and more happy condition than it was in, before it was taken by Diabolus."

It is certainly remarkable that, in stating the hindrances to the acceptance of this message of mercy by sinful men, Bunyan should be so thoroughly in accord with what many of us believe to be the crying

evil of our own times. Right in the foreground, as being the chief obstacle to the power of the gospel, he puts the doctrine so popular in our day; "a hope of doing well at last, what lives soever you live." He then adds, "A hard heart, an evil-speaking tongue; *calling into question the truth of the Word, or all the sayings that speak of the judgment that Shaddai has appointed for wicked men*," and finishes up with "a dumb and prayerless spirit." These Bunyan evidently regarded as the masterpieces of evil diplomacy against the success of the divine proclamation of clemency and mercy.

So far we have chiefly considered Bunyan's use of the Bible, and not its influence upon him. As it was his constant companion and his main study, this must have been very great; and if, as a recent critic affirms, he belonged to "a narrow though devout school," having God's Word for his text-book, and the divine Spirit for his teacher, it is clear that these also must lie open to a similar criticism. Who dares to make it? There can be no doubt that the supremacy of the Bible had much to do with Bunyan's piety, and the directions which his genius took; and it will be a brighter day for the church when the inspired volume is still more honoured in the pulpit, and loved and read by the pew.

"Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely." *Pollok.*

Live Prayers.

AFTER a prayer-meeting, at which a female had been among those who spoke aloud in prayer, a person slightingly observed, "As for that woman, she could pray all night." "Yes," replied a devout friend, "and I do not doubt that she has often done so." This was a first-rate reply. Of how few could it have been spoken! Yet those who are much in prayer alone are those who pray to purpose in the assembly. You can tell the other sort, however ready their utterance. It is *as per usual*. It is parroty: too glib to be earnest, too professional to be deep. This kind of praying is a mist which does not wet you, a fire which does not warm you. You could sleep from "Our Father" to "Amen" under such a performance. Yet it is very good and proper. There is nothing the matter with it, except that it is dead—dead as the woman's child, which neither of the two mothers cared to own, in Solomon's court. Oh, for more living children!—we mean true, crying, struggling prayers. These can only come from those who in private wrestle, and weep, and prevail.

An occasional break-down is very refreshing. To observe a heart too full to express itself with the tongue is most arousing to the soul. Oh, that some of our brethren would or could break-down! They are too far gone in routine to be able to rise into the natural, much less into the spiritual. While such machines press like a nightmare on our prayer-meetings, things cannot much improve. Oh, for deliverance!

C. H. S.

Zechariah Hodgson and his Wife.

ZECHARIAH HODGSON was not naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with anything abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked; and, whatever the poor woman did to please him, was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humour in silence for a long time; but, finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct which had the happiest effect.

One day, as Zechariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into stew, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and, therefore, cooked portions of it in several different ways. She, also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook at the back of the house, and put into the pot. In due time, her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. Why in the world did you fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better. I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you; but I have boiled some also." So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only now added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a stew."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent stew.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favourite dish."

"Favourite dish, indeed!" grumbled the disconsolate husband; "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy-washy mess. I would rather have had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right arm, and there was a bull-frog of

portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zechariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating manner, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zechariah could not stand this. His surly mood was overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged his wife was right, declared she should not again have reason to complain of him, and kept to his word.

Empty Titles.

A PRIME Minister of Nepaul had a dignity conferred upon him some time ago by the Emperor of China. The heart of the recipient was filled with delight at the honour done him; for he was to be called a Right Valiant Prince. Still he did not receive the letters patent, or the cap and robes of office usually conferred on the receivers of such honours. He shrank from addressing the Emperor direct on the subject, and at last he applied to the Chinese Resident of Thibet. He urged that he could not undertake the tour among the people, which his position required of him, until he received the outward signs and tokens of the Imperial favour. As the insignia did not arrive, the eager official became disheartened. Various explanations of the long delay were sent him, and hints were thrown out that officials invariably returned thanks immediately on the receipt of the Imperial decree, in fullest reliance upon the decree itself. But nothing satisfied the gentleman, he sighed for the outward signs of honour. He wrote again; and the Chinese Resident got together immediately "a travelling cap, a prince's button, materials to make a couple of robes, a pouch, a rain-hat, a piece of red felt to make a rain-coat, and a pair of shoes," and forwarded them to the Prime Minister. Whether he was content with these baubles we cannot say; but probably they met his ideas of the honour conferred upon him as much as the priestly robes of a ritualistic priest gratify his petty desires and ambitions. "Right Valiant Prince" is a title that such a grovelling servant of a royal master certainly did not deserve, since he thought more of the insignia of the honour than of the honour itself.

In the Bible many are the titles given by the King of kings to his favoured servants, but none of them are mere empty sounds. They really confer an honour, though that honour is often unperceived by men. To Jacob the angel said, "What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed." By the energy, and faith, and earnestness of his prayer, Jacob had become a Right Valiant Prince, and God gave him the title. Centuries afterwards, when the eye of our Lord fell upon another man of a similar mould and spirit, who had been alone beneath the fig-tree as Jacob had remained alone by the brook, he bestowed upon him the same honourable designation, saying, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!"

ROBERT SPURGEON.

An Unfashionable Evening Party.

ON one of the darkest nights of winter I found myself making towards Fenchurch Street station, having to keep an appointment in the far East of London with Dr. Barnardo, who, on the night in question, was to give a supper to between one and two thousand waifs and strays—boys and girls of the homeless class who had been collected in the lodging-houses, the markets, beneath dry-arches, and in other nondescript corners of our wonderful and still little-known metropolis.

On leaving the city, the railway route is through Shadwell and Stepney; and as one is elevated to a level with the house-tops, the general outlook from the carriage-window is apparently over a black, far-reaching net-work of streets, with here and there an extra liberal glare of gas; but otherwise only sufficiently lighted to make the darkness more visible. To realize that this is really the great East End, with its thousands of squalid rooms, bare cupboards, and cold grates, is to become inspired with feelings of melancholy; and the only relief is to close the eyes, and to take comfort in the thought of what London may be in that future happy day when humanity is more fully restored to the image of its Maker.

On leaving the train, the semi-dark outlying streets of the great parish of Limehouse are found to be even less inviting upon a near acquaintance than they were when viewed from a distance. They appear to be avenues in an illimitable wilderness, leading one cannot tell whither, and safer to be avoided than explored. On approaching Rhodeswell Road, however, I seem to come suddenly upon a cheery oasis—the site of the coffee-palace, well lighted within and without, known as "The Edinburgh Castle." As everybody knows, this was formerly a public-house of the lowest kind, and one that was more seductively dangerous on account of its large, demoralizing theatre in the rear, which was a veritable trap to the unsuspecting youth of both sexes. It is now Dr. Barnardo's chief evangelistic station; and having a hall spacious enough to accommodate two thousand children, it is here that the New Year's party, with its ample repast, is to take place. The guests have all been specially sought out, and invited by ticket; but in addition to those who will thus be admitted, there is another crowd around the doors, ragged, unwashed, hungry, and determined, who perseveringly clamour for places at the feast. The electric-light enables one to take in the scene, which, if pitiful and depressing in one sense, is in another sense sufficiently lively and picturesque. It is a view of needy child-life in London, which could not, on such a comprehensive scale, be met with anywhere else.

The scene within the hall is one of warmth and comfort on the one hand, and of juvenile destitution on the other hand, which it is not at all reassuring to contemplate. In selecting any one of the lads present, the visitor might without hesitation say with Dickens, "Oh, here's the boy, gentlemen!" But as "he is very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged," he will need to "be put through a few preliminary paces," before he will be of very much use in the world, either to himself or others. When their extreme youth is taken into account, what an assembly of weather-beaten, or even battered, faces it is! Even the

rags and dirt would not conceal a genuine child's face, if there was one to be found; but where shall we find one in the whole of this vast congregation? Could Hogarth have been present, he would not have complained of any lack of variety to inspire his pencil, nor is there any sign that hardship and want of a home can wholly repress youthful vivacity; but otherwise, in another sense, these poor children are monotonously alike. On one form there are five without shoes or stockings, who are all, apparently, not more than ten years of age; and were we to go from form to form, the stories of one would virtually be repeated at another. Some are orphans; others would hardly be able to tell who their father or mother was; others have been forsaken, or they have lost sight of their parents; so that, from one cause or another, they are here adrift to-night on the world, almost before the eldest are out of childhood, every one being compelled to battle hard for bare existence! When we consider that every child in the assembly is a *bonâ fide* waif and stray, whom nobody owns, and for whom nobody cares, until it is adopted by some philanthropist, we realize that the scene is one which ought to be impossible in London, with all our poor-law machinery. If these boys and girls have a home at all, it is, at the best, nothing better than a common lodging-house, with its frightful moral poisons; but, as we are assured, a large proportion have nothing better than "the partial shelter obtainable about the river-side, at wharves and docks, on the Embankment shelters, under old baskets, barrels, crates, barrows, or carts at markets," some being found at night in places even more repulsive. Think of there being from ten to twenty thousand of such subjects in one city, and then estimate, if you can, the moral and social dangers which such a state of things threatens to entail upon society at large! To catch them young, to take them from their miserable environment, and to fit them for useful situations on the land in Canada, seems to be not only a work of mercy, but a service more truly economical than to leave them to their fate. As Dr. Barnardo well says, every child so reclaimed is "transferred from the *loss* to the *profit* side of the *social* ledger."

It is calculated that there are sixty thousand persons in the low lodging-houses of London every night, and that a quarter of these are boys and girls. What can they become other than criminals if they are not betimes removed from such associations? The ordinary lodging-house is a nursery of crime, even in its improved conditions under the provisions of Lord Shaftesbury's Act; but a lower depth is reached in the so-called "furnished rooms," let to the vagrant class at eightpence or a shilling a night: for these are not subject to police inspection, so that the temporary tenant can let the corners of his apartment without restriction! Think of the great congregation of children before us as being lodged in such places as these when they are not lodged in the open air! There is not a countenance which does not bear evidence of the hard usage to which they have been exposed, in places which are plague-spots rather than homes. "As may be supposed," Dr. Barnardo assures us, "such conditions of life pave the way almost certainly to a vicious career for the children, especially the little girls, who pass night after night amid depraved and depraving surroundings."

To transfer what is at home nothing better than refuse population to

the open, healthy, and wealth-producing plains of Canada, seems to be more than a philanthropic enterprise—it is a national duty; but as it cannot properly come under the head of that evangelistic work which Home Missions are primarily founded to advance, the question arises whether, in mere self-defence, and on economical grounds, such work ought not to be undertaken on a larger scale by society itself? So long as this is not done, however, the public will encourage private effort by subscribing funds for carrying it on; and what Dr. Barnardo has been able to effect should stimulate the flow of bounty. When emigration supplies openings in life which these poor children will be enabled to fill after their training has prepared them, no objections can be raised on the score of further depressing an already over-crowded labour market. The relationship which exists between the various Homes and the Dominion of Canada is now a close one, and it is every year becoming stronger. The Distributing Home at Hazelbrae, in Ontario, has been supplemented by another at Toronto; while another farm of over seven thousand acres, near Russell, in Manitoba, has been secured. Over three thousand boys and girls have already been settled in Canada, and five hundred and eighty of these went out in 1887. More than five hundred have gone out during the present year.

This sending out of those who are anxious to work, but cannot find work to do in England, represents the grand hope of our redundant home population; and it is with the greatest satisfaction that we perceive how rapidly the movement is extending on every hand. The committee of what are called Dr. Barnardo's Homes in this respect are only doing what many others are doing also. Mr. F. N. Charrington, whose head-quarters in Mile-end Road are probably the finest missionary station in the world, is actively engaged in similar operations. So also is the Rev. A. G. Brown, who knows more about the condition of the East-End poor than any other pastor in this country. Miss Macpherson holds a very high place in the same honourable and arduous department. The work, judged according to its own merits, cannot fail to command admiration, but at the same time it must never be confounded with evangelistic work proper—the work of extending the knowledge of the gospel among the common people. Some who are bravely fighting the Lord's battles in London think that this kind of service is diverting funds from what is considered to be their legitimate channel; and however we may dismiss this objection, the ordinary mission work of the church ought not to be in any wise curtailed because of other enterprises. The National Federation League, which desires to draw together in closest union the mother country and her vast dependencies, is teaching people the importance of transferring population which is wasted in one part of the empire, to the rich lands of another part, where labour is in urgent demand; and in proportion as such ideas take root in the national mind, the emigration movement will extend. At all events, if our over-crowded towns are to be relieved, it must be by transferring people to those broad lands which are waiting for labour to draw from them rich supplies.

G. H. P.

Be in Earnest.*

BY A. A. HARMER.

WHEN at Swaffham, a few winters ago, walking in company with the pastor through the fields, we suddenly heard loud cries of distress. Hurrying across a meadow, we came upon a crowd of excited folk near a deep pond. In a moment we could see the cause of the excitement; a boy had broken through the ice, and his body had just been brought to the bank. The doctor arrived, and commenced to apply remedies for the restoration of the poor lad; and there, upon his knees



in the wet and mud, in the hope of saving life, he worked till the perspiration stood in beads upon his brow. He worked till he was faint and exhausted. Why? Because it was a matter of life or death. After a long struggle he was compelled to give in; the boy was dead.

In our work we are surrounded by the dead and dying, the lost and fallen. We have to preach to them the Word of life; we have to tell of

* Last month we introduced our evangelist, Mr. Burnham, to our readers, and now we do the same for Mr. Harmer, a brother whom the Lord greatly uses in going from place to place with the gospel of Jesus.

a bright future for all who trust our risen Lord ; we have to warn the impenitent, to comfort the sorrowful, to

"Rescue the perishing, and care for the dying."

We pray that evangelists, pastors, and teachers may recognize the solemnity and importance of this work, and "be in earnest" in doing it.

All the world is in earnest ; in the struggle for life an intense spirit is manifested ; men make haste to grow rich, and to win fame. It may be taken almost as a rule in common life that the earnest man is the successful man.

Young man, life is before you with its realities and its shams. Shall success or failure be written upon your career ? The result may depend upon your answer to this question, "Are you in earnest ?" Have you become a truly converted man ? Have you entered upon Christian service, taken a class in the Sunday-school, or become a preacher of the gospel ? Are you testifying for Christ in the office or workshop ? You do not want to turn coward, your desire is that you may never be pointed out as a failure : then, in the work you have undertaken, the stand you have made for the right, "*Be in earnest.*"

During the Crimean War, a young chaplain, newly arrived in camp, enquired of a Christian sergeant the best method for carrying on his work among the men. The sergeant led him to the top of a hill, and pointed out the field of action. "Now, sir," said he, "look around you. See those batteries on the right, and the men at their guns. Hear the roar of the cannon. Look where you will, all are in earnest here. Every man feels that this is a life and death struggle. If we do not conquer the Russians, the Russians will conquer us. We are all in earnest here, sir ; we are not playing at soldiers. If you would do good, *you* must be in earnest ; an earnest man always wins his way." Such was the advice of Queen Victoria's servant to the servant of King Jesus.

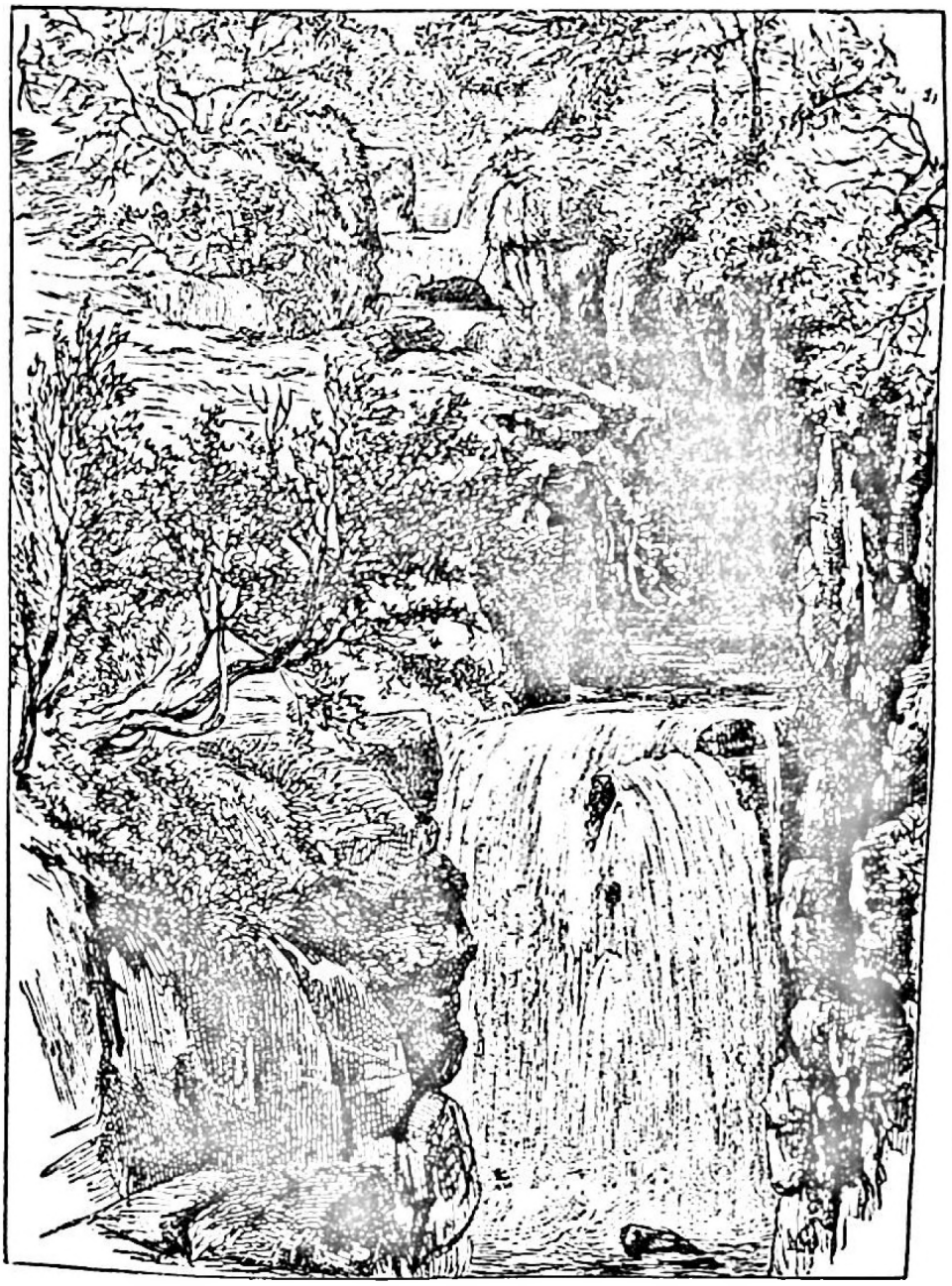
"Be in earnest." This has been the characteristic of the men who have made their mark. The crowd must make way for an earnest man in whatever sphere of life he moves. Christian earnestness will not hinder a man's progress in life, but will lift him above the sense of drudgery which is so often associated with laziness. The earnest man will master his business, and rise by it, whilst the man who lacks earnestness will be mastered by his work, and become a slave.

Look upon the great army of the faithful, the Covenanters, the martyrs, the Reformers, the apostles ; they were all earnest men, they had one object in life, that object to them was supreme ; it was the star of hope in the dark hour ; it was the hand that strengthened them when forsaken by their fellow-men. Their object was like that of Paul : "That I may win Christ, and be found in him." HE is the object that a real earnest man ever keeps before him ; HE is the model that an earnest man strives to imitate ; HE who, in heart-aching and heart-breaking earnestness, toiled on through his three years' ministry, the shadow of the cross ever upon him, reviled and despised by his enemies, and misunderstood by his friends. Knowing all that was before him, "he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem"; behind him timorous friends, before him the cross with its shame and suffering. Christ Jesus, the anointed Saviour, is *the* earnest Man, and he who strives to be like him must also "be in earnest."

The Plunge over the Precipice.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

OUR life is like a river. Born amongst the hills, the river comes from on high. It is a pretty bit of poetry which represents new-born life as coming from heaven, and babes as getting their blue eyes while passing through the sky. Alas, we know what mars the vision!



"A brooklet, nameless and unknown,
Was I at first, resembling
A little child that, all alone,
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling."

The brook glides on, gradually widening and deepening, as the little ones grow in knowledge; or suddenly enlarging when another stream joins its course, as when a child receives a new and formative idea. So it flows forward "crossed by the shadows of earth, and reflecting the image of heaven," making much ado, though not yet very deep; singing as it goes—

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I bubble on the pebbles.

"I skip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows."

Presently come the cascades, like little child-troubles; but no sooner has the water tumbled over them than it rushes on again, loud in laughter, as if it was all a very good joke indeed. Now it flows through the open field, glinting in the sunshine; again it creeps between high banks in deep darkness, but always forward, until the shadows are past, and the light shines in its heart again. Thus, in our life, shadow and sunshine alternate; but whatever shade crosses our course, if we but persevere in the God-appointed way, it is sure to be light at last.

The river is still in the upland. If it is to become great, it must descend; if it is to become deep, it must leap to a lower level; if it is at length to mingle with the ocean, it must plunge over the precipice, a liquid avalanche.

Thus the river is changed into a waterfall, and each waterfall has an identity of its own: this one is like the tail of a giant horse climbing over the hill, while that resembles an apron which the modest mountain assumes to hide its naked rock.

Enchained beside the rushing torrent, we think of three things which it may symbolize: a phase of conversion; an act of sacrifice; a time of trial.

The water will soon be in tumult; nevertheless, before it reaches the crisis, there is a time of great calm, the river flows noiselessly, and in its transparent depths the shadows sleep. Thus it is before conversion. There comes a time of quiet seriousness as a prelude to the change. Thus it is, too, before we are called to sacrifice, or predestinated to trial. A sweet peace takes possession of the soul, and prepares it for the outpouring of its life, or the fury of overwhelming trouble.

As we draw near to the edge, we hear the roar of the approaching turmoil. Courage, faint heart; all will be well!

"I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to my greeting."

The waterfall causes us to think of conversion, for it resembles the leap into humility, which worldly-proud, self-satisfied hearts must take ere they can reach the kingdom of God. We must get down, whereas

most of us try to climb, which is just as futile as water attempting to run up a hill. Amidst the terror of conviction we become contrite; and as the water, dashing on the hill, is transformed into spray, so it is written concerning Christ, that "whosoever falls on this stone shall be broken." And the broken heart is, like the broken river, most beautiful.

Most beautiful, for how many journey to see the falls who would not go to see the river! and what rainbow colours, like the graces of the Spirit, are painted on the spray, when the river else were colourless! Do not doubt that conversion gives beauty: the angels see it, and rejoice over every broken spirit. Without such a change the Christless soul can never reach the ocean, but, like the Abana, which buries itself in the marsh of Ateibeh, is lost for ever.

The waterfall again reminds us of some acts of sacrifice and consecration, when the soul's best is lavishly poured out for the Master's glory; this, too, is most delightful to behold. At a distance the waterfall often appears stiff and still; but, drawing nearer, we see its joyful motion and its glorious loveliness. Thus, afar off, we may misjudge those who sacrifice much, and wish they had been wiser: we may miss the beauty of the action. Nearer we might see the throbbing heart of love, the rushing life of devotion, and learn to cease asking, "Wherefore this waste?"

Those who sacrifice most are most beautiful. Their act is like a Niagara of consecration; their life like Schaffhausen, Trollhatten, or Handeck. Their dedication of themselves is broad, and deep, and full.

Some of us have not much to give: may we not therefore pray that the beauty of the Lord may be upon us? Yes, his glory may be ours, if only we are prepared to take a deeper leap into lowliness. The Rjukanfos, in Norway, is the highest waterfall in Europe, though it is not the largest. It has its pre-eminence by its long descent; and the most humble are the chiefest in Christ's kingdom, though they excel in nothing else. The Giesbach and the Staubach, in Switzerland, are tiny rivulets, but how far they fall! Opposite Lauterbrunnen you can watch the latter, which in its descent absolutely faints away in spray. Is it therefore aimlessly lost? Let the steep rock answer over which it flows, and which it has covered with ferns and mosses, always green, even when the rest of the verdure in the neighbourhood is burnt up under the scorching sun. And trickling over the base of those same rocks it is found again, and becomes a large river.

How pitiful, on the other hand, is it to see one who professes to live a consecrated life, but has lost its overflowing spirit! It is an utter disappointment, as when I went to see "how the waters come down at Lodore," and found I could pour as good a fall from a teakettle; or as, when a party of us were invited to see what was described as one of the loveliest falls in Ireland, and when we got there, and found absolutely not a drop of water in the channel, we were naïvely told that "they had forgotten to turn the water on!" And a great many loud professors full often forget "to turn the water on." But, gentle reader, that was in Ireland.

And, last of all, the waterfall resembles the trials and sorrows of our lives. Terror seizes us, and we plunge forward, we know not where.

Our fondest hopes are, perhaps, shattered, or our very lives broken. But this, too, if only we occupied the right standpoint, is good and beautiful. When seen from beneath, how great is its charm! Afterwards it yieldeth much joy, and even now, in its agony, it sends up clouds of incense, which could never have risen but for its fall. Some lives, like some rivers, have only one such sorrow: others, like the Falls of the Congo, have trial upon trial, suffering upon suffering. But fear not, fond heart, thou shalt yet find it all was necessary; beside your very trials, others shall stand and admire, as I do beside this waterfall; and, after such surging sorrows, there shall follow so sweet a rest, as placidly the translucent river shall find its way to the bosom of the ocean, refreshing all the land it flows between.

Meanwhile, it receives tributaries on this side and that, as we may receive grace for grace. And thus it happens that the river which yielded up all, becomes, because of its lowliness, greater and greater, until it is able to carry freighted blessings to others, and be a source of joy to all.

The sum of the whole matter is, that he who seeks to save his life shall lose it, but he that loses his life for Christ's sake and the gospel's, shall find it unto life eternal. This is the language of the waterfall.

Sayings from Simeon.

I SHOULD no more have turned to God if he had not by his free and sovereign grace turned me, than a cannon ball would of itself return to the orifice from which it had been shot out.

The believer is a child in his Father's arms; let those arms be withdrawn from underneath him, and his own weight will precipitate him to destruction.

There are but two objects that I have ever desired for these forty years to behold—the one is my own vileness, and the other is the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Two ships were aground at London Bridge. The proprietors of one sent for a hundred horses, and pulled it to pieces. The proprietors of the other *waited for the tide;* and, with sails and rudder, directed it as they pleased.

I have not been satisfied with viewing my sins as men view the stars on a cloudy night, one here and another there . . . but I have endeavoured to get such a view of them as we have of the stars on the brightest night. Nor would I willingly rest with such a view as presents itself to the naked eye; I have desired, and do desire daily, that God would put (so to speak) a telescope to my eye, and enable me to see, not a thousand only, but millions of my sins, which are more numerous than all the stars which God himself beholds.

I cannot help trusting I shall see a kind of revival among us before I am taken away. . . . For this I would willingly be laid up with ten gouts; yea, suffer death itself.

Many years ago, when I was an object of much contempt and derision in this university, I strolled forth with my little Testament in my hand. I prayed earnestly to my God that he would comfort me with some cordial from his Word; and that, on opening the book, I might find some text that would sustain me. It was not for direction I was looking, but only for support. I thought I would turn to the Epistles, where I should most easily find some precious promise; but my book was upside down, so that, without intending it, I opened on the Gospels. The first text that caught my eye was this: "They found a man of Cyrene, *Simon* by name, him they compelled to bear his cross." When I read that, I said, "Lord, lay it on me, lay it on me; I will gladly bear the cross for thy sake"; and I henceforth bound persecution, as a wreath of glory, round my brow.

"How did I speak this evening?" said a clerical friend to him shortly after leaving his pulpit. "Why, my dear brother," said he, "I'm sure you will pardon me—you know it is all love, my brother—but indeed it was just as if you were knocking on a warming pan—tin, tin, tin, tin—without any intermission."

I would be the Christian everywhere; and though I would not lug in religion neck and shoulders, I would never leave any one to doubt a moment whose I am, and whom alone I serve.

I stamp on the Rock of my salvation, and never find it shake under me; and whilst this is the case, I never feel anxious about any little blast that may blow around me.

I preach to the people with my tongue, my eyes, and my hands; and the people receive what I say with their ears, their eyes, and their mouths.

From the time when I found peace with God I wished to impart to others the benefits which I had received.

Selected by E. MORLEY, Halstead.

Rev. Mr. Shelly.

THE Rev. Mr. Shelly, a clergyman at Cambridge in the seventeenth century, is described as "an old-fashioned good man." The old gentleman made the following rhymes "on a sudden, as he was going to preach in his parish church, in answer to one of his parishioners, who asked, 'How long, sir, have you and Mrs. Shelly been married?'" The excellent lesson inculcated must be our apology for laying them before the reader.

"Fifty years and three,
Together in love, liv'd we:
Angry both at once none ever did us see.
This was the fashion,
God taught us, and not fear,
When one was in a passion,
The other could forbear."

A Voice from China.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your Address on the "Evils of the Present Time," and I feel forced to add to your mournful dirge my testimony concerning the Far East. If the pasturage round the shepherd's tent be so dry, what must be the condition of the outlying districts? I live in a spiritual desert, where the sheep sometimes become so famished that they are too weak to care to search for the Well of Living Water. When I journey to the bleak, bare hills of heathenism, to seek hungry goats, whose only food are the dry canes of Confucianism, the baneful but brilliant blossoms of Buddhism, and the tangled brambles of Taouism, I expect to find an emaciated flock. I am never surprised at being unable to discover pastures large and green, or waters sweet and clear among those barren hills. But I have recently left for a season my blessed work of seeking to bring these wandering ones into the fold of the great Shepherd, and have sought refreshment among a people who speak my mother's tongue. It is this visit which has moved me to ask the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* for prayer.

The fatal miasma of respectability has lulled everybody to sleep. When the under-shepherds call their flocks to rest in the green pastures, the sheep heed not. The people idly excuse themselves from going up to the house of God to pray, by complaining that they do not like the preaching. Among the so-called "Christians" there is almost as much immorality as among the despised "heathen." The local papers speak unblushingly of vice as an "unpleasant subject," but "a necessary evil," and sharply reprove those who seek to limit its sway. Thus the wolf makes havoc with the flock. Appalling though the confession be, it is true, that when I play the sweet gospel notes on my shepherd's pipe among the sterile hills of heathenism, my listeners are more numerous and appreciative than when the same tune is played among the respectables, who call themselves "Christians."

Dear Sir, continue to drive your sharp ploughshare through the hard crust of unspirituality, worldliness, and indifference to holy things, until the ground is ready to receive the good seed of the kingdom. Do not forget in your prayers the heathen Christians of China.

Oh, that every reader of this note would offer the holy incense of believing prayer, until the power thereof shall cover the heavens with clouds, which shall descend in abundant showers of blessing! Then shall this thirsty land be enriched with the presence of the Spirit of the Lord. Then, instead of neglected flocks, wandering listlessly over the cold rocks of legality, and occasionally sipping at the shallow stream of delusive hope, we shall behold the sheep well fed and well watered, lying contentedly in the deep shade of the tree of life, which flourishes on the banks of the "pure water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Yours affectionately,

AN OLD PASTORS' COLLEGE MAN.

"In Due Season."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN ON THE TOP OF THE ARK."

"IN due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Such is the promise, and it is quite sure to be fulfilled. But the Master alone is the judge as to what is the "due season." Christian workers must have been often reminded of that by the way in which evidences of the fruit of their well-doing have come to their knowledge. Here is a story which I heard only last Lord's-day on the way home from church :—

Old Mr. John Doubleyew was a venerable elder of the Presbyterian church, a man quite of the old school in his theology and in his Puritan principles; and as full of love, and good works, and liberality as the most zealous of saints. He used to tell, as among his oldest recollections, that when he was going to church with his mother, on the first Sabbath of 1800, they met the minister. "I hope we'll get something refreshing this morning, the first Sabbath of the year," said the old lady. "Gospel truth is always refreshing, Janet," said the minister. And all his life, on to old age, he who was then a boy certainly found it so. He came to England in early life, and was, for nearly half a century, one of the most useful, although not one of the most prominent, citizens of Birkenhead, conducting a large business, and serving as an elder of the first Presbyterian congregation in that city of the future. It was in his house that the congregation was formed fully fifty years ago, and largely by his means that St. Andrew's church was erected. His steadfastness and firmness of principle were united with a gentleness and humility and goodwill that made men call him Nathanael. More than thirty years ago, he went to live at a farm three miles from the town, driving into church, however, as regularly as when he lived near it. In fine weather he was there as a matter of course; in rain he was there, because, as he said, "there might be somebody absent." The beloved old saint had a pleasant wit of his own, which sparkled in connection with his practical logic.

It was Mr. Doubleyew's habit, and that of his family, to give tracts by the roadside, as they came in on Sabbath mornings, always with prayer; and it must be twenty years, probably more, since his daughter passed from her hand to that of a man sauntering by the wayside, a tract with the title, "Saved for Nothing, yet at infinite Cost." Nothing more was heard of the tract by him, and ten years since he was taken home in a ripe and honoured old age. In May of this year, 1888, at the close of a service in Melbourne, Victoria, a man and his wife introduced themselves to a lady, whose husband had been conducting the meeting. On hearing their name, "Willcross," Mrs. Gee said, "I once knew a little about people of that name in a village in Cheshire. Have you relations there?" "I come from that village myself," said Mr. Willcross, "and the means of my conversion was this. There was a good old gentleman, named Doubleyew, who used to give away tracts when driving in to Birkenhead, and one Sunday morning I got one from Miss Doubleyew, which was the means of bringing me to Christ. I have had it printed in hundreds; but this," taking it from his pocket, "is the very tract I got that Sunday morning."

Now, think of the surprise, and joy, and thankfulness when it was found that the tract had, after so many years, and fifteen thousand miles from Birkenhead, been placed again in the very hand by which it was first given! It was the due season, and not an hour sooner or later would have been the due season for Mrs. Gee and Mr. Willcross to reap, that is, to have their hearts cheered and strengthened by so manifest an evidence, that the Master we serve knows everything, and is faithful to his promises.

We are apt to be very impatient, thinking no good is done because we do not see it; whereas we ought to trust the Lord to give effect to his own truth whether we see it or not, and to remember that we have no right to demand that we shall see the fruit of our labour at any time of our own choosing. George Müller said, in our hearing, two years ago, that there were persons for whose conversion he had prayed, and the answer had come in half-an-hour, while there were others for whose conversion he had been praying for ten years, and the answer had not come yet; but, said he, I thank God for the conversion of these last *as if it had already taken place.* Few may have faith so strong as that; but we ought to honour God by fully trusting that he *does* bless work honestly and humbly done for him, although we may never see all the results of such work in this life. The sower's tears are needed to water the seed; but where would the tears be if our mouths were always filled with laughter? (Psalm cxxvi.)

A worker of a rare sort, a lady who has given her fortune and herself to the training of Bible-women in China during the last ten years, and who has been greatly blessed in her work, expressed great delight on hearing the words, "He that believeth shall not make haste," quoted in this connection. It was as if she had heard them for the first time (Isaiah xxviii. 16). While knowing that the time is short, and labouring with all our might, we should be concerned about the labour, not the issues of it. Building on the "precious corner-stone, the sure foundation," we may leave the uprising walls in the care of him to whom they belong, and save ourselves the weakening and hindering worry of impatience. It may be that we are not yet fit to carry sheaves. Sheaves are big things, and if they are to be borne with rejoicing, we must have the strength of perfect men in Christ Jesus. What we need in this time of weary working, is a cup of cold water, now and then, direct from the fountain-head in the far country, to cheer us up; and such the Lord of the harvest gives us in the most gracious and timely fashion, as in the case of these Christian friends in Australia. But to think of the sheaves! The old saint, now in that place where his works follow him, is capable of knowing something about them, I suppose, but we could not.

Here are two other stories that will explain what I mean. In 1853, or perhaps a year earlier, a minister in Glasgow went to the house of a friend for the purpose of meeting Mr. Anderson of Madras, long a successful missionary there, and Mr. Rajahgopaul, a Brahmin convert, then recently ordained as a minister of the gospel. (He died a year ago, after a long and fruitful ministry.) This Indian gentleman came and thanked the Glasgow minister for a book of his, the first English book of theology put into his hands when he began to study. Later in the evening, Mr. Anderson, introduced to the minister for the

first time, said, "Do you remember preaching at Springholm village in the open-air long ago?"

"I often preached at Springholm when I was a minister in Galloway, sometimes in the little meeting-house, sometimes on the green; but I cannot remember the particular time you speak of."

"But I remember it," said Mr. Anderson; "there was a shepherd lad on the outskirts of the crowd listening to you, who was struggling with spiritual doubts, and the conclusion of your sermon was the means of deciding him for Christ and Christ's service."

There comes back to me, as I write, very distinctly, the solemn gladness with which that minister came home and told his family of these good tidings. No question but there would be something in his circumstances then to make that hour the due season, for the gracious Master thus to refresh his servant. But I am thinking of the sheaves. There is a story of a man getting a little handful of wheat that had lain for some two or three millenniums wrapped in the linen round an Egyptian mummy; sowing it, and in course of a few years covering an acre with fresh wholesome grain. Have we not this repeated in this case in the spiritual world? The concluding appeal of a sermon in the open-air, was earnest and prayerful at the time, no doubt, but of necessity it was soon forgotten. Yet one received it into good soil; and, lo! many immortal souls gathered from heathendom by that one. The process by which God gives "seed to the sower, and bread to the eater" (Isaiah lv. 10), will go on as long as the world lasts! Yes, there are sheaves, but only the Lord of the harvest can see them and gather them; and it is in a better world than this that his servants shall have to do with them.

One night, some twelve or fifteen years ago, I was privileged to go home to supper with Robert Moffat after one of his pathetic addresses. The old man was in fine trim, full of gracious talk. "When I came home for the first time in 1840," he said, "and was putting my book through the press, I was one day preaching in Newcastle. Coming home with the minister's wife, we met a little, aged minister. I did not catch his name, but as he seemed anxious to talk to me, Mrs. Wye asked him to tea. So, when he was sitting at one end of a sofa and I at the other, he said, 'Mr. Moffat, your name reminds me of a worthy woman that used to attend my ministry at Carronbridge long ago, for she was of the same name as you. She used to bring a fine boy, with a curly black head, to the meetings. Hearing you has set me wondering what has become of her and her boy.' When I could find my tongue, I said, 'You canna be Mr. Caldwell?' 'Yes, that is my name,' said the old gentleman; and, added Moffat, he was much overcome when he found the boy with the curly black head was the missionary they were all running to hear. I had to describe where the potatoes grew in the garden of his manse, and the shape of the garden, before he could quite believe me, for he was very old and failing."

Such stories are rather to be thought about than talked about. They yield such lessons as these:—

1. Do not be too impatient for results.
2. Get as much faithful sowing as you can into this short life.
3. Keep hopeful. It is not for Christians to let their hearts down.

The Master is to be fully trusted to bring the "many things" out of our "few things."

4. If a single seed is now and then found to have yielded so much, what sheaves must come from all the sowing!

5. Jesus says: "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit *unto life eternal:* that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" (John iv. 36).

Liberty, not License.

BY "THE AUTHOR OF THE FIRST DOWN-GRADE PAPERS."

WHEN Madame Roland ascended the scaffold for execution, 8th November, 1793, during the reign of terror in France, looking round upon the scene, she exclaimed: "O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!" The words recurred to us as we read a recent pamphlet, entitled, "The Liberty of the Pulpit," and we could but mentally exclaim, "O Liberty! what treasonable words have been spoken in thy name!"

The theme of this pamphlet falls somewhat in line with the subject of this paper, previously projected; but we are otherwise unwilling to dwell, either on its details or general characteristics, so full of crudities from beginning to end; having a show, but no force of argument; with such trampling under feet of sacred verities, such a trumpeting forth of the praises of so-called liberty, and such deprecation of honest, faithful contention for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, that we are forcibly reminded of the bold and striking comparison which God employs in relation to revolting Israel: "Thou art a swift dromedary traversing her ways; a wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure."

The pamphlet professes to be a plea for liberty in general, and, in particular, for freedom to propagate all the vagaries of "modern thought," and especially in the direction of Universalism.

The style of the writer is rather turgid, and sometimes boisterous; and his language is frequently misleading, as well known Scripture terms and phrases are used in other than their commonly accepted sense; and while the whole deliverance is avowedly an assertion of loyalty to Christ, to the careful reader, taught in the things of God, the entire performance will appear fraught with disloyalty to Christ, and with the very essence of rebellion against the rights, the claims, the honour of Jesus our Saviour and King.

The writer proceeds upon the lines of two opinions; the one is stated, the other is implied. The former hypothesis is the Universal Fatherhood of God, "the antithesis," the writer says, "of the old starting-point in the conception of God"; the latter is that, in addition to, and even apart from, the revelation of God in his Word, God is now, from time to time, revealing himself and his will in new forms and features to the minds and hearts of believers, especially to his servants the ministers of the gospel. These new revelations, or communications to the "inner consciousness," are claimed to be truth, and to be as a rule of faith, and everyone who receives them, it is claimed, should be at liberty to proclaim them, whether they comport with other revelations or not.

The nature of the Universal Fatherhood of God generally enters into, and is commonly the starting-point of, all the many various theories to which "modern thought," or, in plainer words, "rationalistic speculations," have given birth. Growing out of this one unscriptural sentiment have

arisen all the different speculations concerning the future state of the finally impenitent and ungodly: *annihilation, post-mortem salvation, universal restoration.*

That God, as Creator, is the Father of all men, is a truth no one can question; and that he extends his pity and compassion to all the souls that he has made, will also be admitted; but the Fatherhood in which he reveals himself, in which Christ reveals him, and in which the gospel makes him known, is something higher, grander, and more glorious. It is a Fatherhood, not of nature, but of grace; a Fatherhood embracing, not all the human race, but all that he has chosen to salvation; all that he has given to Christ; all who have been predestinated to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will; all whose names are written in heaven, in the Lamb's book of life.

Innumerable have been the objections raised against this truth of God's Holy Word, and many have fought, and do fight, against it; but, like a mountain of brass, it stands firm and sure. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." They are his in a sense in which none other are his; he forms them for himself; they are his sheep—his own in a very high and holy and precious sense; he loves them with an everlasting love; Christ is their chosen head and representative; he loved them and gave himself for them; God has committed them to his care, and he will so keep them that they shall never perish.

If all these things are true of all the sons and daughters of Adam, then the theory of the Universal Fatherhood of God in a way of grace is true; but these things are not true of vast multitudes in every age, even where the gospel is preached and the Bible is circulated; they will not come unto Christ that they might have life; and yet Christ says, "All that the Father giveth to me shall come to me"; therefore, if they do not come, it is plain they were not given to Christ, and the idea of the Universal Fatherhood of God as the God of grace is not true.

The other sentiment, namely, that God makes revelations of himself and of his will to the minds and hearts of his servants other than, and in addition to, what he has caused to be written of his Holy Word, is alike untrue; it is contrary to the plain statements of God's Word, and out of harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ and the plan and provision of the gospel, in which, in *these last days*, God has spoken to us by his Son.

The writer of the pamphlet claims "liberty" to propagate freely, in the pulpits of the Baptist denomination, at least, all those new-fangled ideas, novel sentiments, and false imaginings, which he *supposes*, indeed, *believes*, God reveals from time to time to ministers and others. No doubt he *believes* in these new revelations or inspirations, and so, no doubt, Edward Irving *believed* in his rhapsodical effusions, and that he had the gift of tongues, and such like; and in like manner, without doubt, Baron Swedenborg *believed* in the visions and revelations which he declared he had received. Fanaticism, indeed, has no bounds. But no man understands the liberty with which Christ makes his own free who speaks or writes as this man does.

As a man and a citizen, no doubt, one may write or teach what he pleases, so far as man is concerned, so long as he does not contravene righteous authority and just laws, endanger public morals, or blaspheme God; but when a man enters the sphere of revealed religion, and especially when he assumes the position of a teacher, a preacher, or a minister of God, he is *not* at liberty to teach and preach what he may happen to believe, unless his belief and his teaching are in harmony with the plainly revealed will of God, as made known in his Word and by his Son, who is Prophet, as well as Priest and King in Zion. A man ought to believe what he teaches; but, first of all, his belief must square with the Divine testimony, or his belief will be hurtful to himself and damaging to others. The eternal principles

of right and truth are the bounds within which liberty may be exercised. To go beyond these is to exercise, not *liberty* but *license*. To go against these is *lawlessness*.

Right is the bound of liberty to the citizen; *truth* the bound of liberty to the Christian and to the minister of the gospel, both in believing and teaching. To go beyond these is *license*, and to go against them, *lawlessness*. To depose Charles I. was within the rights of the subjects of the kingdom of Great Britain, for the king had contravened the laws of the kingdom in accordance with which he had sworn to rule. But when the Southern States of the American Republic sought to establish a Confederacy, making slavery its corner-stone, their act was lawlessness and rebellion, for it was in accordance with no acknowledged right or just law of man, and contrary to the law of God—the eternal law of "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The eternal law of *right* is the law of all, ruler and ruled alike, in the political world; and the eternal law of *truth* is the rule in relation to God's claims of us and our obedience to him in the moral world. A strange world this would be if a man's conceptions of what is right were to be his rule of action; that is, if he were to be a law unto himself. There would be as many laws as men, and no end of confusion and disaster and contention, resulting only in misery and ruin. So in the moral world, and in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. The rule is, not each man's "inner consciousness," each man's idea or conception of what is right, but God's own truth, which he has made the unalterable law of his kingdom.

When our blessed Lord speaks of the freedom with which he makes his own free, he takes us back to the foundation principles of his kingdom, which are also the foundations of all gospel liberty—eternal truth. "Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Certainly, as Cowper says,

> "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
> And all are slaves besides."

But how can we attain to a knowledge and possession of the truth? The answer is here at hand, very positive and very emphatic—by continuing in the word of Christ—the message he brought, the revelations he made. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." These words are truth, because he himself, and his Father who sent them, is truth; and life and death depend on the keeping or otherwise of Christ's saying, as he has said, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." And again, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

The liberty which Christ has bought for us by his blood, and which he bestows, is a liberty *through* the truth, and *in* the truth. We come into the liberty of the gospel as we *believe* and *obey* the truth; we enjoy it as we *love* the truth; and we prosper and please God as we *walk* in the truth; but when we depart from the truth, believe the fables and fancies and dreams of men, and turn away our ears from the truth; and when we follow the vain imaginings of our own deceitful hearts; we lose, we surrender, and therefore do not stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. By following the supposed new light, and further revelations (of God, as men vainly dream) to the "inner consciousness" of the soul, we exercise not liberty, but license; we gain no more real freedom, but

virtually forfeit that which we had, or professed to have. The fact is plain, that the more loyal we are to the revealed truth of God's Holy Word, the more we shall possess and enjoy of that true and holy freedom which Christ gives; and as we depart from him, and the truth which he has made known in his own and his Father's name—the truth which centres in, and rays forth from him—the more we shall be hampered with bondage of some kind. Not walking in the truth, as did the beloved Gaius, and the children of "the elect lady," to whom John wrote his second and third epistles, we shall certainly be ensnared, as many are: some with the world; some with Pharisaic legality; some with the different forms and degrees of sacramentalism—Romish and Anglican; some with the pride of human reason; and some with the lusts of the flesh. Receiving the truth and holding fast the truth and walking in the truth is the antidote to all forms of bondage and slavery.

The liberty of the gospel is a precious privilege, and an invaluable treasure. It may be viewed in several aspects and relations.

It is a freedom from the condemning sentence of the law, under which all men lie, until through faith in Christ as their law-fulfilling righteousness, they find rest from their heavy burden of guilt, which falls from their shoulders at the sight of his sacrifice on the cross.

It is not only a freedom from the condemning sentence of the law, but from the law itself as a covenant of works. When we trust wholly in Jesus as our Redeemer, who redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, we are no longer under the law, but under grace. We are no longer servants, or *slaves*, but sons. For those who receive Christ have thereby the right and ability of sonship, and all its privileges. They are the free-born citizens of the heavenly kingdom, and heaven becomes endeared to them as their Father's house.

It is also a freedom from all legal rites, ceremonies, and exactions. They are crucified and dead, alike to the carnal ordinances of fleshly religion and the ensnaring vanities of this world.

Moreover, gospel liberty implies open access to God and free intercourse with him, in, through, and with Christ. Through and in the revelation God has given in and of Christ, and his eternal love and well-pleasedness with us in Christ we can rejoice before him. We participate in the common inheritance of God's saints, and here and now we have fellowship with the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and saints of every age, and "truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

The liberty with which Christ makes believers free also confers upon them the privileges of sons in all respects. They have the Spirit of Christ, that they may know the things that are freely given to them of God, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, that is, the Lord Jesus, there is liberty.

But though believers have so holy and blessed a freedom in Christ, they are under the law to Christ. The range of their liberty is within the bounds of God's truth; that is, the Word of truth, the Holy Scriptures, his own revealed will, where are written, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, all things necessary for our instruction and for our perfection in faith and holiness.

The *authority* of Holy Scripture is a matter carefully omitted from the pamphlet mentioned above, and in like manner the *sufficiency* of Holy Scripture, while it is not formally denied, is as carefully set aside; and throughout the whole of the crude production the *perpetuity* of Holy Scripture is as plainly ignored.

Under such conditions the writer, and those who go with him in his vague theories, are, apparently, like those philosophers in St. Paul's day, who, though "ever learning," were never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. As an antidote against all such teachers and errors, and seducers and deceivers of every kind, St. Paul exhorts his beloved Timothy, in language it

would be treason to question the divine inspiration of, and which is specially applicable now in these days of doubt and darkness, rebuke and blasphemy:—"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned (them); and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." He alleges the strongest possible argument for his exhortation, namely, that "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Thus every Christian, and especially every Christian minister, has a vast magazine where he may find, and whence he may draw, all supplies for wayfare and warfare, for all kinds of work, for every possible necessity, and for all requirements; and what David wrote when not half the entire volume of inspiration was in his hand, can be repeated now with an immeasurable emphasis, concerning that priceless gift of God: "O, how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day"; and again, "Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever." Indeed, if the advocates of "advanced ideas" would only go back in their researches to David's time, they would find how much better acquainted with the divine Word the Royal Psalmist was than the most enlightened of them appear to be. Only let them read, or, if they will not, let us read carefully over Psalm cxix., and we shall very plainly see what a strong and implicit faith David had in that Word, how his mind grasped its great truths, absorbed them into his soul, as it were, and how earnestly he commends that Word for all necessary uses, illustrating it by an endless variety of figures and emblems.* He *hid* that Word in his heart; he *stuck* unto it as a limpet to the rock; he *observed* it in all his ways; sought unto it for all he needed; and desired no greater liberty, no truer freedom, than to "run in the way of God's commandments," with a heart divinely enlarged. And we especially commend to the writer of the pamphlet referred to, and to all others, the purpose of the humble and holy psalmist to "keep God's law (Word) continually for ever and for ever," and his solemn resolve to find and enjoy his liberty *in* that Word, and not outside of it." "And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts" (v. 45).

Here, then, is true liberty; liberty within the realm of truth and according to the principles of righteousness; a liberty animated by love to him whose "service is perfect freedom." The Spirit of the Lord is at one and the same time the Spirit of truth, and the Spirit of liberty, or, as David prays, "Uphold me with thy *free* Spirit," for where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty—liberty to walk in the truth, and not license to depart from it, and roam unguided and unrestrained by holy love and gracious fear.

It is a sad discovery of the imperious pride of the human heart when man in any sense, way, or degree, seeks to exalt himself—his reason, his will, his desires—above that safe level of sure guidance and humble dependence which God grants to those who seek him and trust in him. The broad circumference of revealed truth affords ample scope for the mightiest intellects among created beings. Indeed, there are vast stretches of thought—heights, depths, length, and breadth—in the region of revelation as we have it in the divine Word, which are beyond the grasp of the most soaring and penetrating mind. God has in his Word made known to us more than angels know; for it is distinctly said of the things that God hath made known unto us by his Spirit, that "the angels desire to look into them." And so we further learn that the unfoldings of the manifold wisdom of God in the work of redemption engross their thought and fix their gaze, so that, in the pauses of the song ever new, they receive fresh

* See the Golden Alphabet of Holy Scripture, by C. H. Spurgeon: Passmore & Alabaster.

accessions of knowledge, and grander and still grander displays of the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and of the aboundings of redeeming love.

The world's poet has punned upon the old pronunciation of Rome (as if it were written Room):

"Now it is Rōme indeed, and Rōme enough,
Since its wide walls encompass but one man."

And surely there is room enough for the largest liberty within the vast circumference of revealed truth. Men who think otherwise must have read to little purpose the all-comprehending prayer of the Apostle Paul for the Ephesian Christians and all believers:—"That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power," &c.*

Now, we fail to see what the greatest mind, the most soaring imagination, can want or would have outside of this. Let but the apostle's prayer be fulfilled in us; let us so have the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ, &c., and instead of wishing to soar higher or dive deeper, we shall rather exclaim with blessed Paul, as elsewhere recorded: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

And all these things which God hath revealed *belong to us:* they are part of our inheritance; they are among the things that are freely given to us of God; they are the things which the Holy Spirit makes known, and for the communicating of which to us the Holy Spirit is given; that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God.

The things that have not been revealed are among the many mysteries of God's inscrutable will which we must wait for the unveiling of, amid other scenes than those of this sin-benighted world. The path of duty is plainly set forth in the infallible Word in relation to the races and people outside the Christian Church. The gospel is to be preached to them; the earth is to be "called from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same," and the earnest prayer of King David, which is the desire and hope of the whole church, shall yet be fulfilled; "And let the whole earth be filled with his glory, Amen, and Amen."

We would offer a word, in conclusion, to our younger brethren. They live in perilous times; the times may be still more perilous, and they will be so if the Church of Christ do not awake, arise, and "shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments." Let each soldier in Christ's army be faithful; let us "mind our marching orders," and leave the plan and issues of the conflict to him who knows the end from the beginning, and who is our shield and our salvation at all times. God has given us each a banner that it may be displayed because of truth. Let us uplift that, and ever be loyal to our Master and to his cause, which is also ours. Perplexities, difficulties, mysteries, there will be, there have ever been, for God's ways are past finding out; but we have to do with One who is immutable, whose words are right, and all of whose works are done in truth.

"The wisest will is God's own will:
Rest on this anchor and be still;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God."†

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*The writer will always remember with great satisfaction the masterly exposition of this whole passage by the late Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, in a sermon in connexion with the Autumnal Meetings of the Baptist Union, at Leeds, in 1878. The reader will find, also, some excellent thoughts on the *Divine Inheritance*, in sermons xvi., xvii., and xviii. of "A Year's Ministry" by Dr. Maclaren, First Series. † Paul Gerhardt.

With infinite and eternal truth, plainly revealed in Christ and in the Word, as our heritage; with the Spirit of truth as our Teacher and Guide, concerning whom it is promised that he will lead us into all truth, we may well be content to work on, wait on, and struggle on, acting on the good advice of the homely lines—

"Let all fruitless searches go,
That perplex and tease us,
And determine nought to know
But a bleeding Jesus."*

Here is true liberty, the liberty of light and love, in which we may serve God and one another, and our generation according to his will. Beyond this angels fear to tread, and our bold, adventurous thoughts may not seek to climb or rove. We conclude with a verse in which may every reader unite with the writer, as in humble, fervent prayer:—

"Jesus, only stand thou by me!
In thy strength my safety lies:
Search my spirit, Lord, and try me,
Free my heart from all disguise."

"Withhold me from paths that to ruin are hasting,
And lead me, O Lord, in the way everlasting;
Till, dying, from earth and its cares I retire,
With Jesus to live—the one thing I desire."†

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Homilies. By C. H. SPURGEON. Reprinted from "Farm Sermons." Passmore and Alabaster.

UNDER the above heading our publishers have issued chapters from "Farm Sermons" in the form of penny books. "In the Hay-Field," "Threshing," &c., will, we trust, win readers, and so, by the divine blessing, win souls.

The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith. Passmore and Alabaster.

ON the publishing day the sale of this new book was very large. We have already had hearty thanks for it. The pieces are short. The type is large. The matter is cheering. We are amused by a notice taken of our book in the paper entitled *Trade, Finance, and Recreation*. May many a business man prove for himself that God's cheques are safer than any which bear the signatures of men!

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn, a Polish Jew. Told by himself. Alfred Holness.

WE had had much pleasure in knowing Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, before he entered the Pastors' College, and therefore we received him with great confidence. In the College, and in his work since his course of study ended, we have had great content. Oh that the Lord would call by his grace many like him from among the tribes of Israel! The story here told by himself is a touching one.

Personal Reminiscences and Biographical Sketches. By the late Rev. JAMES DODDS. With a Memoir by his Wife. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

THESE pleasing remembrances of departed worthies—the plums of the historical cake—have had our good word before. We do not wonder that a re-issue has been called for.

* Joseph Hart.

† By John Henry Schröder, pastor, in Moseberg, near Magdeberg, 1696—1728. [One of the Halle school of hymn-writers. A young man, who had learned this hymn at School, remembered it in his last illness, and was led by it to accept salvation in Christ. The hymn may be found in *Horæ Germanicæ*, New York, and in "Hymns from the German," by Miss F. E. Cox, Rivingtons, London. The above is the last of ten verses.]

The Names of God in Holy Scripture: Notes of a Course of Lectures. By ANDREW JUKES. Longmans.

THE Revised Version of the Old Testament has challenged far less adverse criticism than the Revised Version of the New Testament. And yet many a sigh has been heaved by scholar and by student that the high authority of such a commission did not discriminate the divers names by which the One God has been pleased to make himself known. A retention of the Hebrew words, if not an approximate translation, would have been a clear gain to the English reader. Our author perceives this, and borrows his interpretations of those holy names for the most part from Parkhurst's "Hebrew Lexicon." That lexicon is a standard work, and has enjoyed good fame for a century. By its aid any of our young friends, ladies or gentlemen, devoting two hours a day for five or six months, might easily, without a tutor, acquire sufficient knowledge of the original language to estimate the value of a criticism on any word or any text. Mr. Parkhurst ignores the Masoretic points, and he accommodates us with a grammar in front of his dictionary. As you can pick up the book for about five shillings, and make its acquaintance in about five months, it may be worth while to adopt a study which might prove pleasant and profitable for fifty years. Could you become deft at chess, or any other pastime or waste-time in a shorter period? We wot not.

Of course, Mr. Parkhurst is by no means responsible for all that Mr. Jukes propounds to us. A generation has rolled by since we first met with Mr. Andrew Jukes in print. We well remember how pleased we were with his "Law of the Offerings"; how profited we felt by his "Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels"; how perplexed we found ourselves by his "Types of Genesis": and at length how staggered we were by his "Restitution of all Things"—this last, a vision he thought he saw shadowed in the types, or floating in the clouds. His passion for the early fathers, and his partiality for the devout mystics, seem to have grown with his years and ripened with his studies. Of Mr. Jukes' present status in the professing church we cannot speak positively. To the best of our belief, he opened his career as a clergyman, subsequently officiated at Hull as a Nonconformist minister, and at a more recent date resumed his canonical orders, with a more fervent respect for the Establishment than he had before conceived. Little things like these must be taken into account when you want to know an author's line in theological literature. Although you refuse to follow his lead, you may cherish an interest in his dissertations, for the sake of seeing which way the human mind can climb. While we admire the profundity of our author's meditation, and the devoutness of his thought, we protest against the eccentricities of his doctrine, and trust that they will not influence the views of other men.

The Epistle to the Hebrews. By THOMAS CHARLES EDWARDS, D.D. "The Expositor's Bible" Series. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is very well, so far as it goes: but while we have *Owen* and *Gouge*, we shall look upon them as substantial joints of meat, and upon this as a side-dish. It was a pity for Dr. Edwards to touch the Hebrews at all when so many other books far more required exposition. Much that is good and helpful will be found in Dr. Edwards' exposition, and it is only in comparison with the greater writers that we make any depreciatory remark. We do not agree with him in his belief that Paul did *not* write the epistle to the Hebrews, nor do we consent to all his expository statements, but he is a commentator of high rank, and his contribution to the Expositor's Bible is worthy of the works with which it will be associated.

Tracts. "Our Sailors' Series." Packet of forty-eight, assorted, 6d. Morgan and Scott.

THE very thing for our friends to carry with them on the pier or on the sands. Pretty little illustrated booklets like these will be received with a "thank you" at the time, and remembered with many a "thank God" afterwards.

Personal Recollections of Lord Wriothesley Russell and Chenies. By the Rev. FRANCIS W. B. DUNNE, LL.B. Elliot Stock.

A BRIEF memoir of one of the excellent of the earth, of whom all Christians speak with brotherly admiration. He was beloved of all. Though of a noble family, he was one of the humblest and most unassuming of our Master's servants. These Personal Recollections do not profess to be a memoir, but yet they suffice to show what manner of man Lord Wriothesley Russell was during his long life in Chenies. The following extracts will show the genuine good-nature of the good man, and at the same time afford a little amusement :—

"The dear Rector's manner was always so warm and genial, that it had the charmed effect upon those who approached him of at once setting them at their ease; and yet, so complete was his influence, and so noble his bearing, that, in spite of his geniality, we cannot fancy anyone venturing 'to forget themselves,' or attempting to take a liberty with him. The poor could confide in him, and did so, knowing that his heart was always open to listen to their troubles and return sympathizing advice, which was seldom amiss or wide of the mark. With his keen sense of humour, he entered most heartily into the ridiculous side of an incident, and even out of dulness would extract a pleasant view. If a story told, or seemed to tell, against himself, he none the less heartily enjoyed it.

"Once a workman came to him for a letter of recommendation to a neighbouring nobleman, into whose service he was anxious to enter; and when advised to apply personally, and sink his natural timidity, his reply was :—

"'Well, you see, my lord, I don't like speaking to Lord C——, as he may be proud, and not care to listen to the likes of me; it would be quite a different thing if it were your lordship, for there's nothing of the gentleman in you!'

"How his eyes would sparkle and his face light up as he oft repeated this amusing conversation!

"On another occasion, having permitted his beard to grow during a serious illness, which added much to his venerable appearance, and gave him quite a patriarchal look, the members of his Bible-class visiting him, many expressed themselves surprised and pleased with his altered appearance; and one, wishing to show his appreciation of the change, used the rather ambiguous words, 'His lordship is so altered for the better, that anyone might take him for an old Jew!' The simplicity of the expression afforded him intense delight.

"Again, once speaking to a parishioner on the needless expense and outlay attending funerals, which he much deplored, and advocating the strictest economy in these matters, he said :—

"'I have always desired, should it be God's will that I die more than fifty miles distant from Chenies, that my remains be buried in the place where I die, and not in the family burying-place here, as I should not wish needless expense to be incurred in bringing my remains from a distance.'

"'O my lord!' was the civilly intended reply, 'I am sure nothing would afford the people of Chenies so much pleasure as to see your lordship lying in the family vault.'"

Modern Science in Bible Lands. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Hodder and Stoughton.

SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON travelled in Egypt, and Palestine, and Syria, with the special design of studying the geological and physical features of those countries, and seeing how far they would cast light upon the histories of the sacred Scriptures. He has seen with educated eye, and recorded with an accurate pen. A devout heart has kept him loyal to the Bible, and that loyalty has made him quick to perceive the thousand and one facts which support the teachings of the infallible Book. His portly volume will be read with interest and profit by those who still remain believers: the number is greater than our darkest fears, but by no means so great as other men's sanguine hopes. In any case, we have here before us a solid volume by a sagacious man, who is not carried away by the infantile scepticisms of this age of doubt.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. With sixty-two Illustrations by FREDERICK BARNARD, J. D. LINTON, W. SMALL, &c. Engraved by DALZIEL BROTHERS. And an Introductory Notice of the Author by Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Partridge and Co.

BUNYAN'S pilgrim is perpetually renewing his youth. Here he appears in apparel fit for a court, and we trust that he will in this guise be welcomed in the mansions and palaces of the land. It is an amazing book for five shillings: we should have thought it cheap at ten. The spécialité of this edition lies in the engravings, and the spécialité of the engravings lies mainly in the graphic portraiture of character. That picture of the jury who tried the prisoners at Vanity Fair is life-like; we could pick out the gentlemen at once; there is no mistaking Hate-light, or High-mind, or Live-loose, or indeed any one of them. The engravings of Vanity Fair, and the Lions, are very excellent; but the separate characters are the gems of the illustrations. The introductory notice is short and sweet; the text is accurate; the binding is attractive; the whole thing is "a joy for ever."

A Bi-Centenary Memorial of John Bunyan, who died A.D. 1688. By CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Accrington. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

WELL written, and well illustrated. We marvel that it should be necessary to prove that Bunyan was a Baptist. Perhaps it goes to show how much the whole church of God appreciates him, and how willingly all communities would claim him. The Episcopalians, who shut him up, would now be among the first to do him honour. Time vindicates those who dare to be true to truth.

The Ministry of the Church to the Young. A Course of five Lectures delivered in the Regent's Park College to Students and Teachers. By RICHARD GLOVER, of Bristol. Sunday School Union.

HERE are some good things put in Mr. Glover's own admirable style; but there is a tincture of a spirit to which we are diametrically opposed. Where there is a chance of having a poke at Calvinism, or the Puritans, it is ingeniously used; and indirect slurs are cast upon the old theology, which are more dangerous than distinct attacks. We would gladly praise these lectures for what is good in them, but we feel that we dare not do so. An evangelical society like the Sunday School Union should have required revision before publication. Surely we are not to regard it as an Anti-Calvinistic Society.

The Jerusalem Sinner Saved, and *The Heavenly Footman.* By JOHN BUNYAN.

Paradise Regained; Samson Agonistes; and *The Minor English Poems.* By JOHN MILTON.

Practical Social Science. By HARRY JONES, M.A.

Natural History Notes and Anecdotes. Religious Tract Society.

IT is wonderful how these books can be produced for sixpence in binding and threepence in paper covers. All young people who are getting together a library should procure the fifteen books now issued in this remarkable series, published by the Tract Society. They are mostly reprints of volumes which have been sold at many times the price. The variety is great, but each book contains 192 pages, and is a marvel of cheapness.

The Students' Commentary on the Holy Bible: founded on "The Speaker's Commentary." Abridged and edited by J. M. FULLER, M.A. New Testament. Vol. II. Romans to Revelation. John Murray.

THIS completes the set of six small octavo volumes, and makes a most useful commentary upon the whole Bible for students who cannot afford the unabridged edition. It is necessarily very much condensed, but there is sufficient to give the meaning of the text, with brief comments which will be helpful to the preacher who has not the time for deep research. The introductory notes upon each of the epistles are worthy of careful study. The editor and publisher have done well in putting within the reach of students with slender purses so much of the expositions of "The Speaker's Commentary" as we find in these six volumes.

The Words of Jesus Christ taken from the Gospels. Kegan Paul.

THE object of this publication is thus stated in the preface: "My purpose in separating the words of Jesus from the rest of the New Testament is simply to bring the teachings of the Master, which have been, to some extent, concealed by the superstructure of dogma which has grown up around them, into greater prominence. I have left out the miracles and part of the prophetic discourses, and only included those words of Christ, as we find them in our English versions, which can be designated as teaching."

It seems to us that an attempt is here slyly made to set the Saviour's words of teaching apart from his miracles and prophecies, and also to make them seem adverse to the orthodox theology. This preface comes from one of the "Down Grade" school, and is marked by all that contemptuous bitterness and pretended charity which is characteristic of the clan. Let our Lord's words be spread through every corner of the land; but they will be best understood if read in the New Testament in connection with his miracles and his atoning sacrifice.

Preparations for Pulpit Exercises. By CHARLES STOVEL. Edited by W. WILLIS, Q.C. Marlborough and Co.

MR. WILLIS has obeyed the promptings of affection in preserving and publishing a few of the notes written by Mr. Stovel when preparing his sermons. To the literary they will be curiosities; to the friends of the venerable preacher they will be treasures. We did not always understand Mr. Stovel, but we saw a force of personality and an energy of conviction about him which impressed us much. We have not many of his kind nowadays: we wish we had. Had there been a little more of the practical about our honoured friend, who is now with God, he would have been an amazing power for good. Even as it was, he was a man of great calibre, of glorious firmness, and of simple faith. The present publication is a suitable memorial of a man who blazed on the public platform with a light as pure as it was dazzling. In the pulpit he was at times rather "a luminous haze" than a star; but usually, before the sermon was over, the haze was gone, and you forgot the clouds in the brilliance of the heavenly light.

Peter the Apostle. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. Charles Burnet and Co., 9, Buckingham Street, Strand.

OUR friend Dr. Taylor is always good. We mean by this not only that he is safe and sound, but that he is instructive, edifying, and striking. All things considered, we view in him the model expositor, and the chief of the writers of Scripture biographies. In this instance he is at his best, and that best is about as good as good can be. Though scholarly enough to instruct the learned, this author is simple enough to gain the attention of the humblest. He has a loving spirit, eager to do good, and this gives a tone to all his writings which wins all sorts of readers. Although labouring in America, he is an old-fashioned Scotchman in his divinity, and as free from the Beecher spirit as if he had never seen New York. It is always a great treat to us to spend a few days with the living man, and next to this it is a joy to read what he writes.

This is a beautiful book, and we commend it most heartily. Here is a story from it:—

"A minister had preached a simple sermon upon the text, 'He brought him to Jesus'; and as he was going home his daughter, walking by his side, began to speak of what she had been hearing. She said, 'I did so like that sermon.' 'Well,' enquired her father, 'whom are you going to bring to Jesus?' A thoughtful expression came upon her countenance, as she replied, 'I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him.' 'Capital!' said her father, 'that will do admirably for a beginning.' This, brethren, is the true starting-point. We must be good if we would do good. Bring yourselves to Jesus, therefore; and, as iron by being rubbed with a magnet becomes itself magnetic, so you, being united to Christ, will become partakers in his attractive power, and will draw men with 'the cords of a man,' which are also 'the bands of love.'"

Sermons. By the Right Reverend Father in God, JOSEPH BUTLER, D.C.L., late Lord Bishop of Durham. Sermons I., II., III. Introduction and Notes by the Rev. T. B. KILPATRICK, B.D. ("Handbooks for Bible-classes" series). Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE have not yet seen the Bible-class which would tackle these three sermons. If any class did so, it would be rather a Butler-class than a Bible-class. What with the introduction, the notes, and the three ethical discourses of a sufficiently abstruse character, there is something here worthy of a band of sharp-witted, earnest young students. We are not going to vouch for all the ethics of Bishop Butler, but he showed a master's hand in everything he touched, and those who can appreciate and appropriate what he has written are on the way to be masters themselves. We suggest to a young minister that it would be a grand exercise for his mind, if he would carefully go through this work. The book will only cost him eighteenpence, and he may get eighteen pounds' worth of good out of it, if he puts his mind through the athletics which it will set before him.

Two or three facts may interest the general reader, to whom the book itself would be too tough a morsel.

Butler was originally a Dissenter, but joined the Establishment, and the writer of the biographical sketch says, "We shall find the true explanation of this to lie in the decadent spirituality of the Nonconformist bodies of the time, which rendered them incapable of commanding the enthusiastic loyalty even of their own members." What a warning for the time now present!

Queen Caroline, who had heard of Butler from Secker, had forgotten him, and left him in obscurity. On his name being mentioned to her, she remarked that she thought he was dead. "No, madam," was the reply, "he is not dead, but he is buried." A resurrection speedily took place. We have plenty of good men among us who are buried in obscure places, and they will not be brought to light till there is a more general appreciation of fervent piety, quiet worth, and sound doctrine.

Thoughts for Heart and Life. By Rev. JOHN KER, D.D. Edited with Introduction by the Rev. A. L. SIMPSON, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

READERS of Dr. Ker's sermons will rejoice that even the dust of his wisdom should be preserved. Here we have the fragments of the feast, or say the small joints and side-dishes. Dr. Ker had common-sense, orthodoxy, and catholicity, in about equal proportions. We fail to see much of the humour of which the introduction speaks, but we note far more the solid sagacity of a great and well-instructed mind; yet there is a twinkle or sparkle now and then which we would not wish to miss. In his writings, Dr. Ker seems an all-round man; at home upon every subject, and yet by no means shallow. These "Thoughts" are not extracts from his books, but selections from rich stores of unpublished writings: they are rich and striking; but yet we hardly think that they are sufficiently epigrammatic to be largely circulated. They are just an inch too deep in thought, and a shade too elaborate in expression to be widely popular; but the thoughtful will be glad to keep them among similar collections of the words of the sages.

We think it will be helpful to our readers if we quote one or two of the shorter pieces.

"The Bible is like a transparent vase, seen to perfection only when lighted up within by God's Spirit."

"There are two ways of being original in the interpretation of the Bible—the one, by the picking up of a fancied novelty; the other, by the profounder perception of an old truth. 'The old is better.'"

"It would be better to confess our ignorance of some parts of the Bible than to attempt hasty and ill-digested explanations. Calvin was not ashamed to confess that he did not understand the Apocalypse."

"The French lady who was asked why she believed in the divinity of the Bible, answered the question well: 'Because I have become acquainted with the Author.'"

Only for Jesus: Memorials of the late William M. Macgregor, Missionary to China. By LEWIS MONRO. With Introductory Note by Rev. J. A. WILSON, D.D. Partridge and Co.

WILLIAM M. MACGREGOR was all on fire with love to the Lord Jesus. He joined the China Inland Mission, and went out to China. Just when he gave bright promise of usefulness he fell asleep. The life is like that of certain other godly young men who are taken home at the moment when their continuance on earth appears to be most for the glory of God. The Lord's judgment as to what is best is infinitely to be preferred to ours. This short memoir will best interest those who knew the brother; but it should stimulate all young men to live for Jesus. It is nicely written, and the best use is made of the few incidents of a brief career. Here was one who gloried in the work of the Lord, and gave himself to it in the most wholehearted manner; but before he could fairly enter upon his missionary labours he was called away. We may complete in imagination the life which might have been, and this will be a profitable exercise, if wisely done.

An Ex-Captain's Experience of the Salvation Army. By J. J. R. REDSTONE. With an Introduction by the Rev. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Christian Commonwealth.

WE cannot see the use of publishing the complaints of Salvation Army captains. If a man does not like the arrangements of the so-called Army he should not go into it, or if he be already in it before he finds out its faults, he should get out of it. This is a free country, and no man need be for a single hour under any religious system to which he objects. We doubt not that at points Mr. Booth's methods may occasionally grind hard upon individuals, for we do not see how this is to be altogether avoided under that personal system of government which may yet turn out to be the weakness of the organization, but which has certainly been its strength hitherto. Those who take an interest in studying the unpleasantnesses of religious work will have a sufficient satisfaction in this sixpennyworth of small talk and grievance; but we do not think that many of our readers would care to invest their money in the purchase.

Beneath the Blue Sky: Preaching in the Open-Air. By GODFREY HOLDEN PIKE. With Contributions by JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A., and GAWIN KIRKHAM. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume is both handsome in appearance and attractive in contents. It is the first history of open-air preaching that has appeared, and this fact will secure it a circulation far and wide. Some chapters of it have already appeared in these pages; we especially remember the description of the Epsom Race-course on the Sunday before the Derby. To preach the gospel in the open seems most natural, most in accordance with the grandeur of the message, most in harmony with the freeness of its provisions. That it should ever be thought a novelty is an instance of human perversity. Preaching within walls is certainly allowable; but from the beginning it was not so. Our great Leader and Saviour spake mostly by the sea-side, or on the slopes of a hill, or on the plain. For the sake of the people to be reached, open-air preaching should be kept up; and even in our wretched climate it should be carried on for the health of the preacher himself. Far better would it be to speak in the street outside than in the horribly stuffy sepulchres which are now built to be used as chapels, where not a window will open, and fresh air is diligently shut out. More souls would be saved in a week by brethren being heard by passers-by than they will reach in seven years if they keep on droning to the handful of old people, and the great number of empty seats, which are now to be found inside the Gothic shams of the present day. May Mr. Pike's bright and lively book excite in many true Israelites the desire to come out of their holes and defy the Philistines. If they could crowd vast buildings continually, this might suffice; but where this is not done, let them show themselves publicly to the world, and try what this will do.

The Inspiration of the Old Testament Inductively Considered. The Seventh Congregational Union Lecture. By ALFRED CAVE, M.A. Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

WE will give this volume a thorough reading, for we suppose it to be the soundest thing that Congregationalism can produce. There is evidently much that is good in this lecture; but the oracle is doubtful, and therefore it will do quite as much harm as good. The concluding paragraphs will enable readers to see what *orthodox* Independency has to say upon the most vital of all themes. To us they read very like yea and nay. To say that "the record is infallible so far as it is true," is a mere truism, which reads to us very like nonsense. See-saw; yes—no; it is, perhaps, but perhaps it is not: we have less patience with this halting and hesitating than with the downright Baalite denial of inspiration. Still, there is the other view of it: it is a good thing to see some men going even so far in these evil days. Let the reader judge for himself. We cannot afford space for the whole of the concluding italicized passage, but this has the gist of it:—

"This being so, of course the authority of these Old Testament records depends, on the one hand, on the co-operation which has enabled fallible and weak men to become the media of revelation; and, on the other hand, on the nature of the revelations vouchsafed. Inspiration guarantees the substantial truth of the record. As a record the record is infallible so far as it is true; it is substantially true, because it is inspired. Revelation guarantees the truth of the facts recorded. So far as the facts recorded are a guide in matters of faith and practice, they must be an infallible guide.

"With one explanatory word, this investigation may end. If it has been said that the record is substantially true, the ground for this statement is that this substantial truth has been borne out in the course of this inductive inquiry. That the record is absolutely devoid of mistakes we do not know; the record is a human record of the Divine; but that the record is substantially true, is veracious, trustworthy, and historical, our whole inquiry has shown. It has also shown the need of the greatest caution before errors are attributed to the Old Testament. A great many pseudo-facts are abroad concerning the Old Testament, which call for the most painstaking and patient verification or disproof before they are repeated. As said the Psalmist: 'The sum of thy word is truth.'"

The Gospel according to Mark. ["The Expositors' Bible" series of Commentaries.] By the Very Rev. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

One of the best volumes of the series. We like it; not because we always agree with it, but because it is the living thought of an earnest man who has read the gospel for himself. It is sententious and suggestive. Certain so-called commentaries are simply sermons, and nothing more; but while these chapters might be sermons, they are too condensed, too briefly worded, and too full of meaning to have been the passing discourses of an ordinary ministry. MARK has been excellently done by others, and it is saying much to admit that there was room for Dr. Chadwick, and that he has filled it with marked ability. If a minister gets this book for six shillings he will have fine value for his money.

Bishop Patteson, the Martyr of Melanesia. By JESSE PAGE. Partridge.

THIS is a fine missionary life. All our young people should read it, and see what a brave heart can accomplish. Patteson earned the Victoria Cross among missionary heroes. Outrages committed upon natives of an island in the Southern Seas were avenged upon him—the Bishop of Melanesia, the friend of the oppressed. Club and spear did their cruel work; but afterwards his body was carefully laid by the natives in one of their boats, and floated towards those who came in search of him. These buried him in the great deep, whence he shall arise to take his place among apostles and martyrs.

Bacchus Dethroned. The First Teare Prize Essay. By FREDERICK POWELL. With Memoir, and Extracts from the Speeches of the late JAMES TEARE, by Dr. J. R. LEES. Marshall Brothers.

THE success of this essay has proved that the adjudicators were right in awarding it the prize. It is a trenchant assault upon the Bacchus of to-day, and if men were reasonable it would go far towards the overthrow of that worse than bestial deity. Alas! we shall need long perseverance in the crusade before the hosts of the drink-demon will be routed and their king dethroned. We like everything about this second edition except the inferior paper and tasteless binding. It is true, half-a-crown is not a great price; but we like to see good writing suitably set forth before the public. Paper which shows the printing through it, and has a brown look, costs so nearly the price of a better article that it is better *not* to print on it, but leave it for the use of grocers and buttermen.

Notes.

EVERY day affords more and more evidence that while many are true to their Lord, unbelief has sadly eaten into Congregational and Baptist churches. It is not the ministers only who have espoused the modern inventions; but in some instances where the pastor remains true to evangelical doctrine, the deacons and leading members have gone aside to novel theories. The inspiration of Holy Scripture in the sense of its being the infallible Word of God, is not held sincerely by all those who wish to appear evangelical. This is the most serious matter of all, since it removes the very foundations of faith. We do not bring hasty accusations, but know what we affirm; and those of whom we make the affirmation know that we speak the truth. The varied views of the future which now obtain are naturally linked in with other errors, or logically involve them. The door is open, and droves of falsehoods enter by it. Numbers of good brethren in different ways remain in fellowship with those who are undermining the gospel; and they talk of their conduct as though it were a loving course which the Lord will approve of in the day of his appearing. We cannot understand them. The bounden duty of a true believer towards men who profess to be Christians, and yet deny the Word of the Lord, and reject the fundamentals of the gospel, is to come out from among them. If it be said that efforts should be made to produce reform, we agree with the remark; but when you know that they will be useless, what is the use? Where the basis of association allows error, and almost invites it, and there is an evident determination not to alter that basis, nothing remains to be done inside, which can be of any radical service. The operation of an evangelical party within can only repress, and, perhaps, conceal, the evil for a time; but meanwhile, sin is committed by the compromise itself, and no permanently good result can follow. To stay in a community which fellowships all beliefs in the hope of setting matters right, is as though Abraham had stayed at Ur, or at Haran, in the hope of converting the household out of which he was called.

Complicity with error will take from the best of men the power to enter any successful protest against it. If any body of believers had errorists among them, but were resolute to deal with them in the name of the Lord, all might come right; but confederacies founded upon the principle that all may enter, whatever views they hold, are based upon disloyalty to the truth of God. If truth is optional, error is justifiable. If some supposed "life" is to be all, and "truth" is to be thrust out of doors, then there is room for all except the believer in the doctrines which have been revealed by the Eternal Spirit.

Our present sorrowful protest is not a matter of this man or that, this error or that; but of principle. There either is something essential to a true faith—some truth which is to be believed; or else everything is left to each man's taste. We believe in the first of these opinions, and hence we cannot dream of religious association with those who might on the second theory be acceptable. Those who are of our mind should, at all cost, act upon it. The Lord give them decision, and wean them from all policy and trimming!

Our one sole aim is the preservation and spread of the gospel of our Lord Jesus, and we mourn that godly men should be parties to a system which is destructive of good, and only promotive of error. It is clear that, as a general rule, error by itself has not the power to maintain communities in a flourishing condition among Nonconformists. As a general fact, churches avowedly Unitarian, or anti-evangelical, gradually dwindle. The Old General Baptists, once rid of the evangelicals, made a rapid descent to their present moribund condition, while the evangelicals multiplied abundantly. The plan of the enemy now is to lay the egg of error in the nest of

our churches. It is hoped that among a people so tolerant of false doctrine as many Baptists and Congregationalists now are, this new doctrine will work secretly, and gain too strong a hold to be removed. The plan is a very crafty one, and seems likely to succeed. It is hard to get leaven out of dough, and easy to put it in. This leaven is already working. Our daring to unveil this deep design is inconvenient, and of course it brings upon our devoted head all manner of abuse. But that matters nothing so long as the plague is stayed. Oh, that those who are spiritually alive in the churches may look to this thing, and may the Lord himself baffle the adversary!

We are represented as wishing to force upon the churches a narrow creed. Nothing was further from our mind. We do not consider that the demand for agreement to vital truths common to all Christians can be looked upon as a piece of sectarian bigotry. Here is a man, who is himself a Calvinist, who does not ask that a Union should draw up a Calvinistic creed, but only begs for one which will let the whole world know that brethren are associated as Christians, and that those who do not agree to the first principles of our faith will be intruders. Is this narrowness? If, after a basis is laid down, errorists do intrude, the case will be very different from what it is at present, and less of responsibility will lie upon the members of the community. It is mere cant to cry, "We are evangelical; we are all evangelical," and yet decline to say what evangelical means. If men are really evangelical, they delight to spread as glad tidings the truths from which they take the name.

Waiting still for guidance, we begin to see our way in a measure, but implore prayer that every step may be of the Lord.

We have before us some of the saddest of imbecilities in the form of advertisements of amusements got up by churches, or tolerated in their schoolrooms. Many of them are childish, theatrical, and of doubtful moral tendency. What can be the spiritual condition of Christian people who tolerate such follies? We say *tolerate;* but we fear that these things would not be provided if they were not demanded. Here is a specimen of the kind of thing which will get more and more in vogue, if it is allowed to go without protest. This is a cutting from a newspaper:—

"CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL-ROOM, MEXBORO'.—To-morrow (Saturday), September 1, at 8 o'clock, Grand Attraction. Artistes:—The Musical Midgets (late of the Sheffield Theatre Royal Pantomime). Serio-Comic, Ballad Vocalists, Song and Dance Artistes, &c. Come and hear them. Mr. C. Auty, Author, Composer, and Extempore Vocalist. Hear his rough and ready way song. Mr. Fred Knott, Character Comic Vocalist, 'the man that's fairly in it.' Mr. Will Watson, the eccentric Negro Comedian, Big Boot dancer, and Concertina Soloist. Special engagement of Mr. Harry Florence, the talented Female Impersonator, from the Sheffield Albert Hall Concerts. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knott, Sketch Artistes, in their laughter-provoking sketch, viz. 'Matrimonial Squabbles.' Mr. Harry Jennings, English, Irish, and American Song and Dance Artiste, and Champion Acrobatic Clog Dancer. Mr. J. Holmes, the peerless Tenor, from the principal Sheffield Concerts. Doors open at 7.30, to commence at 8 prompt. Admission 3d. Front seats 6d. Be in time."

With sorrow we note these aberrations from godliness. We have a bill in which a Presbyterian minister is the leader in a performance of equal folly, and we are the more amazed at this because Scotchmen, even when in England, are not very fond of playing the fool.

The poor of London have lost a noble friend by the death of the Honourable Thomas Holt, of Bexley. We also feel it to be the removal of one of the pillars of our work. He sleeps in Jesus, and his memory is fragrant as myrrh.

The venerable widow of the late Mr. Sheridan Knowles has bequeathed a handsome legacy to the College, and the like to the Orphanage. We have met with her on several occasions at Mentone, and regarded her as one of the warmest of our friends. When aged and infirm she would use up all her energies to attend the meetings in our room. She was a very intelligent woman, and full of reminiscences of her husband, whose memory she cherished very tenderly. We little thought, when we bade her farewell on the first days of this year, that she was so nearly home. She was faithful to the end to a friendship whose warmth never abated.

It may be well for us to remind friends that legacies do not represent sums *received*, and must not be so regarded. Time elapses before these amounts are paid, and when we acknowledge them they are reckoned twice over by the careless observer.

All the prayer-meetings and week evening and Sabbath services at the Tabernacle, during the past month, have been very largely attended. Many of our own friends have been away at the seaside, or in the country, but their places have been filled by strangers from America, Australia, and various parts of our own land. If anyone could drop in, and see the host which gathers to what is stigmatized by the modern men as "only a prayer-meeting," or "a mere religious expedient," they would begin to see what power gatherings for prayer may be made to possess.

On *Monday, August* 27, we had quite a number of visitors at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Pastor E. K. Cressy, of Montreal, who had been worshipping with us for some

weeks, spoke of the work of the Lord in that city, and prayed for a blessing on the church of Christ in Canada and England. Pastor W. Sullivan and one of the students offered prayer for Mr. Hughes, who was about to sail for the United States. Mr. B. Short, of Sydney, asked for prayer for the Colonies, and mentioned that one of the Pastor's sermons had been weekly printed, as an advertisement, in *The Australasian*, and another, nearly every Saturday, in *The Sydney Mail*. Dr. Scott, of the Free Church of Scotland, briefly spoke and prayed; and Mr. D. Tait gave an account of his work among the soldiers and others at Woolwich. This beloved brother from our College goes forth in simple faith. The Lord has blessed him to many souls. He has been to Orkney, and is now on his way to Millom, in Cumberland. Let him be speeded on his way by any who love the Lord's faithful servants.

On *Monday evening, September* 3, Rev. B. Senior spoke of the progress of the new Primitive Methodist Surrey Chapel, and offered prayer for a blessing on the work there and at the Tabernacle. Mr. Burnham gave some interesting incidents of his labours among the hop-pickers, and prayed for all the workers in that field of service. Mr. Waters described the operations of the Bible-reading Association, and Mr. Hewson narrated some remarkable instances of conversions in his Gospel Temperance missions. Mr. Parker sang, several brethren prayed, and all felt that the Lord had manifested himself in a very special manner to those who had met in his name. Not without the sob of the repentant seeker was this meeting. Hearts were melting, and emotion could not be altogether concealed.

On *Monday evening, September* 10, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, which was somewhat shortened, as Mr. B. Short, of Sydney, was, at the close, to deliver the first of three addresses on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, of which he had a large and beautiful model. On the two following evenings he continued his explanations of the way of salvation as revealed in the Mosaic Tabernacle. May these explanations of the matchless types of the Old Covenant lead many to see Jesus! Our earnest and hearty friend Mr. Short put his whole soul into his work. He now returns to the Antipodes, and we wish him every blessing.

On *Monday evening, September* 17, we had a very remarkable gathering for number and spirit. Mr. Harmer spoke with great power and pathos, and pleaded with souls. The mission in Morocco was brought before us by Dr. Eccles, and then Mr. Charles Cook told of his experiences in placing the Word of God in Continental prisons; and, after mentioning that he was on his way to Algeria, he prayed for North Africa. Mr. Wigstone bestirred us all with his graphic descriptions of the Lord's work by him and Brother Blamire in Spain. What with earnest prayers, and sweet praise from Mr. Chamberlain, it was a night to be remembered.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Will all Temperance friends remember what we wrote last month about the *Gospel Temperance Mission* to be conducted in the Tabernacle, by PASTOR W. J. MAYERS, late of Bristol? The meetings are to commence with an evening of prayer on Saturday, September 29; a large gathering of young people will be held on Sunday afternoon, 30th; Pastor C. H. Spurgeon will (D.V.) give an address at the prayer-meeting on Monday, October 1; and the mission will be continued all through the week. Mr. Mayers will be assisted in the singing by his brother. The co-operation of all Gospel Temperance friends will be heartily welcomed. Let our own friends scour the neighbourhood, and gather in flocks of wandering sheep.

During the early part of the Pastor's absence for needful rest, a series of *Special Evangelistic Services* will be conducted at the Tabernacle by MESSRS. FULLERTON AND SMITH. On Monday evening, October 29, a meeting will be held for the purpose of taking farewell of the Pastor, and of introducing the Evangelists, and enlisting the sympathy of the workers who will help them in their mission. Our brethren will be at the Tabernacle from November 11 to 18, and their visit may, under the divine blessing, be the means of great and permanent good, if all our friends will endeavour to bring in the unsaved, and to assist in pointing them to the Saviour. We shall need quite an army of volunteers to visit the district, and invite the people to come and hear words whereby they may be saved. Those who cannot preach can, at least, fetch in the people to hear those who can preach. The blood of souls will fall on those who hold back from holy effort when it is in their power to aid.

MR. ADAM CHAMBERS, who has given his lecture on "The Pilgrim's Progress" several times at the Tabernacle, asks us to mention that he is booking engagements for the coming winter, both for "The Pilgrim" and "The Prodigal Son." These lectures are illustrated by oil paintings, executed by Mr. Chambers, and they are full of the gospel. Having heard him ourselves, we can unreservedly commend him to others, both for the matter of his lectures, and the manner of his delivery. Mr. Chambers does not aim at amusing his audience, but at winning their souls, and instructing them in the things of God. His address is College House, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

COLLEGE.—Mr. F. J. Flatt is removing from Bugbrooke to Dunstable; and Mr. J. T. Mateer, who has been evangelizing with Mr. Parker, has become pastor at Vernon

Chapel, Pentonville. We look for great fruit in both of these cases. Vernon Chapel was so ably occupied by our beloved brother Sawday that we feel rest of heart in seeing such a man as Mr. Mateer succeeding to his pulpit.

On *September* 3, Mr. J. T. Dunn presided at a meeting held at Rotherhithe New Road for the purpose of uniting into a Christian church the friends who have been worshipping there under the ministry of Mr. W. Walker. Pastor B. Brigg, of Drummond Road Chapel, also took part in the proceedings of the evening, which were closed with the observance of the Lord's Supper.

The students returned to College on *Tuesday, September* 4, and on the following day they went, with the President, Vice-President, tutors, and various friends, to Town Court, Orpington, where Mr. and Mrs. Allison had invited them to spend the day. After dinner, the President introduced the seven fresh students whom he had accepted out of a large number of applicants, and then delivered the address, which will appear in the next number of the magazine. A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Allison was moved by Professor Gracey, seconded by Mr. J. Manton Smith, and carried with acclamation. Mr. Allison responded, and the Vice-President gave an address upon the promise, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." It was a most enjoyable gathering. The men are now hard at work. Oh, that the Lord may strengthen them to be champions of the faith! Between now and Christmas they will plod hard, and wrestle with their studies. May the Spirit of God lead them into divine truth!

On *Tuesday evening, September* 18, the annual meeting of the College was held in the Tabernacle. The ladies of the Tabernacle gave the tea, for which the President most heartily thanks them. The meeting was first-class in all respects. Messrs. Clark, Hay, and West spoke admirably. The audience was enthusiastic. The College lives in the heart of the people as well as in that of the Pastor. We have now sent out 777 men. Although a few have been carried away by the torrent of error, and others have not seen their way to remain in the Conference, yet the great mass of them have remained true to the faith.

Evangelists.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* had a very successful mission at Penge Tabernacle, where Pastor J. W. Boud's earnest and faithful ministry has been so greatly blessed. Mr. Boud writes concerning the work:—

"We have had a blessed time with our brethren, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. For some time before their visit we had special meetings for prayer. We all were expecting and looking for a blessing, and truly the blessing came. Our Tabernacle was crowded with hundreds anxious to hear the words of life. The cross has not lost its power either to attract or to save. The coming among us of these two servants of God has been like a health-giving breeze to the church, and like a wave of blessing to the district. Many have been made glad, and will thank God throughout eternity that they ever heard our brethren."

The Evangelists have since been to Bromley, Kent, where the mission commenced with great enthusiasm. This month is to be devoted to Bayswater, with Pastors F. H. White and J. Tuckwell, and Dr. Sinclair Paterson. The end of October and the beginning of November will be given to the South of London, including Upton Chapel, Lambeth; Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road; and the Metropolitan Tabernacle (see special notices).

Mr. Burnham has been among the hop-pickers in Kent during September. This month he goes to Ripley Street, Bradford, and Cotton End, Bedford.

Mr. Harmer has been supplying at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath, with much acceptance, during Mr. Harrald's absence. He is now at Hull, and this month and next he is to be at Bradford, where he will have the help of *Mr. Parker*.

Mr. Harrison has conducted a mission at Tottenham during the past month. He has now removed to 157, Kennington Park Road, London, where all letters for him should be sent. Churches will be wise to secure the services of this brother while dates remain open.

Orphanage.—We are very grateful to those friends who received children during their holidays. It was a gracious service to those who would, otherwise, have missed a holiday, as their own relatives were not able to receive them.

Mr. Spurgeon heartily acknowledges 192 yards of cloth from Messrs. Henry Fisher and Co., Marsden Mills, Huddersfield. This is grand help in clothing boys. Are there none who will follow so good an example?

Orphanage Choir.—Mr. Charlesworth expects to hold meetings in South Wales from October 19 to November 2, after which date he will only be able to accept engagements in London and the suburbs, during the President's absence abroad. The children will form a choir for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's meetings at the Tabernacle, from November 11 to 18, so they are not available elsewhere for that week. Applications should be sent to Mr. Charlesworth, at the Orphanage.

Special Notice to Collectors.—The next Collectors' Meeting will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage, on *Wednesday, October* 10. The President will be glad if all collectors who can possibly do so, will meet him on this occasion. If any cannot come, will they kindly send to the Secretary the amounts they have collected?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
August 30, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
J. C. C.	0	4	6
A friend, Ferryden	10	0	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	1	0
Pastor W. B. Haynes, balance due from Assurance Fund	0	4	4
Collection at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor E. G. Gange	10	1	0
The Editor of "The Baptist"	1	1	0
An American friend, Sunday morning, August 26	2	10	0
J. G. B.	2	2	0
Pastor and Mrs. Robert Spurgeon	1	0	0
Pastor A. B. Preston	2	2	0
Mr. F. West	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Ashford	2	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India	1	0	0
The late Mrs. Loverock	2	0	0
The students of the evening classes, per Mr. S. Johnson	8	8	0
Mrs. Baldwin	5	0	0
Mr. H. Lakeman	0	10	6
Collection at Tilehouse Street Chapel, Hitchin, per Pastor F. G. Marchant	9	0	0
Mr. John Gatward, per Pastor F. G. Marchant	1	0	0
	10	0	0
Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Raven	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Jephs	1	0	0
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Aug. 19	30	10	0
,, 26	27	10	0
Sept. 2	22	10	0
,, 9	4	5	0
	84	15	0
	£147	11	10

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
A friend, Ferryden	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Ann Mackay	0	11	6
Dear baby's savings, per Mrs. Beattie	0	3	0
Mrs. Garner, per Mrs. Baxter	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hillier	0	5	0
Mr. James Evans	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant	10	0	0
Miss Horton	1	0	0
Miss E. P. Horton	1	0	0
Mr. William Graham	1	0	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	6
A widow, West Kington	0	5	0
Mrs. Robert Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Sizmun	0	5	0
Collection at Battersea Park Baptist Sunday-school	1	1	0
The Editor of "The Baptist"	1	1	0
Postal order from Southsea	0	1	0
Mrs. Paterson, per Miss J. Allan	0	4	6
An American friend, Sunday morning, August 26th	2	10	0
Collected by Minnie and Lily Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
A., J., and E. W.	150	0	0
Mrs. Leashur	1	0	0
Per Pastor C. L. Gordon:—			
Mr. J. Sterrey	0	0	3
Mr. W. Martin	0	1	0
Mr. Bradley, senior	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Bradley, junior	0	1	0
Mr. W. Turner	0	4	0
Mr. James Constance, senior	0	5	0
Mr. James H. Constance, junior	0	2	0
	0	18	3
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mustrope	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Farmer	0	13	6
Collected by Mrs. Boggis	1	0	0
Collected by Miss. A. Ruffield	0	2	2
Collected by Master J. W. Ruffield	0	2	6
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. William Scott Durrant	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Welch	0	14	0
Mr. E. Brown, per Pastor Robert Spurgeon	2	10	0
Stamps from Dunfermline	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas D. Adams	1	0	0
Stamps	0	3	0
"One Mnason"	0	5	0
Mrs. Duley	0	10	0
Mr. E. Goodman	1	0	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	10	0
Per Pastor N. Heath:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Heath	0	13	6
Their five children	0	7	6
	1	1	0
Collection at Young People's service at Dartmouth, after address by Mr. Harmer	2	6	0
Mr. James S. Mack	1	0	0
Mrs. Boulton	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. H. Jackson	0	12	0
Mr. B. Beavan	0	2	6
Mrs. Bain	2	0	0
A mother and daughter, Hawera	2	0	0
Mr. James Martin	0	2	6
Mrs. Reed	2	0	0
Mrs. Heritage	0	10	0
An old friend	0	1	0
Mr. Chambers, per J. T. D.	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Constantine	0	0	6
Mrs. Voller	0	15	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Keys	3	2	6
Mrs. Winsor's Bible-class	0	13	6
Collected by Master Arkley	0	2	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Moorley	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Lawrence	0	2	6
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. I. Palmer	3	0	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	2	0
Mr. S. J. Collier	1	1	0
Mr. J. R. Grubb	1	1	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Deane	0	2	6
Mr. Cox	0	2	6
Mr. Holmes	0	2	0
	8	1	0
Mrs. Ewart and her brother-in-law	2	1	0
Mr. T. Birch	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
From a friend	3	0	0
A. C.	0	2	6
Mr. William Phillips	1	1	0
Mrs. M. Raven	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Evelyn	30	0	0
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Lang:—			
Mrs. F. Beckinsale	0	5	0
Mr. C. Wheeler	0	10	6
Mr. T. Whittard	0	5	0
Miss Wyatt	0	2	6
	1	3	0
Mr. R. Turnbull	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0
Mr. W. Hamilton	1	0	0
Orphan boys' cards, as per list	70	15	1
Orphan girls' cards, as per list	58	13	3
Rev. C. B. Allen	0	1	0
Mrs. Stopford and friends	3	0	0
Mr. Slodden	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Bickmore	0	17	8
Collected by Miss Robinson	0	12	0
Mr. L. P. Ford	2	0	0
Battersea Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. C. Shepherd	1	0	0
Meeting by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Westbourne Grove Chapel	22	18	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
Miss S. A. Muir (July and August) ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per bankers, July	2	2	0
Sandwich, per bankers, August ...	2	2	0
Annual Subscription:—			
A. R.	0	3	0
	£114	18	5

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Angell, A., 7s 0d; Abbott, H., 14s 6d; Allison, S., 6s 1d; Burrows, L., 4s 3d; Barrett, B., 11s; Beer, A. J., £1 1s; Bowen, G., 5s 8d; Brown, E., 5s; Beadle, J., 2s; Bristow, J., 7s; Bowles, E., 6s 2d; Barnard, D. J., 5s; Bull, L., 7s 2d; Bishop, F. G., 13s; Barrett, F., 2s; Barson, E., 13s; Barter, A. S., 8s 4d; Burnham, H., 8s 9d; Cordrey, H. M., 10s 3d; Cambridge, H., 13s; Carman, A., 10s 6d; Cook, T., 5s 9d; Constable, T., 19s; Chandler, C., 2s 3d; Cozens, H., 3s 9d; Carter, P., 5s; Chamberlain, W., 5s; Curtis, W., 6s 6d; Cleverley, J., 5s 6d; Cooper, C., 2s 6d; Carwithen, A., 1s 3d; Dancey, C., 10d; Deverill, G., 6s 6d; Davis, A. H., 6s; Drew, J., 5s; East, G., £1 1s 6d; Edwards, G., 16s 6d; Earthrowl, A., 7s 9d; Fitch, E., 7s 2d; Fennell, A. B., £1 1s; Furr, E., 3s; Greenough, G., 14s; Gammon, A., 15s 7d; Gearing, F., 5s 4d; Garvan, W., 17s; Gunt, F., 7s 9d; Green, W. S., 11s; Goddard, C., 7s 8d; Golding, D., 5s; Hobbs, W., 5s; Howard, H., 3s 6d; Hazell, C., 6s 4d; Hawkin, L., £1 1s; Harris, J. B., 6s 4d; Hodgson, W., £1 1s; Hart, A., 9s; Harris, W., 8s 8d; Horan, E., 7s; Ingram, W., 7s 6d; Inward, W., 5s 4d; Jarvis, H., 2s; Jansen, W., 4s 3d; Johnson, P., 12s 6d; Knappett, C. E., 8s 3d; King, A., 3s 6d; Kent, J. W., 10s 6d; Lawrence, H., 4s; Long, H., 11s; Lowne, J., 5s 6d; Londeryou, A., 10s; Lenson, P., 1s 6d; Morris, R., 11s; Moore, F. G., £1 1s; Morrell, H., 15s 6d; Mannell, W., 6s; Mead, H., 4s 6d; Mitchell, W., 8s 6d; MacLean, C., 1s 3d; Marks, A., 3s; Metcalfe, T., £1 1s; Maynard, M., 6s; Morton, P., 2s 9d; Miller, C., 10s; MacDouall, R., 4s 6d; Newman, A., £1 18s; Ounsted, W., 6s 4d; Platt, A., £1 17s; Paskell, H., 1s 10d; Payne, O., 5s; Ponsford, H., £1 2s; Pritchard, C., 7s 9d; Ponton, M., 4s 8d; Park, F., 4s 8d; Peachey, A., 6s 3d; Peverell, W., 14s; Phillips, W., 4s 7d; Pitney, F. G., 15s; Roberts, H., 10s; Rhodes, J., 10s 6d; Rogers, W., £1 1s; Rodwell, B., 6s 2d; Rosser, A. C., 8s; Roberts, E. H., 4s 3d; Rumnacus, H., £1 1s; Rye, C., 11s; Spurgeon, C. H., £2 10s; Spurgeon, W., £2 10s; Suttle, J., 6s; Sarel, J., 5s 7d; Sharp, W., 5s 3d; Strike, A., 11s 6d; Sargent, E., 16s 6d; Smith, R., 11s 6d; Schofield, J. T., 6s 5d; Sparkes, B., 13s; Stringle, W., 2s 7d; Stone, F., 1s; Stoner, W., 8s; Sambell, F., 10s; Taylor, F., 2s 6d; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Treeby, H., 5s; Trim, J. T., 7s 4d; Taylor, P., 1s; Tresidder, W., 12s 6d; Tresidder, W., 0., 5s; Unwin, E., 17s 7d; Virtue, C. F., 10s 6d; Vokes, E. E., 4s 1d; Wills, F. G., 15s 9d; Walker, G. B., £1 1s; Unwin, E., 17s 7d; Virtue, C. F., 10s 6d; Vokes, E. E., 4s 1d; Wills, F. G., 15s 9d; Walker, G. B., £1 1s; Walker, C., 7s; Ward, R., 10s 7d; Walter, P., 2s 6d; Walker, A., 10s; Wells, S. A., 5s 7d; 2s 6d; Walker, C., 7s; Ward, R., 10s 7d; Walter, P., 2s 6d; Walker, A., 10s; Wells, S. A., 5s 7d; Wallis, H., £1 1s; Westhrope, C., 6s; Williams, J., £1 1s; Winnen, J., 8s; White, P., 2s 5d; Williams, A., 7s 1d; Worker, S., 3s 6d; Ward, M., 2s 3d; Wincott, J. S., 8s; Wilkins, J., 3s 6d; Westerland, C., 1s; Westbrook, H., 8s; Wallis, F. G., 6s 2d—Total, £70 15s 1d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Attfield, B., 18s 8d; Arnold, S., 3s 1d; Aldrich, M., 3s; Atkin, E., 4s 2d; Allsop, L., 3s; Arthur, H., 5s; Breakspear, A., 3s; Bennett, L., 18s 6d; Bullock, L., £1 16s; Boyle, L., 1s 5d; Buddle, F., 7s 6d; Brown, R., 7s 1d; Burrows, F., 4s 1d; Birkett, F., 5s 3d; Bishop, K., 1s 8d; Bond, E., 7s 3d; Bridgman, A., 10s 2d; Blake, L., 11s 6d; Barlow, M., 5s; Bull, L., 10s; Bertwistle, E., 3s 4d; Bunting, P., 7s 3d; Bettam, L., 4s 2d; Broadhouse, N., 1s 9d; Boorman, V., 3s 9d; Cable, F., 5s 6d; Collins, E., 5s; Carroll, M., 5s; Craggs, A., 1s 5d; Cross, C., 2s; Collis, H., 7s; Cheshire, B., 5s 6d; Cousins, L., 10s 6d; Cooper, K., 4s 9d; Corbett, M., 5s; Cowlin, E., 6s 2d; Cox, E., 4s; Carr, A., 9s; Caster, E., 3s 6d; Dickerson, E., £1 2s; Donnelly, G., 8s; Ellis, A., 14s; Epps, F., 14s 5d; Everard, E., 13s 6d; Evans, A., 13s; Fairhead, L., 2s 2d; Freatley, E., 5s 11d; Filby, E., 15s; Fitt, Mary, 6s 3d; Gray, E., £1 1s; Gilmore, C., 6s; Guiver, K., 4s 6d; Grimes, E., 6s; Gort, G., 2s 6d; Green, A., 13s; Gregory, M., £1 2s 6d; Hoidge, A., 16s; Haydon, L., 6s; Howell, R., 6s 1d; Hobbs, E., 8s 8d; Hinchley, E., 8s; Hoole, S., 5s; Hewitt, H., 16s; Ingle, F., 11s 1d; Jessop, K., 8s 8d; Johnson, M. A., 5s; Jacques, K., 6s 9d; Jackman, L., 4s; Johnson, L., 3s 8d; James, F., 8s; Johnson, K., 2s 4d; Johnson, A. M., 1s 1d; Jessop, M., 1s 2d; Jackson, A., 5s; Knowles, L., 2s 9d; Kelland, M., 7d; Leitch, G., £1 1s; Long, M., 5s 6d; Lyons, E., 3s 5d; Logan, K., 5s; Lailey, J., 4s; Lovell, E., 2s 6d; Mash, L., 10s 2d; Mockford, L., 2s 10d; Maycock, W., 3s 2d; Mayhew, Z., 10s; Nutt, C., 5s 7d; Newton, A., 3s; Newton, K., 3s; Neve, L., 12s 6d; Nobbs, T., 10s; Owen, D., 3s 5d; Oakey, F., 6s 11d; Olden, M., 10s; O'Leary, J., 5s 2d; Orridge, A., 7s 6d; Parmenter, M., 3s 1d; Pearce, R., 2s; Parker, A., 2s; Page, M., 5s; Player, E., 10s 6d; Pentecost, E., 3s; Parsons, L., 4s 4d; Pearce, A., 4s; Poole, A., 4d; Perry, R., 2s; Peepall, G., 5s; Price, E., £1 2s 2d; Pope, L., 2s 2d; Pennington, F., 9s; Rowbottom, G., £1 1s; Richards, K., 10s; Rampling, S., 2s 6d; Richmond, B., 11s; Rowsell, J., 7s; Skinner, E., 3s 9d; Sabine, A., 6s 2d; Steele, E., 3s 5d; Smith, M. A., 17s 6d; Smith, A., 5s; Soper, A., 7s 3d; Sayers, A., 15s; Spaughton, A., 2s; Searing, S., 2s 7d; Smith, J., 1s; Smith, A., £1 1s; Sainsbury, G., 2d; Sawyer, V., 4s; Smith, C., 10s; Scott, L., 9s 1d; Shorter, S., 3s; Sloan, K., 8s 9d; Smithers, L., £1 1s; Spender, K., 8s 6d; Seymour, J., 4s 6d; Thirkell, R., 9s 1d; Taylor, N., 12s; Thorpe, E., £1 1s; Thiel, D., 2s 1d; Tiley, R., 6d; Unwin, M., 8s 1d; Vuller, C., 8s 6d; Veryard, R., 2s 6d; Wellington, M., 2s; Williams, N., 2s 3d; Willison, D., 4s 6d; Woodcock, J., £1 4s; Wright, E., 5s; Witham, P., 18s 9d; Wood, J., 4s 8d; Willimore, N., 7s; Westwood, F., 12s; Warwick, L., £1 1s; Williams, L., 18s 6d—Total, £58 13s 3d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 14th, 1888.—Provisions:—231lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 2 churns of Milk, Mr. R. Higgs; 5 half-cases Raisins, Mr. Bailey; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 300 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Sheep, Mr. W. J. Graham; a quantity

of small Loaves, Mr. Adams; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, and Bread, produce harvest thanksgiving, Friends at Sydenham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Foster; ½ chest Tea, Messrs. Pannett and Neden; 28 lbs. Raisins, Mr. R. Speller.

Boys' Clothing.—2 Shirts, Miss Coath; 12 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 192 yards Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.; 72 Bows, Miss S. E. Knight; 31 Shirts, Mrs. Jones and Friends; 14 Shirts, Miss Salter's Bible-class.

Girls' Clothing.—4 Articles, Miss Drake; 11 Articles, The Girls' Sewing Meeting at Brookside, per Mrs. H. Tasker; 53 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 Articles, The Girls' Sewing-class, Penge Tabernacle; 3 pairs Stockings, B. H. R.; 21 Articles, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Chapel, Brixton, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 6 Articles, Miss J. Beall; 17 Articles, Mrs. Greenwood; 100 Garments, 1 Doll, &c., for No. 1 Girls, Miss Salter's Bible-class.

General.—A quantity of "Our Own Gazette," Mrs. Halifax; 14 lbs. Candles, 14 lbs. Tapers, 2 loads Firewood, 2 dozen House Flannels, Mr. J. Cooper; a quantity of Magazines, Mrs. Greenwood.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Great Yarmouth Town Mission... ...	7	10	0
Rendham, per Rev. J. Hollier	5	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston	10	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thomas R—— ...	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. H. Wilkins	22	10	0
Fairford and Maiseyhampton, per Captain Milbourne	10	0	0
Portsmouth District:—			
Mr. Thomas Hogben ... 4 0 0			
Mr. W. Harmsworth ... 0 2 6			
	4	2	6
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Mr. W. Morton ...	1	12	0
Maidenhead, per Miss Lassells ...	10	0	0
Burstow and Horley, per Mr. J. J. Tustin	10	0	0
Bower Chalke, per Mr. Butler	1	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor A. Graham ...	2	10	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	25	0	0
Cambs. Association, for Swaffham ...	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mr. A. Maw	7	10	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£151	14	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
C. W., collecting-box	0	8	3
S. H.	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Raven	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. J. Rodgers	1	1	0
Mrs. Tucker...	0	5	0
	£9	6	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
The late Miss Lang, per Mrs. Foulds...	2	0	0
A. A. H.	0	15	0
Mr. M. Savage	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fowler	50	0	0
Mr. Samson Lucas...	0	10	0
Miss J. Greenhill	0	4	0
S. H.	10	0	0
Mrs. Sizmun	0	1	6
Mr. C. L. Stephens, per Mr. G. Stephens	3	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Dartmouth	1	14	3
Mr. J. Mansergh	0	5	0
Adelphi	2	2	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. McPherson	1	0	0
	£72	1	9

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
A tithe	3	0	0
Miss Shaw	1	0	0
	£4	0	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.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

What we aim at.

ADDRESS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE COLLEGE SESSION, SEPTEMBER, 1888, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is well known to you, as well as to the supporters of this College, that our great desire is to train men to maintain and spread the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have never professed, either at our public gatherings or on any other occasion, that this College was intended to teach modern views, or that our men were taught to preach liberal sentiments, or anythingarianism. I have never concealed the fact that the views we hold are pre-eminently evangelical, and of the form which is commonly called Calvinistic—not in any close or narrow sense, but in the sense of giving prominence to the grace of God. We have not attempted to tie men down to think exactly alike upon five points, or fifty points, of matters wherein there is fair room for difference without sacrificing foundation truths; but we have always held by the infallible inspiration of the Bible, and we have also held that the essence of the revelation made to us in Holy Scripture is salvation by grace through faith in the precious blood of Jesus. Exceedingly dear to us are the doctrines which we hold in common with all Protestant Christians, and also those which come more distinctly under the head of "the doctrines of grace." We are very pronounced upon the truth that "salvation is of the Lord." We hold the gospel as Paul preached it, and as the Puritans preached it. Brethren, if you find at any time that you do not agree with those truths, you are bound, as honest men, to acknowledge your change of opinion, and to go your way. All those

who have not done so, but have gained their education gratis, and then have gone forth to assail the doctrines taught in this Institution, have —but I leave them to their own consciences. If it was announced that a dinner was to be given on this farm to Mr. Allison's mowers, and a number of men came and partook of it, though they had never seen a scythe, and had an objection to its use, I should think that they were interlopers, and that they should at least pay the cost of the dinner of which they had partaken. Let that pass. It will apply to none of you.

We believe that our gospel is consistent with the highest style of scholarship. Our conviction is, that all the learning and culture that men can obtain, if it be true, will not hinder them from preaching the simple faith of Christ crucified. If we thought that learning would turn us aside from the simplicity of Christ, we would have none of it; and certainly would not carry on a college for imparting the dangerous gift to others. Brethren, light is never at variance with light, though the semblance of it may be. It is my earnest prayer that the Lord would raise up out of this College men of understanding, men of wide reading, men of deep acquaintance with the Word of God; but men who are too well instructed by the Holy Spirit to be wise above what is written. Oh, for brethren who have much grace, and many gifts; who will use great talents in the cause of God and truth! Give your hearts to your studies, my brethren. You cannot learn too much, if you salt your learning with grace. Kill yourselves with study, and then pray yourselves to life again.

Let me, at this opening festival, express our ambitions concerning you. First, *we long that you should become good preachers of the gospel.* Our chief object is, not that you may become classical scholars, but soul-winning ministers. You come here that you may be helped to know correctly, to think clearly, and to put the result of that thinking into good plain English, so that the people who hear you may understand what you say. We hope that you may become *attractive* preachers, so that your utterances may not weary your hearers, and disperse them. We are not anxious that the people should go to sleep under your ministry, or that they should be obliged to leave it because of its dulness. We would have you so proclaim the truth, that the people may throng to hear it, and may remain to listen to it with pleasure and profit, year after year. This will require the fulness of your manhood, and somewhat more. May you not be mere land-drainage preachers, who depend upon your laborious studies of other men's books for your supplies: but may you be springing-well preachers, from whom the fresh, living water will continually flow forth. May your preaching be lively because it is living. May it remain fresh and interesting year after year. Artificial eloquence is a miserable thing; but the natural eloquence which springs from a true heart is a most potent instrument in the work of God upon the minds and hearts of men. May you all be preachers, clear in style, instructive in matter, fervent in spirit, and, above all, filled with the Holy Ghost.

We would have you not only attractive, but *impressive.* You must not discharge fireworks, but red-hot shot. May you be abundantly *effective* in conversions! If you do not become winners of souls, we have laboured in vain. Dear brethren whatever else you are or are not, do

become useful preachers—men who shall sow good seed, and in due season reap full sheaves. If you can *write* for the glory of God, I would exhort you to do so; and I wish all our brethren would endeavour to produce readable gospel tracts; but still, your chief business is not with the pen, but with the tongue. You are set to *speak* of free grace and dying love. Mind you do it well. My solemn conviction is that God will bless you as soul-winners in the proportion in which you and your preaching are fit to be blessed. Go in for a hundred-fold harvest.

Our longing is to see many of you good expositors. Preaching ought to be far more largely expository than it now is. The churches need more of the sacred text, and less of loose talk. Sermons frequently are essays upon a topic, rather than explanations of Scripture. At times we have dissertations upon things in general, with little or no relation to the text which is placed as a heading to the discourse. We must never introduce our text to the people, and then make a bow to it, and say, "Good-bye," as if we had paid it sufficient courtesy by reading it in the hearing of the congregation. We ought not to divorce our discourse from the text, but to feel that the two are happily wedded. We have a certain company of greatly earnest, but greatly rambling preachers. God blesses them, for they only ramble over holy ground; but I believe that the Lord would bless them more, if they honoured the inspired Word by sticking to their texts to a reasonable degree. Since men are denying the plenary inspiration of Scripture, it is all the more important that we should make our hearers feel that we have an unshaken confidence in the inspired Book. We should labour to discover that divine and deeper meaning of the Word which does not lie upon the surface, but only reveals itself to loving, God-enlightened eyes. Happy are those preachers who are so saturated with Scripture that their lips drop with its sweet-smelling myrrh! You cannot hear such preachers without seeing new beauties in passages which you had hardly noticed before. As they go along their beaten track, they point out vistas in the forests of truth, and green alleys of fresh teaching, all bedight with flowers of promise. I have frequently learned more from what a discourse suggested to me than from what it actually discussed.

Brethren, be masters of your Bibles. Have the sacred writings at your fingers' ends. To this end, read your Bibles continually. To this end, expound the Scriptures which you choose as the lessons for the day. I should like you to explain them to the people; but, in any case, be sure that you understand them yourselves. You will get through a great deal of Scripture if you study all the passages you read in the congregation. Habituate yourselves to quote Scripture correctly. You ought to be as particular about the very words of Scripture as a classical scholar would be when he refers to a passage in Homer or Virgil. Let us have no false quantities, no omissions, no interpolations; but the *ipsissima verba*, the precise words which the Holy Ghost has given to us. Let this be your practical confession of faith in *verbal* inspiration.

Know your Bible so well as to be able to give its inward sense in a few short words, so that the people can understand what they read. Let the study of the Bible be the chief of your studies. We are not to treat the Bible as a Christmas pie, from which we pick out a plum here and there, in order to display our cleverness, according to the nursery

rhyme; but we are to know the run of it, we are to enter into the meaning of each one of its books, and catch the spirit of the whole. How seldom this is done! but how important it is! When we come forth to the people we should be full of *Bibline*, and bring to them the essence of revealed truth. If you get a sponge full of water, wherever you lay it down, it leaves a wet mark; wherever you hold it, it drips. May you be so full of the Bible that, wherever you go, you leave traces of it behind you. You cannot take in too much of the precious truth which God has revealed in the Scriptures, nor can you give out too much of it: in proportion as you take it in you will give it out.

One admirable result of knowing your Bibles will be your confirmation in the truth. The essence of Bible makes moral and spiritual bone. I saw an advertisement the other day—"Thirty tons of bones wanted"—and I said to myself, "Yes, *mostly backbones*." *Bibline* is the nutriment which makes backbone, muscle, and, above all, heart; and no preacher can afford to be without these things. I could tell you of preachers who know so little of their Bibles that, when a question has been under discussion, and texts have been quoted, it has been needful to find the passages for them before they would believe that they were in the Bible. Gross ignorance of Scripture peeps out amid the pretentious learning of the evolution school? I fear that many ministers read less of the Scriptures than of modern literature, and this accounts for their vagaries of thought. Young brethren, go to the fountain-head, and drink from the well of truth, pure and undefiled! Drink from the Word itself! Know it yourself, and strive to make others know it. Have a deep reverence for our infallible chart, and fix your eye upon it till you carry it photographed on your soul.

The third thing that we much desire to see, as the result of the College training, is a host of good pastors. What is wanted, especially in the villages and country towns, is pastoral visitation. I hear constantly the outcry, "He preaches very well on the Sunday, but we never see him during the week." I have heard it said of some preachers that there were two things in which they imitated the Deity—for they were incomprehensible on Sunday, and invisible all the rest of the week. Let not such a remark be made concerning you. Remember the Scotch proverb, "A house-going minister makes a kirk-going people." Country people are glad for you to drop in, and have a cup of tea with them. Never let the pastoral visit degenerate into hearing and repeating gossip and scandal, but see to it that you converse upon spiritual things. Some of our brethren, who have not much gift in preaching, exert a great influence by their diligent pastoral labours. I had a visit, not long ago, from two deacons of a church that is without a pastor, and they said to me, "Could you tell us of a minister like Mr. So-and-so?" I asked them what there was about that gentleman which made them mention him as a model, and they answered, "He works so hard for his church; he visits the people, and he throws all his energies into the cause!" I next asked them, "Are there any ministers who do not do this?" They laughed; and that was the only answer I could get. I am sorry that I understood them only too well. If business men neglected their shops as certain professional ministers neglect their churches, they would soon be bankrupts; and deservedly so.

I fear that some brethren read one part of one of the parables too emphatically. It runs thus: "As if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." Having sown their seed they sleep, and expect it to grow, they know not how. They neither drive away the fowls of the air by their watchfulness, nor water the seed with their tearful prayers. Alas! if *we* sleep the enemy does not; but he seizes the opportunity to sow tares. We must keep awake, and be on the watch against him; we must watch for souls as those that must give an account. In season and out of season we must labour for the good of our people. We are not like policemen, for we are never "off duty"; but are more like those firemen who are required to be always within sound of the gong, and ready to rush to the fire. A shepherd's work is never done: his sheep may need him at any hour. A man who grudges labour had better quit the ministry. If he does not go into it with all his heart and soul, he had better be serving behind the counter, or sweeping chimneys, or doing some other honourable work. Our office is not an excuse for play, but a position for hard work. I pray that we may see many going forth from us who will be true pastors of the people, who will go in and out before them, and feed them with knowledge and discretion.

One thing more, and I have done. *We long to see born in this College a considerable number of good evangelists.* What a good evangelist should be I need not tell you, for you have examples before you in our brethren Fullerton, Smith, Burnham, Harmer, Harrison, and others. These earnest brethren have proved their qualifications for the office of evangelists by years of laborious and efficient work. The good that has been effected by our brethren Fullerton and Smith eternity alone will reveal; their visit to a place has been like a great cloud emptying itself in heavenly rain, refreshing the whole region. Our evangelists love their work, and I always feel quite safe in leaving them to do their work in their own way; the only fault I have to find with them is, that perhaps they exhaust themselves too much; but I do not think that the Lord will condemn them for that. We shall always need Christ-like itinerants who will range the country from end to end, and deny themselves the comforts of home-life, as these do.

In addition to this, we want all brethren who are good preachers, and expositors, and pastors, to be good evangelists also, to take their places under the trees on the village green, and in the streets of the city, or wherever they can get at the people. Do not imagine that your work is to be confined to your own little chapel, but invade the territories of Satan. Carry the war into the enemy's dominions. Be instant in season and out of season, and God bless you in all your efforts! I am sorry that I cannot often set you the example of going out to preach in the open air; but the Tabernacle is as large a place as any one mortal man can hope to fill with his voice for any considerable length of time; and so long as I have the thousands about me I do not care whether it is indoors or out of doors. The case is a very different matter with those whose meeting-houses are small, and their congregations still smaller. You *must* turn out. Get into the Town-hall for a series of special services; if a circus is to be had, hire it, or borrow it; go into the fair, and stand

up among the shows and preach the gospel. By some means or other we must get at the people, and carry God's message to them. The Salvation Army has set an example of going right down into the midst of the people. They seem to be afraid of nothing, and ashamed of nothing, so long as they can reach the masses. We need not copy anybody's methods, but we may wisely learn from others how to do our work better. At any rate, let us never lag behind in our efforts for the good of our fellow-men. Wherever a man is wanted to bear the brunt of the battle, let a brother from the Pastors' College be forthcoming.

This year, as you know, I have passed through very severe trials; but I am yet alive, and alive to thank heartily the hundreds of my brethren outside the College, and the scores who are in it, for their loving faithfulness in the day of battle. I forget the few deserters in the joy of the hundreds who cling the closer to me because of the dreadful fight. Thank God, I have an army of friends as true as steel, who will support this College for my sake, and will sustain me for Christ's sake. God bless you all, my dear, loving brothers; and may he in great love bring back those few who have left their former leader. At any rate, may he make them faithful to his truth, whatever they may think of me. Amen.

Ecclesiastical Amusements.

THE church has gone into the amusement business largely. In the days of primitive simplicity, it was thought that the world and Satan had a monopoly in that line. This, however, is "an age of progress," so called, and the church has entered the market, and is in competition with these great caterers. The discovery has been made that the church, in order to hold its young people to its altars, must provide for the natural craving for amusements. It used to be held that Jesus and his work furnished ample resources to meet the loftiest aspiration of a saved soul. It was sung—

> "Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
> More than all in Thee I find."

That sort of sentiment is now thought not to be up to "the times." Sad as it may appear, judging from the new order of things, Jesus is not equal to the occasion. A little amusement must be thrown in. In order to keep the people from the theatre and opera, our churches must be made into semi-theatres and semi-operas. The royal ordinance of preaching retires before the popular ordinance of entertainment.—*From "Ecclesiastical Amusements," by E. P. Marvin, Lockport, N.Y.*

Griffith John.

WHEN, in the sixteenth century, Francis Xavier failed to effect an entrance to China, he cried in the bitterness of his soul, "O rock! rock! when wilt thou open?" At length the rock has opened. The hand of Omnipotence has burst the gates of brass, and this proud empire no longer forbids the foreigner to tread its shores. Through this open door the Christian church is now pouring her missionaries, and the Grand Canal and mighty rivers of China are becoming highways for the gospel.

One of the greatest pioneers in this glorious work is Mr. Griffith John. It is just thirty-three years since he first arrived in China; and during that time his life has been so holy, and his work so aggressive, that in England his brethren have elected him as their president, whilst abroad the Chinese look upon him as a father, and their great apostle.

Griffith John was born at Swansea, on the 14th of December, 1831. At fourteen he was known throughout the Principality as the boy preacher of Wales. Among his crowded audiences, many were often heard to say, "What manner of child is this?" and prophets pointed to him as the one who would equal the one-eyed preacher of Anglesea—the great Christmas Evans.

In 1849 his father was smitten by the disease to which his mother succumbed seventeen years before, and died of cholera. Henceforth the Rev. E. Jacob, of Swansea, became to him a father, and Griffith loved him as a son. This same Mr. Jacob, in commending him to the tutors of Brecon College, wrote: "His preaching talents are, in my opinion, of an extraordinary character. His voice is sweet, his delivery easy and fluent. Judging from the present, he will, in five or six years, be the most popular minister in Wales. I have heard him talk like an orator for a whole hour, and then in a few moments arouse the whole congregation to a state of astonishing excitement—not by unmeaning declamation, but by sound sense and real eloquence."

At the age of twenty-two Mr. John was invited by some of the leading churches in Wales to settle as their pastor. The invitation from the important church of Aberaman severely tested his resolution; but the true missionary spirit had been kindled in his heart, and no personal honour or selfish ease could extinguish it. His heart was set upon Madagascar; but when asked to go to China his soul soon began to glow with enthusiasm for the dark-minded millions of the Flowery Land.

During the one hundred and twenty days of his voyage Mr. John worked hard at the language. He says: "The conquering of this language is worth a long and manly struggle. Who would feel it a burdensome task to learn a language which is intended, by the providence of God, to be a channel through which divine truth, like a life-giving stream, is to flow into four hundred millions of thirsty but immortal souls?" This explains the striking fact that in about six months he was able to preach in Chinese with considerable fluency.

Like all other missionaries, before he had been two years in China his sanguine anticipations gave way to deep despondency. He wrote: "The

people are as hard as steel. They are eaten up, both body and soul, by the world, and do not seem to feel that there can be reality in anything beyond sense. To them our doctrine is foolishness, our talk jargon. We discuss and beat them in argument. We reason them into silence and shame; but the whole effort falls upon them like showers upon a sandy desert. Sometimes I am ready to think that China is doomed; but there is a promise that dissipates the gloom, viz., that those 'from the land of Sinim' are to come."

For the first few years he made Shanghai his base, and penetrated north and west into districts that had never before been visited by a missionary. During a journey of six hundred and fifty miles up the Grand Canal he heard a woman say, "Behold, there is a little devil!" "Yes," replied the woman addressed, "he is a *real* devil"—meaning a foreigner, and not a rebel. When, on one of these journeys, he reached the bed of the Yellow River, he wrote: "We found it, as the Chinese say, 'as dry as dust!' We not only crossed it dry-shod, but converted it into a temporary pulpit. Where but a few years ago the Hwang rolled majestically, dreaded by the inhabitants of the plain, now cottages are built, gardens planted, sheep are browsing, and carriages are passing to and fro." The city of Hankow has been aptly described as the finest missionary centre in the world. Though situated seven hundred and eighty miles from the sea, it is by the great river Yang-tsi accessible to ocean steamers at all times of the year; whilst for four months of the year the river is navigable for two hundred and twenty miles farther west. It is also at this point that the River Han flows into the Yang-tsi, by which the northern part of China becomes accessible to the missionary. When Mr. John first visited it he wrote: "Well have the Chinese applied the terms, '*centre* of the empire,' and '*heart* of the empire,' to Hankow. Give us peace, and from a missionary point of view it rises up before my vision in magnificent grandeur. From this point a missionary can penetrate the whole empire with ease."

It is in this city of a million inhabitants that Mr. John's life-work is being done. Here he has built a spacious chapel, a sailors' rest, hospital, girls' school, book shop, teachers' room, and pastor's and native pastors' houses. Here he has founded a flourishing church, which has itself become the centre of missionary enterprise; and from this city he has evangelized the surrounding districts, and established missions in the neighbouring cities and towns. Soon after his settlement at Hankow Mr. John started upon a tour of three thousand miles through the provinces of Si-chuen and Shen-si. This journey will ever be memorable in the history of Protestant missions in China, as the pioneer journey throughout that vast region in which the Han and Yang-tsi take their rise. During this journey many perils were encountered, and hardships endured. He hardly expected to return alive; and the day after his return he wrote as follows:—"My brightest hope was that God would permit me to see Cheng-tu, where I thought I could die in peace, knowing that my grave at that great, distant city would stimulate others to come and occupy it in the name of the Lord. While preaching the gospel there, I felt a thrill of the true missionary spirit, which I value more than many years of ordinary life. Oh, that it were with me an abiding sentiment, a

ceaseless inspiration! There are two ways of looking at the work: the one is the prudential one, and the other is the enterprising—*doing something*—one. Of this the great apostle of the Gentiles is our greatest type and representative. Most modern missionaries are satisfied with the former, I long for the latter. The directors want me to return home; but I shall certainly not leave the mission so long as it indispensably needs my presence, whatever sacrifice the delay may entail. My heart is too full of the Hankow mission and God's work in this region to admit of my doing that. I feel in a way I have never felt before, that the valleys of the Yang-tsi and the Han have been taken possession of in the name of Christ, and that it is for me to live and die for the millions of precious souls that line these two magnificent streams."

In foreign mission work it is very difficult to correctly gauge the worth of home committees. Sometimes their action helps, but at other times it hinders true missionary enterprise. One thing is certain—a heaven-inspired missionary will never be a slave to the red-tapeisms of such committees; the necessities of the district and the divine impulses within will determine his action. The flood-tide of the new life will often leap the barriers of all organizations, and disregard the mere letter of all stereotyped rules. We see this much in the work of such men as Carey, Knibb, and Griffith John. In the latter it is illustrated as follows:—Soon after his arrival at Hankow, Mr. John's attention was directed to the neighbouring city of Wuchang, as a most desirable place for mission work. It is the provincial capital of Hu-peh and Hu-nan. Lying on the right bank of the Yang-tsi, opposite the departmental city of Han-yang, and near to Hankow, its walls are about ten miles in circumference, and its population is about four hundred thousand. In addition to occupying a beautiful position, it is politically one of the most important cities in the empire. Mr. John saw that here lay the key to the two provinces; and that if Wuchang could be opened to the Protestant missionary, the provinces would also be accessible. After tremendous difficulty, and in the face of fierce opposition, a mission was opened and work commenced; but a letter from the directors of the society, intimating that it was desirable to relinquish the work at Wuchang, fell like a bombshell in the midst of the little band of devoted workers. A week later came a more decided letter, with the resolution passed, ordering the retreat in a very definite manner, and directing that the mission premises should be sold. Mr. John would not retreat; but wrote with unanswerable force that the land and buildings had been almost exclusively purchased with money that the European community at Hankow had intended as a present to himself; but feeling that he could not take it, he had begged that it be applied to Wuchang, in which he had then just succeeded in obtaining a footing.

"Whilst the gospel must be introduced into a heathen land by *foreign* agents," says Dr. Duff, "it is by native agents that it must be propagated." Would that all our missionary societies realized the importance of this! At a very early stage of his work, Mr. John saw it, and, to a great extent, his wonderful success must be attributed to the way in which he utilized native talent. Two of these native Christian assistants deserve a place even in this brief article. One is Lo Hiang-yung,

who, for many years, had been an ascetic, and, under a deep sense of sin, and a fear of vengeance to come, had renounced the world and forsaken his wife and family. The opening of the Hankow mission was good news indeed to Lo. Having reconciled his family to himself, he was taken in hand, and trained as an evangelist by Mr. John. He was most diligent in reading the Bible and speaking to the people, and often at midnight was heard pleading with God. He has already been the means of establishing several mission stations in connection with Mr. John's work at Hankow. The other assistant is Shen Tsi-Sing. At fifteen he was pronounced Master of the Literary Essay, and at twenty-three he won the much-coveted title of Sin-tsai (elegant talent). He was a good preacher, powerful in refuting the arguments of the learned heathen ; and, until his death, in 1887, he was to Mr. John a faithful friend and invaluable helper.

In a well-written biography of Griffith John, to which we are indebted for the information given in this sketch, Mr. Robson says, that it is chiefly through his literary efforts that Mr. John's name has become so well known in the Celestial Empire. In no country in the world are there so great inducements to the missionary to use the press as a means of spreading the truth as in China. The written language is the same for the whole of the empire. At the request, therefore, of the National Bible Society of Scotland, Mr. John undertook the task of producing a Wen-li version of the Bible, which, while satisfying the native literary taste, would also be easily intelligible, and perfectly accurate. The amount of work it involved was stupendous ; but through unremitting labour, he has completed the whole of the New Testament and part of the Old ; besides having the former carefully revised, in which work he was heartily aided by some of the ablest and oldest missionaries. It was issued portion by portion, the New Testament being finished in 1886, which won for itself unanimous approval. It circulates everywhere—from the great wall down to Annam, from the borders of Burmah out to the Yellow Sea. The scholar admires it, while the farmer and the artisan find no difficulty in understanding it. There are more copies of it demanded than of all other Chinese versions put together ; already, about three-quarters of a million of portions and Testaments are in the hands of the people, the annual issues being about two hundred and thirty thousand.

The space allotted to us has already been exceeded. For a host of other most interesting events, we must refer our readers to Mr. Robson's book. The year 1888 has found the Hankow mission receiving monthly accessions in encouraging numbers. Mr. John is still labouring at the great work of Bible translation. Still do the Chinese, when they see him enter the chapel, say to the native who may be preaching, "Stand down, and let the foreigner speak to us ; we understand him better than we do you." His heart is still bound up in the mission to the three great cities of Hankow, Hangyang, and Wuchang, with their two millions of inhabitants ; and still does he sigh after Chung-Kiang, where, twenty years ago, he was the first to raise his voice in the proclamation of the gospel.

LEVI PALMER.

Finding the Messiah.

FINDING the Messiah is nothing new! Fortunately, no. Probably not an hour, possibly not a minute, passes in the day without some soul in some part of our globe having this happy experience. Such an event is a happy one; and most important are the consequences that flow from it. Surely to see the Messiah will be followed by visions of angels, and the splendour and glory of heaven opening upon our souls. How various are God's ways of leading souls to this Anointed One! Of many which may be enumerated I shall mention only one, and it will illustrate the revealing power of the Word of the Lord.

We were in class one morning, sitting at the feet of our beloved Gamaliel, the Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., late of Exeter, but then classical tutor at Bristol College; and, having recited our lessons early, the professor became very communicative and anecdotical. He had spent many years of his early life in Canada. Many were the tales he would tell us students, of adventures, difficulties, and struggles which he had experienced in the Far West, in the backwoods, and the Canadian wilds.

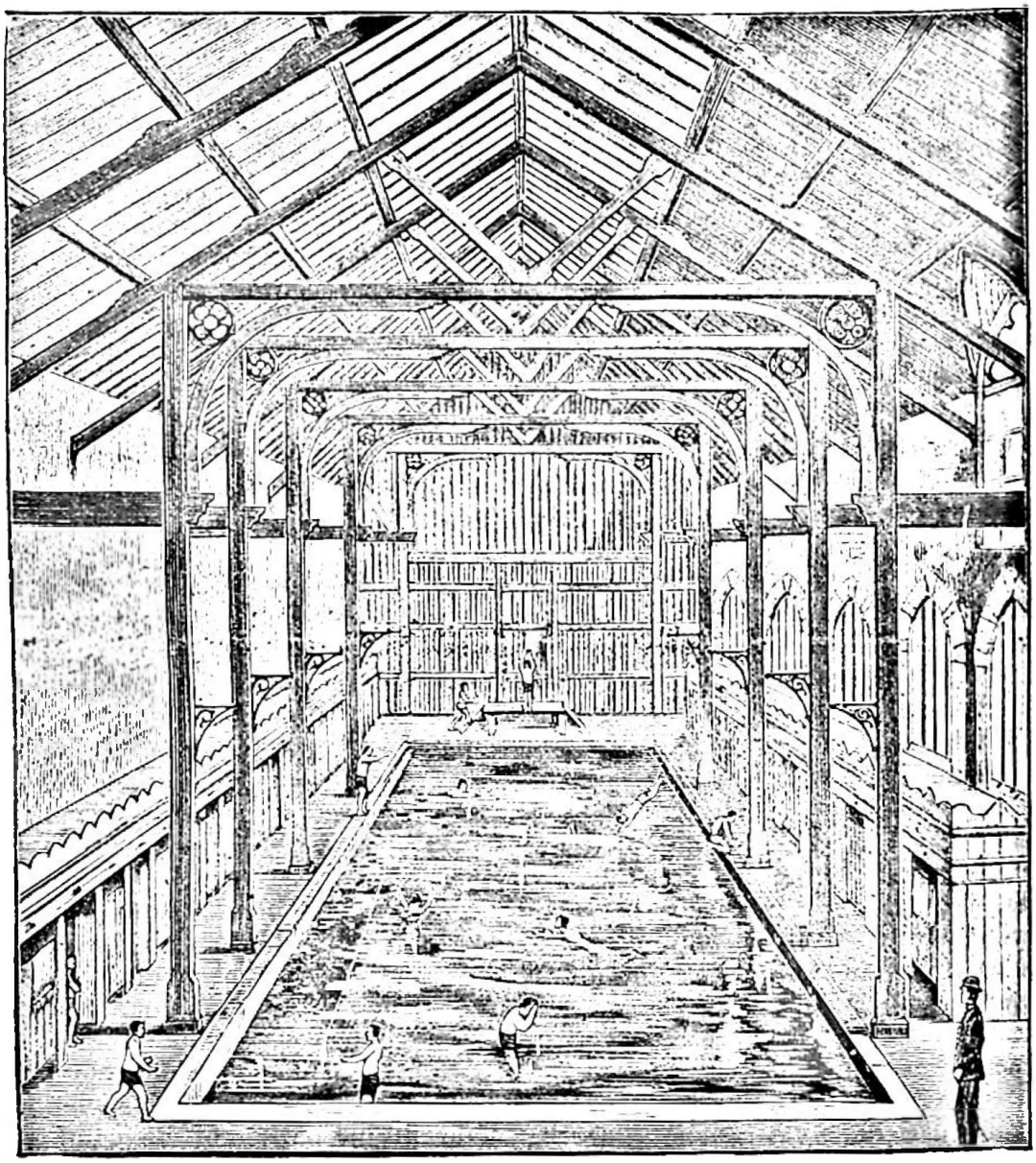
When residing in Montreal, a young Jew called upon him, being curious to see the professor on matters of Hebrew scholarship and Jewish law. Though young then, the professor was well and widely known as a Hebraist, having mastered the Scriptures in the original so as to be able to read and translate them fluently and accurately when only twelve years of age.

During his visit the young Jew informed his friend that he was on his way to Germany, to study Hebrew under the great scholars of his native land, and to qualify himself as a teacher of that language in some American college or university. Hebrew being the theme of their conversation, the professor proposed that they should read together. Hebrew Bibles were at hand. The Jew had never read the fifty-third of Isaiah in the original. To that chapter they turned. They read slowly and carefully. Every verse was traversed as being specially sacred and holy. No comments were suggested; no criticism proposed. The Christian led the Jew quietly and reverently, without touching a single controversial note, through the chapter. Possibly he watched the young Israelite with keen interest, and probably the silent prayer ascended that he might understand what he read, but no word of mouth was used; nor a sentence which a listener could have called an attempt to make a convert. The books were closed. Both men were immediately on their knees. After a few moments of profound solemnity spent in earnest personal prayer they rose. The prophetic word had done its gracious work. The divine pathos of the Man of Sorrows had melted the heart; his redemptive sufferings had been clearly perceived and understood. The wounded and slain One had triumphed. The Jew had found the Messiah; and from that quiet study went on his way rejoicing. What a power goes with the sacred Word to convince men that Jesus is the Anointed of the Lord!

Pontypridd. WM. PARRY.

A Reminder of the Stockwell Orphanage.

WE thought it would interest our friends if they saw the swimming bath which is provided for the orphans at Stockwell. The inmates of the Orphanage have all along enjoyed an extraordinary degree of health, far exceeding that of the general public. For this we praise God, and feel grateful for being led at all times to adopt the best sanitary



methods. Our excellent doctor pays great attention to the children, and nips diseases in the bud; but he prefers to prevent them altogether. Among other methods for keeping the youngsters in health, bathing and swimming are among the most popular. Certain days belong to the boys, and certain other days to the girls. We can speak for the boys when we say it is one of their greatest treats to have a swim. Of course the depth of the bath varies from the shallows of this end, where

the little ones can paddle, to the depths at the further end, into which the boys dive from the platform. Nothing better could be provided, and we believe that nothing pays better in an economical sense. Water is cheaper and better than physic.

In this, and in all other respects, the aim has been to make the Stockwell Orphanage a model. Friends from all lands look in upon us: in the course of a year many hundreds of influential persons search with curious eyes into all our plans and methods. We desire that they should learn something which may be of use to them in holy work among poor children. Ours has not been an attempt to do everything as cheaply as possible, for then the children might just as well go to the workhouse at once; but we have aimed at the present result of a happy family, and at the future result of well-trained men and women making their way in the world, and passing through life without suffering disadvantage from their father's death.

The picture of the bath and the portrait of the President are introduced to call the attention of our friends to the Stockwell Orphanage, and the treasurer who looks after its funds.



We are marching on with our little army of 500, equally divided into boys and girls. Our covenant God supplies all our needs in direct answer to prayer. We have no long list of Annual Subscribers to write to, and we sell no votes. Like the ravens, we sow not, neither gather into barns, and yet our heavenly Father feedeth us. Large as the cost is—for we do not keep our children at workhouse rate—yet all that is needed comes in as it is needed. The Orphanage has a small income from property; but in the main it depends from day to day upon the good hand of the Lord moving his people to give of their substance. The story goes that, when a certain man of God threw up his connection with a great missionary society to work at greater liberty, a lady said, "Poor Mr. Taylor, he has nothing now to depend upon but God. Happy is he who lives in such constant dependence. The Lord supplies us through his people, and we are therefore cheered by their aid. We are glad of the widow's mite and of the merchant's plum. In the midst of the stern conflict in which its President has been engaged, the Orphanage has suffered no injury as to its funds, but rather the reverse. How could it be otherwise? Laus Deo!

Good and Bad Reading—an Alarming Outlook.

IN one reminiscence of her life in London, Hannah More says: "I never saw Johnson really angry with me but once; and his displeasure did him so much honour that I loved him the better for it." The fact was that Miss Hannah confessed that she had read "Tom Jones"; and the sage, who by this time regarded himself as something like the guardian of his country's morals, thought it to be his duty to make a vigorous protest against such a maidenly indiscretion. "I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to hear you have read it: a confession which no modest lady should ever make. I scarcely know a more corrupt work." We can not only go with Johnson in a speech like this, we can even sympathize with him in the prejudice which would not allow of his seeing the genius of a writer like Fielding, whose books were calculated to lower the standard of public morality. Because Richardson was a better teacher, Johnson insisted that he was the abler man, which was, of course, not true, except in the sense that Richardson had a reverence for things that were pure and elevating.

This question of the corruption of the press in the eighteenth century is one about which ordinary present-day readers do not know very much; but it was a matter concerning which our Christian forefathers had to be very watchful. Addison refers to the beautiful work produced by the English presses; but printing classics and works for scholars was quite a different affair from producing the cheap, meagre, and oftentimes not very decent books which were then alone available for the poor. As they appear preserved in the libraries of collectors, these books, which were once hawked by chapmen from town to town, and village to village, afford such a revelation of other days as no historian can give us. How can we call those "the good old times" in which few, save the upper and middle classes, were able to read at all. Indeed, the casual purchasers of papers and books in the towns, as well as in the villages, were mainly dependent on such presses as that which rendered St. Giles's notorious in later days.

This kind of ephemeral trash, however, did not represent the worst characteristic of the literature of the eighteenth century; the most disastrous feature was the loose morals of the authors. Fielding was not the worst of the school of which he may be called the leader. A very superficial examination of the novels, and a good deal of the poetry, which constituted the lighter reading of the eighteenth century, is sufficient to show that it was so deplorably corrupt that no one would in these days venture to give examples of the grosser passages, lest they should come within reach of the Act for suppressing obscene writing.

Now, the eighteenth century is admitted to have been a time of going back; a time of moral deadness and crime, when the prisons would not have held the inmates provided for them if the gallows had not been constantly in requisition. The obscene chapbook and the immoral novel were, therefore, quite in keeping with other phases of its life. The corrupt press did neither more nor less than reflect the national life. At the present time, however, we profess to have greatly advanced in religion and morality, and to be more genteel altogether than the readers who had to choose between Fielding and Richardson.

When Johnson roared at Hannah More, by way of denouncing the prevailing fashion, only the minority would have gone with him: but now the majority would, at least, loudly proclaim themselves on the side of the virtuous and the pure.

But are we better than our fathers in this matter of impure literature? As regards the supply, we have advanced many hundredfold beyond anything that they were acquainted with; but, of course, we make a far better show in providing the antidote. The abundant supply of cheap and good literature in our time is a grand fact; but surely never before in the annals of the world was there such a flood of heart-corrupting trash as at present drenches every town and village in the land! Until the magistrates showed a disposition to put down the nuisance, the streets or main thoroughfares of London became a disgrace, by being appropriated as a market by the traffickers in the grosser kinds; but the worst, or such as the law can take hold of, we leave out of the calculation; and there are still left vast supplies of that more decorous filth which, in the end, is no less destructive of morality. We believe that something like a million papers of a demoralizing kind go forth from London presses alone every week, of course not reckoning Sunday newspapers. It is thus a plague which is not easily put down, and will, probably, never be wholly corrected by the law. The evil is one of long standing; for half a century or more ago we find Charles Knight, as publisher for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, complaining of the "hundreds of reams of vile paper and printing issued weekly, to the disgrace of cheap literature, and having considerable hold upon the less informed of the working people, especially upon the young." The effect is seen upon the boys and girls who read such papers. A glamour is thrown over crime, until to the imagination of unknowing youths it appears to be a "game" thing. The passions are excited until everything is sacrificed at the shrine of gross indulgence, and the physical as well as the moral nature is left a wreck. Some time ago an authority on the subject said, "Criminal literature of the lowest class has been diminished"; but we differ from that opinion, and believe that the total of this pernicious trash was never so great as it is now.

Nor can it be said that we are a whit better than our fathers in the matter of what are called higher-class or fashionable novels. Nearly twenty years ago, a publisher's periodical said that, "Among educated persons a sensational literature has become fashionable, the most appreciated authors being those who most vividly describe the sins committed against society. Very many of the popular works of modern days have an immoral tendency, and are far more pernicious in their effects than the works of Fielding, Smollett, and kindred authors of the last century." The approved "Society" novel of to-day is spiced with immorality; and not seldom is made a vehicle for attacking Christianity itself. What is, perhaps, an even worse symptom is, that our "intelligent" ministers, who, at any cost, must maintain their prestige with their cultured congregations, think it to be their duty to read such works, and to preach about them. If they would learn what is their duty from the Word they profess to expound, they would see that their duty is to preach the gospel as the only corrective of existing evils, and

not to parley with the enemy. Fancy where we should have been if Wesley, Whitefield, and the preachers of the Revival had concerned themselves with replying to deistical objections, and with counteracting the immoral influence of licentious story-tellers, instead of straightforwardly applying the truth to the consciences of those who were perishing for lack of knowledge.

Of late years we have been exposed to a plague of another kind, and one from which the country was comparatively free even a generation ago; we refer to the translations of the most horrible French novels. Of these one firm in London has, we believe, circulated a million volumes. The printed filth of Zola and his school, seems actually to have found a ready market in England.

"But what is astonishing," says an anonymous writer, referring to this subject, "so astonishing, that it is matter of amazement to the present writer, that the public attention has not been drawn to the fact before now—is the support which has been lent to what, at best, can but be regarded as a somewhat equivocal commercial enterprise, by a considerable proportion of the English Press. Many of the leading daily and weekly journals have, for some time past, prominently advertised the English editions of these novels. Their titles in large type, and, sometimes, with laudatory Press-notices subjoined, stare one in the face in quarters which one is accustomed to associate, not merely with a conventional propriety, but with some approach to a high tone upon moral questions. We are, in short, confronted with the astounding spectacle of a Press, upon the whole, freer from what is harmful, morally, than any other in Europe, industriously disseminating in the vulgar tongue, books which, even in their less accessible native dress, the leading English circulating library has declined to admit to its shelves." *

This is about as bad as bad can be; and it is a matter in which Parliament might be required to interfere.

It is a pleasanter thing to turn the attention to what is being done in providing really wholesome fare for the young, and for the people generally. The enterprise is supposed to have commenced between 1830 and 1840; but little was done until nearly twenty years later. Neither Charles Knight and his society, nor the brothers Chambers, did anything directly to forward the cause of religion; but it was far otherwise when John Cassell founded the firm which developed into one of the greatest pure literature agencies of the kingdom. Others followed. The Religious Tract Society has grown immensely during the last thirty years; and, in the main, the quality of its supplies have correspondingly improved. When we look through the volumes of *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home*, for the year 1887, and compare these with those which were issued at the outset, we see how great the advance has been. Both periodicals are now, as regards excellence, in the front rank.

Separate denominations are also doing something to provide what is wanted. The Established Church has its Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and lesser agencies. Nonconformity also has its

* "The New Godiva, and other Studies in Social Questions." T. Fisher Unwin.

publishing associations. The drawback of the Church society first named, and which will, in ten years' time, be celebrating its bi-centenary, is that many of its publications are such as we should strongly disapprove of. The Church of England is really best served by private enterprise, like that of the Rev. Charles Bullock, who, by the service he has done in this department, has become a national benefactor. As regards their religious teaching, there is no uncertain ring about the periodicals which come from *Home Words* office. *Home Words* itself is a Christian teacher in a large number of parishes, while *The Fireside* is a good model of what a family magazine should be.

Our own notion is that more trouble should be taken by Christian people in the matter of circulating pure and educating literature. Colportage should be encouraged and extended; Sunday-school teachers should look well after their scholars' reading; and even churches might have their magazine agencies; for some who have tried this experiment have had the best of encouragement to persevere. The fact is, that the powers of darkness are using the printing-press; and unless we, on our part, make it, what it is so capable of becoming, the church's lever, we shall forego advantages and conquests which are well within our reach.

G. H. P.

Avoid Temptation.

SECKER wisely says—"To pray against temptation, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray that they may not be burned. The fable saith, 'that the butterfly enquired of the owl what she should do with the candle which had singed her wings. The owl counselled her not so much as to behold smoke.' If you hold the stirrup, no wonder that Satan gets into the saddle."

Glorify God by making Brooms.

A YOUNG man once waited on Dr. Brown, of Haddington, and informed him that he wished to be a preacher of the gospel. But finding him weak in intellect and strong in conceit, he advised him against it. The young man replied, "But I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend," said Brown, "a man may glorify God by making broom-besoms. Stick to your trade and glorify God by your walk and conversation."

A Wise Couple.

A MAN and his wife were, on a certain occasion, enlisted in a dispute, which of them had committed the fault in some trifling occurrence. At length the husband, perceiving that it might amount to something unpleasant, kindly and sweetly remarked, "Well, my dear, I had as lief it would be I as you that committed the fault, for we have but one interest, and but one character." "Yes, my dear," replied the wife, "and I would as lief it would be myself as you." Of course the quarrel was healed in a moment.

Dr. Earle's Incidents.

I HEARD of an incident in Scotland very much like Jeremiah's being taken out of a deep pit of mire and clay by having ropes and old clothes let down to him, Jeremiah tying the ropes about his body, and the thirty men, sent for the purpose, drawing him up. (Jer. xxxviii.)

The incident was this. Three boys, nearly grown to manhood, went into the woods at the back of their father's house. In these woods was a very deep gulf. One of the boys proposed to see how deep into the gulf they could descend; the other two agreed to go as deep as the leader would. All three agreed to this. They started, the leader going first. They slid down from rock to rock a long way into the gulf, apparently without thinking how they would get back. They became intensely excited to get as low down as possible. They saw one rock far below, which the leader determined to reach if he could. So, taking hold of an overhanging rock with both hands, he swung himself under this rock, and dropped upon the rock below. The other two let themselves down in the same way. They now discovered that the rock on which they stood overhung a very deep chasm, and that they could not return by their own strength, and no one could come to their assistance. They saw no way but to die in this gulf. Long, weary hours they heard only the echo of their own fruitless cries. They had time to think over their madness and folly. Their father missed them, and raised the whole neighbourhood, and searched the woods for his sons. They looked all along the edge of the gulf, if possibly they might find a hat or coat, or some evidence that they had fallen into the gulf. At last they heard the cry of the boys, and knew about where they were.

The father had, no doubt, read the thirty-eighth chapter of Jeremiah, and said at once: "I can get my boys." He procured long, strong ropes, and fastening one end of these ropes firmly at the top, let the other end down into the gulf. But the overhanging rock threw the rope beyond the reach of the boys. They vibrated or swung the rope so that it swung within the reach of the boys. I have called their names George and John and Benjamin. George caught the rope first, and was told to put it around his body, and tie a hard knot, one that he could not untie himself in a hurry. But George could not be prevailed upon to tie a hard knot, but to tie it so that, if he was afraid, he could untie it in an instant. So they drew slowly upon the rope until George's feet were out on the rock as far as he could go without swinging off. He feared to swing off over the chasm, and untied the knot to throw himself back with his brothers; but he had waited too long, was too far over, so went down into the chasm, and was lost in the very act of being saved.

John took the rope next, but notwithstanding the death of George, and the assurance of his father that it would be entirely safe to tie a hard knot, and swing off, he would not tie a hard knot. He did not believe he should untie it, but left it so that he could.

John tried to trust, but just as he was about to swing off and be saved, he untied the loose knot to throw himself back by the side of

Benjamin. He, too, had waited too long, and was lost just as he was about to be saved. Benjamin next took the rope, and putting it around his body, said: "I will do anything you tell me." This time a hard knot was tied, and Benjamin swung off where he could not help himself. Just what his father wanted him to do. His father knew then he had him safe. I imagine, as he went up his rugged way, Benjamin said:

"Father, I cannot help myself at all."

"No, my son, don't take hold of a twig or rock; just trust me."

Just as God says to us, "Only believe."

Soon Benjamin was on the rocks above, safe in his father's arms, and poor George and John might have been there too, if they had only tied a hard knot. So God says to all who would be brought out of the horrible pit. Tie a hard knot, and swing off on the cord of Christ's love. "Only trust him, only trust him," and you too will say, "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit."

In the city of New York, while relating this incident, a sea captain present, a profane swearer, sprang to his feet in the public assembly, and said, with great earnestness: "Give me hold of that rope, sir; give me hold of that rope!" The scene was a very thrilling one; everybody seemed touched by it.

I had further conversation and prayer with the captain that night, but he hesitated about becoming a Christian, because he had always made his men on the vessel obey him by swearing at them, and if he became a Christian, he could not swear at his men. For a whole day he held that rope (so to speak), unwilling to give it up, for he feared his men would not obey him, if he gave himself to Christ. At last he said to me: "I will tie a hard knot. I will become a Christian, if I give up my vessel."

After giving himself to Christ, he went on board his vessel, called all his men about him, and told them he had become a Christian, and that there would be no more swearing. They had prayers on board instead of profanity; his men obeyed him much better. He ran two trips to a foreign port and back. On the second trip he was taken sick on his way back, reached New York too sick to be taken from his vessel, and died, triumphant in Christ, in his state-room.

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I find a great many persons unwilling to start in the Christian life, fearing they will not hold out. Others, who have really passed from death unto life, are trembling, and hardly dare to take a step forward, lest they shall go back.

A few years ago, while I was troubled in the same way, I visited Bunker Hill Monument. I really got a fine lesson from it. After paying the small fee to the man who has the care of the monument, he gave me a small lamp to light my steps. I took the lamp, and stepped inside on the stone floor, and as the winding stone stairs are inside, I looked far up its rugged steep, and at once called the attention of the man in charge to my small lamp. I said:

"This won't do. It don't light a quarter of the steps. Look up there."

He smiled at my want of thought, and said to me: "You are not up there yet. Why do you want it lighted there until you get there? Is it not bright enough on the first step where you want to put your foot?"

"Oh, I see, I see! It is all right. My lamp is large enough. I only need one step lighted at a time." So I started on, taking one step at a time, my lamp lighting each step as I went upward, until it had lighted every one of the two hundred and ninety-five steps.

Then I began to enquire how much love to Christ I needed to start with. Like the little lamp shining on each step as I advanced, so I needed enough love to take the first step in the Christian journey. Christ said, "After this manner pray ye, Give us day by day our daily bread." Not enough to-day to live on for a month, and so live on hard tack or sweet bread most of the time.

I meet many Christians who say they fear they have not dying grace. I tell them I know I have not. I do not want it. What would I do with dying grace? It would be in my way until I need it. I do not wear my overcoat through the hot weather of July and August, so as to be sure to have it in the winter. So with my little lamp, I have been stepping along in the Christian path for fifty-seven years, and expect it to light my steps through the valley of the shadow of death.

* * * * *

We were in the midst of an interesting series of meetings in New York. Among those attending from no promising motives was Mr. Olin, a lawyer of marked ability and influence in the town.

One evening, at the close of the sermon, when an opportunity was given for remarks, Mr. Olin rose, and, in a bold and defiant tone, said:

"Mr. Earle, I have heard you speak repeatedly in these meetings of the 'power of prayer,' and I don't believe a word of it; but if you want to try a hard case, take me."

I said, "Mr. Olin, if you will come to the front seat, we will pray for you now."

He replied, "I will do nothing of the kind; but if you have 'power in prayer,' try it on me."

Before closing the meeting, I requested all who were willing, to go to their closets at a given hour, and pray earnestly for Mr. Olin; and I requested him to remember at that hour that we were praying for him.

The second or third evening after this, Mr. Olin rose in our meeting, and urged us to pray for him. I asked him if he would come forward, and let us pray with him. He said:

"Yes, anywhere, if God will only have mercy on so great a sinner."

In a few days he was a rejoicing Christian, and soon after sold his law books, and became a preacher of the gospel. He is now a presiding elder in the Methodist church.—*From "Incidents used by Rev. A. E. Earle, D.D., in his Meetings."* (*See Reviews.*)

The Apotheosis of Humanity.

"YE shall be as gods," said the father of lies to our first parents, and the lie has never quite been repudiated. In some way or other the deification of man has been sought. We find the idea imbedded in the mythologies of Greece and Rome, which represent their gods as simply deified men; and the later practice of these people in deifying their deceased rulers, and sometimes even their living ones, was an outgrowth of the same idea. Every such *apotheosis* was, in effect, an attempt to express as a truth the devil's lie.

Alas! the truth is that, in the attempt to become a god, man fell from the lofty position in which God had placed him; and a yielding to Satan means an ever-increasing degradation; while it is only by renouncing the devil's lie and accepting the truth of God, that fallen man can be raised to a position of glory and honour.

The tendency of the present-day theological speculations is, in some way or other, to exalt human nature. Of course, we have in our midst full-blown Positivism boldly proclaiming that the only Deity is Humanity, and going through the strange farce of holding public worship; singing hymns in praise of humanity; preaching sermons, the subject of which is humanity, and offering prayers to humanity. The whole thing seems utterly ridiculous, and yet there are men, reputed wise in this world, who are foolish enough to take part in such meaningless mummery.

It seems to me, however, that what is known as "advanced thought" is closely akin to Positivism, though the relation may not be openly avowed or even suspected. If the various articles of the modern creed be examined, it will be found that they all converge to this point, which may be called the *Apotheosis of Humanity*. A creed the moderns undoubtedly have, albeit it may not be formulated as fully and clearly as the orthodox creed. We may best view these articles in connection with the leading truths of the Evangelical faith of which they are usually the negation, whatever else they may also be.

Notice, first, the *Inspiration of the Scriptures*. We do not ignore the fact that among the orthodox different views have been held as to the precise nature and extent of inspiration; but, in general, Evangelical Christians have firmly believed in the absolute authority of the Word, as the *Word of God*. Theories about the *how* of inspiration are one thing, the *fact* of inspiration is another. We unhesitatingly believe that fact in its fullest extent. Undeterred by sneers about "plenary" and "verbal," we believe that "All scripture is given by inspiration of God"; that its words are the words "which the Holy Ghost teacheth"; and that its letters may well be called "sacred."

The modern school begin by degrading the Scriptures from their lofty place. They exalt unduly the human element in the sacred Book. Inspiration is toned down till it is almost unrecognizable. It becomes possible to pick and choose among its doctrines and precepts. The authority of the book as a whole, is subverted. Human reason, refined taste, religious sensibility, must decide what portions possess authority; and so, practically, the supremacy of reason is substituted for the sufficiency of Revelation. Religious teachers dare to sneer at the "idolatry of the Bible," and bracket the idea of an infallible Book with the dogma of an

infallible church and an infallible Pope. The theological history of the past twenty years clearly shows that this humanitarian doctrine about the Word is the root of most other errors. Be it ours to hold fast "the faithful word"; to prefer the verities of Scripture to the vagaries of science; and bow to the authority of Revelation, rather than to the audacity of reason.

We glance next at the *Divine Fatherhood.* The glorious truth of the Fatherhood of God, as fully revealed by Christ, has ever been dear to the Christian church, nor can it ever be lost sight of while we continue to pray "Our Father!" The Christian doctrine of God's Fatherhood runs not upon the lines of nature, but of grace. It implies a re-creation, a new birth in the case of those who are enabled to recognize God as Father. The new school, however, will have it that God is the Father of all men in the same sense. At first sight, it seems to exalt God by making much of his love; but what it actually does is to exalt man. What a noble creature he is! Is he not a son of God? It ignores or minimizes the fact of man's fall and consequent sinfulness. Instead of the *depravity*, it talks of the *dignity* of human nature; vice is an accidental weakness instead of an intrinsic evil. I have heard a Christian minister say that we must tell men "that they are the children of God, not of the devil; that they are from above, not from beneath; that the hardest man has more affinity for godliness than for sin." Is not this the blankest contradiction to the statements of the Incarnate Truth? "Ye are from beneath," "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father it is your will to do." If God is equally the Father of all men, why is it that only when we believe we receive the "Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father"? If children by nature, why are Christians told that they "are all the children of God *by faith* in Christ Jesus"? In opposition to the vapourings of modern thought concerning human virtue, we must declare to men the verdict of Jehovah: "all together filthy," "gone out of the way," "none that doeth good, no not one," "enemies by wicked works." Yet, withal, sonship is possible, but to attain it "Ye must be born again."

This brings us to the new theory of *Regeneration.* It is not surprising that, in the creed of those who believe in universal Fatherhood, evolution should take the place of Regeneration; and that, instead of the grand doctrine of the implantation of divine life in the soul, we should hear of the development of human goodness. Of course, if men are children of God already, the new birth is a superfluity; they are, at worst, but wayward children, who require to be told their duty. The culture of the intellect comes to be thought of more importance than the conversion of the soul. There is no need for the work of the Holy Spirit; or, if admitted at all, it is only needed in the way of training men; educating them in the virtues; helping them to improve themselves. The glorious third Person of the Trinity from being a convincing and quickening agent is degraded into an ethical influence.

Regeneration in the scriptural sense supposes *total depravity*, which is too humbling a doctrine for the deifiers of human nature.

Nor is it much otherwise in regard to *Atonement.* Atonement is made to an offended ruler. Penitence is a sufficient ground for the forgiveness of a father. If God is only a Father, how should he require

an atonement? and so our advanced theologians are consistent enough in rejecting the Evangelical doctrine of a vicarious atonement. Such atonement supposes too great a degradation of human nature. Hence, instead of the great transaction of Calvary being an expiation for the sins of men, it is regarded as simply an exhibition of self-sacrifice, an example of devotion to duty, or, at the highest, an expression of love calculated to win the heart of man. We believe it to be all that; but we hold that it is very much more. The very essence of that mystery lies in the fact that there was a real bearing of sin, a real enduring of penalty, a real satisfaction rendered to justice. On the other supposition, there is nothing but what man might have done; on this, there is what only the God-man could do. The lower views of the Atonement while they tend to the exaltation of man, in so far tend to lower God. They fail to recognize the honour due to his law, they overlook the far-reaching demands of his justice. On the supposition of a God all mercy, we do not see the need for an atonement at all; but accepting the Bible view of him as not only a God of love, but also a God of infinite justice, inflexible truth, and supreme holiness, we see the full glory of the Atonement revealed in Scripture, an atonement which certainly does not obscure the divine love, but makes it more gloriously conspicuous. In the words of Professor Gracey, "The justice of God demanded an atonement; the love of God provided that atonement." In proportion as the cross exalts God, it humbles men; nowhere is the sin of man so clearly seen, and while the Scripture doctrine of the atonement stands, the intrinsic goodness and glory of human nature must remain a fable.

Did space permit, we might notice the same humanitarian tendency in *the treatment of the gospel record.* The miraculous element must be toned down, and the mere manhood of Jesus made prominent at the expense of his Deity. "*Ecce Homo!*" is the favourite cry; a cry that we gladly echo, for we yield to none in our belief in the veritable humanity of Jesus of Nazareth: but we hold it ought not to be the loudest nor the most important cry of the gospel preacher. We think it better to imitate the example of Peter and Paul, than that of Pilate. They point to the man Christ Jesus, it is true; but of that crucified, risen, and exalted man they say in effect, if not in the very words of that ancient evangelistic prophet, "Behold your God!"

But we hasten over various points here suggested, to notice the advanced teaching on the momentous question of *Future Punishment.* The subject is awful, mysterious, soul-crushing. It becomes those who would speak of it to be bathed in the tender, compassionate spirit of Christ. Yet must it be spoken about, inasmuch as it is part of the "whole counsel of God." Evangelical Christianity taking the plain teachings of the Scriptures has not hesitated to affirm the eternity of the misery of the lost. Crude conceptions of that stern fact may have been entertained, grossly material descriptions may have been given, but no conception, no description can go beyond the awful reality as depicted by the tender-hearted Son of God. We are not concerned at present to advance arguments in support of the orthodox belief, nor to examine in detail the view of the new schools. We simply point to the fact that the chief arguments against the eternity of punishment resolve themselves into a matter of human sentiment. We are asked to imagine

a father treating a child as the orthodox creed represents God dealing with the lost; the most harrowing appeals are made to the natural feelings of men; and the attempt is made to show that eternal punishment is utterly repugnant to the best feelings of human nature and entirely at variance with the loving character of God. These two are really one; for by this theory God is clothed with human feelings, and we are simply asked to judge the matter from a human standpoint. There seems, too, to be underlying all the idea of human dignity. Man is too noble a being to be consigned to such an awful fate; if the essential good of his nature has been undeveloped or obscured during life, he ought to have an opportunity after death of showing his real nature; if God is as good as man he will give the lost another chance, etc. There is, doubtless, an amount of plausibility in the appeal to human feelings; but we respectfully protest against looking at this matter from a human standpoint, and regarding God as an ideal man. Men are not the best judges of their own doom, and God is something more than a Father, he is a judge, a sovereign, and we are bound to look at this question from a divine standpoint. To quote the words of a profound thinker of the past generation, Dr. Chalmers, "We cannot forget, although we would, that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne; and that his dwelling place is not a mere blissful elysium or paradise of sweets, but an august and inviolable sanctuary. . . . . There is a sickly religion of taste which clings exclusively to the parental benevolence of God, and will not, cannot, brave the contemplation of his righteousness. It is this which makes the reasoning as feeble as the sentiment is flimsy."

It may be objected that, just as others clothe God with the softer attributes of man, we robe him in the severities of a despotic monarch. Our answer is, that we only present the stern aspect of the Divine character to counteract the speculation founded on the softer aspect, not as affording a basis for the orthodox doctrine, but to show that there is no inconsistency in the doctrine; and because it is the view that the Word gives of him in ralation to this matter. For, after all, the matter is not to be decided by *à priori* theories as to the character of God, but by the plain declarations of his Word; and here we see how all the great doctrines depend upon the Inspiration of Scripture. If the Scripture is fully iuspired so as to be an authoritative revelation, then there is no escape from the belief in the eternity of punishment. *Post-mortem* Salvation finds no foothold in that infallible Word. The holding of this solemn doctrine involves no lack of sympathy with men, or real compassion for them. He who was love incarnate uttered the plainest and sternest words about the fate of the lost. Nor is there real pity for men in the new teaching. We solemnly believe that it is a false sentiment of tenderness that would foster in men a hope larger than the Word of God warrants. Let sinners believe that salvation after death is possible, and the very thought will tend to lull them into a lifelong indifference. It is true love that warns of coming danger. "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men . . . for the love of Christ constraineth us." It is well to have much sympathy with men; would we all had more! But ought we not to have sympathy with God as well? Ought we not to be ready to acquiesce in his judgments; to say "Amen" when he vindicates the eternal principles

of righteousness? Feeling that it is a wise and necessary law that has joined sin and punishment together, and believing that character tends to final permanence, ought we not to agree with the closing verdict of Revelation: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still"?

In conclusion, looking at the broad general features of the new theology, may we not say that instead of theology it ought to be called *Anthropology?* The old theology tends to exalt God and lower man; the new seeks to exalt man while it lowers God. The new sets before us a fancied picture of human nature raising itself to God; the old shows, as a great reality, God coming down to man, and in infinite love laying hold of him and lifting him up to himself. So that while the death-blow is struck at the supposed innate goodness of man, true goodness is imparted, and man, recreated in the image of God, becomes by grace a partaker of Divine glory.

The new theology professes to be a theology of progress, and taunts the old with its stationary character; but there are two kinds of progress. There is progress in the truth, and that, we trust, will be ours—a growing "in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." There is a progress beyond truth into error, which is thus described in the Revised Version, 2 John, 9: "Whosoever *goeth onward* and abideth not in the teaching of Christ, hath not God." Such seems the character of the "advanced thought" of the present day. From *such* "going onward" may the Lord preserve us! Be it ours to abide in the teaching of Christ.

Brannoxtown. A. McCaig.

Subtlety of Error.

AT the siege of Lucknow the mutineers had sent continuous and fatal fire into the fort from a ruin close by. A number of the adjacent houses had been blown up; but this structure was not quite demolished. Seeing this, one of the enemy began to make it his favourite haunt for still assailing our men. His presence was greatly abhorred; but nothing could dislodge him from the position. At last directions were given to shell the fellow's place of refuge. The command was attended to with the greatest alacrity. Shells were thrown with beautiful precision, and burst just where they should burst. But immediately after, a rifle bullet, whistling through the air as if in defiance of these strenuous attacks, proved that the marksman was still unharmed. Nor could the riddle be solved till the capture of that gateway a little while afterwards. Then it was discovered that the Residency was so well commanded from that spot that through a telescope he could watch the movements of the gunners; and by retiring by a ladder into a sort of cavern he had scooped out for his safety, he was preserved ready to return at once to action directly the shell had burst. He did what false doctrine and error always attempt when assailed from the Word of God. His head was for a time concealed, that he might have further opportunity to attack, and if possible destroy those forces that opposed him. And it was only a final, irresistible advance on his position that revealed the secret of his long preservation. Robert Spurgeon.

"Hallelujah!"

"HALLELUJAH!" cried old George, the carter, as he tumbled head-over-heels backwards into the wagon, on London Bridge, during his excitement to recognize me, as I was walking along the foot-path in that busy thoroughfare. The chief cause of his fall, I saw, was the shortness of the plank which was laid across his vehicle to form a temporary seat. I had not met with this man for quite fifteen years, and on this occasion I recognized him by the chestnut mare he was driving. There was no whip in the hand of the driver, and the horse looked as fresh, fat, and well as when, in former years, I used to meet it, being driven by this godly man in the East of London.

This working-man is a dear friend of mine, for he is a real brother in Christ, and in former years many a heavenward help have I received from his homely but warm-hearted prayers. During the early days of my Christian life I often heard George the carter give his experience in a Methodist class-meeting; and how it used to refresh and help my soul as a young convert! I shall always love this dear brother for the memory of those happy days. Though we have since then somewhat changed our views on various points of Christian doctrines, we are still one at heart about Jesus Christ and his great work of redemption. George used to constantly say he believed only in the *baptism* of *fire*, and not of water. But I have now come to believe in *both*. *Baptism* by *immersion* God has shown me to be a commandment of Jesus Christ, to those who would fully follow him; and the *baptism* of *fire* I believe to be a necessity for those who would be used as soul-winners in Christ's service. Old George was always saying he must be very watchful, for fear he might fall *from* grace; and I have come to see that I need the very same watchfulness daily to keep me from falling *in* grace. For though I am thankful to be able to say, "By grace I am saved," and thoroughly believe that the Christ who has saved me will keep me to the end, yet I am conscious that, unless I am prayerful, I may, though I am God's child, fall *in* grace, so as to bring disgrace upon my Master and his cause. With this slight difference, Old George and I are still one in our Christian faith.

And now let me tell you a little of the old carter's experience, for it helped me when starting out in the Christian life, and it may also prove a blessing to some young convert who may, by God's providence, have come into touch with me in my many wanderings.

"Bless his dear name!" said Old George; "what a change, to think I, a poor sinner, should be found at a Love Feast, surrounded by God's dear children! I can, indeed, say: 'Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.' It used to be my delight to go to the tap-room on Saturday nights, and spend my hard-earned money, and muddle my brains. Dear me! How easy the devil leads poor chaps astray! At the public-house where I used to attend they held a sick club, and a sing-song. It was, indeed, a strange mixture. We paid our money," said he, "to help us when we were sick, and then set off drinking the very stuff that made us sick. For years I went on with this silly game, till one day the Lord Jesus met with me, and opened my eyes; and

then, like Saul, I was brought to know him whom I had persecuted, and I made up my mind to quit the devil's service right-away, and begin to serve Christ; and there was soon a great change in my experience. I think the next one to my wife to know the change was my old chestnut mare, for she and I became quite affectionate right-away, and I soon said, 'Good-bye!' to my whip. I knew then I was Jesus Christ's servant, and my lot in life was to work daily with my horse, and drive her so as to please Jesus. 'Look yer, old gal!' said I to my mare, 'Jesus has won me by love, and I'll do the same with you'"; and right well has he succeeded.

"Well," said George, at one of the class-meetings, "six or seven weeks after my conversion the devil tried hard to trip me up, and asked me what I was going to do with all the money I had paid into my sick club? So, after praying over the matter, I thought—Well, if Jesus will give me strength to show my colours, I will score one with the devil for this suggestion. I will not lose my sick benefit, if I can help it, but I will try and get some of my old pals away from that sing-song, and get them to come and hear the gospel, and thus weaken the enemy's camp."

So, when the club-night came round, away went George, with his back-money to pay up his arrears and give his testimony for Christ. No sooner had he set his foot inside the club-room than he was greeted by his old companions with, "Hallo, George, old chap! we ain't seen you lately! Where have yer been to? Come along, old fellow, and give us a song now you have come."

"All right,' said George, "I'll sing;" and, standing on his feet at once to their call, he struck off with this song,

"Whither, pilgrims, are you going; going each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey, going at our King's command.
Over hills, and plains, and valleys, we are going to his palace;
We are going to his palace; going to the better land."

As soon as the first verse was completed, several voices shouted, "Shut up!" in a very gruff tone.

"Not I," said George, "you didn't say 'Shut up!' when I used to sing, 'We won't go home till morning,' and now things is altered with me, and I don't stop out till morning, and don't want to stop out till morning, and I didn't ask you to let me sing. It was you who asked me to sing to you, and I mean to sing. You have had one werse already, and there's another werse as I've learnt since I've seen you chaps last, and I mean to give you this yer other werse, whether you like it or no." And with this remark George struck up singing—

"Pilgrims, may we travel with you, to that bright and better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome, welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, oh come, and do not leave us; Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us, in that bright and better land."

At the close of the song, "Silence!" was the order given by the chairman, and the carter was allowed to pay his club-money, and retire without any further solicitation to stay and sing another song. It was a bold and rather risky step to take; but God was with him, and his testimony was felt by those present.

"A few times arter that," said George, "they used to try and chaff me, and say they would laugh my religion out of me."

"And do you think they will do it?" I remarked to him.

"Laugh it out on me, sir? Not they, all on 'em put together couldn't do that, sir. They might laugh it further in me. But I knows, and they knows wery well, which is got the best on it. But I'll tell you, sir, what they does do. When any of these yer chaps is in trouble, and lost a little gal, or the likes of that, and they wants to borrow a shilling or two, they allers comes to me then, sir, to borrow."

"And do you lend it to them?" said I.

"Well, sir," said George, "you see I'm this yer sort of chap, sir, if I sees a mate of mine in trouble, and I'se got a shilling or two by me, I ain't got the 'art to say No, not even if I knows there's no chance of getting it back again."

"Bravo, George!" said I. "You had better be imposed upon a thousand times than harden your heart, for God will make up to you anything you lose for Jesus' sake."

"I knows that, sir. He's done that for me lots of times already, since I've been converted."

You can imagine it was a pleasure to me, after fifteen years, to see once again the face of this true-hearted carman. Though the traffic was so great that I could not get close to him to shake hands, his homely salutation, "*Hallelujah!*" was quite enough to tell me he was still one with me at heart. I felt that one word, "*Hallelujah,*" had a special charm, and much meaning in it that morning. It was only one word; yet *Hallelujah* then meant, "I'm still on the Lord's side." *Hallelujah* meant, "I am not ashamed to own Jesus in the street." *Hallelujah* meant, "I have still a bright hope for the future." *Hallelujah* meant, "The Lord Jesus is still my stay." *Hallelujah* meant, "I am still rejoicing in Jesus." *Hallelujah* meant, "I have still peace on earth, and a password for glory."

I like a warm-hearted "*Hallelujah!*" like this. It was not a meaningless shout, which I fear it is sometimes, by the flippant way in which some people use it.

I think the true reason why old George's religion makes him so bright, and remains so sweet to his soul is, because at the start of his Christian life he saw that his sin in God's sight was exceedingly sinful. And until we get a true idea of sin we are quite out of the line of God's view of sin.

Reader, if you get right views of self and sin, you will then see the source of hell, and will have found the key of the cross, which unlocks the plan of salvation, and reveals the true meaning of God's love to ruined man. Like old George, when we see our sin, we shall soon cry for mercy, and when we truly cry for mercy, Christ's coming is never delayed; and the coming of Christ into the soul of man means salvation to the receiver. Let us never treat sin flippantly. Let us always remember our sins caused the sacrifice of the Saviour, and the Saviour's sacrifice was the price of our salvation.

J. MANTON SMITH.

A Bright Song for Bad Times.

"The day is thine, *the night also is thine* . . . thou hast made summer *and winter*."
Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

YES, Lord, the night is thine as surely as the day.
In silver syllables the milky way
Sets forth thy name upon night's silver scroll,
In one long line of light from pole to pole.

The night is thine! Its silence speaks of thee:
Thine is its hush, and thine its mystery.
The stars are thine: the kindling sparks that fly
From thy great anvil, glorious Most High!

Hail, beauteous night! thou'rt black, but comely too;
Thy brow begemmed with stars, thy skirts with dew!
Hail, wondrous Lord! whose various works and ways
Deserve our homage, and demand our praise!

And thou, O Lord, hast made the winter-time,
Its feath'ry snow-flakes, and its glist'ning rime.
Thy mighty power the winter winds unfold;
For who, great God, can stand before thy cold?

* * * *

My night is thine—this night of pain, or loss;
My *crowns* all come from thee, why not my cross?
This night is thine, despite its gloomy hue,
With promises for stars, and love for dew.

And thou hast made for me this winter-tide
That I may nestle closer to thy side.
'Tis dark, my Father. In thy power I rest!
'Tis cold. I seek my shelter in thy breast!

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Left Behind.

THE English garrison evacuated Lucknow at midnight, on November 22nd, 1857. Lights were left burning, and all stole out quietly, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the enemy, who still kept up a desultory fire around the fort. Thinking that all had accompanied them, the soldiers pushed forward with great eagerness to reach a place of safety and rest. But one man had been left behind. "Captain Waterman, having gone to his bed in a retired corner of the brigade mess-house, overslept himself. All had forgotten him when they left the fort, and now the unconscious man was alone in the most terrible danger. At two o'clock he awoke, and found, to his horror, that all had left. He visited every outpost. All was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and fifty thousand furious enemies outside! It was horrible to contemplate! His situation frightened him. He took to his heels, and he ran, ran, ran, till he could scarcely breathe. Still the same silence, interrupted but by

the occasional report of the enemy's guns. At last he came up with the retiring rear-guard, mad with excitement, and breathless with fatigue." But he was safe at last, and the horror that brooded over his mind was now entirely dissipated by the feeling of rest and security that came to him.

Captain Waterman's experience presents an exact and realistic picture of the state of those who, of a sudden, wake up to the conviction that all around them are fleeing from the City of Destruction, while they are left in the greatest peril. Parents, friends, companions, have fled to Christ for refuge, while they have remained callous and indifferent. If the perusal of these few lines result in arousing such a one, the writer prays that he may escape for his life. Look not behind thee! Seek the safety and the society of those who once were in a like peril with yourself, and mourn that you should have so long overslept yourself, and been left behind.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

A Home for Ever.

IN Hyères there is a villa bearing the extraordinary name of FOR EVER, but notwithstanding this appellation it was marked, when we passed it, "*To be let or sold.*" How it came to be called FOR EVER we cannot tell; perhaps the builder thought he was erecting a perpetual home for himself and his family, a nest where he and his birdies might "for ever" rest; but they have taken to themselves wings, and have flown away. It may be that the owner hoped to attract a tenant who was seeking a permanent abode, who would hire the house in perpetuity. Whatever is the explanation of the strange cognomen, there stands the house, unlet, unsold, uninhabited, though it occupies a position of enchanting loveliness.

As we looked at it, we thought of the mansions in our Father's house which are rightly named FOR EVER. Those who, through grace, become the inhabitants of those heavenly homes receive on entrance the eternal freehold, and the guarantee of perpetual possession, undisturbed and unquestioned. Each of these mansions is a palace, they who dwell in them reign as kings, to them the Son of man shall say, when he comes in his glory, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"; and those who are addressed will go away into "life eternal." Dear reader, are *you* one of those for whom the Lord Jesus has gone to prepare a place? Can you sing—

> "I have a heritage of joy
> That yet I must not see:
> The hand that bled to make it mine
> Is keeping it for me"?

They who are trusting in Christ can say, with the apostle Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." May this be the joyful assurance of every one who reads these lines!

J. W. HARRALD.

A Little Sermon from the Painter's Brazier.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

I SAW a painter doing up the posts of a gate which led into a gentleman's grounds. The paint was very foul, and so the workman had a brazier, filled with glowing coals, which he held close to the paint, to burn it off. His aim was to paint the posts, and he began his work by scorching them with hot coals. He was no simpleton, but knew his business well; and he knew that before he could put on fresh paint he must first burn off the old paint, or else the work would be badly done.

Seeing that painter at work, I said to myself—"that man is doing what the Lord has often done to me"; and what he may be doing to some of you who are now suffering greatly in the process. You have been seeking the Lord, and you had hoped that you would be converted, and enter into peace at once; instead of which, the sermons you have heard have made you feel worse and worse. You are more troubled now than when you began in earnest to seek salvation. It is all right; the old paint is being burned off. Your self-righteousness and self-sufficiency are being destroyed, and you are keenly feeling the fire of the Lord's wrath against sin burning into your very soul. If the old self had been left, the colour of grace could never have soaked into your mind: the old stuff would have kept it out; you would have taken a mere film of grace, and soon the old rubbish of nature would have appeared through the new colour of grace. The more completely the old paint is burned off, the better will the new work stand; and it is for this reason that the Holy Spirit is to you a spirit of judgment, and a spirit of burning, before he works for your renewal. See this, and understand the wisdom and lovingkindness of the Lord.

A similar process goes on with godly people, as well as with the unconverted. Your beauty gets old with the wear and tear of life: you lose your freshness, you get into a mouldy and defiled condition; for this is a damp and smoky atmosphere in which you stand, even the best of you. Then the Lord comes to you, to restore your soul, and give you the renewing of the Holy Ghost. In order to do this he removes the old comeliness, and turns your beauty into corruption. There is nothing like the burning process for really, effectually preparing the way for a fair and abiding renewal. No mill has yet been invented for grinding old people youug again; but if ever it should be invented, the old man will have to be crushed very small, and broken into the finest powder. I am afraid that most of us would steal away rather than endure the grinding. But yet the crushing is the only sure way to the restoring: we must die daily that we may fully enter into life. By the gate of death multitudes of saints find their way into heaven, and by a deeper death to sin and self we rise more fully into an experimental enjoyment of newness of life. Some of us owe a great deal to the brazier of glowing coals, for this is a chief instrument in the process by which we renew our freshness. Our youth is renewed like the eagle's, and the eagle renews its youth by moulting: it loses its glorious feathers, and seems worn and haggard, and then

newer, fresher, and brighter plumage covers it. The ways of the Lord are only strange to inexperience: faith sees how perfectly natural they are.

Learn, also, another lesson from the brazier. I said to a friend, as we looked at the painter burning off the old paint, "That is what the devil tries to do with me; he endeavours to burn the doctrines of grace and the old evangelic faith out of me." Ah, friends! the hot brazier of ridicule and unkindness has been laid very close to my soul! But the attempt is not successful, for those truths, in my case, are not paint, and so they cannot be burned off. The gospel is in the very grain of my soul. Even the devil himself cannot burn off that which is part and parcel of myself, my life, my all. When the doctrines of the Word are taught us by God the Holy Ghost, and made to tincture and season our inmost life-blood, no burning process can take them from us, or cause us to give them up. That which is in the grain of the wood becomes more apparent the more deeply the plane cuts its way. My belief in the gospel of the grace of God, and specially in the doctrine of our Lord's substitution, is no veneer; but is in me and of me. I live upon this truth, and by God's help I could die sooner than renounce it. The true child of God does not hold truth so much as truth holds him; it cannot be taken away from him, for he cannot be taken away from it. All the power of fire or water, time or eternity, life or death, can never separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, nor take away from us the blessed truth which he has engraved upon our hearts. This, then, is our little sermon from the painter's brazier.

How a Poor Beggar became Rich.

IN a hovel in one of the lowest neighbourhoods of a large city, named "Spiritual-Poverty," there once lived together two brothers. The name of the elder was "Good Works," that of the younger, "Helplessness." It seems that, formerly, the family had been well off, and had occupied a high position; but, through the treasonable conduct of their parents, the King had deprived them of their estate, and, turning them out of their former home, had sent them into banishment. Forced to maintain themselves by the labour of their hands, and to make their own way in the world, they had emigrated to Spiritual-Poverty.

Unused to such hardships as their condition now brought upon them, the parents soon afterwards died, and the two brothers falling into evil habits lost the little money that was left them, and became utterly penniless.

Helplessness seeing there was nothing for it but to beg, had submitted humbly to this stern necessity; but Good Works, being of a proud disposition, refused to make open acknowledgment of his poverty, and attempted to pass himself off as wealthier than his neighbours, by stealing and wearing the goods and garments of others. He was only driven to this, it is true, by his utter poverty, and when starvation stared him in the face; but he seemed to wholly forget the evil of such conduct; for, in spite of it, he thought himself as upright and honest a fellow as ever lived.

It was rumoured on one occasion that the Prince of the Realm, who was then "going about doing good," was to pass that way in a few days on a benevolent mission to the City of Spiritual-Poverty; for he had heard of the distress that prevailed there, and he had determined to come and relieve it. On a former visit many of the poor of the city had, by accepting his aid, been

enriched. Among others, Zacchæus, a publican, as also Bartimeus, a poor blind man, who had formerly solicited alms on the public highway. His visit, therefore, was looked forward to with great delight and expectation by many who desired the like favours at his hands.

The day arrived, and great was the excitement manifested. Vast crowds gathered in the streets. Some came out of curiosity to see Royalty; gratitude for former favours brought others; some seemed indifferent to all the stir, and affected to be above such excitement, and spake of it as "much ado about nothing"; but a goodly few had come to seek help from the Prince, and obtain assistance. Our two friends planted themselves in a good position in front of the crowd, so as to be near the Prince when he passed. Good Works had come out of a desire to make a great show of his loyalty, and, if possible, to obtain the notice and approval of the Prince; but Helplessness, though conscious of his unworthiness, secretly determined to ask aid. Soon the procession reached the city, and as it wound its way through the streets, the cry arose from the multitude, "Behold he comes! The Prophet of Nazareth passes by!" Everyone pushed forward and strained their necks to get a good view of him, and the air was rent with the acclamations of the people.

Now, just as the Prince approached the spot where our two friends were standing, Helplessness lifted up his voice and shouted above the tumult of the people, "O Prince Immanuel, have mercy upon me! Oh, have pity upon me!"

His brother, sneeringly, told him to hold his peace, and upbraided him with his former wickedness and treason, saying, "It wasn't likely the Prince would take notice of, or show favour to, the like of him." Likewise the neighbours who stood by, Mr. Pride, Mr. Self-Righteousness, and Mr. Scoffer, cast the same in his teeth, and tried to silence him. But he cried the more lustily, "O Prince Immanuel, help me!"

At last the good Prince turned at the cry, and beckoned him to approach. When he was come nigh unto him, the Prince asked, "Wherefore didst thou call upon me, O Helplessness, and what is thy request?"

"That I might receive alms of thee, O Prince; for I am poor and needy, and ready to perish."

Thereupon the Prince, moved with compassion, handed him a large gift of gold, and thus enriched him on the spot; promising at the same time not only to restore him to his former position, but to raise him in due time to a higher and a happier one in his own court at the capital of the kingdom. Then, noticing his brother Good Works standing by, in his motley garb of "borrowed plumes," and marking his forlorn condition, in spite of the efforts he did make to hide it, the kind Immanuel offered to bestow the like favour upon him. But this self-confident man proudly, but respectfully, declined the generous offer, saying, "I thank thee, O Prince, but I cannot cast myself so wholly upon thy bounty. I intend first to work my own way up, and then will accept of thy favour when I have merited it by my good deeds. No man is worthy of a fortune until he has carved his way to it."

To this the Prince replied, very gravely, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in my sight"; and having so said, he left him and proceeded on his journey.

Many years afterwards, my business drawing me to that city, I enquired of Mr. Fact, a recorder in that town, what had become of these two poor men, and how they did.

"Sir," answered he, "well do I remember the men you speak of, as also the visit of the Prince upon that occasion. For that visit was the making of the one brother, and the misfortune of the other. No two men could be more unlike in disposition, though they came of the same family; and certainly no two could be more unlike in their destiny.

"The man Helplessness, through having accepted of the Prince's aid, and

having believed in his royal promises, was greatly enriched, and raised not only to his former estate but, like unto Job of old, to a higher and better honour, so that his last state was better than his first. He stayed for some time in this neighbourhood, rich and enriching others, who like himself had been reduced to beggary. Then, after a few years, the King of the Realm, who had received a favourable report of this man from his son, the Prince Immanuel, who had also interceded for him at court, had him sent for and removed to his own palace at the capital, 'New Jerusalem.' From all accounts he is living there now in great happiness and comfort, and is being treated like the son of a king, as was his ancestor, Mephibosheth, by king David.

"Thus that saying has come true in his case, 'He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill to set him among princes, and to make him inherit the throne of glory.'

"As for that worthless and self-confident fellow 'Good Works,' he made a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes, but he utterly failed, and at last died a miserable pauper in the workhouse of his native town, Spiritual-Poverty."

J. T. MATEER.

Notices of Books.

Sure to Succeed. By J. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

OUR friend, Dr. Davidson, gives his young men a course of lectures each year, and then, like a sensible man, sends them abroad as a book. His addresses are upon practical subjects, such as touch upon the real life of young men in London. He does not meet their imaginary doubts upon the Bible and the doctrines of Christianity; but he handles the actual difficulties of the great moral struggle of which London is the arena. Parents may trust their sons with Thain Davidson; he will teach them no false doctrine in the disguise of progressive thought. He is true to heaven and home, those two things which mould a man for righteousness. At 3s. 6d. this book is cheap. At any price it is good.

Seek, and ye Shall Find: Studies in Holy Scripture arranged for Household Reading and the use of Schools. By E. M. and S. I. M. Nisbet & Co.
The Four Greater Prophets. Part III. Ezekiel.

WE do not see much study in these Studies. *Ezekiel* is full of mystery, but these pages do not show us the key. We have here a sort of hurried outline of certain chapters, and a few observations which are good, certainly, but such as would occur to anybody who is accustomed to read the Scriptures with attention.

Proofs of Holy Writ; or, Voices from the Dust. By J. N. FENNINGS. Hastings: Barker, 22, Queen's Road.

VERY good. Calculated to instruct the young, and establish their faith in Holy Writ. Alas! how needful is it nowadays to battle for the truth of that Scripture which years ago was accepted by us all! Welcome to all who build the wall: as for those who undermine the foundation, their ruin will be overwhelming.

The Lord's First Parable. By the Author of "The Master's Letter," &c. Partridge and Co.

A NEAT, paper-covered book for threepence, with a simple spiritual exposition of the parable of the sower. Likely to do good.

The Sunday School Union issues Motto Cards for 1889, which are pretty, and suitable to be localized by any school which wishes to issue its own text.

The Child's Own Magazine. Sunday School Union.

A GLORIOUS shilling's-worth in the eyes of the juveniles. Altogether a superior production, without and within: catty, and chatty.

A Lay of Two Cities. By JESHARELAH. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s.

THIS book is very prettily got up, as it deserved to be. The jewel is worthy of the setting. Babylon and Jerusalem (not the old cities, but those of which they were the types) are the subjects of the lays of *Jesharelah*. "What a name!" says our reader; and so said we. But Jesharelah knows his way from Babylon, and he loves the gates of Jerusalem; therefore let him take what name he pleases. With true devotion and shrewd sense he mingles a sufficiency of the poetic spirit to command the reader's attention. Poetry is a drug *in the market* still; but it is a delight *in the parlour* of friends, and a luxury *in the study* of the writer who produces it. It must be a high pleasure to a man of business, like our author, to rise into other regions than those of our grimy city, to think of high and holy themes, and then to cast into musical verse the result of his contemplations. If Jesharelah cannot ride the winged horse of Milton, he can amble at a fair pace along a pleasant way; and his tracks may guide others along that narrow way which leads to the City which hath foundations.

The Songs of the Apocalypse. James Nisbet and Co.

A LITTLE book that is likely to suit many a humble saint. How you wish to feel an interest in the Book of Revelation! Plenty of treatises, but none please you. "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy." You desire this blessedness: can you not in measure obtain it by hearkening to that part of it which you are able to understand? Forget a while all the environment of its seals, and listen to the enchantment of its songs. You will be presently eager to learn the circumstances that prompt the cantata. Never mind aught else for the moment. Know that of old time God made his prophets to be poets—every man of them, and every woman likewise. Note how the holy muse touched the lip of Deborah and Hannah! In the New Testament, epistles that propound sound doctrine and simple morals are purposely filled with doxologies. They flow into the prose by a force of inspiration. To this hour our gifted preachers are great in parables. Minstrelsy has made every revival memorable in the church. Our hymnals all attest the fact. When a door is opened in heaven, there will be melody and music to greet your ears. It is not all vision: there are voices. Beyond the primal song there are here seven other songs, the significance of which our author aims to show. He hides himself under the initials "M. S.," but we suppose he hails from the Emerald Isle.

The Expositor's Bible. Colossians and Philemon. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS volume is undoubtedly one of the most valuable of the series. Dr. Maclaren is a master of the art of exposition, and he appears here at his best. In each chapter we have a combination of rare exegetical ability, keen critical analysis, and deep spiritual insight, which makes it radiant with divine light, and burning with sacred fervour. Profound reverence for the Word of God is a characteristic of this, as of all his other works; the aim of the writer is evidently to bring forth the mind of the Holy Spirit.

It is a delight to all believers in the inspiration of the Bible to see, in an expositor of the calibre of the renowned Manchester preacher, such devotion to the old gospel. That gospel is here expounded, illustrated, and enforced with such power and earnestness as will make "Maclaren on Colossians and Philemon" a standard work.

Elijah: and the Secret of his Power. By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

GOOD, exceedingly good. Mr. F. B. Meyer is a great gain to the armies of evangelical truth, for his tone, spirit, and aspirations are all of a fine gospel sort. In all his books there is a sweet savour, and in this one it is specially prevalent. The work is nicely got up by the publishers, and will be a good exchange for half-a-crown. May our brother be preserved from any alliance with the enemies of the cross of Christ.

The Betrayal and the Dream. A Poem in Five Cantos. By WILLIAM MARSHALL. Second Edition. John Kensit.

WE gave this poem a review in October, 1887. We are not sorry to see it much enlarged, and issued in a second edition. From the author's own standpoint it is a valorous defence of the Protestant faith.

The King of Glory. A Sacred Cantata. Compiled by ROWLAND CROSS. J. Haddon and Co.

THE effort to provide a sacred-song service is here well carried out. The compiler has selected the noblest themes, and his choice of both words and music is appropriate. The music is within the range of a chapel, or Sunday-school choir, and the hymns are such as can be joined in by the congregation. The aim of the compiler is contained in Psalm cxv. 1. We commend the work to Sunday-school superintendents, and leaders of the service of praise.

Jamaica's Jubilee; or, What we are, and what we hope to be. By Five of themselves. Partridge and Co.

THESE five essays are highly creditable to the several writers. We much admire the neat way in which Mr. Dingwall, the last of them, sums them all up, himself included. Is not this an ingenious and ingenuous paragraph?—

"We feel assured that the variety of style among the different writers—the rushing, gushing, eloquent torrent of Mr. Gordon; the flowery picturesqueness of Mr. Bailey; the sober, stately, business-like tread of Mr. Washington; the playful yet poignant, felicitous yet striking touches of Mr. Reid; and—well, it is not easy to be judge and culprit both in one—whatever judgment Charity may see fit to pronounce on her humble servant—this variety we feel assured will give an additional relish to the book. We make bold to say that it is a book everyone should read, and no Jamaican leave unopened."

We have lately met with the statement that the Red Indians are the men of the past, the whites are the men of the present; but the negroes are the men of the future. So let it be; but may they be better men in their age than we have been in ours! However, we calculate that Macaulay's New Zealander will sit on the broken arch of London Bridge at the time of negro ascendency, and perhaps the two will unite in re-building it. We shall see—or, rather, we shall not see.

The Pilgrim's Progress and *The Holy War.* By JOHN BUNYAN. Edinburgh: Andrew Stevenson.

THESE little square books, nicely bound for 7d. each, are cheapness itself. Who would not have a "Pilgrim's Progress"? Who would not carry a "Holy War" in his pocket, and read it through and through? Done up in paper, they are even to be had for fourpence. We don't understand how it can be done for the money; but perhaps it is the same as with the old lady's boots: "You see," said she, "we lose on every pair we sell; but it is the quantity that does it."

In Immanuel's Land. Memorials of Sophia Mary Frances Wood. By her Mother, F. L. CHEALES. A. Holness.

VERY excellent. It is a question with us whether every pleasing life should be submitted to the press. There is the hope of usefulness to suggest it, and the partiality of love to press it; but, after all, quiet, natural, uneventful lives may be best left to the reverent memories of friends and kinsfolk. Strangers are apt to look for more of incident than they will find, and then to be disappointed. This is a pleasant, godly life of a young lady who knew and loved our Lord, and sought to honour him in her life as daughter and wife.

Which Sovereign—Queen Victoria: or, the Pope? By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. Morgan and Scott.

A BLAST of necessary warning. It will not be heeded; for the nation is asleep as to the question of Popery, and the Jesuits are weaving their spells. This booklet should be scattered in every corner of the land. Its cost is only threepence.

The Infants' Magazine, Vol. XXIII. *The Children's Friend*, Vol. XXVIII. *The Friendly Visitor*, New Series, Vol. XXII. *The Mother's Companion*, Vol. II. *The Family Friend*, Vol. XIX. [All the above are 2s. 6d. each, cloth gilt.] *Band of Hope Review*, Vol. XXVIII., coloured cover, 1s. *British Workman*, Vol. XXXIV., coloured cover, 1s. 6d. S. W. Partridge and Co.

WE have carefully examined all these annuals, and we are unable to detect in them any falling off from the high standard of former years. They are all gracious, sound, and holy; and, as to their literary qualities, they are in every way adapted to the classes for which they are prepared. In beautiful illustrations, in moral tone, in vivacious writing, and in solid instruction, these serials may challenge competition. They not only hold their own, but they still remain second to none. The fountain from which they come teems with blessing to young and old.

A 1 Annual. Volume I. Partridge and Co.

THIS is splendidly conducted. We see it week by week, and are always pleased with it. Our young women cannot hope to have a better paper, nor need they wish for it. There is genius in it; but the beauty of it is that the gospel is never obscured by the tales, the science, the domestic wisdom, or the moral teaching. It is A 1. As an annual it makes a grand volume.

The Rosebud Annual. James Clarke and Co.

IF it is all for fun, nothing beats *The Rosebud Annual* for the tinies; but why not just a little here and there to do them good? There may be a grain of instructive matter in these sparkling pages, but we fail to see it. Well, well; it is a wonderful nursery book, and we marvel at the fertile brain which keeps such a serial going. Even babies, however, like to learn something; and at least a word or two of good might be put in edgeways.

The Quiver. Volume for 1888. Cassell and Co.

IT is a joy to have such a volume in one's hands. This magazine has not turned aside into the silly idolatries of the hour; but has kept to the God of our fathers, and the faith of true Christians. There is a high tone about its literary work, and a fine, healthy force about its moral teaching. The artistic part of the business is well done; in fact, everything is first-rate. The volume is worth buying at 7s. 6d., for its pages are not for this year only, but for all time. The series of articles introducing ministers and their studies must be peculiarly interesting to many. We regret that there should be other magazines of a high class which are introducing poison into our families; and we advise parents to see to it that the craft of the serpent in this direction is not allowed the scope it desires.

The National Temperance Mirror. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 33, Paternoster Row.

THIS makes a striking volume for 2s. 6d., in cloth and gilt edges; and it is handsome in paper boards at 1s. 6d. The contents are earnestly on the side of temperance, and are good; but we think improvement is possible: the papers are too much on that level of mediocrity which makes them respectable, but not remarkable. The Mirror will bear polishing.

Young England. Annual Volume. Sunday School Union.

A BIG book for five shillings. With so many pictures and stories it cannot fail to be popular. It is fairly instructive and religious. Certainly it is not overdone in the direction of the solid, but it goes to the full allowable extent in the sensational. The editor evidently knows what boys like.

Our Boys and Girls. Volume for 1887. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

POOR, though well-meant. What can you expect for a halfpenny?

The Herald of Mercy. Morgan and Scott.

WE trust that, from month to month, mercy has come to many through this Herald; and now, in its yearly form, it will begin another round of love.

Griffith John, Founder of the Hankow Mission, Central China. By WM. ROBSON, of the London Missionary Society. Partridge and Co.

THE wisdom of the Congregational Union's first choice of a President for 1888 cannot be questioned after reading this book, nor the still greater wisdom of Mr. Griffith John in answering, "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down." It is one of the new series of missionary biographies that are now being issued by Messrs. Partridge and Co., and its hundred and sixty pages are crowded with facts that both interest and inspire. We can conceive of no better plan to spread the missionary spirit than to multiply such biographies as this; and we would specially commend the volume to those who have the management of libraries, and the selection of prizes in our Sunday-schools.

Incidents used by Rev. A. B. Earle, D.D., in his Meetings. Boston, U.S.A.: J. H. Earle, 178, Washington Street.

THESE incidents in a very useful life, which has now been extended to seventy-five years, are very properly preserved. It would be well if other soul-winners would jot down the remarkable occurrences which have come before them: much would be learned by future workers, and even those of the present would be all the wiser. This book should be reprinted in England. There are expressions in it which are not in our line, but the American character of Mr. Earle's audiences very much accounts for them. We give our readers some of these incidents this month.

A Note Book of the last Century. Select Sentences and Paragraphs, translated from sundry Authors, with some Suitable Texts of Scripture. By T. S. 1760. R. Parlane, Paisley.

A HUNDRED years ago the times were even more threatening than now, save where the stars of Methodism shone forth. There were here and there true-hearted readers of the Puritans who prized their writings and noted down their choice sayings; and among them was one Thomas Stratton, of Ponder's End, who wrote out his selections and lent the manuscript among his friends. He little thought that, one hundred and twenty years after, his work would be printed in Scotland. It is by no means a very remarkable production, but the truths set forth are those which men now despise. We suppose the price to be a shilling: it could not well be more; but if publishers do not tell us the price, we cannot inform our readers.

Outlines of Sermons for Special Occasions. By Eminent Preachers. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE Clerical Library will not set the Thames on fire by the excessive heat of enthusiasm excited by any of its volumes: but they are each one of fair average value, as things go nowadays. Here we have six shillings'-worth of sermons for special occasions. originally delivered by the most eminent of our cotemporaries, and by some who would like to be thought eminent. Woe to the man who shall purchase this volume with intent to use any one of these prelections upon a special occasion, for should he venture upon plagiarism, he will be found out to a certainty, since at a special service he will be under double observation. Let him remember the fierce light which beats around an anniversary sermon, and beware. However, a wise man may gather a hint, and profit by it. If he does not use an old horse-shoe as it is, he may put it into his forge and hammer a new one out of it. Think of the best-known of modern preachers, and you have here discourses by some sixty of them.

Summer Voices. By the Rev. CHALES A. FOX. Partridge and Co.

MR. FOX is no mere jingler of rhymes. In this little book there is a wealth of natural beauty and charming thought. Let him sing again.

Go Forward; or, From Egypt to Canaan. By Rev. JAMES STEPHENS. Shaw and Co.

VERY excellent. Sound. Full of the wisdom which comes of living godliness, vital experience, and holy reverence. A tasteful "imitation parchment" cover sets off the book.

Irish Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

THIS year's Pictorial Annual of the Tract Society must be pronounced a grand success. Blessings on Old Ireland! Everybody will want to see the Vale of Avoca, and to kiss the Blarney Stone. Mr. Lovett has done his work right well, and has made the text nearly as interesting as the engravings. The amount of research required to produce such a work may not strike every reader; but it impresses us. To make such easy reading needed hard writing. We hope ten thousand readers, at the least, will speedily become enamoured of the Emerald Isle; and, in consequence, will pray for its poor inhabitants. The dream of separation is hindering reforms which might else be carried out at once; but we trust this will not always be the case. Ireland needs more patriots, and fewer agitators; more preachers of the gospel, and fewer priests. The tendency is to shunt the Irish question, but it will not be shunted. Any work which brings Ireland before the public mind will do good; for we trust that out of the united thought of many will come plans and methods which will promote her welfare. At present nobody knows what is to be done; and yet everybody thinks he could find out the secret if his party could be put in power. The travelling of Englishmen and Scotchmen through the striking scenes of Ireland would tend to create brotherhood, and lead to kindly thoughtfulness; and only good could come of it. We welcome, therefore, this delightful volume: it is a book of travel, and a work of art. Nothing better will be produced this season for eight shillings. We do not often venture upon a prophecy, but we can see far enough into a millstone to speak positively on this point.

Two Girls Abroad. By NELLIE M. CARTER. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

THESE "Two Girls Abroad" kept their eyes in their heads, and saw what they saw. Their note-books will interest untravelled friends in America, and will suggest useful lessons. Happy are our friends the publishers (Robert Carter and Brothers, New York) to have authors in their family; but happier far to see in them the gracious spirit which writes to the glory of God.

The Land of the Ghauts; or, Pictures of Life in Southern India. By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. T. Woolmer.

A LARGE amount of information about India in general and the Hindus in particular, is here packed in very small compass: the book is almost as full of facts as the Ince's "Outlines" of our school days, without their dulness. The illustrations, and the general get-up of the little book, are creditable to all concerned. Put it in the Sunday-school library.

Museums and Art Galleries. By THOMAS GREENWOOD, F.R.G.S. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

MR. GREENWOOD is wonderfully painstaking. He created a literature upon Free Libraries, and here does the same for Museums. Anything which causes knowledge to increase is good, and the more well-conducted museums and art galleries the better. Mr. Greenwood does good service by his advocacy.

Across the Channel; or, Picture-stories of Foreign Lands. By JAMES CROWTHER. Sunday School Union.

WHENEVER we meet with Mr. Crowther we have a good time. He is eminently instructive and entertaining. The young must surely be charmed, for even the older folk are fascinated. Here is a grand tour for 3s. 6d., with engravings, and reflections of a truly religious sort.

History of the Baptist Church at Gildersome, and Narrative of the Centenary Meeting of the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, 1887. Leeds: Walker and Laycock.

WE always value these little church histories. Religious topography has great interest for those who think the concerns of the church of Christ to be vital to the nation.

The Religious Tract Society is the first to send in a selection of *Cards for Christmas and the New Year*. We are able to give hearty praise to these productions as keeping to the great purpose of the Society, as sufficiently artistic, and as moderate in price. Nothing very novel is attempted. In the highest walks, in the matter of art and price, the Society gives place to those firms which make this department their spécialité; but for the general public the Religious Tract Society supplies good healthy material in this direction, as in all others. Looking the cards over and over, none of them strike us as remarkable, either for grave defect or for striking beauty. The one fault, which we fear is now unavoidable, is a sort of mediocrity of excellence. We hope that the habit of sending out cards at the festive season will not die out, but it will hardly continue at its flood: we believe the high-water mark was reached some time ago.

The Tract Society's catalogue contains a great number of capital text and poetic cards, and we commend it to our readers' notice.

The Cards and Illuminations from *The Deaconess House, Mildmay Park*, are very chaste and delightful. It is very difficult to invent anything new, and failing to do *that*, our friends have perfected the old. *Songs of Faith*, eight cards for 2s., are specially beautiful. *Mountain Anthems, Tidings of Peace*, and *Ocean Music* are all of the highest quality: we could not wish for anything better. *Everlasting Promises*—a good packet, but wrongly named, for none of the texts are promises. *The Stand Calendar for* 1889 is a gem which we hope will please our eye every morning of the year. Price 1s. There is a quiet charm about all the Mildmay goods which wins upon us, and makes us pray God to bless them to all who look upon them.

The Religious Tract Society has sent us two delicious bits in the form of ribbon-tied books. *Signals for the Voyage of Life* will be peculiarly suggestive to those who love the sea; and *Heavenly Graces* will be similarly pleasing to the others. The whole business of pictorial books in paper bindings is having quite as much attention as the sales are likely to warrant. These two productions are choice.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us several beautiful books, tied at the back with ribbon. *The Voice of Nature*, and *Twilight Memories* are specially good. Any of these would make first-rate Christmas presents. Prices vary according to the excellence of the article.

In the Olden Time. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated. Hodder and Stoughton.

Artistically very good: but we do not care for memorials of the godless mirth of the olden time. Nothing is suggested by it but eating, drinking, and such like.

True Service. True Comfort. Far Voices. Illuminated books. Price 3d. each. R. J. Masters, 327, Vauxhall Bridge Road; or Partridge and Co.

Mr. Masters has made a great advance upon his issues of last year. The little books at 3d. each are good and cheap, and ought to have a very wide sale. The four large cards, in specially large type, at 2s., post free, are very handsome, and are moderate in price. The set is called *Choice Words*. We wish Mr. Masters every success in his earnest endeavours.

The Sunday School Union publishers send us *The International and Golden Text Calendar and Date Pad for* 1889. The card upon which the pad is mounted contains the international lesson list. You pull off daily the paper containing the name of the day and the date, and thus you have hanging up before your eyes a remembrancer for use in the office, school, or home. Being only eightpence, it is cheaper than what we have been accustomed to use, the production of another publisher. *The Sunday School Teacher's Pocket-book and Diary at* 2s. is an old friend. Those who have used it for years will notice a little alteration in shape—probably for the better. *The International Daily Text-book* is handy for the pocket, and costs fourpence.

Angels' Whispers. By EDITH PRINCE. Raphael Tuck and Sons.

A PRETTY little book of poetry, adorned with pictures in colour and sepia, and printed at Nuremburg. We do not think it one of the best in artistic design of works issued by Raphael Tuck; but the spiritual teaching is as good as can be.

Noonday Musings. SAMUEL BAGSTER.

A LITTLE sixpenny text-book, each leaf adorned with ferns. We are not struck with it.

Golden Showers. By A. HANSLIP. With poems selected by CHRISTINE FORREST. Dean.

PRINTED in Holland, and by no means of a superior style of art. Yet it will have its admirers, and it will do them good.

All the above are in the vanguard of an army of books in colour which meet the popular taste. These have their season with Christmas and New Year's cards, and are to the smaller wares what shrubs are to plants. There are sweet and loving uses connected with these literary toys which make us glad to welcome them.

Æsop's Fables for Little Readers. By Mrs. ARTHUR BROOKFIELD. Pictured by HENRY T. FORD. Fisher Unwin.

THE fables are put into the plainest of words, and are then pictured in the most pleasing manner. Nothing is to be desired beyond what we have here in binding, illustration, and authorship.

What to Read at Winter Entertainments. Part I., Verse. Part II., Prose. Edited and arranged by the Rev. F. LANGBRIDGE, M. A. Religious Tract Society.

MR. LANGBRIDGE, in his selections, evidently tries to cleave to the good, and keep clear of the goody. He is quite as successful in the second endeavour as in the first.

Our doubts as to the usefulness of entertainments increase. If any want help in making out of them what little good lies within the region of probability, these two publications will assist them. Apart from their professed object, the selections are such as any reader will be glad of.

Notes.

WHEN the time arrived for making up the "Notes" for the magazine, the Editor was quite prostrate, and suffering so severely that he was unable to write even a sentence. There was much that he wished to have said, especially in reference to the London Baptist Association, and kindred topics; but with both feet and one hand a mass of pain, he was obliged to postpone everything until a future number. If well enough to travel, he will leave home early in November for a season of sorely-needed rest.

Before he was laid aside, the Editor completed his *Illustrated Almanack for* 1889. He thinks it will be found as bright as usual. Mrs. Spurgeon has selected the texts for the year from the first twelve volumes of her husband's sermons. This will tend to make the Almanack specially interesting to sermon-readers. *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack* is expected to be ready in a fortnight. Mr. Spurgeon's illness has delayed its completion.

The preachers at the Tabernacle during the Pastor's absence will (D.V.) be as follows: — Thursday, November 8, Pastor Charles Spurgeon (Greenwich); Sunday, November 11, to Sunday, November 18, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith; Thursday, November 22, Pastor E. H. Ellis (Stoke Newington); Sunday, November 25, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. (Dublin); Thursday, November 29, Pastor Frank H. White (Talbot Tabernacle); Sunday morning, December 2, Dr. Sinclair Paterson; evening, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon; Thursday, December 6, Pastor W. Fuller Gooch (Norwood); Sunday, December 9, Rev. John McNeill (Edinburgh); Sunday morning, December 16, Pastor A. G. Brown (East London Tabernacle); evening, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse; Sunday morning, December 23, Pastor Charles Spurgeon; evening, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

The programme for *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at the Tabernacle* is as follows:—Sunday morning, November 11, at 11, Mr. Fullerton will preach; afternoon, at 3, Mr. Smith will conduct a children's service, when all the Sunday-schools in the neighbourhood are invited to attend; evening, at 6.30, evangelistic service, when all seats will be free; Monday afternoon, November 12, at 3, meeting for women only; evening, at 7, prayer meeting; at 8, evangelistic service; Tuesday afternoon, November

13, at 3, Bible reading; evening, at 8, evangelistic service; Wednesday evening, November 14, at 8, evangelistic service; Thursday afternoon, November 15, at 3, Bible reading; evening, at 7, evangelistic service; Friday evening, November 16 (the evangelists' rest-day), gospel temperance meeting; Saturday evening, November 17, at 7, song service, "Homeward Bound"; Sunday morning, November 18, at 11, Mr. Fullerton will preach; afternoon, at 3, meeting for men only; evening, at 6.30, evangelistic service (all seats free). Will all our friends pray that a great blessing may rest on this special effort to gather in the unsaved; and will all who can, help to bring in those who are out of the way? Our brethren are greatly used of the Lord in the winning of souls; but they can only preach and sing to those who are present. If all Christians in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle will work with a will, the building will be filled every evening, and great good will be done.

The following resolution of sympathy with us in our action in the "Down-Grade" controversy came to hand just too late for last month's magazine. We feel sure that our readers will be glad to see it, even now. It was unanimously passed at the annual meeting of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces of Canada—*i.e.*, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island:—

"*Whereas* the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has for more than thirty years been known to the Christian world as a most devoted man of God, a noble defender of the faith, and a man greatly honoured of God, in the wonderful success which has constantly attended his labours in the gospel, and in the many religious and philanthropic works he has originated, and in which he is still most earnestly engaged; and *whereas* he has felt it to be his duty of late to sever his connection with the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and also with the London Baptist Association, on account of the laxity of doctrine of some of the brethren, and the unwillingness on the part of the said societies to adopt such articles of faith as would commit the membership to orthodoxy, and have a tendency to check the 'Down-Grade' drift in the churches; therefore *resolved* that this Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, now in annual session, this twenty-fifth day of August, 1888, representing some forty-four thousand members of Baptist churches, take this opportunity to place on record the high esteem in which our honoured brother, Pastor Spurgeon, is held by us; and we hereby express our hearty sympathy with him in his bold and unflinching contention for the truths of the gospel; and it is our earnest prayer to Almighty God that his faith may remain unshaken, and that he may long be spared to wield valiantly the sword of the Spirit, and that in the future, as in the past, God may continue to make the weapons of his warfare mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan, and the building up of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour in the world."

TABERNACLE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A week's mission was conducted by Pastor W. J. Mayers, at the Tabernacle, from *September* 30 to *October* 6. On the Sunday afternoon there was a large gathering of children, thirteen Sunday-schools being represented, many from missions connected with our church. Mr. Mayers held the children's attention throughout the whole service—his short, simple sentences being understood by the youngest, and his earnest appeals impressed many. At the Monday evening prayer-meeting Pastor C. H. Spurgeon gave an address, dwelling on the duty of Christians to abstain from the appearance of evil by abstaining from intoxicating drinks. Mr. Mayers also spoke, giving as the key-note of the mission our Saviour's words, "The Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." On Tuesday the subject was temperance lessons from the life of Noah, and on following evenings King David and the apostle Paul supplied the topics, from which our thoughts were led upward to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. The sweet singing of Mr. Mayers, and of his brother, Mr. A. J. Mayers, was very much enjoyed. One hundred and fifty-one persons signed the pledge, and many were spoken to about their souls. As the result of the mission, some are enquiring their way to Zion. A very hearty vote of thanks was given to the Messrs. Mayers, at the close of the services.

On Monday evening, October 8, the Pastor and church-officers met the members who have recently joined the church at the Tabernacle, and spoke to them upon their privileges and responsibilities. About two hundred were present, and a very profitable time was spent in prayer and praise and conference.

At the prayer-meeting which followed, the Pastor presided, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Parker sang, several brethren prayed, and Mr. Charlesworth asked for special prayer for the Orphanage, and related several interesting cases of blessing which he had known among the old boys of the institution.

On Tuesday evening, October 9, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was too unwell to be present, except for a short time, so the chair was occupied by Mr. James Stiff. Representatives of several of the mission stations took part in the meeting; and Messrs. Johnston, F. Elvin, Allen, Flower, Wood, and Lait spoke. Mr. Elvin, the esteemed secretary, presented the twenty-fourth annual report of the Association, from

which it appeared that there are now nine stations maintained by the members, and nearly all are in a prosperous condition. Open-air services are also held four evenings in the week on the steps of the Tabernacle, and large numbers of persons have there heard the gospel preached or sung. For the past seven years Mr. Elvin has taken charge of the evening services at the Agricultural Hall; but he has been obliged to discontinue the work through failure of health, and he has received from Dr. Thain Davidson very hearty thanks for what the doctor terms his "valuable and genial co-operation." During the year the members of the Association have conducted 2,203 Sunday services, and 1,158 on week-nights—a considerable increase upon the previous year. The annual income has been about £150, which has been expended for rent, gas, travelling expenses, printing, postage, &c. The various missions have also raised £260 in addition to the amount allowed to them for rent.

On Monday evening, October 15, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. In the absence, through illness, of his brother, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were given by Mr. W. Olney and Mr. Harrald. About 190 poor women have been relieved by the Society during the year, at an expense of about £60. The applications for relief are very numerous, and additional subscriptions will be gratefully received by the collector, Mrs. Dring, 21, Winslade Road, Brixton.

The days of special prayer for Sunday-schools, *Sunday and Monday, October* 21 *and* 22, were observed at the Tabernacle as in past years, and it is believed that, as on former occasions, blessed results will follow. On the Monday evening, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon occupied the place of his brother, who was too ill to be present, and delivered an address upon the words, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Mr. Pearce spoke of the special arrangements made for the days of prayer, and several Sunday-school teachers and officers, and other brethren, prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the young, and also pleaded very earnestly for the recovery of the sick Pastor.

COLLEGE.—Mr. P. H. Blaikie, late of Newcastle-under-Lyme, has settled at Wick, N.B.; Mr. T. A. Judd is removing from Shrewton to Henley-in-Arden; and Pastor E. George is leaving Newbury, in order to become Assistant District Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, for Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and Essex. His address will be Lynmouth, Leytonstone, Essex.

Mr. T. N. Smith, late of Banbury, has become pastor at Reading Centre, Schuyler County, New York, U.S.A. Pastor W. J. Cother, who was for many years at St. Helena, and has been since in the United States, is returning to the pastorate at Jamestown, St. Helena, early next year.

Pastor G. Samuel, of Birmingham, has been granted six months' leave of absence from his church, in the hope that a voyage to Australia and New Zealand will remove traces of weakness which have caused anxiety to his friends. He will have sailed before the present magazine is issued. Any of our brethren or friends at the Antipodes who can be of any service to Mr. Samuel will help a brother beloved, who has endured hardness during the recent battle for the truth in England.

Another of our brethren, Pastor J. O. Fellowes, who last year resigned the pastorate at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, has been "called home" during the past month. His son is the energetic pastor of the church at St. Heliers, Jersey. We heartily sympathize with the bereaved family.

Pastors' College Missionary Association.—The annual meetings of the above association were held at the College on *Friday, September* 28. Mr. Dunster having resigned the secretaryship, Mr. W. C. Minifie was appointed in his place. The report read by the secretary states that there are now in the College fourteen students preparing for Foreign Mission Work, the majority of whom purpose devoting themselves to the Congo Mission. At the afternoon meeting, the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, of the Camberwell Presbyterian Church, gave an address, in the course of which he said that it was quite a wrong idea to suppose that the man of mediocrity would do for a missionary. Foreign missions needed the best of men, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Mr. E. J. Parker, one of the College Evangelists, gave an encouraging account of mission work in India. At the evening meeting, presided over by Mr. C. F. Allison, Mr. F. W. Baller, of the China Inland Mission, gave an address upon missionary work in China. Dr. J. H. Maxwell, of the London Medical Missionary Association, spoke of the great advantages the medical missionary has over the ordinary missionary in every respect, and referred to China as a most inviting field for mission work.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received most glowing accounts of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission at Bromley, Kent. Pastor R. H. Lovell, in sending a thankoffering of £55 1s. 6d., writes:—"It would make you well if I could tell you all the wonderful signs of the Master's presence and power. We all got young again, and so helped and refreshed. All the churches are blessed. Your Evangelists (dear to us all) are most worthy. Not a word, or act, or plan in all the services we could wish altered. Full of power and gentleness, they are true and

beloved brethren. They are worthy all love and confidence. We all heartily thank the Master and you for them." Pastor A. Tessier confirms Mr. Lovell's testimony.

During the past month our brethren have been at Talbot Tabernacle, with Pastor Frank H. White; at Trinity Presbyterian Church, Notting Hill, with Dr. Sinclair Paterson; and at Westbourne Grove Chapel: many in each place have been blessed. November is to be devoted to the South of London—Upton Chapel, Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle (see special notice). From November 28 to December 9, the Evangelists are to be at Bloomsbury Chapel; December 10 to 18, at Peckham Park Road Chapel; December 30, at Westminster Chapel; and December 31, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, for the annual watch-night service.

Mr. Burnham had a very successful mission at Ripley Street Chapel, Bradford. Pastor G. Edmondson writes:—"We cannot tabulate the good that has been done amongst us. Our hearts have been lifted up more than a little. The spirit of prayer and the desire for the salvation of souls are greater than I have known during my twenty-two years' pastorate. It is truly refreshing to see how great has been the quiet, prayerful influence of one man. Outside the church the good done is very cheering. Several have declared themselves on the Lord's side, and others are seeking the Saviour."

Mr. Burnham has since visited Cotton End, Bedford. This month he goes to Tottlebank and Ulverston.

Mr. Harmer and *Mr. Parker* have been in and near Bradford during the latter part of October, and they are to be there for most of this month also. So far as reports have reached us at present, great blessing has rested upon their work. It is possible that these two brethren will leave in December for an evangelistic tour in India and Ceylon, which will necessitate their absence from England for several months.

Mr. Carter was at Watlington, Oxon., from October 17 to 22. This month he goes to King's Langley, and other places in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Harrison has been at Northampton and Staines during the past month. The first half of November he will be at Bath, with Pastor W. Pettman, the second half he is to spend at Keighley, Yorkshire. He has already applications for many more missions than he can conduct.

There is plenty of work for all our Evangelists, but funds are needed for maintaining the brethren in going to places that cannot meet all the expenses connected with their services.

ORPHANAGE.—The *Collectors' meeting* was held on *October* 10, but the President was not well enough to be present. The chair was taken by Mr. C. F. Allison, and afterwards by Mr. T. H. Olney. A very pleasing programme of singing and recitations was rendered by the children, and an earnest address was given by Pastor C. W. Townsend, formerly a boy in the Orphanage. A little girl recited a piece by Mr. Charlesworth, entitled, "A Night in a Gipsy's Tent," and at the close of the meeting copies were sold, realizing 23s. towards the funds of the institution. The total receipts of the meeting, including amounts sent by post by collectors unable to be present, were £103 14s. 4d.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir are now in South Wales, where they are having large and enthusiastic gatherings, which will result in substantial help for the Orphanage. Our heartiest thanks are hereby sent to all friends who assist us in caring for the widow and the fatherless.

We are also very grateful to the kind donors of harvest thankofferings which have reached us from various quarters. The largest contribution, as usual, comes from the Baptist church at Semley, where our brother Stanley is pastor. The friends there have given 14½ cwts. of vegetables, fruit, &c., for the orphans. May the Lord abundantly repay them!

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 27, fourteen; October 4, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 15th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Net proceeds of Mr. B. Short's addresses on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness	4	1	10
E. A. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Baptist Church, New Road, Chippenham, per Pastor H. B. Bardwell ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Meachan	2	2	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	32	16	11
The late Miss Susan Hay	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
A former student	5	0	0
Mrs. McElroy	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Toowoomba, per Pastor W. Higlett	1	16	0
Mr. T. N. Wade	1	0	0
A well-wisher	5	0	0
Miss Lennard	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Pastor A. H. Stote	1	0	0
Mr. Hill	0	5	0
Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	5	5	0
Master J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Dawson	0	4	0
The Misses S. and C. Marlow	0	5	0
Mr. O. Sanders	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	16	9
Mrs. Pepys	5	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. William Elmslie	3	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor, per F. R. T. ...	2	10	0
Mr. James Nutter	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
"Adelphi"	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Monthly Subscription:—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 16 ... ... 30 0 0			
,, 23 ... ... 40 0 0			
,, 30 ... ... 28 5 0			
Oct. 7 ... ... 21 7 6			
,, 14 ... ... 25 16 6			
	145	9	0
	£231	9	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 15th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. L. W. Reed	0	7	9
A friend from Cumberland	1	0	0
Mr. F. A. Perrons	0	5	0
Mr. J. Parry	1	0	0
J. E. S.	0	5	0
Miss M. Macdonald	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. M. Ekins	0	4	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Carter	0	5	6
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Young women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	7	7
Collected by Miss N. Matthews... ...	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. J. Lord	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ramsay, per V. J. C.	1	0	0
M. S. H.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	1	4	0
Collected by Miss S. M. Sanders ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. I. J. Brown	0	12	0
Orphan boys' cards (as per second list)	1	18	6
Orphan girls' cards (as per second list)	3	15	4
E. E.	5	0	0
A cheerful giver, from Usk	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gravestock	0	10	0
E. A. T.	0	10	0
Miss J. G. Nichol	0	5	0
Collected in Jamaica, by Mrs. D. J. East:—			
Mr. Kinkead 2 0 0			
Dr. Phillips 1 1 0			
Mr. D. Henderson... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. P. Chapman 1 0 0			
Rev. D. J. and Mrs. East 1 0 0			
Mrs. Stiebet 1 0 0			
Mrs. Butcher 0 10 0			
Mrs. Cochrane 0 10 0			
Rev. H. Pusey (Turks Island) 0 10 3			
Rev. J. Kingdon 0 5 0			
Rev. T. Griffith 0 5 0			
Rev. W. Teall 0 5 0			
Rev. W. W. Webb... ... 0 5 0			
Rev. E. J. Hevitt 0 5 0			
Rev. P. Williams 0 5 0			
Rev. W. N. Brown ... 0 5 0			
Rev. A. G. Kirkham ... 0 5 0			
Rev. E. Fray 0 5 0			
Rev. A. P. Watson ... 0 5 0			
Rev. J. Balfour 0 5 0			
Rev. P. Sikaburgh... ... 0 5 0			
Rev. A. Tucker 0 5 0			
Mr. Bowring 0 5 0			
Mrs. Clark 0 5 0			
Miss Johnson 0 5 0			
Mr. Hicks 0 4 0			
Miss Clark 0 4 0			
Mr. Stephenson 0 4 0			
Miss Oughton 0 3 0			
Miss Bailey 0 1 0			
Students 0 10 0			
	13	17	3

	£	s.	d.
A friend, per Mrs. Jutson	1	0	0
A. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Bury	100	0	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Miss Tillotson	0	5	0
"Follow on"	0	10	0
Mr. W. Smith	2	10	0
From Budleigh Salterton	1	0	0
Mrs. Hopkins	0	10	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
Mrs. Hoye	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	6	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Caswell	5	0	0
Miss Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. Allan	10	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Miss Birrell	1	0	2
Mr. G. Fryer	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Kirk	1	1	0
Mr. A. Dico	1	1	0
Mr. P. Hooper	0	10	6
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0
Miss Clover	0	5	0
One interested in the work	0	5	0
A widow's offering...	0	5	0
Miss M. Jones	0	2	6
Mr. J. Harris	0	5	0
Mr. J. Larard, per Pastor F. Tuck ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Congreve ...	0	12	0
Collected by Mr. J. Campbell, jun. ...	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Laker	0	15	2
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	10	9
Collected by Mrs. Burton and girls in school	0	14	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins and three friends...	0	4	6
Collected by Miss W. Bagshaw... ...	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Seward	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Moppett	0	5	3
Mr. H. Payne	0	4	3
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	10	0
Collected by Miss N. Burcher	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Castell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffrey	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	8	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Smith	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Barnard	0	2	0
Miss M. Weeks	0	2	6
Miss Ivimey's mothers' meeting ...	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	5	0
Postal order and stamps, from Jack ...	0	2	0
Collected by Miss Cox	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	6	0
Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Wetherhead	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Wardell	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Farmer	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Hooker	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Luxford	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Stratford	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	8	3
Collected by Mr. J. Harman	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Hillier (No. 3 Girls')	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Merritt	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Payn	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. Livett	0	18	0
Collected by Mrs. Chennell	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. G. S. Brown	0	1	2
Collected by Mrs. Beecliff	0	13	9
Collected by Messrs. Hibbert and Bartlett, Tabernacle office box	0	11	6
Collected by Miss M. Broughton ...	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Pavoy	0	13	0
Per H. J. May :—			
W. J. Collins, H.M.S. *Cruiser* 0 1 0			
H. Ferris 0 2 0			
	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Pearmain	0	5	9
Townley-street Mission-hall, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	15	0
"Weekly list"	1	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Martyn	0	2	4
Sale of fruit and vegetables, harvest thanksgiving service, Bugbrooke Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. J. Adams	0	12	0
Stamps from Sligo...	0	5	0
Miss Day	0	3	0
Mr. T. T. Clarkson	0	5	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
From Penpont	0	5	0
Mr. J. Mee	0	7	6
A poor woman in the country	0	10	0
Mr. G. Smith	0	10	0
Clerical error	1	0	0
A friend	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Nichols...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. R. Sharman	2	5	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	10	0	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	6	1
Young men's Bible-class, Bury St. Edmund's, per Mr. George King ...	0	5	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
Mr. J. Wickham	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Emily Prior	0	6	6
In registered envelope from Aberdeen	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson	100	0	0
Mrs. Cooper and friends	0	5	0
Miss E. J. Bonfield	0	10	0
Mr. S. Francis Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Barker...	1	0	0
A country minister...	0	3	0
Mr. C. E. Martin	0	2	0
Mrs. Ashton's visitors	0	5	0
Miss Alice Wolfenden's visitors ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :—			
R. C. 3 0 0			
Mr. Woodley 2 0 0			
Smaller sums 1 10 0			
	6	10	0
Mrs. Rogers	0	10	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	6
Miss Emma Heap	2	0	0
Miss Annie Heap	1	0	0
Miss Harriet Heap	1	10	0
East Ross	0	15	0
Mr. J. Kipling	1	0	0
Mr. F. S. Ball	0	10	0
J. W., Exeter	0	10	0
One who gives a tithe of all his increase to the Lord Jesus	1	12	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cutler	1	0	0
In memory of our little Milly, J. W. Z., Queensland	5	0	0
Mr. George Mill	1	0	1
Mr. J. T. Stevenson	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys :—			
Westminster Chapel, sale of programmes	1	17	4
Battersea Park Tabernacle, sale of programmes	0	19	8
Annual Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Chidlaw	0	10	0
Lord and Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild	2	2	0
Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Mrs. Seymour	2	0	0
Mr. James Tutt	1	0	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. J. Benson 0 10 0			
Mrs. Benson 0 10 0			
Master Cecil Benson ... 0 10 0			
Miss Grace Benson 0 10 0			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Mrs. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Mr. Tidmarsh, jun. ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor ... 2 10 0			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
Mr. W. C. Parkinson ... 0 10 0			
	6	5	0
Quarterly Subscriptions :—			
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. S. Bown	0	10	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
The widow's mite	0	2	6
Monthly Subscriptions :—			
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey (two months) ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. I. Reynolds (two months) ...	0	10	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, October 10th.			
Collecting Boxes :—			
Allen, Mrs. 2 1 10			
Adlard, Miss A. 0 3 6			
Abbey, Mrs. 0 4 1			
Barnden, Mrs. 0 13 3			
Brice, Master G. 0 15 9			
Burridge, Mrs. 0 3 11			
Brooks, Miss 0 4 0			
Barton, Mr. 0 1 8			
Brown, Mr. J. 0 4 3			
Buswell, Miss L. 1 11 9			
Boswell, Mrs. 0 7 2			
Barber, Miss 0 5 5			
Bruin, Miss E. 0 10 6			
Brice, Miss C. 0 3 4			
Butler, Mrs. 0 13 6			
Bates, Miss 0 10 7			
Bell, Mrs. 0 5 9			
Brice, The Misses F. and G. 0 3 10			
Combs, Mr. 1 8 4			
Carpenter, Miss 0 4 0			
Caragerard, Miss 0 2 6			
Conquest, Mrs. 0 8 0			
Cox, Master J. 0 1 1			
Crichton, Miss 0 1 1			
Chapman, Mrs. 0 8 3			
Cook, Miss 0 3 8			
Cross, Master W. 0 3 10			
Curtis, Master 0 2 8			
Dale, Miss S. 0 3 2			
Debenham, Master W. ... 0 1 10			
Davie, Mrs. 0 5 4			
Davies, Master T. 0 3 11			
Deacon, L. and F. 0 13 0			
Ellerington, Mrs. 0 3 2			
Eldridge, Miss 0 6 6			
Everett, Miss 0 4 5			
Eyles, The Misses A. and A. 0 3 6			
Fowler, Miss 0 7 1			
Forsdike, Master S. ... 0 5 0			
Field, Mrs. 0 2 3			
Forster, Mr. E. 0 1 11			
Fathers, Mrs. 0 3 1			

	£	s.	d.
Fuller, Miss E.	0	2	2
Goetz, Miss	0	11	11
Gowers, Mrs.	0	11	11
Grant, Miss	0	10	2
Garrett, C. and E.	0	6	4
Hart, Mrs.	0	5	7
Hartley, Miss E.	0	1	2
Henderson, Mrs.	0	8	10
Harris, Miss	0	5	6
Hartley, Master E. ...	0	0	9
Hannam, Master E. H. ...	0	2	8
Hartley, Miss F.	0	2	3
Hoyles, Master A. ...	0	12	0
Larkman, Miss	0	7	10
Lansdale, Master A. ...	0	1	8
Lance, Master H. W. ...	0	4	3
Letley, Master H.	0	2	0
Lucas, Miss A.	1	0	7
Letley, Master A.	0	0	3
Lovell, Miss E.	0	1	5
Little, Miss	0	7	1
Lucas, Miss A.	0	2	4
Mackey, Mrs.	0	9	0
Miller, Mrs.	1	2	0
Mills, Mr. R. W.	0	5	7
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	2
Mills, Master F. C. ...	0	6	5
Moore, Miss E.	0	5	0
Morgan, Mr.	0	10	0
Middleditch, Masters C. & W.	0	2	3
Matthews, Masters F. & W.	0	3	7
Nutt, Miss M.	0	5	1
Noble, Mrs.	0	4	6
Palmer, Mrs.	0	8	2
Pausey, Miss E. A.	0	9	11
Pitt, Mrs.	0	12	3
Probyn, Miss E.	0	0	9
Podmore, Mrs.	0	6	8
Price, Master P. A. ...	0	2	6
Parker, Master F.	0	0	11
Price, Miss E. M.	0	4	5
Preedy, Mrs.	0	3	6
Quennell, Mrs.	0	2	5
Richardson, Mrs.	0	2	8
Roberts, Miss	0	2	11
Round, Miss E.	0	9	5
Spencer, Miss E.	0	8	0
Sidery, Mrs.	0	13	2
Sullivan, H. and W. ...	0	2	10
Slatcher, Master	0	0	7
Smee, Miss C.	0	2	7
Smith, Miss C. J.	1	2	6
Sheard, Miss F.	0	1	5
Syrett, Master E.	0	2	0
Sullivan, Miss L.	0	3	8
Selth, Miss	0	6	4
Smith, Mrs. G.	0	3	11
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Scott, Miss M.	0	1	9
Stewart, Mrs.	0	9	9
Stevens, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	7	4
Swain, Mr.	0	6	2
Taylor, Master F. W. J. ...	0	3	5
Thomas, Miss G.	0	6	6
Thomas, Miss A.	0	3	1
Thomas, Mrs.	0	3	0
Tyson, Mrs.	0	10	10
Turner, Miss M.	0	3	6
Terry, Miss	0	2	0
Unwin, Mrs.	0	9	3
Voss, Master T.	0	7	11
Watts, Mrs.	0	5	4
Watling, Mrs.	1	0	5
Watson, Master W. J. ...	0	4	5
Wells, Miss	0	6	2
White, Miss E.	0	1	6
Wilson, Miss	0	0	5
Wheeler, Miss E. M. ...	0	5	4
Young, Mr.	0	2	3
Cash received in excess of above	0	12	1
			30 12 9
Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss	0	8	0
Bonser, Miss	0	5	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	3	11	0
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	15	0
Crumpton, Miss	0	5	0
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	0
Corsan, Miss B.	0	5	0
Cropley, Mrs.	0	1	0
Douglas, Miss L. R. ...	0	11	0
Ewen, Mrs.	3	5	6
Fowler, Miss N.	0	10	0
Goslin, Miss	0	4	0
Holman, Mrs.	0	5	9
Hayden, Edith (orphan girls' card)	0	10	0
Jephs, Miss	1	8	6
Lawson, Mrs.	0	14	0
Miller, Miss H.	0	8	0
Miller, Mr. C.	0	15	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0
Willis, Mrs.	1	0	0
Walter, Miss	0	11	6
Donations:—			
F. H.	0	10	0
Hall, Mr. James	5	0	0
Johnson, Mr. A. C. ...	1	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0
Young, Mrs.	0	6	0
Tea tickets sold	1	11	0
Sale of recitation — "A Night in a Gipsy's Tent," by V. J. Charlesworth ...	1	3	0
			28 18 3
			£446 13 11

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list).—Baker, J., 3s 6d; Goatley, C., 2s; Green, W., 10s; Lewis, C., 7s; Rathmell, R., 10s; Spurgeon, C. H. and W., 4s; Taylor, F., 2s.—Total, £1 18s 6d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list).—Blatchford, H., £1; Cox, E., 1s 6d; Everard, E., 2s 6d; Green, G., 5s 3d; Gorey, A., 6d; Johnson, M., 4s 6d; Mayhew, Z., 1s; Pickering, E., £1 12s 7d; Rushman, H., 2s; Ward, D., 5s 6d.—Total, £3 15s 4d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 14th to October 15th, 1888.—Provisions:—1 bag Potatoes, Mr. Clements; 1 cask Butter, Anon.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 bag Potatoes, from Erith; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving at Cottenham, per Rev. H. Oakley; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving at Abbey Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Carlile; 2½ lbs. Tea, Miss S. Ellis; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 6 jars Jam, The Misses Harris and Jeffery; 1½ cwt. Pears, Mr. F. F. Norman; 20 sacks Potatoes, Mr. S. T. Thompson; a quantity of Pears, The Misses Gileses and Miss Spielett.

Boys' Clothing.—12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 23 Flannel Shirts, Miss Steedman; 3 Night Shirts and 4 Pocket Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Manuering; 12 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Miss E. Walker.

Girls' Clothing.—1 pair Boots, from Burton-on-Trent; 4 Pinafores, from a friend; 1 dozen Articles, for No. 1 Girls', Mrs. Rolfe; 61 Articles, The Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 29 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 2 pairs Boots, 1 Pinafore, 4 Dolls' Hats, S. A. R.; 18 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 6 Pinafores, Mrs. Voss; 6 Articles, Miss E. Leeder.

General.—A quantity of Text Cards, Miss Holland; 4 Scrap Books, Miss E. Filer; 1 Cottage Pianoforte, for Girls' School, Mr. G. F. Smith; 1 Show Case, 1 Foot Bath, Mrs. Moore.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 15th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrhiewceiber	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J. P., for Cardiff and Penrhiewceiber...	10	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley, for James Street, St. Luke's	10	0	0
Okehampton district	10	0	0
Wendover and district, per Mr. J. E. Taylor	10	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Norfolk Association, for Neatishead ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thurlow	10	0	0
Portsmouth district:—			
Miss Robinson 5 0 0			
Mr. G. Beavis 1 1 0			
Thomas Hogben, Esq. ... 4 0 0			
Mr. T. Tuffnell 0 10 0			
	10	11	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston ...	10	0	0
Yorkshire Association, for Borobridge	20	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney district...	10	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Colonel Birney	20	0	0
Friends at Maldon...	15	0	0
Minchinhampton district...	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea district	10	0	0
Bethnal Green district:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. M. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
	£215	11	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Phillips	0	2	6
Ealing, proceeds of collection	0	17	0
Mr. Joseph Billing...	1	0	0
Mr. Hill	0	5	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. W. Fox...	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mee	0	2	6
Executors of the late Mr. Edward Boustead, instalment of legacy ...2024	3	3	
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
In loving memory	50	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. W. Harrison	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	0
Mr. Woollard	1	1	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell...	1	1	0
Miss Smallridge	0	10	0
	£2097	14	3

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 15th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Penge Tabernacle	20	0	0
Mrs. Sandison	5	0	0
E. M. R.	2	12	6
Mr. William Smith	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs Horner	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell...	5	0	0
Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Mr. C. Hunt	1	10	0
Miss E. Burton	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath...	1	11	6
Mr. Mark Taylor, a thankoffering ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bromley Baptist Chapel	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Ripley Street Chapel, Bradford	3	0	0
Mr. P. Van Alstine	4	0	0
Miss E. Grant	2	0	0
	£104	17	0

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 15th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
From Budleigh Salterton	0	5	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
H. M....	5	0	0
C. M. G.	0	10	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	2	6
Miss H. Hall	0	12	6
McD.	0	5	0
	£7	15	0

ERRATUM.—In Stockwell Orphanage list, last month, Rev. E. J. Farley, £2 2s., should be Mr. E. Farley.

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, 1888.

Attempts at the Impossible.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FRIENDS will have noticed with interest the repeated debates in *the London Baptist Association*, as to whether there should be "a credal basis," and what that basis should be, if it were decided to have one. There seems to be a current opinion that I have been at the bottom of all this controversy, and if I have not appeared in it, I have, at least, pulled the wires. But this is not true. I have taken a deep interest in the struggles of the orthodox brethren; but I have never advised those struggles, nor entertained the slightest hope of their success. My course has been of another kind. As soon as I saw, or thought I saw, that error had become firmly established, I did not deliberate, but quitted the body at once. Since then my one counsel has been, "Come ye out from among them." If I have rejoiced in the loyalty to Christ's truth which has been shown in other courses of action, yet I have felt that no protest could be equal to that of distinct separation from known evil.

I never offered to the Union, or to the Association, the arrogant bribe of personal return if a creed should be adopted; but, on the contrary, I told the deputation from the Union that I should not return until I had seen how matters went, and I declined to mix up my own personal action with the consideration of a question of vital importance to the community. I never sought from the Association the consideration of "a credal basis"; but on the contrary, when offered that my resignation might stand over till such a consideration had taken place, I assured the brethren that what I had done was final, and did not

depend upon their action in the matter of a creed. The attempt, therefore, to obtain a basis of union in the Association, whatever may be thought of it, should be viewed as a matter altogether apart from me, for so indeed it has been.

I may, however, venture to express the opinion, that the evangelical brethren in the Association have acted with much kindness, and have shown a strong desire to abide in union with others, if such union could be compassed without the sacrifice of truth. They as good as said—We think there are some few great truths which are essential to the reception of the Christian religion, and we do not think we should be right to associate with those who repudiate those truths. Will you not agree that these truths should be stated, and that it should be known that persons who fail to accept these vital truths cannot join the Association? The points mentioned were certainly elementary enough, and we did not wonder that one of the brethren exclaimed, "May God help those who do *not* believe these things! Where must they be?" Indeed, little objection was taken to the statements which were tabulated, but the objection was to a belief in these being made indispensable to membership. It was as though it had been said, "Yes, we believe in the Godhead of the Lord Jesus; but we would not keep a man out of our fellowship because he thought our Lord to be a mere man. We believe in the atonement; but if another man rejects it, he must not, therefore, be excluded from our number." Here was the point at issue: one party would gladly fellowship every person who had been baptized, and the other party desired that at the least the elements of the faith should be believed, and the first principles of the gospel should be professed by those who were admitted into the fellowship of the Association. Since neither party could yield the point in dispute, what remained for them but to separate with as little friction as possible?

To this hour, I must confess that I do not understand the action of either side in this dispute, if viewed in the white light of logic. Why should they wish to be together? Those who wish for the illimitable fellowship of men of every shade of belief or doubt would be all the freer for the absence of those stubborn evangelicals who have cost them so many battles. The brethren, on the other hand, who have a doctrinal faith, and prize it, must have learned by this time that whatever terms may be patched up, there is no spiritual oneness between themselves and the new religionists. They must also have felt that the very endeavour to make a compact which will tacitly be understood in two senses, is far from being an ennobling and purifying exercise to either party.

The brethren in the middle are the source of this clinging together of discordant elements. These who are for peace at any price, who persuade themselves that there is very little wrong, who care chiefly to maintain existing institutions, these are the good people who induce the weary combatants to repeat the futile attempt at a coalition, which, in the nature of things, must break down. If both sides could be unfaithful to conscience, or if the glorious gospel could be thrust altogether out of the question, there might be a league of amity established; but as neither of these things can be, there would seem to be no reason for persevering in the attempt to maintain a confederacy

for which there is no justification in fact, and from which there can be no worthy result, seeing it does not embody a living truth. A desire for unity is commendable. Blessed are they who can promote it and preserve it! But there are other matters to be considered as well as unity, and sometimes these may even demand the first place. When union becomes a moral impossibility, it may almost drop out of calculation in arranging plans and methods of working. If it is clear as the sun at noonday that no real union can exist, it is idle to strive after the impossible, and it is wise to go about other and more practicable business.

There are now two parties in the religious world, and a great mixed multitude who from various causes decline to be ranked with either of them. In this army of intermediates are many who have no right to be there; but we spare them. The day will, however, come when they will have to reckon with their own consciences. When the light is taken out of its place, they may have to mourn that they were not willing to trim the lamp, nor even to notice that the flame grew dim.

The party everywhere apparent has a faith fashioned for the present century—perhaps we ought rather to say, for the present month. The sixteenth century gospel it derides, and that, indeed, of every period except the present most enlightened era. It will have no creed because it can have none: it is continually on the move; it is not what it was yesterday, and it will not be to-morrow what it is to-day. Its shout is for "liberty," its delight is invention, its element is change. On the other hand, there still survive, amid the blaze of nineteenth century light, a few whom these superior persons call "fossils": that is to say, there are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ who consider that the true gospel is no new gospel, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. These do not believe in "advanced views," but judge that the view of truth which saved a soul in the second century will save a soul now, and that a form of teaching which was unknown till the last few years is of very dubious value, and is, in all probability, "another gospel, which is not another."

It is extremely difficult for these two parties to abide in union. The old fable of the collier who went home to dwell with the fuller is nothing to it. The fuller would by degrees know the habits of his coaly companion, and might thus save the white linen from his touch; but in this case there are no fixed quantities on the collier's side, and nothing like permanency even in the black of his coal. How can his friend deal with him, since he changes with the moon? If, after long balancing of words, the two parties could construct a basis of agreement, it would, in the nature of things, last only for a season, since the position of the advancing party would put the whole settlement out of order in a few weeks. One could hardly invent a sliding-scale in theology, as Sir Robert Peel did in the corn duties. The adjustment of difficulties would be a task for ever beginning, and never coming to an end. If we agree, after a sort, to-day, a new settlement will be needed to-morrow. If I am to stay where I am, and you are to go travelling on, it is certain that we cannot long lodge in the same room. Why should we attempt it?

Nor is it merely doctrinal belief—there is an essential difference in

spirit between the old believer and the man of new and advancing views. This is painfully perceived by the Christian man before very long. Even if he be fortunate enough to escape the sneers of the cultured, and the jests of the philosophical, he will find his deepest convictions questioned, and his brightest beliefs misrepresented by those who dub themselves "thoughtful men." When a text from the Word has been peculiarly precious to his heart, he will hear its authenticity impugned, the translation disputed, or its gospel reference denied. He will not travel far on the dark continent of modern thought before he will find the efficacy of prayer debated, the operation of divine Providence questioned, and the special love of God denied. He will find himself to be a stranger in a strange land when he begins to speak of his experience, and of the ways of God to men. In all probability, if he be faithful to his old faith, he will be an alien to his mother's children, and find that his soul is among lions. To what end, therefore, are these strainings after a hollow unity, when the spirit of fellowship is altogether gone?

The world is large enough, why not let us go our separate ways? Loud is the cry of our opponents for liberty; let them have it by all means. But let us have our liberty also. We are not bound to belong to this society, or to that. There is a right of association which we do not forego, and this involves a right of disassociation, which we retain with equal tenacity. Those who are so exceedingly liberal, large-hearted, and broad might be so good as to allow us to forego the charms of their society without coming under the full violence of their wrath.

At any rate, cost what it may, to separate ourselves from those who separate themselves from the truth of God is not alone our liberty, but our duty. I have raised my protest in the only complete way by coming forth, and I shall be content to abide alone until the day when the Lord shall judge the secrets of all hearts; but it will not seem to me a strange thing if others are found faithful, and if others judge that for them also there is no path but that which is painfully apart from the beaten track.

Stand Fast.

FAILURE at a crucial moment may mar the entire outcome of a life. A man who has enjoyed special light is made bold to follow in the way of the Lord, and is anointed to guide others therein. He rises into a place of love and esteem among the godly, and this promotes his advancement among men. What then? The temptation comes to be careful of the position he has gained, and to do nothing to endanger it. The man, so lately a faithful man of God, compromises with worldlings, and to quiet his own conscience invents a theory by which such compromises are justified, and even commended. He receives the praises of "the judicious"; he has, in truth, gone over to the enemy. The whole force of his former life now tells upon the wrong side. If the Lord loves him well enough, he will be scourged back to his place; but if not, he will grow more and more perverse, till he becomes a ringleader among the opposers of the gospel. To avoid such an end it becomes us ever to stand fast.

C. H. S.

Rutherford of Anwoth.

BY L. SHENDER.

IN the twenty-eighth year of his age, and in the year of our Lord 1627, Samuel Rutherford was ordained to the pastoral charge in Anwoth, a littoral parish in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Five years previously the regents of the lately-incorporated University of Edinburgh had appointed him Professor of Humanity; and while doing so had borne tribute to "his eminent ability of mind and virtuous disposition." Blameless, however, as his outward life may have been, in after time the faithful pastor frequently confessed that his will was then averse from the righteousness of God, and sorrowfully spoke of the wasted years of youth. "Like a fool, as I was, I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven and near afternoon before ever I took the gate by the end." The morning of the soul's regeneration is often wrapped in chill and driving cloud; but behind the long swathes of mist the day-star trembles, and the fires, before whose heat the clouds will break into the perfect day, begin to burn. Rutherford, who so often leads us into the inmost sanctuary of his life's history, is strangely silent with regard to the fact of his conversion to God. Perhaps he felt that *adytum* too sacred to be lightly unveiled. But we know that it was a time of darkness and grief when first he turned his face to the city of God.

At the time of Rutherford's settlement in Anwoth, Scotland was struggling to maintain the crown-rights of the Redeemer against the usurpation of an earthly king. Charles I. was bent, not merely on the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, but also, by aid of the prelatic system, to gain the chief place of power in the church. "No bishop, no king," had been the aphorism of his father—"God's silly vassal"; but James and Charles alike forgot that "another King, one Jesus," had purchased that sacred pre-eminence by blood. Amid much spiritual darkness, the lamp of truth shone brightly in many a secluded parish. Anwoth had been thus favoured. William Dalgleish, Rutherford's predecessor, was a true minister of Christ, and the fruit of his labours remained. Nevertheless, "by reasone of ane most inconvenient unione with uther twa kirkis," said the inhabitants of Anwoth, "our soules were under that miserable extreame femine of the word that we had onlie the puir help of ane sermon everie second Sabbath." Such a complaint is in itself evidence that the shepherds and agriculturists of that country parish had heartily and savingly received the doctrines of grace.

For nine years, among the long straths of Galloway, and the grassy hills which bend down to the ridging sands of the Solway, Rutherford of Anwoth maintained his ministry, until, on his accession to the higher service of suffering, he became the "prisoner of Christ" in Aberdeen.

His first public utterance, "chosen," as he says, "not without God's special direction," was from these words: "For judgment I am come into the world, that they which see not might see; and they which see might be made blind." It was the earnest of a vital ministry, so keen in its discrimination, and quiet in the detection of false assurance, so full of

love to men, and so beseechingly tender in the presentation of Christ; always a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.

The stipend of the Anwoth minister at this period amounted to 200 merks Scots—about £11 19s.; but it was somewhat augmented by a voluntary contribution on the part of his hearers. And he whose unshaken verdict was that the world was "not worth a drink of water," loved his ministry not the less, but rather more, that his people had little to offer him except affection.

In Anwoth, Rutherford's daily habit was to rise at three o'clock, and spend the entire day in ministerial engagements. An aged contemporary said of him: "He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechizing, always writing and studying." And he himself confesses that it was "an honest and painful sowing," yet he upbraids himself not unfrequently for his unfaithful service. "Woe is my heart that I have done so little against the kingdom of Satan in my calling": so incommensurate are the urgencies of time and of eternity. Yet he was by no means to be charged with neglect, for he himself confesses that during his first two years at Anwoth sleep departed from his eyes, through care for Christ's lambs.

The first year of his pastorate disclosed but little result of all his effort. The months of summer and of harvest passed with scarcely a token of the divine favour, and forced from him the sad confession, "I see exceeding small fruit of all my ministry, and would be glad to know of one soul to be my crown and rejoicing in the day of Christ." Nevertheless, he did not relax his watchfulness for one hour. The eternal interests of his flock lay as a burden on his heart; he thirsted for the salvation of men. His parishioners claimed an increasing care; they were his "tears in the day," his "sighs in the night." Other longings grew dim as the paling clouds when the autumn sun has set—one only desire possessed him, to be a minister gifted and approved by Christ. He gave himself to prayer, spending much of his time in a plantation which stretched from the manse-gate to the kirk. "There," he says, "I wrestled with the angel, and prevailed; wood, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses, that I drew on a fair meeting between Christ and Anwoth." In a letter dated 20th August, 1633, he writes more explicitly. "In private, on the 17th and 18th of August, I got a full answer of my Lord to be a graced minister and a chosen arrow hidden in his own quiver. But know," he adds significantly, "this assurance is not kept but by watching and prayer."

His wife, of whom he speaks, Ezekiel-like, as "the delight of his eyes," died in the summer-time of 1630, after a painful illness of fifteen months. Protracted anxiety and nightly vigils terminated in a tertian fever, which, continuing for thirteen weeks, left him very weak, able neither to visit nor examine his congregation; and, for a long period, able to preach only once on the Sabbath, and that with great difficulty. His two children were taken away from him soon after; and his mother, who came to the lonely manse, died before 1636. "My mother is weak," he writes, "and I think should leave me alone; but I am not alone, but Christ's Father is with me." Truly the pilgrim way stretches through flood and flame, and the guiding Christ leads his chosen ones into the wilderness.

"Many a blow and weighty pressure
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace shall be decked."

The banishment from Anwoth did not exhaust the significance of Rutherford's grateful utterance. "Oh, what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jesus!"

About this time he received an urgent call from the congregation in Kirkcudbright, to which John Welsh, the son-in-law of Knox, had ministered thirty years before, to settle among them; but he rejected all overtures, and declared that neither silver, nor gold, nor favour of men, but only the voice of the church's King, could prevail upon him to leave his flock. So, as he tells us, he sang an evangel of ease to his soul, that he would die in his nest, and sleep till his grey hairs, and lie on the sunny side of the mountain in his ministry at Anwoth. "O my Lord, judge if my ministry be not dear to me!"

Yet, at that very hour, events were happening through which he was soon assured that his labours in "God's house in Galloway" were near an end. Some of his papers animadverting on the corruptions of the times came into the king's hand, and the good pastor girded himself for suffering. His ministry was dear to him, but not so dear by many degrees as Jesus the Lord; so he laid down his pastoral staff at the Chief Shepherd's feet, and set out for Christ's prison in Aberdeen. He had laid the goodly foundation, other labourers were to build thereon. He had sown the seed of the living Word in pain, and tears, and toil, and again the saying was to be verified, "One soweth and another reapeth." In unfeigned devotion he had proclaimed the virtues and praises of his Well-beloved, and it was his joy to know that his ministry left the Son of God among the people of his charge, and to be assured of their walk with him in love and light.

Patrick Simpson, who is unable to find words expressive of his esteem for "such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherford was," records a curious reminiscence of his manner of speech. "He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of skreigh that I never heard the like." This peculiarity did not, however, detract from his popularity, for Wodrow, the historian, only confirms the general estimate when he adjudges Rutherford to have been "one of the most moving and affectionate preachers in his time, or, perhaps, in any age of the church." Indeed, it is on record, that his audiences were wont to be agitated even to outcries. His printed discourses, many of which were preached at "communion trysts," in Anwoth, combine in almost equal measure qualities not often found in concert, and yet peculiarly his own—"incisive argumentation, familiar condescensions, and awakening exhortations"—qualities which reveal at once his native character and his mental habitude. But the *difference*, the distinguishing property of his preaching, is supreme love to the Saviour. "Ay, haud you there," muttered one of his hearers, as Rutherford turned from some *quæstio vexata* of the times to speak of the beauty and fragrance of "Sharon's bleeding rose." "Ay, haud you there; now you are right." Perhaps

the old Scotch laird spoke wisely, for the author of "Lex Rex" is all one with the Joshua Redivivus of the "Letters," a man whose utterances were "mercy and judgment"—the mercy wonderfully gracious, and the judgment sharp, and cold, and clear as a Damascus blade. Perhaps he was wrong; for, in a troublous time, even the gentle Ezekiel, and the beloved John, must robe their words in thunder and in fire.

But, with all his trenchant censures on the errors and apostasy of the times, the loveliness of Christ was Rutherford's inspiration. It was "aye the longer the better," and his ever-recurring cry was, "Woe, woe is me, that I have not ten loves for that one Lord Jesus, and that loveth, faileth, and drieth up in loving him." He would fall asleep with that sacred name upon his lips, and the memory of the Redeemer's matchless love was always as a well-spring of life within his heart. He subscribes himself as "a man borne down and hungry, waiting for the marriage supper of the Lamb." Looking up to the darkened sky, he sees the grey clouds brightening beneath Messiah's feet. "The day is near the dawning, the sky is riving, our Beloved will be on us ere ever we be aware." Is it any wonder, then, that his preaching was "fraughted and full of Christ"?

An English merchant, who had occasion to visit Scotland about the year 1650, and had the fortune to hear some of the more eminent Scottish preachers, being asked on his return what news he had brought from Scotland, replied, "Great and good news. I went to St. Andrew's, where I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man, and he showed me the majesty of God. After him, I heard a little, fair man, and he showed me the loveliness of Christ. I then went to Irvine, where I heard a well-favoured, proper old man, with a long beard, and that man showed me all my heart." The well-favoured, proper old man was David Dickson; the sweet, majestic-looking man was Robert Blair; and the little, fair man, Samuel Rutherford. The whole General Assembly, Wodrow declares, could not have given a better estimate of each.

In the "killing time," the taunt of the Prelatists was, that the only library of a Presbyterian divine consisted of an explanation of the Apocalypse and a commentary on the Song of Solomon. The reproach was ill-directed, for if the one of these taught "Christ's witnesses among the heather" to love his name, the other strengthened them to suffer and die for him.

Much of that unshrinking loyalty to the King of Glory which breathes through the Revelation inspires the zeal of Rutherford. "I see my dear Master Christ," he cries, "going his lone," and, immediately, he ranks himself with God's militant host under the torn and blood-soiled banner of the Saviour's conquest, ready to go through "a furious-faced death" to life eternal. He calls continually for help to set his "crowned King" on high, and is content to "eat ashes," if he be glorified. "Oh, if my poor bit heaven could go betwixt my Lord, and blasphemy, and dishonour—upon condition he loved me." He is not careful himself to win renown, remembering that he whose honour stood the highest made himself of no reputation, and "went to heaven under many a wrong." Like the one hundred and forty and four thousand virgin souls who, amid martyr fires and glancing hate, were mitred with the holy impress of the incommunicable name, he sought to follow the

Lamb "whithersoever he goeth," although with bleeding heart and wounded feet.

"I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame;
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,
For Christ's thrice-blessed name.
Where God his seal set fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land."

But it is especially the Song of Solomon which gives form to Rutherford's conception of "the loveliness of Christ." In this regard he has been sharply censured. The frequent use of the imagery of the Canticles in his expositions of the doctrine and grace of union with Christ, is considered by many, even of those who allow that the marriage song of the Old Testament is understood only as it is spiritually discerned, as an ill-repressed luxuriance of fiction, if not of fancy, in respect to sacred themes. One hardly knows. The doctrine of union with Christ is a theme of high discourse, opening itself along many avenues to devout meditation, but never yielding itself to definition or clear statement. One must speak of it, if at all, in metaphor. He is the Vine, we are the branches. He is the Bread of God on whom we feed, the Living Water by whom our thirst is quenched. Christ is the Head of the church, the church Christ's mystical body. And again, he is the Bridegroom, and the entire enumeration of the elect, his bride.

Did the Mystics fall into error when they taught that the individual soul might become affianced to the Lord Jesus? Although such figures of speech are employed in Scripture, it is always a perilous thing to establish a doctrine upon metaphor; and misconceptions of devout believers may lend themselves to hurtful issues. But Rutherford avoids, for the most part, this notion, and seeks to follow to a fuller discernment the Scriptural thought that Christ is the Husband of the church, while the aggregate of saints are the bride, the Lamb's wife. This truth leads, of course, to a more intense realization of the personal love subsisting between the redeemed soul and him who gave the ransom—a love which is the inheritance of every believer, and without which no man may see the Lord; and yet a love which our earthly language fails fitly to express. Not until we acquire the speech of Zion shall we be able, adequately, to declare those things which now it is not within the gifts of utterance to forthshow.

The purpose of this paper is not to speak of Rutherford in his Northern exile, or in later years. To search into the causes of his conflict with the reigning power, or to trace his strengthening influence in the councils of the church, does not fall within its scope. Its aim is merely to execute a brief delineation of a pastor "after God's own heart," of one who, in a narrow sphere, wrought with a single eye to the glory of the Triune God. "Dear brethren, do all for him: pray for Christ, preach for Christ, feed the flock committed to your charge for Christ; do all for Christ." These were among the words in which he bade farewell to some of the members of his presbytery who visited him a few hours before death, and they reveal the longing of his life.

One face, supreme in its loveliness, had shone amid the darkness of his life, turning the grey to gold, and kindling in the mists the quenchless light of Love. Henceforward, the Day-star of promise shone for him, only as it betokened the rising of the sun, and all his hope of glory was, "I shall see him—I, in my flesh, and he will not be strange to me." "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

For eight years, Dannecker, the German sculptor, strove to express in marble the face and form of the Son of God. Love guided his chisel, and all men marvelled at the grace of his conception and work. The Emperor Napoleon seeing it, said to the artist, "Carve for me an image of the goddess Venus, that I may place it in the Louvre." But Dannecker answered, "For eight years I have gazed upon the face of Christ, and I cannot look on idols now." It was the face of him who is fairer than the sons of men, which, to the eyes of Rutherford, dimmed this world of its glory, and led his affections captive within the veil. We shall close this article with a few sentences from one of his sermons on "The Trial and Triumph of Faith." "The flower that sprang out of the root of Jesse spreads his beauty and the odours of his myrrh through heaven and earth. Could the darkness of hell stand and look on the face of the sun, blackness of darkness should be better seen. But convene all the little pieces of this creation, summon before Christ fair angels, all the troops of the sinless, glorified spirits, the broad skies, fair heavens, lightsome stars, all the delicious roses, flowers, gardens, meadows, forests, seas, mountains, birds, all the excellent sons of Adam as they should have been in the world of innocency, and let them all stand in their highest excellency before Jesus Christ; the matchless and transcendent glory of that great ALL should turn the worlds all into pure nothing. What wonder, then, that this same Lord Jesus be the delight of heaven and all in it? 'The Lamb hath his throne in the midst thereof.' 'And they shall see his face.'"

Amateur Dramatics.

AMATEUR dramatics, to please the world and put money in the purse of the church, *silence the testimony of the pulpit against the stage, and even promote the interests of the theatre.* The theatre has always been a school of immorality, from the time when the Greeks sang and danced around their wine-god Bacchus until now; and these performances are training-schools for the play-house. A young man who had been employed in a Brooklyn theatre told me that he received his first training and taste for the stage in Sunday-school concerts. We can only present a little rude dramatic art, which whets the appetite for the real thing, breaks down barriers, and swells the throng of saints and sinners at the opera and the theatre. The church-theatre trains for the world-theatre. Indeed professionals are sometimes employed and books are printed by religious societies to promote this bastard business.—*E. P. Marvin, Lockport, N. Y.*

"Be not afraid."

Ezekiel ii. 6.

When like a burning fire within
The Word of God seeks open vent,
When silence is a coward sin
That justly merits chastisement,
When faith is weak and foes are strong,
And interest says, "Be dumb to wrong,"
Then come, Almighty, to our aid,
And say, "Speak out, be not afraid."

Matthew xvii. 7.

When in some favoured hour and place,
Where none but faithful souls are nigh,
A glimpse of thy transfigured face
Makes faint the heart, and dims the eye;
And, dazzled by excess of light,
The spirit quails before the sight,
Then touch the forms all prostrate laid,
And say, "Arise, be not afraid."

Mark vi. 50.

When clouds o'erspread the midnight sky,
And neither moon nor stars appear;
When faith sinks low, and fears rise high,
And home is far, and danger near;
Then come, Omnipotent to save,
Majestic o'er the yielding wave,
And say, to cheer the hearts dismayed,
"Behold! 'tis I; be not afraid."

Luke xxiv. 36.

When those who love thee, but have lost
A while their old triumphant faith,
Their brightest expectations crossed,
And sealed the eyes they loved in death,
Meet, and are sad, through doubt and fear,
And dream not that their Lord is near,
Come thou, by door nor bolt delayed,
And whisper, "Peace! be not afraid."

Bacup. E. A. Tydeman.

Timely Warning.

QUAINT Tom Fuller tells us—"It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in. Yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and, from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief." How much are such warnings needed, and how seldom are they heeded! In doctrine the church is toying with Unitarianism, and will be over the precipice before long. Yet her leaders care not a jot.

The Evangelical Movement in Russia.

IN the annals of God's providence, or in the history of the church, it has often happened that the discouragements in one direction have been relieved by the brighter outlook in others—in directions where the reassuring symptoms were least expected to appear. This is the case in the present day in regard to Russia, that comparatively little-known, and imperfectly-understood country, where outsiders have been too ready to suppose that the so-called Orthodox Greek Church keeps the population iron-bound in the chains of ignorance and superstition. Some have regarded the Greek Church as representing the lowest form of Christianity; but there are redeeming features about it: it is now more tolerant of those who differ from its standards, and it is favourable to the circulation of the Scriptures, which, in such a country, in a truly striking manner carry life and enlightenment in their train. We have to remember that, in speaking of Russia, we speak of an empire embracing a sixth part of the earth's land, and of a hundred million people, speaking scores of dialects. It is among this host, who are nearly all peasants, that the simple reading of the Scriptures is producing those miraculous effects which surely prove their divine authorship. In some provinces the awakening is like that of life from the dead; for hundreds of thousands of peasants are accepting the gospel as their own. While the atheism of France is assuming a terrible form, and while Germany, as well as many of our own people at home, are willing to substitute "culture," or rationalistic criticism, for faith, the peasants of Russia become a living commentary on the Lord's own words: "To the poor the gospel is preached"; preached in this instance by the circulation of the New Testament by colporteurs.

Mr. Nicolson, the agent at St. Petersburg, is able to say that, "the Russian people are receptive of the Word of God"; but then, as towns are so few, and the country is really a land of villages, colporteurs have, in the main, to become the means of distribution; the severity of the climate, meanwhile, rendering the service a very arduous one. The two great cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow are, of course, the chief centres, the former having a population of eight hundred thousand people. Even in the country around the capital there is only a thinly scattered population. Moscow is more central, however; as an historical site it is more interesting; and as a Bible-agent in the country tells us, "It has never been wholly displaced from its former pre-eminence as the capital of the empire." The same friend adds that, "Viewed from the famous tower of Ivan Veliki, on a summer day, the aspect of the city is perfectly unique. Nowhere else is there to be seen such a profusion of bright colouring—walls white, and red, and yellow, with roofs of every shade of green, interspersed by an endless variety of domes and cupolas of towers and minarets, belonging to the three hundred and forty-five, or more, churches and chapels which throng the city. Some of these are blue with lapis-lazuli, others are overlaid with gold or silver, and gleam in the bright sunshine through the dry, clear air, unobscured by smoke; while the clanging of their bells, which are, in many cases, of silver, is for ever to be heard from one direction or another." As a

great railway centre, which is surrounded by vast tracts of rich meadow-land, Moscow offers great facilities for distribution of the Scriptures by its two colporteurs. Testaments, which are sold for the equivalent of six-pence in our money, are printed for the Bible Society in editions of fifty or a hundred thousand; and even soldiers, as well as peasants, become ready purchasers. The colporteur on the road in Russia, meets with many adventures, amusing enough to read about, but which must be a sore trial to the actual adventurer himself. In one place, after a day of good success he will be unable to sleep, on account of the numbers of tarrakans, or beetles. In one instance, two colporteurs were lodged in the best house of a village; "but cows, sheep, fowls and pigs shared the one room with them, and the pigs walked over them in the night."

Some books that have recently appeared help us to arrive at the truth about the great empire of the Czar; and we are sorry to say that they dispel the favourable views of the Government which were formed after reading a lately-issued bulky book, by an English traveller, on the same subject. The investigations of the American, George Kennan, during a laborious tour through Siberia; Tikhomirov's "Russia, Political and Social"; and Stepniak's still more valuable work on "The Russian Peasantry,"* all unmistakably prove that the Government is both oppressive and corrupt; and that Nihilism is the natural expression of the people's discontent under burdens too grievous to be borne. Even the abolition of serfdom, supposed to be such a grand act of justice, has been turned into oppression; for, with insufficient land from which to procure sufficient bread to eat, the peasantry are so fearfully oppressed by the tax-gatherers, that in provinces rich enough to maintain their population many times over, they are literally dying of starvation.

Russians are naturally religious, or shall we say superstitious? They are more inclined to venerate than to disbelieve. It may yet be found that for faith in God peasant Russia stands very high in the estimate of heaven.

The Raskol is a comprehensive term which includes all Nonconformists from the so-called Orthodox Greek Church; and the faith of these Dissenters represents many shades of belief. They are groping their way out of centuries of darkness; and we are glad to find Tikhomirov testifying that, "as a general rule, the sectaries are remarkable for their morality, sobriety, intelligence, and activity." Stepniak, who is at least a more interesting authority, says, "If we follow the peasants in their every-day life, we shall hear God's name uttered at every step The will and the biddings of God are constantly mentioned as the base of the moral and social code. A peasant in the act of engaging himself, in some time of distress, to work on the estate of his well-to-do neighbour, is unwilling, perhaps, to enter into a formal agreement at the communal office. 'Never mind,' he says to his employer, 'I know you will settle with me in a godly way'—which means fairly, without taking advantage of his present helplessness." At the same time, they have yet to be delivered from the old-time superstitions of the country.

Although the Greek Church in Russia may be said to be recognized by the State, there is no religious establishment in our sense of the

* The two latter are both published by Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London.

term. The only ecclesiastics in the country who are provided for by endowment are the Black Clergy, or Monks; the parish priests, or White Clergy, have no provision made for them beyond the fees that the people pay them for their services. As a rule, they are an extortionate and unprincipled race, who are naturally becoming more and more unpopular with their flocks in proportion as their true character is discovered. "Their religious aspirations having once been awakened," says Stepniak, "the Russians can no more put up with the scandalous venality and extortions of our *pops* than could the Germans with the traffic in indulgences and other similar practices." In other words, when the Reformation enters the country, they can, in accepting the truth of the gospel, throw off the burden imposed by the priests at will, to set up a more Scriptural communion. This is in reality what the peasants are doing.

The great number of sects which are included in the Raskol could not be separately described in our limited space; but while they range from the Evangelical to the Rationalistic, there is a fair prospect of true religion making great progress in the country. Some of the distinctions which divide the sects seem to be very trivial; but, notwithstanding, those who hold them have in the past been proof against the fiercest persecution. Thus, the position of these peasants, who can think and act for themselves, differs in some important particulars from that of any other people. Stepniak defines the situation when he says: "The Rascolniks knew no foreign language, and for a long time shunned even Russian literature, because they considered the secular alphabet introduced by Peter the Great to be heretical. They only taught their children the Slavonic alphabet, in which the Scriptures were printed. They lived, isolated by their religious prejudice, as completely apart from the world outside as if they were surrounded by impassable deserts. Still, they formed among themselves a nation of more than ten millions of men, in active interchange of thought. They could not relapse into utter stagnation." Until our own times, the reading of these hard-handed peasants extended a very little way beyond the Scriptures.

The Raskol may have many sects, but long ago there were two main divisions—the Priestless, and those who were still sufficiently enthralled by sacerdotalism to desire the services of *pops*, or priests, who had left the church. The more modern sects, or those that are of quite recent origin, would, probably, not be reckoned as of the Raskol at all, or they might even be looked upon as antagonistic to it.

At all events, *the Stunda* is a recently-founded evangelical sect, which is already millions strong in the southern provinces. Stepniak says that "no religious movement in Russia has shown half the same power of contagion." The name of the sect is said to come from Stunde—"the hours"; but the title of Evangelicals would be far more intelligible.

A peasant named Michael Ratushny is the reputed originator of this movement, which commenced less than a quarter of a century ago; and the story of how the great tide of evangelical truth arose, which is now spreading over the country, is a very striking one. Michael worked for a German Protestant, who appears to have been a godly man; they talked together about religion; and then, when the serving-man

attended the services in which his master was interested, his heart was touched.

At the beginning of winter Michael returned to his native village, and there he gained the ear of his own people by speaking earnestly of the faith he had embraced. Stepniak quotes the man's own words relating to what afterwards happened :—"One day, at a village meeting, the people began to discuss spiritual matters, and the priest, who was present, could not explain anything to the people's satisfaction. Thereupon I felt within myself a burning desire to understand God's words with my own mind, and to explain them to others. There were many people desirous of hearing me, and I went on teaching the gospel as I understood it myself, to all of them."

Though Michael appears to have been neither an enthusiast nor an active propagandist of the doctrines he had embraced, they soon spread from province to province, to St. Petersburg and Moscow, with the rapidity of a mighty contagion. As we said before, the chief missionary among the people is the Bible Society's New Testament, copies of which appear to be sold at sixpence each. This is the Book that originated and sustains the great and peaceful revolution in progress. A priest of the Greek Church says: "There are among the Stundists illiterate people, but the bulk of the sectarians can read. When a common orthodox peasant goes over to the Stunda the first thing done is to teach him to read. Then they give him a copy of the New Testament, in which all the texts considered by them to be the most important are marked, and duly explained to the neophyte, after which he is definitely accepted as a member of their congregation."

When Michael was accused of having laboured as a propagandist, he offered an explanation, which is given by Stepniak, and which shows how the faith has spread, and how it continues to spread. He was not what we should call an itinerant preacher. He said in open court: "I had not the time to do it; but when the police came from the town to arrest me, and assembled the people, the priest came also; and when the people talked to him on Scriptural matters he could prove nothing from the Scriptures: then it was that the people began to doubt whether he was well versed in the Scriptures himself. When I was cast into prison all knew that I was locked up because I had read the gospel. They wondered exceedingly, and all who could read procured the gospel and began to read it for themselves. . . . Now, the Scriptures can enlighten everybody, and show them the way to salvation. When I was locked up for the second time people wondered again, and began to search after the gospel with greater zeal, and to read it. This is how our doctrines have spread, and not, as some people think, through our having propagated them."

To those who know something about the history of the Bible in Russia, all this is very striking and consoling. At the outset of his reign, Nicolas suppressed the Russian Bible Society, as an agency dangerous both to the State and to religion; and not until some forty years later was the work revived. While men are disputing about inspiration in such cultured countries as England and Germany, the divine Word is asserting its power among the Russian peasants, and God is glorified.

The Days of our Fathers and our own Times.*

A CONTRAST.

MR. BESANT, in his book, makes us see things as they were fifty years ago. By describing things as they were when the present generation of middle-aged people were little children, Mr. Besant greatly encourages those who are working for the Christian and social elevation of the population. Since the last reign, the nation has made wonderful progress; but in emphasizing this, and in glorifying our own times at the expense of those which have gone before, there is danger of losing sight of abuses and evils which are still rampant. The present days are not characterized by anything of which we can consistently boast; they merely show a favourable contrast to those older times, which were bad beyond description. Nevertheless the disappearance of certain abuses, grievances, and evil customs encourages us still to work on, in hope of seeing yet better times.

Keeping this fact in view, we can the better understand Mr. Besant's answer to the question, What was life in England like in the reign of William IV., when the manners and customs of the eighteenth century still lingered in the land? "Rank was still held in the ancient reverence; religion was still that of the eighteenth century church; the rights of labour were not yet recognized; there were no trades-unions; there were no railways to speak of; nobody travelled except the rich; their own country was unknown to the people; the majority of country people could not read or write; the good old discipline of Father Stick and his children, Cat-o'-nine-tails, Rope's-end, Strap, Birch, Ferule, and Cane, was wholesomely maintained; landlords, manufacturers, and employers of all kinds, did what they pleased with their own; and the Blue Ribbon was unheard of."

This was anything but a satisfactory state of things, but it was quite in keeping with the general state of the people; and what is perhaps most surprising, it was altogether an immense advance on the state of things which had obtained in the reign of George II., before the awakening of the Methodist revival had brought its waves of blessing. The church had become a missionary church, and enterprise in the foreign mission-field had stimulated work at home; but, notwithstanding, very little was being done to bring in the working people. It is asserted that, in the old times of fifty years ago, nine-tenths of the industrial classes were the infidel disciples of Paine, Carlile, and Taylor, and that "not one working man in a hundred ever opened a Bible." The improvement on this state of things is seen in the fact that "about one person in nine now attends church or chapel on a Sunday"; but does that afford occasion for congratulation? The proportion of those who attend public worship would be somewhat greater if the congregations of mission-halls, &c., were included; but if seven out of nine thus turn their backs on the gospel, what an alarming state of things does that represent! In this country, and in other lands, experience has proved to a demonstration, that the religion of Christ is not only a

* "Fifty Years Ago." By Walter Besant. With one hundred and thirty-seven plates and woodcuts. Chatto and Windus. Price 16s.

cure for present ills, but a preventive of such as are prospective. What terrible upheavals would France have been spared if she had not refused the Reformation! The Earl of Shaftesbury often insisted, that the seeds of dangerous revolution are ever germinating where the people remain in ignorance of God. This is the danger of England at the present moment. For the most part, the working classes are outside of the church; and on this account atheism, intemperance, profanity, and notions inimical to the stability of government largely prevail among them. The Commune in France, Nihilism in Russia, Socialism in Germany, are anti-Christian forces; and in proportion as our own people are affected by the disease of irreligion we shall be exposed to the same danger. Nothing so promotes political unrest as infidelity; and unhappily unbelief of a very stupid kind—accepted without question at second-hand from infidel leaders—widely prevails among our people.

Although much discontent finds expression in these days among the working-classes, the complaint has really no foundation in reason, as compared with other days. The temporal condition of the classes who sell their labour has generally improved, and Mr. Besant flatly contradicts certain of the sombre conclusions at which the pessimist class of political economists have arrived. "It is not true," he says, "as stated in a very well-known work, that the poor have become poorer, though the rich have certainly become richer. The skilled working man is better paid now than then, his work is more steady, his hours are shorter. He is better clad, with always a suit of clothes apart from his working dress; he is better taught; he is better mannered; he has holidays; he has clubs; he is no longer forbidden to combine; he can co-operate; he holds meetings; he has much better newspapers to read; his food is better and cheaper; he has model lodging-houses." Thus, the opportunities within reach of the working man in the manufacturing towns are greater than they ever were.

In days when a great deal too much money is expended in beer, wine, and spirits, it is encouraging to find that a great improvement has been made in this respect. Compared with the days of the Georges, the consumption of drink is small; or, as Mr. Besant puts it, "Our drink-bill is nothing in comparison with that of fifty years ago." He has collected some facts and figures to make good this assertion: "Thus, the number of visitors to fourteen great ginshops in London was found to average three thousand each per diem; in Edinburgh there was a ginshop for every fifteen families; in one Irish town of eight hundred people there were eighty-eight ginshops; in Sheffield thirteen persons were killed in ten days by drunkenness; in London there was one public-house to every fifty-six houses; in Glasgow one to every ten." It is to be hoped that this reform will still go on, until there are no homes in the country rendered bare and miserable by drink.

But while congratulating one another on the wonderful progress of these days, we must not forget that the country is necessarily in an unsatisfactory condition so long as our chief industry—agriculture—is in such a depressed condition. This depression is bearing evil fruits in many ways; and it affects even the diffusion of the gospel itself, by making it almost impossible for many devoted men to hold on their way in the villages. This, at all events, is not "progress" to boast of,

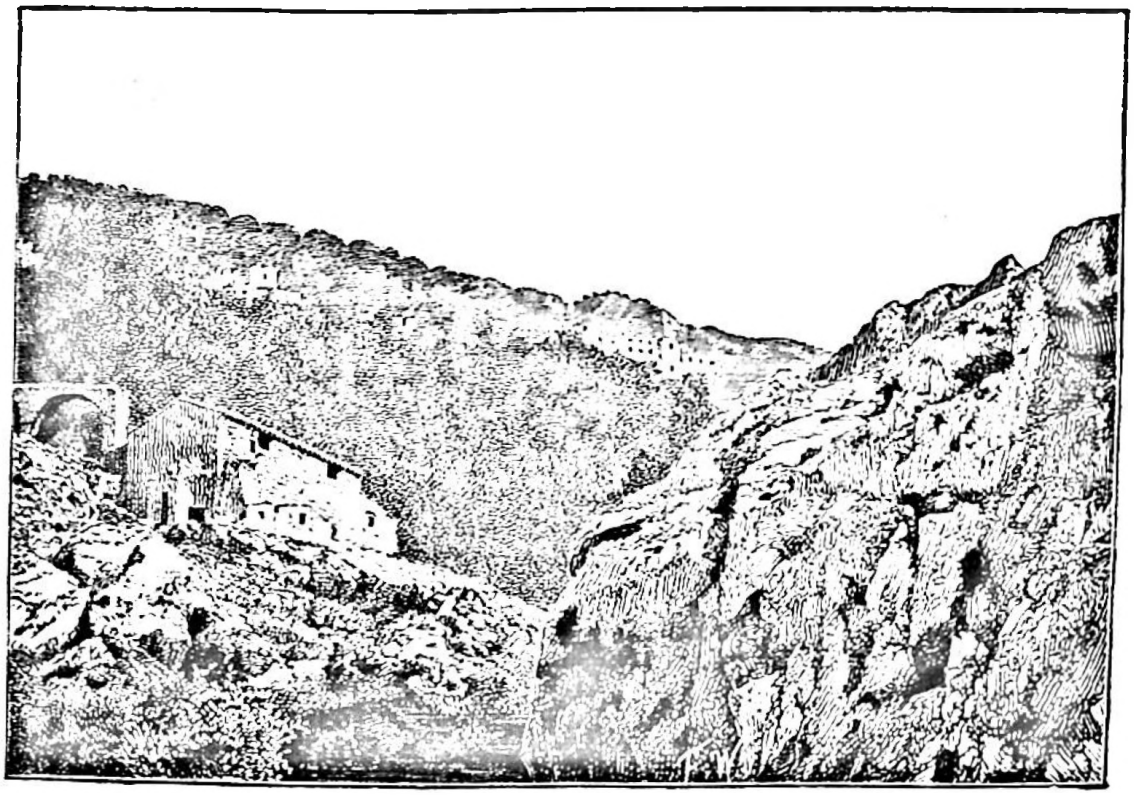
for the outlook is altogether serious; and if some remedy is not found, it is not very easy to see how Old England is to hold her own among the nations. The only possible remedy is, of course, to relieve the land of burdens which it is not able to bear, such as tithes, rates, &c.; but if the ecclesiastics are going to carry on war with the farmers, they will not serve their own cause, and they will surely hasten the inevitable day of disestablishment.

Mr. Besant's book affords the reader a graphic, and, on the whole, a trustworthy contrast between the old times and our own; but when he affects to treat of religion his judgment fails him, and whoever puts faith in his representations will be misled. Mr. Besant speaks of "the old Calvinism" with the assurance of one who affects to understand it; but we gravely suspect that, in reality, he knows nothing about it. Opinions founded on a few misrepresented generalities go for little, so that we excuse his utterances under this head. So far from the evangelical doctrines represented by Calvinism being dead or obsolete, they are among the few things that are really alive; and in their essence and substance the great doctrines of grace are still among the most mighty forces in the world of mind. Great philanthropic works, botah t home and abroad, are the outcome of this teaching, and the works which testify to a living faith are more abundant than they ever were before.

"Tell it Out."

"BROTHER R——, just stand up and tell the friends how and when you found the Saviour," said the preacher at the close of a special service in an out-of-the-way little chapel, to the friend who had brought him to the meeting. Surprised beyond measure, he stood up, and said: "My friends, what I'm going to tell you, I'm sorry to say, I've never told before in all my life; and I'm fifty years old. When I was only two I lost my father, and when I was twelve I lost my mother. Then I had to get my own living, and started off to a place with all my little belongings tied up in a red handkerchief. As I went along the road my heart was very heavy, and I did so wish my mother could come and pray with me once more, as she used to do. Oh, didn't she used to pour out her heart before God on behalf of us children! Then I thought, 'I wish I could pour out my heart in prayer like she did.' So, jumping over the wall just below that public-house along the road, I went behind some beech trees, and kneeling down, I prayed as I never prayed before. What I said I couldn't tell you, but I emptied my heart before God; and when I came back over the wall no one—not even you, sir," addressing the preacher—"ever had a lighter heart than I had, and from that day to this I have been secretly following Jesus"; and with tears in his eyes, he said, "And God forgive me for never telling it out before."

F. E. B.



Among the Crags.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FRIENDS may be helped to remember the Editor in his retreat by the engraving which heads this page. Yonder is the long street of the town of Grimaldi, hanging, as it were, on the mountain-side, and close at hand is an olive-mill at Chiotti, another village among the craggy rocks. Note that the water which comes down the aqueduct is not now running, and so the millstones are standing still. One wonders that there should be a mill there at all; but that is accounted for by the presence of the stream of water, and by the fact that olives are growing over all the mountain-side. God, who brings oil out of the flinty rock by the miracles of nature, thus enables men to live where it would seem as if not even a sparrow could find a meal. Hard and bare surfaces are covered with a little earth; and the evergreen oil-producer works its way into the crannies between the stones, and finds a fluid as rich as milk in the sapless rocks.

Cannot faith imitate the olive? Believers are placed where there is everything to try their faith, and little to nurture it: can they find bread in stones, and food in flints? Yes, by divine grace they have learned a sacred alchemy to which all things are possible. Sharp pains to patience yield pleasure; losses to resignation become gains; and reproaches to courage are a glory. Faith tears the lion which would devour her, and in his carcase finds a honey which sweetens not alone her mouth, but the inward parts of her soul. Nature would build her house on plains watered by the rivers of earth; but faith aspires to dwell on

high, and to draw her sustenance from the munitions of craggy rocks, which to the superficial gaze threaten perpetual famine.

To us the townships on the crags are symbols of our faith-life. Living at a great elevation, in a pure atmosphere, and seeing afar from their lofty outlook, the inhabitants of the streets on the hills are a healthy and cheerful race. They are by no means ill supplied; for, hard as the rocks may be among which their cottages are perched, the olive pours forth for them its oil, and the vine is generous of its juice. We, too, who have learned to dwell on high, are made to see afar off, and to drink in the breath of heaven; and we find that we are not left to want, even when circumstances are at the worst. True is that sacred word, "Thy bread shall be given thee: thy water shall be sure."

Down in the lowlands of trust in man the miasma of idolatry gathers, and the sullen air frowns depression and disease upon the soul; let us up and away to the mountain-heights, and to the ways little trodden of human foot. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." Happy is the man to whom this lofty way is familiar, and to whom it is still given, despite the roughness of the way, to dip his foot in oil.

Morocco Prisons*

BY CHARLES COOK, OF HYDE PARK HALL, LONDON.

"CROSSING troubled seas, inspecting filthy dungeons, feeding starving prisoners, riding through pitiless storms, distributing precious Scriptures, climbing rugged mountains, fording swollen rivers, wading through filthy towns, reading to chained audiences, preaching in the open air, holding meetings on the ship amid many travellers, having services in Africa among beloved missionaries, winning some souls, and cheering many saints"—such was the epitome of my journey to Morocco, as sent home to my friend Mr. Kirkham, of London. Now for details.

All was bustle and confusion on board the good ship *Britannia*, as the bell rang for strangers to leave: hundreds of friends had come to say "good-bye" to relatives bound for the Antipodes. Miss Herdman, who, like myself, was bound for Morocco, was lamenting over the fact that her luggage was being swamped by the water from the hydraulic lift; but our good friend Mr. E. Glenny, Honorary Secretary of the North Africa Mission, laughingly bade her remember those who "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." "Good-bye, Joe, live for heaven," said one friend, who was bound for Australia, as he kissed his brother on both cheeks, as he was going down the gangway. I could not resist saying, "That's it, sir, take Christ as your Saviour, and if you meet no more on earth, Christ will keep you till you are together in heaven." Slowly through the Albert docks steamed this magnificent vessel of 6,500 tons, and soon we were on the bosom of Father Thames, and by eight o'clock the same evening the lights of Brighton were twinkling over the waters of the starboard bow. By Sunday evening, we were

* We call earnest attention to this remarkable work by our brother, Mr. Cook. He is the Howard of the present day. May our Lord bless him in his trying work!—C. H. S.

across the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and Dr. Maclaren remarked to me, as we were walking the deck, "For the last two months the Bay of Biscay has been hanging like a millstone round my daughter's neck, and yet it has been as calm as the proverbial mill-pond." How true it is that often our worst forebodings never come to pass, and that God is better than all our doubts and fears! A service was held, by request, in the saloon, at which I gave an address, and Miss Herdman told of prison work in Morocco; the meeting was continued the following night, and so interested were the listeners, that they desired to repeat the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand, and at once collected £6, that we might be enabled to feed that number of starving prisoners.

Gibraltar was reached in less than four days; and during the mission here we were cheered by seeing conversions among our soldiers, and some civilians also were brought to confess Christ as their Lord. One tradesman, who had always kept his shop open on Sundays, proved his conversion to be genuine by putting on his premises a bill which read, "No Business Done Here on Sundays." In company with Dr. Churcher (who hails from the Pastors' College) I sailed for Tangier, in a vessel about half the size of the penny steamers of the Thames, which is utterly unfit to cross the Straits, as the currents are very strong, and the water often very rough. On returning by the same boat, the captain said, "That bit of water is enough to break your heart." However, we reached the shore, and, after a little difficulty, passed the ordeal of the Custom-house authorities, getting our Arabic Gospels all passed through for one peseta (10d.).

To describe the prisons here would need a far abler pen than mine; yet I can simply describe what I saw. I had, with the help of two men and a donkey, bought all the bread that was to be had in the town, and carried it off to the prisons; and, permission being granted, entered, having to squeeze myself through a small opening in the door, which was not allowed to be opened; and truly it was a horrible sight. I had visited the prisons of Egypt, and still more recently those of Greece, which were filthy; but the fearful smell which pervaded the place, the lack of fresh air, and the condition of the prisoners, were far worse than I had seen anywhere. All the poor creatures were fed, and as I had also bought a large basket of grapes in the market, these also were distributed. Then a Syrian brother, who accompanied me, read a portion of the Word of God, and preached the gospel; and, before we left them, I had the joy of giving a copy of the Arabic Gospels to each of the prisoners who could read. Loud and many were the thanks for the food and books.

The governor of another prison, close by, would not at first permit me to enter, as the worst criminals were said to be confined there; but, on my persisting, and through the consul sending up a guard of soldiers, who entered first, I was permitted to go in. This we found worse than the other; more dark, more dismal, and more foul. In the dim light I could just see the forms of human beings, in chains, in the corners of filthy dungeons. Moors, Jews, and Soudanese, of all shades of complexion, soon gathered round us, their chains clanking horribly in our ears. The bread and grapes we, soon distributed to all the prisoners, and these as quickly disappeared from sight. Soon all were listening

intently to the gospel of our Lord Jesus, and as they heard of him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," they cried out, "Good! good! that is good!" It must be remembered that many of these prisoners are unjustly detained, often by false accusation, and more often to extort money from them. One man told us his sad case; and as he was known to the brother who was with me, and had given evidence of his being a child of God, I enquired into his case. He was a tall, dark negro from the Soudan, and on some slight pretext had been thrown into prison, and so much money demanded before he could be released. After some difficulty, and much delay, I obtained his release, paid his ransom, set him free, and sent him on his way rejoicing. The following is an instance of petty tyranny exercised by the authorities over paltry cases: Recently one Mogador Jew brought another before their Governor to recover 17 okeas (about 6¼d.) Both were thrown into prison, from which they were released on paying the following "little bill"—

	s.	d.
To the Governor, plaintiff, one loaf of sugar ...	2	0
,, ,, defendant, ,, ,, ...	2	0
,, two policemen who took them to gaol ...	0	9½
,, ,, ,, ,, ,, out of gaol...	0	9½
,, gaoler	0	4¼
,, ,, for the use of the prison lavatory ...	0	4¼
	6	3½

Sir W. Kirby Green, our ambassador, had told the doctor and myself that it was not, at present, safe to travel far into the interior, as the wells were very low, and the water bad; and thus, after having had an interesting open-air meeting in the market, to which hundreds came and listened most attentively, and where we distributed bread to the blind and the poor, we sailed away once more across the Straits, and, after a rough journey, reached Gibraltar in time for Sunday services in the Wesleyan church and the Soldiers' Institute. On the Monday morning, in company with two officers of the garrison, I again crossed over to the African coast; and, though it is only about seventeen miles from Gibraltar, by reason of the vexatious delay caused by the Spanish boats, which cross the Straits to Ceuta, we were eight hours and a half before we landed. Ceuta is a Spanish province, and is a penal settlement containing three thousand convicts, most of whom are there for life. My great difficulty was how to get my Spanish Testaments into Ceuta, for I aimed at visiting the huge prison, and leaving them among the many convicts. However, a little energy and tact, a little push and patience, and *we* were not only in Ceuta, but all our Scriptures also.

As we entered the prison, a brass band, composed of convicts, struck up, and we saw hundreds of men standing idly about, having no work whatever to do. Here was pointed out to us a well-known brigand, who had killed seven men; another who had recently killed several men while in prison; and one, heavily ironed, who was so exceedingly dangerous that he was destined to be shot. We felt what a mistake it was to allow these men to idle away their time; and having inspected the place, which was not at all too clean or wholesome, we left, but not until I had distributed the books which contain the word of life.

As there is no such thing in Morocco as a wheeled vehicle, horses or mules must be employed in visiting any part of the interior. After a long and fatiguing journey, which knocked up one of the officers, we reached Tetuan. We were now near the Riff country, where a man is often killed for his jelab (cloak), worth four shillings; and in no part of Morocco may you travel without a soldier as guard. Many cases occurred, during the month that I was there, of Europeans being attacked. Lady Green had told me that "the prisons of Morocco are hopeless and heartbreaking," and truly I found them so; they are far worse in the interior than those of the coast towns. It may appear almost incredible, but it is an awful truth, that the prison population of the city of Morocco equals the free populace; whole tribes have recently been imprisoned. The wretched, pallid faces of the prisoners of Tetuan live in my memory. I could only repeat here what I did at other places, and surely the Moorish authorities could not hinder me, for their own Koran tells us to "feed the hungry, visit the sick, and liberate the captive unjustly detained"; and so, after supplying every prisoner with enough bread for two days, I was glad to leave the foul-smelling places, for I felt that my health was seriously endangered.*

Another day's journey, over mountains and hills, across plains, and through valleys. Resting at midday, a storm burst upon us, and we had to ride through a pitiless downpour, which drenched us through. Having safely forded several swollen rivers, we reached our journey's end for that day, and sat down to tea, wrapped round with blankets, whilst our clothes were being dried by charcoal fires.

The following description of the prisons in Morocco has been kindly written for me by a resident, and will give much fuller information on the subject than I was able to glean during my brief visit to the country.

MOORISH DUNGEONS.

"Considering the backward state of the empire of Morocco, it is really not at all surprising that the condition of its prisons should be so sad. In fact, it would seem as though the country was just as far back in civilization as England was when the Christian era was as young as the Mohammedan now is—1306. Everything here is wonderfully in keeping with its surroundings; decay, neglect, oppression, tyranny, are observable on every hand. The whole system of government is one of extortion, and a grinding of the people: every man endeavours to oppress his neighbour whenever a chance offers, and the brute creation suffers frightfully at the hands of its human masters.

"The prisons of Morocco are, one and all, fearful dungeons, unless that of Mazagan, rebuilt last year, may be considered an exception. In each town there is one, and in the larger towns there are several prisons. Access to these is made difficult to Europeans, especially since it was found that many who visited them aroused the indignation of their fellow-countrymen by reporting their horrors. The two at Tangier are the easiest to see, but then they are in the most creditable condition.

"As a rule, the prisons consist of a covered yard, the roof being

* I reached home safely, visiting Spanish prisons *en route*, but have since been ill, having had an attack of gaol fever, which is produced by foul air.

supported by pillars; a grating in this being the chief inlet for light and air. The drainage is almost *nil*, so that the stench is unbearable, especially in summer. There is seldom a water supply, and it is never fit to drink. The floors are just rough flags, covered only with filth. Iron rings built into the pillars serve for the attachment of the chains which bind a large proportion of the inmates. There is usually a hole in the low, barred door, just big enough to put one's head through, which is the only place at which prisoners can see their friends, on whom they have to depend for subsistence, except what they can earn by making baskets, fans, &c., of palmetto. The Government makes a pretence of giving an allowance, but for this the prisoner must pay before he can be released. He has also to pay the gaoler, and the policemen who arrest and release him, besides which the governor or the judge expects a loaf of sugar or two for letting him out. Often his friends will have to "tip" the gaoler to be allowed to see him.

"When these facts are borne in mind, and it is remembered that a man is often left in prison for months and years without a breath of fresh air, a wash, or a change of clothes, subsisting on a scanty diet, with nothing to do and no exercise, it will not be difficult to realize what a large proportion of the inmates only issue therefrom to be laid in the grave.

"The horrors of these places are indescribable. Often they are underground, damp, and pestilential; always filthy. They are frequently very crowded, and a dozen or more poor wretches may be fastened in one chain by their necks, with heavy irons on their wrists and ankles, unable to stir a foot away from one another for any purpose all night, and often all day!

"The punishment of the bastinado is freely resorted to, even in the case of women. The prisoner is held by several men, while a couple stand one on each side with sticks or flails, striking alternately. Men are sometimes beaten across the back, sometimes on the soles of the feet—women only on the feet. Punishments such as maiming for stealing, cutting off an ear, or lips, or nose, are not unknown. One of the chief "crimes" for which Moors are incarcerated is that of having too successfully concealed their wealth from the authorities. As their heirs usually know something of their hoard, it is customary to arrest those too, if they will not divulge the secret. So long as some one is free who can enjoy the wealth, these poor people will endure long imprisonments, so that torture has to be resorted to. Even this often fails; and that, too, in cases where the victim alone knows the secret, so determined will he be not to allow his persecutor to enjoy his treasure. All sorts of pretexts for imprisonment to extort money by the authorities form one of the great means by which these gaols are filled. The second is the ordinary one of crime alleged or committed, as the suspected and the guilty suffer equally unless they can bribe the Governor, and innocent men may be lodged in gaol by their enemies in the same way. All are confined together.

"Thus it is that these unwholesome dens are fed, and in them thousands lie dying within a few hours of Europe. What is worse, these are but a small proportion of the sufferers in a land ground down by despotism, the outcome of a false religion, and of a system of government based thereon, corrupt and demoralized.

"For some years past the attention of Europe has been called to this state of things, and it seems at last to be gradually awaking to a sense of its responsibility—not to usurp the land, but to aid its opening up, and the development of its grand dormant resources. For this purpose Mr. Edward E. Meakin, an old Indian tea-planter, well acquainted with Mohammedans, who had retired to Tangier for his health, was induced to establish an English newspaper, specially intended to interest readers in England and America in this poor land and its people. This, *The Times of Morocco*, now in its fifth year, has been working hard to make the true state of things here known to the outside world. This has naturally aroused fierce opposition on the part of those who fear the light of the Press; for the number of Europeans at whose door blame lies for such oppression is not small. The relief of captives, and the release of men unjustly imprisoned, has formed the chief part of Mr. Meakin's task, and he has had cause to be thankful for the results obtained.

"A quotation from *The Christian*, of March 18th, 1886, by the editor, may not be out of place here:—'With regard to the oppression of the natives, when a man gets rich, some one in power gets up some bogus charge against him, and puts him in prison, where he is kept until he buys himself out, sometimes with the loss of everything. Mr. Meakin takes up the cause of the oppressed. . . . . As Northern Africa, with its great possibilities, becomes more developed by Christianity, civilization, and commerce, it will owe not a little to the fearless editor of *The Times of Morocco*, which we recommend all interested in that country to procure.'

"There is also a noble, but still small, band of Christian missionaries, working in various parts of the empire, who are, of course, good friends to the prisoners, and often alleviate their lot by their exertions while sowing among them the word of life.*—MAGHRIBI.

"Tangier, October 8th, 1888."

I trust the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* may be stirred up to pray that this country of unjust judges may soon be under a better administration—that here, where slavery still thrives, and where a woman can be divorced for twopence-halfpenny, some alteration may take place, so that Morocco, which is only four days' sail from England, may no longer be a blot on the nineteenth century, and a disgrace to civilization.

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack, 1889. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE cannot give up this little pulpit, from which we preach day by day to many thousands. Mrs. Spurgeon occupies many an hour in arranging the texts, which are this year specially interesting, as occurring in the first twelve years of sermons. Thus many a happy incident of the early days of our ministry is brought to mind. We shall be grateful if our friends will distribute this pennyworth. How we have struggled to produce it amid pain and toil! May God bless seed which has been steeped in tears!

* The North African Mission is worthy of the generous aid of all Christian people. We heartily commend it to our readers, and shall be right glad to forward contributions to Mr. Glenny.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE have done our level best to make this a grand sheet, and it is one which nobody can go to sleep under—a new virtue in a sheet. Get a dozen and give them to working people, for whom the Almanack is meant.

Our Darlings. The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories. Edited by T. J. BARNARDO, F.R.C.S. Shaw.

VERY wonderful. With all he has to do, how does Dr. Barnardo manage it? It is truly a charming annual. What! only three shillings? Much the same as giving it away.

The firm of *Hildesheimer and Faulkner* takes a high place in the production of Christmas cards, books, and novelties. We said a good word last month for the specimens which had then reached us from various firms, but we could not help feeling that there was nothing new or special in them all. Since then, Messrs. Hildesheimer's productions have come to hand, and we are made to wonder that so much of freshness can be maintained in a well-worn line of things. Some of the designs are as original as if no Christmas card had ever been issued throughout the ages. *B. D. Sigmund* surpasses all competitors; but many other of the artists deserve honourable mention. No. 180: three designs by *Will Anderson* and *Alice West* are delightful. But we must not begin to particularize where there are so many creations of fancy and taste, fresh and sparkling as the dew of a May morning. *The Photographic Opal Souvenirs* are a great novelty: we think they will bear improving, but they are already very good; and neatly packed away in boxes they make special presents.

In illuminated books for the season this firm is specially fruitful: large and small, luxurious and inexpensive, here they are without stint. *Bells of Yule*, and *Songs of the Waves:* these are gems indeed; but probably better judges than we are would pounce upon certain others of these works of art, and hold them up to admiration. We wish that this firm could be induced to give more attention to textual and religious cards, for this would increase the area of their sales, and make the beauty of their productions subservient to higher ends.

Photo Christmas and New Year's Cards and Tablets of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Cabinet size, tablets (to stand, or hang up), 1s. 6d., cards, 1s.; carte size, 9d. and 6d. T. Stokoe, Clare, Suffolk.

THESE views of the Tabernacle will have an interest for friends, but they cannot, in these days of cheapness, compete in the open market with the innumerable works which are at once more artistic and less costly.

New Illustrated Books.—Songs of the Ransomed. By W. A. GARRATT, J. DENHAM SMITH, and others. 5s.—*Under the King's Shadow.* By CECILIA HAVERGAL, J. DENHAM SMITH, and others. 3s. 6d.—*Serving the King.* By CECILIA HAVERGAL, and others. 2s. 6d.—*Resting.* By W. A. GARRATT, and others; and *Trusting.* By J. DENHAM SMITH, F. WHITFIELD, and others. 1s. each.—*Heart Whispers* and *Bright Promises.* 1s. each.—*Heavenly Pastures* and *His Kingdom.* 6d. each.—*Little Friends* and *Little Treasures* (Children's Books). 6d. each.—*The Sweet Story of Old, Above the Bright Blue Sky*, and *The Books of the Bible*, in verse (Children's Reward Books). 3d. each. James E. Hawkins.

WE felt we could not do the publisher better service than by giving his list. These are all good in their line, and specially as setting forth passages of Scripture, and the way of salvation. What is the good of the card, or the picture-book, unless as a means of communicating some holy message?

The above are all books and booklets of a sort which, for a while, have been in favour. We do not think the fashion will last long, nor that it ought to do so. While it does abide, these will be found to be as cheap and handsome as any; and spiritually among the very best. It does seem to us as if books tied at the back with ribbon have been just a little overdone, and we fear the sale will not be remunerative.

The Beatitudes. Discourses by RICHARD GLOVER, Bristol. Religious Tract Society.

MR. GLOVER is not a man to take offence at an honest criticism, for he has sent us another book, although we were obliged to express disapprobation of some things in his last. This dainty booklet of choice thoughts upon "The Beatitudes" is very much to our mind. No man can read it without seeing our Lord's teachings from a point of view not quite his own; and this is one of the things which makes the mind to grow—this seeing truth, not only as our own eye catches it, but as another perceives it. We certainly should not endorse all that Mr. Glover says even in this small book, or rather we should not say what is said quite in Mr. Glover's way; but we are glad to see, through his peculiar individuality, some things which we might otherwise have missed. In the great struggle in which our heart and soul are being wrung we are led to prize such words as these, for which we thank Mr. Glover right heartily.

The following extract is from the Beatitude of "The Persecuted":—

"The Saviour expects *true saintliness will always be an aggressive thing. Where it is such, its activities rouse enmity.* We have different views from the Saviour on this subject of aggressive goodness. We think saintliness is at liberty to be an unobtrusive, self-saving thing: carefully restricting its service to the quiet influence of its example, content to develop its own life sweetly. But the Saviour calls for something more vigorous than passive piety. Prince of Peace as he was, he proclaims: 'I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword'—to set a man at variance with those around him. He defines his object to be to 'send fire on the earth,' and tarries only until it is kindled. He assumes that evil must be assailed, that falsehood will be contradicted, and sin denounced. He intends a true peace to be reached by the disturbance of the false. He expects sanctity ever to have something of the soldierly quality, and that the life will be a fight of faith. He did not contemplate sanctity adopting a *Live-and-let-live* policy in the presence of falsehood and evil. Silence is the earth in which the talent of truth is buried. He expects us to be his witnesses; bids us say, 'Repent!' not merely to men in general, but to sinners in particular; expects us to reprove all evil, as well as to point to him who is the source and pattern of all good. He expects us to carry the offer of mercy to those who will resent our faithfulness; he expects our testimony to be a fire, burning up refuges of lies: a hammer breaking in pieces the rocks. Wherever love is thus aggressive, truth thus bold, mercy thus active—hatred of the intensest kind must rise. For who can bear to have his ways denounced as evil; his views as false; his destiny—perdition; his duty—repentance?

"Moreover, the Christian has to be the reformer in a world of vested interests. And there is no evil under heaven, from idolatry to drunkenness, from gambling to gaiety, from heresy to vice, but some have an interest in maintaining it. You will not achieve any usefulness of any sort without the cry, 'This our craft is in danger!' rising to the lips of those profiting by others' ignorance, or servitude, or evil. In these circumstances, however meek and peace-making the saint of God may be, if he is faithful to his Saviour, and to the interests of men, he will suffer from the bitter speech or the deed of hatred of those who resent his whole spirit and activity."

John Francis, Publisher of the Athenæum: a Literary Chronicle of Half a Century. Compiled by JOHN C. FRANCIS. Two volumes. Richard Bentley and Son.

THESE volumes open upon that classic ground which lies all around Surrey Chapel and the Tabernacle. Their first pages are records of Rowland Hill, Thomas Cranfield, William West, and all that royal Southwark company who reclaimed the wastes seventy or eighty years ago. *John Francis* himself is peculiarly interesting to us, because of his connection with our own church, which formerly met in Carter Lane. He writes: "In the year 1828 I became a member of the church of which Dr. Rippon was pastor, meeting

in the well-known chapel in Carter Lane, Tooley Street. For three years previously I had been a teacher in the Sunday-school. At this period London was but very partially lighted with gas, the smaller streets having dim oil lamps. The latter was the case with Carter Lane. One winter's night, going down the lane, I was attacked by three roughs, who were standing close against the wall, so as not to be seen. They gave me a blow on the head, and stole my hat. I received no further injury, as I outran them. I borrowed a cap in the schoolroom for the night. The chapel, and indeed the whole of the lane, was destroyed shortly after to make room for the approach to the new London Bridge, and in May, 1833, the new chapel was opened for the church and congregation in New Park Street. Here the church was again united, and I became superintendent of the Sunday-school, and continued in the office for seven years. After this I became the secretary to the visiting association for the poor neighbouring courts and alleys, including the Skin Market district, the Bear Gardens, &c. Dr. Rippon died at the age of eighty-four, in 1836, having been pastor of the church during sixty years, and was succeeded by the Rev. Joseph Angus."

A friend who called upon us while this chronicle of John Francis was lying on our table, remarked, "Ah! he was the superintendent of our Sunday-school when I was one of the boys in it." Everyone speaks of him as a man who was quietly but unquestionably efficient in any position which he took up. He must have been specially so in business life, for he entered the *Athenæum* office as a mere assistant clerk, within a few months was its business manager, and for fifty years continued to be its factotum in its publishing affairs.

The close connection of Mr. Francis with the ancient Baptist church in Southwark had ceased before the advent of the present pastor; but he remained a trustee of Dr. Rippon's almshouses; and hence, when anything had to be done in reference to that institution, he received the usual legal summons. To this he attended promptly, and in all business matters he showed a wisdom, courtesy, and common sense which made us feel that it was a distinct gain to have such a man united to us, even by the slender filament of a trusteeship.

These two volumes are very little about John Francis personally. He occupied a fine position for observation upon all things literary, and he carried his eyes in his head; and here we have his jottings of what he saw as the years rolled by. In these days the *Athenæum* is among those ancient and venerable reviews which make up an upper house of literature: it has a constituency of its own, and the profane vulgar know it not, even as it knows them not. It is wonderful that it has survived through fifty years. He who conducted its business management all that time was no common man. Hence it may be inferred that his diary is of no common value. To literary men the two volumes will have much interest; they contain the raw material of history, and many of the gems which make it sparkle.

Three-fold Praise, and other Pieces. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is, of course, all that one can desire as to the letterpress; for Frances Ridley Havergal always sang like a seraph. The book is made up of coloured pages, which are good; and of sepia drawings, which are—well—not better than they might be. In a tasteful cover it costs six shillings, and as a pretty present, no one who received it would feel himself otherwise than enriched.

Mediæval France, from the Reign of Hugues Capet to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century. By GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A. ("Story of the Nations" series.) T. Fisher Unwin.

EQUAL to any of the other issues of this valuable series; but we do not think that it will arouse equal attention. Upon a portion of French history which is little understood by English people, Mr. Masson pours a flood of light. We have often pressed the various portions of "The Story of the Nations" upon our readers; and we do so advisedly, believing that it is a great gain to induce any one to leave fiction for the facts of history.

St. John, the Author of the Fourth Gospel. By HOWARD HEBER EVANS, B.A. James Nisbet and Co.

THE writer's name will be familiar to our readers. We called attention to his previous works on "The Authorship of *the Acts of the Apostles*, of *the third Gospel*, and of the last twelve verses of *the second Gospel*," in our volume for 1885, p. 288; and in that for 1887, p. 87. But is not such a book as this superfluous? you may ask, after glancing at the title-page. From our point of view it may well be thought so; for we know that no constituent part of the New Testament has been more precious to the saints, or has led them into closer communion with Christ than the Gospel according to John. Unhappily, however, the question bears another aspect. Have you never heard of the Tubingen school with Baur, Strauss, Hilgenfeld, Reuss, and others, among its leaders, to whom Archdeacon Farrar refers as "*able critics*"? albeit they have proved themselves to be mischievous, merciless, malignant assailants of the authenticity and authority of Holy Scripture. The heaviest assault of late years has been directed against the Gospel of John. In fact, Canon Liddon, no mean theological scholar, points to this Gospel as the battle-field of the New Testament. The allegation is simply this—that it was written by a Gnostic dreamer, in the latter half of the second century. What think you of this suggestion? Some of our modern Athenians, whose ears are ever itching for some new thing, have caught at this rather eagerly as the latest intelligence. Though it be but "the baseless fabric of a vision," they affect to build on it mounds of hypothesis, as a base of operation against Christianity. From these mounds they fire the big guns of their criticism. Let not any man's heart fail him. The firing is without effect. No breach has been made in our defences. Mr. Heber Evans has silenced their guns with admirable strategy. He notes that Baur, the father of the Tübingen school, admits the authenticity of the Apocalypse. Hence he proceeds, by internal and external evidence, to demonstrate the identity of their authorship—the Gospel and the Revelation of St. John. His little book is a fine study. He wastes no words. Best of all, "the Appendix" collates and compares expressions and phrases common to both Gospel and Revelation, in such file and force, that we seem to be *listening* to the aged apostle's own voice, clear and distinct, ringing down the ages through some phonographic apparatus.

The Threefold Course; or, the Christian's Walk, Work, and Warfare. By Rev. FRANCIS BOURDILLON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

LIKE all the writings of our friend Mr. Bourdillon, this is gracious and instructive. Quiet readers will find themselves refreshed by these holy thoughts. The parable of the doctor and his book is worth quoting:—"There was a well-known doctor, many years ago, who wrote a book about certain kinds of illness. When new patients came to him, his first question was, 'Have you read my book?' And if they had not, he would say, 'Go home and read it, and then come to me again.' Thus he saved them some expense, and himself much trouble; for a great deal of what he would have said to them was to be found in his book; and reading the book would help them to profit by his personal directions; for the book was not to take the place of individual treatment. The book was to be read, but the patients were to come to the doctor too."

"Have you read my book?" Oh, how will those who neglect the Bible meet that question? But you who love God, and rightly seek him in all your need, do not you forget that, close by you, at all times and under all circumstances, lies the Book of God, to guide, and teach, and comfort you.

Glimpses of Both Worlds; or, the Whole Family of Heaven and Earth. By JOHN HARVEY. Joseph Toulson.

READING which is both interesting and gracious, nicely printed, and neatly bound. We do not wonder that these "Glimpses" have reached a third edition. To look within the veil is good for eyes and hearts.

Evangelistic Work in Principle and Practice. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

IF our pen could become as fervent as fire, and as fluent as the wave, we could not write either too warmly or too well of this book. Oh, that we could make every minister, every member of the church read it, and read it again! Dr. Pierson would arouse all believers to the work of evangelizing, and then he would hurl the entire body of the faithful with united energy upon the sleeping, sinning world. If this book has a fault, it will be found in the glowing eulogy which it pronounces upon Spurgeon. The author evidently has a weakness *for* that individual, and indulges it very freely; in fact, he is almost as enthusiastic *for* Spurgeon as many are against him. Well, well; if he can see anything good in one so compassed with infirmity he ascribes it to divine grace, and to that grace let it stand ascribed for ever. Apart from this, Dr. Pierson has given us a real living book; a thunderbolt; a cataract of fire for a lazy, lukewarm church. These flame-flakes ought to fall in showers all over Christendom, and set every house on fire.

From the Cross; or, Fulness of Salvation and Blessing in Christ. Scripture Lessons from Leviticus. By Lady BEAUJOLOIS DENT. With Preface by the Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

IN the preface we see some spiritualizings about "blood" and "incense," of which we cannot approve. There is such a thing as knowing too much, and showing the profundity of that knowledge by forcing scientific hypotheses upon types which were never meant to have a scientific bearing. We may draw instruction from the sower and the seed, but if we give a chemical analysis of the soil, and run into details, the poetry of the thing evaporates, and the lesson itself is apt to be far-fetched. We would say this with all due deference to the very excellent brother, who writes in all the fulness of his heart. We feel we cannot say less, but we say it kindly.

The Scripture Lessons are sound and good, and full of reverent thought. They may be helpful to other ladies who are conducting Bible-readings. We do not meet with anything fresh in them, but the writer has brought a deep knowledge of Scripture to bear upon her subjects, and the result is solid instruction. Price 2s. 6d.

The Weekly Pulpit. A Series of Suggestive Sermons, Outlines, Illustrations, &c., for the Use of Preachers. Vol. IV. Elliot Stock.

WE should think that the coming of this very unassuming magazine into a lone study in some remote Latakoo must be quite a relief. In each monthly portion there is always something which can be used in preaching. If all this is the production of one man, he is marvellously fruitful. We do not say that the yearly volume is very astonishing, but we do judge it to be useful—useful most of all to those for whom it is intended. Some fellows "never borrow a suggestion from anybody"—so they say. The more's the pity; for they could not borrow anything worse than their own profound nonsense.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A. Vol. VII. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS magazine pursues its course in those lofty regions of criticism to which the bulk of our readers have no access. Happy is it for them that they miss the weariness of the spirit, as well as of the flesh, which comes of those superfine studies. We confess that, after an hour's reading of the learned essays herein presented us, we are not sure that we are in the least profited. The matters handled are generally out of the range of the processes of edification, and still further removed from usefulness among the many. We are rather amused than instructed, and more fatigued than refreshed. Yet there are other minds to whom "The Expositor" is a garden of delights. Certainly, first-class scholarship does its best to make it so, and the editor is a man of vast ability. If the themes chosen are for a soul's profit they will be handled at their best in this high-class serial.

Sermons by Ministers of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Belfast: Religious Tract and Book Depôt. London: Nisbet.

In Ireland, in the presence of Popery, ministers are not likely to wander from the gospel in the direction of superstition; but the fear might arise that they would deviate into scepticism. Even the manly creed and discipline of Presbyterianism have not sufficed to keep men sound in the faith when the Spirit of God has been away, and personal religion has declined. Good as it is to protect the fold with fence and wall; yet, if the great Shepherd be not honoured, grievous wolves soon find their way among the sheep, and work fearful havoc. Happily for the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, the Lord is in its midst. The oil is in the vessel with the lamp, and therefore the light shines clearly and steadily. These sermons are good. There are varieties of style, but the same gospel is set forth by each preacher. We notice one brother saying that "Darwin saw the universal working of natural selection," which is just absurd; but the brother has a right to believe such nonsense, if he feels he would like to. Some of the discourses are not merely truthful and forceful, but eminently gracious and living. This is a volume for which Irish Presbyterians may be devoutly thankful, inasmuch as it is an evidence that the Lord has not left their churches to be first starved and then poisoned, a process through which many of the Congregational and Baptist churches of our land are now passing. Fortunately for themselves the new school are not great at printing sermons; when they become bold enough to do so, it will become clear to the Christian church that our warnings have been no childish cry of "Wolf!"

No sermon in the book is better than the last, which is by Mr. William M'Mordie. In it we have the clear gospel ring; indeed, nothing could be more distinct and definite upon the great Substitutionary Sacrifice. Here there is unction and savour; and this is the case in many of the sermons of this collection. We wish for the volume a host of readers.

Scripture Natural History: the Animals Mentioned in the Bible ["By-Paths of Bible Knowledge" series]. By Henry Chichester Hart, B.A. With many illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

It is very handy to have all the animals of Scripture thus arranged alphabetically, and all that is necessary to explain allusions to them set forth in due order. This work is scientifically accurate and reliable, and should be within reach of all who expound Holy Scripture to others. Wonderful is that book to which we may bring knowledge of every kind, and find that it has a bearing upon it. Infinite wisdom is related to all knowledge in heaven above or in the earth beneath.

Christian Classics Series. IV. *St. Basil the Great on the Holy Spirit.* Translated by Rev. George Lewis. Religious Tract Society.

If it were not an ancient work, by one of the great fathers of the church, we do not think anyone would care much for this treatise. The subject is all-important and deeply mysterious, but we do not think that Basil contributes much light to the subject. The value of this work lies in its being a beautiful reprint of a classic of the early church. Gentlemen with libraries cannot afford to let slip this opportunity of securing this well-printed work; but those of us who care only to read for spiritual profit may let it go by.

Sunset Glories; or, An Abundant Entrance into the Everlasting Kingdom. Compiled by E. A. G. Religious Tract Society.

Choice sayings of the godly, heard by those who watched their last hours. Eminently calculated to establish the faith of those who look forward to death with a degree of fear.

Biblical Teachings for the Young. By E. C. A. Partridge and Co.

Good, but common-place. Those who will read these remarks will be instructed in the truth, and that is saying a good deal in these times; but there is nothing very fresh or striking. Just what any godly teacher would be sure to say when his heart was in tune for teaching.

In Pawn: the Story of a Pledge. By ANNIE M. YOUNG. Wesleyan Sunday School Union.

IT would be difficult to imagine a depth of degradation below which drunkards could not sink; but our author has nearly accomplished the feat in this story of a drunken couple who pawned their two children for drink. The story of the two little Anglo-Italians, and their crippled friend, Crooks, is beautifully touching, and well worth eighteenpence.

A Garland for Girls. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Blackie and Son.

IN American literary circles the name of Alcott—father and daughter—is well known. Here, too, Miss Alcott has become known as the author of "Little Women," and other stories. This "Garland" is composed of seven chapters—chaplets, shall we say?—each with a flower motto, and complete in itself as a story and a character study for young girls. There is much that is wise and witty in this book. Though of a high moral tone, we could not call it decidedly religious. We should judge from the tenor of it that the writer's views are not much in sympathy with New England Puritanism.

Finding her Place. By HOWE BENNING. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER American production for the elder girls. A cheerful, chatty, Christian story, suitable for present or prize.

Our Neighbour, Widow Yates. By GRACE STEBBING. Nisbet and Co.

A VERY touching story. It calls attention to the serious consequences which may follow when, during holiday times, over-worked railway servants are rendered totally unfit for the duties that devolve upon them.

Children's Evergreens: a Selection of Fifteen of the Old Favourite Tales. John Hogg. Three sets, 6d. each, or bound in one volume, 1s. 6d.

NURSERY romances abundantly illustrated. These tales hardly come into the region of religious review. Type, illustrations, paper, binding, all good.

The Heroines of Haarlem. Adapted from the French of Madame de Witt. A tale of Armada Times. By HARRIETTE E. BURCH. Religious Tract Society.

A FIRST-CLASS historical story, well written, and profusely illustrated.

Cyril Daneley; or, The Blue Hill. By MIRANDA. Elliot Stock.

A WINCHESTER scholar, who could find his chief delight in the society of saintly old brethren, and who, as an Oxford undergraduate, laid himself out to save a freshman from aristocratic harpies, must be no common character. Such the author represents his hero to have been. He piously ingratiates himself with the owner of vast estates, to which he succeeds; and he uses his wealth wisely. That's all.

Taught by Experience. By RUTH LAMB. Religious Tract Society.

A NICE little book, written specially for domestic servants. Should any kind mistress ever hear of a cook, housemaid, or nurse who is "going to leave at the end of the month," because she is unhappy in a very comfortable home under a kind Christian mistress, we advise her to send Mary this excellent book. If Jane is *not* going to leave, give her one too.

The Child of the Sea. By KATHLEEN M. SMITH. Hodder and Stoughton.

RAMBLING, and lacking in originality. That story which is beyond all others is, however, kept well to the front.

The Angel of the School. By BENJAMIN CLARK. Sunday School Union.

A LITTLE story meant to help the Home for Little Boys at Farningham. By no means a bad idea. Will not some one favour us with a story which shall glorify the Stockwell Orphanage? Perhaps that institution is too much a matter of fact to lend itself to fiction. We shall see.

The Trivial Round. By Mrs. PEREIRA. Nisbet and Co.

A WELL-DRAWN picture of life in a quiet country town, showing the evil wrought by drink, and the need for gracious tact in dealing with its victims.

Brave Little Women: Tales of the Heroism of Girls. By MARIE TREVELYAN. John Hogg.

THESE are the stories which the girls should read, and lend to the boys. Although not religious, they teach those high qualities which are the fruit of godliness. This is one of the most readable books we have seen this season. Printed in large type, well written, stirring, and attractive—this belongs to an order of books which we infinitely prefer to the novel of the period.

Marching Orders; or, Soldier Bobbie. By LUCY TAYLOR. Religious Tract Society.

THE sins and sorrows of the slums furnish writers of fiction with plentiful material for soul-sickening stories. This one of a plucky little lad, whose father was a drunken vagabond, tells how he earned the nick-name of "Soldier Bobbie," and in process of time really became a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The book is interesting for its descriptions of East-end low life, and its proofs of the power of grace to sanctify the children of the gutter.

Harry Adair and his Blind Mother. By GEORGIANA, COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 1s.

AN artless, touching story. Either our spectacles condensed the evening vapours, or else something watery came into our eyes as we read this simplest of narratives. Lovers of plot and mystery will find nothing here. The story is too good to be true, too ethereal to have actually happened upon earth; but it is full of tenderness and beauty, and, we wonder not that the good Earl, whom we knew so well, permitted the good Countess, whom we do not yet know, to dedicate her little book to himself.

The Man of the Family. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Partridge.

NEAT little book for ninepence. Story above the average in interest. Have read it in one of the serials. Glad to see it as a whole: "to be continued" is tantalizing.

Cedar Creek. From the Shanty to the Settlement. A Tale of Canadian Life. By the Author of "The Foster-Brothers of Doon," &c. Religious Tract Society.

PICTURE to yourself the most "active and intelligent" member of your highly intelligent family coming home with "a pile" from Canada, after years of absence. How he would interest you all as he fought o'er again his "battles with the wilderness," and axed his way to fortune, helping to transform the forest into a city!

In "Cedar Creek" you have all this, and more than we can even hint at, told with a minuteness of detail that makes it quite an emigrant's guide, full of needful information to the settler, given in the most interesting and racy style, with dashes of Irish and Yankee humour, and withal in a Christian tone and spirit.

Blue Lights; or, Hot Work in the Soudan. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Nisbet and Co.

A CAPITAL story, which sets forth the way of transgressors, and the way of salvation very plainly. In the course of a soldier's life, the blessed work of Miss Robinson, of Portsmouth, turns up in many ways; in fact, the tale in all its windings has the barque of Miss Robinson's work floating upon its current, and a fairer vessel it could not well bear. Even apart from its chief object, the story is full of interest.

Dorothea Kirke; or, Free to Serve. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

ONE of the best of the "Popular Shilling Series" of religious stories issued by Messrs. Oliphant. As fiction is ever in demand, we should like to see such shilling's-worths as these oust the yellow sensationals.

Nathaniel Cartwright. By WILLIAM YATES. Andrew Crombie.

A STORY with some good points; but surely Lucy's conduct with regard to the Mothers' meeting is unjustifiable. Loyalty to Christ would have been better shown by deference to parental wishes, and a humble waiting upon God for the removal of difficulty.

Holland. ["Story of the Nations" series]. By JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. T. Fisher Unwin.

No story has been written more fully and vividly than that of Holland, and, indeed, none better deserves to be immortalized. The inhabitants of the Low Countries were leaders in the contention for civil liberty against despotic rule, and at the same moment they were in advance in demanding freedom of conscience from all priestly domination. To a large extent the battles of the nations for their liberties were rehearsed in the Netherlands, and the rehearsal remained on men's minds as a stimulus and an encouragement. In "The Story of the Nations" we were sure that Holland would fill a valuable volume, and it has done so. Professor Thorold Rogers has done his work exceedingly well. There is a weird old-worldness about the land of canals, and flats, and dams; and the inhabitants have shown a sort of heavy omnipotence of courage, which, at first sight, one might not have expected of them. The house of Orange has been to them a blessing and a burden; and it is curious how the fortunes of that family, like those of our Stuarts, and the French Bourbons, are bound up with the greatnesses and the littlenesses of the country in the most singular way. All lovers of history should get this capital work at once.

The Reformation in France from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Incorporation of the Reformed Churches into the State. By RICHARD HEATH. Religious Tract Society.

AH me, how sad the story of France! Capable of the most heroic actions, as is witnessed by the glories of the Camisards, yet French Protestantism has accomplished little, but has either been dragooned to death by persecution, or chilled to imbecility by infidelity. It has never become a great commanding force, as it ought to have been. Oh, that it might yet revive as from the dead! Ever clinging to the State, and hoping something from the world, French official Protestantism has, to a large extent, been stifled by its own hankerings. A really non-conforming Christianity, standing apart from all shades of politics, and disdaining alike Government aid or control, would, under God's blessing, have done marvels for France; but it has never been tried. The history before us is, to the last degree, interesting. It is well worth the half-crown asked for it.

From Constantine to Charles the Great: Christianity from the Third to the Eighth Century. [*Normal Studies for Sunday-school Teachers*]. By WALTER F. ADENEY, M.A. Sunday School Union.

EXCELLENTLY condensed. This is all that Sunday-school teachers want in the way of ecclesiastical history, and it is well put. At 2s., bound in cloth, the book is not dear, when we consider the excellent quality of the writing.

A Century of Christian Progress, and its Lessons. By the Rev. JAMES JOHNSTON, F.S.S. Nisbet and Co.

CERTAIN facts are here put together which are full of teaching to one whose heart is set upon the coming of our Lord's kingdom. Mr. Johnston has an immense store of information on missionary matters, which he would have given to the world before this had he not been called to direct the great missionary gathering of this year. That task he performed to perfection; but we cannot think that even this will be full recompense for the loss sustained if he does not publish all that he has amassed. This portion is singularly and specially good. It is no common-place generalization, but real fact which he sets before us; and much of that fact was known to few of us. Buy the book.

The Near Approach of a Glorious Age; or, God's Plan for the Salvation of the World. By WALTER COOK. Elliot Stock. Price sixpence.

IN this instance a Daniel has come to judgment. Superior knowledge speaks, silences opponents, and settles difficulties. It may be so, but then it may not be so. There is much here with which we are in distinct antagonism. Upon the glories of the future this author knows as much as the rest of us, and that is not much.

Notes.

BEFORE all things, lest it should be forgotten, or overlaid with something else, we must remind the good and gracious that Christmas is coming—coming very soon. Now, there are five hundred boys and girls, with their matrons and teachers, who live in a lovely place called STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE; and Father Christmas, it is hoped, will look in upon them also. Now, the aforesaid five hundred do not want to keep the feast on bread and butter, or suet dumpling; but they would much better like roast beef and plum pudding, and some oranges and nuts, and—well, anything good will do! Will kind fathers, and mothers, and aunts, and uncles, who have their own dear ones to think of, also think of the Stockwellites, and send on a little something marked "for the Christmas treat"? One generous friend has sent £12 10s. for new shillings for the girls, and a City firm has kindly forwarded a similar amount for the boys. The President hopes to be among the growing oranges and lemons when the 25th of December arrives, and it will do his heart good to think that his children are heartily enjoying themselves. All moneys should be sent to C. H. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood; and parcels to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

A deacon of the Congregational Church, Mexboro', writes to disown all responsibility for the advertisement which we copied from a newspaper, containing programme of performances in the school-room. It appears that the school-room is only in possession of the church on Sundays, and certain evenings of the week. The School Board has taken over the property, and appears to have let the room for the objectionable entertainment, and to be responsible for it. We have not been informed whether the church entered its protest against the use which is deplored, but certainly it should do so, since the existence of such displays in its own school-room must be prejudicial to those who gather in the place on the Lord's-day. We are glad to learn that the Mexboro' Congregational Church is not connected with the folly transacted in its school-room, and we trust it will do its utmost to prevent the room being used for such absurdity in the future.

Another specimen of the doings of worldly religion is from a handbill bearing the name of Howard, Stamford:—

"A dance and entertainment will be held in the school-room, Collyweston, on Friday, November 16, 1888. Dancing to commence at 7.30 p.m. A good quadrille band will be in attendance. Refreshments will be provided. ☞ Tickets may be obtained from the *Rectory*, Miss Riddlington, and Mr. R. H. Close. Price 6d. each. The proceeds for new church lamps."

Thus in Church and Dissent, all round, we find an order of things tolerated which must distress the godly, to whatever denomination they may belong. This is a sad omen for the future.

Our annual volume of *The Sword and the Trowel* will be ready in a day or two, and also the covers for binding. Permit this handsome book the honour of an abiding place upon your library-shelves. In days to come the work will have for you even more interest than it has to-day. It is a leaf from the forest of history, let it not be blown away by the wind. The price is five shillings.

What splendid warm hearts those Welsh people have! The orphan boys have had grand times in Neath, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, &c. Thank you, generous friends, ministers, deacons, people, one and all! Our sick-bed was cheered by constant information that each place seemed to excel the other in cordial hospitality and overflowing kindness. Many enthusiastic messages have fallen to our personal share, for which we say again, "Thanks; a thousand times." We are greatly mistaken if the heart of the many is not with us. The ruling sanhedrim cannot prevent the rush of sympathy which shows itself in ways which officialism cannot suppress.

We have had a stormy voyage of late, both for our own barque, and for our consort. However, we are not wrecked, but have seen the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. Long has our motto been, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction," and it proves itself to be true. In the present instance it must be well, but the furnace has been fiercely hot; and besides the dross which we hope we have parted with, we have certainly lost a great deal of strength, which it will take us long to recover.

Writing on November 14, we are in this dilemma—we cannot get better until we are in another climate, and we cannot reach that other climate till we get better. There will be a way round this corner. Our grief is, that we have been out of our pulpit, and away from our pastoral work, during the three weeks which we hoped would have made the home vessel trim and tight, and prepared the crew to bear the captain's absence. Now, we must go with many a matter out of order, many a purpose unfulfilled. Go we must, for it will not do to remain here, and neither do good nor get good. Since we cannot spend our strength, it must be wise to go where we can store it. The Lord, whom we serve, will not allow our unavoidable lack of service to be a serious injury to the church, which is his joy and care. Already showers of blessing

are falling, and we leave amid a sound of abundance of rain.

That the Editor has just become a personal member of the Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association does not seem to us such a very marvellous event: but those who want something to write about, and especially something to magnify and cavil over, have opened their eyes at this incident. If we can aid the faithful brethren of this Association in spreading the gospel of the Lord Jesus, it will afford us pleasure. Living in one of the two counties from which the Association is named, and agreeing in heart and soul with the members of it, it seems but natural to unite with them. We hope this means good to some: we don't see how it can bring harm to any. One would fancy that we had always a dark conspiracy on hand. Courage, friends! We have no policy, no secret agency, no ability to devise far-reaching schemes! You see all, and what you see is not much.

There can be no doubt that a considerable number of brethren will leave the London Baptist Association; but what they will next do we will not reveal to our readers, because we do not know. Perhaps they will form themselves into a body, which will become the centre and rallying point of all those in London who are determined to hold fast the form of sound words, and maintain the faith once for all delivered to the saints. The Lord be pleased to guide his servants at this critical season!

The following cheering letter has just come to hand. We are very grateful to all the brethren who united in this kind expression of sympathy:—

"Beccles, Suffolk,
"November 7th, 1888.

"Dear and Honoured Brother,—At a conference of Strict Baptist Pastors held at Beccles, on November 6th, it was most heartily and unanimously agreed that a cordial vote of sympathy be accorded you for the noble stand you have made for those principles which are accounted dear and vital to you and to us.

"And especially do they desire to express their earnest and prayerful sympathy for you in the anxiety and distress which this noble defence for the truth has occasioned you.

"Praying that the Lord may graciously bless and sustain you, personally and relatively, to your great work,

"We are, dear brother,
"Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) "S. K. Bland, Ipswich,
"President.
"L. H. Colls, Beccles,
"Secretary."

The annual meeting of Mrs. Stiff's Bible-class was held at Suffolk House, Clapham Road, on *Thursday evening, October* 18. Mr. Stiff presided, and addressed the class, and a very happy evening was spent. The ninth annual report stated that the year began with fifty members, and closed with forty-four, six having left to become Sunday-school teachers. The class, which meets at the Stockwell Orphanage, has contributed, during the year, £9 12s. 3½d. towards the funds of that institution, also 232 articles of clothing, &c.; and has raised £5 1s. 5d. for Zenana Missions.

On *Tuesday, October* 23, Mr. Dunn's Bible-class had a joyful meeting, to celebrate the founding of a library. In the overflow of their gratitude to many generous friends, they have sent us quite a long paragraph: but we have not room for it. Donors will kindly believe that the brethren are very thankful, and will read the books into themselves, so as to grow strong thereby.

On *Monday evening, Nov.* 5, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle Loan Tract Society was held, in conjunction with the prayer-meeting, in the Tabernacle. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided. Many petitions were presented for a blessing upon the printed sermons circulated as loan tracts, and addresses were given by the secretary, Mr. Millican, and the assistant secretary, Mr. Bloomfield. The report referred to several interesting cases of usefulness through the reading of the sermons, or the conversations of the distributors with various persons whom they had visited. Mr. Harrald read the balance-sheet, and also the report of the Mothers' Meeting and Maternal Society connected with the tract work. There is a balance in hand on each fund, but a few more distributors are wanted.

Mr. Charles Cook gave an account of the prisons he had visited in Spain and Morocco, and special prayer was offered for the recovery of the suffering Pastor, and for a blessing upon Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's Services at the Tabernacle are still in progress; but judging from the meetings already held, the mission promises to be the most successful they have ever conducted. The Evangelists began their South London work on *October* 28, at Upton Chapel, and on *November* 3 moved on to Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. In both places large congregations assembled, and many professed conversion. On *November* 11, the Tabernacle mission commenced with three crowded services, and every week-night up to the time of writing, the vast building has been nearly filled, notwithstanding very unfavourable weather. This result has been attained by a house-to-house visitation throughout the whole region round the Tabernacle by a noble band of between four and five hundred earnest Christian brethren and sisters, under the leadership of our esteemed elders. The sweet singing of

Mr. Smith and the Orphanage boys and girls has touched many hearts, and prepared them for Mr. Fullerton's soul-searching expositions, expostulations, and entreaties. It is too early to tabulate results, but enough is known already to prove that a work of grace is in progress in many hearts. Our earnest prayer is, that the revival may continue until the whole of London is affected by it, and multitudes are saved, and added to the church. A wind from the Spirit of God would be the surest method of blowing away the pestilential clouds of the "Down-Grade."

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans acknowledges, with best thanks, the receipt of £5 from H.M. Donations and parcels of clothing or materials will be gratefully received by her at the Tabernacle. Ministers troubled to clothe their families are as numerous and as needy as ever. In them the Lord Jesus may have kindness shown him.

COLLEGE.—Mr. T. Maycock has settled at Ham Park, Stratford, in a church of his own gathering; and Mr. W. B. Nichols at Godstone, Surrey. Mr. F. C. Carter is commencing a new cause at Railton Road, Herne Hill. He deserves help.

Mr. T. Macoun has been accepted by the China Inland Mission, and will sail at once for China. Mr. E. L. Hamilton, of Bath, has gone to Tangier, in connection with the North Africa Mission.

Mr. E. Morley will be shortly removing from Halstead to Coupland Street, Manchester; and Mr. H. H. Pullen, of Darlington, is coming to Crouch Hill, Finsbury Park.

EVANGELISTS.—Reference is elsewhere made to *Messrs. Fullerton & Smith's* services in South London. From Nov. 25 to Dec. 9, they are to be at Bloomsbury Chapel; Dec. 10 to 18, at Peckham Park Road Chapel; Dec. 30, at Westminster Chapel; and Dec. 31, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, for the watch-night service. In January they go to Exeter Hall.

Mr. Burnham's mission at Tottlebank was crowned with great blessing; indeed, the joy experienced in the work was too much for the Evangelist, and made him unable to fulfil his next engagement. The church had prepared for his coming by earnest prayer, and in accordance with their faith it was done unto them. Though the chapel, built under the Five Mile Act, is in an isolated position, and the people have to come for miles to get to it, it was crowded, and so were the vestry and school-room, while many had to be content with listening at the windows. Best of all, many of the hearers became also doers of the word. From Dec. 10 to 20, Mr. Burnham is engaged at Ashdon and Radwinter.

Messrs. Harmer & Parker find that they must postpone their proposed tour in India until next year, so as to have full time for the work at the most suitable season. Meanwhile they will be able to take engagements either together or separately. They are still holding services in the neighbourhood of Bradford, and are likely to be there through most of this month. The pastor of one of the churches visited writes:—"The services of the brethren have been greatly appreciated, and productive of much good. I have been filled with much joy at witnessing a new earnestness taking possession of the souls of a number of our Christian friends, and at seeing quite a number, who had been for a considerable time hesitating, led to decision for Christ."

Mr. Carter has had good success at King's Langley. This month he goes to Farnworth, by Bolton, with the hope of raising the weak church there to a position of greater power and usefulness.

Mr. Harrison had much blessing upon his mission at Bath in connection with Pastor W. Pettman. He has since been to Keighley. This month he will be at Mr. Charrington's hall, in the Mile End Road, on Sundays, and at Romford on week-nights.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth and his choir will be at Portsmouth on December 4; Gosport, December 5; Cowes, December 6; Southampton, December 7; and Winchester, December 8. They are sure of a hearty welcome at every one of these places, for it always has been so in the past.

COLPORTAGE.—The Colportage Association has at present seventy-seven colporteurs at work, with encouraging results; but we should be glad to see another twenty added to the list at once. Never was this agency more needed to counteract the pernicious literature of the day. So shameless has the sale of this class of reading become, that the legislature has been compelled to intervene to check it; but what is needed is to create a better taste by providing a pure and interesting supply of the best books and periodicals, and, by the persuasion of Christian men, to induce people to read them. Our Association sold over £9,000 worth last year. Are there not many localities where £10 per annum can be subscribed towards the maintenance of an agent? A fresh district has just been opened in connection with "The Home of Industry," Bethnal Green Road, under the direction of Miss Macpherson. May the agent be greatly used among the toilers of the East End! This is the second colporteur in the same neighbourhood. Each new district opened requires an increase of subscriptions to the General Fund.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 25, fourteen; November 1, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Maclean	1	0	0
Contribution from Catford Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Greenwood ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. N. Charrington	2	2	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	20	0	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. John Hosie	1	10	0
From Ashford	1	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Per Pastor W. H. Burton :—			
Half annual collection at Dalston Junction Chapel 8 5 11			
Half proceeds of Orphanage Choir meeting, at ditto... 9 17 3			
	18	3	2
Prayer-meeting offerings at Mansion House Chapel, Camberwell, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	0
Mrs. Keevil	5	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	3	0	0
Dr. Dunbar	6	0	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R —	10	0	0
Dividend on "Freeman" shares ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
A B C.	10	0	0
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
Mrs. Chapman	25	0	0
Mrs. Lines	1	0	0
Mr. G. A. Hipwell	0	10	0
Miss Louisa Haward	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hunt	5	0	0
Miss B. McConnell...	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Miller	7	10	0
Mrs. Robertson	1	10	0
Monthly Subscription :—			
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Oct. 21 ... ... 28 0 0			
„ 28 ... ... 2 14 0			
Nov. 4 ... ... 21 0 0			
„ 11 ... ... 26 4 9			
	77	18	9
	£262	5	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Miss Louisa McKellar	200	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joseph Robson	225	0	0
Collected by Master E. M. Chance ...	0	5	0
"His steward," W. J.	0	10	6
Mrs. Rees	1	0	0
Dunfermline Boys and Girls' Religious Society, per Mr. P. Keir	2	16	7
Mr. W. T. Flew	0	10	0
Mr. S. A. Lester	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	6
Jack, South Lambeth	0	1	2
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0
P. O., from Stromness	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. K. Moss	5	0	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Saltwell ...	0	1	1
Mrs. E. Maclean	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Amy Hall	0	8	0
M. Willmott (orphan girl's card) ...	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens	14	14	7
P.O. and stamp, Camberwell New Road	0	10	1
Mr. T. A. Flitton	1	0	9
Mr. Kay	0	2	6
Mrs. Kay	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Janet Foster ...	1	0	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	50	0	0
X. S.	10	0	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Jones	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Waugh	1	0	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
The Trustees of the late Mr. Thomas Pratt	10	0	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton :—			
Mr. J. Jones (ann.) ... 1 0 0			
Mrs. Drew (ann.) 1 1 0			
J. B. K. (3 qrs.) 0 7 6			
Mr. J. Mackintosh (2 qrs.) 0 10 0			
Mrs. Frost 0 2 6			
Mrs. Austin 0 2 6			
Mr. Cassera 0 1 0			
Mr. Bailey 0 1 0			
	3	5	6
Mr. W. H. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. A. Todd	0	5	0
Mr. Hicks' family	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	2	0	0
Mrs. Davey	0	2	6
Mrs. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hosie	0	15	0
T. A. H. P. W.	5	0	0
A. B.	10	0	0
Miss L. A. Bennett	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	12	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Norris	4	0	8
Mrs. Knapp	10	0	0
Friends at Wick, per Mr. D. Tait ...	2	16	0
Mr. W. J. Donnelly	0	1	6
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
W. S. C.	5	0	0
Mrs. Thorne	0	10	0
Mrs. Thompson	2	10	0
Miss F. Manning	1	0	0
Mr. William Lawrie	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. van Rijn...	4	0	0
Mrs. H. Watt	0	2	6
Mr. T. Gurney	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mrs. Jackman	1	5	0
Miss A. Cumpstey	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Adlem (produce of Orphanage pear tree)	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. H. C. Graham ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn ...	2	2	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Eaton	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Trevillion	1	10	0
Miss Chancellor, first-fruits of a school prize	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday School, Goudhurst, per Pastor J. J. Kendon	1	0	0
Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
A. G.	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss A. Rogers	0	2	6
Mrs. Walters	0	5	0
Gourock Boys and Girls' Sabbath forenoon meeting	1	7	3
Mrs. F. Pool	1	1	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Young women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	0	0
Denmark Place Industrial Exhibition, per Mr. Woolgar	0	10	6
Jack, South Lambeth	0	1	6
M. Miles (orphan girl's collecting card)	0	6	0
Collected by Master A. Scales	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Cooper (No. 6 girls)	0	15	6
Tyneham Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. Lockhart	1	4	0
P. O., Clapham Common	0	6	0
Miss Nicholls	0	1	0
Mr. J. Hodge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Howe	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Withers	0	2	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	15	7
Executors of the late Miss M. Helman	4	10	0
Mrs. Griffin, per Miss Moore	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Moore (No. 8 Boys)	0	2	9
Mr. E. Davies, Blaenavon, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Miller	0	5	0
P. O., Hackney Road	1	0	0
Mr. J. Z. Marshall	1	0	0
Mr. George Smith	0	10	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Brown	0	10	0
Harvest thankofferings at Newton, Craven Arms, per Pastor M. Matthews	0	17	0
Mrs. Baker	10	0	0
Mrs. James Walker	0	5	0
Mrs. Green	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott	0	10	0
Mr. Hayes, per Mrs. Scott	0	2	6
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
R. T.	20	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	20	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Miss E. Bickerton Evans	10	0	0
Mrs. Sandes and Miss Mizen, proceeds of sale of work	3	0	0
A. A. D.	0	5	0
Mr. Fred Howard	2	2	0
Rev. R. Tutin Thomas	0	4	0
A friend	0	5	0
S. D. C., postal order from Bideford	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Cowan	1	1	0
Miss E. Eno	0	5	0
Mrs. Cox	2	0	0
A Lincolnshire lady sermon-reader	100	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A friend in Helensburgh, per Pastor S. Crabb	0	11	0
Executors of the late Mr. E. Boustead (first instalment of legacy)	3046	17	8
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0
A thankoffering, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Mrs. H. Holloway	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. R. Sissons	0	2	6
Mr. John Green	1	0	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Miller	7	10	0
M. Pentelow	0	5	0
Mrs. Robertson	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Veale	2	2	0
Mr. C. E. French	0	10	0
Westbourne Grove Chapel Young Men's Bible-class	1	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. Wright	3	3	0
Mr. R. P. Tebb	3	3	0
Mrs. R. P. Tebb	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Reed, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	5	5	0
Mr. John Lamont, per Mr. W. C. Murrell	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Eustace	0	3	0
Mr. T. R. Clack	0	1	6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Boys:—			
Battersea Park Tabernacle	6	0	0
Swansea	63	8	2
Bridgend	30	14	2
Aberdare	2	7	8
Neath	35	0	0
Peckham Public Hall	10	10	6
Newport — 40 0 0			
Mr. T. Goldsworthy — 1 0 0			
Mr. W. Jones — 1 0 0			
Mr. H. Morris — 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Barber — 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Williams — 5 0 0			
Mr. Lewis — 1 0 0			
	48	15	0
Per Pastor W. H. Burton :—			
Half annual collection at Dalston Junction Chapel — 8 5 11			
Half proceeds Orphanage choir meeting — 9 17 3			
Sale of Programmes — 1 4 0			
	19	7	2
Sale of programmes :—Silvertown	0	7	8
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Miss Tolson, per Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
Monthly Subscriptions:—			
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
	£4245	3	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 16th to November 14th, 1888.—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Mr. J. Funnell; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving, per Mr. A. S. Barnes; a quantity Blackberries, The Misses Wiseman; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Watts; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, Cake, Jam, Sweets, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving at Semley, per Pastor J. Stanley; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. and Mrs. Cocks; 1 box Nuts, Mr. S. Johnson; 2 boxes Raisins, Mr. H. Vincent Moss; a quantity Bread, Miss A. J. Fuchs; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 Cake, Miss Dawson; 30 lbs. Tea, a quantity of Biscuits, Marmalade, and 1 tin Cocoa, Mr. J. Falkner; 1 bag Potatoes, Anon.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—12 pairs Knitted Stockings, 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Allam; 6 pairs Knitted Cuffs, The Misses Wiseman; 6 pairs Knitted Cuffs, 2 Scarfs, 5 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. H. Warriner; 3 Overcoats, Mrs. Joseph Hall, per Mrs. James A. Spurgeon; 1 Coat and Vest, Mr. J. Campbell Morton; 1 piece Shirting Flannel, Mr. T. Edwards.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—12 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 74 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles, Miss Descroix; 7 Articles, Mrs. Gardner; 51 Articles, 27 Hats, 31½ yards Dress Material, 31½ yards Print, 13½ yards Sateen, Mrs. Joseph Hall, per Mrs. James A. Spurgeon; 6 Jackets, Mr. J. Campbell, per Mrs. James A. Spurgeon: 3 Pinafores, 2 Silk Ties, Miss Dawson; 6 Articles, Miss Clayton; 11 Articles, Mr. H. Kidner; 6 Articles, Mrs. Greenwood.

GENERAL.—1 dozen Iron-holders, Miss Descroix; a quantity of Magazines, 2 Scrap-books, 1 beaded Wool Mat, Mrs. Joseph Hall, per Mrs. Jas. A. Spurgeon; 2 Scrap-books, 2 Fancy Boxes, Miss Dawson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1888.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Tewkesbury District, per Mr. Thomas White	6	5	0
Ross District, per Mr. Thomas Blake	10	0	0
East Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	15	0	0
Mr. D. White, for Uxbridge	10	0	0
Mr. William Mainwaring, for Ludlow	0	10	0
"Home of Industry," Bethnal Green	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Bromley, Kent, Congregational Church	20	0	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins jun.	40	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Weston Turville Baptist Church	1	5	0
South Devon Congregational Union, Newton Abbot	10	0	0
Newbury District	20	0	0
	£190	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Stevens	0	5	0
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Legacy of the late Miss Parken (fourth instalment)	1	16	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Rev. R. Peek, per Mr. Bird	0	5	0
Mrs. Baker	2	10	0
H. B.	50	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Edward Boustead (second instalment of legacy)	1015	12	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. G. A. Calder	5	0	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	0	0
	£1117	13	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
O. B., per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bell, per Mr. Harmer	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services in connection with Congregational Church, Bromley	55	1	6
Mrs. Cumpstey	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Mr. John Hector	2	0	0
Rev. William Saunders	5	0	0
H. M.	5	0	0
Mr. N. Zambapillay, thankoffering for Messrs. Mateer and Parker's services in Ceylon, 50 rupees	3	9	3
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	2	0	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mrs. Baker	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Jackson	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Parker's services at Queensbury, Bradford	7	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Cotton End, Bedford	1	8	2
Miss Reed, per Mr. Fenwick	1	1	0
Mr. William Angus	1	0	0
Miss C. Smither	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Parker's services at Denholme, Bradford	5	0	0
W. B. B.	0	2	6
	£118	12	5

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from October 16th to November 14th, 1888.

	£	s.	d.
E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1	0	0
Mrs. Law	0	10	0
Practical praise	0	5	0
A thankoffering laid on the altar	1	0	0
Mrs. Tanner	0	2	0
Miss C. Macintyre	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gowing	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. J. J. Swindell	1	0	0
Miss J. Maiturk	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Carter	1	0	0
Harvest thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
	£12	3	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.